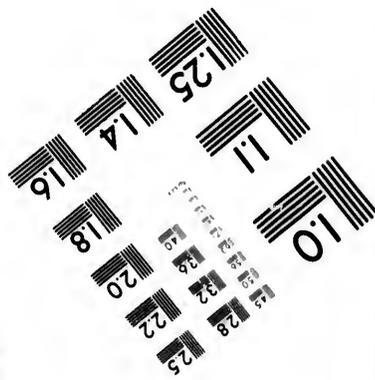
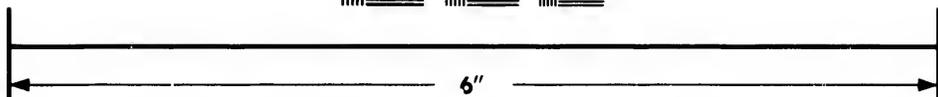
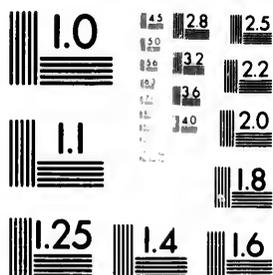


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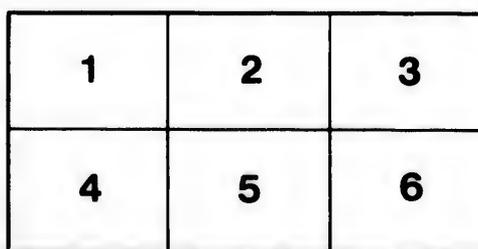
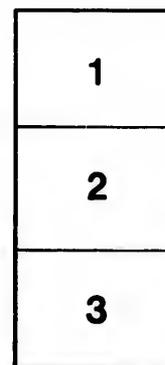
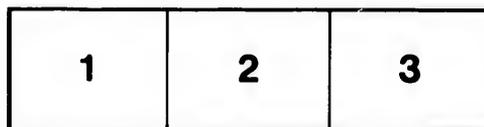
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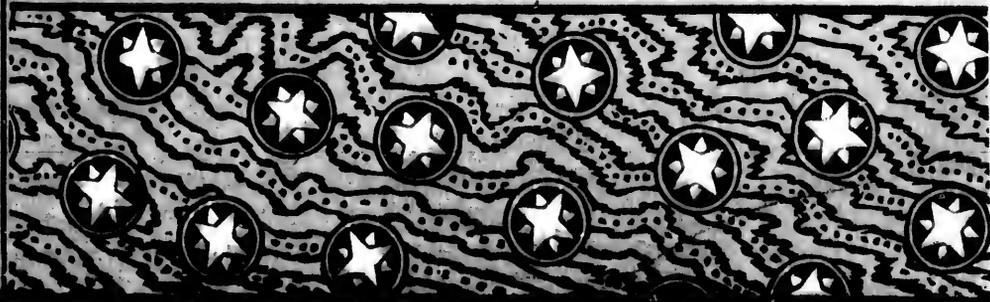
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CHAMPLAIN AND HIS ASSOCIATES.

AN ACCOUNT

OF

EARLY FRENCH ADVENTURE IN NORTH AMERICA.

BY

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

With Introduction and Explanatory Notes.

NEW YORK:

MAYNARD, MERRILL, & Co., PUBLISHERS,

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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF THE AUTHOR.

FRANCIS PARKMAN, the son of an esteemed clergyman of the same name, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, September 16, 1823. After completing his college course at Harvard in 1844, he studied law for two years, but abandoned it in 1846. He travelled in Europe in the latter part of 1843 and the beginning of 1844, and in 1846 set out to explore the Rocky Mountains.

He lived for several months among the Dakota Indians and the still wilder and remoter tribes, and incurred hardships and privations that made him an invalid. An interesting account of this expedition is given in his book *The Oregon Trail*. Mr. Parkman next occupied himself with historical composition. Familiar with actual Indian life on and beyond the frontier, he naturally turned his attention to the many picturesque scenes of a similar character in our annals.

His chief work has been a series of volumes intended to illustrate the rise and fall of the French dominion in America, which are distinguished for brilliant style and accurate research. By their thoroughness of research, revealing, in many cases, records in manuscript hitherto inaccessible; by their calm and judicious judgments, and by their picturesque narratives, these volumes have won an acceptance as classics in the department of early American history.

“The settlement of North America, and its early conquest by the French; their long and weary battle with the elements and the Indians; their splendid discoveries and disastrous mistakes; the great effort of the Roman Church, under Jesuit leadership, to retrieve her losses from the Reformation by the conversion of

the red men of America ; the magnificent deeds of heroism and glorious acts of martyrdom which accompanied the planting of the cross on the St. Lawrence and its tributary lakes, and in the far West, constitute the outline of Mr. Parkman's still unfinished work. His works are not the fancy picture-painting of romance, but the conscientious retracing of the past, till the wild scenes of the forest throb and thrill with life. Their value consists in fidelity to nature and actual facts, and in tracing out the characteristics of the aborigines, and their contact with the first civilization of America.

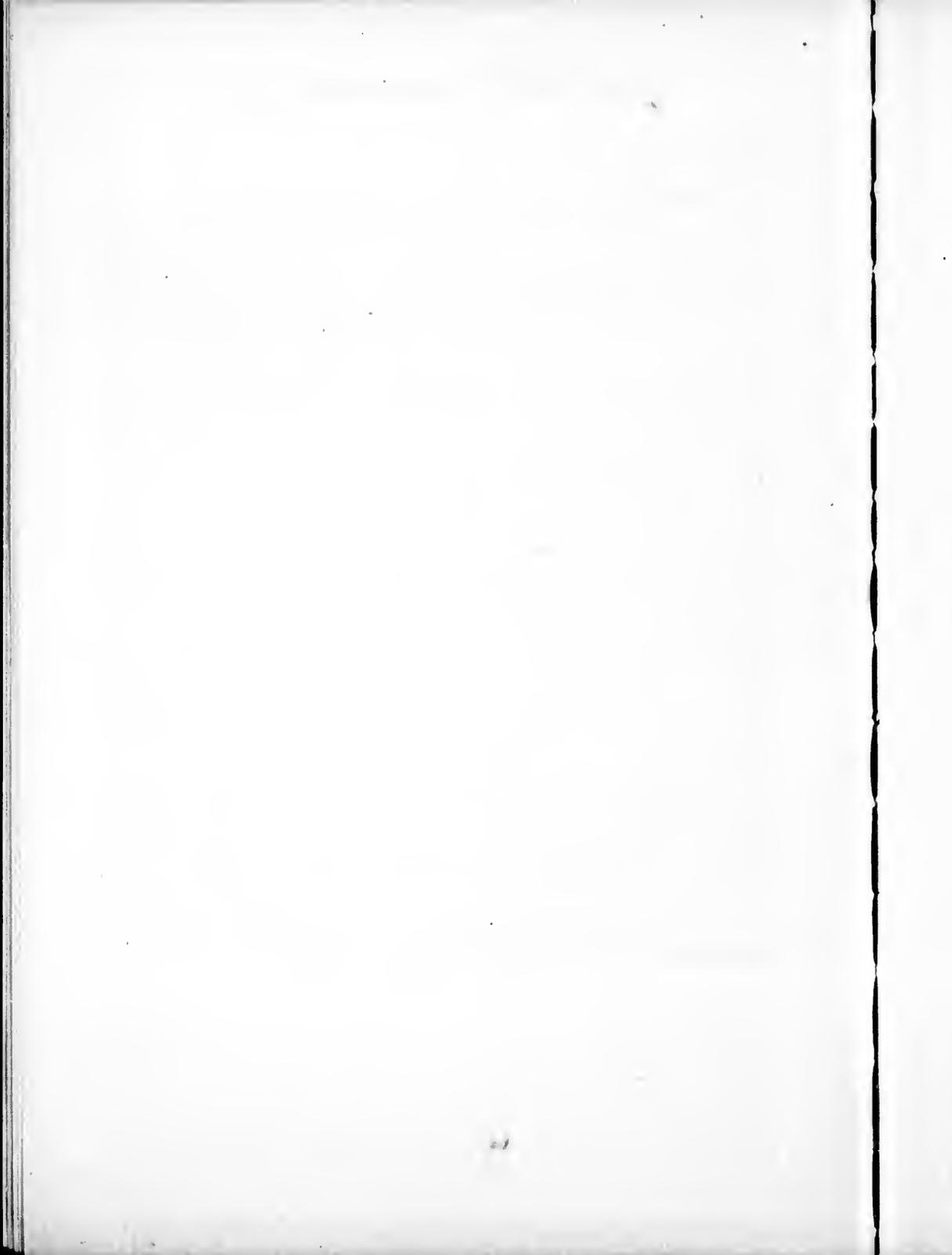
They touch the very springs of our national life. They show the reason why the red man has succumbed to his white brother, and they illustrate the struggle between liberty and absolutism. Thus, though dealing with events of two centuries ago, and describing how our earliest institutions were born out of the necessities of the hour, they record the first beginnings of life where now many millions of busy feet tread in the paths of industry, and where strong nations have entered upon the fruits of their labor, who took their lives in their hands to convert the wily Indian, to discover a new pathway to China, or to fill their coffers from fabulous mines of treasure. It is a noticeable fact that two motives led to all the discoveries and early settlements in this country out of New England—the greed of gold and the passion for converts. What Mr. Parkman calls “the grand crisis of Canadian history,” the English conquest had a much wider application.

“England imposed, by the sword, on reluctant Canada, the boon of national and ordered liberty. Through centuries of striving she had advanced from stage to stage of progress, deliberate and calm, never breaking with her past, but making each fresh gain the basis of a new success, enlarging popular liberties while bating nothing of that height and force of individual development which is the brain and heart of civilization ; and now, through a hard-earned victory, she taught the conquered colony to share the blessings she had won. A happier

calamity never befell a people than the conquest of Canada by British arms."

