THE MAKERS OF MAINE

The Abenaki Indian scouts on the the way to warn Father Rale of the coming of the English soldiers

The MAKERS *of* MAINE

ESSAYS *and* TALES *of* EARLY MAINE HISTORY, FROM *the* FIRST EXPLORATIONS *to the* FALL *of* LOUISBERG, INCLUDING *the* STORY *of the* NORSE EXPEDITIONS.

BY

Herbert Edgar Holmes, LL. B.

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TO THE

RIGHT REVEREND LOUIS S. WALSH, D. D.

BISHOP OF PORTLAND

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED IN RECOGNITION

OF HIS EFFORTS

IN BEHALF OF THE GREAT HISTORY

OF OUR

STATE OF MAINE

TABLE OF CONTENTS

CHAPTER I.
Maine's Position in History. 9

CHAPTER II.
The Sons of Eric. 17

CHAPTER III.
The Viking and the Catholic Church. 23

CHAPTER IV.
The First Expedition of the French. 33

CHAPTER V.
The Port Royal Expedition. 44

CHAPTER VI.
Marc Lescarbot.—His Character and Writings. 50

CHAPTER VII.
The First French and Indian Alliance. 57

CHAPTER VIII.
De Poutrincourt and Lescarbot Leave Acadia and Return to France. 65

CHAPTER IX.
Biard and Masse Are Chosen from Jesuit Volunteers to Go to Acadia. 70

CHAPTER X.
How the Jesuit Relations Came to be Written and Their Historical Value. 74

CHAPTER XI.
Father Biard Describes His Voyage across the Atlantic. 80

CHAPTER XII.
Various Historical Authorities Compared. 89

CHAPTER XIII.
Troubles and Disputes at Port Royal. 101

CHAPTER XIV.
The Death of the Sagamore Membertou. 105

CHAPTER XV.
The First Mass Said in Maine. 110

CHAPTER XVI.
The Argall Outrage. 118

CHAPTER XVII.
The Jesuits Are Carried to Virginia and England. 129

CHAPTER XVIII.
Miracles in Maine. 133

CHAPTER XIX.
Waymouth's Voyage.—He Captures Some Indians. 138

CHAPTER XX.
Strange Ill-Luck Pursues the English Efforts to Colonize Maine. 146

CHAPTER XXI.
Ferdinado Gorges Become Lord of Maine. 153

CHAPTER XXII.
Some Interesting Laws and Prosecutions. 160

CHAPTER XXIII.
The First Deed from an Indian Chief and Herein Concerning Our Titles to Our Lands. 166

CHAPTER XXIV.
Conduct of the English Towards the Indians as Proven from English History. 173

CHAPTER XXV.
England's Title to Maine Obtained by Treachery and Maintained by Violence. 180

CHAPTER XXVI.
An Eloquent Indian Chief. 185

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Civil War Between De La Tour and Aulnay Charnisay. 190

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Interesting but Little Known History of the Capuchin Missions in Maine. 197

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Famous Mission to the Abenakis Indians. 201

CHAPTER XXX.

Father Druillettes' Diplomatic Mission to Boston. 204

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Romantic History of Father Sebastian Rale, S. J. 208

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Relentless Persecution of Father Rale by the English. 214

CHAPTER XXXI II.

Father Rale's Influence Upon the Indians. 221

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Death of Father Rale.—Two Widely Different Accounts. 226

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Some Reflections Upon the Cause and Effects in History. 235

CHAPTER XXXV.

The Fall of Louisberg and the Part Taken Therein by the Men of Maine. 242

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Looking Backward. 247

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

First—The Abenaki Indian Scouts on their way to warn Father Rale of the coming of the English Soldiers.—*Frontispiece.*

Second—The Norsemen Explore the Coast of Maine.

Third—Portrait of Samuel de Champlain.

Fourth—Father Biard S. J., and the French Soldiers take possession of Mt. Desert Island and the neighboring shore, and in honor of the Holy Redeemer name the place St. Sauveur.

Fifth—Champlain's Map of Port Royal, Acadia, from the works of Champlain published under the auspices of Laval University, Quebec, 1870.

Sixth—Father Sebastian Rale S. J., preaching the true faith to the Indians on the Bank of the Kennebec.

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PREFACE

This series of historical essays and tales of history is offered to the public with the hope that it may be found interesting reading, at least in parts. It is not consecutive historical narrative; indeed, it may appear rather disconnected; but the attempt to write a connected and consecutive history of Maine, or of any part of the history of Maine is hereby expressly disclaimed. For that reason it may, perhaps, be found interesting to other readers besides Maine people. The book covers a period of our history which is of as much interest to a Canadian, and to a Westerner as to the sons of Maine. For the matter of that, if it were of interest to none but sons of Maine, it would interest a very large number of American citizens, for the sons of Maine are to be found in every state in the union. The fact that it is a series of essays and tales may recommend it to many readers, because, on that account it may be read, a chapter here and a chapter there, as one chapter or another treats of subjects of especial interest to particular persons.

The series of essays appeared first in the *Catholic Opinion*. a weekly published in Lewiston. It was received so kindly and cordially that I was tempted to rewrite the series and publish the same in the form of a book. I fell into the temptation, and here is the result.

How it happened that I came to write these essays and tales in the first place is this: I had always felt a bit of exasperation every time I read, in the work of one or another historian, a slur, a sneer, or an abusive statement about the French missionaries and especially the Jesuits, who have done so much for the cause of religion and civilization. Some historians, (we need not mention their names) are openly hostile to the Jesuits, frankly opposed to taking any view of our early history which would be creditable to the Catholic Church and her missionaries. Although I have not mentioned the names of any of these yet, lest I may be charged with drawing on my imagination or of being prejudiced myself I will refer the reader, for corroboration, to certain volumes of the

Maine Historical Society Collections, and to a certain, well known history of Nova Scotia.

Other historians again, like Francis Parkman and John Fiske (and I count Parkman the chief exponent of this class) give great credit and high praise, enthusiastic praise, to the Jesuits, whenever contemplation of the deeds of the Jesuits seems to fire their imagination, but on the other hand, as if by way of compensation, we find them every now and then taking a sly dig at "the crafty and unscrupulous Jesuit," almost as if they were forced to do it as an act of homage to their native, in-bred prejudice and hostility to the Catholic Church.

This characterization of the historians does not apply, of course, to those who have written in the French language, Canadians mostly, concerning the history of New France, which necessarily includes the early history of our State of Maine. Nor would it be expected to apply to such admirable historians as John Gilmary Shea, translator of Father Charlevoix's "History of New France," and Father Campbell of the Society of Jesus who has published a history of the Jesuits in North America.

What we Catholics object to, and what I have in mind, is such false history, and false deductions from historical facts as we find in "popular history," the kind of history taught to the public school children, and even in the collections of the Maine Historical Society in such articles of the Collections as that of J. Wingate Thornton. It is a pleasure to be able to say, however, that now and then a non-Catholic writer has had the courage to speak the truth about the Jesuit missionaries and the position of the Catholic Church in the early history of Maine. Such a man is the Hon. John F. Sprague of Dover, Maine, author of the little history of the Jesuit mission to the Indians at Norridgewock in which he tells the story of the life and death of the great and good Father Sebastian Rale, S. J., who is at last coming into his own true position in history. This historian, Mr. Sprague, deserves much credit, not only for his broadminded view of history but for his sympathetic understanding and enthusiasm for the great and romantic history of our State. An address of his, delivered before the Bangor Historical Society March 4, 1912, deserves to be preserved. A few of his words in this address, which I consider to be gems of historical statement, I will quote, if for no other purpose than to impress upon my reader that here in the early history of Maine is a great field of romantic history as yet little cultivated. "And peering through the mists of the past centuries

of American history we see them (*the Jesuit missionaries*) here on the Penobscot, this advance guard of civilization, so strange and remarkable, pioneers so unlike any that had gone before them. By the side of the soldier with sword and musket that France had sent to subdue a new world and erect the New France, marched these fearless defenders of the faith with crucifix and prayer-book full of the burning fires of pious zeal and a grim determination to rescue from the bonds of Satan a whole continent of savages."

And again, another quotation from this address, as it expresses a point of historical fact which I have made much of in the course of these essays: "That piece of the new world, which Charles I gave to Ferdinando Gorges, and which the Massachusetts colony subsequently purchased, was bounded on the east by the Kennebec River, and all that territory between the Kennebec River and the St. Croix was originally a part of ancient Acadia. After Massachusetts purchased it, however, theoretically, and from her point of view, Penobscot River was the east line and later on it was extended to the St. Croix; but these contentions of the colony were always strenuously resisted by the governors of New France, even after the treaty of Utrecht in 1713. So ours was ever disputed territory. These controversies were the cause of many of the Indian wars throughout the Province of Maine, for the Indians were as a rule loyal to the French. For several years after the treaty, that wonderful character in the colonial history of Maine, Sebastian Rale, from his mission at Norridgewock, with a bravery and determination seldom equalled, continued his adherence to the Acadian rights of New France to this territory. But in 1724 Massachusetts decided to end it all by killing Rale and his devoted Indian followers, and burning up his mission.

All of this story of these territorial contentions, which affected eastern Maine as well as the whole colony of Massachusetts is teeming with historical facts, which have too long remained buried in the debris of receding time."

Many more words I would like to quote from this address but it is not necessary, for I believe that from the foregoing, I have shown that at least one broad-minded non-Catholic historian has the true appreciation of the grand history of this portion of our American soil. And perhaps I have shown, further, that the excuse and justification for my essays and tales of early Maine history is, to borrow the quotation employed by Mr. Sprague in his address,—"The harvest is plentiful, the laborers few."

It goes without saying that no one can write history, except

he be chronicling contemporaneous events, if that can be called writing history, without quoting from some prior historical writing which he considers authority. And it is in this quoting, and in the deducing from the quotation, that we find and apply the true test of the worth of the writings. If a writer will not take the trouble to find and quote from the original and best authority or will not faithfully and honestly deduce the facts from the original authority, then he fails himself to be authority to his readers.

Knowing this well, I have endeavored throughout these essays to quote only from the original sources of history, except, of course, where I have quoted from others than the originals merely for the purpose of comparison or criticism. For the doings of the Jesuits I have quoted from the *Jesuit Relations*. I consider them the best and only authority upon the question of the acts of the Jesuits. And moreover, I do not understand how any fair-minded man can read those *Relations* without being absolutely convinced of the truth of every word written in them. Yet, as I have said before, many respected historians have utterly disregarded the authority of the *Jesuit Relations* in writing the history of this period, and have traversed and contradicted the statements of the Jesuit Fathers in their *Relations*, without any authority for so doing, except their own presumptuous disbelief.

Most writers of history follow the practise of citing their authority for their various statements in foot-notes at the bottom of the page I have preferred to reject that method entirely partly because this book is not a history, as I have said, but chiefly because I think it makes it easier for the reader to learn the author's authority in the course of the text instead of having to continually drop the text to refer to a foot-note.

When I first wrote the essays as a series of articles for the *Catholic Opinion*, I did not have access to the edition of the *Jesuit Relations* which combines the original with the English translation, the edition edited by Dr. Thwaites of Wisconsin. I had only the three volume edition in French published in 1858 at Quebec by authority of the Canadian government. This is a very useful edition, and is prized by historians, not only for its scholarship, but also for the fact that it is becoming almost as rare and scarce as the original Cromoisy edition of which it was intended to be a reprint. Afterwards, when I was revising and rewriting the series for publication as a book, I was able to get access to the Thwaites edition and was thus enabled to compare and correct my own translations with the translations made by the editors of this great

edition. I have also amplified my original quotations from the Quebec edition of the *Relations* by quotations from the English translations in the Thwaites edition. Following my rule not to make use of foot-notes, I have not given credit to the Thwaites edition for quotations in the course of the book; but I wish now to express my indebtedness to this monumental and scholarly edition for the great help that I have derived from it, especially in my rewriting and revising of the original articles.

All historians, and particularly all who appreciate and admire the Jesuit missionaries and their achievements, will owe a debt of gratitude for many years to come to the learned, able and conscientious editors of this scholarly work.

There are several editions of Champlain's Voyages both in French and in English, the one which I have used and quoted from is the French edition published in Quebec in the year 1870, by Laval University.

For the historical writings of Marc Lescarbot, without which any writer of the history of this period would be sadly handicapped I was singularly fortunate. It happened that at the time when I was revising the articles for publication, the Champlain Society of Toronto was issuing, among other historical works, Lescarbot's "Histoire de la Nouvelle France" with both an English translation and the original French text. Only two volumes of Lescarbot had been published, but they brought his history down to the close of the Port Royal expedition and settlement in which he himself had been an actor and participant. Therefore for all my quotations from Lescarbot's History of New France I am indebted to the Champlain Society, and I hereby acknowledge my debt with gratitude and pleasure.

The few quotations that I have made from the writings of the Rev. Fr. Charlevoix S. J., have been taken from John Gilmary Shea's fine edition of Charlevoix, but I have compared them with the French edition published in Paris in the year 1744, more from curiosity than otherwise, for no one will find any errors in Shea's translation.

In various places I have quoted from the writings of John Fiske, from Hannay's History of Nova Scotia, Williamson's History of Maine, the Collections of the Maine Historical Society, and one or two other historians, but usually for comparison with the original historical authorities, to show how those writers have deduced conclusions from historical facts different from what I believe the facts warrant.

The material for the first few chapters which treat of the "voyages and discoveries of the Norsemen, is to be found in the *Norse Discovery of America*, publishes by the Norroena Society. Likewise, the English translation of the Letter of Pope Alexander VI is from the *Flatey Book* of the Norroena Society.

The quotations from Waymouth's Voyages are, of course from Rozier's *Narrative*, and like the other material dealing with the English voyages and settlements are easily accessible in many different publications

In conclusion, I will say that, even with all the historical writings that have been published, the field of history comprised in the period from the first explorations down to the final change of sovereignty from France to England, and more, down to the Revolution, is a very fertile field, as yet but imperfectly cultivated. It is such an interesting and romantic period of our history, the facts of history are so interrelated and intertwined with the events which go to make the history of the other original colonies, of Canada, of the Great West, that there is plenty of room, and much need, for work, for research, and for writing.

There are so many strange and interesting events, and strange and interesting characters, and so little has been written about them. There is Ferdinando Gorges' feudal fief of Maine; there are the voyages of Captain John Smith which ended so disastrously each time. There is the romantic story of Claude and Charles de la Tour, and the civil war waged for years between the younger de la Tour and Aulney de Charnisay, like two barons of the Middle Ages. And there is the story of the Castins, father and son, for whom the town of Castine is named. On the religious side, there is the Capuchin mission on the Penobscot and the Kennebec, about which so little is yet known.

And finally, speaking of the religious side of our history, we come back to what I began with,—the great history of the Catholic Church in those days, the great work of the missionary priests for the Indians which is still to be seen to-day, for such an anomoly as a Protestant Indian in Maine is unheard of. This history has been so much misrepresented and misunderstood for these many years, until now, of late years, a better knowledge, a clearer light, has come, and those great missionaries, and Druillettes, the Bigots, Father Rale, have at last come into their own, and are receiving a belated, but to make up, an enthusiastic credit from Protestant writers. Protestant writers perceive and admit that in the history of that period the Catholic Church and its mission-

aries are bound up with the best of history, and not the worst, as used to be taught.

I hope that this contribution to history may help to arouse and keep alive an interest in and a love for the great and romantic story of the early days of our beloved state, and the equally romantic story of our beloved Church in those days. I know my own limitations as a writer, and the limitations and weaknesses of this series of essays and tales of history. It is with trepidation that I offer it to the public. If I were intending it it as a serious history, to be subjected to the critical scrutiny of historical scholars, I would not at all dare to send it forth. But as it is not intended as an end in itself,—a history, but only as a means to an end, the arousing of interest in history, I do not fear so much. I hope it will be received kindly by true scholars and historians, and that all who read it may find at least one chapter in it which will prove interesting reading. My pride in and my loyalty to the State of Maine, and my pride in and loyalty to the Catholic Church with its great history, of which the history of the early days of Maine is only one chapter, is at once my excuse for its weaknesses, and my justification for sending it forth with its weaknesses, and in spite of its weaknesses.

To the Knights of Columbus, and to the members of the Maine Catholic Historical Society, who have helped me with encouragement and with subscriptions to the volume, and to all others who have helped in like manner, especially the members of the Bar of Maine, I here tender my sincerest thanks.

THE AUTHOR.

At the State Library,
Augusta, Maine,
this second day of
December A. D. 1912.

"On the brow of the hill that slopes to meet
The flowing river and bathe its feet,
The bare washed rock, and the drooping grass,
And the creeping vine, as the waters pass;
A rude and unshapely chapel stands,
Built up in that wild by unskilled hands,
Yet the traveller knows it a house of prayer,
For the sign of the holy cross is there.
And should he chance at that place to be,
Of a sabbath morn or some hallowed day,
When prayers are made and Masses said
Some for the living, and some for the dead,
Well might that traveller start to see
Tall dark forms that take their way
From the birch canoe on the river shore
And the forest paths, to that chapel door.
Marvel to mark the naked knees,
And the dusky foreheads bending there,
While in course white vesture over these,
In blessing or in prayer,
Stretching abroad his thin, pale hands,
Like a shrouded ghost, the Jesuit stands."

—*Whittier*

CHAPTER I

Maine's Position in History

This State of Maine. This land of the whispering pines. This land of beautiful scenery, with its forests of mystery, with its romantic history which so few know, and so few have the sympathetic interest to understand.

People of Maine travel to other countries in search of scenery. They go to Norway to see fiords. The coast of Maine has its own fiords as beautiful and majestic. They go to Switzerland for mountains and lakes. The lakes and mountains of Maine are in every respect as grand and inspiring. They travel to the west and the Canadian northwest in search of primeval wildernesses. In Maine there are vast forests, in many of which the whole territory of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts could be set down, and it would require the aid of a guide to find the borders of Massachusetts.

It was not so with the adventurous knights errant of the ocean in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. They were greatly attracted by these shores. Let us quote the following passage from De Puyster's "Dutch in Maine,"—"How few are alive to the glorious and varied beauty of that zone of islands which commencing with the perfection of Casco Bay, terminates with the precipitous seal-frequented shores of Grand Manan. Of all the archipelagoes sung by the poet, described by the historian, and depicted by the painter, there is none which can exceed in its union of charms these

two hundred miles of intermingling land and ocean, where lost in each other's embrace, the sea seems in love with the land and the shore with the foam crested waves."

Rosier, historian of Weymouth's voyages (1605), gives the following comments on a river explored by Weymouth, formerly supposed to be the Penobscot, but now thought to be the Kennebec from what is now Popham Beach to Merrymeeting Bay. (Maine Historical Coll.) "As we passed with a gentle wind up with our ship in this river, any man may conceive with what admiration we all consented in joy. Many of our company who had been travellers in sundry countries, and in most famous rivers, yet affirmed them not comparable to this they now beheld. Some that were with Sir Walter Raleigh in his voyage to Guiana, in the discovery of the River Oronoque, which echoed fame to the world's ears, gave reasons why it was not to be compared to this, which wanteth the dangers of many shoals, and broken ground, wherewith that was incumbered. Others before that notable river in the West Indies, called Rio Grande; some before the river of Loire, the river Seine and of Bordeaux in France; which although they be great and goodly rivers, yet it is no detraction from them to be accounted inferior to this."

But it is not the purpose of this article to sing the praises of Maine's natural beauty. It is our purpose rather to call attention to some points of interest in the early history of Maine, to correct some false impressions which have been popularly held for many years, and to prove a theory, which will be stated later.

It is unfortunately true that few even among Maine people have any clear idea of the important and interesting position which the history of this portion

of the country called Maine should occupy from the time of the first explorations down to the time of the fall of Quebec. It is also greatly to be deplored that the history of the doings of the Jesuit missionaries and the activities of the French and the Indians have been consistently misrepresented in most historical writings, especially in popular and public school histories.

The writer was lately making some inquiries as to what course of Maine history was taught to the children in the public schools and he was informed by a young lady connected with the schools that the teaching of Maine history occupied a very unimportant position because the history of Maine was subordinate to that of Massachusetts "as Massachusetts was settled first, you know." Oh, "Clio, Muse of History," turn away your face in shame,—or rather hide your inextinguishable laughter behind your lace handkerchief. Can it be that that fossilized falsehood is still stalking at large through the public schools of Maine?

But we can gather fresh faith and hope and courage when we reflect that more than half of the works which masquerade under the name of history, purporting to speak with the voice of authority, pretending to teach the inquiring mind the truths of the past, cannot rightfully be dignified even by the title of historical romance. For the romancer has a literary license to distort the facts of history in a reasonable manner to suit the needs of his plot, but many a writer of history has distorted the facts to suit the needs of his argument. Sometimes the cause is to be found in a state of mind which renders him temperamentally unfitted to be an historian; but often the historian is guilty of wilful misstatement of facts.

Much of written history is not history at all. And the pity of it is that school children learn a great deal

of such history, which it takes them years to unlearn after they have completed their courses in the schools. Moreover it is doubtless true that the great majority of the graduates of the American public schools have neither the time nor the inclination in later years to examine what they have learned of history and to correct the wrong ideas which they have absorbed from false historians and superficially informed public school teachers. That this is a matter of special concern to the Catholic people of the United States is plain when we consider that the vast majority of the Catholic children are still being educated in the public schools, and probably must continue to be for many years to come. Although the growth of the Catholic schools in this country has been phenomenal, yet it cannot keep pace with the growth of the Catholic population.

It is a matter of wonder to the student of history that the plain facts of the early history of Maine have been ignored by responsible writers. How many school children can tell us,—no, let us leave the children out of the discussion for the moment,—how many public school teachers can tell us that the first incorporated city in America was the city of Georgiana, founded on the site of the present town of York? Ask such a question to the average teacher, and it is a safe wager that her thoughts will drift in the direction of St. Augustine, Florida. Where will you find it told in public school history that Maine was once a County Palatine, and is the only portion of American soil ever held by a purely feudal tenure?

"Massachusetts was settled first," so the writer was told in excuse for subordinating Maine history to Massachusetts history in the public schools. Indeed? Then tell us why it was that the Pilgrims in that terrible winter when they were in danger of death by starvation

sent a ship down to Maine to get provisions from white men who had been living in the neighborhood of the Kennebec for some years? Perhaps it is not of much interest to anyone but a lawyer, but it is an important and significant fact that in the town of York are preserved the records of a court which sat there and administered the law under the English common law practise at a time when the Massachusetts colonists had no courts, when the legislature of the Massachusetts colony called then as now the "General Court," administered the laws as well as made them. You will find it told in popular history that Samoset surprised the Pilgrims with the greeting,—"Welcome, Englishmen," but popular history is discreetly silent about the fact that Samoset was Lord of Pemaquid and learned his English by years of friendly intercourse with the colonists in Maine long before the Pilgrims landed in Massachusetts Bay.

The labors of the Jesuit missionaries in Maine for the advancement of civilization have been disregarded and denied by partisan historians. Indeed they have been vilified and slandered. The injustice of American historians towards the Catholic church and its labors in Maine is notorious and a crying shame. Few historians have ever given any credit whatever to those brave and devoted men; except that they cheerfully give them the false credit of being the incitors of the Indians to bloody attacks upon the English. There are few of the present generation of men and women who received their education in the public schools who do not hold it an article of faith, as sanctified as the truths of scripture, that the French priests, crafty, calculating Jesuits, systematically incited the Indians to murder the English settlers in Maine and to burn their dwellings. Yet nothing is farther from the truth.

That the French settlers and their priests had an

influence upon the Indians, which the English had not and could not acquire, is beyond dispute. Nor is it to be wondered at when we consider the difference in the conduct of the English and of the French toward the natives. The accounts of Indian barbarities, of murders and burnings, narrated by the English are irreconcilable with the narratives of the Jesuit missionaries. But the discrepancies are easily accounted for when the attitude of the two nations is compared. The policy of the French priests was conciliatory. The English acted upon the maxim that it was no sin to cheat an Indian. The French missionary treated the Indian as a human being with a soul to save. The first Englishman to discover the Kennebec A. D. 1602, (not the first white man), one Captain Harlow, captured two Indians and took them to England as a wild beast show. The French, on the other hand, fraternized with the Indians, adopted their customs, joined in their hunting and fishing expeditions, and treated them as equals to be respected. The French priests approached them as missionaries with that never failing insight which has characterized the Jesuit Order in all its missionary undertakings. The Indians embraced the Catholic faith, not so much because the ceremonies of the church had charms for the simple minded children of the forest, as prejudiced writers would have us believe, but because the Jesuit priests were possessed of the true missionary zeal and instinct, and in addition exhibited broad minded common sense in approaching the Indians with the truths of Christianity.

The foregoing statements are an outline which it is the intention of the writer to develop in detail and by logical steps later on. History is not a collection, a compendium of isolated facts, a chronology of wars, of lives and deaths of great men, of the rise and

fall of peoples. It is something more, it is philosophy. As children, with undeveloped intelligence, with minds like a fresh blotter pad waiting to absorb material, we must learn history as a sequence of facts and a list of dates; but as we advance in intelligence and increase in reasoning power, it is our duty to look beneath the surface, to search for the reasons for things, to learn the philosophy of history.

It would be natural to expect that the coast of Maine which first attracted so many adventurous Englishmen should have been the cradle of our Northern civilization. Here we should have looked for the seat of empire in the North. Here, and not upon the sterile soil of Massachusetts Bay should have been built the ports of commerce and industry. But such are not the facts.

It is the writer's purpose to endeavor to prove that the punishing hand of God is to be traced, vaguely, darkly, but certainly, in the history of Maine; that Maine did not fulfil her early promise of greatness in history for plain and sufficient reasons, patent to him who will search and meditate, to be found in the doings of the English settlers; that the opportunity was offered here to the white man to give to the world an example of Christian charity and liberality, and it was rejected with selfishness and scorn.

CHAPTER II

The Sons of Eric

Not to Christopher Columbus, the great Genoese navigator, but to Leif Ericson, son of Eric the Red, belongs the credit and the glory of the discovery of America. This is not the statement of a myth, of a legend, but of an historical fact, too well proven to be even so much as disputed by students of history to-day. Nor is it in any way detracting from the memory of Columbus one whit of all the credit that is his due. A great society of American Catholics honors the memory of the Christian navigator, keeps fresh and green in the minds and hearts of its members the honor, the glory that Columbus won. It is proud of its title,—the "Knights of Columbus." But there is plenty of room for another society of Christian American gentlemen, named, let us say, the "Sons of Eric," to pay some belated credit and honor where credit and honor is sadly due. Nor would it be at all amiss from a Christian or Catholic viewpoint for such a society to be organized. No one can dispute that Leif Ericson and his followers were fully as Christian and Catholic as Columbus and his companions, though the gentle spirit of the knightly and courtly Genoese would hardly be looked for in the stern and warlike Vikings of the North. Their's was a different character. Born, living and dying on a cold and rockbound land, navigating a stormy, tempestuous ocean, carrying their lives in their hands from day to day, their character and disposition not

unnaturally reflected the conditions and the environment in which they passed their lives. Wild pagans at first, they embraced Christianity with a readiness almost remarkable, and once Christianized, they never became apostate, but clung to their faith,—a faith of militant Christianity.

To my mind, far from discrediting Columbus, it makes him a greater man, to say that America was discovered and settled by white men, European Christians, long before his time. It is not to his credit to assume that he stumbled upon an opinion that there was land to the west of the ocean, and then stumbled upon the land. It is more creditable to the memory of one who was a learned man even for those days of scholarship that he formed his opinion in regard to land to the west by a chain of logical deductions based upon study and research. He always spoke of his conviction of the land to the west with as much certainty as if his very eyes had looked upon it. At the Rabida convent he gave the following reasons for his certainity,—first the nature of things, meaning of course the fact that the earth was round; second, the reports of navigators, and third the authority of learned writers. By the reports of navigators he could have meant nothing else than the facts which he learnt while on his journey through the northern countries where he was well received. We have it on the authority of his son, Ferdinand, that he visited Iceland; and he was in Iceland within 130 years from the time of the last Norse visit to America. He must have talked with many whose grandfathers knew personally of the land in the west. By the authority of learned men, he doubtless referred to the book written by Adam of Bremen in the year 1072. In this book much was written about the land to the west, called by the Norse-

men, Vinland, the very name itself being used by Adam of Bremen in his book.

This argument would be of little moment to us who are interested in the early history of Maine, were it not for the fact that the voyages of the Norsemen to America, almost wholly, and the settlements of the Norsemen in America, quite entirely, were confined to the territory now known as New England; and although we do not find as clear evidence of the footsteps of the Norsemen in Maine as have been found in the more southern New England States, yet it is inconceivable that navigators who skirted the shores of Labrador, New Foundland, and Nova Scotia, and who are positively known to have landed on the coast of Massachusetts Bay, it is inconceivable, that they sailed by the beautiful shores of Maine with averted eyes, that they avoided the fine harbors and landlocked anchorages of the coast of Maine. That we do not find the vestiges of their presence here is but negative evidence, and of no force whatever when we consider that they did not build substantial houses, but from the evidence of their own Sagas, temporary structures, hastily and carelessly constructed.

Now, in order that we may have a clear idea of how it came about that the Norsemen discovered New England, let us take a view of the history of the northern countries in the ninth century. In that century Norway was divided into thirty or so districts called "fylkes," governed by jarls, from whom we derive our modern name of "earl." These rulers were in a manner elected by the people. In the middle of the ninth century, a jarl by the name of Harald Fairhair subjugated all the other jarls and united Norway. His usurpation was not popular, the northern races have never submitted tamely to one man power. The result was a large

emigration to the British Isles, the Herbrides, the Orkneys, the Shetland Isles, the Faroes, and to Iceland. The more adventurous spirits went to Iceland and by the beginning of the next century Iceland had nearly 100,000 population. Here the self-governing aspirations of the northern people found their fullest and freest development, and for four hundred years a republic flourished, brave men were born and lived, and poets sang their deeds. This was the period of the production of the great Sagas, the hero worshiping poetry of the Norse Vikings. The Norsemen were great sailors. They loved the sea and no ocean was too stormy nor too dangerous for these Vikings to navigate. It was not long before they were sailing to Greenland. And let us remember that Greenland is admittedly within the western hemisphere.

Now we must make the acquaintance of a hero of the Sagas, of undisputed bravery but of questionable morality. His name was Eric the Red. In the middle of the tenth century he was living in Norway. He well deserved his name of "the Red," for besides his red hair and beard, he was the proud owner of the reddest disposition of all the fire-eaters who ever sailed the northern seas. He lived in a perpetual quarrel with his neighbors and finally, having committed the crime of murder, he was forced to flee for his life. With his family he emigrated to Iceland. Little time passed before he was again in trouble. Again he moved westward, and this time to the western world. To Greenland he went with his household. This year is an important date, the year 982, for it marks the first permanent settlement of the New World. In the year 982, therefore, Greenland was inhabited by a family of white men, whose head and chief was the progenitor of a noble race of adventurous spirits, who have left the prints of their

their footsteps on the shores of New England. Eric the Red succeeded in founding a colony in Greenland which flourished for several hundred years, in fact, down to the time of the great "Black Plague," which swept Europe. The Icelandic Sagas have preserved for us many interesting accounts of the colony. We know even the number of the Bishops who resided in Greenland. Eric the Red had three sons, their names are worth remembering,—they were Leif Ericson, Thorvald, and Thorstein. In the year 1000 Christianity had been adopted as the religion of of Norway. King Olaf Trygvason, one of the greatest of kings, was on the throne. In this year Leif Ericson had journeyed to Norway, had met King Olaf and had made a favorable impression on the great king. The king asked Leif to accept Christianity, which he did, and at the further persuasion of the king, he promised to carry the religion to his family and friends in Greenland. The king also commissioned him to head an expedition to the lands in the far west, rumors of which had reached Norway, and Leif agreed to make a voyage of exploration and discovery to the west of Greenland. In the summer of the year 1000, a notable date in history surely as important as the year 1492, Leif Ericson landed on the wild shores of New Foundland. He explored the country and finding it hilly and covered with flat stones, he called the land Helluland, "of the flat stones." Sailing south he came to Nova Scotia, which he found to be heavily wooded. Therefore he called it Markland, "of the woods." Again going south, skirting the shores of the Gulf of Maine, he finally landed on the shore of a bay into which emptied a river. He sailed up the river crossing a lake and entering another river which he ascended as far as his ships had sufficient depth of water. This land he called Vinland, from the presence of grapes

found in abundance there. These names given to New Foundland, Nova Scotia, and New England are important, for they remained the accepted names of the respective countries for 400 years, and frequently appear in the Sagas.

Where is the particular spot at which Leif Ericson landed and with his company spent the winter of 1000-1001? If we knew positively we would have solved a problem which has worried many an historian and antiquarian. Probably the answer to that question would also clear up the mystery of the ancient city of Norumbega. Prof. E. N. Horsford, late of Harvard, claimed to have definitely located the settlement of Leif, and his successors, Thorvald, Thorfin and Gudrid, his wife, and to have unravelled the mystery of Norumbega, which he dismissed with the simple explanation that it was an Indian corruption of the word,—"Norvega," applied to this country by the Norsemen who claimed it as a part of their native country by right of discovery. Prof. Horsford was confident that he had located the Vinland settlement of the Norsemen on the banks of the Charles River in Massachusetts, near Cambridge, Cambridgeport, and Watertown. He believed that he had everything definitely settled. But his explanation proves too much. In one point alone it seems to me that he gives scant credit to the foresight and experience of the Norsemen. The strongest part of his argument rests upon certain remains of ditches which he found, which, he declares, were canals dug by the Norsemen for the purpose of floating logs and timber into the Charles River and from there to be shipped home to Greenland. It is quite probable that the Norsemen shipped timber from the heavily wooded New England to the wood scarce Greenland, but it is far from probable, that men who knew how to cut tim-

ber in the north countries in the winter season and haul it on the snow and ice, and pile it up for the spring freshets to float down the streams to the river and the harbor, would ever undertake the unnecessary labor of digging artificial canals to float the timber. The description of the river and harbor in Vinland contained in the Sagas applies to several places along the New England coast; but to none better than to the Kennebec River. And it would be strange that this beautiful and romantic river, which appealed so strongly to the Frenchmen and the Englishmen, who came along five and six hundred years later, should not appeal equally to the adventurous Norsemen.

But speculation is vain and idle. Suffice it to say, that it is hardly conceivable that the Norsemen who spent so many years in Vinland should not have been as familiar with the Coast of Maine as they were with the Coast of Massachusetts.

In the spring of the year 1001 Leif Ericson returned to Greenland. True to his promise to King Olaf he preached the doctrine of the "White Christ" to the Greenland colony, and with so much success that he converted the whole colony, save only his own father. That fiery old Viking, well named Eric the Red, refused to accept the gospel of love, and declared that he would die as he lived with his faith in Odin and Thor, and his own good right arm, unshaken.

CHAPTER III

THE VIKING AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

The next voyage to New England, the Norsemen's "Vinland," according to the Sagas, occurred in the year 1002. This expedition was headed by Thorvald, brother of Leif Ericson, Thorvald landed at the camp of Leif, but his stay was of short duration, for unfortunately he was killed in battle with the Indians, whom the Norsemen called,—"Skrellings." This is the way the Saga tells the story of the brave and Christian death of Thorvald, the first Viking and the first European Christian to be buried in the soil of the New World. "So great a drowsiness came over them that they fell asleep. Then came a shout over them so that they all awoke. Thus said the shout: Wake thou, Thorvald, and all thy companions, if thou wilt preserve life, and return thou to thy ship with all thy men and leave the land without delay. They rushed out from the interior of the frith an innumerable crowd of skin boats and made towards them. Thorvald said then: 'We will put out the battle skreen, and defend ourselves as well as we can, but fight little against them.' So they did, and the skrellings shot at them for the time but afterwards ran away each as fast as they could. Then asked Thorvald his men if they had gotten any wounds, they answered that no one was wounded. 'I have got a wound under my arm,' said he, 'for an arrow fled between the edge of the ship and the shield in under my arm, and here is the arrow and it will prove a mortal wound

to me. Now I' advise you that you get ready instantly to depart but you shall first bear me to that cape where I thought it best that we would live,—it was a true word that fell from my lips when I said that I would dwell there and not depart; there you shall bury me, and there you shall set up two crosses, one at my head and one at my feet, and you shall call the place Krossaness." And so the spot was called, "Krossaness," Mount or headland of the Crosses by the Norsemen for ever more. So died a brave and Christian gentleman, his bones have mingled with the soil of this New England. No man to-day knows where that Krossaness, the Cape of the Crosses is; but for all we know, it may be Cape Elizabeth at the entrance of Casco Bay, or it may be any other one of the many beautiful promontories which extend out into the Atlantic from the bold and rocky shores of Maine, which must have reminded the Norsemen so much of their Fatherland, Norway, with its many friths. Indeed, the very use itself of the word "frith" in the Saga, to my mind disposes of all arguments in favor of the southern shores along Massachusetts Bay, for where else but on the coast of Maine will you find anything approaching the scenery of the Scandinavian Peninsular?

The next notable event in the settlement of our New England by the Norsemen is the visit of the first white woman, and the birth of the first white and Christian child. There was living at that time in Greenland a noble woman by the name of Gudrid. She was of an adventurous character, in her veins flowed the blood of the progenitors,—or progenetrix, of nature's chosen children, the unborn race of conquerors and empire builders. She married Thorfin Karlsefni. She persuaded him to emigrate to Vinland. They went accompanied by a large following. In the summer of

The Norsemen
explore the coast of Maine

the year 1008 a son was born to them. They named him Snorce. This was the first child baptized in the Christian faith in New England, and indeed, in all the New World. After the death of her husband, Gudrid, following a custom of the nobility of the north in relation to widows, made a pilgrimage to Rome. History relates that she attracted much attention in Rome, as well she might, and that she was well received.

We know that the Holy, Roman Catholic Church from the very first ages of Christianity has kept in close touch with its children and its priests throughout the world. We know further that the manuscript records preserved in the Vatican prove beyond peradventure that the Roman Catholic see of Greenland included all the Norse settlements in the New World,—Helluland, Markland and Vinland. The records are preserved which show that at least one Catholic Bishop of Greenland, namely, Bishop Eric Upse, visited Vinland. No one who knows anything of the history of the Catholic Church will have the slightest doubt, from the fact of the visit of this bishop, that Catholic priests accompanied the Norse voyagers and lived with them in Vinland. The Church never left her children to shift for themselves without the consolation of ordained priests to administer the sacraments, especially the sacraments for the dying. It is unanswerable that a bishop would not make this journey unless there were priests there ahead of him to blaze the path, to do the preliminary work. Indeed, the fact of his visit is strong presumptive evidence that there were numbers of priests in residence there. The Sagas tell us that many voyages were made down to the year 1347, the date of the last voyage, and only 145 years before the rediscovery by Columbus. They tell us of the daily lives of the colonists and contain full descriptions of the country.

