

SEBASTIAN RALE

Historical Collection" (2d Series, Volume VIII, p. 257) the paternity of young Castine is ascribed to him, on the authority of a certain Hugh Adams. As Castine was perfectly well known, both to the French and English and to the Abnakis, and as he had also solemnly declared himself, before the judges in Boston, to be the legitimate son of Baron de Castine by an Indian mother, this attempt to blacken the reputation of a holy man like Râle cannot be too bitterly reprobated. Young Castine himself had just been killed by the English a month before at Oyster River. His lips were forever dumb and could not refute the calumny.

Quite different from those disgraceful scenes at Boston were those that took place at the same time on the plateau of Narantsouac. The day after the massacre, the Indians crept cautiously back to the desolate village. The men cleared away some of the ruins, and then sat down to weep over the dead; the women meantime scoured the woods for herbs to heal the wounds of the braves. The body of their beloved priest was found horribly mangled. They kissed it again and again, and then took it up tenderly, and after washing it, laid it in the place where for thirty years he had offered the Holy Sacrifice. His altar was his grave. Around him in a circle they laid the bodies of the seven warriors who had died in his defence. There was Mogg, the Indian whom Whittier has defamed. His wife and children had likewise been killed. There, too, was Bomaseen, who probably died before he knew that his wife and daughter had been murdered. His son-in-law was placed near him in the grave and also Job. Carabasset and Wessemenet. The name of the seventh hero is not known. The Indians carried the bloody cassock to Quebec, but what became of that sacred relic cannot be discovered. The chapel bell, of course, was uninjured, and it is said that an Indian lad took it, and hid it some distance up the river. He lived many years after the tragedy, but would never