What England did for Canada she has done for the United States everywhere, and this first contact of France, and then of England with the savage life of America, it has been Mr. Parkman's good fortune to describe. While we are reading an interesting story we are tracing out the rude hamlet of the forefathers; and the pioneer, the trapper, the priest, and the fur-trader lead in the march of civilization. Though the stories of these pioneers in conquest and religion seem already remote and legendary in face of the occupation of the land they once held by a present civilization, and though the trapper and the Indian are now shorn of their pristine glory and will soon become the relics of a by-gone age, the volumes of Mr. Parkman can never grow old in interest. They contain too much which is inwrought with our very life to become obsolete, and they are so largely the history of the first era of civilization in America, that, though the fascination and charm of legendary story are felt on every page, they can never pass into the list of old romance. Mr. Parkman has visited France several times to examine the French archives in connection with his historical labors.

His publications in his chosen field are: "The Oregon Trail;" "The Conspiracy of Pontiac;" "Pioneers of France in the New World;" "Jesuits in North America;" "Discovery of the Great West;" "The Old Régime in Canada;" "Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV.," and "Montcalm and Wolfe." Mr. Parkman is at the present time (1888) engaged on another volume which is designed to complete the series.



CHAMPLAIN AND HIS ASSOCIATES.

CHAPTER I.

1488—1543.

EARLY FRENCH ADVENTURE IN NORTH AMERICA.

Traditions of French Discovery.—Normans, Bretons, Basques.—Legends and Superstitions.—Verrazzano.—Jacques Cartier.—Quebec.—Hochelega.—Winter Miseries.—Roberval.

LONG before the ice-crueted pines of Plymouth had listened to the rugged psalmody of the Puritan, the solitudes of Western New York and the shadowy wilderness of Lake Huron were trodden by the iron heel of the soldier and the sandaled foot of the Franciscan friar. France was the true pioneer of the Great West. 'They who bore the fleur-de-lis' were always in the van, patient, daring, indomitable. And foremost on this bright roll of forest-chivalry stands the half-forgotten name of Samuel de Champlain.

Samuel de Champlain has been fitly called the Father of New France. In him were embodied her religious zeal and romantic spirit of adventure. Before the close of his career, purged of heresy, she took the posture which she held to the day of her death,—in one hand the crucifix, in the other the sword.

¹ Fleur-de-lis—flower of the lily. The royal insignia of France.

His life, full of significance, is the true beginning of her eventful history.

When America was first made known to Europe, the part assumed by France on the borders of that new world was peculiar, and is little recognized. While the Spaniard roamed sea and land, burning for achievement, red-hot with bigotry and avarice, and while England, with soberer steps and a less dazzling result, followed in the path of discovery and gold-hunting, it was from France that those barbarous shores first learned to serve the ends of peaceful commercial industry.

To leave this cloudland of tradition, and approach the confines of recorded history: The Normans, offspring of an ancestry of conquerors; the Bretons, that stubborn, hardy, unchanging race; the Basques, that primeval people, older than history,—all frequented from a very early date the cod-banks of Newfoundland.²

From this time forth the Newfoundland fishery was never abandoned. French, English, Spanish, and Portuguese made resort to the Banks, always jealous, often quarreling, but still drawing up treasure from those exhaustless mines, and bearing home bountiful provision against the season of Lent.

While French fishermen plied their trade along these gloomy coasts, the French Government spent its energies on a different field. The vitality of the kingdom was wasted in Italian wars. The crown passed at length to Francis of Angoulême.³ The light which was beginning to pierce the feudal darkness gathered its rays around his throne. Among artists, philosophers,

² There is some reason to believe that this fishery existed before the voyage of Cabot in 1497; there is strong evidence that it began as early as the year 1504.

³ **Francis I.**—King of France, born 1494, died 1547. He left a great reputation for gallantry, generosity, and royal accomplishments.

During his reign a league was formed against him by Charles the Fifth of Spain, Henry VIII. of England, and Pope Leo X., and the French were expelled from Italy after a series of battles, at Sesia 1524, in which the famous chevalier Bayard fell, and at Pavia in 1525.

and men of letters, enrolled in his service, stands the humbler name of a Florentine navigator, John Verrazzano.⁴

The wealth of the Indies was pouring into the coffers of Charles the Fifth,⁵ and the exploits of Cortés⁶ had given new luster to his crown. Francis the First begrudged his hated rival the glories and profits of the New World. He would fain have his share of the prize; and Verrazzano, with four ships, was despatched to seek out a passage westward to the rich kingdom of Cathay.⁷



Toward the end of the year 1523, his four ships sailed from Dieppe;⁸ but a storm fell upon him, and with two of the vessels he ran back in distress to a port of Brittany.⁹ What became of the other two does not appear. Neither is it clear why, after a preliminary cruise against the Spaniards, he pursued his voyage with one vessel alone, a caravel¹⁰ called the Dolphin. With her he made for Madeira,¹¹ and, on the seventeenth of January,

⁴ **Verrazzano** (*ver-rat-sah-no*)—Italian navigator, born about 1486. He is believed to have visited North America in 1508 or earlier.

⁵ **Charles V.** (1519–1556)—Emperor of Germany was one of the greatest monarchs of ancient or modern times. Francis I. was the great rival of Charles in the contest for Imperial honors, and kept up an almost incessant warfare with him. It is in his relations to the Reformation that the significant features of his life and work are to be found.

⁶ **Cortés, Hernando,** was born, in Spain, in 1485. Resolving to seek his fortune in the New World, he sailed to Hispaniola in 1504. He was appointed commander of an expedition against Mexico in 1518, and

conquered the country after many brilliant battles. The story of his wonderful exploits is told in Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico."

⁷ **Cathay**—ancient name of China, or Tartary.

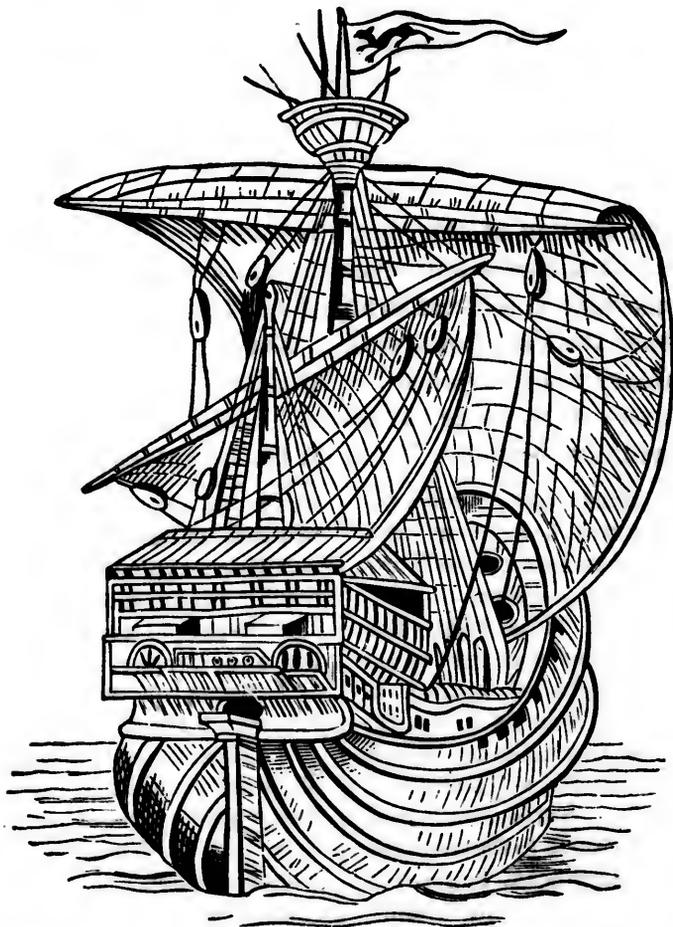
⁸ **Dieppe**—a seaport town of France, on the English Channel.

⁹ **Brittany** (also Bretagne)—an old province in the N. W. of France, forming an extensive peninsula between the English Channel and the Atlantic Ocean.

¹⁰ **Caravel**—a kind of light, round, old-fashioned ship, formerly used by Spaniards and Portuguese.

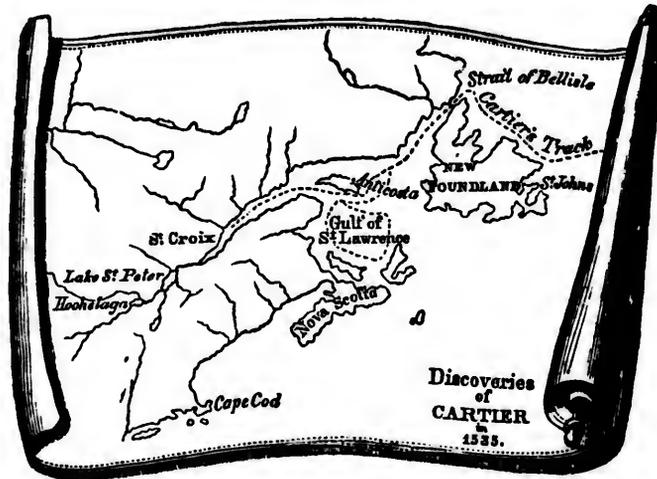
¹¹ **Madeira**—an island in the Atlantic Ocean, 440 miles west of Morocco. It is 35 miles long and 12 miles broad.

1524, set sail from a barren islet in its neighborhood, and bore away for the unknown world. In forty-nine days they neared a low shore, not far from the site of Wilmington in North Carolina, "a newe land," exclaims the voyager, "never before seen of any man, either auncient or moderne." Yet fires were blaz-



ing along the coast; and the inhabitants, in human likeness, presently appeared, crowding to the water's edge, in wonder and admiration, pointing out a landing-place, and making profuse gestures of welcome.