If I were to quote much from the Sagas to prove that the voyages to Vinland were numerous and that settlements were maintained there continuously for more than three hundred years, it would extend this narrative to too great extent, and I would be obliged to sacrifice other later and interesting events. But I shall quote the following part of the Saga of Eric the Red relating to the voyage of Frydis, Helgi and Finnbogi, A. D. 1011. "Now people began again to talk about voyages to Vinland, the Good, for voyages there to appeared both profitable and of honor. The same summer that Karlsefni went from Vinland, there came a ship from Norway to Greenland; this ship carried two brothers, Helgi and Finnbogi. They stayed for the winter in Greenland. These brothers were Icelanders. It is now to be told that Freydis, the daughter of Eric, went from her home in Garde to the brothers, Helgi and Finnbogi, and asked them to sail to Vinland with their ships, and to go halves with her in all the profits that might be made there. To this they agreed. Then she went to Leif, her brother, and begged him to give her the houses which he had built in Vinland; but he answered that he would lend her the houses but would not give them. So it was settled between the brothers and Freydis, that each should have thirty fighting men in the ship besides the women. But Freydis broke this agreement and hid five men more, which the brothers knew not of till they came to Vinland. Now they sailed out into the sea, and the brothers came there a little ahead and took up their abode in Leif's houses. But when Freydis came to the land, they cleared out their ships and took their goods to the house. Then said Freydis: "Why bring your things here?" They replied, "Because we believed that the whole agreement should stand good between us." Then said

she,—"Leif lent the houses to me and not to you." Then said Helgi,—"We brothers are easily excelled in evil-doing by thee." Then they took out their goods and made a separate dwelling, and set it further from the shore, on the edge of a lake. Now winter began and the brothers proposed to have sports and amusements. So it was done for a time, but evil reports and discords sprang up among them, and there was an end to the sports and nobody came from one house to the other, and so it went on for a long time during the winter."

The Saga goes on to tell how the expedition came to a violent and bloody end through the evil temper and avaricous disposition of Freydis, who persuaded her husband to fall upon the brothers and their men in their sleep and kill them. Freydis herself killed the women of the Helgi,--Finn bogi party. Many such quarrels and killings are related in the Sagas; and it was on account of such occurrences, arising as they no doubt did from the unbearable tempers and fighting dispositions of the Norsemen, together with the perpetual warfare with the native Indians, that the Vinland settlements were never happy and prosperous colonies. It is doubtless true that the Indians would have treated the new comers in as friendly a manner as they afterwards treated the French, and would have lived in peace with them as they did with their French brothers and allies centuries afterwards. But it requires little reading of the Icelandic Sagas to be persuaded that no race on the face of the earth could live in peace with those fierce warriors. They went looking for trouble and when they could not find a common enemy to fight, they kept in fighting practice by murdering each other.

One other Saga I desire to quote before leaving

this subject. It is a fragment of the "Vellum Codex," supposed to have been written about the end of the 14th century. It is interesting as showing the Geography of the time.

"Next to Denmark is the lesser Sweden, then is Oeland, then Gottland, then Helsingeland, then Vermeland, and the two Kvendlands, which lie to the north of Bjarmeland. From Bjarmeland stretches uninhabited land towards the north, until Greenland begins South of Greenland lies Helluland, next lies Markland thence it is not far to Vinland the Good, which some think goes out from Africa. It is related that Thorfin Karlsefni cut wood here to ornament his house, and went afterwards to seek out Vinland the Good, and came there where they thought the land was but did not effect the knowledge of it and gained none of the riches of the land. Leif the Lucky first discovered Vinland, and then he met some merchants in distress at sea and by God's mercy saved their lives; and he introduced Christianity into Greenland and it spread itself there so that a Bishop's seat was established in the place called Gardar. England and Scotland are an island and yet each is a kingdom itself. Ireland is a great island. Iceland is also a great island north of Ireland. These countries are all in that part of the world called Europe."

It would be interesting now to go back of the time of the Norse discoveries of America, and speak of the traditions of the Irish visits before the time of the Norsemen. But, although I do not pretend to be writing a history, yet I claim for all that I write the basis of historical fact. So much of what has come down to us relative to the voyages of the Irish to these shores before the Norsemen is admittedly legend and not history, that I hesitate to even mention it. It

is undoubtedly true that the Irish visited Iceland before the Scandinavians came there, and it is quite probable that the bold, adventurous Irish sailors were often driven out of their course in those stormy seas, just as the Norsemen afterwards were, and very likely saw the shores of the western continent, perhaps landed there. But the tradition of a Great Ireland somewhere to the south of Vinland, inhabited by white men speaking the Irish language, the tradition of Bjorn Asbrandson who was driven out of Iceland for his sins and was discovered thirty years afterwards living in that land to the south of Vinland, called Great Ireland, among Irish speaking white men, as well as among the natives, the traditions of the Indian tribes that white men once lived in Florida, and used iron instruments, all these are traditions and not history. Romances might be built upon them, but however interesting it is, the tradition of the Irish speaking white men of "*Ireland ed Mikla*," Ireland the Greater, is as much a tradition as the voyage of St. Brendan from Ireland to the fortunate Isles in the sixth century.

There is so much evidence of the spread of Chrisianity and the authority of the Catholic Church over Ireland, Greenland and the lands to the west, that it is unnecessary to quote at any length the numerous documents preserved by the Vatican and made public to the world within the last few years. But for the purpose of our view of the state of conditions in these western lands at the period of the Norse settlements in New England, it may be interesting to our readers to quote the following letter written by Pope Alexander VI. It was written during the period of the settlement of this country. The exact date of the letter of Pope Alexander VI is uncertain, except that it was certainly written during the early years of his pontificate. This

letter shows clearly that, in silver and gold, the Norsmen were very poor; but considering what they had to contend against in all the centuries after they were Christianized, and considering the great distance of their country from Rome, the center of Christianity and the heart of civilization, they were a great race and a wonderful people. The letter is to me most interesting. Allowing for the natural weakness of those Norsemen who fell away from the faith, in the words of the venerable Pontiff, not having had the ministration of priest or bishop for eighty years,—figure to yourself the great faith of the majority of those warlike adventurers who once each year gathered together to venerate a "certain Corporale",—a mere piece of cloth, blessed, upon which, one hundred years before, something that no living man of them could have seen with his own eyes, the consecrated Body of Christ had rested for a few minutes during the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass by the last priest who had lived there.

There was a faith and devotion equal to any that inspired the noblest and bravest of Jesuits who followed the Norsemen in New England five and six centuries afterwards. There seems something fitting in the fact that the Bishop-elect, Matthias, who was intending to go to Greenland to take charge of the See of Garda, should be as poor as the Norsemen to whom he was going,—so poor that Pope Alexander ordered that all Apostolic Letters be forwarded to him without charge or expense. The closing words of the letter in their simplicity speak volumes:—"Let it be done everywhere gratis because he is extremely poor."

The letter above mentioned follow:

English translation of Letter of Pope Alexander VI.

(*Alexander VI.*) (*In the early years of his Pontificate.*)

10. Since, as we have heard the Church of Garda is situated at the extremity of the earth in the country of Greenland, whose inhabitants are accustomed to use dried fish and milk because of the want of bread, wine and oil, wherefore and also on account of the rare shipping to said country due to the intense freezing of the sea no vessel is believed to have put to land there for eighty years back, or if it happened that such voyages were made, surely, it is thought, they could not have been accomplished save in the month of August, when the ice was dissolved; and since it is likewise said that for eighty years or thereabouts, absolutely no bishop or priest governed that Church in personal residence which fact, together with the absense of Catholic priests, brought it to pass that very many of the diocese unhapily repudiated their sacred baptismal vows; and since the inhabitants of that land have no relic of the Christian religion save a certain Corporale, annually set forth, upon which, a hundred years ago, the Body of Christ was consecrated by the last priest then living there; —for these, then, and for other considerations, Pope Innocent VIII, of blessed memory, Our Predecessor wishing to provide a suitable pastor for that Church at the time deprived of the useful solace of the same, at the advice of his brethren, of whom We were then one appointed bishop and pastor to that place Our venerable brother Matthias; the latter was Bishop-elect of Garda, a professed member of the Order of St. Benedict, and had been announced, at Our urging, while We were still in minor orders, as intending to sail personally for said Church, inspired with great fervor of devotion to lead back the soul of the strayed and apostate to the way of eternal salvation, and to expose his life to the greatest danger, freely and spontaneously, to obliberate such errors. We, therefore, highly commending the pious and praiseworthy undertaking in the Lord of said Bishop-elect, and wishing to succor him in the above circumstances, because, as We have likewise heard, he is sorely pressed by poverty, at Our own instance and with the certain knowledge of the advice and approval of Our brethren, commit to and

order, in a circular letter to Our esteemed sons, the scribes, solicitors, those who have charge of the seals, the registrars, and all the other officials both of Our Apostolic chancery and treasury, that, under pain of excommunication, "*lata sententia*," ipso facto incurred all and each of the Apostolic Letters, about and concerning the promotion of said Church of Garda, to be forwarded for said Bishop-elect, be forwarded by them and caused to be forwarded in all and each of their offices, everywhere gratis, for God, and without payment or exaction of any tax, all contradiction ceasing; and to the clerics and notaries of the Apostolic treasury We commit and command, at like instance and knowledge and under said pain of excommunication, that they freely hand over and consign these letters or Bulls to said Bishop-elect, without payment or exaction of any revenues, or even of small fees, or of the other claims usually paid in similar cases, anything enacted to the contrary notwithstanding. Let it be done everywhere gratis because he is extremely poor. R.

As. Ma., *Vice Chancellor.* Jno. Datrarius, (*Secretary.*)

CHAPTER IV.

The First Expedition of the French

From this time on for five hundred years this region—Estotiland, Drogeo, Norumbega, Maine, faded from the memory of man; and the shadows of ignorance and barbarity slowly deepened over it. But the light of Christian faith had once been brought to it. The cross had once been planted in its soil, and the ashes of a departed Christian rested in sanctified ground. True enough, we cannot conceive it to be any part of the divine plan that the western natives were to be Christianized by Thorwald and his band of hard fighting, hard drinking Norsemen who had barely ceased to worship Odin and Thor, Frigga and Freyja, as gods and goddesses and begun to fear them as demons and grisly ghosts. They were of the race and time that used the sword to bring converts to the font and regarded the baptism of blood more cheerfully than the baptism of water. We must remember that they were the followers of St. Olaf, king and martyr, who died in a pitched battle trying to drive instead of lead his rebellious freemen to the cross. We must remember that this was only shortly after the time of Charlemagne, who, great champion of the Church though he was, knew only one effective ultimatum, and that the one he gave to the Saxons at Main Bridge,—"Christianity or Death."

But we may be permitted to imagine that the planting of the cross in the soil of Maine by Thor-

wald's men was prophetic; was, like the cross which Constantine saw in the skies, a sign of what was to come. Thorwald's wooden cross decayed and crumbbled and resolved itself into its original elements, but the promise was there, and never departed. And centuries after, when Europe was torn asunder with religious turmoil, when the favorite children of the Church turned upon their mother to rend her asunder in their madness, the mystic light of Thorwald's cross sent its beckoning, insistent beams far across the stormy Atlantic to the souls of another generation of Crusaders animated and inspired by a different zeal and a more apostolic understanding, and its spiritual message was received and answered.

Thus it was that the somber-garbed soldiers of Ignatius Loyola, the Society of Jesus, the greatest society, clerical or lay, that the world has ever known, came to this land of strange and barbarous names, to follow the light of the cross the Norsemen brought to these shores. Strong words of description, you will say, to call the Jesuits the greatest society the world has ever known. I shall not try to defend the use of them. It is not for me to attempt to add my small measure of praise to this great order whose members, both those exalted and those of low degree,—are as silent as the dumb when the faintest word of praise of their society is uttered in their presence.

Their work and labor, their marvellous deeds, their great achievements, I shall mention in a succeeding chapter. The great and lasting good they nearly accomplished, had it not been for greed and covetousness, uncharitableness and illiberality, I shall try to give full credit for. How the bitter religious turmoil of Europe was transferred to this unfortunate soil, from the time when Francis I of France said

that,— "He would like to see the clause in Adam's will which made this continent the exclusive possession of his brothers of Spain and Portugal;" and Queen Elizabeth granted a charter to Sir Humphrey Gilbert,—"to allow of the discovery of lands in America fatally reserved to England for the honor of her majesty," I will endeavor to show faithfully, carefully and in the spirit of fairness.

Strange beliefs were held and strange tales told of this region in those days. Other enemies than human ones inhabitated these rocky shores. Griffins, hob-goblins, and demons roamed the forests of New Foundland and Labrador. The superstitious sailors heard the infernal cries of these beings echoing from cliff to cliff.

Andre Thevet writes: "True it is, and I myself have heard it, not from one, but from a great number of the sailors and pilots with whom I have made many voyages, that when they passed this way they heard in the air, on the tops and about the masts, a great clamor of men's voices, confused and inarticulate, such as you may hear from the crowd at a fair or market-place, whereupon they well knew that the Isle of Demons was not far off."

Marc Lescarbot, who was far from credulous, who was indeed rather skeptical for his time, relates some wild tales which were told to him. I quote the following which he sets forth:

"There is another strange thing worthy of record, of the truth of which many savages have assured me. It is that to southward, near Chaleur Bay, lies an isle where lives a dreadful monster called by the savages Gougou, which they told me had a woman's shape, but very terrible, and so tall, said they, that the tops of the masts of our vessel would not have reached

her waist, so tall do they describe her, and that she has often devoured, and still devours, many savages, whom she puts in a great pouch when she can catch them, and then eats them; and those who had escaped the peril of this unchancy beast said that this pouch was so large that she could have put our vessel in it This monster, whom the savages call Gougou, makes terrible noises in this island; and when they speak of it, it is always with a strange and unequalled fear, and many have assured me that they have seen it. The said Monsieur Prevert of St. Malo himself told me that on his way to explore the mines he had passed so near the lair of this dreadful beast, that he and all his crew heard strange hissing noises made by it, and that the savages with him told him that it was the same beast, and were so afraid that they ran everywhere to hide themselves for fear that it had come to carry them off; and I am led to believe their tale by the general fear which all the savages have of it, and the strange tales they tell of it, in so much that if I were to set down all they tell, it would be thought fabulous; but I hold it to be the haunt of some devil who torments them in this fashion. This then is what I have learned of this Gougou."

Yet Lescarbot dismisses with scant courtesy a report of Jacques Cartier's, which he likens to one of Pliny's stories of an unknown race of Mouthless People once living near the source of the Ganges. He says: "Nor do I give credence to the tale of Captain Jacques Cartier when, in accordance with the report of the savage, Donnacona, whom he brought into France to tell it to the King, he speaks of certain people of the Saguenay, whom also he affirms to have no mouth and to take no food, with other tales void of common sense."

Having reached the beginning of the seventeenth

century in our view of Maine history, it is well to pause and look around at general history, so that we may see what was going along in the Old World at this time. One of the most serious drawbacks that I have invariably encountered in all historical writings upon special subjects is the fact that the writer apparently loses sight of the movement of contemporaneous history in other countries than the country of which he is writing, at least he certainly causes his reader to lose sight of it. I would like for once to read a work of special history which, as it proceeds with its own course of narration, at the same time keeps its reader continually informed of the contemporaneous history of the rest of the world. The writer who could do that, by subconscious suggestion, as it were, would be the greatest historical genius that civilization has ever produced.

In the course of Maine history we are viewing a period which coincides roughly with the stormy period of European politics extending from the Peace of Augsburg (1555) to the breaking out of the Thirty Years War (1618) that fearful war when for the first time in history every nation in Europe was arrayed in arms. It is the time when Henry IV was King of France (he was assassinated in 1610.) It is the time when, following the rise of Protestantism, dissenting sects were springing up in multitudes, "hating each other for the love of God." Two sects of Lutherans, subscribers and non-subscribers to the Formula of Concord, were gnashing their teeth at each other, both at the Calvinists, and the Calvinists at both; denying one another the liberty of conscience which they had deserted Rome for refusing them. Yielding to ignorant, and often godless, secular rulers the authority in matters of faith which they had cursed

and confusion worse confounded reached such a stage that Phillip Melancthon, the ablest leader of thought, the brightest spirit, the one sincere apostle of the reformation, longed to die to escape the implacable quarrels of the theologians.

It is the time of the rise (1540) and marvellous growth of the Society of Jesus, who became the patrons of education and learning, and the militant champions of the faith, causing that movement called in history the counter religious revolution, by which southern and western Germany went back into the Church; missions were extended to far Cathay, where Jesuits taught astronomy to the Mandarins of China, disputed with the Japanese theologians, converted the followers of Brahma, preached the gospel in Abssinia, carried the cross to Paraguay, and wrought miracles in Brazil.

One who reads and considers the historic rise and progress of the Society of Jesus at this critical moment in the life of the Roman Catholic Church, the marvellous achievements of its members in every phase of human activity, in the courts and schools of Europe, in the wilderness of America, in the jungles of Africa and Central Asia in the innermost sanctuaries of the centuries-old learning and philosophy of the Far East, the learning and philosophy of a race whose civilization was old when the Europeans were savages clothed in the skins of beasts, barbarians fighting with stone weapons,—facts whose truth is attested by the most prejudiced anti-Catholic writers,— when one considers these things with a fair and open mind, searching for the truth, desiring to know it, one is forced to the conclusion that this society was called into existance by the Direct act of Divine Providence, because the difficulties of incredulity are greater than those of belief.

The introduction of the subject of the Jesuits is not out of place because very soon it will be necessary in the development of our subject to review the acts of the Jesuits in Maine. And an understanding of their relations with the Indians is very necessary to an understanding of the history of Maine.

We come now to the history of an expedition and a settlement, which makes one of the most interesting and romantic tales of all the history of this country. Linked with the story is the name of one of the greatest, most energetic, and most determined men of all the leaders whose names make a galaxy of bright stars in the pages of history,— Sieur de Monts, and the the settlement of Port Royal, now known as Annapolis, Nova Scotia. To quote the words of Marc Lescarbot in beginning his history of that period of New France:— "In this book I wish to tell the story of an enterprise at once the most valiant and the least assisted and helped of all that we French have attempted in the colonization of new lands over sea. The Story centers round Monsieur de Monts, by name Pierre du Gua, a nobleman of Saintonge."

Pierre du Gua, or as the name is now usually spelled in historical writings, du Guast, was born in Saint Onge about 1560 and fought on the Protestant side in the religious wars. His life ambition, with which one may say he seemed to be posessed, was the settlement of the New World by Frenchmen. So much is this accepted by historians as a historical fact, that it is commonly believed that he died in 1611 broken-hearted as a result of his failure in New France; but it is very doubtful that he died so early after the Port Royal expedition. He was certainly alive in 1611.

King Henry IV on the eighth day of November 1603 issued to de Monts letters-patent creating him

Lieutenant-General of the king in the lands of New France from the fortieth to the forty-sixth degrees of latitude, and giving him sole authority and jurisdiction over them. In the letters-patent the lands are called "La Cadie",—the earliest reference to the name, "Acadia," in any public document. Champlain uses the name in his "Voyages," but spells it always with an "r". There is a dispute as to the origin of the name, some holding it to be a corruption of "Arcadia"; it seems to me, however, that the most likely origin is from the Micmac Indian; the ending of the word is commonly found in the names of places in the Micmac dialect, such as Passamaquoddy, and Tracadie.

The letters-patent make more interesting reading than most of such documents. For instance, the King evidently feared that it might be difficult for de Monts to secure men enough for the expedition, for the letters say: " * * * * Shall establish garrisons of armed men for their protection. For which purposes you are permitted to make use of and to impress all vagabonds, idlers and masterless men, both in town and country, and all criminals condemned to perpetual banishment, or to exile from the kingdom for at least three years, provided always that the said impressment be with the knowledge and consent and on the authority of our officers."

In order that de Monts might have an assured monopoly of the traffic in furs, the king forbade any competition under penalty of confiscation of vessels and goods and a fine of 30,000 francs in addition.

The story of the de Monts expedition introduces to our acquaintance another gentleman of France whose personalty and career are interesting,—Jean de Biencourt, Seignieur de Poutrincourt, or as he is

Samuel de Champlain

known in historical writings, simply,—de Poutrincourt. He was descended from a family prominent in France. He had a love of adventure and travel and was desirous of possessing lands in the new world where he might live with his family and make the future home of himself and his descendants.

The expedition sailed from Havre de Grace in two ships, on the seventh day of March, 1604, according to Lescarbot,—on the seventh of April according to Champlain, who is followed in the matter of this date by Francis Parkman. This, as we well know now, is the season of most stormy and dangerous passage in the northern waters. The expedition found their voyage no exception in this regard. Calling to our aid even a very little imagination we can easily conceive a picture of the dangers and risks these men took in their little ships on these comparatively unknown waters. If a great steamship of modern construction is in constant danger of annihilation by ice bergs with all the protection of modern ingenuity, what must have been the danger that those adventurers exposed their lives to, and what must have been the courage, love of adventure, and high ambition which actuated them.

Marc Lescarbot offers his explanation of why there is more ice in those waters than there is off the coast of France in the same latitude, that the sea of France is sheltered by the British Isles and the ice bergs cannot reach it, whereas the broad Atlantic has no such protection. Although we know wiser reasons now, yet Lescarbot's explanation is not lacking in ingenuity, and shows that he was a keen observer and a good reasoner.

The two ships were separated during the course of the stormy passage, and the ship carrying de Monts and Poutrincourt made land at a harbor in the 44th

degree of latitude, May 6th. This harbor is now known as Liverpool. They named it Port Rossignol, because when they arrived, they found a certain Captain Rossignol there before them, bartering in furs. They promptly confiscated his ship for violation of the King's decree, of which poor Rossignol could never have had opportunity of hearing; and in poetic justice they consoled him by making his name famous. As a matter of fact the river flowing into this harbor is still called Rossignol River. After some weeks, with the help of the Indians, they located their companion ship at the Bay of Islands.

A strange incident happened while they were lying in St. Mary's Bay,—a part of the coast of Nova Scotia still so called. The story is related by both Champlain and Lescarbot, and Parkman repeats it. It seems that two clergymen accompanied the expedition, one a Hugenot and the other a Catholic, secular, priest, that is,—not belonging to any of the orders. Fame has preserved the name of the latter because of his almost miraculous escape from death. Monsieur Aubrey was a young churchman who joined the expedition much against the will of his family. On the voyage he and his religious confrere, whom we must rather call, his religious rival, had many a warm dispute and wrangle about religion and theology. While the ships were anchored in St. Mary's Bay he accompanied a party for a little jaunt through the woods. Having stopped at a spring to get a drink of water, and leaving his sword behind in his hurry to catch up with the rest of the party again, he went back to find the sword. He not only could not find the spring again, but he lost his sense of direction in the woods, and became totally lost. At nightfall he was missed and a search was instituted, but to no

avail. For several days they continued the search, until at last they gave him up for dead. Sixteen days afterwards two of the party were fishing near Long Island, (still so called,) when they heard a feeble shout. To their great surprise they found that it was none other than Aubrey. They took him to camp, and fed him carefully till he regained his strength. During all those sixteen days he had lived on nothing but berries. Lescarbot considered it a miracle. He cites many other strange cases of persons fasting for many days, but considers this case the most wonderful of all because this young man had made no preparations for such a fast, while in most other cases preparation had been made, and usually they were sustained by religious ecstasy.

CHAPTER V

The Port Royal Expedition

Now we come to the establishment of the settlement of Port Royal, famous in history. Champlain and Lescarbot both describe Port Royal and its location. Both were enthusiastic over its great natural beauty and have left us glowing descriptions. An amusing literary quarrel was carried on between the two writers, amusing to us at this day, but no doubt very serious to them. The two men were friends at first but a coolness grew up in the course of time which ripened into positive mutual dislike. The literary aspect of the quarrel presents itself in disputes in their histories as to the question who should have the credit of one thing and another. Both agree that the settlement was called Port Royal for the great natural beauty of its location, but disagree on the subject of who gave it its name. Champlain maintains that he did; Lescarbot claims that it was de Monts. After Lescarbot published his history, Champlain published another edition of his own in 1632 and insisted upon his claim.

Pourtrincourt was so much pleased with the site of Port Royal that he asked de Monts to give it to him, which was done, and the King afterwards confirmed the grant by letters-patent. Thus Jean de Biencourt, Sieur de Poutrincourt, became Lord, Seigneur, of a barony in the New World; and, as for many a year the bounds of what we now call Maine were indefinite, and as France always claimed it as a part of Acadia,

and England admitted the claim for the largest part of it, so the Sieur de Poutrincourt became the first lord and ruler having landed proprietorship and jurisdiction in the country a part of which afterwards became the State of Maine. We will consider the claims of Ferdinando Gorges, and the County Palatine of Maine, later.

The confident words of Lescarbot as he writes of this subject have a solemn sound to us now as we consider what changes afterwards took place and reflect upon the old proverb,—"Man proposes, God disposes." These are Lescarbot's words: "M. de Poutrincourt received his grant, and since then has taken out letters of confirmation from the King, and intends to retire thither with his household, there to establish the name of Christ and of France as far as his power shall extend and God grants him the means." His ambition was lofty and noble, but his power and means were limited. His reign as Seigneur of Port Royal was brief.

The Frenchmen were very much impressed by the River St. John, which, as Lescarbot and Champlain agree, was so named becaus the exploring party arrived in the river on the 24th of June, St. John's day, a day now celebrated above all other holidays in the year by the French of Canada and their decendants who have made homes for themselves in the States. Besides the beauty of its scenery, they made much of its usefulness for navigation, once the falls at the head of the harbor were safely negotiated at the right stage of the tide. And the fishing was so good, that, as they said, they could light a fire and put the pot on to boil and by the time the water had reached the boiling point they could have enough fish caught to fill the pot.

Above all other points, however, the strategic location of Port Royal for purposes of communication

with the St. Lawrence valley and Quebec in time of peace as well as war, was noteworthy. Here the foresight of these explorers and adventurers is seen to be remarkable. In six days they could reach Gaspe and the Bay of Chaleur, almost entirely by water, being obliged to carry their canoes only a few miles, and in eight days, Tadousac. So, as Lescarbot said, in from fifteen to eighteen days they could get news to their countrymen who lived along the St. Lawrence, whereas it would have taken a month to do so by sea. This fact should be remembered in considering the history of the tide of war which rolled back and forth over our country of Maine and Acadia, between the English and the French for so many long years.

Under the direction of Champlain an encampment was made on the island which was named St. Croix, in modern times known as Dochet Island; but a few years ago, the year of 1904, renamed St. Croix. It is located near the mouth of the St. Croix river. Lescarbot criticized Champlain severely for this choice of a camp, and it is quite generally agreed that in this he was right. Champlain was a great warrior and a great leader, but in many respects he did not show good judgement and foresight. Certainly Lescarbot was right in his opinion that an island was no place to start the founding of a colony; it was a poor situation from the point of view of cultivating the soil, and poor again from the point of view of a strategic position for defense in time of war.

The remarkable difference in the attitude of the Indians towards the French, their very friendly attitude, in contradistinction to their attitude toward the English, an attitude on the whole of enmity, except in the few instances of alliances for purposes of warfare,

was early shown in the treatment of Jacques Cartier during his voyages. The next impressive instance we find is in the case of the de Monts expedition. It seems as if the natives at once accepted the French as their friends and brothers, and regarded de Monts himself with great respect and reverence, as almost a superior being. They made him judge in their disputes and quarrels. They brought him disputes for adjudication, laid their cases before him, proproduced their witnesses, made their arguments, and accepted his decree of judgement as final, and obeyed implicity his decisions.

When winter came on Poutrincourt departed for France with the two ships leaving de Monts and his lieutenants with their followers to get through that first and most terrible winter as best they could. We have read of the sufferings of the Pilgrims in their first winters on the shores of Massachusetts Bay, and Francis Parkman and other writers have told the tale of the troubles and sufferings of the members of the de Monts company. But if one would read a vivid account of what that first winter really was, he should read Marc Lescarbot's own story in his History of New France. There we find not only the tale told at first hand by one who knew, but we read history, written by a master hand of literature and told with all the graces of good literature and polished rhetoric. Here is a man whose name is little known to the general reader, in comparison with the names of Champlain, Charlevoix and the other great Frenchmen who were, at once, doers of things, leaders of men, and writers of history. But no abler man, brighter spirit, braver leader, and master of letters, ever set his foot upon this western land. Had it not been for him and his brave spirit and bright mind,

this company of de Monts would have probably perished in that terrible winter when out of a community of seventy-nine, thirty-five died before spring. In Champlain's history of this expedition a more full and carefully detailed account is written of the plague of scurvy which swept over the camp. But Lescarbot discusses the epidemic, its causes, and its remedies in a very skillful manner according to the light he had on the subject from a pathological point of view. His innate good sense and good judgement told him that what was needed to fight off scurvy was not merely fresh vegetables, but plenty of out-door exercise and work.

Charlevoix, than whom no one was better qualified to form a correct judgement of Lescarbot, except, of course, Champlain, who was not on friendly terms with him, says: "Marc Lescarbot, an advocate from Paris, a man of ability, strongly attached to M. de Poutrincourt, had had a curiosity, quite unusual in men of his profession, to see the New World; and he was highly instrumental in putting and retaining things in this happy state. He encouraged some, he touched the honor of others, he won the good will of all, and spared himself in naught. He daily invented something new for the public good. And there was never a stronger proof of what advantage a new settlement might derive from a mind cultivated by study, and induced by patriotism to use its knowledge and reflections. We are indebted to this advocate for the best memoirs we possess of what passed before his eyes, and for a history of French Florida. We there behold an exact and judicious writer, a man with views of his own, and who would have been as capable of founding a colony as of writing its history."

This is all the higher praise for Lescarbot coming

as it does, from a Jesuit, for whose order Lescarbot showed but little love. It is a great pity that Lescarbot could not have remained longer in New France or made other voyages to different parts of it, for there is no historian of that period whose writings are so valuable as history and so interesting and pleasing as literature.

CHAPTER VI

Marc Lescarbot—His Character and Writing

As soon as the weather permitted, after the hard winter which the company had passed at St. Croix, de Monts ordered an exploring expedition along the coast to the west and south. Lescarbot's story of this journey is especially important and interesting to us who are engaged in the study of Maine history, for two reasons in particular. First Lescarbot's description of the coast of Maine is interesting of itself, and it is remarkable how well his understanding of what he saw compares with the true facts as we know them now. And second, he discusses the old traditions of the mythical Norumbega, and disposes of them summarily, and, as we also know now, with almost wonderful certainty and unerring judgement. He was without doubt naturally of a skeptical turn of mind, but with his skepticism he applied a clear and careful reasoning sense. He gives the name, Norumbega to the Penobscot River, but dismisses with scant courtesy the tales of the wonderful city called Norumbega situated somewhere on the river. His quotation from the book published at Douay in 1607, entitled the General History of the West Indies, is as follows: "Further northward is Norumbega, known well enough for a fine city and a broad river, though the origin of the name in unknown; for the savages call it Agguncia. At the mouth of this river is an island well suited for fishing. The region along

the seacoast abounds in fish, and towards New France wild beasts are found in great numbers; it is well suited for hunting, and the inhabitants live in the same manner as those of New France." Lescarbot says that if this fair town ever existed, he would fain know who has destroyed it in the last eighty years.

The company followed the coast line of Maine very closely, entering the mouth of the Kennebec river, called by the French "Kinibeki," exploring Casco Bay, and proceeding some distance down the shore of New Hampshire and Massachusetts; but they returned satisfied that there was no better place to found a permanent settlement than where they were. It seems that de Monts would have preferred to make the settlement at some place further south, about six degrees of latitude south of St. Croix, but as they could not find a suitable location, they decided to transfer the camp from St. Croix to Port Royal.

On the coming of a certain M. du Pont from France with aid for the colonists, de Monts decided to return. Lescarbot went back to France with de Monts. Champlain stayed on at Port Royal. Evidently the new man, du Pont, was in command, for we read that he put Champdoré, their sea-captain and pilot, in irons, considering him to be responsible for the shipwreck of their long boat.

The sound judgement and foresight of Lescarbot is shown not least in his strong indictment of the Frenchmen for their disinclination to work at tilling the soil. He says that in those days this employment was regarded as degrading for a gentleman, it being the work of peasants and serfs. He, however, looks upon it as the noblest and most independent of all work, "the pursuit of our first fathers, of the kings

of old, and of the greatest captains in the world." Lescarbot was many years ahead of his times.

De Monts found Poutrincourt ready and willing to go back to New France, and at the request of Poutrincourt, Lescarbot agreed to go with him, to our own great and lasting gratitude, for as I have said before, we owe more to Lescarbot for his interesting historical writings than to any other man of those times. With all his genius, however, it must not be assumed too readily by the reader that he was so far ahead of his time as to be a man of our own way of thinking in all things. This is a common error of many,—to magnify the ability, and foresight, and liberality of certain men whose names adorn the pages of history, and whom we take to our hearts, and place upon a pedestal in our regard high above all other men of their time, because we see in their character something akin to our own ideal. No man in all history was altogether ahead of his day. Lescarbot was no exception to this rule. He had much of the gentleman's contempt for the common people. Thus in speaking of the trouble into which the sailors of the ship "Jonas" got themselves at the port of La Rochelle, before sailing to New France, he says: "But the common people is a queer beast. In this connection I remember the so-called Peasants' War,in the midst of which I once found myself, when I was in Quercy. It was the most bizarre thing in the world to see this clutter of folk, all wearing wooden shoes, whence they had got the name of Clackers because their shoes, hobnailed behind and before, went clack at every step: This motley mob would hear neither rhyme nor reason, everybody was master, some were armed with a sickle at the end of a stake, others with some rusty sword, and so accordingly."

Another phase of Lescarbot's many sided character is strange and interesting. He was certainly a Catholic and at times devout. Certainly he seems to take a pleasure in displaying his training in the study of the Bible, for he quotes from Scriptures very freely. Yet, it must be that he had conceived some prejudice against the clergy, and especially against the Jesuits in his college days. He takes pleasure in giving a sly dig to certain priests now and then, as for instance, when relating the extraordinary escape from death by starvation and exposure of the young churchman who was lost in the woods of Nova Scotia for some time, which I have written about, he slyly says that the poor fellow had never prepared himself by his way of living for such a long fast.

Writing of the stay in La Rochelle while getting ready for the voyage to New France, he says: "And since I am undertaking to write a narrative of events in the manner in which they took place, I will say that it is a shame to our religion that the Protestant ministers of La Rochelle pray to God daily in their meetings for the conversion of these poor savage tribes, and also for our own safety, and that our Churchmen do not do the like. In truth we asked neither the one nor the other to do so, but in this the zeal of each is manifest. At length, shortly before our departure I took thought to ask Monsieur le Curé or the vicar of La Rochelle, if one of his colleagues could not be found who would be willing to come with us; which I hoped could easily be done, for there were plenty of them about, and furthermore, as we were in a seaport town, I thought they would have been glad to sail the billows. But I could get nothing out of them, and was given as excuse that none would go on such a voyage, unless impelled by great zeal and piety and

that I would do well to address myself to the Jesuit Fathers. This we could not then do, since our vessel was almost loaded. In this connection I have frequently heard M. de Poutrincourt say, that when he was at court after his first voyage, a court Jesuit asked him what hopes could be cherished for the conversion of the tribes of New France, and whether they were numerous. To this he replied that one might win one hundred thousand souls for Jesus Christ, giving a definite number instead of speaking vaguely. This good father, making light of the number, thereupon exclaimed with wonder, "Is that all?" as if such a matter was not worth one man's time. And yet were there the hundreth part thereof or even less, it should not be left to perish. The Good Shepherd having among an hundred sheep one that had gone astray, left the ninety-nine in order to go in search of the hundreth (Matt. XVIII., vv. 12,13.) We are taught, and I hold it true, that if there had been but one man to save, our Lord Jesus Christ would not have disdained to have come for his sake, as He has done for the sake of us all. And so we must not hold these poor tribes so cheap, even though they do not swarm in numbers as in Paris or Constantinople."

In these statements and reflections Lescarbot shows himself a little insincere; first, because when he wrote the later editions of his History of New France, he knew something of the great work the Jesuits were doing in the New World; second, because he knew that, for all the fervid prayers of the French Protestant Ministers in their churches in old France, they were not knocking on the doors of New France to do missionary work in that fertile field. Moreover, Lescarbot's relation of the conversation had by Poutrincourt with a certain Jesuit at court (whom, by the

way, the editors of the Champlain society edition of Lescarbot's history say was the celebrated Pere Cotton confessor of Henry IV) shows clearly that Lescarbot wilfully misinterpreted the Jesuit Father's reply to Poutrincourt's estimate of one hundred thousand Indians waiting to be saved. We ourselves now know that was an exaggeration of the number, and the wise Jesuit suspected likewise, and we can easily enough picture to ourselves his smile and raising of his eyebrows as he replied,—"So! one hundred thousand, is that all?"

And again, we read with wonder Lescarbot's extraordinary request that the Church permit him to carry with him to the New World the blessed bread of the Eucharist, that he, a layman might feed himself upon it, and administer it to others of the company who might want to receive it while there, no priest being with them to celebrate the holy Sacrifice of the Mass. If he had been an ignorant, unlearned man, one might overlook the matter; but he was not merely an educated and well informed man, but as we know well, and as his writings prove, if we had no other evidence, he was a man well trained in theology and Church history, far beyond the attainments of the ordinary layman of his times, or of any time. These are his words upon this matter:—

"Seeing that I had made no progress by asking for some one in orders to administer to us the sacraments, whether during our journey, or after we had landed, I bethought me of the ancient custom of the Christians on their journeys, who took with them the blessed bread of the Eucharist, and this they did because they did not everywhere find priests to administer this sacrament to them, since the world was at that time full of paganism or of heresy. In so much

that it was well called the viaticum, the provision for the way, since when they went on their way, they carried it with them; and yet I agree that this term is to be understood spiritually. And considering that we might be brought to this necessity, since only one priest had remained in the plantation of New France (and his death was announced to us on our arrival,) I asked if they would do unto us as to the ancient Christians, who were not less wise than we. But I was told that this was done in those days for considerations which no longer exist. I pointed out that Satyrus the brother of St. Ambrose, when on a sea-voyage, made use of this spiritual medicine (as we read in the funeral oration pronounced by the said St. Ambrose) which he carried in *orario*, which I take to mean in a cloth of linen or taffeta; and well for him that he did, for when shipwrecked he escaped on a broken plank of his vessel. But herein I was put off, as in everything else. This gave me cause for wonder, and it seemed to me to show the great rigor to put us in worse condition than the early Christians. For the Eucharist is in no way different today from what it was then, and if they held it precious, we did not intend in asking for it to pay it less regard."

Those words, showing as they do a mind well informed, show also a great insincerity, for he knew well that his request could not be granted, and he asked it only for the purpose of having it refused.

CHAPTER VII

The First French and Indian Alliance

I have once before spoken of the courage of these early explorers to brave the dangers of the northern Atlantic in every season of the year with these small ships. Lescarbot did not seem to realize any danger; but he appreciated the courage of the sailors. He says: "But I cannot pass unnoticed the wonderful courage possessed by good sailors amid these conflicts of wind storm and tempest. While the ship is borne aloft upon mountains of water, and thence glides down as it were into the most profound depths of the world, they climb upon the rigging not only to the cross-trees and to the top of the main-mast, but also without a ladder to the top of another mast which is attached to the former, holding on merely by the strength of their arms and legs entwined about the top-mast rigging." It is interesting to us, and we read with a smile, Lescarbot's puzzled attempt to account for what we know was the Gulf Stream. He says: "But here in passing I must notice a matter which seems to me wonderful and meet for investigation; about this same day, June 18th, we found for the space of three days the water of the sea quite warm, and our wine in the hold was the same, though the air was no warmer than before." He ascribes the phenomenon to the ice-bergs, which,as he says,huddle the warm waters together in a region by themselves. But as usual, liberal-minded as he is, he says: "Such is my opinion, which does not hinder anyone else from having his own."

