

from their perils, and direct them to some good place for his glory.

Of his goodness, adds Father Biard, he heard us, for that very evening we began to see the stars. In the morning the vapors were dissipated, and we found ourselves to be before Mount Desert (*au devant des Monts deserts*), an island which the savages call Pemetic. The pilot steered for the eastern side of the island, where he brought us to a berth (*nous logea*) in a beautiful and ample port, and we returned our thanks, raising the cross and chanting our praises to God with the sacrifice of the holy mass. We called this place and port Saint Sauveur.

“The eastern shore of Mount Desert Isle” — this is Mr. Bancroft’s topography, and it is perfectly correct up to a certain point. On the eastern shore was the first named Saint Sauveur, the Saint Sauveur of the landfall, the planting of the cross, and the celebration of the mass — ample warrant, no doubt, for the naming of a church or a hotel in our modern Bar Harbor. But there was another Saint Sauveur, the Saint Sauveur of the settlement, leagues away from the first, where alone the “rude intrenchments” and other details of Mr. Bancroft’s picture, according to Father Biard, could have found place. This is what the Relation sets forth with great distinctness in the next chapter, the twenty-fourth, which is so definite and conclusive that I give it entire. The title of the chapter is important as showing that they carried on the name Saint Sauveur to the place chosen for their residence: —

THE OCCASION OF OUR DECIDING TO STAY AT SAINT SAUVEUR:
THE EXCELLENCE OF THE PLACE.

Now in this port of Saint Sauveur a great dispute arose between the sailors and the rest of our company, or those others of