Verrazzano's next resting-place was the Bay of New York. Rowing up in his boat through the Narrows, under the steep heights of Staten Island, he saw the harbor within dotted with canoes of the feathered natives, coming from the shore to welcome him. But what most engaged the eyes of the white men was the fancied signs of mineral wealth in the neighboring hills.



Following the shores of Long Island, they came to Block Island, and thence to the harbor of Newport. Here they stayed fifteen days, most courteously received by the inhabitants.

Again they spread their sails, and on the fifth of May bade farewell to the primitive hospitalities of Newport, steered along the rugged coasts of New England, and surveyed, ill-pleased, the surf-beaten rocks, the pine-tree and the fir, the shadows and the gloom of mighty forests.

Verrazzano coasted the seaboard of Maine, and sailed northward as far as Newfoundland, whence, provisions failing, he steered for France. He had not found a passage to Cathay, but he had explored the American coast from the thirty-fourth degree to the fiftieth, and at various points had penetrated several leagues into the country. On the eighth of July he wrote from Dieppe to the King the earliest description known to exist of the shores of the United States.

Great was the joy that hailed his arrival, and great the hopes of emolument and wealth from the new-found shores.

The ancient town of St. Malo,¹² thrust out like a buttress into the sea, strange and grim of aspect, breathing war from its wall and battlements of ragged stone,—a stronghold of privateers, the home of a race whose intractable and defiant independence neither time nor change has subdued,—has been for centuries a nursery of hardy mariners. Among the earliest and most eminent on its list stands the name of Jacques Cartier,¹³ (*car-te-a*). Sailing from St. Malo on the twentieth of April, 1534, Cartier steered for Newfoundland, passed through the Straits of Belle Isle, crossed to the main, and, never doubting that he was on the high road to Cathay, advanced up the St. Lawrence till he saw the shores of Anticosti.¹⁴ But autumnal storms were gathering. The voyagers took counsel together, turned their prows eastward, and bore away for France, carrying thither, as a sample of the natural products of the New World, two young Indians, lured into their clutches by an act of villanous treachery. The voyage was a mere reconnaissance.

The spirit of discovery was awakened. A passage to India could be found, and a new France built up beyond the Atlantic.

Cartier was commissioned afresh. Three vessels, the largest not above a hundred and twenty tons, were placed at his disposal. Three days later they set sail. The dingy walls of the rude old seaport, and the white rocks that line the neighboring shores of Brittany, faded from their sight, and soon they were tossing in a furious tempest. But the scattered ships escaped the danger, and, reuniting at the Straits of Belle Isle, steered westward

¹² St. Malo—a fortified seaport town of France, on the English Channel.

¹³ Cartier Jacques — French navigator, born 1494. The discoverer of the St. Lawrence River.

¹⁴ Anticosti. As Cartier sailed up the St. Lawrence, he discovered,

near the mouth of the river, a very long island, called by the Indians Naticotec, and he gave it the name Assumption Island. It bears more commonly that of Anticosti, believed to come from the English mispronunciation of the Indian name.

along the coast of Labrador, till they reached a small bay, opposite the Island of Anticosti. Cartier called it the Bay of St. Lawrence, a name afterwards extended to the entire gulf, and to the great river above.

To ascend this great river, to tempt the hazards of its intricate navigation, with no better pilots than the two young Indians kidnaped the year before, was a venture of no light risk. But skill or fortune prevailed; and, on the first of September, the voyagers reached in safety the gorge of the gloomy Saguenay,¹⁵ with its towering cliffs and sullen depth of waters. Passing the Isle des Coudres¹⁶ and the lofty promontory of Cape Tourmente,¹⁷ they came to anchor in a quiet channel between the northern shore and the margin of a richly wooded island.

Cartier soon made ready to depart. And first he caused the two larger vessels to be towed for safe harborage within the mouth of the St. Charles. With the smallest, a galleon¹⁸ of forty tons, and two open boats, carrying in all fifty sailors, he set forth for Hochelaga.¹⁹

Slowing gliding on their way, by walls of verdure, brightened in the autumnal sun, they saw forests festooned with grape-vines, and waters alive with wild-fowl; they heard the song of the black-bird, the thrush, and, as they fondly thought, the nightingale. The galleon grounded; they left her, and, advancing with the boats alone, on the second of October neared the goal of their hopes, the mysterious Hochelaga.

Where now are seen the quays and storehouses of Montreal, a

¹⁵ **Saguenay** — a large river emptying into the St. Lawrence. Discovered by Cartier, and partially explored by him.

¹⁶ **Isle des Coudres** The discoverer found this island abounding in delicious tiberts, hence the name.

¹⁷ **Cape Tourmente**—a very high promontory, elevation about 2000 feet.

¹⁸ **Galleon**—a large ship, with three or four decks, formerly used by the Spaniards as a man-of-war, as in the Armada; and also in commerce, as between Spain and her colonies in America.

¹⁹ **Hochelaga**—the Indian name of the town built on the site of the present city of Montreal. The name Mont Royal was given by Cartier to the mountain on the island.

thousand Indians thronged the shore, wild with delight, dancing, singing, crowding about the strangers, and showering into the boats their gifts of fish and maize; and, as it grew dark, fires lighted up the night, while, far and near, the French could see the excited savages leaping and rejoicing by the blaze.

At dawn of day, marshaled and accoutered, they set forth for Hochelaga. A troop of Indians followed, and guided them to the top of the neighboring mountain. Cartier called it *Mont Royal*, Montreal; and hence the name of the busy city which now holds the site of the vanished Hochelaga. Stadaconé²⁰ and Hochelaga, Quebec and Montreal, in the sixteenth century as in the nineteenth, were the centers of Canadian population.

From the summit, that noble prospect met his eye which at this day is the delight of tourists, but strangely changed since, first of white men, the Breton voyager gazed upon it. Tower and dome and spire, congregated roofs, white sail and gliding steamer, animate its vast expanse with varied life. Cartier saw a different scene. East, west, and south, the mantling forest was over all, and the broad blue ribbon of the great river glistened amid a realm of verdure. Beyond, to the bounds of Mexico, stretched a leafy desert, and the vast hive of industry, the mighty battle-ground of later centuries, lay sunk in savage torpor, wrapped in illimitable woods.

It was the sixteenth of July, 1536, when Cartier again cast anchor under the walls of St. Malo.

A rigorous climate, a savage people, a fatal disease, a soil barren of gold,—these were the allurements of New France. Nor were the times auspicious for a renewal of the enterprise. Meanwhile, the ominous adventure of New France had found a champion in the person of Jean François de la Roque, Sieur de Roberval, a nobleman of Picardy. On the twenty-third of May, 1541, the Breton captain again spread his canvas for New France. The Atlantic was safely passed, the fog-banks of Newfoundland, the island rocks clouded with screaming sea-

²⁰ Stadaconé—the Indian town on a part of the present site of Quebec.

fowl, the forests breathing piny odors from the shore. Again he passed in review the grand scenery of the St. Lawrence, and again cast anchor beneath the cliffs of Quebec. Cartier pursued his course, sailed three leagues and a half up the St. Lawrence, and anchored again off the mouth of the River of Cap Rouge.²¹ It was late in August, and the leafy landscape sweltered in the sun. They landed, picked up quartz crystals on the shore and thought them diamonds, climbed the steep promontory, drank at the spring near the top, looked abroad on the wooded slopes beyond the little river, waded through the tall grass of the meadow, found a quarry of slate, and gathered scales of a yellow mineral which glistened like gold; then took to their boats, crossed to the south shore of the St. Lawrence, and, languid with the heat, rested in the shade of forests laced with an entanglement of grape-vines.

Meanwhile, unexpected delays had detained the impatient Roberval; nor was it until the sixteenth of April, 1542, that, with three ships and two hundred colonists, he set sail from Rochelle. When, on the eighth of June, he entered the harbor of St. John, he found seventeen fishing-vessels lying there at anchor. Soon after, he descried three other sail rounding the entrance of the haven, and with wrath and amazement recognized the ships of Jacques Cartier. That voyager had broken up his colony and abandoned New France.

What motives had prompted a desertion little consonant with the resolute spirit of the man, it is impossible to say,—whether sickness within, or Indian enemies without; disgust with an enterprise whose unripened fruits had proved so hard and bitter, or discontent at finding himself reduced to a post of subordination in a country which he had discovered and where he had commanded. The Viceroy ordered him to return: but Cartier escaped with his vessels under cover of night, and made sail for France, carrying with him as trophies a few quartz diamonds from Cap Rouge, and grains of sham gold from the neighboring

²¹ *Cap Rouge*—a high promontory on the St. Lawrence near Quebec.

slate ledges. Thus pitifully closed the active career of this notable explorer. His discoveries had gained for him a patent of nobility. He owned the seignorial mansion of Limoilou," a rude structure of stone still standing. Here, and in the neighboring town of St. Malo, where also he had a house, he seems to have lived for many years.