In the long period of history which extends from the first settlements of the French and of the English, the period commonly called the Colonial, we read a great deal about the "French and Indian Alliances" although of course it is not denied that there were certain alliances between those of the Indian nations who were hostile to the French allies, and the English. It is undeniable, however, that the French and the Indians were allies during those many years from the earliest time to the fall of Quebec. It is interesting, therefore, to find the first alliance and fix its date. I think that Marc Lescarbot relates the history of that first alliance; and that the date was the summer of the year 1606, and the place, one of the Islands of Casco Bay. De Poutrincourt contracted the alliance in behalf of the French. Lescarbot devotes but few words to the fact in passing, but from his few words we can see that it must have been made in all due form and with all the usual ceremonies. We will quote the words of Lescarbot: "Let us return to M. de Poutrincourt, whom we have left on the island of St. Croix. After holding a review there, and treating tenderly the Indians who were present, he went in four days to Pentegoet (the Penobscot River), which is the spot so well known under the name of Norumbega. So long a time for the journey there is not needed, but he halted on the way to refit his boat, for which purpose he had brought with him a locksmith and a carpenter and store of planks. Sailing through the islands at the mouth of the river he came to Kinebeki (now the Kennebec), where his boat was in danger through the swift currents caused by the nature of the place. On this account he did not stop, but passed on to Marchin Bay (now Casco Bay) so called after an Indian Chief, who at the arrival of

the said gentleman began to cry out in a loud voice, "He! He!" to which a like cry was made. He responded by asking in his own tongue, 'who are ye?' and was told that they were friends. Thereupon, to win him over, M. de Poutrincourt made a treaty of friendship with him, and gave him presents of knives, hatchets, and matachiaz, i.e., scarves, nacklaces, and armlets made of chaplets, or of tubes of white and blue glass, whereat he was well content, and also at the alliance, which the said M. de Poutrincourt made with him, seeing clearly how firm a support it would be to him."

Here, then, in Casco Bay was the first of that long line of alliances which were of so much advantage to the French, and such an obstacle to the English, indeed so hateful were they to the latter that for many generations, even down to within the memory of those now living the descendants of those English settlers have been taught as children, and in turn passed the lesson on to their children, generation by generation, that the French and Indians were allies by the very nature of their character and disposition, than the one were as cruel and blood-thirsty as the other. Thus do ancient enmities perpetuate themselves in the minds of the people, and hatred and prejudice become history.

Let us turn now to a pleasanter reflection inspired by reading Lescarbot's relation. On the same journey in which the alliance was made, Poutrincourt's company made a discovery which greatly pleased them. At the mouth of the Saco River they came upon an island on which they found grape-vines growing in great profusion. This was a glad sight to the Frenchmen, lovers of wine as they were. It was the first time that they had found the grape of

any quality. We know that this island was the one now called Richmond, and it has long been noted for its vines.

It will be remembered that the Norsemen who sailed along this coast so many centuries before were likewise impressed by the discovery somewhere on the coast of good grapes, so much so that the Saga preserved the story of how the German, who was one of the company, came running, crying "Weintrauben, weintrauben," and the others thought that he had momentarily lost possession of his sanity. From this discovery the Norsemen named the country, "Vinland" and we know not but this spot at the mouth of the Saco may be the identical neighborhood in which the Norsemen made their settlement.

Another event occurred on this journey of Poutrincourt's company which carries us back in memory to those ancient Norse vikings. The French had one of the very few fights with the Indians that Lescarbot was obliged to relate. The company had proceeded farther south along the coast, when, an accident happening to the long boat, Poutrincourt was obliged to have it hauled up on shore for repairs. The harbor was bad, being full of shoals and dangerous currents. A large company of Indians appeared on the scene, and as their manner was so apparently hostile, the French did not attempt any friendly overtures, but drove them away summarily. After the boat was repaired, Poutrincourt ordered all the men aboard, as the hostile Indians were still in the neighborhood. Five of the company disobeyed orders and remained in camp on the shore the night before the morning on which they were intending to make their departure. Early at dawn the Indians came silently and fell upon the sleeping and defenseless five. Two

were killed outright before the alarm could be given. The other three ran to the shore crying out to their friends in the boat. The man on guard in the boat, hearing the out-cry, gave the alarm,—"To arms, to arms, our friends are being murdered." At once the men in the boat leaped from their beds, and without taking time to dress, but snatching up their arms, they piled into the skiffs and pulled to the shore as hard as they could. Although but ten reached the shore from the first skiff, the Indians did not dare to face them, but turned and made off as fast as they could. Lescarbot says that they were terrified by the fierce appearance of the French, likening them to the faithful of God to whose faces he gives a mysterious aspect which strikes terror to their enemies. But it is not at all unlikely that the savages concluded on the instant that the white men, who were so ready to fight that they leaped to the conflict in their shirts, would prove invincible, and that it would be a hopeless contest to oppose them. De Poutrincourt decided that it would be useless to pursue them, so he had graves dug for those who had been killed. Two were killed at once, as just related, two died later from their wounds, and the fifth, as Lescarbot well says, would have been far better to have fallen then, because he was the man, Du Val, who lived to join the settlement later at Quebec, and was hanged there by order of Champlain for being the ring-leader in the conspiracy against Champlain. The story of the conspiracy is related by Champlain himself in his book and Lescarbot also tells it in his history.

They buried the dead and erected a cross at the grave; which, to Lescarbot's great horror, the savages pulled down as soon as the boat got away from shore, and not content with that sacrilege, they desecrated the grave,

dug up the dead bodies, took off the clothes from the bodies and putting the clothing on their own persons danced about with great glee. These Frenchmen, however, were men of determination, for they at once put back to the shore, drove the Indians off, placed the bodies back in the grave and again set up the cross. This time probably, it remained, for the Indians had no further reason to desecrate the graves, having obtained the clothing which satisfied them.

The thought brought to our minds by this relation is that almost exactly six hundred years before, and almost in this exact spot, surely within a comparatively few miles, the Norsemen engaged in battle with the ancestors of these bloodthirsty savages, who attacked strangers without cause, and from pure enmity only, and, as the Sagas tell the story, one Norseman was killed; but he was the leader, a brave man who died like a Christian,—Thorwald son of Eric. And Thorwald's last command to his followers was to bury him on the promontory and to place at the head of his grave a cross, so that all travelers might see that there lay the ashes of a Christian soldier. Many years passed since that cross was set up, many years passed since it decayed and crumbled; and now a second cross is set up in the same region to mark the resting place of another Christian; but unhappily in the stormy period of history which is beginning, many such crosses are to be erected over the country before the wars occasioned by the coming of a higher civilization than existed before should be finished and peace reign.

Let us consider a tale that lightens the history of fights and death, trouble and hardship which accompanied all these early expeditions. I have said that Lescarbot was a genius in many ways. As Charlevoix truly said, he was as competent to found a colony

as to write the history of one; but it was in the field of letters, the domain of the fine arts, that his genius shown the most brightly, for his patron saints were the Muses, and although it is true enough that he did much to keep the company of Frenchmen in good spirits by his inventions under the patronage of the Muses, yet it cannot be doubted that he was most happily engaged when he was writing a poem to dedicate to New France, or an ode on the birthday of some one of the Royal Family, or best of all an impromptu theatrical entertainment to enliven the company and give everybody a laugh.

For instance, when it was time for de Poutrincourt to be expected home at Port Royal from this journey down the coast which has been described, (Lescarbot did not accompany that exploring expedition, but by request of de Poutrincourt remained at the fort), he wrote and got up a little theatrical enter-entertainment in honor of the event of the leader's return. As he says: "I bethought me to go out to meet him with some jovial spectacle, and so we did." And we may be sure that it was jovially received, for the verses are preserved to us, Lescarbot having put it among the various poems which he wrote and published under the tittle, "Muses of New France." He called this one, "Neptune's Theatre."

During the winter that now followed, he kept up the spirits of all by writing a number of "jovial spectacles," in which all had to take part. But most interesting was his "Ordre de Bon Temps," which is so famous that no historian who pretends to write any account at all of the Port Royal settlement ever fails to allude to it. This Order had two objects, to keep up the spirits of all during the long winter in the wilderness, and to make sure that they had a good

table bountifully supplied with the best, and cooked in the best manner possible. He gives Champlain credit for proposing the idea, but it was he who took charge and made it a success. All belonged to the order, and each man took his turn at acting as Chief Steward for a fortnight. And, as he says, there was no café in Paris, however celebrated, that served a better table .The dinner in the evening was the chief meal of the day, and was every day made sort of banquet. They all march in to the table each man carrying a dish, the Chief Steward at the head with his wand of office, and the collar of the Order about his neck. After the dinner the Chief Steward handed over to his successor in office the collar of the order with great pomp and ceremony, each drinking to the other.

It would be interesting to copy for the reader some of the verses composed by Lescarbot during his residence at Port Royal, but as they are written, of course, in French, no translation could be given which would convey the true spirit of the original, for our historian, as has been intimated, was something of a real poet, and no mere rhymster.

CHAPTER VIII

De Poutrincourt and Lescarbot Leave Acadia and Return to France

Now we come to the closing days of the de Monts and de Poutrincourt expedition and attempt at settlement, and the return to France, which obliged Lescarbot, with great regret, to leave this country which he had learned to love better than his own "belle France." The beautiful season of spring had come, and on the morning of Ascension Day they received the bad news from France.

The learned editors of the Champlain Society edition of Marc Lescarbot's History of New France, have made an error in a foot-note explanatory of the date of Ascension Day. It should be said to their credit that it is the only error that they have made in the whole edition, and they deserve the lasting gratitude of all students of the history of this period for their scholarly work; but this error is so glaring as to be almost laughable. They say that Ascension Day, the date of which in that year Champlain has fixed as May 24th, is the day "often called Holy Thursday." If they had said that it is the day often called Christmas, they could not have been farther from the truth.

To return, our Frenchmen learned that their company had been dissolved "contrary to honor and duty," as Lescarbot puts it. The Dutch, it seems, had during the previous year, led by a French traitor named La Jeunesse, carried off the furs from the St.

Lawrence, which resulted in loss to the company, and they could no longer furnish the money needed for the support of the colony. And further, the King's Council had revoked the ten years' monopoly of de Monts. The blow was all the harder, for if they could have been supported but one year longer the colony would have then paid for itself, and would no longer require assistance. It wanted only one more year to get on its feet.

Great as was the regret of the French, that is, of the leaders of the expedition, their grief at leaving was not to be compared with the grief of the Sagamore Membertou and his followers, who had learned to love the Frenchmen, and were depending on them as allies against their enemies, the Armouchiquois Indians. Lescarbot says: "He (de Poutrincourt) was ready to say adieu to Port Royal, when on a sudden Membertou and his band arrived, victorious over the Armouchiquois. And since I have given a description of this war in French verse, I shall not fill my paper with it, being desirous rather to cut short my tale than to seek new matter. At the request of the said Membertou he remained yet a day longer. But it was piteous at his departure to see the tears of these poor folk, whom we had always kept in hope that some of us would remain with them. At last they were compelled to promise them that next year we would send households and families to dwell permanently in their land, and to teach them trades in order to help them to live like us, which promise did in some sort comfort them."

And so also with us, although there are many more interesting happenings which we would like to discuss, it is time to cut short our tale of this expedition, for there are many more interesting and strange events which happened later. And especially, with the com-

ing of the Jesuit Fathers, a new period of history begins.

Many reasons have been ascribed by various writers of the history of the de Monts—de Poutrincourt expedition for the failure of the colony; and of the failure of the later settlement. It is especially interesting to compare the Port Royal colony with that of the Pilgrims which came later and succeeded. Doubtless, the failure may be ascribed to more than one cause. But the strongest assurance of the success of a colony is the presence of women, the wives and mothers of the men who come to make homes in a new land; and likewise the greatest weakness of a colony, the most certainly is it doomed in advance, is the absence of those same women.

The names of de Monts, de Poutrincourt, and Lescarbot, become very familiar to us in reading the history of this period. We know a good deal about the character of these men from their writings, as well as from the writings of others who followed soon after them. But, one of the greatest puzzles of the history of this period is to determine satisfactorily whether we are to count these men on the side of the Catholic Church or against it. De Monts, we know, was a Calvinist, but as to de Poutrincourt and Lescarbot,—they are assumed by historians to have been Catholics; their acts, however, considered as a whole throw much doubt on that assumption. Charlevoix, the Jesuit writer of a history of New France, and himself one of the actors in that greatest of dramas enacted in this half of the world, speaks very confidently of de Poutrincourt. He says: "M. de Poutrincourt was a very worthy man, sincerely attached to the Catholic religion; but the calumnies of the so-called Reformers had produced an impression on his mind, and he was fully determined

not to take them (the Jesuit Fathers) to Port Royal." We not only have good reason to doubt Father Charlevoix' sincere statement that Poutrincourt was attached to the Catholic religion; but, as I have mentioned before, we know that he could not have been acquainted with the later editions of Lescarbot's History of New France, or he would have seriously moderated his extravagant praise of Lescarbot. He seems from his writings not to have fully appreciated the conspiracy that existed among de Monts, de Poutrincourt, and Lescarbot, to discredit the Jesuit Fathers, prevent them from coming to the new country, and in very truth, prevent the Indians from being converted to Catholicity.

This conspiracy shows itself to careful readers of history in various aspects. To refer again to Lescarbot,—whose history we reiterate is one of the most interesting and on the whole reliable of all the histories written in those days, you will remember how he rather hypocritically rebuked the Jesuit Father Cotton, confessor to the King, for disbelieving the exaggerated number of Indians waiting to be converted in the new world. You will also remember that he, a well educated man, and exceptionally well read in theology, asked to be allowed to carry the consecrated host of the sacrament of the Eucharist with him on the journey to the new world, he, a layman, knowing that such athing had never been done since the first years of Christianity. And finally, as I will mention in more detail later, he addressed a letter to the authorities of the Church in which he gave a list of the extraordinary baptisms which had been administered to the Indians during his residence at Port Royal, while the only priest who was with them was the secular priest, Fleché, about whom Lescarbot writes in the most flippant and dis-

respectful manner. That list of baptisms had been almost a standing joke of historians ever since; and we have good reason to believe that De Monts, de Poutrincourt, Lescarbot and Fleché, considered the whole matter of the baptisms as a huge joke, especially so, when we read the names of Saints and Biblical characters which were conferred on the unsuspecting and ignorant savages.

CHAPTER IX

Biard and Massé are Chosen from Jesuit Volunteers to go to Acadia

We read, in Fr. Charlevoix' History of New France that the King, on confirming the grant of Port Royal to de Poutrincourt, notified de Poutrincourt that it was time to labor for the conversion of the Indians, and that it was his wish that the Jesuits should be taken over there. Fr. Cotton, confessor to the King, was a Jesuit. He notified his superiors of the wish of the king. At once many of the order volunteered for the service in the new world, but only two were selected. The names of these two Jesuits figure on many pages of history. No reliable history has ever been written, by Catholic or Protestant, which does not pay high credit to those two men, not only for their labors, but for the romance of their life in this new and strange country and for the sufferings which they were fated to undergo. The two were Father Peter Biard, then professor at Lyons, and Father Ennemond Massé, socius (as Charlevoix says) of Father Cotton.

We shall quote from their "Relations" later, words which will describe their experiences from the very beginning in France through their toils in Acadia, their unhappy captivity at the hands of the English, their unmerited sufferings in Virginia, their long and miserable voyages and their final deliverance from their enemies. Their own words telling in simple and unaffected manner the obstacles which were thrown

in their way from the very first in their native country of France by their own countrymen will be related; but for the moment, let us turn to the relation of Charlevoix and de Champlain.

Charlevoix says: "Father Biard, at the commencement of the year ((1608), proceeded to Bordeaux, where he was assured the embarkation would take place. He was much surprised to see no preparation there; and he waited in vain for a whole year. The King, informed of this, reproached de Poutrincourt sharply, and the latter pledged his word to the King that he would no longer defer obeying his orders. He actually prepared to go; but as he said nothing of embarking the missionaries, Fr. Cotton paid him a visit, to bring him to do so in a friendly way. Poutrincourt begged him to be good enough to postpone it till the following year, as Port Royal was by no means in a condition to receive the Fathers. So frivolous a reason was regarded by Father Cotton as a refusal, but he did not deem it expediant to press the matter or inform the king. M. de Poutrincourt accordingly sailed for Acadia; and with a view of showing the court that the ministry of the Jesuits was not necessary in the conversion of the heathen, he had scarcely arrived before he sent the king a list of twenty-five Indians baptized in haste."

As these chapters are tales of history, rather than a detailed and consecutive history of the period, and the writer's intention has been throughout to select events and especially characters, of history, which are interesting and romantic, let us now present another strange and interesting character, who from his whole life spent, as it was in this land, we may justly say was one of the makers of what is now Maine. This man is the young Biencourt, son of de Poutrincourt. At the time when his father appointed him vice-admiral and vice-govern-

or general of the Port Royal Colony, he was only nineteen years of age. But in every respect save years, he was a man fitted to lead and command. We might say, however, that as a leader he had one fault,—he was hot tempered, and had conceived a prejudice against the Jesuit Fathers, which helped to make the lives of Fathers Biard and Massé very hard and disagreeable.

In February 1610 Poutrincourt sailed again to Port Royal, not taking the Jesuits, as I have just before mentioned, in the quotation from Charlevoix. Membertou and his Indian subjects had kept everything at Port Royal in good order during the absence of the French, the buildings were preserved, and even the fields had been kept up by the Indians. This latter fact is the strongest proof of the devotion of these Indians to the French, for as a rule the Indians had little regard for cultivated fields, the chase being their preferred mode of obtaining a livelihood, they looked down upon regular cultivation of the soil as beneath a warrior and a savage gentleman.

The next July Poutrincourt sent his son, Biencourt, back to France to obtain more supplies. The assasination of Henry IV in the meantime, made great changes, and was certainly a severe blow to the success of the French colonization of Acadia. When Biencourt returned from France to Port Royal he carried the Jesuit Fathers, Biard and Massé with him, much against his will, as will be shown later from the relation of the Jesuits. We may say now that during all the period of the residence of these Fathers in Acadia, Biencourt kept up a continual quarrel with them, except at one time just before the Jesuits sailed from Port Royal to found their new colony at St. Sauveur, which ended so quickly and so disastrously at the hands of the pirate,

Argall; at that time, as is related by the Jesuits, Biencourt made peace with them, and made his confession and received communion.

This young man was the first of the French settlers here to spend his whole life in this land and to die here as a settled colonist. His life must have been one long romance, and it is a great pity that no account of it has been preserved to us. But no account was ever written. He and his friend who shared the life in the wilderness with him, Charles de la Tour, were men of action, not writers, and they had no inducement, as had the Jesuits, to commit to writing their daily lives. The name of La Tour afterwards figures much in the history of this land but it is not known that he ever so much as wrote one letter to friends in France telling of the life of himself and Biencourt among the Indians. When the Port Royal colony was finally abandoned by Poutrincourt, his son, Biencourt, refused to return to France with his father. He and his friend wandered about from place to place in the wilderness, living with the Indians. Being natural leaders, they probably became leaders of the Indians. They lived their life and died their death.

CHAPTER X

How the Jesuit Relations Came to be Written and Their Historical Value

In the preceding chapters mention has frequently been made of the Jesuit missionaries, and I have promised to point out the important influence which their coming had upon the course of Maine history. I come now to the stage when it becomes necessary to develop the subject in some detail.

It is to be presumed that most of my readers are familiar with the histories of Francis Parkman, especially his "Pioneers of New France," and his "Jesuits in North America." It is certainly worth one's while to read both of these books. But it is equally certain that it would not be wise to place them in the hands of school children. For, although Parkman will always receive great credit for his scholarly researches and for his interesting style of writing, yet his well known anti-Catholic prejudices forbid his books being used as manuals for students of history. He pays many enthusiastic compliments to the Society of Jesus for its remarkable attainments, but it would seem as though the ill-natured devil of bigotry which lurked ever in the background, in the recesses of his brilliant mind, could not be kept in check by his better nature, his instinct of the scholar, but it continually leaps forth to grasp every opportunity, to take advantage of every opening, to cast the poisoned dart of black and ugly religious hatred at that Order whose members he admits

to be heroes and saints. Whenever there is a dispute among the witnesses as to the motives which actuated a Jesuit, he seems irresistably impelled to believe the worst. Whenever the contemporaries of a Jesuit differed in their opinion of his character, as in the case of Father Biard, he eagerly sides with the traducer and defamer.

Yet his writings abound in expression of enthusiastic admiration of the Society. No stronger words of commendation could be used than the opening words of the second chapter of his "Jesuits in North America,"— "It was an evil day for new-born Protestantism when a French artilleryman fired the shot that struck down Ignatius Loyola in the breach of Pampeluna. A proud noble, an aspiring soldier, a graceful courtier, an ardent and daring gallant was metamorphosed by that stroke into the zealot whose brain engendered and brought forth the mighty Society of Jesus."

Francis Parkman, like all other historians who write concerning this period of history which we are considering, to obtain his material was obliged to go back to the writings of the Jesuit Fathers, the so-called "Jesuit Relations." These are the sources, the fountain heads. No other information is in existence. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that the "Relations" are of incalcuable value to American historians. If they had never been written, or if they had been destroyed before being published, that interesting and important period of our history would be at this day absolutely a closed book.

The historian, Bancroft, says: "not a cape was turned, not a river entered, but a Jesuit led the way." And fortunately for history, the rules of the Society required every Jesuit missionary to write a daily account of his doings and send regular reports to his superior.

Annually, between the years 1632 and 1673, the superiors made up a narrative, or "Relation," which they forwarded to the Provincial of the Order in France.

It should be remembered that the writers of these "Relations" were men of trained intellect, acute observers, and practised in the art of writing. They had left the most highly civilized country of their times to go into the heart of the American wilderness and win to the Christian faith the fiercest savages known to history. To gain these savages it was first necessary to know them intimately—their speech, their habits, their very manner of thought

The style of the narratives is always simple and direct. Never does the narrator descend to self-glorification or dwell upon the details of his continual martyrdom. We gain from his pages a vivid picture of life in the primeval forest as he lived it; we seem to see him upon the long canoe journeys, squatted among his dusky companions working his passage at the paddles, and carrying cargoes upon the trail. We see him the patient butt and scorn of the savage camp, sometimes deserted in the heart of the wilderness to make his way alone as best he can. We find him in some far-away Indian village working against hope to save the unbaptized, facing the jealous rage of his rival, the "medicine man," and at last meeting the martyr's end with the fortitude of the saint. Then, consider that the "Relations" were written for the most part in Indian camps subject to every conceivable distraction. Myriads of mosquitos tormented the writer, he was surrounded by squalor and filth, his ears were deafened by the shrieks of children, the scolding of squaws and the foul talk of the Indian men. Often he was fatigued with excessive labor and lack of proper food, suffering from wounds and disease, mistreated by his hosts who

often acted more like jailors than hosts, and who in their ignorant superstition regarded the art of writing as magic which might bring calamity upon the camp.

The "Relations" have always been a rare collection, highly prized by collectors of books. They were published in France under the direction of the Provincial of the Order. They commence with Father Le Jeune's "Brieve Relation du (1632); and after that a duodecimo volume, bound in vellum, was issued annually from the press of Sebastien Cramoisy, Paris, until 1673 when they were discontinued. This is the famous and very rare Cramoisy Edition of forty volumes. In 1858 the Canadian government reprinted the Cramoisy in three large octavo volumes; these also are now rare. Dr. John G. Shea, author of the History of the Catholic Missions among the Indian Tribes of the United States, complied by Cramoisy series during the years 1857-1866, but the edition was limited to one hundred copies, and it is now difficult to obtain.

Parkman tells his readers of the great difficulties under which he labored in getting together the material for his own histories from the "Relations," for many of the "Relations," he says, he had to rely upon translated copies made for him in Paris and Rouen. He deserves credit for his labors, but if he had been content to quote from the "Relations," and had kept his personal point of view and his religious prejudices out of sight, his histories would have greater value.

It has often happened in the history of Christianity that the propgaation of the faith would have suffered a grievous set-back and failed temporarily, in spite of the energy of men, had it not been for the piety and self-sacrifice of women. The history of the bringing of the Christian faith to the Indians is one of those examples. The name of Madame de Guercheville,

belongs with those of Biard, Le Jeune, and de Brebeuf. If it had not been for her energetic efforts in raising money to defray the expenses of sending the first Jesuits to this country, the conversion of the Indians would have been deferred for many years.

Madame de Guercheville was one of the famous beauties of the court of France, she was also one of the most influential women in France and a devout Catholic. It was she who fitted out, with her own money and the money that she raised by subscription, the ship which carried the first Jesuits to Acadia and Maine. I will quote the words of Father Joseph Jouvency from his "Initium Canidicae Missionis et Primi Fructus:"

"Already was the undertaking progressing very favorably when Henry IV,more solicitous for religion than for commerce, resolved, in the year 1608, to introduce Christian rites into this part of the New World, and asked members of the Society to undertake this Apostolic enterprise. Upon being informed of the plan of the King, and ordered to choose as soon as possible energetic priests who could lay solidly the foundation of so great a work, Father Coton, the confessor of the King, informed the Commander of the Society. From the whole number, not only of youths but also of old men, who sought this laborious duty, there were chosen Father Peter Biard, of Grenoble, a professor of theology in the College of Lyons, and Father Enemond Massé, of Lyons. The unforseen death of the King delayed this auspicious enterprise, and diminished the enthusiasm of the friends of the Society, who were providing a ship and other necessaries for the voyage. But the pious Coton, unconquered by adversity, brought in the authority of the queen, in order that he might overcome the difficulties in his way. As a result, the time was set for their departure, and the Fathers hastened to Dieppe,

in order that they might sail thence for New France. But, behold, suddenly an unexpected obstacle. Their ship belonged to Poutrincourt, a French nobleman; it was, however, subject to the control of two Calvinistic merchants, since they had incurred no light expense toward providing her with equipments. As soon as they heard that members of the Society were to be embarked upon her, they refused to allow her to leave the port. The authority of the queen was invoked; her commands were reiterated. They answered that they would not refuse admission to any other sort of priests, but that they were unwilling to have anything to do with our men. When Coton saw that the stubbornness of the rascals could not be overcome, he approached the matter by another way. There was a lady distinguished not less for piety than for birth, Antoinette de Guercheville. This woman was as solicitous for the interests of the mission as for her own; and since she had acquired an uncommon influence among many, because of her reputation for integrity, she quickly collected a large sum of money, by means of which the heretical merchants were repaid the amount which they had spent in equipping the ship, so although the merchants were disappointed and unwilling, the Fathers were admitted. But because of the intervening delay, they did not sail until the 26th of January, when the storms of winter caused a raging sea. On this account the voyage was of four months duration, although ordinarily of two, and was terrible because of disease within and tempests without."

Thus came the Jesuits to Maine. The adventure of these men, together with Fr. Biard's own comments on them, I shall relate further on.

CHAPTER XI

Father Biard Describes His Voyage Across the Atlantic

I closed the last Chapter in which I wrote concerning the embarking of the first Jesuits at Dieppe for the voyage to these shores in January 1611, with a quotation from the Relations of Rev. Fr. Jouvency, S. J., in which he told how Madame de Guercheville bought out a share of the Huguenot merchants of Dieppe who had refused to allow Jesuits to sail in their ships, and made a present of it to the Society of Jesus. I will commence this chapter by quoting the closing words of the letter of Fr. Biard S. J. to the Very Rev. Claude Aquaviva, General of the Society at Rome, written on the eve of his departure from Dieppe:

"So now, my Very Reverend and good Father, you see how entirely the malice of the evil one and of his tools has been turned to our advantage. At first we asked only a little corner in the vessel at their price. Now we are masters of it. We were going into a dreary wilderness without much hope of permanent help; and we have already received enough to begin laying the foundation. We were to enrich the heretics by a portion of our alms; and now they, of their own accord, refuse to profit by an occasion which would benefit them. But I believe a great source of their grief is nothing else than the triumph of the Lord Jesus; and may heaven grant that he always triumph. Amen."

In his next letter, to the Rev. Fr. Christopher

Baltazar, Provincial of the Society at Paris, Fr. Biard relates the incidents of the stormy and dangerous passage from Dieppe to Port Royal.

It is wonderful to contemplate, the courage and daring of these early explorers and navigators and priests. Reflect that the vessels in which Champlain, De Monts, Poutrincourt, de Biencourt, and the Jesuits crossed the Atlantic many times, by what we call the northern course, or what navigators call the Great Circle Track, were no larger than Gloucester fishing boats, little schooners which we have all seen tied up to the wharves in Portland or anchored at Marblehead, vessels in which we would hesitate to intrust our lives for a voyage to the Banks of Newfoundland. This ship in which Frs. Biard and Masse came over—"La Grace de Dieu," was so small and so deeply laden that the voyagers could lean over the sides and wash their hands in the sea.

What men these explorers and missionaries were. Nor were they less remarkable for their imagination and foresight than for their courage and daring. We take much credit to ourselves that we have such wisdom and foresight that we will expend many millions to build a canal across the Isthmus of Panama. Consider for a moment that Samuel de Champlain, three hundred years ago, conceived and proposed the project of a ship canal across Panama. "By such a route" he said, "the voyage would be shortened by more than 1500 leagues, and from Panama to the Strait of Magellan it would be one island."

And this was no dream of Champlain's based on sailor's tales, like some of his stories about the griffins with the heads of an eagle and the tails of an alligator which haunted the jungles of Mexico. To the contrary, it was the result of investigation and study on the spot.

But to return to Father Biard. After hair-breadth escapes from shipwreck by storm and by collision with icebergs, they came to the Great Banks. Fr. Biard confesses frankly and naively that he was much surprised that the banks were not sand-banks or mud-banks as he thought in France, but great sub-marine plateaus thirty-five and forty fathoms deep. He says: "On i'appelle banc parceque c'est la premierement où venant des abismes de l'ocean l'on trouve terre avec la sonde. Or, sur le bord de ce grand banc, les vagues sont l'ordinaire fort furieuses, trois ou quatre lieuses durant, et ces trois ou quatre lieues on appelle les Acores." Fr. Biard's idea of the location of the Azores is rather vague. His notions of geography might seem laughable to us; but if we should reprint, with these tales some of the maps drawn by Champlain of the regions which he had visited, perhaps Fr. Biard would be the more readily excused for having a confused idea of the location of places which he had never before visited.

On the Feast of Pentecost, a very significant date, they landed at Port Royal. They found there a settlement of about twenty persons, and all nearly starved. Fr. Biard says: "We all wept at this meeting, which seemed almost like a dream."

As I have mentioned, the secular priest, Fr. Jesse Fleche, whom Poutrincourt had taken with him to Port Royal, had baptized about one hundred and forty-one Indians, without proper instruction. Lescarbot, whose writings always give one the feeling that he is laughing in his sleeve, called it a masterpiece ("chef d'ouevre.") Fr. Biard expresses regret at such unseemly haste. He writes that as regards Christ, faith, the commandments of God, prayer and the sacraments, they know nothing, nor did they know the

sign of the cross or the very name of Christian. "Itaque nunce vulgo sciscitantibus nobis," he says in his letter to the General of the Order in Rome, January 31, 1612, "Christianus es? negat optimus quisque, scire se quid rogetur. Mutata interrogatione quaerentibus, baptizatus es? annuit vero ac propemodum sese jam Nortmannum propuntiat." (The Indians always called the French Normans.)

Fr. Biard, although regretting the haste in baptizing Indians, nevertheless speaks kindly of the secular priest, Fleche. He says that the worthy man had shown great friendliness to the Jesuits and thanked God for their coming, for he had resolved to return to France at the first opportunity, and was now free to do so.

Lescarbot, in his "Relation Derniere" gives us a list, a strange sort of baptismal registry of the one hundred and forty or so Indians baptized by Fr. Fleche in one year. It is amusing to read the list of names of the great ones of France conferred upon the savages. Membertou, the chief, they named Henry, after the King. His wife and children received the names of of the Queen of France and the royal children. Then follows a list which reads like a catalogue of all the noble families of France. Imagine a naked, dirty and bedaubed savage named—Monsieur the Prince of Condé, another, Monsieur the Duke de Nevers, another Monsieur the Prince de Joinville, and an ugly squaw bearing the names of Madame the Countess de Soissons, Madame, the Duchess of Guise, and so on.

Parkman, in his "Jesuits in North America" comments at considerable length and with poorly suppressed glee upon the fact that the first Jesuits found it impossible to convey to the savage mind any conception of the abstract ideas of faith, charity, justice, etc., and

plainly wants his readers to infer that they were lacking in common sense not to know that a savage people would have no such words in their language, because they could form no such concepts in their minds. He holds Father Biard up to ridicule for trying to find in the Indian language words for faith, justice, wisdom, charity, Trinity. To give to his readers such an impression is quite unfair. The Jesuit understood the limitations of the Indian mind and the Indian language. These are his own words on the subject. "It is true that Monsieur de Biencourt, who understands the savage tongue better than any one else here, is filled with earnest zeal, and every day takes a great deal of trouble to serve as our interpreter. But somehow, as soon as we begin to talk about God, he feels as Moses did—his mind is bewildered, his throat dry, his tongue tied. The reason for this is that the savages have no definite religion, magistracy or government, liberal or mechanical arts, commercial or civil life, they have consequently no words to describe which things they have never seen or even conceived. Furthermore, rude and untutored as they are, all their conceptions are limited to sensible and material things; there is nothing abstract, internal, spiritual or distinct." Lettre au R. P. Provincial at Paris, Jan. 31, 1612. He thinks it doubtful if they even have any word for "I believe,"—"Enfin, nous en sommes là encore après plusieurs enquestes et travaux, à disputer s'ils ont aucune parole qui corresponde diroictement à ce mot 'Credo,' je croy."

Could any statement be clearer? And is there any excuse for Parkman, to ingeniously place the matter in such a light that the reader would inevitably draw the inference that the Jesuits seriously tried to find Indian words corresponding to the words faith, trinity, etc?

Concerning the nature of the red man's spiritual beliefs before he began to feel the influence of Christian teaching the following quotation from Father Jouvency S. J., although it conveys no really new information to the average reader, may be of interest as proof that the Jesuits, from the first, understood the Indian mind and the limitations of his thought. "There is among them no system of religion, or care for it. They honor a deity who has no definite character or regular code of worship. They perceive, however, through the twilight, as it were, that some deity does exist. What each boy sees in his dreams, when his reason begins to develop, is to him thereafter a deity, whether it be a dog, a bear, or a bird. They often derive their principles of life and action from dreams; as, for example, if they dream that any person ought to be killed, they do not rest until they have caught the man by stealth and slain him. It is wearisome to recount the tales which they invent concerning the creation of the world. Soothsayers and worthless quacks fill with these the idle and greedy ears of the people in order that they acquire an impious gain. They call some divinity, who is the author of evil "Manitou" and fear him exceedingly. Beyond doubt it is the enemy of the human race, who extorts from some people divine honors and sacrifice. Concerning the nature of spirits, they go none the less astray. They make them corporeal images which require food and drink. They believe that the appointed place for souls, to which after death they are to retire, is in the direction of the setting sun, and there they are to enjoy feasting, hunting and dancing; for these pleasures are held in the highest repute among them."

Father Biard soon decided that the work of converting the adult Indians must proceed slowly; that above all it was necessary that he himself and his co-workers

must learn the language thoroughly first and then he must depend upon good fortune, or the act of God, for favorable opportunities to make impressions, as for instance, when an Indian should fall dangerously ill and the native "medicine man" had failed to cure him. But in the meantime, the wise Father did not fail to work among the children and within the period of the first year here he was able to write that it comforted him to see those little savages, though not yet Christians, yet willingly, when they are here carrying the cross marching in good order in the processions and funerals which occurred. Thus, as he said, they became accustomed to act as Christians, so that in time they became such in reality.

In October of the year 1611 Father Biard and Monsieur de Biencourt, with a company of men made a journey to the rivers St. John, St. Croix, and Penobscot (called then Pentagoct). Their object was to get news of what the English were doing in these parts, and Biard's purpose was to further the interests of his mission. While on the St. John River, Father Biard saw for the first time, the Northern Lights. Twilight had ended and the stars had begun to appear when suddenly toward the north a part of the heavens became blood-red, and this light spreading little by little, in vivid flashes, moved directly over the Indian settlement and there stopped. The red glow was so brilliant that the whole river was tinged and made luminous by it. The phenomenon appeared and disappeared in periods of eight minutes. The French considered the display prophetic, and the Indians declared that it meant war.

Arrived at the Kennebec they learned that Captain Platrier of the French ship Honfleur, had been taken prisoner by two English ships and his release had only

been effected by means of presents which amounted to ransom. Biencourt instructed Captain Platrier and his people that they must oppose the usurpation of the English. "For, he said, "It is well known to all, that the Great Henry, may God give him absolution, in accordance with the right acquired by his predecessors and by himself, gave to Mons. de Monts, in the year 1604, all this region from the 40th to the 46th parallel of latitude. Since this donation, the said Seigneur de Monts, himself and through Monsieur de Poutrincourt, my very honored Father, his lieutenant, and through others, has frequently taken actual possession of all the country; and this, three or four years before the English had ever frequented it, or before anything had ever been heard of these claims of theirs."

They inspected the English fort at the mouth of the Kennebec which had been abandoned, and then sailed up the river. They paid a visit to Meteournite, Chief of the Armouchiquois (called by the English the Massachussetts.) The chief received them in his royal regalia. Father Biard made presents of crosses to the Indians. They seemed to be much pleased with his visit and brought their children to him for his blessing.

Biencourt erected a cross, bearing the arms of France on the spot where the English had settled in 1608 and which they had abandoned. Then the company sailed back to Port Royal. Father Biard writes that he was very glad to be back among these our friendly Indians again, "for," he says, "among these we are no more obliged to be on our guard than among our own servants; and thank God we have never yet been deceived by them."

From then till he learns to speak the native languages, he writes to his superior, his daily occupations-

are, to say Mass, to solemnly sing it Sundays and holidays, together with vespers, and frequently the procession, to offer public prayers morning and evening, to exhort, console, administer the sacraments and bury the dead. He chronicles one important and interesting event in history. I will quote his own words: "If the ground of this New France had feeling, as the poets pretend their goddess Tellus had, doubtless it would have experienced an altogether novel sensaion of joy this year, for, thank God, having had very successful crops from the little land that we tilled, we made from the harvest some hosts, and offered them to God. These are, as we believe, the first hosts which have been made from the wheat of this land." Lettre au R. P. Provincial a Paris 31 Janvier 1612.

CHAPTER XII

Various Historical Authorities Compared

It is related that the prayer of the founder of the Society of Jesus was that the order and its members might always be persecuted by the World. Whether this tradition be true or not, it is indisputable that the Order and most of its eminent members have been continuously and systematically persecuted, vilified and defamed. It is only within quite recent times that writers of American history have begun to give to the Jesuits credit for their achievements as the pioneers of civilization and Christianity in this country. One can go farther and say that it is only within the last fifty years that writers have ceased to misrepresent and falsify the truths of history for the base purpose of defaming and traducing the Jesuit Order and the work of its members. In the records of the Maine Historical Society, no longer ago than 1857, we find in Volume V of the Collections of the Maine Historical Society, page 175, the following argument to excuse the fact that the record of Episcopalian Maine as compared with Puritan Massachusetts is a blank.

"The French, not less mercenary, but more crafty, early won the savage heart, and turned it against the English, infused with the animosity of religion. The Jesuit did not carry civilization to the Indian, for he adopted the life of the savage; not the gospel, for he supplanted the pow-wow; the new superstitions were scarcely better than the old diabolisms; it was almost

an apostasy; he did not "preach the gospel," but debased it to a few manipulations. Father Du Moine revisiting the Iroquois in the summer of 1653, says that he "baptized little skeletons, who awaited, perhaps only this drop of the precious blood of Jesus Christ;" and the natives, with superstitious awe, thought that he, like their own wizards, "had to do with the devil." Such was the Christian faith the poor savage gained from this zealous priesthood. The Indian was better than his teacher. By the superiority of civilization the Jesuit became the head of the tribe. Of implicit faith, disciplined to self-negation in the school of Loyola, the progeny of the Inquisition, and envenomed with its deadly hatred, unscrupulous masters of intrigue, these men of France, instigated the savage to hostilities to the English heretics, whom they represented as the enemies of the true God. They waked the deadly warhoop, incited the stealthy Indian to fire the planter's solitary cabin with the midnight torch and scatter the brains of the helpless inmates with the tomahawk, and at their feet were laid the bloody trophies of the scalping knife. The promised boon of these ghastly deeds was Heaven." (Collection of the Maine Historical Society, Volume V. Subject, Ancient Pemaquid.) It seems now to us impossible of belief that a few short years ago such awful, ghastly falsehoods could be written as history. Yet, to this day, such history is being taught to children.

