

summer day, when an English ship, carrying fourteen cannon and sixty musketeers, suddenly appeared, bearing down upon them. Captain Samuel Argall, of Virginia, was in command. He had just come from a voyage up the Potomac river, during which he had performed his abduction of the celebrated Indian girl, Pocahontas, and carried her to Jamestown. The Frenchmen's vessel lay at anchor, with sails down and used as awning. A few men, including Du Thet, were on board. The English ship, Biard tells us, came on swifter than an arrow, driven by a propitious wind, the banners of England flying, and "tout pavis de rouge." Trumpets and drums made a horrible din. The unfortunate French, taken entirely by surprise, could make little resistance. Brother Du Thet fired off a cannon at the invaders, but neglected to take aim. A volley from the English gave him a death wound. Two other Frenchmen were killed and four wounded. Argall captured this vessel and another smaller one and took them to Virginia. The members of the colony were dispersed in various directions, some were on Grand Manan and Long Island, in the Bay of Fundy. Most of them found their way back to France after many vicissitudes. Among those taken to Virginia were the two Jesuits, Biard and St. Quentin.

Upon Argall's arrival at Jamestown, and conference with Governor Dale, it was resolved to complete forthwith the work of exterminating the French on the Atlantic coast. With his own vessel, and the two taken at St. Sauveur he sailed again northwards, with instructions to destroy all fortifications and settlements of the French as far as Cape Breton. Biard and St. Quentin were with him. A call was made to complete the levelling of St. Sauveur. Here, and in various other places, Argall erected English monuments, as the Jesuit Relations tell us, "declaring the whole coast to be under the sway of the British King." The remains of the settlement at St. Croix were destroyed, and, on the night of October 31, 1613, by the light of the moon, Argall with his three vessels sailed into the beautiful basin of Port Royal. In the morning a landing was made, but the inhabitants had fled. Nine days appear to have been spent here and the destruction and pillage were most complete, ending by the burning of the houses. Father Biard had his revenge. Some deny that he was Argall's pilot in the Baie Francaise, but they seem to have had a good understanding, and Biard speaks

of Argall as a man "who has a noble heart." On the return voyage to Virginia, Argall's smallest vessel was lost. A call was made at Manhattan Island.

Thus the English asserted themselves and put a stop, for the time, to attempts at French colonization in Acadie which had been making, through trials and tribulations, for nine years. The English made no attempt to colonize Acadie until Sir William Alexander's unfortunate Scotch colony of 1628.

In Alexander's map of Acadie the Bay of Fundy is called "Argall's Bay."

These English expeditions from Virginia had, however, a more important bearing upon history than appears to be generally recognized. Without a decided check, such as administered by Argall, the French would undoubtedly have extended their settlements southwards. Even in Massachusetts Bay, instead of the Pilgrim Fathers, might have appeared another very earnest people, the Jesuits. But the "Mayflower" came, and many other ships, and the Puritans became rooted in New England, only to be overwhelmed later by various strange and less pious peoples, who had no proper appreciation of the severities of life.

Argall, who appears to have been a good specimen of the old English sea-rover and adventurer, was deputy-governor of Virginia for two years; became Sir Samuel Argall in 1622, served as admiral in Spanish wars, and died in England in 1626.

Such, in brief, were the circumstances under which the first shots were fired in the long struggle between French and English in America. A Jesuit was the first to lay down his life. Just a hundred years later, in 1713, Acadie became permanently British, by the treaty of Utrecht. In fifty years more, in 1763, all Canada was finally ceded to Britain by the treaty of Paris. Another hundred and fifty years have passed, and in this good year of 1913 those who still cherish the traditions of La Belle France are found living in peace and amity under the Union Jack, Canadians all, and following, with faith, the rising star of the great Dominion.

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The boy who rocks the boat for fun,  
Or plays he'll shoot you with a gun,  
May some day get a little sense,  
In the dear school of experience.