Roberval, abandoned, once more set sail, steering northward to the Straits of Belle Isle and the dreaded Isle of Demons. Having left the Isle of Demons, Roberval held his course up the St. Lawrence, and dropped anchor before the heights of Cap Rouge. His company landed; there were bivouacs along the strand, a hubbub of pick and spade, ax, saw, and hammer; and soon in the wilderness uprose a goodly structure, half barrack, half castle, with two towers, two spacious halls, a kitchen, chambers, store-rooms, workshops, cellars, garrets, a well, an oven, and two water-mills. It stood on that bold acclivity where Cartier had before intrenched himself, the St. Lawrence in front, and on the right the River of Cap Rouge. Experience and forecast had alike been wanting. There were storehouses, but no stores; mills, but no grist; an ample oven, and a woful dearth of bread. It was only when two of the ships had sailed for France that they took account of their provision and discovered its lamentable shortcoming. Winter and famine followed. They bought fish from the Indians, dug roots, and boiled them in whale-oil. Disease broke out, and, before spring, killed one third of the colony. The rest would fain have quarreled, mutinied, and otherwise aggravated their inevitable woes, but disorder was dangerous under the iron rule of the inexorable Roberval. The quarrels of men, the scolding of women, were alike requited at the whipping-post, "by which means," quaintly says the narrative, "they lived in peace." And here, midway, our guide

"Limoilou. The manor-house of Cartier, which in 1865 was still entire, in the suburbs of St. Malo, was as rude in construction as an ordinary farm-house. It had only a

kitchen and a hall below, and two rooms above. Adjacent was a garden and barn, all enclosed by stone walls. The whole indicates a rough and simple way of life.

deserts us; the ancient narrative is broken, and the latter part is lost, leaving us to divine as we may the future of the ill-starred colony. That it did not long survive is certain. It is said that the King, in great need of Roberval, sent Cartier to bring him home. With him closes the prelude of the French-American drama.

CHAPTER II.

1542—1604.

LA ROCHE.—CHAMPLAIN.—DE MONTS.

French Fishermen and Fur-traders.—La Roche.—Samuel de Champlain.
—Visits the West Indies and Mexico.—Explores the St. Lawrence.—
De Monts.—The Colony of St. Croix.—Explorations of Champlain.

YEARS rolled on. France, long tossed among the surges of civil commotion, plunged at last into a gulf of fratricidal war. There was little room for schemes of foreign enterprise. Yet, far aloof from siege and battle, the fishermen of the western ports still plied their craft on the Banks of Newfoundland. Humanity, morality, decency, might be forgotten, but codfish must still be had for the use of the faithful on Lent and fast days. Still the wandering Esquimaux saw the Norman and Breton sails hovering around some lonely headland, or anchored in fleets in the harbor of St. John; and still, through salt spray and driving mist, the fishermen dragged up the riches of the sea.

But a new era had dawned on France. Wearied and exhausted with thirty years of conflict, she had sunk at last to a repose, uneasy and disturbed, yet the harbinger of recovery.

Art, industry, commerce, so long crushed and overborne, were stirring into renewed life, and a crowd of adventurous men, nurtured in war and incapable of repose, must seek employment for their restless energies in fields of peaceful enterprise.

Two small, quaint vessels, not larger than the fishing-craft of Gloucester and Marblehead,—one was of twelve, the other of

fifteen tons,—held their way across the treacherous Atlantic, passed the tempestuous headlands of Newfoundland and the St. Lawrence, and, with adventurous knight-errantry, glided deep into the heart of the Canadian wilderness. On board of one of them was the Breton merchant Pontgravé (*Pont-gra-va*), and with him a man of spirit widely different, a Catholic gentleman of Saintonge, Samuel de Champlain, born in 1567 at the small seaport of Brouage, on the Bay of Biscay. He was a captain in the royal navy, but during the war he had fought for the king in Brittany. His purse was small, his merit great; and Henry the Fourth,¹ out of his own slender revenues, had given him a pension to maintain him near his person. But rest was penance to him. The war in Brittany was over. Champlain, his occupation gone, conceived a design consonant with his adventurous nature. He would visit the West Indies, and bring back to the king a report of those regions of mystery whence Spanish jealousy excluded foreigners, and where every intruding Frenchman was threatened with death. Here much knowledge was to be won, much peril to be met. The joint attraction was resistless.

His West-Indian adventure occupied him two years and a half. He visited the principal ports of the islands, made plans and sketches of them all, after his fashion, and then, landing at Vera Cruz, journeyed inland to the city of Mexico. Returning, he made his way to Panama. Here, more than two centuries and a half ago, his bold and active mind conceived the plan of a ship-canal across the isthmus, “by which,” he says, “the voyage to the South Sea would be shortened by more than fifteen hundred leagues.”

Returning, he repaired to court, but soon wearied of the ante-chambers of the Louvre.² Here, however, his destiny awaited

¹ Henry IV., of France, was crowned in 1594. His reign was a great blessing to France, after long and serious wars. Agriculture, commerce, and other branches of industry were revived. In the year 1610 the king was assassinated in his

carriage as he was riding through the streets of Paris.

² Louvre—a palace in Paris, begun by Francis I., and completed by Napoleon 250 years after the foundations were laid. It is now a most magnificent art-gallery.

him, and the work of his life was unfolded. Aymar de Chastes, Commander of the Order of St. John and Governor of Dieppe, a gray-haired veteran of the civil wars, would fain mark his closing days with some notable achievement for France and the Church. To no man was the king more deeply beholden. De Chastes came to court to beg a patent of Henry the Fourth, "and," says his friend Champlain, "though his head was crowned with gray hairs as with years, he resolved to proceed to New France in person, and dedicate the rest of his days to the service of God and his king."

The patent, costing nothing, was readily granted; and De Chastes, to meet the expenses of the enterprise, and perhaps forestall the jealousies which his monopoly would awaken among the keen merchants of the western ports, formed a company with the more prominent of them.

This was the time when Champlain, fresh from the West Indies, appeared at court. De Chastes knew him well. Young, ardent, yet ripe in experience, a skillful seaman and a practiced soldier, he above all others was a man for the enterprise. He had many conferences with the veteran, under whom he had served in the royal fleet off the coast of Brittany. De Chastes urged him to accept a post in his new company; and Champlain, nothing loath, consented, provided always that permission should be had from the king. The needful consent was gained, and, armed with a letter to Pontgravé, Champlain set forth for Honfleur.³ Here he found his destined companion, and, embarking with him, they spread their sails for the West.

Like specks on the broad bosom of the waters, the two pigmy vessels held their course up the lonely St. Lawrence. They passed abandoned Tadoussac,⁴ the channel of Orleans, and the gleaming sheet of Montmorenci;⁵ they passed the tenantless rock

³ Honfleur—a small seaport town of France, near the mouth of the Seine river.

⁴ Tadoussac—a small port on the St. Lawrence, 140 miles below Que-

bec; a central trading-post at this time.

⁵ Montmorenci. The Marshal de Montmorenci was made Viceroy of New France, and appointed Cham-

of Quebec, the wide Lake of St. Peter, and its crowded archipelago, till now the mountain reared before them its rounded shoulder above the forest-plain of Montreal. All was solitude. Hochelaga had vanished; and of the savage population that Cartier had found here, sixty-eight years before, no trace remained. In its place were a few wandering Algonquins, of different tongue and lineage.

In a skiff, with a few Indians, Champlain essayed to pass the rapids of St. Louis. Oars, paddles, poles, alike proved vain against the foaming surges, and he was forced to return. On the deck of his vessel the Indians made rude plans of the river above, with its chains of rapids, its lakes and cataracts; and the baffled explorer turned his prow homeward, the object of his mission accomplished, but his own adventurous curiosity unsated. When the voyagers reached Havre de Grace a grievous blow awaited them, The Commander de Chastes was dead.

His mantle fell upon Sieur de Monts. Undaunted by the fate of La Roche, this nobleman petitioned the king for leave to colonize Acadie,⁶ a region defined as extending from the fortieth to the forty-sixth degree of north latitude, or from Philadelphia to beyond Montreal.

De Monts, with one of his vessels, sailed from Havre de Grace on the seventh of April, 1604. Pontgravé, with stores for the colony, was to follow in a few days.

De Monts, who had been to the St. Lawrence and learned to dread its rigorous winters, steered for a more southern, and, as he flattered himself, a milder region. The first land seen was Cape la Héve, on the southern coast of Nova Scotia. He doubled Cape Sable, and entered St. Mary's Bay, where he lay two weeks, sending boats' crews to explore the adjacent coasts. The voy-

plain his lieutenant in 1620, and held this position till 1624. The beautiful waterfall near Quebec is named after him.

⁶ Acadie. This name is not found in any earlier public document. It

was afterwards restricted to the peninsula of Nova Scotia. The word is supposed to be derived from the Indian "*Aquoddy*," meaning the fish called a pollock.

agers proceeded to explore the Bay of Fundy.' Their first notable discovery was that of Annapolis Harbor.

Thence they sailed round the head of the Bay of Fundy, coasted its northern shore, visited and named the river St. John, and anchored at last in Passamaquoddy Bay.

The untiring Champlain, exploring, surveying, sounding, had made charts of all the principal roads and harbors; and now, pursuing his research, he entered a river which he calls *La Rivière des Etchemins*.⁸ Near its mouth he found an islet, fenced round with rocks and shoals, and called it St. Croix, a name now borne by the river itself. With singular infelicity this spot was chosen as the site of the new colony. It commanded the river, and was well fitted for defense, these were its only merits; yet cannon were landed on it, a battery was planted on a detached rock at one end, and a fort begun on a rising ground at the other.

The rock-fenced islet was covered with cedars, and when the tide was out, the shoals around were dark with the swash of seaweed, where, in their leisure moments, the Frenchmen, we are told, amused themselves with detaching the limpets⁹ from the stones, as a savory addition to their fare. But there was little leisure at St. Croix. Soldiers, sailors, artisans, betook themselves to their task. Before the winter closed in, the northern end of the island was covered with buildings, surrounding a square, where a solitary tree had been left standing.

On the right was a spacious house, well built, and surmounted by one of those enormous roofs characteristic of the time. This was the lodging of De Monts. Behind it, and near the water, was a long, covered gallery, for labor or amusement in foul

⁷ *Bay of Fundy*. The exploring party under De Monts entered this bay, and he named it "*Le grand Baie Française*," a name which it retained until the English took possession of the country.