We know that the best authority for the writer of history who treats of the French voyages, explorations, and settlements in Acadia is to be found in the "Relations of the Jesuits," and the history written by Champlain, and Lescarbot's history; yet such is the perversity of human nature, when one's prejudices and prior convictions are concerned, that we find some historians

deliberately misstating the facts in total disregard of the writings of the Jesuits, and the writings of Champlain and Lescarbot; and others again taking Lescarbot only as authority for certain of their statements, in preference to the Jesuits and Champlain, whenever Lescarbot treats events from a different viewpoint to that of the others, and especially, since it is the fact, as we well know, that Lescarbot was bitterly prejudiced against the Jesuits, and, as we have good reason to believe, was a Catholic for political reasons only, and at heart really a Calvinist.

Lescarbot, in his "Relation Derniere" gives his version of the Jesuits' engagement to come to New France, in in these words: "When he (Biencourt) was presented to the Queen, she was wonderfully pleased to hear about the conversions of several savages, who had been baptized before the departure of Sieur de Sainct Just, an account of which I published and presented to her Majesty. There upon the Jesuits offered themselves to aid in the work. The Queen favored the plan and recommended them. I should have been glad, if before their departure someone had suggested to her Majesty a thing which she would willingly have done, namely, to send some presents of food and clothes to these neophytes and new Christians, who bear the names of the dead King, of the Queen Regent, and of my Lords and Ladies, the children of France. But everyone looks out for his own interests. Sieur de Sainct Just, after his report had been made, meant to obtain prctection for the beaver trade, believing that considerations of a religious nature would easily secure this for him. However, he could not obtain it. And seeing that the affair was dragging on, and that he must go and relieve his father, having been ordered to so arrange affairs as to be back in four months, he took

leave of the Queen, who sent with him two Jesuits for the conversion of the savage tribes over there. But as Sieur de Poutrincourt had taken an able man at his departure, it seems to me that these men (who can be more useful at home) were in too much of a hurry for the best interests of the Sieur; because the delay, which took place on their account, was very detrimental to him and caused a dissolution of his partnership. In such undertakings the State must be founded first, without which the Church cannot exist, as I have said before."

In another part of his writings he speaks of Father Fleche's baptising one hundred and forty-one Indians in less than a year as a "chef d'oeuvre." In the above quotation he says that the Queen should have been asked to send food and clothing to these "neophytes and new Christians," Doubtless if he had been writing in English and was familiar with modern slang, he would have called them "near-Christians." His dislike of the Jesuits and his animosity did not soften with the passing of time; but after he left Port Royal and returned to France, there was written and published in Paris a controversial pamphlet under the title of "Factum du Proces entre Jean de Biencourt et les Pères Biard et Massè, Jesuites." This publication was anonymous, but its authorship was generally ascribed to Lescarbot, and it seems that the Jesuits, and particularly Father Biard, were satisfied that Lescarbot was the writer.

From the foregoing, we get the ideas and opinions of Lescarbot on the subject of the coming of the Jesuits. A little farther on I will quote from Champlain's clear and interesting account; so that the reader may finally see for himself what are the true facts as proven from the great original historical authorities. He may

then know what authority, or rather, lack of authority, there is for the treatment accorded by the great majority of English writing historians to the subject of the Jesuits in America.

Even Bancroft, fair as he wished to be, disregards the authority of the "Relations of the Jesuits." As an example of the historians of lesser note, what we might call the minor historians, let us consider the "History of Acadia," written by James Hannay in 1879. This book on the whole is very interesting reading, and it is a useful contribution to the historical works of the Province of Nova Scotia. In so far as the histories of Nova Scotia treat of the early days of Acadia, they are interesting to us who are dealing with that period as a part of the early history of Maine.

Hannay writes of the trouble between Poutrincourt and his son, Biencourt, on the one hand, and the Jesuit Fathers, Biard and Massé, on the other, including the part taken by Madame de Guercheville in the active events of this time. He says: "As the year closed (at Port Royal) their prospects looked gloomy enough; but relief speedily came, for on the 23rd of January, 1612, a vessel arrived with supplies. This vessel had been sent in pursuance of an agreement which Poutrincourt and Robin had made with Madame de Guercheville, who had already exerted herself so strenuously to promote the mission of the Jesuits. She advanced a thousand crowns for supplies, but Poutrincourt soon discovered that he had called in an ally who would fain become his master. This ambitious women had indeed formed the design of establishing in Acadia a sort of spiritual despotism, of which the members of the Order of Jesus should be the rulers and she the patroness. To carry out this plan, it might be necessary to disposses Poutrincourt, or, at all events,

to obtain possession of the rest of Acadia. She had abundance of influence at court, and the Queen and her adviser, Concini, held views similar to her own. She quickly proceeded to put her plans into operation. Finding that the whole of Acadia, except Port Royal, belonged to De Monts, she obtained from him a release of his rights, and immediately obtained a grant of it from the King himself. She did not doubt that Poutrincourt's necessities, and the burden of the charge which the Jesuit mission inflicted on the trade of the colony, would speedily compel him to abandon Port Royal to her also. He did not purpose at that time to return to Port Royal, but put the vessel, which he sent with supplies, in charge of one Simon Imbert, who had been a long time his servant, and in whom he had entire confidence. Madame de Guercheville, with equal forethought sent out another Jesuit, named Gilbert du Thet, who went in the vessel, ostensibly as a passenger, but in reality as a spy upon Imbert, and to look after her interests." (Page 95, Hannay's History of Acadia.)

There we see the effect of constitutional prejudices which blind the historian to the truth, and drive him to draw inferences which the facts do not warrant, and then to state his inferences as sober facts of history which become, to the unsuspecting reader, in very truth facts of history. Where could this historian find authority for his statement of fact that Madame de Guercheville had formed the design of establishing in Acadia a "spiritual despotism?"

We know what Father Biard says about this matter in his *Relations*, but now let us see what the only other writer, who has any claim to be regarded as original authority, has to say. Samuel de Champlain says: "The Reverend Father Christofle Balthazar, Provincial,

commissioned the Fathers Pierre Biard and Ennemond Massé to go with Sieur de Biencourt. The King, Louis the Just, caused to be delivered to them five hundred crowns promised by the King, his father, and several rich ornaments given by Madame de Guercheville and Madame de Sourdis. When they arrived at Dieppe there was some discussion among the Jesuit Fathers and the merchants, which caused the Fathers to retire to their college of Eu. (*We know what it was,—that the Huguenot merchants utterly refused to allow the Jesuit Fathers to sail in the vessel.*)

"When Madame de Guercheville knew this, she was very indignant that the tradesmen had been so presumptuous as to have offended and thwarted these fathers, and said that they ought to be punished; but their only chastisement lay in their not being admitted to the expedition. And knowing that the equipment would not go above four thousand livres, she took up a collection in the court, and by this kind action she got this sum, with which she paid the merchants who had troubled these Fathers and cut them off from all association with them; and with the rest of this sum and other large property, she established a fund for the maintenance of these Fathers, not wishing them to be a charge to Sieur de Poutrincourt. She also arranged that the profits that came from furs and fish, which the ship should bring back, should not revert to the benefit of the associates and other merchants, but should go back to Canada, in the possession of Sieur Robin and Sieur de Biencourt, who should use it for the support of Port Royal and the French who were living there.

"In reference to this it was decided and ordained that since this money of Madame de Guercheville, had been designed for the benefit of Canada, the Jesuits should take part in the profits of the association of

Sieur Robin and Sieur de Biencourt, and share with them.

"It was this contract of partnership that spread about so many rumors, complaints and outcries against the Jesuit Fathers, who in that and everything else are justly governed according to God and to reason to the shame and confusion of those who envy and malign them.

"On January 26, 1611, the same Fathers embarked with this Sieur de Biencourt whom they helped with money to get the ship off, and to alleviate the great want that they experienced in this voyage; since in coasting along the shores they stopped and sojourned in several places before arriving at Port Royal, which was on June 12th, 1611, Whitsunday. (*as we have seen before, Marc Lescarbot fixes the date more nearly correct as May 22nd.*) And during this voyage these Fathers had a great scarcity of provisions and of other things, according to the accounts of the pilot, David de Bruges, and the captain, Jean Daume, both of them of the so-called reformed religion, who confessed that they found these good Fathers quite different from what they had been described.

"As Sieur de Poutrincourt was seeking in France every means of aiding his son, Madame de Guercheville, who was pious, virtuous, and very much devoted to the conversion of the savages, having already collected some funds, communicated with him in regard to the matter, and said that she would very gladly join the company, and that she would send some Jesuit Fathers with him for the aid of Canada. The contract of partnership was approved, this lady being empowered by her husband, Monsieur de Biencourt, first equery of the King and Governor of Paris.

"By that contract it was fixed that she should at this time give a thousand crowns for the cargo of the

ship, provided that she should share the profit that this voyage should yield, and of the lands that the King had given Sieur de Poutrincourt, as set down in the original of the contract. This Sieur de Poutrincourt reserved for himself Port Royal, and its lands; not intending that they should be included in the common stock of the other lordships, capes, harbors, and provinces that he said he had in this country near Port Royal. This lady requested him to produce titles to show that these lordships and lands belonged to him and how he possessed so large a domain. But he excused himself by saying that his titles and papers were in New France. When this lady heard this, as she was suspicious of Sieur de Poutrincourt and wished to guard herself against being taken by surprise, she made a contract with Sieur de Monts that he should cede back to her all the rights, deeds and claims that he had or ever had had in New France derived from the gift made him by the late Henry the Great. Madame de Guercheville obtained letters from his Majesty, now reigning, in which the gift was made anew to her of all the lands in New France from the Great River as far as Florida, excepting only Port Royal, which was what Sieur de Poutrincourt possessed then, and nothing else.

"This lady gave money to the Jesuit Fathers to put into the hands of some merchants at Dieppe, but this Sieur de Poutrincourt inveigled these same fathers into giving him four hundred of this thousand crowns. He sent in charge of this expedition an employee of his called Simon Imbert Sandrier, who acquitted himself rather badly in the management of this equipped and freighted ship. He left Dieppe December 31st in the height of winter and reached Port Royal, January 23rd, the next year, 1612."

Those are the words of Samuel de Champlain, a truthful writer, whose veracity in matters historical has never been questioned by any well informed historian. If the writers of modern times, more particularly, those who have written in the English language, are right in their statements, criticisms, and innuendos derogatory to the Jesuits and to Madame de Guercheville, then not only the *Relations of the Jesuits*, that great body of writings acknowledged to be the very source and fountain head of historical data, are untrustworthy, but even Samuel de Champlain is not to be trusted. But such a conclusion is unbelievable.

Therefore, we may be certain that Madame de Guercheville, who occupies the unique position in history of being the only woman possessed of sovereignty over the lands of the New World, the woman who was the feudal suzerain of a great fief, was, as Champlain says, a pious and virtuous woman, much devoted to the conversion of the Indians; and that, instead of going into the venture for gain, she was actuated by the highest of motives, and at a great personal sacrifice. She not only strained her own resources, but had to use her influence with her court friends to obtain aid. It is also quite plain that de Poutrincourt had planned to cheat the lady by "doing" her out of her money and deceiving her as to the lands which he possessed and of which he would make her a partner and part owner. It was only by her own shrewdness, or by the shrewd advice of some one who knew Poutrincourt better than she did, that she protected her interests by getting a release from de Monts of his patent, and having the release confirmed to her by the King. Moreover, instead of the Jesuit Brother Du Thet being sent along on the ship as a spy, as our English writers would have us believe, du Thet was as much an infant in business as

the Fathers Biard and Massé, who allowed de Poutrincourt to "do" them out of four hundred crowns of Madame de Guercheville's money. According to Champlain, the boot should be put on the other leg, for it was the worthy Simon, de Poutrincourt's "employee," who went along, in the capacity of "supercargo" as it was called in later times, armed with secret instructions from de Poutrincourt to take every means of getting the better of the Jesuits and putting them in as bad and false a light as possible.

Whatever may be said against Gilbert du Thet by writers who are prejudiced against the Jesuits, not one of them has ever been able to suppress the magificent fact that he was the hero of the short but bloody fight thrust upon the French by the pirate Argall at St. Sauveur, that he fought like a soldier-priest of the Crusading times, and died the first Jesuit martyr in the New World.

To sum the case up, we have the testimony of Champlain, that the two gentlemen who were highest in command on board the ship, the pilot, David de Bruges, and the Captain, Jean Daume, both Huguenots, or of the reformed religion, confessed that they found the good fathers quite different from what they had been told to expect.

I have made considerable of this circumstance; indeed, it may seem to the reader that the game is not worth the chase. But I must remind you, my dear friend reader, you who have felt enough interest to follow along to this point, that this period, which we are considering, is one of the most important, most vital to the history of our early days, of all. For here we come to the threshold of a great and momentous epoch. The coming of the Jesuit missionaries marks the beginning of a new period of history. All writers

of history agree upon that,—all from Bancroft and Parkman down to the composer of the smallest school history. All agree that the work done by the Jesuits throughout this region, which is now our State of Maine, throughout the great Dominion of Canada, and throughout the broad valley of the Mississippi, broad as a continent itself, was wonderful, romantic, and of lasting effect. And, therefore, it follows that if the first steps of this great Society of Jesus, the first steps boarding the vessel, sailing across the ocean, and landing upon the American soil, are marked with dishonesty, deceit, and chicanery, as so many writers wish us to believe, then a cloud of suspicion rests upon the Society and its members always afterwards. So, I have quoted freely from those contemporaneous writers of history who lived at the time, and who should know, and did know best, to prove that the Jesuits, from the very beginning, from their first step aboard a ship, have been maligned and vilified. Such facts, taken in connection with so many others of like kind, lead one to believe that there may be some truth in the old tradition which I mentioned in the beginning of the tale of the Jesuits.

CHAPTER XIII

Troubles and Disputes at Port Royal

Father Biard's acts while at Port Royal, and afterwards while a prisoner in the hands of Captain Argall aboard ship and in Virginia, and his character for honor and priestly sanctity have been the subject of much argument and dispute among historians. Francis Parkman, author of the "Jesuits in North America," accepts and eagerly swallows all the evidences against the Jesuit as quite conclusive that he was dishonorable, deceitful and crafty, and embodied in himself all the fabulous worst features of the crafty, unscrupulous Society of Jesus. Everybody who reads the relations of this Jesuit forms his own opionion of his character, and the prior convictions and prejudices of the student naturally enough affect seriously the opinion that he forms.

After reading the Relations of Father Biard I have, for myself, formed the opinion that Father Biard was an honest man, a man of honor, a priest imbued with a lofty realization of the great burden of responsibility which rested upon him by reason of his calling; but, like all of us, his fellow men, he was human, and he had his weaknesses and faults. I believe that his particular weakness was a physical cowardice; that he was physically a coward and had a mortal fear of death by violence, and that this fear throws light upon some of his acts when captured by the English and carried a prisoner to Virginia and England; and explains what might otherwise be thought to have been double-dealing and treachery toward Biencourt.

There was never any good feeling and friendliness between Biencourt, head of the Port Royal colony, representing the secular authority, the State, in the lands of New France, and Father Biard, representing the Church, in the same domain. They had nothing in common. Biencourt was not even a Catholic—if he was anything he was a Huguenot, or French Calvinist. But of all things, he hated the Jesuits and feared the growth of their influence. And Father Biard, on his part, understood the motives that actuated Biencourt and his father, Poutrincourt, in founding and keeping alive the Port Royal colony. And moreover, clearer-visioned and more far seeing than Biencourt, he perceived the seeds of failure, the cause of decay in the mercenary and unpatriotic motives by which Biencourt and his companions were actuated. Not De Monts, the founder and first leader of Port Royal. De Monts was a high-minded, patriotic gentleman, and thought to advance the glory of France in the New World. But Poutrincourt, who held Port Royal under De Monts, was actuated by no such motives. De Monts sank a fortune in his efforts to plant the flag and authority of France securely in this part of the world. Poutrincourt, and his active, able, ambitious son, Biencourt, reckoned to found a fortune in these lands.

Father Biard sums it up clearly in his Relation of the year 1616, in the Chapter "Quel Moyen ily peut Auoir d'aider Ces Nations à leur Salut Eternel." These are his words: "Now , after considering the whole subject thoroughly, the result of all these opinions, sentiments, experiments, arguments and conjectures of the wise can hardly be otherwise than this: namely, that there is no probability of ever being able to convert or really help these Nations (the Indians) to salvation, if there is not established there a Christian and Catholic

colony, having a sufficiency of means to maintain it, and upon which all the countries depend, even as to provisions and temporal needs. Such is the result and conclusion of our investigations. Now how can these colonists and emigrants be sheltered, provided for, and kept together there? This is not the place to go into details about it or even to enumerate the chief points. I shall only suggest that it is great folly for small companies to go there, who picture to themselves Baronies, and I know not what great fiefs and demesnes for three or four thousand ecus, for example, which they will have to sink in that country. It would be still worse if this foolish idea would occur to people who flee from the ruin of their families in France; for to such covetous people it invariably happens, not that, being one eyed, they would be kings among the blind, but that blind, they would go to throw themselves into a wretched pit; and possibly instead of a Christian stronghold, they would found a den of thieves, a nest of brigands, a receptacle of parasites, a refuge for rogues, a hotbed of scandal and all wickedness."

Father Biard hit upon one of the reasons why the English colonies here survived and finally won out over the French; a subject which I shall develop later when I come to sum up what I have called the philosophy of the history of Maine.

As an example of the petty annoyances to which the Jesuit Fathers were subjected by Poutrincourt, the head of the civil authority, let me mention the following. I have already spoken of the great difficulty which the Fathers had in their work of conversion, by reason of their ignorance, at this early day, of the native language, and the impossibility of finding and securing the services of any native interpreter who had enough intelligence to give workable equivalents for words and phrases

expressing ideas such as faith, charity, sorrow, etc. An expedient presented itself by which it appeared they might be able to extricate themselves from these perplexities and obstacles. There was a young man by the name of Du Pont who had come over from France with the company of settlers, and had got himself into bad favor with Biencourt, had been obliged to leave the settlement and live with the Indians. This young man had learned to speak the language fluently. Father Biard thought that with his assistance he could prepare a little catechism of Christian instruction. The priest decided to go in search of Du Pont in the woods, and cross the "French Bay," now the Bay of Fundy, in a canoe, rather than not to avail himself of this chance of doing good to the Indians. But the Sieur de Biencourt (so the Father writes) was very much opposed to this decision, taking great offense at the mere proposal of it, and absolutely refused to allow it. Father Biard was obliged to yield to him, to have peace.

In the next chapter I shall narrate one more event of importance which happened to the Jesuits before their labors among the Indians ceased for the time, an interesting occurence because it is in the nature of a miracle, and was so regarded by Father Biard; at least if it was not actually a miracle, it partook of the miraculous. As I am not a theologian, I do not pretend to understand the theological distinctions between miracles actually so, and events of a supernatural character which are not deemed absolute miracles; therefore I will relate the occurrence without comment in the next chapter; before closing the history of this first Jesuit mission upon the soil of what is now the State of Maine.

CHAPTER XIV

The Death of Sagamore Membertou

In the last chapter I promised to relate an event of a miraculous nature which happened during the sojourn of the Jesuits, Father Biard and Father Massé, at Port Royal. Perhaps, to call it a miracle is an unfortunate use of words, for, I presume that theologians would quickly distinguish the occurence from what is properly known as a miracle. Rather, let us say that the event furnishes an evidence of the supernatural effect, sometimes made evident to the senses of men, of the administering of a sacrament.

In the year 1611, the great Sagamore Membertou, for many years chief of a large and powerful tribe, died at an advanced age, after having been converted and received into the Church. His was probably the only sincere conversion worked by the secular priest, Jesse Fleche who preceded the Jesuits. Father Biard found this Indian already a Christian when he arrived at Port Royal. Perhaps, by reason of his eminent and exceptional intelligence, he was the more easily brought to see the superior reasonableness of the Christian doctrine to the senseless and childish myths which the savages believed and which later Protestant writers have ignorantly sought to dignify by the name of the "Indian Religion," which was no religion at all. Perhaps it was the act of God, to make this Sagamore serve as a striking example to his savage followers.

These are the words of Father Biard, describing the

last days of Membertou: "This good savage, having confessed and received Extreme Unction, told Sieur de Biencourt that he wished to be buried with his fathers and ancestors. Father Biard was very much opposed to this proposition, admonishing him that it was not lawful for him, a Christian, to wish to be buried with heathens, who were condemned; especially as in doing so he would cause great scandal, inasmuch as, when the savages heard and saw that he had not wanted to be buried with us, they would readily entertain the suspicion that he had been a Christian only in appearance. In any case that all this would always seem like contempt for Christian burial, etc. Sieur de Biencourt replied for Membertou that they would have the burial place blessed and that such a promise had been made to Membertou. Father Biard answered that that would not do; for, in order to bless the said place, they would have to disinter the pagans who were buried there, which would cause them to be abominated by all the savages, and would savor too much of impiety. These reasons did not avail, because the sick man, believing that Sieur de Biencourt was on his side, persisted in his determination. In order to make them understand that this affair was of greater importance than they thought, Father Biard informed them that the interment would take place without him, and he wanted them to understand it from that time on, protesting that he would have nothing to do with any such counsels and decisions, and thereupon he departed. However, so the sick man would not think that what was mere duty and charity was anger, he returned in less than an hour afterwards, and began again to wait upon him as before. God looked kindly upon his good intentions, for the next morning the savage, of his own free will, changed his mind, and said that he wanted to

be buried in the common burying ground of the Christians, to prove his faith to all, and to be able to participate in the prayers which he had there seen offered. He died a very good Christian, and his death greatly saddened the Jesuits, for they loved him, and were loved by him in return. He had often said to them: 'Learn our language quickly, for when you have learned it, you will teach me, and when I am taught I will become a preacher like you, and we will convert the whole country.' The savages have no recollection of ever having had a greater or more powerful Sagamore.

Speaking of the matter of learning the Indian language, and I have already mentioned this matter before, I desire to quote the words of Father Biard on this point, as they graphically describe the immense difficulties under which a missionary, to any savage and barbarous people, labors. "It would be hard to understand the great difficulties which they here encountered; the principal one being, that they had neither teacher nor interpreter. To be sure Sieur de Biencourt, and some of the others, knew a little of it very well, enough for trade and ordinary affairs, but when there was a question of speaking about God and religious matters, there was the difficulty, there, the 'not understand.' Therefore, they were obliged to learn the language by themselves, inquiring of the savages how they called each thing. And the task was not so very wearisome as long as what was asked could be touched or seen; a stone, a river, a house, to strike, to jump, to laugh, to sit down. But when it came to internal and spiritual acts, which cannot be demonstrated to the senses, and in regard to words which are called abstract and universal, such as, to believe, to doubt, to hope, to discourse, to apprehend, an animal, a body, a substance, a spirit, virtue, vice,

sin, reason, justice, etc.; for these things they had to labor and sweat, in these were the pains of travail. They did not know by what route to reach them, although they tried more than a hundred; there were no gestures which would sufficiently express their ideas, not if they would use ten thousand of them. Meanwhile our gentlemen savages, to pass away the time, made sport of their pupils, always telling them a lot of nonsense. And yet if you wanted to take advantage of this fun, if you had your paper and pencil ready to write, you had to set before them a full plate with a napkin underneath. For to such tripods do good oracles yield; without this incentive, both Apollo and Mercury would fail them; as it was they even became angry and went away, if we wished to detain them a little. What would you have done under the circumstances? For in truth, this work cannot be understood except by those who have tried it. Besides, as these savages have no formulated religion, government, towns, nor any trades, so the words and proper phrases for all those things are lacking; Holy, Blessed, Angel, Grace, Mystery, Sacrament, Temptation, Faith, Law, Prudence, Subjection, Authority, etc. Where will you get all these things that they lack? Or, how will you do without them? O God, with what ease we make our plans in France. And the beauty of it is, that after having racked our brains by dint of questions and researches, and after thinking that we have at last found the philosopher's stone, we find that only a ghost has been taken for a body, a shadow for a substance, and that all this precious Elixir has gone up in smoke. They often ridiculed instead of teaching us, and sometimes palmed off on us indecent words, which we went about innocently preaching for beau-

tiful sentences from the Gospels. God knows who were the instigators of such sacrileges."

The foregoing plain and truthful picture of the "noble Indian" character may furnish food for thought to a few of the numberless American people who have conceived the idea that the primitive Indian was a simple, clean-minded, upright living, honest child of the forest, until he degenerated under the baleful influence of the white men, especially the Frenchmen. The writings of Champlain and of the later Jesuit missionaries who worked in Canada and around the region of the Great Lakes in the West, and down the valley of the Mississippi, are full of much plainer descriptions of the unpleasant and disagreeable character of the natives.

CHAPTER XV

The First Mass Said In Maine

The first Mass that ever was said in the country of what is now the Province of New Brunswick, and the first administering of the sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist, took place in the Fall of the year 1611. Biencourt and a ship's company, together with Father Biard went on an expedition to the west to trade with the Indians living on the Kennebec river for corn and what other food they could get to help through the famine which they knew would come upon them during the next winter at Port Royal. On the way, Biencourt determined to hunt up the Maloans, (people from Malo in France) who were poaching, as we would say now, upon the lands and waters owned by Biencourt's father, Poutrincourt. These people gave the men who had rightful grants from the Crown great trouble, as they hunted and fished, and what was a worse offense, traded with the Indians, over the lands reserved by lawful grant, illegally and wrongfully, without permission and without making compensation. Biencourt sailed up the St. John River several leagues and came upon their encampment. Their commander, Captain Merveille, was away at the time, but came into camp during the night, and was immediately taken prisoner by Biencourt. The next morning a peace was patched up between Biencourt and the Maloans and the latter agreed to recognize the superior title and authority of Biencourt

and to make compensation for their illegal trading. Father Biard then said Mass and Captain Merveille made his confession to the Father and received communion together with three of his men.

However, to us who are studying the early history of Maine, it is of greater interest to know that the first Mass said on the soil of the State of Maine was said in the month of October, 1611, on an island in the Kennebec River, three leagues from its mouth. It is a pity that Father Biard leaves us no description of that island by which we can identify it today from among the great number of islands in the lower Kennebec. It lies between Bath and the sea, about three leagues from the mouth of the river, and imagination must supply the rest. The Jesuit relates it in these words:

"We arrived at the Kinibequi towards the end of October. Kinnibequi is a river near the Armouchiquois, in latitude forty-three and two third degrees, and southwest of Port Royal about seventy leagues or thereabouts. It has two quite large mouths, one distant from the other at least two leagues; it is also cut up by numerous arms and branches. Besides, it is a great and beautiful river; but we did not see good soil there any more than at the St. John River. They say however, that farther up, away from the sea, the country is very fine and life there agreeable, and that the people till the soil. We did not go farther up than three leagues; we whirled about through so many eddies, and shot over so many precipices, that several times it was a great miracle of God that we did not perish. Some of our crew cried out at two different times that we were lost; but they cried too soon, blessed be our Lord. The savages cajoled us with the hope of getting corn; then they changed their promise of

corn to that of trade in beaver skins. Now while this trading was going on, Father Biard had gone, with a boy, to an island near by, to celebrate Holy Mass. "

The company traded with the Indians and once came near to having trouble with them, but the peace was not disturbed, and they sailed away leaving behind them a good opinion in the minds of the Indians. It seems that these Indians had good reason to fear and hate the white men because (as I have stated in a former chapter) the English in 1608 had abused them shamefully. Father Biard, says: "These people do not seem to be bad, although they drove away the English who wished to settle among them in 1608 and 1609. They made excuses to us for this act, and recounted the outrages they had experienced from the English; and they flattered us, saying that they loved us very much, because they knew we would not close our doors to the savages as the English did, and set our dogs upon them." This is a different description from what has come down to us from the English writers as I shall show later.

March 12th, 1613, a ship was fitted out and sailed from the port of Honfleur, France, for the Jesuit mission in New France. It was the intention to take up the two Jesuits at Port Royal, Fathers. Biard and Massé, and remove them to new headquarters to be founded at a point on the Penobscot River in Maine, called Kadesquit, not far from what is now Bangor. "But," as Father Biard says, "dieu en disposa autremente." And indeed He ordained so much "otherwise", that the entire history of Maine has resulted differently. If the intentions of the Jesuits and Madame de Guercheville their financial backer, had been carried into effect identically as planned, who can say today what would have been the history of Maine? Under what flag

would we be living? What language would we be speaking and writing as the official language of the State? One hundred and fifty years of conflict between France and England for the possession of this land might have been avoided. The citadel of Quebec might to-day be the French Giberaltar of the west. The farmers of Maine, in language, laws, customs, and religion, might be indistinguishable from the "habitants" of the Province of Quebec. The American Revolution, if it had happened at all, might have meant to us no more than the distant clash of arms of Virginia planters and New York merchants with their English cousins, while we with friendly sentiments towards both sides might have looked on in pity and regret.

This is a childish dream that you are telling us and not history, the reader is saying to himself by this time. Have patience. Permit me to assure you that it is a solemn fact of history that the simple fact that a dense fog happened to settle down on the coast of Maine for several days and nights during the latter part of the month of May in the year 1613 preventing a ship commanded by one Captain La Saussaye having on board four Jesuits and a crew of some thirty or forty men, from finding the mouth of the Penobscot River, changed the whole course of the history of Maine irrevocably.

This ship sailed from France under the command of Captain La Saussaye carrying Father Quentin S. J., and Brother Gilbert du Thet S. J., and a company numbering forty-eight persons. It was well freighted. Besides provisions, it carried horses and cattle, tents and munitions of war. May 16th, after two months at sea, they landed at Cap de la Heve on the coast of Acadia. Here Mass was said and a cross was erected upon which was placed the coat of arms of Madame la Marquise de Guercheville as a sign of having taken

possession of the coast in her name. As I stated in the preceding chapter, Madame de Guercheville was now the owner of all New France from the St. Lawrence to Florida, with the exception of Port Royal, by royal grant from the crown of France. Putting to sea again, they came to Port Royal. Here they found only five persons, the two Jesuits, and three others. Biencourt and the rest of his company were off on an expedition. After five days at Port Royal they set sail again for the coast of Maine, with Fathers Biard and Massé on board.

As I have said, they were aiming for a point on the Penobscot River, where it was their intention to found new headquarters for the mission. But when off Grand Manan Island they ran into a dense fog in which they were lost for two days and two nights. They offered prayers and vows to God, and, as Father Biard says, —"in his goodness He hearkened to us, for when evening came on we began to see the stars, and by morning the fog had all disappeared. We recognized that we were off Mount Desert, an island which the savages call Pemetiq. The pilot turned to the eastern shore of the island, and there located us in a large and beautiful port, here we made our thanksgiving to God, raising a cross and singing to God his praises with the sacrifice of the holy Mass. We called this place and port Saint Sauveur."

A quarrel arose between the sailors and the others as to the point to which the sailors had agreed to ship. The pilot maintained that no ship had ever sailed up the Penobscot to Kadesquit, and he absolutely refused to immortalize himself by being the discoverer of a new route. While the dispute was in progress, the Indians on the shore signaled the ship with smoke. When they learned that Father Biard was aboard they urged the company to locate at this point,

praising it very highly. Father Biard was not impressed by their praises as he had set his determination upon reaching the place on the Penobscot called Kadesquit. When they found that they could not prevail upon him to stay by their praises of the location, they resorted to an argument which was unanswerable by the priest, and which shows how quickly and shrewdly they estimated the missionary zeal of the Jesuits. They pretended that their Sagamore was very sick and in danger of death. "If thou dost not come (they said) he will die without baptism and will not go to heaven; thou wilt be the cause of it, for he himself wishes very much to be baptized." Fr. Biard at once went with them; and to his chagrin found that the great Sagamore was ill with a cold.

However, after considering the situation the voyagers decided that they would do well to locate their fort and settlement at this place which they had called St. Sauveur, being impressed by the natural beauty of the scenery. We children of Maine can appreciate with what pleasure they must have viewed the romantic shores of Mt. Desert Island. It calls for the pen of a poet to do justice in words to the beauty of the scenery of this part of the coast of Maine. The writer is not a poet. But fortunately most of the readers of these articles are familiar with the shores of this State and appreciative of the charm of its varying coast line, the skies continually changing, with glimpses of blue more brilliant than the famed skies of Sicily, views of green hills of romantic beauty constrasted with the darker green of the foliage, a shore line changing in a few miles into the sublime grandeur of great cliffs their grayrock seamed with bands of brown and red. The pen of the Jesuit is plain and matter of fact, his descriptions are characterized by a certain naive simplicity rather than

enthusiasm, but even his sober style is enlivened by the impression which the view of this shore made upon him. He says: "This place is a beautiful hill rising gently from the sea, its sides bathed by two springs; the land is cleared for twenty or twenty-five acres, and in some places is covered with grass almost as high as a man. It faces the south and east, and is near the mouth of the Pentegoet (the Penobscot), where several broad and pleasant rivers, which abound in fish, discharge their waters; its soil is dark, rich and fertile; the port and harbor are as fine as can be seen, and are in a position favorable to command the entire coast; the hárbor especially is as safe as a pond. For besides being strengthened by the great island of Mount Desert, it is still more protected by certain small islands which break the currents and the winds and fortify the entrance. It is situated latitude 44 1-3 degrees, a position still less northerly than that of Bordeau."

I transcribe this statement more especially for the benefit of those readers who are particularly familiar with the spot now known with fair certainty to have been the exact position where St. Sauveur was located where the cross was erected and Mass celebrated for the first time on the shore near Mt. Desert Island (but not the first Mass in Maine as I have shown in the preceding chapter), and where the first Jesuit was martyred in the State of Maine.

Father Biard then proceeds to say these significant words: "With the beginning of work also began the quarrels, a second sign and augury of our ill luck. The cause of these dissensions was principally that La Saussaye, our captain, amused himself too much in cultivating the land, while all the chiefs of the enterprise were urging him not to employ the laborers for that purpose, but to get to work without delay upon the

houses and fortifications, which he did not wish to do. From these disputes sprang others, until the English brought us all to an understanding with each other, as you will hear immediately."

CHAPTER XVI

The Argall Outrage

The readers of these essays are all familiar with the location of Jamestown, Virginia, and how far distant it was from St. Sauveur on the coast of Maine. Surely then, there was plenty of room for both ambitious nations to live in peace and security in this vast extent of territory. Or as Father Biard says, "Judge if they have any good reason for quarreling with us."

I have now, in the course of this narrative reached the point where I must relate the story of a foul, cold-blooded murder committed by Englishmen in a time of profound peace between France and England. The story is an old one, an oft-told tale, familiar to all readers of history. But perhaps I can relate some details taken from the narrative of one of the eye-witnesses of the affair, which may interest the reader because my information is from the original sources.

The English from Virginia were accustomed every summer to send an expedition to the region of the Gulf of Maine and the Banks to get a supply of codfish. A ship commanded by Captain Argall was making for this place as usual in the summer of 1613 when it happened to be caught in this same fog which turned the French ship under La Saussaye to its new settlement of St. Sauveur instead of to its original objective, a point up the Penobscot. This Captain Argall was a crafty, unscrupulous, pitiless adventurer, who had already gained an unenviable reputation as a commander

of illicit trading vessels, and who was then fresh from his despicable exploit of abducting Pocahontas, the young Indian princess, and carrying her a prisoner to Jamestown. Fr. Biard, however, in his Relation, does not give him credit for one weak excuse for this attack upon St. Sauveur, which in all fairness in writing history should be mentioned. He was sailing under a commission from Sir Thomas Dale, Governor of Virginia, with authority to expel any intruders upon the domains of King James of England (if anybody could then or can now define the limits of that domain. With him were an admirable company, from the Virginia Colony, of ruined younger sons, disreputable gentlemen, and hangers-on of London taverns and gambling-houses.

Unfortunately, some Indians passing near his ship supposed that he was a Frenchman looking for his compatriots, and they, actuated by friendship for the French, informed him of the presence of the French at St. Sauveur, and upon being questioned by him, in signs, as to the number of French, gave him to understand that the company was weak in number. With great glee he directed the Indians to pilot him to his friends and compatriots, the French. When the English discovered the French settlement they began to clear their ship for action. When the Indians saw the the mistake that they had unwittingly committed, they wept and cursed the English and leaped overboard and swam ashore.

Father Biard describes the astonishment of the French as this English ship bore down upon them showing every sign of hostility, while they themselves were totally unprepared. With these expressive words he describes the appearance of the British ships: "Le nauire Anglois venoit plus viste qu'vn dard, ayant

vent a souhait, tout pauis de rouge, les pauillons d'Angleterre fiottans, trois trompettes & deux tambours faisants rage de sonner." The French were taken wholly unaware. Their ship was deprived of half its sailors, an had only ten men to defend it, and of these none understood naval warfare. Besides, as it was summer and they were not anticipating any attack from a nation with whom France was at peace, the ship was entirely disarranged, even the sails had been taken down and were being used for awnings. Their commander, La Saussaye was on shore, and did not go aboard upon the approach of the English, and although the Jesuit writer does not say so in words, the inference must be clearly drawn from his narration that La Saussaye ran away. The English fired one terrible volley.

Let me quote Father Biard for the rest: "Captain Flory cried, 'Fire the cannon, fire,' but the cannoneer was not there. Now Brother Gilbert du Thet, who in all his life had never felt fear or shown himself a coward, hearing this command and seeing no one to obey it, took a match and made us speak as loudly as the enemy. Unfortunately, he did not take aim; if he had, perhaps there might have been something worse than mere noise. The English, after this first and furious volley, came alongside of us, and held an anchor ready to grapple our bits. Captain Flory very opportunely paid out more cable, which stopped the enemy and made them turn away, for they were afraid if they pursued us we would draw them into shallow water; then seeing our vessel fall back, and thus being reassured, they again began to approach us, firing off the muskets as before. It was during this second charge that Brother Gilbert du Thet received a musket shot in his body and fell stretched out across the deck. Captain Flory was also wounded in the foot, and three others in other places,

Father Biard, S. J., and the French soldiers take possession of Mt. Desert Island and the neighboring shore, and in the name of the Holy Redeemer, name the place St. Sauveur

which made them signal and cry out that we surrendered, for it was evidently a very unequal match."

In this way it was that the first Jesuit to lose his life in Maine came to his death fighting like a brave man.

In a few words, quoted from Father Biard in his clear and simple style, free from exaggeration and rhetorical flourish, I have related the history of Argall's outrage. Thus did bloody Argall, in his lawlessness, strike the first blow, which brought on the long series of battles and wars between France and England in the new world, which lasted for one hundred and fifty years, deluged Maine and Canada with blood, cost the lives of thousands of English and French and countless numbers of Indians, occasioned numerous acts of treachery and cruelty, martyred many missionary priests, retarded the peaceful advance of civilization and Christianity, and gave rise to bitterness, disputes and lies, the influence and effect of which have been felt in history from that day to this.