⁸ *La Rivière des Etchemins*. The

tribe of Indians known as the *Etchemins* (afterwards *Maecites*) occupied all the country from Port Royal to Kennebec. The river is the *St. Croix*.

⁹ *Limpets*—a fresh-water mollusk found adhering to rocks.

weather. Champlain and the *Sieur d'Orville*, aided by the servants of the latter, built a house for themselves nearly opposite that of *De Monts*; and the remainder of the square was occupied by storehouses, a magazine, workshops, lodgings for gentlemen and artisans, and a barrack for the Swiss soldiers, the whole enclosed with a palisade. Their labors over, *Poutrincourt* set sail for France.

The exiles were left to their solitude. From the Spanish settlements northward to the pole, no domestic hearth, no lodgment of civilized men through all the borders of America, save one weak band of Frenchmen, clinging, as it were for life, to the fringe of the vast and savage continent. The gray and sullen autumn sank upon the waste, and the bleak wind howled down the *St. Croix*, and swept the forest bare. Then the whirling snow powdered the vast sweep of desolate woodland, and shrouded in white the gloomy green of pine-clad mountains. Ice in sheets, or broken masses, swept by their island with the ebbing and flowing tide, often debarring all access to the main, and cutting off their supplies of wood and water.

Spring came at last, and, with the breaking-up of the ice, the melting of the snow, and the clamors of the returning wild-fowl, the spirits and the health of the woe-begone company began to revive. But to misery succeeded anxiety and suspense. Where was the succor from France? Were they abandoned to their fate, like the wretched exiles of *La Roche*?¹⁰ In a happy hour they saw an approaching sail. *Pontgravé*, with forty men, cast anchor before their island on the sixteenth of June; and they hailed him as the condemned hails the messenger of his pardon.

Weary of *St. Croix*, *De Monts* would fain seek out a more auspicious site whereon to rear the capital of his wilderness

¹⁰ The *Marquis de la Roche* landed about forty men on *Sable Island* because unable to control them on shipboard, and being driven away by a tempest was compelled to leave

them on the island. It was not until 1603 that the island was revisited, and twelve of the number only were found alive.

dominion. During the previous September, Champlain had ranged the westward coast in a pinnace, visited and named the cliffs of Mount Desert, and entered the mouth of the River Penobscot, called by him the Pemetigoet, or Pentigoet, and previously known to fur-traders and fishermen as the Norembega, a name which it shared with all the adjacent region. Now, embarking a second time in a bark of fifteen tons, with De Monts and several gentlemen, he set forth on the eighteenth of June on a second voyage of discovery.

Along the strangely indented coasts of Maine—by reef and surf-washed island, black headland and deep-embosomed bay; by Mount Desert and the Penobscot, the Kennebec, the Saco, Portsmouth Harbor and the Isles of Shoals; landing daily, holding conference with Indians, giving and receiving gifts—they held their course, like some adventurous party of pleasure, along those now familiar shores. Champlain, who, we are told, “delighted marvelously in these enterprises,” busied himself, after his wont, with taking observations, sketching, making charts, and exploring with an insatiable avidity the wonders of the land and the sea. Of the latter, the horseshoe-crab awakened his especial curiosity, and he describes it at length, with an amusing accuracy.

With equal truth he paints the Indians, whose round, mat-covered lodges they could see at times thickly strewn along the shores, and who, from bays, inlets, and sheltering islands, came out to meet them in canoes of bark or wood. They were an agricultural race. Patches of corn, beans, tobacco, squashes, and esculent roots lay near all their wigwams. Clearly, they were in greater number than when, fifteen years afterwards, the Puritans made their lodgment at Plymouth, since, happily for the latter, a pestilence had then more than decimated this fierce population of the woods.

Passing the Merrimac, the voyagers named it *La Rivière du Gas* (du Guast), in honor of De Monts. From Cape Ann, which they called *St. Louis*, they crossed to Cape Cod, and named it

Cap Blanc.¹¹ Provision failing, they steered once more for St. Croix, and on the third of August reached that ill-starred island. De Monts had found no spot to his liking. He bethought him of that inland harbor of Port Royal—now Annapolis Basin—and thither he resolved to remove. Stores, utensils, even portions of the buildings, were placed on board the vessels, carried across the Bay of Fundy, and landed at the chosen spot. The axmen began their task; the dense forest was cleared away, and the buildings of the infant colony soon rose in its place.

But while De Monts and his company were struggling against despair at St. Croix, the enemies of his monopoly were busy at Paris; and, by a ship from France, he was warned that prompt measures were needful to thwart their machinations. Therefore he set sail, leaving Pontgravé to command at Port Royal; while Champlain, Champdoré, and others, undaunted by the past, volunteered for a second winter in the wilderness. And here we leave them, to follow their chief on his forlorn errand.

CHAPTER III.

1605—1609.

LESCARBOT AND CHAMPLAIN.

De Monts at Paris.—Marc Lescarbot.—Disaster.—Embarkation.—Arrival.—Disappointment.—Winter Life at Port Royal.—L'Ordre de Bon-Temps.—Hopes Blighted.—Champlain at Quebec.

EVIL reports of a churlish wilderness, a pitiless climate, disease, misery, and death, had heralded the arrival of De Monts. The outlay had been great, the returns small; and when he reached Paris he found his friends cold, his enemies active and keen. Poutrincourt, however, was still full of zeal; and, though

¹¹ Cap Blanc—"White Cape." Cape Cod had been visited and named by Gosnold in 1602.

his private affairs urgently called for his presence in France, he resolved, at no small sacrifice, to go in person to Acadia. He had, moreover, a friend who proved an invaluable ally. This was Marc Lescarbot (*les-car-bo*), "*avocat en Parlement*."¹ He had been roughly handled by fortune, and was in the mood for such a venture. Lescarbot was no common man. One of the best as well as earliest records of the early settlement of North America is due to his pen; and it has been said with truth that he was no less able to build up a colony than to write its history.

It was noon on the twenty-seventh when their ship, the *Jonas*, passed the rocky gateway of Port Royal Basin, and Lescarbot gazed with delight and wonder on the calm expanse of sunny waters, with its amphitheater of woody hills, wherein he saw the future asylum of distressed merit and impoverished industry. Slowly, before a favoring breeze, they held their course towards the head of the harbor, which narrowed as they advanced; but all was solitude; no moving sail, no sign of human presence.

At length, on their left, nestling in deep forests, they saw the wooden walls and roofs of the infant colony. Then appeared a birch canoe, cautiously coming toward them, guided by an old Indian. Then a Frenchman, arquebuse² in hand, came down to the shore; and then, from the wooden bastion,³ sprang the smoke of a saluting shot. The ship replied; the trumpets lent their voices to the din, and the forests and the hills gave back unwonted echoes. The voyagers landed, and found the colony of Port Royal dwindled to two solitary Frenchmen.

They soon told their story. The preceding winter had been one of much suffering, though by no means the counterpart of the woful experience of St. Croix. But when the spring had

¹ "*Avocat en Parlement*"—an advocate (or lawyer) before the high court. One of the king's counsel.

² *Arquebuse*—an old species of firearm, resembling a musket, and supported upon a forked rest when in

use.

³ *Bastion*—a portion of a fort projecting from the main enclosure, and forming an angle from which to repel attacks coming from several directions.

passed the summer far advanced, and still no tidings of De Monts had come, Pontgravé grew deeply anxious. To maintain themselves without supplies and succor was impossible. He caused two small vessels to be built, and set forth in search of some of the French vessels on the fishing-stations. This was but twelve days before the arrival of the ship *Jonas*.

Two men had bravely offered themselves to stay behind and guard the buildings, guns, and munitions; and an old Indian chief, named Memberton, a fast friend of the French, and still, we are told, a redoubted warrior, though reputed to number more than a hundred years, proved a staunch ally. When the ship approached, the two guardians were at dinner in their room at the fort. Memberton, always on the watch, saw the advancing sail, and, shouting from the gate, roused them from their repast. In doubt who the new-comers might be, one ran to the shore with his gun, while the other repaired to the platform where four cannon were mounted, in the valorous resolve to show fight should the strangers prove to be enemies. Happily this redundancy of mettle proved needless. He saw the white flag fluttering at the mast-head, and joyfully fired his pieces as a salute.

The voyagers landed and eagerly surveyed their new home. Some wandered through the buildings; some visited the cluster of Indian wigwams hard by; some roamed in the forest and over the meadows that bordered the neighboring river. The deserted fort now swarmed with life; and the better to celebrate their prosperous arrival, Poutrincourt placed a hogshhead of wine in the court-yard at the discretion of his followers, whose hilarity, in consequence, became exuberant. Nor was it diminished when Pontgravé's vessels were seen entering the harbor. A boat sent by Poutrincourt, more than a week before, to explore the coasts, had met them among the adjacent islands, and they had joyfully returned to Port Royal.

Pontgravé, however, soon sailed for France, hoping on his way to seize certain contraband fur-traders, reported to be at Canseau and Cape Breton. Poutrincourt and Champlain set

forth on a voyage of discovery, in an ill-built vessel of eighteen tons, while Lescarbot remained in charge of Port Royal. They had little for their pains but danger, hardship, and mishap. The autumn gales cut short their exploration; and, after advancing as far as the neighborhood of Hyannis, on the south-east coast of Massachusetts, they turned back, somewhat disgusted with their errand.

Now, however, when the whole company were reassembled, Lescarbot found associates more congenial than the rude soldiers, mechanics, and laborers who gathered at night around the blazing logs in their rude hall. Port Royal was a quadrangle of wooden buildings, inclosing a spacious court. At the south-east corner was the arched gateway, whence a path, a few paces in length, led to the water. It was flanked by a sort of bastion of palisades, while at the southwest corner was another bastion, on which four cannon were mounted.