Captian Argall, knowing well that his act was unwarranted by the conditions existing in Acadia and Maine and unjustifiable in international law; that his attack upon the French ship was nothing less than piracy; and that the destruction of the fortifications and burning of the camps on shore would furnish France with a "casus belli" against England; devised a shrewd and cunning scheme to make his act appear excusable if not entirely justifiable and to shift to La Saussaye the burden of proving his case. As I have stated, Father Biard insinuates, although not charging in so many words, that the French commander of the expedition preferred his own personal safety to the hazards of the unequal battle, and hid himself in the woods while the fight was on. After that short and bloody encounter

was over La Saussaye could not be found. Therefore Argall took advantage of his absence to pick the locks of his trunks; he abstracted the commissions and royal patents, afterwards putting everything back in its place, fastening the trunks again. The next day La Saussaye returned, and Argall received him with courtesy, and asked him to show his commission from the French king. La Saussaye answered that his authority would be found all correct and regular in his trunks He proceeded to open them, when, of course, they were not to be found. At this, Argall pretended to fly into a terrible rage. "How now," he said, "are you imposing on us? You give us to understand that you have a commission from your king, and you cannot produce any evidence of it. You are outlaws and pirates, every one of you, and you merit death."

Then the English plundered the Frenchmen, not only their goods, but even the very clothes they wore. The poor Frenchmen were reduced to a pitiable state. It was then that the Indians showed their good will and friendship towards them, as well as their means permitted. Father. Biard says: "Now it is impossible to imagine the anxiety we endured at that time, for we knew not which way to turn. From the English, we expected only death or at least slavery; but to remain in this country, and for so many men to live among the savages in their way for a whole year, looked to us like a long and miserable death. These good savages, having heard about our misfortune, came and offered to do their best for us, promising to feed us during the winter, and showing a great deal of sympathy for us. But we could hope for nothing better than they had; also we could see no prospect of finding any other expeditions in such a desert."

Those are the words of Father Biard. Those

words are the original authority for all the history that may be written upon the battle of St. Sauveur. I do not know of any other original source. I have never heard that Argall ever wrote a history, or any record of the battle. Therefore, every writer, who has since written the tale, has either taken his authority second-hand, or he has been obliged to take the story from the relation of Father Biard. Yet, in spite of the fact that this relation is the original and only authority, it seems that it is impossible for some writers, and able and noted writers at that, to relate the story truthfully, in accordance with the facts, and without insinuations and innuendos which change the facts. As an example of this inability of most English writers of history to write of any event in which the Jesuits were actors with truthfulness and sincerity, let us quote from the historical writings of John Fiske. Fiske ranks high as a writer of American history. In his work "New France and New England," published in 1902, he relates the Argall incident in the following words:

"When the Jonas arrived on the Acadian coast, the chief of the expedition, a gentleman of the court named La Saussaye, set up a standard bearing Madame de Guercheville's coat of arms. At Port Royal he picked up a couple of Jesuits and thence stood for Penobscot Bay, but first he entered Frenchman's Bay at Mount Desert, and dropped anchor there, for the place attracted him. Presently a spot was found so charming that it was decided to make a settlement there. It was on the western shore of Somes Sound, between Flying Mountain and Fernald Cove. Scarcely had work begun there, when a sloop of war came into the sound, carrying fourteen guns, and at her masthead was flying the little red flag of England. She was commanded by young Captain Samuel Argall, who had come all the

way from James river to fish for cod, but incidentally Sir Thomas Dale, who was then governing Virginia under the title of High Marshall, had instructed him to look out for any Frenchmen who might have ventured to trespass upon the territory granted by King James to the Virginia Company. Argall had picked up some Indians in Penobscot Bay who told him of the white men at Mount Desert, and from their descriptions he recognized the characteristic shrugs and bows of French men. When his flag appeared in Somes Sound, the French commander, La Saussaye, with some of the more timid ones, took to the woods, but a few bold spirits tried to defend their ship. It was of no use. After two or three raking shots the English boarded and took possession of her. The astute Argall searched La Saussaye's baggage until he found his commission from the French government, which he quietly tucked into his pocket. After a while La Sausaye, overcome by hunger, emerged from his hiding-place and was received with extreme politeness by Argall, who expressed much regret for the disagreeable necessity under which he had laboured. It was a pity to have to disturb such estimable gentlemen, but really this land belonged to King James and not to King Louis. Of course, however, the noble chevalier must be acting under a royal commission, which would lay the whole burden of the affair upon the shoulders of King Louis and exonerate the officers who were merely acting under orders. So spake the foxy Argall, adding with his blandest smile that, just as a matter of formal courtesy, he would like to see the commission. We can fancy the smile growing more grim and Mephistophelean as the bewildered Frenchman hunted and hunted. When at length it appeared that La Saussaye could produce no such document Argall began to bluster and swear.

He called the Frenchmen pirates, and confiscated all their property scarcely leaving a coat to their backs. Then, as he had not room enough for all the prisoners, he put La Saussaye, with one of the Jesuit fathers and thirteen men, into an open boat and left them to their fate, which turned out to be a kindly one, for after a few days they were picked up by a French merchant ship and carried back to the Old World."

From the foregoing, would not a reader of history draw the inference, and carry away with him the idea that Argall and his company of Englishmen were strictly within their rights, and that the Frenchmen were trespassers upon the domains of the English King? Would not one also carry away the impression that Argall was only a shrewd and able English commander, using justifiable means of deception for the advancement of the interests of his King? I venture to say that such is the impression that most readers of history have of that event, which is rightly called, by those who know the truth,—"the Argall outrage."

Indeed so worthy and credible and dignified a historian as Bancroft, himself, describes the St. Sauveur affair contrary to the truth in some particulars. Why he does so, it is hard to understand. For instance he says, that the English, under Argall, bombarded the French fort at St. Sauveur. We know, from the reading of the Jesuit Relation, that the French had no time to erect intrenchments, much less a fort, and, besides, we know that the French commander, La Saussaye, actually did not take ordinary military precautions. In addition, Bancroft has made the further and inexcusable error of saying that Argall put a part of the French company, after the fight, on board French vessels. Whereas, we know that the truth was that La Saussaye, Father Massé, and thirteen others were mercilessly

cast off in an open boat; but they made their way eastward, as best they could by the aid of oars, coasting along this shore until they came to the southern part of Nova Scotia, where they found a trading vessel in which they secured a passage to St. Malo.

While we are upon the matter of misstating history, a point that I have mentioned before, and shall have to mention again, I desire to call attention to the error made by Williamson, the Historian of Maine, whose history is reckoned to be the best authority, it is not out of the way to mention it now. As the location of the St. Sauveur settlement, which was broken up by Argall, was on the shore of what is now called, on maps of Maine, Frenchman's Bay. The truth is that the name Frenchman's Bay was given to this inlet of the sea long after the time when the French were at St. Sauveur. Yet, Williamson relates that the name was given to these waters for the reason that a French priest, Nicholas d'Aubri, was lost here on an island. For his authority he refers to Sullivan, the Historian of the District of Maine, who tells the story with the important difference that he locates the scene on the west side of what is now the Bay of Fundy, which, as we have learned before from Champlain's History, and Lescarbot's History, was called French Bay by De Monts, but not because of d'Aubri's adventure. Williamson has confused the whole matter. The truth is, as we have shown before, the first French expedition named what is now the Bay of Fundy, "French Bay," and it was there that this French priest was lost, and not years afterwards at what is now Frenchman's Bay.

The statement of Sullivan, in his History of the District of Maine, that "there were anciently many French settlements on that part of the Bay which is opposite to the Banks of Mount Desert, as well as on

the island itself," is a gratuitous assertion. In fact, the only ancient settlement upon this bay was that of St. Sauveur in 1613, as we have just related.

CHAPTER XVII

The Jesuits are Carried to Virginia and England

Argall divided the captive French. He placed fifteen in one of their boats to make their way back to France as best they could, and fifteen he took with him to Virginia; in the latter company Father Biard was included, and fifteen had made their escape when the attack was made and were on shore with the pilot. This latter company later joined the fifteen that Argall had sent adrift, and after many vicissitudes they arrived safely at St. Malo in France. Father Biard relates the adventures of himself and his comrades in Virginia. They were not welcomed there. The good priest was sadly disappointed in Sir Thomas Dale, Governor of Virginia, "Marshall of Virginia," as he calls him. He was told that Dale was a great friend to the French as he had been a soldier and pensioner of Henry the Great. "But," says Father Biard, "our preachers did not take their text from the Gospels. For this charming Marshall, who had the fibre and character of a Frenchman, as they said, when he heard an account of us, talked nothing but ropes and gallows and of having every one of us hanged. We were badly frightened, and some lost their peace of mind, expecting nothing less than to ignominiously walk up a ladder to be let down disgracefully by a rope."

However, they were saved from death by no other than Argall himself, who alleged his promise and word

given to them in Maine that they should suffer no harm. It was decided that Argall should return to Maine and Acadia, taking Father Biard and his companies with him, and should plunder and burn and destroy all the settlements of the French. They went first to St. Sauveur; completed the destruction of the fortifications there, and tore down the cross. Then they searched for the De Monts settlement on the St. Croix. Argall desired Father Biard to guide them, but his refusal, as he says, "caused him to be in complete disgrace with Argall and in great danger of his life." Argall did not attempt to force Father Biard to guide him to Port Royal, after his refusal to point out the St. Croix settlement and Father Biard claims that Argall captured an Indian Sagamore who showed him the way to Port Royal. It seems that some of the French who were around and about Port Royal believed that Father Biard guided the English to the settlement. And Francis Parkman, the historian, author of "Pioneers of New France," and "The Jesuits in North America," accepts the belief, as he readily accepts every aspersion upon the character of a Jesuit. It is true that Father Biard passes over the incident of the capture of the Sagamore with less comment than he usually indulges in; he does not give the name of the Sagamore; and although he knew and admits that some of the French charged him with treachery, he does not reply and defend himself fully and carefully as he usually does in reference to other false charges against the Jesuits. Yet it is difficult, in view of his whole career of probity and honor, to believe that he could have been guilty of such a base act of treason and disloyalty to his countrymen.

The English burned and destroyed the Port Royal settlement, and looted the place even to the extent of taking away the boards, bolts, locks and nails. No-

vember 9th, 1613, the English sailed away from Port Royal, intending to return to Virginia.

Father Biard was aboard a ship commanded by one Lieutenant Turnel. The ships were separated in a great storm, and the ship commanded by Turnel was obliged to make its way to the Azores. These islands were inhabited by Catholic people. Turnel, whom Father Biard now calls, "the Captain," because he was in command of the vessel which was separated from Argall's command during the storm, believed with the other Englishmen, that Father Biard was a traitor to the French and at heart a Spaniard, if not one by birth. I will quote the following conversation from Biard's Relation:

"Once when he was feeling very repentant, he called Father Biard and held with him the following conversation,which I here insert almost word for word; for this Captain spoke good French, and many other common languages, besides Italian and Greek, which he understood very well; he was a man of great intelligence and a thorough student. 'Father Biard,' (said he) 'God is angry at us, I see it clearly; he is angry at us, I say but not at you; angry at us because we went to make war on you without first giving you notice, which is contrary to the rights of nations. But I protest that it was contrary to my advice and my inclination. I did not know what to do, I had to follow, I was merely a servant. But I tell you I see very clearly that God's wrath is kindled against us, but not against you, although on your account; for you do nothing but suffer.' The Captain pausing here, you may judge whether or not the Jesuit failed to make a suitable answer. The Captain took up another phase of the question. 'But, Father Biard,' (says he) 'it is strange that your countrymen from Port Royal should accuse you

thus.' The Father answers: 'But, Sir, have you ever heard me slander them?' 'By no means,' he says, 'but I have clearly observed that when evil things are said of them, both before Captain Argall and before me, you have always defended them, of which I am a good witness.' 'Sir,' (the Father says) 'draw your own conclusions from that, and judge which have God and truth on their side, whether the slanderers or the charitable.' 'I know that very well,' says the Captain, 'but, Father Biard, did not charity make you lie when you told me that we should find nothing but misery at Port Royal?' 'Pardon me, answers the Father, 'I beg you to remember that I told you only that when I was there I saw and found nothing but misery.'

The foregoing relation of this conversation may throw more light upon Father Biard's character than pages of argument. And I consider the question important, because, upon whether we accept the Jesuit's relation of the attack of the English and their actions, or the version that has come down to us from the English depends entirely our view of this period of history and the right and wrong of all the acts of hostility between the English and the French and Indians which occurred afterwards.

While the ship was at the Azores the Jesuits remained hidden in the hold of the vessel for three whole weeks, so that they would not be discovered by the Catholic people of the Azores, who would have wrecked summary vengeance upon the English for keeping Catholic priests prisoners.

Upon their arrival in England, the Jesuits were treated with great consideration, were entertained by gentlemen holding official positions and were sent back to France with great honor. Father Biard relates

his experiences, and tells his impressions of the English Church and Churchmen. The following is an interesting excerpt from the "Relations," as showing the Jesuit's observations of religious institutions with which he was not familiar and concerning which he had doubtless been misinformed before his visit to England.

"Now during this sojourn all kinds of people went to see them and some from a great distance, through curiosity to see Jesuits dressed in their robes, as they were then and always have been until their return to France. Ministers, Justices, gentlemen, and others came to confer with them, even, a Lord of the Great Council wished to have the pleasure of pitting four Ministers against them in debate. I say Ministers, to make myself intelligible to the French, for in England they call them Priests. And the chief one in the debate was an Archdeacon, for the English still have a great many things in common with the Catholic Church, as the Order of the Ecclesiastical Hierarchy, Archbishops, Bishops, Priests, Archpriests, Archdeacons Curates, Canons, etc.; the Episcopal laying on of hands in the ordination of Priests and lesser orders, and in the confirmation of children; the Chrism and its ceremonies, the sign of the Cross, the Image of this and of other things; the Psalmody and usual forms of worship, the prescribed Saints' days, the Vigils, Fasts, Lent, Abstinence from meat on Friday and Saturday; priestly robes and consecrated vessels. And those who condemn all these things, as the Calvinists of France and of Scotland do, and call them damnable superstitions and inventions of the anti-Christ, are by the English called Puritans, and are detested by them as abominable plagues."

CHAPTER XVIII

Miracles In Maine

In closing his "Relations" of the year 1613, Father Biard writes an account of some occurrences of a miraculous nature which happened during his period of service as a missionary priest in New France. I shall briefly relate the facts as he tells them, without discussion or comment, leaving the matter to my readers for their own opinions. The Jesuit was informed that at Baye Ste. Marie there was an Indian woman at the point of death who desired to see him. He took a guide and went to the woman. They found that she had been afflicted with a disease for three weeks and was now stretched out by the fire in the manner in which the savages placed their sick when their cases became hopeless. He instructed her in the truths of religion as well as he could and prayed for her, and left her a cross to hang about her neck. The next day he returned and found her well and happy and engaged in heavy work carrying burdens.

A second happened at Pentagoet (the Penobscot River). Father Biard was there in company with the Sieur de Biencourt, and according to his custom was visiting the sick. The Indians showed him one who was not expected to live, having been sick for three months. This Indian was in the thoeres of a violent attack, speaking only with difficulty and bathed in a cold perspiration, the forerunner of death. The priest prayed for him and had him kiss a cross, which he left

with him and then departed. A day or two afterwards, Biencourt was trading in his boat, and this Indian came to him in company with others, and was well and happy displaying his cross, and with great demonstrations of joy expressed his gratitude to Father Biard.

The third is as follows: Father Biard went with Sieur de la Motte to St. Saveur. Coming towards the cabins of the Indians they heard cries and loud lamentations. Having asked their guide what it meant he replied that some one was dead and this was the mourning. Approaching nearer they met a boy who said to the preist: "Someone is dying. Run fast, perhaps you can baptize him before he really dies." They ran as fast as they could, and when they arrived they found the savages drawn up in a line as if on parade, and in front of them walked a distracted father holding his dying child in his arms. Father Biard asked the father if he would be willing to have his child baptized. The poor simple fellow said not a word, but placed the child in the priest's arms. Father Biard called for water at once, and putting the child in the arms of Sieur de la Motte, as his godfather, baptized him, calling him Nickolas. the name of the Sieur. The Indians crowded around in silence as if expecting some great miracle to follow. Father Biard prayed to God that these poor heathens might be enlightened, and then he gave the child to its mother who was there. The mother immediately offered the child the breast, and he began at once to receive nourishment. The savages fell to their knees in astonishment, The child recovered rapidly and in a month was perfectly healthy. The Indians looked upon Father Biard as more than a man.

Is it at all doubtful, then, that Father Biard was telling the litteral truth when he wrote, speaking of what results had been accomplished by the Jesuit

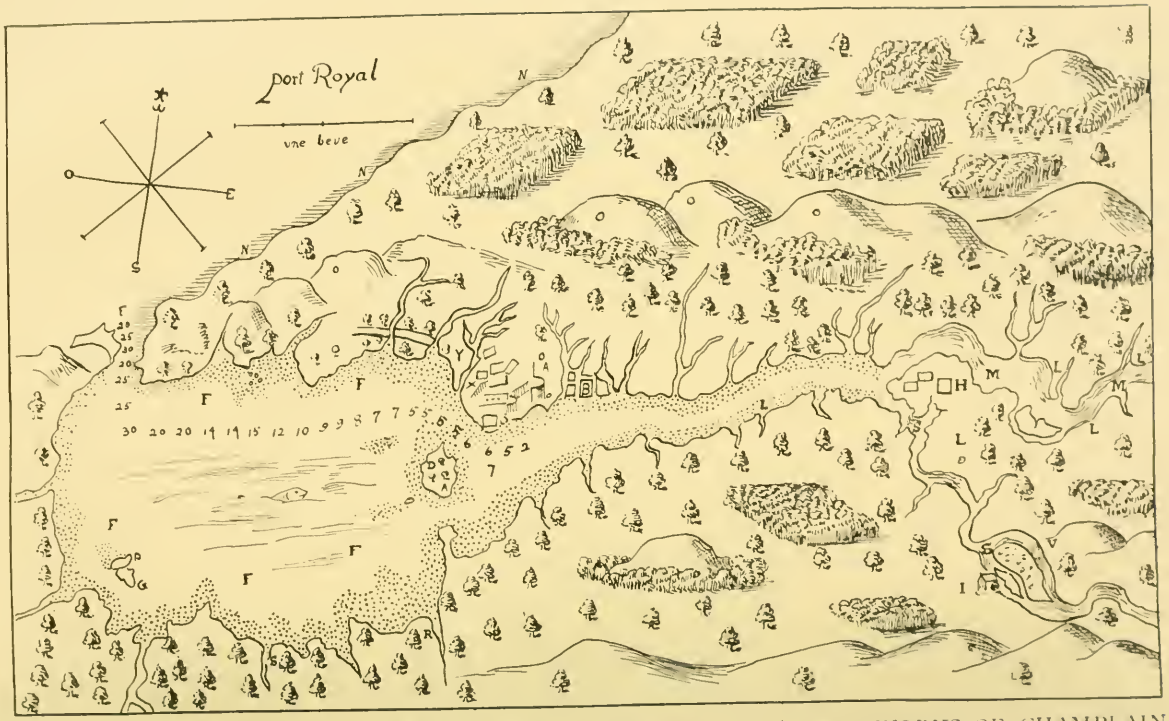
missionaries in their sojourn at Port Royal and their travels and work among the Indians in Acadia and Maine up to the time of the destruction of St. Saveur and Port Royal by Argall and his Englishmen?—

"But yet, on the other hand, it is a great result that the French have won the confidence and friendliness of the savages, through the great familiarity and intercourse which they have had with them. For the foundation must always be laid before raising the capital; that is, we must make them citizens, or good hosts and friends before making them brothers. Now this confidence and this intimacy is already so great that we live among them with less fear than we live in Paris. For in Paris we cannot sleep without having the door well bolted; but here we close them against the wind only, and sleep no less securely for keeping them open. At first, they fled from us, and feared us; now they wish us with them. When we first disembarked and visited St. Saveur, and pretended that we did not like the place, and that we thought of going elsewhere, these simple natives wept and lamented. On the other hand, the Sagamore of Kadesquit, called Betsabes, came to persuade us, with a thousand promises, to go to his place, having heard that we had some intentions of making a settlement there. Is it a small thing to have such a foundation of justice in our colonies, and this so sure pledge of great success? And we must not conclude that other nations have borne this friendship as well as we, for we are eye-witnesses to the fact that these savages, having, (as they supposed) some advantage over the English, threw themselves upon them with fury, thinking, I believe, to get revenge for the injury that had been done to us; but they were not successful in their attack. Likewise, towards the end of the year 1611, the Hollanders merely wished to land at Cape de

la[c] Heve to take in some fresh water, our savages assailed them fiercely, and made away with six of them, among whom was the captian of the ship. It seems to me that we will be unworthy of this friendship, if we do not so act that it will avail them in learning to love Him from Whom we receive all our blessings."

In closing this discussion and narration of the Port Royal mission of the French, which, as I have stated many times (because I desire the reader to bear it in mind continually), included what is now the State of Maine, or at least by admission of the English themselves, all of Maine as far to the West as the Kennebec and Androscoggin rivers, I will briefly mention the leading points of the argument of Father Biard sustaining the contention to the title of that French to Maine is far better than the title of the English. Later, in discussing the English claims to title, I shall have occasion to again refer to this argument (a Jesuit argument and therefore a diabolically ingenious distortion of logic according to the deluded and misled descendants of the Puritans of New England.)

The English (so says Father Biard) do not dispute with the French all of New France. They grant a New France bounded by the shores of the Gulf and River of St. Lawrence, and not extending further South than a line drawn across the northern part of the State running through what is now Frederickton, N. B., Houlton Me., Mt. Katahdin and the northern shores of Moosehead Lake; the English claiming these bounds, at the time Father Biard wrote, by a patent of King James' grant, whose words are these: "We give them all the lands up to the 45th degree which do not actually belong to any Christian Prince." At that very time the French were in possession of this region, as is attested by the writings of Champlain and Lescarbot.



Champlain's map of Port Royal, Arcadia (from the WORKS OF CHAMPLAIN, *published under the auspices of Laval University, Quebec,* 1870

Now, says Father Biard, it is true and acknowledged by all that the Bretons and Normans first discovered the great Banks and New Foundland in the year 1504 and continually fished and traded there ever afterwards.

In addition, Fr. Biard claims by reason of Jacques Cartier's voyages and discoveries, and argues that if the English contention is correct, that their sailing up the James River of Virginia gave them dominion over a region, not merely seven or eight leagues on each side of the river, but thirty or forty times further than the human eye can see, then Cartier's last voyage in 1534 up the St. Lawrence gave the French an equally sound claim to the same amount of territory on each side of the St. Lawrence.

Also, employing and invoking the argument of common knowledge and common consent of the world, Father Biard argues that all the maps in Europe represented New France as extending south as far as the 38th or 39th parallel, that is, to the southern part of New England, to Long Island Sound.

This chapter closes the story of the first Maine mission. In other essays I shall take up the thread of the English settlements and the writings of the Englishmen which throw light upon this period of Maine history, so that the reader may compare the two peoples and their records in Maine. And we shall try to look at the history of this epoch of stirring time and stirring deeds through the eyes of the adventurous Englishmen who were struggling to get a foot-hold upon this much sought, much desired domain. Again, later we will come back to the French and their missionary priests in Maine at a somewhat later period.

CHAPTER XIX

Weymouth's Voyage—He Captures Some Indians

In the first chapter which I wrote on this subject I mentioned the voyage of Captain Waymouth, the Englishman, to these shores, in the year 1605, and in speaking of the romantic scenery of Maine, so little appreciated by the present inhabitants of this state, I quoted from Rosier (historian of Waymouth's voyage) the description of the scenery on and about the Kennebec. Waymouth's voyage in 1605 is of some importance in the history of the English settlements in Maine and the English claim of title; therefore, I desire to treat of it now at greater length.

Captain Waymouth was a British naval officer who had been engaged for some time prior to his voyage to Maine in the unavailing search for the famous northwest passage to India. Upon his return from the Arctic regions he was engaged to undertake another voyage ostensibly for the same purpose, but actually for the purpose of finding some spot suitable for the establishing of an English colony. It may seem strange to my readers that there should have been any necessity for concealing the object of such a voyage, but the fact is that at that time there existed such a jealousy among the maritime nations of Europe, that these enterprises of discovery were conducted with the most profound secrecy.

It was a part of Captain Waymouth's duty to keep

a diary, or "log," of his voyage—nautical statistics, observations, and all the facts necessary to give his employers full information of the value of his discoveries. This journal was kept by James Rosier. And so, as we got our facts for the story of the French settlement of Acadia, our historical data, from the "Relations des Jesuites"—daily narrations of the life of the French adventurers and their missionary priests, now we get our facts for the history of the doings of these Englishmen from an equally reliable original source,—Rosier's Journal of Waymouth's Voyage.

For a long time it was believed that Waymouth sailed up the Penobscot River; but I think that it is now quite universally admitted that that belief was erroneous, and that the truth is that he explored the Sagadahoc and the Androscoggin.

Mr. George Prince, the historian, in his edition of Rosier's Narrative of Waymouth's Voyage, argues that Waymouth sailed up the Georges River; his strongest objection to the Kennebec is that the mountains which the voyagers saw from the coast could not have been the White Mountains; but must have been the high hills back of Camden. His argument does not appeal to me as being convincing.

His ship, the "Archangel," was fitted out by the Earl of Southampton and Lord Arundel, and sailed from England March 5th, 1605. On the 17th of May they discovered Mongehan Island, which they named St. George's, and anchored on the north side of the island. I think all the readers of these essays are familiar with the location on the map of Monhegan. It is well known as a summer resort at the present time. Rosier says: "From this point we might discern the mainland from the west, southwest, to the east, northeast; and a great way (as it then seemed, and we after-

wards found it) up into the main we might discern very high mountains, though the main seemed but lowland." Now it will be noticed that the writer does not give the course as to the direction of these very high mountains; and without doubt for a purpose, because as I have stated, it was the intention of the promoters of the voyage to publish the journal and thereby to arouse interest in England and to induce emigration, but it was not their intention to inform the world of the exact location of their proposed settlement until the time was ripe for so doing. But these Englishmen were familiar enough with high hills and with mountains in the British Isles, so that they would not be so impressed by the Penobscot and Camden hills as to dignify them by the expression "very high mountains." Is it at all unlikely that the very high mountains that they saw in the distance were the White Mountains of New Hampshire? Especially when we ourselves know that the White mountains can be distinctly seen on a clear day from off the coast of Maine.

"The next day being Whitsunday," says the historian, "because we rode too much open to the sea and winds, we weighed anchor about twelve o'clock, and came along to the other islands more adjoining to the main, and in the road directly with the mountains, about three leagues from the first island where we had anchored." If they proceeded towards the shore in the direction of the White Mountains until they "came along to other islands more adjoining to the main," then they came along to what is now Squirrel Island and the other islands, in that neighborhood which are now summer resorts. "We all praised God," says Rosier, "for his unspeakable goodness in directing us into so secure a harbor; in remembrance whereof, we named it Pentecost Harbor." This "Pentecost Harbor"

is nothing else than our Boothbay Harbor. A significent evidence of this is that they relate that when they surveyed all the islands about they found upon one of them a sandy cover where small vessels could anchor, and near by, a pond of fresh water which flowed over the bank. This description fits Squirrel Island perfectly.

On Thursday, May 30th, Captain Waymouth took a boat and thirteen men and started on a tour of discovery, leaving fourteen men on board the ship. After their departure, three canoes with Indians came down to the ship. The Indians were invited on board, they came and traded with the Englishmen. The next day Waymouth returned and reported with great elation that he had discovered "a great river which trended into the main about forty miles," an excellent river, suitable for trade and commerce and for the establishing of a colony.

Now comes the narration of the despicable act of kidnapping the Indians. Before starting out on the voyage, of exploration up the river which the Captain discovered, he formed the resolution to take with him back to England when he returned, five or six of the natives, that "they might be taught habits of civilization." We know very well that he never was actuated by any such phlanthropic motives; that his intention was to exhibit them as curiosities to the English people and thereby to help in arousing interest in this new field for English adventure. And that he succeeded in arousing some kind of interest in England with his Indian savages is attested by no less an authority than Shakespeare, himself, who says in the Tempest, Act II, Sec. 2 —"when they would not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they would lay out ten to see a dead Indian." It seems that these Englishmen had a comfortable way

of saving the Indian's soul and making money with his body, like the pious Pilgrims afterwards at Plymouth, who wrote home to their brethren in England and Holland, urging them to come out to this country where much heavenly credit could be stored up for the life in the next world and "muche gainful plunder" could be accumulated for the present life. Three of these Indian "guests" were sent to Sir Ferdinando Gorges, Governor of Plymouth in England; and although we have the greatest respect for the memory of this energetic patron of the English colonists in New England for his disinterested efforts in their behalf, yet we feel inclined to skeptically smile when Gorges writes,—"this accident must be acknowledged the means under God of putting on foot and giving life to all our plantations."

Rosier writes that one morning an Indian of superior rank appeared, coming from the eastward and with him in the canoe were six others. They brought an invitation from the Bashaba at Penobscot for Captain Waymouth to come there and trade; but the Captain had strong suspicions that their design was to rescue the five whom he had secreted in the hold of his ship, so their presence on board was not encouraged.

On Tuesday, June 11th, they passed up the river with the ship about twenty-six miles. This would bring them to anchor just opposite the present city of Bath. In the first chapter I have quoted Rosier's description of the sail up the river which he maintains to be superior in every respect to the Loire, the Seine, the Bordeaux, and the Rio Grande. Going ashore for a time, he says: "In our progress we passed over very good ground, pleasant and fertile, fit for pasture, for the space of some three miles, having but little wood, and that oak, like that which stands left in our pasture

in England, good and great, fit timber for any use. It resembled a stately park with many old trees, some with withered tops, and some flourishing with their green boughs."

Now, it is a strange thing, that during this very summer of 1605, while Captain Waymouth was exploring the coast and the river at this point, the French expedition of De Monts, with Champlain and Lescarbot and the other French gentlemen, was exploring the very same territory, as I have stated in detail before. It would seem as though, if they had not met, they might at least have come across some signs of each other's presence. But Rosier says: "For this, by the way, we diligently observed that no place either about the island or up in the main, or along the river, we could discover any token or sign that ever any Christian has been before, or which either by cutting wood, or digging for water, or setting up crosses, a thing never omitted by any Christian traveller, we should have seen some mention of it." Is he telling the truth? It may be. For I may mention here that the English then, and for a long time afterwards had a mistaken notion of the Kennebec River, a mistake which the French did not make. Waymouth, going up the river from Boothbay Harbor to Merrymeeting Bay, and then continuing, from there goes to the west up the Androscoggin, thinking that it is the same river, quite ignorant of the real Kennebec which is closed from view by the projecting of a long neck of land. Neither Waymouth nor George Popham knew of such a river although they had been told of it by the Indians.

Waymouth went up the Androscoggin, first to the falls at what is now Brunswick. Rosier says, in regard to the beauty of the river: "I cannot by relation sufficiently demonstrate. That which I can say in general

is this: what profit or pleasure soever is described and truly verified in the former part of the river, is wholly doubled in this."

On the 16th of June they set sail for their return to England and July 18th they arrived at Dartmouth harbor, with their furs and skins, their five Indians, and their glowing accounts of the country. At about the same time of their arrival in England, Lord Arundel and the Earl of Southampton transferred their interests in the expedition to Lord Chief Justice Popham and Sir Ferdinando Gorges, two gentlemen who were well and favorably known in England at the time, and whose names have figured prominently in history ever since. The new company petitioned the Crown for Letters Patent, and a charter was granted for two colonies, the London Company and the Plymouth Company; also called the South Virginia and the North Virginia Companies. The London, or South Virginia Company, established the Jamestown, Virginia, Colony, April 27th, 1607. Thus we see that we sons of Maine are able to say with perfect truth and without exaggeration that the attractive scenery, the fertile soil, and the natural resources of the country about the Sagadahoc and the Androscoggin Rivers, so glowingly described by Captain Waymouth and his companions, were the magnets which drew Englishmen across the ocean and caused the establishment of the ancient and proud Virginia Colony, and that Maine, so falsely called "the daughter of Masachusetts," is really, in fact, the cause of the existence of all the thirteen original colonies of America, in a way, the Father of the great English-speaking American nation. You may call this exaggeration, if you will. You may say that it is taking a violent poetic license with sober history; that it is allowing imagination to run riot with judgement. But

I hold to my opinion, nevertheless, that giving credit honestly to cause and effect, I have made no exaggeration.

CHAPTER XX

Strange Ill-luck Pursues the English Efforts to Colonize Maine

The South Virginia, or London Company expedition was a success and Jamestown, Virginia, was the result. But strange mishaps befell the ships first sent out to found the northern colony, which was to be establishd in the region explored by Waymouth. The first ship sent out was commanded by Captain Chalounge. The colony was placed on board, and also two of Waymouth's Indian "guests" to act as pilots when they arrived at the shores of Maine. But ill-luck, or perhaps (who knows) the judgement of Divine Providence, offended by the Englishmen's inhumanity, seems to have pursued every attempt to establish an English colony in Maine, every attempt that is to say, with which the fact of the stolen Indians was in any way connected. As for instance, witness the following: The ship commanded by Captain Chalounge was under orders to follow a due westerly course to Cape Breton, and then to set the course for the Sagadahoc. But Captain Chalounge, without cause, disobeyed orders, and changed his course to go by way of the Western Islands. He was captured by a Spanish fleet, his crew and the colonists made prisoners, and the object of the voyage was frustrated. Two of Waymouth's Indians, as I have said, were on board this vessel.

Second instance: A few days after Chalounge sailed, Lord Chief Justice Popham fitted out another ship as

aid for the first, with a few more colonists and additional supplies. On board were two more of Waymouth's Indians. This ship sailed direct to Sagadahoc. Of course, upon their arrival they found no signs of Captain Chalounge's company, consequently they elected to return to England. But the Plymouth, or North Virginia Company was so much encouraged by the glowing descriptions of the members of this expedition, even more favorable than the report of Captain Waymouth, that it fitted out two more vessels, one commanded by George Popham, brother of the Lord Chief Justice, and the other commanded by Raleigh Gilbert, nephew of Sir Walter Raleigh—"two as noble and gallant commanders as ever faced the dangers of the elements or of man," (to borrow the words of an enthusiastic writer.) This expedition also carried two of Waymouth's Indians.

Now it would seem as though at last success would crown their efforts. But their record is one of disaster and failure. They sailed from Plymouth, England, May 31st, 1607. On August 17th they barely escaped destruction on the lee shore of Seguin. They landed at the mouth of the Kennebec, at the spot where Fort Popham now stands. They spent one year there but the winter was one of extraordinary severity. Their governor, George Popham, died. Raleigh Gilbert returned to England. The colony was left without a head. The members became disheartened and discouraged. They broke up and dispersed. Some returned to England, some went to Virginia, and there is a French tradition to the effect that some made their way to the neighboring regions of Monhegan and Pemaquid.

It seems that these settlers explored the valley of the Androscoggin for some distance. They relate that

on the 25th of September, 1607, Captain Gilbert with seventeen men left the mouth of the river to search for the headwaters of the Sagadahoc. They came to a flat, low island, "where was a great cataract or downfall of water, which runneth by on both sides of the island, very shoal and swift," This description fits Pejepscot Falls at Brunswick. They carried their boat around the falls and went a league further up and camped for the night. The next day they went another league and could go no further on account of the falls. This can be no other than the Little River Falls at Lisbon. Some of them went further by land till they came to an Indian settlement at the junction of a small river. This corresponds to the Sabattus River. Here they erected a cross.

Although this Popham and Gilbert colony for a year cannot be counted as a permanent settlement in Maine, as the Jamestown settlement is counted in Virginia yet as a political event, its importance can not be overestimated. I have stated in this essay that the voyage of Waymouth in 1605 was the means of establishing the first English colony on the American continent. Now I will say that the Popham and Gilbert colony on the Sagadahoc was the means of establishin g the title of England as against France to the whole New England territory. Without this colony it would have been impossible for England, under her own laws, to have made out any claim to priority of title to New England. For it was a maxim of English law that "prescription without possession does not give title." In the year 1624 M. Tillieres, the French Ambassador. represented to the English government that France, claimed the territory of New England as a part of New France (and not unjustly, as I have shown in a preceding chapter in which I recited the claim of France as

stated by Father Biard, S. J.) The English government made a full reply to the statement of the French ambassador, and in no part of the reply is any mention whatsoever made of the colony of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. The English argument is based almost entirely upon the settlements at the mouth of the Kennebec in 1607.

In addition it may be said that, although the settlement of 1607 did not continue permanently at Fort Popham, yet from that year on there was never a time when Englishmen were not living in Maine along the coast and for a few miles inland. Two ships came over in 1607 carrying the Popham colony—the "Gift of God," and the "Mary and John." During the year of 1607, another ship was built by the colonists at Fort Popham, the "Virginia of Sagadahoc," which, by the way, was the first ship built on this continent by English hands. When the colonists at the end of the year returned to England they returned in the "Mary and John," and the "Virginia of Sagadahoc." The ship "Gift of God," with forty-five men, remained behind. What became of these men and their ship is doubtful, but the weight of evidence tends to prove that they went to Pemaquid and Monhegan and became those scattered settlements of Englishmen along the coast of Maine to whom the Pilgrims at Plymouth in the winter of 1622, at the hour of need, turned for food to save themselves from starvation, and from whom Winslow says: "we not only got a present supply of food, but also learned the way to those parts for our future benefit.

In the year 1614 Captain John Smith, of schoolboy-history fame, built seven fishing boats at Monhegan, and while his men went on a fishing expedition, he himself explored the coast. He writes: "On this voyage I tooke the description of the coast as well by

map as writing and called it New England; but malicious minds amongst sailors and others, drowned that name with the echo of Nusconcus, Canaday and Pemaquid; till at my humble suite our most gracious King Charles, then Prince of Wales, was pleased to confirm it by that title, and did change the barbarous names of their principal harbors and habitations for such English, that posterity may say, King Charles was their Godfather."

The names of two great Christian men stand forth in clear relief amidst the dimness and uncertainty of the early history of Maine—Samuel de Champlain, Pioneer of New France,—Sir Ferdinando Gorges, Pioneer of New England. In imagination one can picture each as the embodiment of the highest type of civilization of his own country. Each was inspired by a lofty ambition, by pure patriotism, and by a prophetic insight into the future. In former chapters I have related more or less of the adventures of Champlain along these shores, although I have not pursued his career into Canada, as, however interesting it may be, it is no part of the subject of history which we are discussing. I have called the one, pioneer of New France and the other pioneer, of New England. Of course, it is understood that we are speaking of the same country—what is now New England—what the French called New France. Just as the English arms won and the English flag stayed, so the English name overcame the French name and remains the name of the country today.

Gorges conceived the ambition of building up an English civilization on the shores of Maine, and amidst all political distractions at home, he never lost sight of his ambition, and kept up a legal occupancy of Maine. Upon the return of Captain John Smith, after his voyage to Monhegan in 1614, Gorges fitted out another

expedition to found another colony in Maine, this one to be headed and commanded by Smith himself. We cannot doubt that if this colony had once landed on this shore, under the leadership of John Smith, neither the severity of the climate nor the enmity of the Indians nor the encroachments of the French, would ever have dislodged it. Smith was an indomitable, a dauntless man. His whole life is a romance and this voyage and expedition simply make another chapter of vivid interest. The expedition was a failure, but through no fault of Smith's. It seems as though Fate were at war with him, and as though Fate were forced to put forth its best endeavors and strain itself to defeat this hero.