On the east side of the quadrangle was a range of magazines and storehouses; on the west were quarters for the men; on the north, a dining-hall and lodgings for the principal persons of the company; while on the south, or water side, were the kitchen, the forge, and the oven. Except the garden-patches and the cemetery, the adjacent ground was thickly studded with the stumps of the newly felled trees.

Most bountiful provision had been made for the temporal wants of the colonists, and Lescarbot is profuse in praise of the liberality of De Monts and two merchants of Rochelle, who had freighted the ship *Jonas*.

The principal persons of the colony sat, fifteen in number, at Poutrincourt's table, which, by an ingenious device of Champlain, was always well furnished. He formed the fifteen into a new order, christened "L'Ordre de Bon-Temps."⁴ Each was Grand Master in turn, holding office for one day. It was his function to cater for the company; and, as it became a point of honor to fill the post with credit, the prospective Grand

⁴ "L'Ordre de Bon-Temps"—The Good-Cheer Society.

Master was usually busy, for several days before coming to his dignity, in hunting, fishing, or bartering provisions with the Indians.

Thus did Poutrincourt's table groan beneath all the luxuries of the winter forest—flesh of moose, caribou, and deer, beaver, otter, and hare, bears and wild-cats; with ducks, geese, grouse, and plover; sturgeon, too, and trout, and fish innumerable, speared through the ice of the *Équille*,⁵ or drawn from the depths of the neighboring sea. As for the preparation of this manifold provision, for that too was the Grand Master answerable; since, during his day of office, he was autocrat of the kitchen.

Nor did this bounteous repast lack a solemn and befitting ceremonial. When the hour had struck,—after the manner of our fathers they dined at noon,—the Grand Master entered the hall, a napkin on his shoulder, his staff of office in his hand, and the collar of the order—of which the chronicler fails not to commemorate the costliness—about his neck. The brotherhood followed, each bearing a dish.

The invited guests were Indian chiefs, of whom old Membertou was daily present, seated at table with the French, who took pleasure in this red-skin companionship. Those of humbler degree, warriors, squaws, and children, sat on the floor or crouched together in the corners of the hall, eagerly waiting their portion of biscuit or of bread, a novel and much-coveted luxury. Treated always with kindness, they became fond of the French, who often followed them on their moose-hunts, and shared their winter-bivouac.

At their evening meal there was less of form and circumstance. When the winter night closed in, when the flame of the fire and the sparks streamed up the wide-throated chimney, when the warriors of New France and their tawny allies were gathered around the blaze, then did the Grand Master resign the collar and the staff to the successor of his honors, and, with

⁵ *Éq. ill.*—a small river, so named | with which it abounded. Afterward
from a small fish of that name, | called the Dauphin.

jovial courtesy, pledge him in a cup of wine. Thus did these ingenious Frenchmen beguile the winter of their exile.

All seemed full of promise ; but alas for the bright hope that kindled the manly heart of Champlain and the earnest spirit of the vivacious advocate ! A sudden blight fell on them, and their rising prosperity withered to the ground. On a morning, late in spring, as the French were at breakfast, the ever-watchful Membertou came in with news of an approaching sail. They hastened to the shore ; but the vision of the centenarian sagamore⁶ put them all to shame. They could see nothing.

At length their doubts were resolved. In full view a small vessel stood on towards them, and anchored before the fort. She was commanded by one Chevalier, a young man from St. Malo, and was freighted with disastrous tidings. De Monts's monopoly was rescinded. The life of the enterprise was stopped, and the establishment at Port Royal could no longer be supported ; for its expense was great, the body of the colony being laborers in the pay of the company.

De Monts, after his exclusive privilege of trade was revoked, and his Acadian enterprise ruined, abandoned it to Poutrincourt. Well, perhaps, would it have been for him had he abandoned with it all Transatlantic enterprises ; but the passion for discovery, the noble ambition of founding colonies, had taken possession of his mind. Nor does it appear that he was actuated by hopes of gain. Yet the profits of the fur-trade were vital to the new designs he was meditating, to meet the heavy outlay they demanded ; and he solicited and obtained a fresh monopoly of the traffic for one year.

Champlain was at the time in Paris ; but his unquiet thoughts turned westward. He was enamored of the New World, whose rugged charms had seized his fancy and his heart ; and as explorers of Arctic seas have pined in their repose for polar ice and snow, so did he, with restless longing, revert to the fog-wrapped coasts, the piny odors of forests, the noise of waters, the sharp and piercing sunlight, so dear to his remembrance.

⁶ Sagamore—the head of a tribe among the American Indians.

Five years before, he had explored the St. Lawrence as far as the rapids above Montreal. On its banks, as he thought, was the true site for a settlement, a fortified post, whence, as from a secure basis, the waters of the vast interior might be traced back toward their sources, and a western route discovered to China and the East.

De Monts embraced his views; and, fitting out two ships, gave command of one to the elder Pontgravé, of the other to Champlain. The former was to trade with the Indians and bring back the cargo of furs which, it was hoped, would meet the expense of the voyage. To the latter fell the harder task of settlement and exploration.

Pontgravé, laden with goods for the Indian trade of Tadoussac, sailed from Honfleur on the fifth of April, 1608. Champlain, with men, arms, and stores for the colony, followed eight days later. On the fifteenth of May he was on the Grand Bank; on the thirtieth he passed Gaspé, and on the third of June neared Tadoussac.

Champlain spread his sails, and once more held his course up the St. Lawrence. Far to the south, in sun and shadow, slumbered the woody mountains whence fell the countless springs of the St. John, behind tenantless shores, now white with glimmering villages.

Above the point of the Island of Orleans, a constriction of the vast channel narrows it to a mile; on one hand, the green heights of Point Levi;⁷ on the other, the cliffs of Quebec.⁸ Here, a small stream, the St. Charles, enters the St. Lawrence, and in the angle betwixt them rises the promontory, on two sides a natural fortress. Land among the walnut-trees that formed a belt between the cliffs and the St. Lawrence. Climb the steep height, now bearing aloft its ponderous load of churches, convents, dwellings, ramparts, and batteries,—there was an accessible point, a rough passage, gullied downward where Prescott

⁷ Point Levi, or Levis, is opposite Quebec, on the southern shore of the St. Lawrence River.

⁸ Quebec. The name is undoubtedly of Indian origin, signifying narrow, or a strait.

Gate now opens on the Lower Town. Mount to the highest summit, Cape Diamond, now zigzagged with warlike masonry. Then the fierce sun fell on the bald, baking rock, with its crisped mosses and parched lichens. Two centuries and a half have quickened the solitude with swarming life, covered the deep bosom of the river with barge and steamer and gliding sail, and reared cities and villages on the site of forests; but nothing can destroy the surpassing grandeur of the scene.

Grasp the *savin*⁹ anchored in the fissure, lean over the brink of the precipice, and look downward, a little to the left, on the belt of woods which covers the strand between the water and the base of the cliffs. Here a gang of ax-men are at work, and Points Levi and Orleans echo the crash of falling trees.

A few weeks passed, and a pile of wooden buildings rose on the brink of the St. Lawrence, on or near the site of the market-place of the Lower Town of Quebec.

It was on the eighteenth of September that Pontgravé set sail, leaving Champlain with twenty-eight men to hold Quebec through the winter. Three weeks later and shores and hills glowed with gay prognostics of approaching desolation,—the yellow and scarlet of the maples, the deep purple of the ash, the garnet hue of young oaks, the bonfire blaze of the *tupelo*¹⁰ at the water's edge, and the golden plumage of birch-saplings in the fissure of the cliff. It was a short-lived beauty. The forest dropped its festal robes. Shriveled and faded, they rustled to the earth. The crystal air and laughing sun of October passed away, and November sank upon the shivering waste, chill, and somber as the tomb. One would gladly know how the founders of Quebec spent the long hours of their first winter; but on this point the only man among them, perhaps, who could write, has not thought it necessary to enlarge. Toward the close of win-

⁹ *Savin*—an evergreen tree or shrub. It is a compact bush, with dark-colored foliage, and producing small berries. In some portions of

the country it is called the juniper-bush.

¹⁰ *Tupelo*—the Indian name of a tree of the dogwood family, called also pepperidge and sour gum.

ter, all found abundant employment in nursing themselves or their neighbors, for the inevitable scurvy broke out with virulence. At the middle of May, only eight men of the twenty-eight were alive, and of these half were suffering from disease.

This wintry purgatory wore away; the icy stalactites that hung from the cliffs fell crashing to the earth; the clamor of the wild-geese was heard; the bluebirds appeared in the naked woods; the water-willows were covered with their soft caterpillar-like blossoms; the twigs of the swamp-maple were flushed with ruddy bloom; the ash hung out its black-tufted flowers; the shad-bush seemed a wreath of snow; the white stars of the blood-root gleamed among dank, fallen leaves; and in the young grass of the wet meadows the marsh-marigolds shone like spots of gold.

Great was the joy of Champlain when he saw a sail-boat rounding the Point of Orleans, betokening that the spring had brought with it the longed-for succors. A son-in-law of Pontgravé, named Marais, was on board, and he reported that Pontgravé was then at Tadoussac, where he had lately arrived. Thither Champlain hastened, to take counsel with his comrade. His constitution or his courage had defied the scurvy. They met, and it was determined betwixt them, that, while Pontgravé remained in charge of Quebec, Champlain should enter at once on his long-meditated explorations, by which, like La Salle seventy years later, he had good hope of finding a way to China.

But there was a lion in the path. The Indian tribes, war-hawks of the wilderness, to whom peace was unknown, infested with their scalping-parties the streams and pathways of the forest, increasing tenfold its inseparable risks. That to all these hazards Champlain was more than indifferent, his after-career bears abundant witness; yet now an expedient for evading them offered itself, so consonant with his instincts that he was fain to accept it. Might he not anticipate surprises, join a war-party, and fight his way to discovery?