The expedition sailed in March 1615; immediately this was the signal for all the furies to be let loose. He encountered a terrible storm and was almost shipwrecked. He put back into Plymouth and sailed again in June with another ship. He was out a few days when he was overtaken by an English pirate. His officers begged him to surrender as the pirate was of superior force. He refused; and without being obliged to fight the pirate, he "bluffed" him, as the saying is now, and made his escape. Soon after this event he met a French pirate in two ships. Again his cowardly officers wanted to surrender and refused to fight. Smith threatens to blow up the ship with himself and all on board, and attacks the French pirates and drives them off. Next he meets a fleet of French war ships, nine of them. This is too much even for John Smith. But again his monumental nerve and bluff got him through without surrender; when his officers mutiny and refuse to proceed with the voyage. Smith goes on board the flag ship of the French Admiral, with no less a purpose than to get aid from the French commander to subdue his own mutineers. But while

he was aboard talking with the Frenchman a strange sail came into view and the French Admiral gave chase carrying poor Smith along with him. Smith's ship made its way back to England and reported Smith killed by the French, to the great despair of Gorges. But Smith is not so easily put "hors du combat." He was two months a prisoner and forced to help fight the Spaniards. One night while off the coast of France in a terrible storm he jumped overboard and swam until he was tossed up on an island more dead than alive. The peasants helped him to get back to England. And strange to say, the very night that he escaped from the French ship, this ship was wrecked in the storm and all hands were lost.

CHAPTER XXI

Ferdinando Gorges Becomes Lord of Maine

In the public school histories, used in the schools at the time when the writer was at the age when it is deemed fitting by the educational powers-that-be to inscribe upon the clean and fresh tablets of the minds of the children under their charge, misstatement, misinformation, and distortion of facts, under the sacred name of history, it was related as historical truth, that Massachusetts was the mother of Maine, and that Maine was first settled in 1630, at and about the present town of York, in York County, by immigrants from mother colony of Massachusetts. No well informed student of history today believes any such glaring falsehoods. But unfortunately many citizens of Maine are not as well informed in history as they should be; many have not progressed beyond the stage of the above-quoted public school histories.

I have made it plain in the preceding chapters that not only was Maine settled before Massachusetts, and that settlers remained along the coast of Maine and as far inland as twenty to thirty miles, from the year 1607 onward indefinitely; but also I have demonstrated that Waymouth's voyage to the Kennebec in 1605, and the Popham and Gilbert settlement at the mouth of the Kennebec in 1607, were the first movements of the great English influx of settlement which culminated in the thirteen original American States, and were the prime causes of that English immigration.

The historians, who have been looked upon as the most authoritative, have ignored the importance of Maine in Early history. Even Bancroft does not give proper credit for the settlements before the year 1620 and onwards to 1630. Governor Sullivan, however, in his history of Maine, on the authority of Sylvanus Davis, Councillor, says that in 1630 there were eighty-four families, not counting the fishermen at Merrymeeting Bay, Sheepscot and Pemaquid, and as many more inland. Williamson's History gives a table of the several plantations at that time; in it are the following: Piscataqua settlement, 200. York, 150. Saco, 175. Casco and Pejepscot (Brunswick), 75. Kennebec, 100. Sagadahoc, Sheepscot, Pemaquid, St. Georges and Islands, 500. From this we can see that at the time when we have been led to believe that Maine was a barren wilderness, inhabited only by roving bands of Red Men, there were at least 1500 white people between York and the Penobscot river.

I have said I consider that history shows that Sir Ferdinando Gorges was one of the greatest men of his time in all Europe. Although he was a royalist, a high-churchman, and no sympathizer with the peculiar religious tenets of the Pilgrims and Puritans, he saw that Maine was, and must be fated to be for many years, the English frontier, and that it must be held as a bulwark against the encroachments of the French. He was a broadminded, liberal, generous man. He aided the Massachusetts Puritans in every possible way, although at home he was politically at war with that party. Many conflicting grants had been made by the Crown, grants of land which overlapped one another and caused continual conflict and litigation. Therefore Gorges made a drastic and heroic move in the game of politics.

In the year 1639, King Charles I, at the solicitation of his well beloved and loyal subject, Sir Ferdinando Gorges, granted the most notable charter ever given to a subject by his Prince since the days of chivalry. He confirmed all the territory from the Piscataqua to the Sagadahoc and extending 120 miles inland, now for the first time named and recognized legally as the "Province of Maine," to Gorges as a County Palatine of which Gorges was the Lord or Count Palatine. As every student of history, and especially of the history of feudal law, knows, the name "Palatinate" takes us back to the days of Charlmagne and the Merovingians. During the Middle Ages the title of Lord or Count Palatine belonged to a feudal lord who held a frontier province with royal judicial powers. It is not necessary to enumerate here the powers of government and administration of justice which it carried. The Palatinate charter which Gorges received may be read in full in Sullivan's History of Maine. Nothing like it, before or since, is to be found in all the history of the American nation. By it Gorges became the feudal lord of the soil of Maine, and Maine was a fief. The new Lord of Maine established his government and set up his general court at what is now York, which he named Georgiana, and which was, as I have stated before, the first incorporated city in America. This court was established in the year 1640. I have not the slightest doubt that if Gorges could have left, or would but have left, the life of political turmoil which he was living at this time, and had come over here to preside over his Province of Maine, his Fief or Palatinate, he would have made a success of the government of it, and Maine would never have fallen under the dominion of Massachusetts. But Gorges was a devoted Royalist, who followed his king to the bitter

end. He died in 1647; King Charles was beheaded in 1649. Following his death, of course his little kingdom here fell to pieces. The inhabitants of Maine began to quarrel among themselves and the quarrels grew in bitterness. Massachusetts looked on with greedy eyes, determined to seize the Province.

It cannot be doubted that the predominating reason why Massachusetts, with its semi-religious government and its narrow, illiberal, selfish Puritanism would not, and felt that it could not permit the Province of Maine to exist any longer as an independent colony, was that the dominant turn of mind of the English settlers in Maine was Episcopalian, High Church, Royalist, rather easy-going and broad minded, and dangerously friendly to the French Roman Catholics who were their neighbors in the east. Randolph's report, 1676, says: "The inhabitants of New Hampshire, Maine, and the Duke's Province were holding a friendly correspondence with their French neighbors, while Massachusetts was entertaining a hatred towards them."

It is easy to believe that, had Massachusetts honorably left the men of Maine alone to work out their own problem of government in their own way, the High Church Englishmen of Maine would have given to the world an example of religious liberality and progressiveness equalled only by Lord Baltimore's Catholics in Maryland, the first instance of religious toleration in America. That my readers may not think that this view is exaggerated if not chimerical, let me quote the words of a writer in the Boston Courier of May, 1851—Lorenzo Sabine, who published a series of articles on the Public Lands of Maine. Sabine says: "But I cannot leave this part of the subject without commending the indomitable spirit evinced by Mas-

sachusetts in her struggles to root out Gorges and the cavaliers of his planting, out of Maine, and to put in their places the humbler but purer Roundheads of her own kindred. Had she faltered when dukes and lords signed parchments that conveyed away her soil; had she not sought to push her sovereignity over men and territories not originally her own; had she not broken down French seignories and English fiefdoms, Maine, east of Gorges' eastern boundary, the Kennebec, might have continued a part of the British Empire to this hour." It is hard to conceive that fifty years ago such sentiments were entertained. The logic of the writer's argument deserves about as much respect as his sympathetic view of the compatriots of those regicides, whom he calls "the humbler but purer Roundheads."

After the death of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, 1647, the people of Maine, and by this expression is meant the English settlers, seemed to lose heart and confidence in their future, and in themselves. They appear to have lacked independence and self-reliance. One might almost imagine that the "fief," the Palatinate of Maine was taken seriously and deeply to heart, and that the people had become in fact and in truth *serfs*, unable to govern themselves and dependent upon some feudal lord to govern them. And as a matter of fact, when the High Court of Chancery in England in the year 1677 rendered a decision that the acts of Massachusetts in taking military possession of Maine were illegal, and that the Province of Maine had descended as a fief to the heirs of Gorges, and when Massachusetts in obedience to that decision purchased Maine outright, both soil and government, from the Gorges heirs, for the sum of 1250 pounds sterling, then Massachusetts became the feudal Lord-Palatine of the Province of

Maine—another strange anamoly in the history of this country. It was poetic justice that the people of this Province should have become the personal property of the Massachusetts colony. Before they were purchased for 1250 pounds they were continually petitioning somebody else to come and govern them.

Hubbard, a minister of Cambridge, in his "General History of New England," written in 1680—, (a rare and curious narrative, and not characterized by any amount of fairness and impartiality) says: "But, in fine, the inhabitants of all these Plantations at Piscataqua and in the Province of Maine, having wearied themselves with endless contentions and strifes, and having tried all conclusions of government, both by patent and combination, and finding neither sufficient, in any tolerable degree of comfortable order, to maintain and support the grandeur of authority, like those mentioned in the Prophet, 'they took hold of the skirt of Massachusetts.' "

I have stated in the last chapter that beginning with the time of the grant of this region to Sir Ferdinando Gorges as a County Pelatine, Maine was known as the "Province of Maine," and continued to be called by that title during the many years that it was subject to the government of Massachusetts. It is time now that I call attention to the very common mistake and misunderstanding which has obtained for many years and which still obtains. There is a belief quite generally held that the name Maine is of French origin; and this delusion is held all the more dear by those students of history whose sympathies are with the claims of the first French settlers to the soil of Maine and who believe (as I do myself) that the claim of France to this territory was sounder in international law and more just than was the claim of England. But, nevertheless,

it is not true that this territory was named Maine in honor of Henrietta Maria, wife of King Charles I, who had as a dower the Province of Maine in France. In the first place the French princess was not possessed of the Province of Maine in France, for that Province belonged to the Crown. And in the second place, those who accept the explanation of the na ne as of French origin lose sight of the fact that great changes have taken place in English spelling since the first half of the seventeenth century. And especially is this true in the matter of the final "e" on adjectives and nouns in the language. Many adjectives were once spelled with a final "e" which are not so spelled now, and vice versa. And the same may be said of nouns. It is in contradistinction to the al nost innumerable number of islands along the coast, which were much frequented long before the mainland was settled, or hardly visited. It is not easy to make the point clear. But if the reader should happen to devote a great deal of time to reading the narratives of Hakluyt and Captain John Smith, and Rosier, he would after a time begin to feel himself one of those early voyagers who cruised so much among the islands of the coast of Maine, always calling at Monhegan for water and to pick up the shipping news, and looking at the coast, and inland from the coast as "the Main."

CHAPTER XXII

Some Interesting Laws and Prosecutions

One thing we can give Massachusetts credit for in her treatment of the people of Maine and her government of the Province. She did not make any attempt to extend her terrible witchcraft laws to this Province. We fortunately escaped being stained by that black and ugly blot. There never were any prosecutions for witchcraft in Maine. One Maine minister, however, was prosecuted for witchcraft, but not in any court in Maine. The Rev. George Burroughs, formerly a minister at Falmouth, was afterwards prosecuted at Salem and was found guilty of holding at arms length a seven-foot gun by his finger inserted in the muzzle; and also of carrying a barrel of molasses by the bung-hole. To one who recalls the fact of history that molasses, after it had been fermented and transformed into a seductive, but villianous smelling liquor called rum, was a favorite drink of Massachusetts men, both clerical and lay, in those days—the reading of the account of the above mentioned trial might seem significant. Anyway, the unfortunate minister of the gospel was convicted and executed.

In addition to the credit which we must give her for not extending her witchcraft laws to Maine, we must allow her some credit for acts of positive virtue as well as for negative virtue. Her first act after taking charge of the Province of Maine was to compel all the coast towns to make good roads. And the

matter of good roads has been a bone of contention in Maine, between the people with progressive dispositions and those with conservative dispositions, from that day to this. Also, it may be a matter of interest to know that a prohibitory law was enacted in Maine in the year 1690, as follows: "In the Court of Sessions of the Peace for the Province of Mayne held at York, July 15th, 1690. Ordered, That from henceforth there shall not be any Rum or other strong Liquor or Flip sold unto any Inhabitant of the Town by any Ordinary keeper therein, directly or indirectly, except in case of great necessity."

If witchcraft laws were not enforced by Massachusetts in Maine it may cheerfully be conceded that other sumptuary laws were enforced here. For instance the year 1665 all the towns from the Isles of Shoals to North Yarmouth were indicted "for not attending the court's order for making a pair of Stocks, Cage and Ducking-stool." It has always been a source of wonder to the writer that the penalty for violating the liquor prohibitory law had not been made the public "Stocks," or the "Cage."

A study of the old records of the court at York leads one to the conclusion that the crime of "lese-majesty" was recognized in fact, if not by name, under the jurisdiction of Massachusetts in Maine in those days. One Thomas Booth was convicted of slandering the persons constituting the government of the Massachusetts Colony by calling them a "company of Hypocritical Rogues, that feared neither God nor King." For this outrageous remark he was fined five pounds sterling. He very probably was telling the truth, for it seems a remarkable fact that the crime of "lese-majesty" is almost invariably committed by telling the truth about the powers that be. In 1670 one Thomas Taylor

was sentenced for abusing Captain Raynes, a man in authority, by "theeing and thouing of him." In 1665 Jonathan Thing was convicted of speaking "discornfully of the Court," and saying that he did not care for the Governor, and he was sentenced to have twenty lashes on the bare back. One William Wardell when required to contribute to the support of Harvard College replied "that it was no ordinance of God's" and he was arrested for it.

Although we cannot today feel any sympathy for such laws, yet we must admit that those men "good Pharisees" though they may have been, were actuated often by lofty motives. Compulsory education and compulsory contributious to the cause of education. Does it not seem that these founders of our New England civilization were prophetic and foresaw for the generations that were to come long after their own death a great Republic based upon universal suffrage requiring universal enlightenment to maintain universal liberty against the encroachments of the power of wealth and special privilege? A Republic whose problems we ourselves, after many generations of have come and gone, have not yet worked out the half?

Some of the judgments of that court at York we at this day can heartily acquiese in. For instance one Thomas Withers, in 1691, was convicted of "surreptitiously indeavoring to pervert the providence of God and privileges of others by putting in several Votes for himself to be an officer at a Town meeting when he was intrusted by divers freemen to vote for other men." He was fined, pilloried and disfranchised. If acts of corruption of the ballot were met with as stern justice as that now, we would hear less of socialism as the panacea for all the ills of the body politic.

Massachusetts had now obtained full control

of the government of the English in Maine; and we now come to the beginning of the Indian Wars. In J. Wingate Thornton's article on "Ancient Pemaquid," in Volume V of the Collections of the Maine Historical Society, we read the following, which we may accept as the usual statement of the English point of view:

"But tragic and fearful events were now rapidly approaching: the gathering clouds hushed every thought but that of personal safety; at first, mere whisperings of danger startled the defenseless planter; the unwonted smiles and silence of the natives were of portentous meaning; but ere thought had become action, escape was too late, and every settlement yesterday in security and peace, was now laid waste by indiscriminate slaughter; a thrill of horror, of awful fear, a faintness, swept over the heart of New England, as if the heathen had God's commission against them, robbing them of their children, destroying their cattle, making them few in number, and their highways desolate. Various were the causes assigned for this war, some attributed it to an imprudent zeal in christianizing the Indians, but certainly this was not true of Maine; some, to vagrant Jesuits, who had for years gone from Sachem to Sachem, to exasperate the Indian against the English, and to bring them into a confederacy; and that they were promised supplies from France and other parts to extirpate the English nation out of the continent of America. This is in harmony with all history, and doubly confirmed by the fact that the eastern tribes were always in alliance with the French who, be it remembered, were here solely by the will of the mercenary Stuarts, and against the will of the people. On their memory rests this stain of blood and crime."

That, as I said, is the statement of the English view, the statement which has been taught to the des-

cendants of those English settlers and is still taught in most of the public schools down to this day, as the truth of history. In the course of my narrative I shall endeavor to present the facts of the wars which followed without going too much into detail, that the reader may judge for himself, whether it is in harmony with all history that the Jesuits were the real instigators of those wars, and upon their memory rests the stain of blood and crime.

Pemaquid usually called in historical writings, "Ancient Pemaquid," was the English fortress and stronghold of the debatable country east of the Kennebec, which France claimed as indisputably part and parcel of Acadia, and which England disputed as part of New England; her claim being based upon the voyages and settlements which I have mentioned and discussed at some length in previous chapters; but in fact and in historical truth her claim can rest only upon the act of Captain Argall at St. Sauveur, that unwarranted and outrageous violation of international law.

But this makes Pemaquid an important point as the English outpost, and its history interesting and instructive. Its history, its commanding position in the day of its youth, its unimportance except as a waymark in later days to the student of history, illustrates the movement of empire, the strange fate which befalls the works and plans of man. Once it was the bulwark of English Protestantism in the east, the virtual, if not actual, capital of the Province of Maine, a military post and trading center second in importance only to Boston; now a summer resort, a fishing hamlet, known to but few of the general public as a part of the town of Bristol. Many such examples of the ebb and flow of the tide of empire, in a small way are to be found in Maine; of interest now to no one but the antiquary.

I will instance but one more,—I mention it because several times within late years its name has come into brief and passing prominence in the newspapers by reason of the fact of buried money of a coinage prior to 1607, when Waymouth made his voyage to the Kennebec, having been discovered there,—Richmond's Island, near Portland. This was in early days an important post. A considerable settlement with an English church was founded there. Ships discharged their cargoes and reloaded for Europe; courts were held there, and the settlement was the center of the interest of a wide territory. All this has long since disappeared, and today a few farm houses are all that remain to mark the spot of a once infant metropolis.

CHAPTER XXII

The First Deed From an Indian Chief and Herein Concerning Our Titles to Our Lands

Among the other interesting chronicles of first events to transpire in America, the fact deserves particular mention that the first bill of exchange to be drawn in America was drawn in Maine in the year 1623 by Abraham Shurt upon Robert Aldworth and Gyles Elbridge of Bristol, England, in favor of Ambrose Jennens of London, who was at that time owner of Monhegan Island, for the purchase price of the island, for the sum of fifty pounds sterling. This purchase was also the first written conveyance of real estate in New England.

The word Pemaquid is a very ancient word of Indian origin. It is supposed to mean a promontory, land reaching out into the sea. The region of Pemaquid like the French Acadia, was of very indefinite extent, although never of such extent as Acadia. It seems to have embraced Monhegan and the neighboring islands, also the cluster of Damariscove Island, and the Pemaquid peninsular proper.

The name of Pemaquid will always remain an important one in the annals of these regions for another reason. Pemaquid was the home of the Indian Chief, or Sagamore, or Lord, Samoset, or Somerset, of schoolboy-history fame, for that matter of a fame worthy of illumining the pages of more sober and unromantic

history. Samoset it was who greeted the Pilgrims at Plymouth with his,—"much welcome, Englishmen." Governor Bradford says that he "came boldly amongst them, and spoke to them in broken English, which they could well understand, but marvelled at it. At length they understood, by discourse with him, that he was not of these parts (Plymouth) but belonged to ye eastern parts, where some English ships came to fish, with whom he was acquainted, and could name sundrie of them by their names, amongst whom he had got his language." "He had a bow and two arrows, a leather about his waist, with a fringe about a span long, or little more."

In the year 1625 the first deed of real estate was made from Indian Chiefs to an Englishman, Samoset and Unongoit conveyed to John Brown, as follows:

"To all whom it may concern. Know ye, that I, Captain John Somerset and Unongoit, Indian Sagamores, they being the proper heirs to all the lands on both sides of Muscongus River, have bargained and sold to John Brown, of New Harbour, this certain tract or parcel of land as followeth, that is to say, beginning at Pemaquid Falls and so running a direct course to the head of New Harbour, from thence to the South End of Muscongus Island, taking in the island, and so running five and twenty miles into the country north and by east, and thence eight miles northwest and by west, and then turning and running south and by west, to Pemaquid, where first begun. To all which lands above bounded, the said Captain John Somerset and Unongoit, Indian Sagamores, have granted and made over to the above said John Brown, of New Harbour, in and for consideration of fifty skins, to us in hand paid, to our full satisfaction, for the above mentioned lands and we the above said Indian Sagamores,

do bind ourselves and our heirs forever, to defend the above said John Brown and his heirs in the quiet and peaceable possession of the above lands. In witness whereunto, I the said Captain John Somerset and Unongoit, have set our hands and seals this fifteenth day of July in the year of our Lord God, one thousand six hundred and twenty-five.

Captain John Somerset

His
x
Mark
his
Unongoit x (L. S.)
mark

Signed and sealed in presence of us:
Matthew Newman,
William Cox,

Unongoit was satisfied with a cross for signature. But Samoset, as proud as any Baron of the Middle Ages, must have a symbol more characteristic of himself than the humble cross, so he traces the figure of a bow and arrow for signature.

Governor Pownall, in the year 1765, wrote concerning these deeds: "The European land workers, when they came to settle in America, began trading with the Indians, and obtained leave of them to cultivate small tracts as settlements or dwellings. The Indians, having no other idea of property than what was conformable to their transient, temporary dwelling-places, readily granted this. When they came to perceive the very different effect of settlements of landworkers creating a permanent property, always extending its self, they became uneasy; but yet, in the true spirit of justice and honor, abided by the effects of concessions which they had made, but which they would not have

made, had they understood beforehand the force of them."

This opens a great question of political philosophy, —the foundation and nature of man's right to property in the land, a subject which I have no intention of discussing, had I even the temerity to attempt such an undertaking within the limits of an article of this nature. But I may say in passing, that we American people cannot submit to scrutiny the title by which we hold the land upon which we have built our towns and cities, our wealth and civilization; we do not dare to examine our national conscience (if I may be permitted to employ such a figure of speech,) else, if we did, were we not thick-skinned and materialistic, we would be overwhelmed by the consciousness of the debt of restitution which we never can liquidate.

We may pass with barely a thought the fact that English sovereigns had no rights, founded upon the principles of justice and the fundamentals of international law, to assume to grant vast tracts of land in this country to their subjects. For the sovereigns did not receive the title to the soil by gift of God;—as Francis I of France said,—"he would like to see the clause in Adam's will which made this continent the exclusive possession of his brothers of Spain and Portugal." Discovery will give right in the case of an uninhabited land, but it will not oust the original possessors of an inhabited land. The right by conquest is applicable only in the case of a just cause of war; conquest in an unjust cause is criminal aggression. And as to purchase of the Indian's land, the very statement of the word is to laugh, were it not for the shameful and pitiable memories it conjures up. Read again the first deed which I have copied into this essay, and notice the consideration paid to the two

chiefs for this valuable and extensive tract of land,—fifty skins; and remember that most of the purchases made afterwards were for even less valuable considerations. Pretended purchases they were; and based upon deceit and misunderstanding. The Indian's conception of ownership of the land was the right to hunt over it. He had no objection to deeding the same right in his land to the Englishman, and he innocently deeded the same right in the same parcel of land to two, three and more Englishmen in succession, thus furnishing the Englishman a pretext for making war upon him and punishing him by taking more land away from him, this time by "conquest."

The real foundation of land titles by which the Englishman gained possession of this country is, of course, the smug and self-satisfied doctrine that to those who can make the best use of it belongs the earth, the doctrine of the "white man's burden," which is also the argument of the "special interests," likewise the argument of the highway robber and the second story man.

The logical results of that argument may be read in the pages of the early history of this country. We have only to contrast the record of bloodshed and burnings of the English settlers of New England with the peaceful progress of Champlain and the Jesuits in Acadia and Canada, in the forests of Maine, and on the waters of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, the armed soldiers of France, the black robed soldiers of the Cross, whose record is unsullied by so much as even one act of treachery or violence in all that vast extent of country and in a period of more than one hundred and fifty years.

The black flag of piracy waved along the coast of Maine in those days. I do not refer to the better

known pirates who sailed the high seas, infested the Spanish main, and sometimes, at rare intervals, appeared off the coast of Maine; but to a home product of piracy, of not so ambitious a description as that which has figured in the pages of history and fiction, but doubtless just as fearful to the settlers in Maine, and perhaps more dangerous and disastrous.

As usually happens in a new country, enough of the refuse and scum of the world had drifted to New England to give Maine its share .One Dixy Bull had been robbed by a band of marauders, so he himself called about him a company of desperadoes and entered upon a career of open piracy along the coast. They captured several vessels at sea, and took the fort at Pemaquid. Captain Neale at Piscataqua fitted out a little fleet of four pinaces and shallops and forty men to fight the pirates. This is the first fleet and naval demonstration fitted out from New England which history records. This gave rise to an occurrence which deserves mention as furnishing a striking example of the bigotry and intolerance of the Puritans.

It will be remembered that the greater part of the English settlers in Maine were not of the same faith as the Massachusetts settlers. The latter were Puritans and Dissenters. Neale wrote Winthrop at Boston asking aid to suppress the pirates, and Winthrop was notified that the outrage had been perpetrated by the pirates at Richmond Island. But Richmond's Island was a high church plantation; so (says Winthrop in his journal) "the Governor thought best to sit still a while, partly because he heard that Captain Neale were gone after them, and partly because of the season it then being the season of frost and snow." This was the twenty-second day of October. There must have been a great change in the

climate of New England since Winthrop's time if there was enough snow and frosts in the month of October to prevent an expedition setting out.

The little love which the Puritans had for the Maine people may be imagined from the following incident. Henry Jocelyn, one of the Royal Commissioners appointed by the Crown, lived in Maine for several years and returned to England in 1671. He describes the people of Maine in these words: "Magistrates, Husbandmen or Planters and fishermen; of the magistrates—some be royalists, the rest perversed spirits, the like are the planters and fishers, of which some be planters and fishers both, others meer fishers; there are but few handscraftmen, and no shopkeepers; English goods being kept by the Massachusetts merchants, here and there, on the coast, at a profit of one per cent. in exchange for fish." "They have a custom of taking tobacco, sleeping at noon, sitting long at meals sometimes four times a day, and now and then drinking a dram of the bottle extraordinary; the smoking of tobaccao, if moderately used, refresheth the weary very much, and so doth sleep." Of the fishermen, he says: "To every shallop belong four fishermen, a Master or Steersman, a midship-man, and a Foremastman, and a shoreman who washes it out of the salt, and dries it upon hurdles pitcht upon stakes breast high and tends their cookery; these often get in one voyage Eight or Nine pound a man for their shares, but it doth some of them little good, for there comes in a walking tavern, a bark laden with the Legitimate bloud of the rich grape, the conclusion of which is the costly sin of drunkenness." "Of this nature are people in the Dukes Province, who, not long before I left the country, petitioned Massachusetts to take them into their government; Birds of a feather will rally together."

CHAPTER XXIV

Conduct of the English Towards the Indians as Proven from English History

In a previous article I have quoted from a writer whose view of Maine history is distorted by his anti-Catholic and anti-Jesuit prejudices,—J. Wingate Thornton, author of "Ancient Pemaquid," (Coll. Me. Hist. Soc. Vol. V) quoting the exact words with which he introduces his narrative of the Indian wars fought upon the soil of Maine. He says that it is in harmony with all history that the cause of the war was the conduct of the Jesuits who had for years gone from Sachem to Sachem exasperating the Indians against the English. To show the utter inability and lack of capacity of such writers to view history in the light of reason and fairness, it is only necessary to say that in the very next breath he unwittingly admits the falseness of his premises. For in the next paragraph he says: "Henry Sawyer of York sent the first news of the Indian troubles about Plymouth, to the Kennebec, on the eleventh of July 1675. In the spring of 1676, one Laughton from Piscataqua, or that vicinity, enticed some Indians about Cape Sable aboard his vessel and sold them into slavery."

Also, we find Mr. Thornton saying: "The summer of 1694 was a bloody time. On the approach of winter, Bomazeen, the Chief of the Norridgwocks, who had signed the treaty the year before, and was the ring leader in the brutalities and murders perpetrated

upon the English, appeared beneath the walls of Pemaquid, with a flag of truce, pretending he and his companions were just arrived from Canada, acknowledging their crimes, and promising better for the future. The following account was from one present at the interview. November 19th (1694) Bomazeen, with ten or a dozen men called over the barbican, desiring to speak with Captain March, and set up a flag, by which they did implicitely own themselves enemies and breakers of the peace. We did not put out ours until an hour or two after theirs; would have persuaded them there was no reason for it; minding them of the late agreement at Pemaquid: but they called earnestly for it.

"We resolved to seize Bomazeen at any rate, except positive violation of promise. We made no other promise before he came over but that we would be glad of his company, would treat him kindly, and do him no hurt. After he was seized, we told him the same and observed it punctually, so long as he stayed here; but withal told him we must know who did the mischief at Oyster River and Groton, etc., of which they made themselves ignorant; why the peace was so soon broken and by whom; that they must go to Boston and abide there till Sheepscote John was sent to fetch in the other Sagamores, and then they would come again with some of the English to treat, etc. We thought it not unlawful nor culpable to apprehend such perfideous villians and traitors (though under a white rag) that have so often falsified their promise to the English, viz: at Cocheco, at Casco Fort, at Oyster River and other places; that make no conscience of breaking the peace whenever it serves their turn, although never so solemnly confirmed with subscriptions and oaths. They have no regard to the

law of nations and therefore deserve no human respect. Besides, we are credibly informed, they came with a certain design to destroy their Majesties' fort, here, under pretense of trade, friendship, etc., and so they are fallen into a pit of their own digging. Neither did we aim at anything more than their detainment as prisoners, supposing some advantage might occur to the poor captives, if not to the country thereby.

If your honors judge it not fairly done, they are now in your hands to dispose of and deal with them as may be for their Majesties honors, and as the circumstances of the case require."

Evidently, "their honors" judged it fairly done, even though it was done under a "white rag," for they kept the Indian in a vile and unhealthy prison at Boston for a long time.

In addition to the acts of treachery of the English and their numerous violations of the laws of civilized warfare, it must be admitted that they gave frequent exhibitions of disgraceful cowardice. July 14th, 1694. the French under Iberville laid siege to Pemaquid. The fort at Pemaquid was commanded by a Captain Chubb. The following is the account of the surrender. (Hutchinson's Mass. II. 88-90.)

"Captain March, who was a good officer, had resigned the command of the fort a few months before, and was succeeded by a very different man, Captain Chubb. Iberville, upon his arrival, sent a summons to surrender. Chubb returned a vain, foolish answer, 'that if the sea was covered with French vessels and the land with Indians, yet he would not give up the fort.' The Indians thereupon began their fire, and return was made by the musketry and with a few cannons from the fort. This brought the first day to a close. In the night, Iberville landed his cannon and

mortars; and the next day, before three in the afternoon, he had raised his batteries, and thrown five bombs into the fort, to the great terror of Chubb and his garrison. Castine, about this time, found some way of conveying a letter into the fort, and let them know, that, if they delayed surrendering until the assault was made, they would have to do with the savages, and must expect no quarter, for he had seen the King's order to Iberville to give none. This did the business; the chamade was beat immediately, and the fort was surrendered, upon the terms offered by the French, that the garrison should be sent to Boston, and exchanged for the like number of French and Indian prisoners; only, a special security or engagement was insisted upon from the French commander, that their persons should be protected against the rage of the Indians."

"Chubb's conduct was universally censured, and at first he was put under arrest, but came off without any punishment other than being laid aside. The fort had fifteen cannon mounted, and ninety able men to manage them, no want of ammunition or stores. The French supposed that if there had been a brave defense, the event would have been doubtful; at least, that the fort could not have been carried without a great loss of men; and attributed the surrender to the cowardice of the garrison, who compelled the commander to act contrary to his own inclination."

The same writer says: "The reason of the garrison's requiring extraordinary caution against the rage of the Indians, was this: They were conscious of their own cruelty and barbarity, and feared revenge, and a security from it might probably hasten the surrender, lest it should afterwards not be in their power to obtain it. In the month of February before, Egremet, a

chief of the Machias Indians, came to the fort, to treat upon the exchange of prisoners. Chubb with some of his garrison fell upon the Indians in the midst of the treaty, when they thought themselves most secure, murdered Egremet and Abenquid with two others. Toxus and some others escaped, and some remained prisoners; one Indian was found in the fort in irons when the French took possession of it."

The reader is reminded that the foregoing quotations are from non-Catholic sources, not from Catholic, and not only from non-Catholic, but in most cases from the strongest anti-Catholic, anti-Jesuit, and anti-French writers. I have not yet begun to give the French and Catholic side of the story.

Surely, the fair minded reader of history must be satisfied that it is the truth, that if the Indians did, as in fact they did, commit outrages upon the English in Maine—they were goaded to the doing of it by the inhuman treatment of the English. It is almost inconceivable at this day, and it would be unbelievable if we did not have it on the authority of the partizans of the English Protestant cause, that Englishmen, calling themselves Christians, could have committed such acts of wanton cruelty and barbarity upon the Indians.

The French, after the capture of the fort of Pemaquid, demolished it, and returned to the Penobscot River. This was the close of the first period of the history of Pemaquid. Pemaquid was desolate, its inhabitants dead or scattered.

English historians have often related the story of the massacre of the English garrison at Fort Loyal, now Portland, by the Indian allies of the French in June 1690. It has always been employed as a clear and unanswerable proof that the French were demons of cruelty. But two facts should be remembered in

this case—first the French were not able to restrain the Indians, and second, the Indians themselves were only avenging similar massacres perpetrated by those other Indians who were English allies. The history of the Fort Loyal affairs deserves some consideration.

The administration of Canada, under the Governors, La Barre and de Denouville, was lax for the times, and the fierce Iroquois lost respect for the military prowess of the French. Consequently, on the night of August 4, 1689, during a wild storm, 1500 Iroquois landed from their canoes on the shores of Lac St. Louis, and without warning fell upon the village of La Chine, murdering the inhabitants in their beds, before the poor wretches had even an opportunity to realize what had happened.

When the news of this outrage reached Louis XIV, he aroused himself enough to send Louis de Frontenac, one of the greatest soldiers of the time, and one of the greatest governors of Canada, to Quebec to serve again as governor. As war had again been declared between France and England, King Louis gave Frontenac the order to exterminate the whole English seaboard, but, as men and arms were sorely needed in Europe, Louis neglected to provide Frontenac with the means for accomplishing this ambitious order.

Although Frontenac had not at his command the necessary troops to carry war in good earnest into the English colonies, he had enough French, and their Indian allies, with his own indomitable courage, resourcefulness and military spirit to strike terror into the hearts of the Iroquios, and to teach them not to repeat the La Chine massacre elsewhere. In the winter of 1689 he organized three expeditions, and sent them one to Schenectady, N. Y., one to Salmon Falls on the Piscataqua, and the third to Fort Loyal, now Portland.

It was early in June that the French and Hurons attacked the Casco Bay settlement. The English had a garrison here, and it required six days of siege before they surrendered. They were promised protection by the French commander, and it should be said to his credit and in his defense, that he certainly tried to make good his promise, but he could as easily stem the tide, or stay the storm-king, as restrain the wild and blood-thirsty Indians. The usual massacre occurred. But, as we said before, it might almost be called the fashion of the times. And certainly, if the La Chine massacre had not happened, history would not have to record the Fort Loyal Massacre.

Unfortunately most writers of history of this period forget, or neglect, this sequence of events.

By the treaty of Ryswick, September 10th, 1697, Acadia, whose career was that of a pendulum swinging back and forth between England and France, was ceded to France. The English fishermen and traders were driven from the coast of Maine, the French were firmly established as far west as the Kennebec, and Catholic priests were teaching and preaching among the Abenaqui Indians.

It may interest the reader to know that among the numerous historic remains (I can hardly say ruins) of those old days of romantic history in Maine, the outlines of the old fort at Pemaquid, and the rock which formed the bomb-proof of the magazine, may still be discerned at this place on the coast.

CHAPTER XXV

England's Title to Maine Obtained by Treachery and Maintained by Violence

In the last chapter I quoted from Thornton's "Ancient Pemaquid". Now, let us call the greatest authority of all as a witness,—Williamson: Writing of the beginning of the Indian wars, the war commonly called in English writings, "King Phillip's War," he says: (Volume 1, page 517) "This war has been ascribed to various causes. It has been represented with some spleen as well as truth, that the English were the aggressors. The generous treatment and welcome they first received from the natives had been repaid, as accusers say, by kidnapping their benefactors, by disturbing their hunting grounds and fisheries, and by 'a shameful mismanagement of the fur and peltry trade.' In the gradual encroachments of the white people, the Indians foresaw the danger of being totally exiled from their native country. They complained of imposition—for instance an Anasagunticook said, 'he had probably given 100 pounds sterling for water drawn out of Purchas' well.' To nothing European were the natives more passionately attached than the hunting gun; as it afforded them the necessary means of procuring a sustenance. Still, they said, 'The English refused to sell them firearms and ammunition, though they were at times ready to starve and perish; whereas the French were free and cheerful to

supply them with whatever they wished.' Nay, the Sagamores knew the English looked upon them and their tribes with a distrustful eye, and considered them as an inferior order of being; while they themselves believed, the Great Spirit, who gave them existence, had also given them absolute rights in the country of their birth, and the land of their fathers. Many traditional stories of injuries they had received were collected, (for Indians never forget) and often rehearsed in a manner calculated to arouse and influence their resentments."

Also, on page 519, he says: "But the far-famed Squando, who had cherished a bitter antipathy against the English, had recently been affronted in a manner which greatly provoked his resentment. As his squaw was passing along the river Saco in a canoe, with her infant child, she was accosted by several rude sailors who having heard that the Indian children could swim as naturally as the young of irrational animals, approached her, and in a fit of inconsiderate humor, overset the canoe to try the experiment. The child sank, and though the mother, diving, brought it up alive, it soon after died, and the parents imputed its death to the ill-treatment received. So highly did this exasperate Squando, that he resolved to use all his arts and influence to arouse and inflame the Indians against the settlers."

Let the reader, who is a Christian, and whose conduct and mode of life and mental attitude have been determined by the influence of generations of Christian civilization, consider what he would do if some foreigners should submit his wife and children to such treatment as that which Williamson relates in the above quoted passage.

It is deserving of especial notice that the historian

says that the English did not dare to supply the natives with firearms, but he admits that the French could do so with perfect safety to themselves. In studying all the writings of all the historians who have treated this period of our history, the student will be impressed by the fact that the writers cannot give a satisfactory reason for the hostility of the natives towards the English. And also, although they deal in glittering generalities to the effect that the French were in some way responsible for that hostility, make general sweeping statements about the unreliability of the "Romish" French and the "dishonesty" of the Jesuit priests, they never produce one concrete example to sustain their sweeping charges. And, to the contrary, these writers themselves frequently mention instances of the English violating promises and breaking treaties and committing acts of hostility in time of peace. An instance of the latter occurs to me now. In the year 1654, twenty years after the Peace of St. Germain, by which Acadia had been ceded to the French by England, the English fitted out an expedition against the Dutch and secret instructions were given to the captains of the ship that when they had reduced the Dutch colony, they should turn their arms against Acadia and make conquest of it. The French were taken by surprise, as this was a time of peace, and the English met with no resistance at the Penobscot nor at the river St. John. La Tour was in command at the St. John. In a few weeks the whole province of Acadia was reduced to subjection by the English. The French protested to the English cabinet and complained of this as an unprovoked outrage, but to no avail. Several other instances could be cited; but I think I have already in this, and the preceding chapters, sufficiently proved my contention,—that a view of all the early history

of Maine shows that the English possession was obtained by violence and a breach of faith in the first instance, and was maintained by repeated acts of violence and treachery towards both the French and the Indians afterwards.

I do not at all mean to argue that the Indian allies of the French, were not guilty of acts of cruelty and treachery during the wars. After the fighting was well begun, there is little choice between the two sides. History contains no more horrible tale than the massacre which followed the surrender of Fort Loyal at Falmouth. On the other hand, in the same year, Major Benjamin Church commanded an expedition of the English which attacked a party of Indians at a fort on the western side of the Lower Falls of the Androscoggin (where the town of Brunswick now stands). The Indian warriors made their escape and Major Church captured several squaws and a great number of Indian children. Their fates are related in these words of Williamson, (Volume 1, page 625,) "But it is painful to relate, and nowise creditable to the usual humanity of Major Church, that the rest of the females, except two or three old squaws, also the unoffending children, were put to the tomahawk or sword."