During the last autumn, a young chief from the banks of the then unknown Ottawa had been at Quebec; and, amazed at what

he saw, he had begged Champlain to join him in the spring against his enemies. These enemies were a formidable race of savages, the Iroquois,¹¹ or Five Confederate Nations, dwellers in fortified villages within limits now embraced by the State of New York, to whom was afterwards given the fanciful name of "Romans of the New World," and who even then were a terror to all the surrounding forests. Conspicuous among their enemies were their kindred, the tribes of the Hurons, dwelling on the lake which bears their name, and allies of Algonquin bands on the Ottawa. All alike were tillers of the soil, living at ease when compared to the famished Algonquins of the Lower St. Lawrence.

CHAPTER IV.

1609.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

Champlain joins a War-party.—Preparation.—Departure.—The River Richelieu.—The Spirits consulted.—Discovery of Lake Champlain.—Battle with the Iroquois.—Victory.

It was past the middle of May, and the expected warriors from the upper country had not come: a delay which seems to have given Champlain little concern, for, without waiting longer, he set forth with no better allies than a band of Montagnais.¹ But as he moved up the St. Lawrence he saw, thickly clustered in the bordering forest, the lodges of an Indian camp, and, land-

¹¹ Iroquois, Hurons, Algonquin. The tribes east of the Mississippi, between the latitudes of Lake Superior and the Ohio, were divided into two groups or families, distinguished by a radical difference of language. One of these families of tribes is called *Algonquin*, the

other is called the *Huron-Iroquois*.

¹ Montagnais. The Montagnais and the Algonquins belonged to the same family. The name is supposed to indicate their custom of hunting in the mountains during the winter.

ing, found his Huron and Algonquin allies. Few of them had ever seen a white man. They surrounded the steel-clad strangers in speechless wonderment. Champlain asked for their chief, and the staring throng moved with him toward a lodge where sat, not one chief, but two, for each band had its own. There were feasting, smoking, speeches; and, the needful ceremony over, all descended together to Quebec; for the strangers were bent on seeing those wonders of architecture whose fame had pierced the recesses of their forests.

On their arrival they feasted their eyes and glutted their appetites; yelped consternation at the sharp explosion of the arquebuse and the roar of the cannon; pitched their camps, and bedecked themselves for their war-dance. In the still night their fire glared against the black and jagged cliff, and the fierce red light fell on tawny limbs convulsed with frenzied gestures and ferocious stampings; on contorted visages, hideous with paint; on brandished weapons, stone war-clubs, stone hatchets, and stone-pointed lances; while the drum kept up its hollow boom, and the air was split with mingled yells, till the horned owl on Point Levi, startled at the sound, gave back a whoop no less discordant.

Stand with Champlain and view the war-dance; sit with him at the war-feast—a close-packed company, ring within ring of ravenous feasters; then embark with him on his hare-brained venture of discovery. It was in a small shallop, carrying, besides himself, eleven men. They were armed with the arquebuse, a matchlock or firelock somewhat like the modern carbine, and from its shortness not ill-suited for use in the forest. On the twenty-eighth of May they spread their sails and held their course against the current, while around them the river was alive with canoes, and hundreds of naked arms plied the paddle with a steady, measured sweep. They crossed the Lake of St. Peter, threaded the devious channels among its many islands, and reached at last the mouth of the Rivière des Iroquois, since called the Richelieu, or the St. John. The warriors observed a certain system in their advance. Some were in front as a van-

guard; others formed the main body; while an equal number were in the forests on the flanks and rear, hunting for the subsistence of the whole; for, though they had a provision of parched maize pounded into meal, they kept it for use when, from the vicinity of the enemy, hunting should become impossible.

Late in the day they landed and drew up their canoes, ranging them closely, side by side. All was life and bustle. Some stripped sheets of bark, to cover their camp-sheds; others gathered wood—the forest was full of dead, dry trees; others felled the living trees for a barricade. They seem to have had steel axes, obtained by barter from the French; for in less than two hours they had made a strong defensive work, a half-circle in form, open on the river side, where their canoes lay on the strand, and large enough to enclose all their huts and sheds. Some of their number had gone forward as scouts, and, returning, reported no signs of an enemy. This was the extent of their precaution, for they placed no guard, but all, in full security, stretched themselves to sleep—a vicious custom, from which the lazy warrior of the forest rarely departs.

Again the canoes advanced, the river widening as they went. Great islands appeared, leagues in extent—Isle à la Motte, Long Island, Grande Isle.² Channels where ships might float and broad reaches of expanding water stretched between them, and Champlain entered the lake which preserves his name to posterity. Cumberland Head was passed, and from the opening of the great channel between Grande Isle and the main he could look forth on the wilderness sea. Edged with woods, the tranquil flood spread southward beyond the sight. Far on the left the forest ridges of the Green Mountains were heaved against the sun, patches of snow still glistening on their tops; and on the right rose the Adirondacks.³

² *Isle a la Motte, Grande Isle*—islands in the northern part of Lake Champlain. Named respectively for *Sieur de la Motte*, and because the largest island in the lake.

³ *Adirondacks*—a group of mountains in Northern New York, remarkable for grand and picturesque scenery.

The progress of the party was becoming dangerous. They changed their mode of advance, and moved only in the night. All day they lay close in the depth of the forest, sleeping, lounging, smoking tobacco of their own raising, and beguiling the hours, no doubt, with the shallow banter with which knots of Indians are wont to amuse their leisure. At twilight they embarked again, paddling their cautious way till the eastern sky began to redden. Their goal was the rocky promontory where Fort Ticonderoga⁴ was long afterward built. Thence they would pass the outlet of Lake George,⁵ and launch their canoes again on that Como⁶ of the wilderness, whose waters, limpid as a fountain-head, stretched far southward between their flanking mountains. Landing at the future site of Fort William Henry,⁷ they would carry their canoes through the forest to the River Hudson, and descending it, attack, perhaps, some outlying town of the Mohawks. In the next century this chain of lakes and rivers became the grand highway of savage and civilized war, a bloody debatable ground, linked to memories of momentous conflicts.

The allies were spared so long a progress. On the morning of the twenty-ninth of July, after paddling all night, they hid as usual in the forest on the western shore, not far from Crown Point. The warriors stretched themselves to their slumbers, and Champlain, after walking for a time through the surrounding woods, returned to take his repose on a pile of spruce-boughs. Sleeping, he dreamed a dream, wherein he beheld the Iroquois drowning in the lake; and, essaying to rescue them, he was told by his Algonquin friends that they were good for nothing, and

⁴ **Ticonderogaa**—a promontory on the western shore of the lake. Destined to become more famous in the Revolutionary War.

⁵ **Lake George**—named by the French Lake St. Sacrament, but at the time of Champlain's visit he gave it no name.

⁶ **Como**. Lake Como is situated at

the foot of the Rætian Alps. It is the most beautiful, as well as celebrated, of all the lakes of North Italy.

⁷ **Fort William Henry**—a fortification at the head of Lake George, built in 1755, and captured from the English by the French-Canadian forces under Montcalm in 1757.

had better be left to their fate. Now, he had been daily beset, on awakening, by his superstitious allies, eager to learn about his dreams; and to this moment his unbroken slumbers had failed to furnish the desired prognostics. The announcement of this auspicious vision filled the crowd with joy, and at nightfall they embarked, flushed with anticipated victories.

It was ten o'clock in the evening when they descried dark objects in motion on the lake before them. These were a flotilla of Iroquois canoes, heavier and slower than theirs, for they were made of oak-bark. Each party saw the other, and the mingled war-cries pealed over the darkened water. The Iroquois, who were near the shore, having no stomach for an aquatic battle, landed, and, making night hideous with their clamors, began to barricade themselves. Champlain could see them in the woods, laboring like beavers, hacking down trees with iron axes taken from the Canadian tribes in war, and with stone hatchets of their own making.

The allies remained on the lake, a bow-shot from the hostile barricade, their canoes made fast together by poles lashed across. All night they danced with as much vigor as the frailty of their vessels would permit, their throats making amends for the enforced restraint of their limbs. It was agreed on both sides that the fight should be deferred till daybreak; but meanwhile a commerce of abuse, sarcasm, menace, and boasting gave unceasing exercise to the lungs and fancy of the combatants,—“much,” says Champlain, “like the besiegers and besieged in a beleaguered town.”

As day approached, he and his two followers put on the light armor of the time. Champlain wore the doublet and long hose then in vogue. Over the doublet he buckled on a breastplate, and probably a back-piece, while his thighs were protected by *cuisse*^s of steel, and his head by a plumed casque. Across his shoulder hung the strap of his bandoleer,^o or ammunition-box;

^s *Cuisse*s—defensive armor for the thighs.

^o *Bandoleer*—a large leathern belt worn by ancient musketeers for sus-

taining their fire-arms. The bandoleer is now superseded by the cartridge-box and shoulder-belt.

at his side was his sword, and in his hand his arquebuse, which he had loaded with four balls. Such was the equipment of this ancient Indian-fighter, whose exploits date eleven years before the landing of the Puritans at Plymouth, and sixty-six years before King Philip's War.

Each of the three Frenchmen was in a separate canoe, and as it grew light, they kept themselves hidden, either by lying on the bottom, or covering themselves with an Indian robe. The canoes approached the shore, and all landed without opposition at some distance from the Iroquois, whom they presently could see filing out of their barricade, tall, strong men, some two hundred in number, of the boldest and fiercest warriors of North America. They advanced through the forest with a steadiness which excited the admiration of Champlain. Among them could be seen several chiefs, made conspicuous by their tall plumes. Some bore shields of wood and hide, and some were covered with a kind of armor made of tough twigs interlaced with a vegetable fiber supposed by Champlain to be cotton.