Many others of such instances can be cited from Williamson himself. But now, let us consider again the frequent repetition of the charges by Williamson and the other writers of this period of history, that the Jesuits were the instigators of the outrages committed by the Indians. Williamson says, (Volume 1. page 639) "Fit instruments to effect this purpose were the French missionaries. The four or five who were prominent in this service, were M. Thury, Vincent and Jacques Bigot, and Sebastin Ralle,—all of whom were ardent and bold enthusiasts, always ready with tearful eye,

to preach from a text in their creed,—that 'it is no sin to break faith with heretics.'" Such passages occur frequently in the writings of these historians. But the reader will notice that however carefully he may search for proof to sustain the charges, for even one well authentic instance, no proof is forthcoming. From cover to cover of the books of these historians, not one instance of such acts as are charged against the Jesuits is produced to sustain the charge. The closest that Williamson comes to proving his charge is the following from page 641 of Volume 1. Bomazeen, the Sagamore, had been captured when on a visit to Pemaquid, and was taken to Boston, as I have related. The following conversation is quoted: "In conversation with a clergyman of Boston, Bomazeen said, 'the Indians understand the Virgin Mary was a French lady, and her son, Jesus Christ, the blessed, was murdered by the English; but has since risen and gone to heaven, and all who would gain his pleasure must avenge his blood.'" Now, admitting that the Indian said that, it must be remembered that he was a prisoner and in danger of his life, and it is not at all surprising that he would craftily say things calculated to please his hearers and to deceive them into thinking that he was ready to renounce allegiance to France and to the Catholic Church, both of which he knew were cordially hated by the English Puritans of Boston.

CHAPTER XXVI

An Eloquent Indian Chief

It is practically impossible, in the limits of a work of this nature, to treat at any length the history of the Indian wars. To do so would be to write a history of Maine, a purpose which I have, as my readers remember, expressly disclaimed. No other State of the present American Union has such a history of fighting and wars as Maine. Williamson, the historian of Maine, whose exhaustive history I have frequently quoted, discussed and criticized (I hope fairly), in beginning his relation of the fourth Indian war, begun in 1722 (Volume II, Chapter IV.) discusses the situation and the condition of the Indians at that time, and relates a part of the conversation had between the English officers and the Indian chiefs. I desire to quote his relation of that conversation, because, among other reasons, it demonstrates a fact which I have more than once in these chapters mentioned, that is, the strange obsession of a learned and scholarly writer by the evil genius of religious bigotry, which leads him to blindly ignore inevitable deductions from admitted facts.

He says that the Indians in their frequent negotiations and individual parleys and conversations with the English were frank to open their hearts. These were his words: "But why, one inquired of them, are you so strongly attached to the French from whom you can never receive so much benefit as from the Eng-

lish? A sachem gravely answered, 'Because the French have taught us to pray unto God, which Englishmen never did.' A summary of thoughts and expressions dropped by the Indians at different times will show their views.—'Frenchmen speak and act in our behalf. They feed us with good things we need, and they make us presents. They never take away our lands. No, but their kind missionaries come and tell us how to pray, and how to worship the Great Spirit. When the day is darkened by clouds, our French brothers give us council. In trade with them, we have good articles, full weight and free measure. Indians and white men have one Great Father. He has given every tribe of us a goodly river, which yields us fine salmon and other fish. Their borders are wide and pleasant. Here the Indians from oldest times have hunted the bear, the moose, the beaver. It is our own country, where our fathers died, where ourselves and our children were born; we can never leave it. The Indian has rights and loves good things as well as the Englishman. Yes, we have a sense too of what is kind and great. When you first came from the morning waters, we took you into our open arms; we thought you children of the sun; we fed you with our best meat; never went a white man cold and starving from the cabin of an Indian. Do we speak the truth? But you have returned us evil for good. You put the flaming cup to our lips; it filled our veins with poison; it wasted the pride of our strength. Aye, and when the fit was on, you took advantage, you made gains of us. You made our beaver cheap; then you paid us in watered rum and trifles. We shed your blood; we avenged your affronts. Then you promised us equal trade, and good commodities. Have Christian Englishmen lived up to their promises? Never, for they asked leave of our

fathers to dwell in the land as brothers. It was freely granted. The earth is for the life and range of man. We are now told the country spreading far from the sea is passed away to you forever, perhaps for nothing, because of the names and seals of our Sagamores. Such deeds be far from them. They never turned their children from their homes to suffer. Their hearts were too full of love and kindness, their souls too great. Whither should we go? There is no land so much our own, none half so dear to us. Why flee before our destroyers? We fear them not, sooner far we'll sing the war song, and again light up the council fires; so shall the great spirits of our fathers own their sons. To take our lands from us, the English lawmakers and rulers themselves, as some folks tell us, have long ago forbidden you. All the forts and mills built again are contrary to treaty and must be laid low. The white men shall give more place to Indians, so shall the lines and extent we require to see established be where we please to have them."

In reading the foregoing, one cannot but be impressed by the eloquence of the speaker, as well as the sound sense and justice of the sentiments expressed. We find Williamson admitting that no matter how hard pressed the Indians were, however reduced by famine and the loss of warriors, when they met the English to draft a treaty of peace, they would sacrifice every hope of peace rather than give up their missionaries. As is well known to all readers of the history of this period, the English conceived a bitter hatred towards the missionary priests; and to justify that hatred, they pretended to believe that the Indians would live in peace and quiet were it not for the evil machinations of the Jesuit priests.

After the peace of Ryswick, September 11th, 1693,

between France and England, the English met the Indians at Mare Point, now a part of Brunswick, to draw up a treaty. The English wanted to stipulate that the French missionaries at Norridgewock, and at the Penobscot and the Androscoggin should be withdrawn. The Indians consented to exchange prisoners, and agreed to all else, but they would not consent to lose their missionaries.

I have found considerable pleasure in pointing out many curious features of the history of these times about which I am writing, and in calling attention to some facts which are not generally known and to other facts which have been generally misunderstood for generations. It may be of interest to know the reason why the publication of the Laws of Maine is to this day called the "Acts and Resolves." There is now no reason for the title, "Resolves." But the history of the word thus used is curious. The Charter of William and Mary of October 7th, 1691, for the government of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, provided for a General Court, which should be an elective legislative body. This General Court was given full power to enact orders, laws, statutes and ordinances, but all such were to be transmitted to the king for his approval under the royal signature by the first opportunity. If, however, any one of them were not expressly disallowed by him in privy council within three years, it had, after that period, the full force and effect of law the same as if it bore the royal signature. This was manifestly inconvenient. But at least it had some beneficial results, for great pains were taken to render the enacted bills perfect, also it was a salutary check upon the tendency of the legislative body to enact a needless multiplication of statutes,—that bane of modern legislation. However, to avoid transmitting every minor

legislative measure across the ocean the General Court often acted by "Resolves." This was found to be a convenient way of "side-stepping" the letter of the Charter, and the practice grew. The reason for the name "Resolve" no longer exists, but to this day the laws of Maine and of some other States are entitled the "Acts and Resolves."

CHAPTER XXVII

The Civil War Between De La Tour and Aulnay Charnisay

Let us turn back the pages of history again, and take up the story of the first French settlers in Acadia that we may consider the strange civil war which raged in Acadia between two French Lords of the New World.

When Biencourt, the son of de Poutrincourt, became a wanderer in the wilderness, after the breaking up of the Port Royal settlement under de Poutrincourt, his companion was Charles de la Tour. They joined themselves to the bands of roving Indians, lived their life, and became so identified with them that they were almost Indians themselves.

Biencourt died in 1622, and de la Tour succeeded to his claims to lordship in Acadia.

But now, let us return, for the moment to the English claim to Acadia. King James I, in 1621 granted to Sir William Alexander, afterwards Earl of Stirling, the English claim to Acadia. At the request of James' successor,—King Charles, Sir William fitted out an expedition for the purpose of enforcing the English claim, and placed in charge a certain David Kirk, a French Huguenot who had renounced his allegiance to France and become an English subject. Kirk captured some French ships, and among his prisoners was Claude de la Tour, the father of Charles de la Tour. Although we know that Charles, the son, was a Catholic, at least in name; his father, Claude, was a Hugue-

not. As some excuse for the conduct of Claude, it should be said that at that time religious ties were often stronger than the ties of country. Claude de la Tour was received in such a flattering manner in England that his loyalty to his native country was overcome, and he agreed to join hands with the English in the endeavor to wrest Acadia from France, or, as he put it,—"to save Acadia from the Jesuits." But Claude went a step too far,—he pledged the co-operation of his son, Charles.

Under the patronage of Sir William Alexander, he sailed for Acadia at the head of an expedition. When he arrived, he interviewed his son; and to his surprise and chagrin Charles refused to surrender his allegiance to France at the bidding of his father. The father urged and argued; but to no effect. He threatened war; but Charles answered that he would fight for France against his own father. He even went so far as to land troops and march against the fort; but Charles defended with so much vigor that the English retired.

Claude found himself in a quandary. He could not return to England and admit that all his plans had miscarried through the obstinancy of his son in clinging to his honorable allegiance to France; and he could not remain in Acadia except by sufferance of his son. Finally he chose the latter course, and was allowed to live in Acadia, in a certain style of independence.

The French government rewarded Charles de la Tour by appointing him Lieutenant Governor of Acadia and its dependencies. Although, as I have intimated, he was no more than a nominal Catholic, we find him acting as patron and protector of the Recollect Fathers who maintained a mission on the Penobscot for several years. I think it can fairly be pre-

sumed that his reason for this act of protectorship of the Recollect missionaries was because his great rival and enemy, D'Aulnay Charnisay, was the patron of the Capuchin Fathers who had mission stations on the Kennebec and Penobscot, as we shall a little farther on relate.

It should be noted in passing, that many historians, including Williamson, have frequently confused the father and son de la Tour, especially in regard to the missions.

The strange and romantic civil war which Charles de la Tour and d'Aulnay Charnisay carried on against each other for the possession and lordship of Acadia makes a most interesting chapter in our history. It is at some times almost comic; but at all times tragic. The amusing part of it is the effort which both made to enlist the Massachusetts English in the service of one or the other. The tragic part of it is the suffering of the noble lady who was the wife of de la Tour, and who at times was forced to bear the brunt of the contest on her own weak shoulders. One result of the war was that many French settlements along the coast of Maine, and on the Penobscot and Kennebec Rivers, were broken up, and another was, without doubt, that the missionary work of the Recollet and Capuchin Fathers was interfered with and greatly injured.

De La Tour's fort was on the St. John River, opposite what is now Navy Island; it commanded the river and harbor. Here Charles lived in state as a feudal lord and baron, with his wife, his retainers, and servants. A lonely life this noble lady must have lived, with no equals and no society worth mingling with. Her only associates were her children and the servants and Indians, for her noble lord was away ranging the woods and hills most of his days.

Of these two rivals and enemies, Charnisay was by all odds the shrewder. Early in their troubles he made haste to go to France and secure influence at court; while de la Tour remained in Acadia attending to the government of his territories and the carrying on of his fur trades and fishing industries. Charnisay secured an order from the King requiring de la Tour to return to France and make answer to the charges and claims which he had preferred against him. The King further authorized Charnisay to arrest de la Tour and bring him to France if he failed to come of his own accord. This was an order more easily made than executed. As a result of this order the fighting began. De la Tour strengthened his fort and his defenses, and bade defiance to Charnisay and the King's order. In this act he, of course, made himself an outlaw. From this point on Charnisay had him at a disadvantage in law; but Charnisay's own methods will hardly bear scrutiny either. Charnisay dared not attack the fort at this time with any hope of carrying it. He returned to France to obtain assistance to overpower his rival.

Now we come to the strange, almost ludicrous efforts of each side to enlist the English of Massachusetts in the struggle. De la Tour turned his eyes to Boston. He sent a messenger to Boston to treat with the English, and with many hints of a community of religious interests he proposed an alliance of offense and defense. The canny Englishmen of Boston held back and returned fair words only. De la Tour persisted and sent messenger after messenger. Then Charnisay put his own hand into this game of politics and himself sent a messenger to Governor Winthrop at Boston with the word that de la Tour was a rebel against his King, an outlaw under the laws of all nations.

At the same time he obtained help in France, securing five vessels and five hundred men. Now, de la Tour began to realize the need of help from France, and he in his turn appealed to his family's Huguenot friends at Rochelle, giving them to understand that this was a religious war. He could not have made a shrewder move, for the cry of religious persecution was all that was needed to arouse the Huguenots of Rochelle. They in their turn fitted out an armed vessel with one hundred and forty men, and sent them to Acadia to fight in this holy war of religion.

This ship arrived off Fort La Tour to find the place blockaded by Charnisay's ships. La Tour and his wife slipped out of the fort, under cover of darkness one night, got aboard a ship of their friends, and sailed for Boston. He had decided to apply in person to the English for help. After a long conference with Governor Winthrop, and his Councilors, it was finally decided by the English Colonists to permit de la Tour to hire men and vessels in Boston. La Tour chartered four vessels, fifty-two men, and ninety-two soldiers. This partial siding of Boston men with La Tour against Charnisay aroused great opposition, and protests from many parts of New England, especially from the English in Piscataqua; and Endicott, afterwards Governor of the colony, wrote from Salem to the Governor, expressing his fears at having anything to do with "these idolatrous French."

Charnisay did not know what was going on in Boston, and was surprised when La Tour's fleet of five ships arrived off St. John. He did not wait to give battle, but fled to Port Royal. One circumstance is sufficient to show the bitter enmity which existed between these two men. About this time Charnisay went back to France, and found that the Lady de la

Tour was in France in the interest of obtaining aid for her husband. Instead of regarding her as a devoted wife of an honorable enemy, he procured an order for her arrest on the ground that she was equally, with her husband, a traitor to the King. She escaped to England. De la Tour, after making repeated entreaties for aid from the English of Boston, found that he could expect nothing from that quarter. After many hardships, and much wandering, the Lady de La Tour arrived safely at the fort on the St. John.

At one time, in the absence of Charles, she defended the fort herself, as commander, against an attack by Charnisay, but finally, on the 12th of April, 1645, Charnisay succeeded in capturing the fort. After a brilliant resistance, the Lady de La Tour, who was still alone, and the commandant in the absence of her husband, to save the lives of her few followers capitulated to Charnisay. Once Charnisay took possession, he broke his word, and caused the whole garrison to be hanged. Doubtless, also, he desired to murder Lady de La Tour, but dared not. But he did almost as much. He compelled her to be present at the execution of her soldiers, with a rope around her neck, like one who was about to be executed. The shock of all these terrible events was too much for this poor woman, and she shortly afterwards died.

The names of two great French women stand out as brilliant stars among the galaxy of heroic souls, who lived and took their part in the making of this land in those early days. Those two women, the greatest of all the women whose names and fortunes were commingled with those of the men who helped in the building of this country are Madame de Guercheville, who gave her private fortune for the founding of a French colony

in Acadia, and Madame de la Tour, who gave her life to the defending of a French colony in Acadia.

It is not necessary to give further minute details of the remainder of the lives of La Tour and Charnisay. La Tour afterwards went to Quebec and New Foundland, and was absent from Acadia for four years. During that period Charnisay was certainly in the ascendancy in Acadia.

In 1650, however, he met his death by drowning in the river of Port Royal. Such was the end of one of the most bitter, cruel and relentless men who had a hand in the making of history of this period.

De La Tour took advantage of Charnisay's death to regain the ascendancy in Acadia, and in 1653 he married the widow of Charnisay. And, so, those two families, after years of bitter conflict, were united. Afterwards the English took fort La Tour. Charles de La Tour died in the year 1666, at the age of seventy-two. He was buried in his beloved Acadia.

CHAPTER XXVIII

The Interesting but Little Known History of the Capuchin Missions in Maine

In the course of the narrative of the life of de la Tour, I mentioned the Capuchin Missionaries on the Kennebec and Penobscot. As de la Tour, in a manner, patronized the Recollect Fathers, so his great rival Charnisay was the patron of the Capuchins. While there may be some question of the Catholicity of La Tour, there can be no doubt but that Charnisay was truly devoted to the interests of the Church, and anxious that the Catholic missions should prosper.

Let us relate what is known about the Capuchin missionaries in Maine, those Frenchmen, educated, refined and selfsacrificing who gave up their homes in Paris to live in the wilderness of the Maine woods, and whom we find, in the year 1648, conducting a mission for the Indians on the Penobscot and Kennebec, and building the little church of Our Lady of Holy Hope at Castine.

When our Civil War was raging, the United States government, in the year 1863, erected a battery near the harbor of Castine, on the site of an old brick battery which was formerly known as the Lower Fort. Mr. W. H. Weeks was engaged in work on the road leading to the battery. While at work, he found near the fort, and only a little below the surface of the ground, a piece of old sheet copper. He thought nothing of it at the time, and cut off a piece to repair his boat. Afterwards,

however, he discovered some letter, and made out an inscription, which, later, by the help of archaeologists, was rendered as follows:

1648. 8 IVN, F
LEO. PARISIN.
CAPUC. MISS
POSVI HOC FV-
NDTM IN HNR-
EM NRAE
SANC TAE SPEI

which translated, reads in English as follows:

1648. June, 8 I Friar
Leo of Paris
Capuchin, Missionary,
laid this found-
ation in honor
of Our Lady
of Holy Hope.

This copper plate was, without doubt, placed by Father Leo of Paris, at the time the Superior of the Capuchin missionaries, in the receptacle sealed in the corner stone of the chapel of Our Lady of Holy Hope built by these Fathers at Castine.

The names of the other Capuchin Fathers who were superiors of the mission are,—Father Arsenius of Paris, Father Angelus of Luynes, Father Ignatius of Paris, and Father Cosmas de Mantes.

The Rev. Father Charlevoix could have given us more information concerning these Capuchin missionaries and their work in Maine when writing his History of New France. The full correspondence between the Jesuit Father Druillettes and the Capuchin Fathers was preserved in the Archives of the college at Quebec, and Father Charlevoix must have

had access to this correspondence. But he did not publish the correspondence; and it was afterwards lost, together with many other priceless manuscripts, when Quebec was taken by the English. The Capuchins themselves did not keep a daily record of their doings, as the Jesuits did. Consequently, we have no Capuchin Relations to refer to.

The Capuchin order was instituted in Europe about the year 1528. They were offered a mission in Canada in 1632, but declined it at that time, and the Jesuits took their place. Ten years afterwards, Charnisay, the great rival and enemy of de La Tour, invited them to take charge of the religious affairs of that part of Acadia over which he claimed jurisdiction. They came and began their work in the year 1643.

In the Jesuit Relations, we read, concerning Father Druilettes' journey from Quebec to Maine in 1646: "His Indian guide, seeing himself on the banks of the sea of Acadia, conducted the Father in a little bark canoe to Pentagoet, where he found a little hospice of Capuchin Fathers who embraced him with the love and charity which was to be expected from their goodness. Their superior, Father Ignatius of Paris, gave them every possible welcome. After recruiting sometime with these good fathers he re-embarked in his canoe."

The Capuchins, besides being missionraies to the Indians, were chaplains to the French settlers, traders, and fishermen. There could not have been any enmity or jealousy between them and the Jesuits, as some historians intimate. It is true that after Father Druillettes returned to Quebec he was informed that he would not be needed in Maine at that time. But that there could be any dislike or jealousy between the Capuchins in Maine and himself is clearly dispro-

ven by the following quotation from a letter written to him in 1648 by Father Cosmas de Mantes, then superior, and preserved in the Jesuit Relations: "We entreat your Reverence, through the holy love of Jesus and Mary, for the salvation of these poor souls towards the south, who beg it of you to give them every assistance that your courageous and indefatigable charity can bestow; and if, in crossing the Kennebec you should meet any of Ours, you will please us if you will make known your needs to them; and if you have none to ask, to continue your holy instructions to those poor abandoned barbarians as much as your charity will permit."

Besides the missions on the Penobscot and Kennebec, it is highly probable that other Capuchin Fathers were from time to time at different places along the coast, as they were frequently called upon to serve as chaplains of French vessels. But, for the reason mentioned before, the lack of daily records kept by the missionaries themselves, little is known of their history.

CHAPTER XXIX

The Famous Mission to the Abenaki Indians

I come now to the narration of events which have always seemed to me of romantic interest,—the story of the mission to the Abenaki Indians. The mere statement of the words,—"Abenaki Mission," naturally brings to our minds the name of the great Jesuit missionary, one of the greatest of all the missionaries of those days,—Father Sebastian Rale, or as his name is often spelled,—Rasle. The life and work of this great and good man will always remain a prominent marker in the pages of Maine's history, not only because of the remarkable results which he accomplished in Christianizing and civilizing the Indians of Maine, results whose effects are seen to this day in the remnants of that once great and powerful tribe, but also because of the valuable contributions to history which he has left to posterity in his writings, his diary and letters, and especially his invaluable dictionary of the Abenaki language, which is now in the possession of Harvard University and preserved in the library at Cambridge.

In considering the history of this period, however we must not forget to give due credit to the other Missionary Fathers who labored and suffered privation and disease in this land, now the State of Maine. We must not forget the names of the brothers, Bigot, nor Gabriel Druillettes.

Father Druillettes was without doubt as learned

and able a man as Father Rale; and he certainly was loved as much by the Indians as Rale; but he had not the opportunity to remain with the Abenaki Indians for many years as Father Rale had. His superiors sent him from place to place. Druillettes' name will alway be famous in history, as the name of the only Catholic priest ever sent on a diplomatic mission by the French government at Quebec to the English government of Massachusetts. He was a minister plenipotentiary with full diplomatic powers. Moreover, the fact which makes his career unique in the history of those days is that he was received with all the honor due a high diplomatic representative, and, in so far as the results of his diplomatic mission depended on his own work and efforts, he fully accomplished the object of the mission.

Before relating the story of this diplomatic mission to the English colonies, let us for a moment consider the state of the Massachusetts English in the matter of religion.

I have said that the Puritans of Massachusetts had little love for the early English settlers in Maine, on account of the difference in religion between the two classes of Englishmen. As we know, the English in Maine were principally of the High Church persuasion. The adherents of this Church were as abhorrent to the Puritans of Massachusetts, as were the Catholics.

When the Pilgrims and the Puritans settled in Massachusetts, they established a true Theocrasy. Only the members enrolled in the Church had any right to a voice in the governing of the colony; only they had the right to vote. They not only excluded Catholics, but excluded all other Protestants who differed from them in religious faith.

Roger Williams, the Baptist, was driven out.

Gorton, another Baptist, was flogged and driven out. Mrs. Hutchinson was exiled; the Quakers were hanged. In 1631 Sir Christopher Gardiner was driven out of the colony on mere suspicion of being a Catholic, without trial and without opportunity to make a defense.

Roger Williams, whom so many historians have so wrongly dignified as the "Father of Toleration," in America, declared the cross to be the "relic of Anti-Christ," a "Papist symbol savoring of superstition, and not to be countenanced by Christian men," and his followers went so far as to cut the cross out of the English flag, refusing to live or fight under a flag which bore the sign accepted by all Christian nations as a symbol of the redemption of man.

In 1647 the General Court of Massachusetts met and adopted an act to prevent the Jesuits entering their domains. I quote the preamble to show the state of mind existing among those men:— "The court, taking into consideration the great wars, combustions and divisions, which are this day in Europe, and that the same are observed to be raised and fomented chiefly by the secret underminings, and the solicitations of those of the Jesuitical order, men brought up and devoted to the religion and the Court of Rome, which had occasioned divers States to expel them from their territories"—The act goes on to forbid all Jesuits entering the colony under penalty of death, but with great humanity they kindly provided that if a Jesuit should be shipwrecked on their shore, they would not hang him.

It was to such a people, with such an opinion of the Catholic Church and the Jesuit Fathers, such a hatred for the very name of Jesuit, that the Rev. Fr. Gabriel Druillettes S. J., went in the year 1650, and was received with respect and friendliness.

CHAPTER XXX

Father Druillettes' Diplomatic Mission to Boston

Father Druillettes was born September 29, 1610. He was educated at a Jesuit College in France, and came to Canada in 1643. He seemed to have a natural aptitude for acquiring languages, and became proficient in several Indian dialects. He went for the first time to the Abenaki Indians of Maine in the year 1646. He stayed with them a year and then returned to Quebec.

The writings of Father Druillettes make very interesting reading. He says that his journey from Quebec to Maine through the forests was one of inconceivable difficulty. The Abenakis received him with great joy. He relates this instance:

" 'A captain touched my heart. He repeated to me often in public and in private that he loved his children more than himself. 'I have lost two of them,' he added, 'since thy departure. Their death is not my greatest grief; but thou did not baptize them, that is what afflicts me; but I know not whether I did right, and whether I shall ever see them in heaven. If thou thyself had baptized them, I would not mourn them, or be sorry because of their death; on the contrary I would be comforted. If to banish my sadness, thou wert willing at least to promise not to think of Kebec for at least ten years, and not to leave us during that time, thou wouldst show that thou lovest us.' There-

upon he conducted me to the grave of his two children over whom he planted two fine crosses painted red, which he went to salute from time to time. It was within sight of the English themselves, who lived at Kousinok, the place where the cemetery of these good people is situated.' "

In the late summer of the year 1650 he left Quebec on his diplomatic mission to the English of Boston, carrying letters giving him full plenipotentiary powers. He went by way of the old trail through Norridgewock and Augusta. At Augusta he was received by the commandant, John Winslow, with great respect, and such was the character of Druillettes that he at once won the lasting esteem and friendship of Winslow. He then proceeded with Winslow to Merrymeeting Bay, and embarked there for Boston, arriving in Boston in the late fall on the feast of the Immaculate Conception. He was received with the respect due a minister plenipotentiary. He relates that he was waited on by the principal men of Charlestown, and that Major-General Gibbons invited him to his house, and, he says, "gave me the key of a room where I might in all liberty pray and perform the other exercises of my religion, and he besought me to take no other lodging while in Boston." Now, Father Druillettes does not say that he celebrated Mass in his room, while in Boston, but knowing what we do of his great piety and sanctity, we may have every reason to believe that he did, and that the Sacrifice of the Mass was therefore offered in Boston in December, 1650. He was well received by Governor Dudley at Boston, and by Governor Bradford at Plymouth. He relates that while at Plymouth, Governor Bradford invited him to dinner on a Friday, and had a special dinner of fish prepared. He spent a night with John Elliot, the English Apostle to the

Indians, and won Elliot's friendship. In February he returned to the Kennebec to resume his missionary labors.

There is nothing in Father Druillettes' Relation which would lead one to believe that, at that time, there was a single Catholic living in Boston. He says that the only Catholic whom he found on his voyage was a French sailor at York. He relates that in the year 1651 he paid a second visit to the English colonies, but of that visit we have no details. But, it seems that he went this time as far south as Hartford, and was kindly received there. Father Druillettes remained with the Abnaki Mission on the Kennebec until 1656.

The Boston and the Plymouth people were in favor of uniting with the French against the Iroquois. The Plymouth people were especially favorable to Fr. Druillettes' diplomatic mission, because their trade with the Abenaki Indians had grown to quite considerable proportions. When Druillettes returned to Quebec from his mission to the English he felt certain that he had accomplished the alliance and friendship which he so much desired. Although he failed, he left with the English a different impression of a Catholic priest than they had previously held.

The English missionary, Elliot, pressed him to remain as his guest for the winter. The name and fame of Elliot are held dear to the hearts of the English Protestant writers of history. He was to them the ideal type of missionary. We know that they speak contemptuously of the French Jesuits, and ascribe their success with the Indians to the fact, as they charge, that the Jesuits lived the savage life and became to all intents and purposes savages themselves. But this view of the Jesuits, however pleasing it may be to those whose religious prejudices prevent them from

admitting the truth, could not have been the view held by Elliot, and surely he must have been a good judge. If Elliot had regarded Father Druillettes as little better than a savage, it is unlikely that he would have extended an invitation to him to spend the winter with him as his guest.

CHAPTER XXXI

The Romantic History of Father Sebastian Rale, S. J.

The name of Father Rale, his character, and his activities, illuminate the pages of every history of Maine ever written and of every article treating of this period of our history. That he was a great man is attested by the fact, (if there were no other proof) that no other man who figured in the history of those days has been so outrageously vilified and abused by Protestant writers of history as Father Rale. But he has at last come into his own, and his name is now spoken with respect and his memory is revered. But, as I have said, it was not formerly so. The following is Williamson's characterization of him. (Volume II, Page 100.)

"Rale, the famous Jesuit, was deemed the principal instigator of these insults. He was a man of talents and learning; and by his condescending manners, religious zeal, and untiring perseverance, he had greatly endeared himself to the tribe. He had sided with them and been their tutelar father thirty years; and many of them he had taught to read and write. To render their devotion an incentive to violence, it is said, he kept a banner figured with a cross, which was encircled by bows and arrows; and while he was giving them absolution before they proceeded to war, or upon any hostile expedition, he was in the habit of suspending; the flag from a tall standard at the door of his chapel aware of the advantages gained, if he could give every bold sally of the Indians, the character of a crusade.

Fond of epistolary correspondence, he kept up a constant intercourse with Vaudreuil, the Governor of Canada; giving him an account of every settlement, fort or other enterprise, commenced by the English; and receiving in return, advices how to incite and direct the Indians against the settlers. He sent Governor Shute a very bold letter, filled with curious logic, to prove the exclusive right of the Indians to the country they inhabited."

The letters of Father Rale which have been preserved, absolutely disprove the above assertion, on the contrary, absolutely prove that the assertion was made by Williamson either in ignorance or in malice. As to his letter to Governor Shute, at Boston, it was written for the Indians, at their request, and it was their thoughts put into proper language. And indeed, who doubts now but that it was the truth?

Williamson goes on to say: "The different branches of the government were not agreed what course was best to be pursued against him. The House resolved to send a warrant to John Leighton, sheriff of Yorkshire, and orders unto Colonel Walton, to attend him with a military guard of 150 men, and directed them to proceed to Norridgewock, seize the Jesuit, and bring him to Boston, dead or alive; offering them a reward of 500 pounds sterling for his body, besides the usual wages. If he could not be found, or if the tribe refused to produce him, it was ordered that several of the principal Indians be seized and conveyed to Boston."

Several expeditions were sent by the English against Father Rale, and, as is well known, he was finally killed, I will relate the account of his death later. But now, as I am not writing history, but vi ws of history, I desire to quote more or less from Father Rale's own writings. I think that such quotations

from the original letters of the great and good Jesuit will be of much more interest to my readers than bald statements of facts of history.

In a letter to his nephew in France, written at Narrantsouak, (now Norridgewock,) October 15, 1772, speaking of his mission and his work, he says: "I am in a district of this vast extent of territory which lies between Acadia and New England. Two other missionaries are, like myself, busy among the Abnaki savages; but we are far distant from one another. The The Abnaki savages, besides the two villages which they have in the midst of the French colony, have also three other important ones, each situated on the bank of a river. These three rivers empty into the sea to the south of Canada, between New England and Acadia" (The reader , of course, recognizes these three rivers as the Penobscot, the Kennebec and the Androscoggin. It is not generally known at this day that there was a Jesuit mission along the Androscoggin, but it is a fact.) "The village in which I dwell is called Narrantsouak; it is situated on the bank of a river, which empties into the sea thirty leagues below. I have built here a church which is commodious and well adorned. I though it my duty to spare nothing, either for its decoration or for the beauty of the vestments that are used in our holy ceremonies; altar cloths, chasubles, copes, sacred vessels, everything is suitable, and would be esteemed in the churches of Europe. I have trained a minor clergy of about forty young savages, who in cassocks and surplices assist at divine service; each one has his duty, not only in serving at the holy sacrifice of the Mass, but in chanting the divine office at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and in the processions, which are made with a great concourse of savages, who often come from a great distance in order

to be present at them. You would be edified at the good order which they observe, and with the reverence which they show.

"Two chapels have been built about three hundred steps from the village, one which is dedicated to the most Blessed Virgin, and in which her statue in relief is seen, stands at the head of the river; the other which is dedicated to the Guardian Angel is below on the same river. As they both are on the path that leads either to the woods or to the fields, the savages never pass them without offering prayers therein.

"None of my neophytes fail to come twice every day to church,— in the early morning to hear Mass, and in the evening to be present at the prayer which I offer at sunset. As it is necessary to fix the thoughts of the savages, which wander only too easily, I have composed some prayers, suited to make them enter into the spirit of the august Sacrifice of our altars, they chant these, or rather, they recite them aloud, during Mass. Besides the sermons that I preach to them on Sundays and on Feast Days, I seldom pass over a working day without making them a short exhortation, in order to inspire them with horror for the vices to which they have most inclination, or to strengthen them in the practice of some virtue.

"After Mass I catechize the children and the young people; a great number of older persons are present, and answer with docility to the questions which I ask them. The remainder of the morning until noon is devoted to all those who have anything to tell me. At that time they come in crowds to reveal to me their griefs and anxieties, or to tell me the causes of their complaints which they have against their tribesmen, or to consult me about their marriages or their other private affairs. I must instruct some, and console

others; re-establish peace in disunited families, and calm troubled consciences; and correct a few others with reprimands, mingled with gentleness and charity, —in fine, send them all away content as far as I can.

"In the afternoon I visit the sick and go to the cabins of those who have need of special instruction. If they are holding a council, which often happens among the savages, they send one of the chiefs to the meeting, who begs me to be present at their deliberations. I go immediately to the place where the council is in session. If I think that they are taking a wise course, I approve of it; if, on the contrary, I find anything amiss in their decision, I declare my own opinion, which I support with a few sound reasons and they conform to it. My advice always determines their decisions. I am invited even to their feasts. Each guest brings a dish of wood or of bark. I bless the food; then the prepared portion is put upon each dish. The distribution having been made, I say grace, and each one withdraws, for such is the course and the custom of their feasts.

"In the midst of these continual occupations you can hardly believe with what rapidity the days pass away. There has been a time when I scarcely had time to recite my office, or to take a little rest during the night, for discretion is not a virtue among the savages. But for some years past I have made it a rule not to speak with any one from the hour of evening prayer until after Mass the next day; and I have forbidden them to interrupt me during that time, unless it were for some important reason, as for instance, to aid a dying person, or for some other matter which could not be delayed. I used that time for attending to prayer, and resting from the labors of the day.

"The whole Abnakis Nation is Christian and is

very zealous in preserving its religion. This attachment to the Catholic faith had made it thus far prefer an alliance with us to the advantages that it would have obtained from an alliance with its English neighbors. These advantages are very attractive to our savages; the readiness with which they can engage in trade with the English, from whom they are distant only two or three days' journey, the convenience of the route, the great bargains they find in the purchase of goods which suit them, nothing could be more likely to attract them. Whereas in going to Quebec they must travel more than fifteen days to reach it, they must be supplied with provisions for the journey, there are several rivers to cross and frequent portages to make. They feel these inconveniences, and they are not indifferent to their own interests; but their faith is infinitely dearer to them, and they believe that if they were to break off their connection with us they would very soon be without a missionary, without Sacraments, without the Sacrifice, almost without any service of religion, and in manifest danger of being plunged back into their former unbelief. This is the bond which unites them to the French. There have been vain endeavors to break this bond—both by snares that have been laid for their simplicity, and by violence, which could not fail to irritate a tribe so infinitely jealous as this is of its rights and liberty. These beginnings of misunderstanding continue to alarm me, and make me fear the dispersion of the flock which Providence has confided to my care for so many years, and for which I would willingly sacrifice all that remains to me in life. See the various artifices to which the English have resorted to detach them from the alliance with us."

CHAPTER XXXII

The Relentless Persecution of Father Rale by the English

I have said that several attempts were made by the English to capture Father Rale, before they finally succeeded in killing him. I desire now to quote the words of Williamson, the historian, concerning one of the attempts to capture the priest, and then Father Rale's own account of the occurrence. It may be of interest to compare the two accounts, the one taken from the English records, the other the very words of the hunted and persecuted priest.

Williamson says, (Volume II, page 124). "Unattended by the French, and kept in awe by the English ranging parties, the Indians undertook no winter campaign; nor was anything memorable achieved by our forces till spring. But there was still a strong and universal desire to make Rale a prisoner and have him brought to Boston alive. It is said a thousand livres was the high price set upon his head. To dispatch him, therefore, or rather to take him, Captain Moulton led a military party to Norridgewock in the depth of winter. But the cautious Jesuit and the tribe had made a seasonable and safe retreat, and all the trophies of the enterprise were only a few books and papers found in his own dwelling house, among which was a letter from the Governor of Canada exhorting him to 'push on the Indians with all imaginable zeal against the English.' But Captain Moulton was no less a

cool and discreet man, than a brave and popular officer and when he and his men had left the place he permitted no injury to be done, either to the chapel or any other building; imagining probably such an example of forbearance and moderation might be imitated by the enemy."

The following is Father Rale's account in his own words written to his nephew: "The attempt of the English against myself was the second act of hostility which brought to a climax the excessive irritation of the Abnaki tribe. A missionary can scarcely fail to be an object of hate to these gentlemen. Love for the religion which he endeavors to impress upon the hearts of those savages holds these neophytes firmly in unon with us and separates them from the English. The latter, therefore, regard me as an invincible obstacle to their plan of spreading themselves over the territory of the Abnakis, and of gradually seizing this mainland which is between New England and Acadia. (The reader recognizes the writer to mean what is now the State of Maine.) They have often attempted to remove me from my flock and more than once a price has been set upon my head. It was about the end of January in the year 1722 when they made a new attempt which had no other success than to manifest their ill will toward me. I had remained alone in the village with a small number of old men and feeble folk, while the rest of the savages were at the hunt. That time appeared favorable to the enemy for surprising me; and, with this in view, they sent out a detachment of two hundred men. Two young Abnakis, who were hunting on the seashore, heard that the Englih had entered the river, they immediately turned their steps to that quarter, so as to observe the movements of the English. Having perceived them about

ten leagues from the village, these savages outran them by crossing the country, that they might inform me, and help the old men, women and children to retire in haste. I had only time to consume the hosts, to enclose in a small box the sacred vessels, and to escape into the woods. Towards evening, the English reached the village; and not having found me there, they came the next day to look for me in the very place of our retreat. They were within only a gunshot when we descried them; all that I could do was to plunge with haste into the forest. But as I had no time to take my snowshoes, and as, besides, I still experienced great weakness caused by a fall, in which some years ago my thigh and leg were broken, it was not possible for me to run very far. The only resource that remained to me was to hide behind a tree. They immediately searched the various paths worn by the savages when they go for wood, and came within eight steps of the tree that was sheltering me, where naturally they must have perceived me, for the trees had shed their leaves; nevertheless, as if they had been driven away by an invisible hand, they suddenly retraced their steps, and again took the way to the village. Thus it was by a special protection of Providence that I escaped from their pursuit. They pillaged my church and my little house, thereby almost reducing me to a death from starvation in the midst of the woods. It is true that, when my adventure was known in Quebec, provisions were sent to me immediately; but they could not arrive for some time, and during that period I was deprived of all aid and in extreme need."

It is a fact, that in those days, as now, much of the fear and hatred which the Protestants had of the Jesuits was caused by a deep-seated, monumental, and almost inconceivable ignorance of the priests of this

Father Sebastian Rale, S. J., preaching the true faith to the Indians on the banks of the Kennebec

society as men, as fellow human beings. The Protestant colonists of those days rarely came in contact with a Jesuit in the flesh. Indeed we may well say, never came in contact with a priest of any description, for the "Romish" priests were a proscribed race of men in the New England colonies. For the matter of that, at that time Jesuit priests were unknown in England. It was believed that at different times some were within the British borders in disguise; but the reader will remember how, in an earlier article, of this series, it was related concerning Father Biard, that when he was in England as a sort of half prisoner, half guest, he was as great a curiosity to the English, even those of the cultured and educated classes, as an Indian savage himself. Even in our own day, in this State, we have seen the fogs of bigotry and religious prejudice dissipated by the mere fact of every day contact with priests and nuns.

In the time of the Jesuit missions we find that it was the English who lived at a distance from the missions, those who lived in Boston and other parts of Massachusetts, who hated and feared the Jesuits. We gather from reading the *Relations of the Jesuits*, that the English traders, who lived at the Kousinok settlement on the Kennebec (at what is now the city of Augusta) saw a good deal of the Jesuits of the Kennebec mission and liked them very well. Those men could, and did, testify that the work and influence of the priests among the Indians was all for good. But unfortunately, those traders were men of little education, men of action, makers of history rather than writers of history, and they left no memoirs behind them. My only proof of this statement and contention is the secondary evidence of the Jesuits themselves, that the traders on the Kennebec were friendly toward them.

It has often been a matter of speculation why it happened that the Protestant missionaries met with such little success in their efforts to convert the Indians to the Protestant version of Christianity. Many writers dismiss the subject, with a certain smug self-satisfaction and superiority, by assuming that the ornate ceremonies of the Catholic Church appealed to the childish intelligence of the savages, that, in other words, the conversion of the Indians was a matter of the emotions only, and not the abiding convictions of the intellect.

Let us read the words of Father Rale on this matter. He says, in a letter to his nephew: "Some years ago, the Governor General of New England sent to the foot of our river the most able man among the ministers of Boston, that he might open a school there, instruct the children of the savages, and maintain them at the expense of the government. As the salary of the minister was to increase in proportion to the number of his pupils, he neglected no means to attain them; he went to seek the children, he flattered them, he made them little presents, he urged them to come and see him, in short, he worked for two months with much useless activity, without being able to win a single child. The disdain with which his attentions and his invitations were treated did not discourage him. He spoke to the savages themselves; he put to them various questions touching their faith; and then, from the answers that were made to him, he turned into derision the sacraments, purgatory, the invocation of the saints, the beads, the crosses, the images, the lights of our churches, and all the pious customs that are so sacredly observed in the Catholic religion.

"'I thought it was my duty to oppose these first attempts to mislead; I wrote a civil letter to the minis-

ter, in which I told him that my Christians knew how to believe the truths which the Catholic Faith teaches, but they did not know how to discuss them; that as they were not sufficiently learned to solve the difficulties which he had proposed he had evidently intended that they should be communicated to me; that I seized with pleasure this opportunity that he had offered me, to confer with him either by word of mouth or by letter; that I thereupon sent him a memoir and besought him to read it with serious attention. In this memoir which was about a hundred pages, I proved by scriptture, by tradition, and by theological arguments the truths which he had attacked by such stale jests. I added, in closing my letter, that if he were not satisfied with my proofs, I would expect from him a precise refutation, supported by theological proofs, and not by vague arguments which prove nothing,—still less by injurious reflections, which befitted neither our profession nor the importance of the subject in question.

"Two days after receiving my letter, he set out to return to Boston; he sent me a short answer, which I was obliged to read several times in order to comprehend its meaning, so obscure was its style and so extraordinary its Latin However, by dint of reflection, I understood that he complained that I had attacked him without reason; that zeal for the salvation of souls had led him to teach the savages the way to Heaven; and that, for the rest, my proofs were absurd and childish. Having sent to him in Boston a second letter, in which I pointed out the defects of his own, he answered me at the end of two years, without even entering upon the subject; and said that I had a peevish and fault-finding spirit which was the sign of a temperament inclined to anger. Thus was finished our dispute,

which drove away the minister, and brought to naught the scheme that he had formed to mislead my neophytes."

CHAPTER XXXIII

Father Rale's Influence Upon The Indians

I will quote a sermon of Father Rale's to the Indians. A tribe who were not Christians came to the village where Father Rale's Christian Abenakis lived and witnessed a procession of Corpus Christi day. He says:

"This spectacle, which was new to the Amalingans, touched them, and struck them with admiration. I believed it my duty to profit by the favorable mood in which they were; and after having brought them together, I made them the following address in the savage style:

"My children, for a long time I have desired to see you; now, that I have this happiness, my heart is full, almost to bursting. Think of the joy that a father has, who tenderly loves his children, when he sees them again after a long absence in which they have run great dangers, and you will conceive a part of mine. For, although you do not as yet pray, I nevertheless look upon you as my children, and have for you a father's tenderness, because you are the children of the Great Spirit, who has given life to you, as well as to those who pray; who has made Heaven for you as well as for them; who thinks of you as he thinks of them and of me, and who desires that all should enjoy eternal happiness. What causes my sorrow and diminishes my joy in seeing you is the thought, which I have at

this moment, that some day I shall be separated from a part of my children, whose destiny will be eternally unfortunate because they do not pray; while the others, who pray, will be in joy which will never end. When I think of this sad separation, can I have a contented heart? The happiness of those who pray does not give me so much joy as the unhappiness of those who do not pray grieves me. If you have insurmountable obstacles to prayer, and if, remaining in the condition in which you are, I were able to make you enter into Heaven, I would spare nothing in order to procure for you this happiness. I would urge you on, I would make you all enter there, so much do I love you, and so much do I desire that you should be happy; but that is not possible. You must pray, and you must be baptized, that you may be able to enter that place of delight."

There is much more of it, but the foregoing will suffice to show how well Father Rale understood how to talk to the Indians. He relates that he afterwards succeeded in baptizing this whole tribe, men, women and children, without one exception.

About the first of August in the year 1721 there was a conference between the Indians and the English Governor and his representatives, held at Arowsick at the mouth of the Kennebec. Williamson, (Volume II, page 106) says that there were 200 Indians accompanied by Fathers Rale, La Chase, Croisel, and Castine the Younger. He says that they were well armed and carried the French colors, and that they presented a letter to the Governor purporting to come from the several tribes and declaring that if "the settlers did not remove in three weeks, the Indians would come and kill them all, destroy their cattle, and burn their houses, for, they added, you Englishmen have taken away the

lands which the Great God has given our fathers and us."

I mention the above as related by Williamson because it is one of the many instances of misrepresentation of the facts in order to prove his assertion that the Jesuit Rale inspired and stirred up the Indians to strife. Fortunately, it happens that Father Rale mentions this very same conference; and his description and relation are as follows:

"At the time when war was on the point of breaking out between the European powers, the English Governor, who had recently arrived in Boston, asked our savages to give him an interview on an island in the sea which he designated. They consented and begged me to accompany them, that they might consult me about the crafty propositions that would be made to them, so as to be sure that their answers should contain nothing contrary to religion, or to the interests of the Royal service. I followed them, and my intention was to keep wholly within their quarters, in order to aid them by my counsel without appearing before the Governor. As we, numbering more than two hundred canoes, were approaching the island, the English saluted us by a discharge of all the guns of their vessels, and the savages responded to this salute by a like discharge of all their guns. Then the Governor appearing on the island, the savages landed in haste; thus I found myself where I did not wish to be, and where the Governor did not wish me to be. As soon as he perceived me, he came forward a few steps to meet me; and after the usual compliments, he returned to the midst of his people, and I to my savages.

"It is commanded by our Queen" he said to them, "that I come to see you; she desires that we live in peace. If any Englishmen should be imprudent enough to do you wrong; do not think of avenging yourselves upon

him, but immediately address your complaint to me, and I will render you prompt justice. If we should happen to have war with the French, remain neutral, and do not take part in our differences; the French are as strong as we, therefore leave us to settle our quarrels with each other. We will supply all your wants, we will take your peltries, and we will give you our goods at a reasonable price." My presence prevented him saying all that he intended; for it was not without a design that he had brought a minister with him.

"When he had finished speaking, the savages withdrew for the purpose of deliberating together upon the answer that they should make. During that time, the Governor taking me aside, said to me, "Monsieur, I beg of you, do not influence your Indians to make war upon us." I answered him that my religion and my office of priest were a security that I would give them only exhortations to peace. I was still speaking when I found myself surrounded by about twenty young warriors, who were fearing that the Governor intended to carry me off. In the meantime the savages advanced, and one of them made the following reply to the Governor:

"Great Captain, thou tellest us not to join ourselves with the Frenchmen, in case thou declare war upon him; thou knowest that the Frenchman is my brother. We have the same prayer; he and I; and we are in the same cabin with two fires; he has one fire, and I have the other. If I see thee enter the cabin on the side of the fire where my brother the Frenchman is seated, I watch thee from my mat, where I am seated by the other fire. If in watching thee, I perceive that thou carriest a hatchet I shall think, what does the Englishman intend to do with that hatchet? Then I stand upon my mat, to behold what he will do. If he raises

the hatchet to strike my brother the Frenchman, I take my own, and I run toward the Englishman to strike him. Could I see my brother struck in my cabin, and I remain on my mat? No, no, I love my brother too well not to defend him. Therefore, I say to thee, Great Captain, do nothing to my brother, and I shall do nothing to thee; remain quiet on thy mat, and I shall remain at rest on mine."

I think the foregoing quotation will effectually dispose of Williamson's and others contentions, that the Jesuit influenced the Indians to attack the English. The Indians were never such children. They decided these matters for themselves.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Death of Father Rale—Two Widely Different Accounts

Much more could be written concerning the interesting events in the life and missionary work of Father Rale in Maine. But enough, I think, has been set down to give the reader an idea of Rale, the man, and the missionary priest, the great work he did, the remarkable results he accomplished, his commanding ability and his saintly character. With the passing of years and the softening of the harshness of religious prejudice, Father Rale has come into his own. Today, he is regarded as a saint and a martyr.

Nothing remains for me, but to relate in a few words the well known story of his death, call it—the murder of Father Rale, or the martyrdom of Father Rale, as your feelings prompt. And following once more the custom that I have pursued in discussing his life and his character, I shall, in describing his death, quote first the words of the relation to be found in Williamson's History of Maine, and then the relation of a sympathetic friend, a Jesuit, the Rev. Father Pierre Joseph de la Chasse, S. J., Superior General of the Missions in New France at Quebec.

Williamson says, (Vol. II, page 129): "Norridgewock, being still the residence of Rale, was immediately marked for destruction. The execution of this enterprise was committed to a detachment of 208 men, who were divided into four companies, and commanded

by Captains Moulton, Harmon, Bourne and Bane. They left Richmond fort, their place of rendesvouz, on the 19th of August (1724), and ascended the river in seventeen whale boats, attended by three Mohawks. The next day, they arrived at Teconnet, where they left their whale boats, and a lieutenant with a guard of 40 men. The residue of the forces, on the 21st, took up their march through the woods towards Norridgewock. The same evening, they discovered three of the natives and fired upon them. The noted Bomazeen, one of them, was shot swimming the river, as he attempted to escape, his daughter was fatally wounded, and his wife taken prisoner. From her, they obtained a full account of Rale and the Indians at Norridgewock which quickened their march.

"A little after noon, on the 22nd, they came in sight of the village, when it was determined to divide the detachment. Captain Harmon led off about 60 men toward the mouth of the Sandy river, imagining he saw smoke arising in that quarter, and supposing some of the Indians might be at their cornfields. Captain Moulton formed his men into three bands, nearly equal in numbers, and proceeded directly towards the village. When near it, he placed parties in ambush, on the right and left, and led forward the residue to the attack, excepting ten men left to guard the baggage. He commanded his men to reserve their fire till after that of the Indians; and then boldly advanced with so quick a step and in such profound silence, that they were within pistol shot before their approach was suspected. All the Indians were in their wigwams, when one, happening to step out, looked and discovered the English close upon them. He instantly gave the warhoop, and seized his gun. The amazement of the whole village was indiscriminate and terrible.

The fighting men, about 60 in all, seized their guns and fired at the assailants; but in their tremor, they overshot them, and not a man was hurt. A discharge was instantly returned, which did effectual execution. The Indians fired a second volley, without breaking Moulton's ranks; then flying to the water, fell upon the muzzles of the guns in ambush. Several instantly fell. Some undertook to wade or swim across the river which at this season was only 60 feet wide, and in no place more than six feet deep. A few jumped into their canoes, but forgetting to take their paddles, were unable to escape; and all, especially the old men, women and children fled in every direction. Our soldiers shot them in their flight to the woods also upon the water; so that not more than 50 of the whole village were supposed to have landed on the opposite side of the river; while about 150 effected an escape too far into the thickets to be overtaken.

"The pursuers then returned to the village, where they found the Jesuit, in one of the wigwams, firing upon a few of our men, who had not followed the wretched fugitives. He had with him in the wigwam an English boy about 14 years of age, who had been a prisoner for six months. This boy he shot through the thigh, and afterwards stabbed him in the body, though he ultimately recovered. Moulton had given orders to spare the life of Rale; but Jacques, a lieutenant finding he was firing from the wigwam and had wounded one of our men, stove open the door and shot him through the head. As an excuse for this act, Jacques alleged that when he entered the wigwam, Rale was loading his gun and declaring he would neither give nor take quarter. Moulton disapproved of what was done; allowing, however, that Rale said something

to provoke Jacques, yet doubting, if the statement made by him was literally correct.

"Mott, an aged and noted chief, was shut up in another wigwam, from which he fired and killed one of the three Mohawks. This so enraged his brother, that he broke through the door and shot the old Sagamore dead; *and the soldiers despatched his squaws and children.*

"Near night, after the action was over and the village cleared of Indians, Captain Harmon and his party arrived; and the companies under a guard of 40 men, took up a lodgment in the wigwam till morning. When it was light they counted, as two authors state, twenty-seven, and a third says, thirty dead bodies, including Rale; among whom were those of Mogg, Job, Carabesett, Wissemenet, and Bomaseen's son-in-law, all known and noted warriors. They also recovered three captives and took four prisoners; and it was afterwards reported, that they wounded fourteen Indians who escaped. The whole number killed and drowned was supposed to be eighty, some say more. The plunder brought away, consisted of the plate furniture of the altar, a few guns, blankets and kettles, and about three barrels of powder. After leaving the place, on their march to Teconnet, Christian, one of the Mohawks, either sent back or returning of his own accord, set fire to the chapel and cottages, and they were all burnt to ashes."

After quoting the account of the death of Father Rale as given by Chalevoix in his "Histoire de la Nouvelle France," which differs essentially from his own, and dismissing it with a sneer at what he calls its "embellishments," (although I can testify, as can any one who reads Charlevoix, that it is singularly free from embellishments,) Williamson goes on as follows:

"On the 27th the *brave detachment* arrived at Fort

Richmond, without the loss of a man. It was an exploit exceedingly gratifying to the community, and considered as *brilliant* as any other, in either of the Indian wars, since the fall of King Phillip, Harmon who was senior in command, proceeded to Boston *with the scalps*, and received in reward for the achievement the commission of lieutenant-colonel; an achievement in which Moulton had the principal agency, although he received no distinguishing recompense, except the universal applause of his country."

be The italics are mine. The whole story ought to quoted in italics, it is so extraordinary.

One wonders in what does the bravery consist to slaughter defenseless Indian women and children, and to murder one poor, old, helpless priest, for of course, no one for a moment believes the story that the Jesuit was found armed in a wigwam, firing upon the English, and killing in cold blood a young English boy, fourteen years of age.

Let us return to the "Relations des Jesuits," and read a part of the letter written by the Rev. Father de la Chasse, Superior-General of the missions in New France, which will tell the story somewhat differently, and nearer the truth:

Quebec, Oct. 29, 1724.

My Reverend Father:

The peace of Our Lord.

In the deep grief that we are experiencing from the loss of our oldest missionary, it is a grateful consolation to us that he should have been the victim of his own love, and of his zeal to maintain the Faith in the hearts of his neophytes. From other letters you have already learned the origin of the war which broke out between the English and the savages; with

the former, a desire to extend their rule; with the latter, a horror of all subjection, and an attachment to their religion, these caused, in the beginning, the misunderstandings which in the end were followed by an open rupture.

Father Rale, the missionary of the Abnakis had become very odious to the English. As they were convinced that his endeavors to confirm the savages in the Faith constituted the greatest obstacle to their plan of usurping the territory of the savages, they put a price upon his head; and more than once had attempted to abduct him, or to take his life. At last they have succeeded in gratifying their passion of hatred, and in ridding themselves of the apostolic man, but, at the same time, they have procured for him a glorious death, which was ever the object of his desire, for we know that long ago, he aspired to the happiness of sacrificing his life for his flock. I will describe to you in a few words the circumstances of that event.

After many acts of hostility had been committed on both sides by the two nations, a little army of Englishmen and their savage allies, numbering eleven hundred men, unexpectedly came to attack the village of Narransouak. The dense thickets with which that village is surrounded helped them to conceal their movements; and since it was not inclosed by palisades, the savages were taken by surprise and became aware of the enemy's approach only by a volley from their muskets, which riddled all the cabins. At that time there were only fifty warriors in the village. At the first noise of the muskets, they tumultuously seized their weapons, and went out of their cabins to oppose the enemy. Their design was not rashly to meet the onset of so many combatants, but to further the flight of the women and the children, and give them time to gain the other side of the river, which was not yet occupied by the English.

Father Rale, warned by the clamor and the tumult of the danger which was menacing his neophytes, promptly left his house and fearlessly appeared before the enemy. He expected by his presence either to stop their first efforts, or at least to draw their attention to himself alone, and at the expense of his life procure the safety of his flock.

Soon as they perceived the missionary a general shout was raised which was followed by a storm of musketshot that was poured upon him. He dropped dead at the foot of a large cross that he had erected in the midst of the village, in order to announce the public profession that was made therein of adoring a crucified God. Seven savages who were around him, and were exposing their lives to guard that of their father, were killed by his side. The death of the shepherd dismayed the flock; the savages took to flight and crossed the river, part of them by fording and part by swimming. They were exposed to all the fury of their enemies until the moment when they retreated into the woods which are on the other side of the river. There they were gathered, to the number of a hundred and fifty. From more than two thousand gun-shots that had been fired at them only thirty were killed including the women and children, and fourteen were wounded. The English did not attempt to pursue the fugitives; they were content with burning and pillaging the village; they set fire to the church after a base profantion of the sacred vessels and of the adorable body of Jesus Christ.

The precipitate retreat of the enemy permitted the return of the Narrantsouakians to the village. The very next day they visited the wreck of their cabins, while the women on their part, sought for roots and plants available for treating the wounded. Their first care was to weep over the body of their holy mis-

sionary they found it pierced by hundreds of bullets, the scalp torn off, the skull broken by blows of a hatchet, the mouth and the eyes filled with mud, the bones of the legs broken, and all the members mutilated. This sort of inhumanity, practised on a body deprived of feeling and of life, can scarcely be attributed to any one but to the savage allies of the English.

After these devout Christians had washed and kissed many times the honored remains of their father, they buried him in the very place where, the day before, he had celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass—that is, in the place where the altar had stood before the burning of the church.

By such a precious death did the apostolic man finish, on the 23rd day of August in that year, a course of thirty-seven years spent in the arduous labors of this mission. He was in the sixty-seventh year of his life. His fasting and his continual hard work had at the last weakened his constitution; he had walked with some difficulty for about nineteen years, owing to the effects of a fall by which he broke at the same time the right hip and the left leg. Then it happened, since the callous was growing wrong at the place of fracture, that it became necessary to break the left leg again. At the time when it was most violently struck, he bore that painful operation with an extraordinary firmness and an admirable tranquility. Our physician, who was present, appeared so astonished at this that he could not refrain from saying: "Ah, my Father, let at least a few groans escape, you have so much cause for them'"

The reverend writer then proceeds to pronounce a well deserved panegyric upon Father Rale, speaking of his talents, his saintly character and the results he accomplished. His closing words are: "He is in con-

sequence, universally regretted. No one doubts that he was sacrificed through hatred to his ministry and zeal in establishing the true faith in the hearts of the savages. This is the opinion of Monsieur de Bellemont, Superior of the Seminary of Saint Sulpice at Montreal. When I asked from him the customary suffrages for the deceased, because of our interchange of prayers, he replied to me, using the well-known words of Saint Augustine, that it was doing injustice to a martyr to pray for him—*Injuriam facit Martyri qui orat pro eo.*

"May it please the Lord that his blood, shed for such a righteous cause, may fertilize these unbelieving lands which have been so often watered with the blood of the Gospel workers who have preceded us; that it may render them fruitful in devout Christians, and that the zeal of apostolic men yet to come may be stimulated to gather the abundant harvest that is being presented to them by so many people still buried in the shadow of death.

"In the meantime, as it belongs only to the Church to declare the saints, I commend him to your holy sacrifices and to those of all our Fathers. I hope that you will not forget in them who is, with much respect, etc.—"

Looking back over the history of our State from that time to the present, it would seem as though the pious wish of Father de la Chasse were prophetic, and that the death of Father Rale had borne fruit.

CHAPTER XXXIV

Some Reflections Upon Cause and Effects in History

In these Essays and Tales I have pursued a different method of dealing with history from that usually followed by historical writers. The method commonly pursued is to treat at considerable length and with much detail the history of the great and important battles between the English and the French which had for their object the determining of which flag should finally triumph; and to consider as subordinate the many smaller and less conspicuous events which preceded and led up to the great battles. The battles which resulted in the fall of Louisberg and Quebec are, in most histories, the important events, and the relation and description of these battles occupy the most prominent position in the historical narrative.

In these Essays and Tales I have made much of what seems, at first sight, to be the little things, the minor events. But my reason is that, in my view of history, these little things, these minor events, which precede and lead up to the greater events, the deciding battles, often contain the germs of the great events and show the causes and reasons of the great events.

The fall of Louisberg is an important event in the history of our country; it is one of the deciding battles of all history, not so momentous as the fall of Quebec, but doubtless as important, for it foreshadowed the fall of Quebec. Yet, to my view of history, the causes

that led up to Louisberg's fate are more important and far more interesting than the actual siege and battle.

I have told in detail the story of the life of Father Rale at Norridgewock and his sad death at the hands of the English, quoting from his writings in order that there might be no question as to the accuracy of the relation. The death of Father Rale had an important influence on the course of history, and from it we can trace one of the causes of the loss of Louisberg to the French. His death had a demoralizing effect upon the Abenaki Indians of Maine, who were the friends of the French, and it had consequently a dispiriting effect upon the French themselves in Acadia. It was not, as English writers would have us believe, that Father Rale inspired the Abenakis to fight the English; indeed, the very writers who make that charge, in almost the same breath tell us that the Abenakis were not a fight-loving, warlike race like most of the other tribes. The truth is that Father Rale lent his moral influence to the just claims of the Abenakis to resist unjust oppression at the hands of the English; but he never inspired them to attack the English. But as long as he lived, his influence was a strong force in keeping the Abenakis courageous to defend their rights against the encroachments of the English who were steadily striving to push them back and to get their lands away from them. So long as the Abenakis were able to defend themselves against the English encroachments, the weak and scattered French settlers in that part of Acadia which is now Maine were also able to hold their own.

John Fiske, the historian, held this view of the history of this period, and he expressed it in these words:—

"This contest over the Kennebec River was typical of the whole struggle between the French and the English. On the one hand, there was the steadily advancing front of the self-governing and greatly thriving agricultural community; on the other hand, there was the little group of French noblemen and priests governing a mere handful of settlers, and striving to keep back the advancing English by means of diplomatic control over barbarous Indians. It was a struggle which could really have but one issue. It was a struggle, moreover, that was conducted without pity or mercy, with scarcely a pretense of regard for the amenities of civilized warfare. Neither side was particularly scrupulous, while from that day to this, each side has kept up a terrible outcry against the other for doing the very same thing which it did itself. From that day to this, English writers have held up their hands in holy horror at the atrocious conduct of the French in sending savages to burn villages and massacre women and children on the English border. Yet was it not an English governor of New York who in 1689 launched the Iroquois thunderbolt against Canada, one of the most frightful Indian incursions known to history? It does not appear that the conscience of either Puritan or Catholic was in the slightest degree disturbed by these horrors. Each felt sure that he was fighting the Devil, and thought it quite proper to fight him with his own weapons." (Fiske's Historical Writings, Vol. IX, "New France and New England," Page 239.)

When John Fiske admits that it was the English governor of New York who instigated the frightful Iroquois invasion and massacre, he is doing a good deal, for a historian of the prejudiced class that I have mentioned. But unfortunately, he feels constrained to

counterbalance this admission with a blow of prejudice against the Jesuit Father Rale, in the next breath. He proceeds to say:—

"On the Kennebec frontier the problem for New France was to prevent English villages and fortresses from advancing in that direction, and the most obvious way of accomplishing the result was to instigate the Indians to acts of warfare. This was the avowed policy of Vaudreuil, and it was carried out by Father Rale to the best of his ability. When he found that his Norridgewock Indians were timid, and inclined to peace, he sent to Montreal and caused parties of warriors from divers tribes, Ottawas, Caughnawagas, Hurons, and others, to be sent to the Kennebec River, where all engaged in a frantic war dance, and quite carried away the Norridgewocks in a frenzy of bloodthirsty enthusiasm. This was in 1721. Then began the sickening tale so many times repeated in early American history,—the tale of burning homes, of youth and beauty struck down by the tomahawk, and of captives led away through the gloom of the forest to meet a fiery death. Thus in turn, the English government at Boston was confronted with its problems; how to put a stop to these horrors without bringing on a new war with France. The practical New England mind saw that the principal hotbed of all the mischief must be destroyed, and if a Frenchman or two should come to grief in the process, it was his own fault for playing so recklessly with fire."

How cheerfully Prof. Fiske looks upon the death of "a Frenchman or two," (meaning, of course, Father Rale, or any other Jesuit who happened to stand in the way of the English advance.) How cheerfully, compared with "the sickening tale" of English who were killed by the Abnaki.

A little farther on Prof. Fiske in a few words tells the story of the English expedition which surprised the Abenaki village of Norridgewock, and murdered Father Rale. And he says: "In the course of the fight Father Rale was shot through the head. Puritan writers have sought to stigmatize this interesting man as a murderer, while Catholics have praised him as a martyr. In the impartial light of history, he was neither one nor the other. He was true to his own sense of duty, and the worst that can be said about him is that he was not exceptionally scrupulous in his choice of political and military means; while on the other hand, the title of 'martyr' seems hardly to belong to a man who was killed in the ordinary course of battle, not because of his religious faith, but because he was fighting in the service of France."

If Prof. Fiske's historical work is "the light of History," then history is in a sad way. One would naturally expect that Fiske would cite strong historical authority for the above statement about Father Rale. To state that a missionary priest was fighting, and not even fighting for his religious faith, but actually fighting for the cause of France, that is, that he was not a non-combatant, as a priest or minister is supposed to be by the laws of all nations, but was engaged in battle as an active combatant, would naturally require very good original historical authority. But for his authority, Prof. Fiske cites Parkman's "Half Century of Conflict." That is to say,—one prejudiced writer cites another prejudiced writer as authority for his prejudices. If this is not a case of the blind leading the blind in historical writing, then no other such example can be found in all the pages of history.

It is enough to say once more, that the best historical authority, the "Relations of the Jesuits" proves

beyond question that Father Rale was slain, while unarmed and unresisting, by the English soldiers, and afterwards his body was mutilated almost beyond recognition by the Indian allies of the English, without the slightest effort having been made by the English to prevent this outrage.

To return to our first proposition,—that the death of Father Rale and the dispersion of the Abenakis and the weakening of the French settlements in Maine and Acadia, which followed upon the death of Rale, had an influence leading to the fall of Louisberg. The facts and circumstances which the course of history shows were the causes of important results, are, or ought to be, of more interest to the historian than the mere chronicling of the results themselves.

Thus, we are able to trace the great change of the sovereignity of this soil, from France to England, back to the attack upon the Indian village of Norridgewock and the death of Father Rale; and further again, back to the "Argall Outrage," wherein the English Captain, Argall, who was little better than a pirate, attacked the newly founded French settlement of St. Sauveur, at, or near Mount Desert Island, killed the Jesuit Du Thet, captured as prisoners Fathers Biard and Massé, and dispersed the French colonists and broke up the settlement. For, doubtless, if the St. Sauveur settlement had been let alone by the English and allowed to exist and prosper, as it had a moral and legal right to do, under the laws of all nations, the French would have become so strong in Maine, that they never could have been dislodged by the English, Louisberg would not have been taken, and Quebec would not have fallen, and finally the arms of France would have remained triumphant in this part of the world and the French

flag would still wave over what is now British soil and even over much that is now American.

But these are idle speculations. Let us return to our history and our facts. Let us consider what was the situation of the French after the death of Father Rale.

CHAPTER XXXV

The Fall of Louisberg and the Part Taken Herein by the Men of Maine

Louisberg was situated on Cape Breton Island in a commanding position and a strategic location. It had been named Louisberg for the French King. In the year 1720 the French began a system of fortifications at this place which, when they were finally completed, made it one of the Gibraltars of the World.

Louisberg occupied a central position with reference to Quebec, France, and the West Indies. It stood in the way of an attack upon Quebec, and was a base of supplies for the French. In 1744 France and England were once more involved in war. Governor Shirley of the Massachusetts Colony conceived the project of making a sudden attack on Louisberg. It is said that the project was suggested to him by William Vaughan, a son of the Vaughan who had been lieutenant governor of New Hampshire. Francis Parkman in his "Half Century of Conflict," calls it "a mad scheme." The Legislature, with great reluctance, authorized the attack, and New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Connecticut joined in the undertaking. Gov. Shirley selected a Maine man, William Pepperell of Kittery, to command the expedition. He was not much of a military man, but made up for his lack of military knowledge by considerable energy. As it turned out, his very energy, precipitate indeed, was the means of his success in an undertaking at which

perhaps a better informed military man would have hesitated, and failed. The French were taken by surprise, not expecting so sudden an attack.

On May 1st, 1745, the English forces made a landing at Louisberg, and with laudable energy and determination, as compared with the French defense, almost at once captured what was called the "Grand Battery," which mounted thirty heavy guns. The French made no real defense at this point, practically abandoning the battery without resistance. This loss sealed their doom, for the English were able to turn the heavy guns of the battery upon the town. If the French had held out here and made a good and stubborn defense at the point of the Grand Battery, they would probably have held Louisberg successfully, for the English force was not really adequate to the achievement.

But what is more interesting to us is the part taken by the Englishmen of Maine in this expedition. A debt of gratitude will always be due Dr. Henry S. Burrage, D. D., Maine State Historian, for his learned and interesting book, published in 1910,—"Maine at Louisberg." He has there perpetuated for future generations the story of the part taken by the Maine men in the victory over the French at Louisberg. Besides the commander of the expedition, William Pepperell, whose home was in Kittery, the men of Maine raised three regiments, numbering 2855 in all. Three companies of Maine men from Waldo's regiment were among the first in the attacking party which captured the Grand Battery.

It is one of the marvels of the history of warfare that Louisberg was taken so easily, and at so little cost. The loss of the English troops was only one hundred and thirty men. Burrage, in his history men-

tioned above, says: "As Pepperell on entering the town viewed the magnitude and strength of the defenses, he exclaimed, 'The Almighty of a truth has been with us.' "

I will also quote these significant and true words of Burrage: "But if the provincial soldiers were not enriched by the spoils of Louisberg, they received during their service there many exceedingly valuable lessons. Best of all they learned the power of united action in the execution of some great purpose. It was the victory at Louisberg that inspired them with the resolve to bring to a speedy end French influence and French dominion on this continent. Many of the men from Maine, as elsewhere in New England, who served at Louisberg, served also in the armies that a few years later at Lake George drove the advancing French forces back to their strongholds on the St. Lawrence, to be finally overcome by Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham in 1759. Some of them, and many of their sons, were among the first to respond to the Lexington Alarm in 1775. The drums that were heard at Louisberg were heard at Bunker Hill, and on other battlefields of the Revolution. The Louisberg expedition was a school for the New England militia. Moreover it brought the provinces into close and harmonious relations, and developed that power which was at length manifested in the great struggle, which was finally won at Yorktown, and which made the United Colonies the United States."

Those words are the truth; and it is interesting to see that Dr. Burrage takes that view of history which enables the reader to see the relation of cause and effect, and to see that every event in history must be regarded, not as individual and unconnected, but as forming links in a connected chain. And even the most insignificant

and unimportant happening is like the dropping of a pebble into a mill-pond,—its influence is felt to the most extreme limits.

The taking of Louisberg in 1745 always seems to me a more interesting event than the second capture in 1758. The credit of the first belongs to the New England colonists, that of the second to General Wolfe, that youthful general who was later to win imperishable glory by his victory over Montcalm and his death in the arms of victory.

By the treaty of Aix-La-Chapelle, which closed the war between France and England, which on this side of the ocean had resulted in the fall of Louisberg in 1745, Louisberg was restored to France. Thirteen years was, however, the length of time that France was able to hold it. Its loss seems to have been fated. But during these thirteen years the French had increased the armaments and strengthened the fortifications. So, once more, when the English set out to capture the place, the undertaking seemed foolhardy, as it had seemed the first time. This time, it was the genius and dash of Wolfe which brought success to the arms of England. He made a landing of his detachment of the English attacking army at a point at the extreme west, while other detachments under Admiral Boscawen, and General Amherst, who was in command of the land forces, landed and attacked the French at other points. If Wolfe had failed, however, the whole attack would probably have failed. But he succeeded in cutting between the left flank of the French forces and the town, thus cutting the French army off. Then he marched around past the famous "Grand Battery," and drove the French from a part of the works. In the meantime, the English ships, which outnumbered the French kept up such a murderous fire upon the

fortifications and the town, that after some days of fighting, the French ships were all destroyed, except one which was taken as a prize, and the forts and town so badly burnt by the bombs of the English that nothing was left for the French but to surrender Louisberg once again, and this for the last time.

As I have said, however, this second taking of Louisberg never seems so interesting an event in history as the first; and moreover, from the point of view of one who feels most interest in the exploits of the colonists, the credit for this capture belongs to England rather than to the colonists.

CHAPTER XXXVI

LOOKING BACKWARD

It was Charles Lever, I believe, who wrote in the preface to one of his novels of life in Ireland in the beginning of the 19th century, that, in his opinion, an author should write his preface as a conclusion to his book, to be read and considered, after the book had been fully assimilated. I do not, believe however, that the thought was original to Lever.

I desire to call the reader's attention to the propositions which I started in beginning this series of Essays. And it is for the reason that I believe that I have fully demonstrated the truth of my proposition that I am now concluding.

I have not written a history of Maine from the earliest explorations down to any particular period. There are many more interesting events in the history of Maine which I might treat of, but to do so would result in losing sight of my purpose, and to change a series of essays into a poorly digested history. In other words, to confess to my discerning readers that I had failed as an essayist by attempting to cover my retreat with the filched mantle of the historian.

No, I feel that I can safely stop here, without trying to stir the reader's heart with a narrative of the fall of Quebec, and the momentous changes in the history of this continent which that event brought about. Let the memory of the heroic deeds of the

brave and modest Wolf, who quoted "Grey's Elegy" on the eve of a great battle; let the memory of the chivalrous defense of his adversary, Montcalm, rest with the able and eloquent words of the many historians, English and the French, who have preserved the history of this period for posterity. I have no desire to pit myself against them. Nor is it necessary to my purpose.

I have brought the reader down to the eve of the great change of sovereignty, in this part of the world, that settled forever the question of English or French supremacy in Maine; that settled forever the fate and destiny of the Indian races, that brought about the condition of human affairs in the colonies bordering the Atlantic which gave birth to an English-speaking, free and independent nation.

I have tried to sketch a picture of a period, and a series of conditions, in the history of our state; and in doing it, I believe I have experienced something of the feeling which the artist must have, in despairing of his attempt to reproduce the effects of nature with his limitations of color and canvas; for that period was a time not only of romantic interest, but a period of history to understand which, and to explain which, demands the best efforts of the profoundly philosophic mind.

Let me illustrate: I said in the first chapter that the opportunity was offered here to the white man to give to the world an example of Christian charity and liberality, and that it was lost by his selfishness. I have tried to make it plain that the events of history, considered even in the light of the philosophy of the greatest good to the greatest number, show that, however the English race may have excelled in empire building, it has failed signally in that it has not accom-

plished the greatest good that it might, and ought to have accomplished with the opportunities it had.

I began early in the series to show by quotations from the writings of the first explorers, from Jacques Cartier, from Samuel de Champlain, from Marc Lescarbot, and from others, that the Indians were naturally a friendly race, easily inclined to adopt the Christian religion, and the virtues of Christian civilization. The French, made them allies by friendly treatment. We have seen that the Indian speaks frequently of "my brother, the Frenchman." The English made them implacable enemies by brutal treatment.

Quotations from the Protestant historians, Bancroft, and Francis Parkman, have borne out my contentions on the foregoing points.

We have, during the course of these chapters, followed the footsteps of the Jesuit missionaries, from Biard and Massè down to Sabastian Rale. I do not want to recapitulate now the facts that I have proved by quotations from the writings of those great Jesuits, as I think they are too fresh in the readers' memory. But, I will recall the fact that I have proved that history shows that many important events of great interest to Catholics have happened in Maine. For instance, the first consecrated host made from wheat grown on American soil was made by Father Biard, S. J., in the fall of the year 1611 at Port Royal, Which, as I have shown was in Acadia, which at that time, by consent of all nations, included nearly all of what is now Maine. Also, the first Mass celebrated in Maine took place in October 1611 on an island in the lower Kennebec. Also, the first martyr was Brother Gilbert du Thet, who was killed by the English under Argall at St. Sauveur.

I think it is plain to all fair minded readers that

history clearly demonstrates that the title of France to the soil of what is now Maine was better than the title of England. But the reader will remember that early in these essays I quoted from the writings of Father Biard some expressions which show that he, in the year 1616, foresaw the downfall of French supremacy, deducing it from what he had seen about him in Acadia. A part of his words are these: "I shall only suggest that it is great folly for small companies to go there, who picture to themselves Baronies, and I know not what great fiefs and demesnes, for three or four thousand ecus for example, which they will have to sink in that country."

But however sure we may be that truth and justice were on the side of the French claim to the title of Maine, Fate has spoken its last word, and victory ultimately perched upon the banner of England. Unreflecting people, blinded by what they believe is patriotism, say,—"how fortunate it was that the arms of England were triumphant, and the question of French or English supremacy on this continent was settled as it was at Quebec." It seems to me, on the other hand, strange that anyone should so regard the result. Was there anything backward about the French civilization that the pioneers of France in the New World, those men whose daily lives read like a romance, could not have led the forward march of the world's civilization as safely and as wisely as the stern New England Puritan and the leisure loving Southern country-gentleman? In one matter alone, to say nothing of anything else, can there be any doubt that a different fate would have befallen the Indian tribes if their welfare and their future had been in the care of the French governors and legislators, who treated them as friends and broth-

ers, and of the Jesuit Fathers, who treated them as human beings with a soul to save?

But only in imagination now can we picture to oursleves what might have been the future of Maine once a part of old Acadia, had the noble and ambitious plans of the pioneers of France, of Champlain, de Monts, Frontenac, been permitted to be accomplished. Only in imagination can we figure to ourselves what government, what laws, what customs, would be ours to-day. But such dreams are only for antiquarians and students of history, whose hearts are bound up in the lost past. To him who studies history to apply the lessons of the past to the problems of the present, such dreams are idle. The State of Maine stands to-day, at the opening of the twentieth century, with a great history behind her, and the promise of a happy and prosperous future before her. The bitterness and hatred of religious quarrels are dead and almost forgotten. But the more our people know of their proud history, in the great days of the making of Maine, the more familiar and better acquainted they become with the names and deeds of the men who were the Makers of Maine; the better citizens and more loyal sons of Maine will they be, for they will then know that their State has a right to her proud motto,—"Dirigo," and that it is their duty to preserve and maintain her right to lead in the future, as she lead long ago in the making of our western world.

THE END

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