The allies, growing anxious, called with loud cries for their champion, and opened their ranks that he might pass to the front. He did so, and, advancing before his red companions-in-arms, stood revealed to the astonished gaze of the Iroquois, who, beholding the warlike apparition in their path, stared in mute amazement. But his arquebuse was leveled; the report startled the woods, a chief fell dead, and another by his side rolled among the bushes. Then there rose from the allies a yell, which, says Champlain, would have drowned a thunder-clap, and the forest was full of whizzing arrows.

For a moment the Iroquois stood firm and sent back their arrows lustily; but when another and another gunshot came from the thickets on their flank, they broke and fled in uncontrollable terror. Swifter than hounds, the allies tore through the bushes in pursuit. Some of the Iroquois were killed; more were taken. Camp, canoes, provisions, all were abandoned, and many weapons flung down in the panic flight. The arquebuse had done its work. The victory was complete.

Thus did New France rush into collision with the redoubted warriors of the Five Nations. Here was the beginning, in some measure doubtless the cause, of a long suite of murderous conflicts, bearing havoc and flame to generations yet unborn. Champlain had invaded the tiger's den; and now, in smothered fury, the patient savage would lie biding his day of blood.

CHAPTER V.

1610—1612.

WAR.—TRADE.—DISCOVERY.

Champlain at Fontainebleau.—Champlain on the St. Lawrence.—Alarm.—Battle.—Champlain at Montreal.—Return to France.

CHAMPLAIN and Pontgravé returned to France. Pierre Chauvin of Dieppe held Quebec in their absence. The king was at Fontainebleau,¹—it was a few months before his assassination,—and here Champlain recounted his adventures, to the great contentment of the lively monarch. He gave him also a belt wrought in embroidery of dyed quills of the Canada porcupine, together with two small birds of scarlet plumage, and the skull of a garfish.²

With the opening spring he was afloat again. Perils awaited him worse than those of Iroquois tomahawks; for, approaching Newfoundland, the ship was entangled for days among drifting fields and bergs of ice. Escaping at length, she arrived at Tadoussac on the thirteenth of May, 1611. She had anticipated the spring. Forests and mountains, far and near, all were white

¹ Fontainebleau—a beautiful palace about 35 miles from Paris. It is one of the most magnificent royal residences in Europe, and associated with many historical events of importance.

² Gar-fish—the name applied to a fish because of its long and slender body and pointed head. Derived from the Anglo-Saxon name *gar*, meaning a spear.

with snow. A principal object with Champlain was to establish such relations with the great Indian communities of the interior as to secure to De Monts and his associates the advantage of trade with them; and to this end he now repaired to Montreal, a position in the gateway, as it were, of their yearly descents of trade or war. On arriving he began to survey the ground for the site of a permanent post.

A few days convinced him, that, under the present system, all his efforts would be vain. Wild reports of the wonders of New France had gone abroad, and a crowd of hungry adventurers had hastened to the land of promise, eager to grow rich, they scarcely knew how, and soon to return, disgusted. A fleet of boats and small vessels followed in Champlain's wake. Within a few days thirteen of them arrived at Montreal, and more soon appeared. He was to break the ground; others would reap the harvest. Travel, discovery, and battle, all must inure to the profit, not of the colony, but of a crew of greedy traders.

Now, down the surges of St. Louis, where the mighty floods of the St. Lawrence, contracted to a narrow throat, roll in fury among their sunken rocks,—here, through foam and spray and the roar of the angry torrent, a fleet of birch canoes came dancing like dry leaves on the froth of some riotous brook. They bore a band of Hurons, first at the rendezvous. As they drew near the landing, all the fur-traders' boats blazed forth in a clattering fusillade, which was designed to bid them welcome, but, in fact, terrified many of them to such a degree that they scarcely dared to come ashore.

Nor were they reassured by the bearing of the disorderly crowd, who, in jealous competition for their beaver-skins, left them not a moment's peace, and outraged all their notions of decorum. More soon appeared, till hundreds of warriors were encamped along the shore, all restless, suspicious, and alarmed. Late one night they awakened Champlain. On going with them to their camp, he found chiefs and warriors in solemn conclave around the glimmering firelight. Though they were fearful of the rest, their trust in him was boundless. "Come to our

country, buy our beaver, build a fort, teach us the true faith, do what you will, but do not bring this crowd with you." An idea had seized them that these lawless bands of rival traders, all well armed, meant to attack, plunder, and kill them.

Champlain assured them of safety, and the whole night was consumed in friendly colloquy. Soon afterward, however, the camp broke up, and the uneasy warriors removed to the borders of the Lake of St. Louis, placing the rapids betwixt themselves and the objects of their alarm. Here Champlain visited them, and hence these intrepid canoe-men, kneeling in their birchen egg-shells, carried him homeward down the rapids, somewhat, as he admits, to the discomposure of his nerves.

The great gathering dispersed: the traders descended to Tadoussac, Champlain to Quebec; the Indians went, some to their homes, some to fight the Iroquois. A few months later, Champlain was in close conference with De Monts, at Pons, a place near Rochelle, of which the latter was governor. The last two years had made it apparent, that to keep the colony alive and maintain a basis for those discoveries on which his heart was bent, was, without a change of system, impossible. De Monts, engrossed with the cares of his government, placed all in the hands of his associate, and Champlain, fully empowered to act as he should judge expedient, set out for Paris.

On reaching Paris, he addressed himself to a prince of the blood, Charles of Bourbon, Comte de Soissons; described New France, its resources, its boundless extent, urged the need of unfolding a mystery pregnant perhaps with results of the deepest moment, laid before him maps and memoirs, and begged him to become the guardian of this new world. The royal consent being obtained, the Comte de Soissons became Lieutenant-General for the King in New France, with viceregal powers. These, in turn, he conferred upon Champlain, making him his lieutenant, with full control over the trade in furs at and above Quebec, and with power to associate with himself such persons as he saw fit, to aid in the exploration and settlement of the country.

In Champlain alone was the life of New France. By instinct

and temperament he was more impelled to the adventurous toils of exploration than to the duller task of building colonies. The profits of trade had value in his eyes only as means to these ends, and settlements were important chiefly as a base of discovery.

CHAPTER VI

1612, 1613.

THE IMPOSTOR VIGNAN.

Illusions.—A Path to the North Sea.—The Ottawa.—Forest Travelers.—Indian Feast.—The Impostor Exposed.—Return to Montreal.

THE arrangements just indicated were a work of time. In the summer of 1612 Champlain was forced to forego his yearly voyage to New France; nor even in the following spring were his labors finished and the rival interests brought to harmony. Meanwhile, incidents occurred destined to have no small influence on his movements. Three years before, after his second fig' with the Iroquois, a young man of his company had boldly volunteered to join the Indians on their homeward journey, and winter among them.

Champlain gladly assented, and in the following summer the adventurer returned. Another young man, one Nicholas de Vignan, next offered himself; and he, also, embarking in the Algonquin canoes, passed up the Ottawa and was seen no more for a twelvemonth. In 1612 he reappeared in Paris, bringing a tale of wonders; for, says Champlain, "he was the most impudent liar that has been seen for many a day." He averred that at the sources of the Ottawa he had found a great lake; that he had crossed it, and discovered a river flowing northward; that he had descended this river, and reached the shores of the sea; that here he had seen the wreck of an English ship, whose crew,

escaping to land, had been killed by the Indians; and that this sea was distant from Montreal only seventeen days by canoe.

The clearness, consistency, and apparent simplicity of his story deceived Champlain, who had heard of a voyage of the English to the northern seas, coupled with rumors of wreck and disaster, and was thus confirmed in his belief of Vignan's honesty. The Maréchal de Brissac, the President Jeannin, and other persons of eminence about the court, greatly interested by these dexterous fabrications, urged Champlain to follow up without delay a discovery which promised results so important; while he, with the Pacific, Japan, China, the Spice Islands, and India stretching in flattering vista before his fancy, entered with eagerness on the chase of this illusion.

Early in the spring of 1613 the unwearied voyager crossed the Atlantic and sailed up the St. Lawrence. On Monday, the twenty-seventh of May, he left the Island of St. Helen, opposite Montreal, with four Frenchmen, one of whom was Nicholas de Vignan, and one Indian, in two small canoes. They passed the swift current of St. Ann's, crossed the lake of Two Mountains,¹ and advanced up the Ottawa till the rapids of Carillon and the Long Saut² checked their course.

All day they plied their paddles. Night came, and they made their camp-fire in the forest. He who now, when two centuries and a half are passed, would see the evening bivouac of Champlain, has but to encamp, with Indian guides, on the upper waters of this same Ottawa,—to this day a solitude,—or on the borders of some lonely river of New Brunswick or of Maine.

The voyagers gathered around the flame, the red men and the white, these cross-legged on the earth, those crouching like apes, each feature painted in fiery light as they waited their evening meal,—trout and perch on forked sticks before the

¹ **Lake of Two Mountains.** A beautiful lake formed by an expansion of the river Ottawa near its mouth.

² **Long Saut.** Long rapids on the Ottawa River.

scorching blaze. Then each spread his couch—boughs of the spruce, hemlock, balsam-fir, or pine—and stretched himself to rest. Perhaps, as the night wore on, chilled by the river-damps, some slumberer woke, rose, kneeled by the sunken fire, spread his numbed hands over the dull embers, and stirred them with a half-consumed brand.

Day dawned. The east glowed with tranquil fire, that pierced, with eyes of flame, the fir-trees whose jagged tops stood drawn in black against the burning heaven. Beneath, the glossy river slept in shadow, or spread far and wide in sheets of burnished bronze; and, in the western sky, the white moon hung like a disk of silver. Now a fervid light touched the dead top of the hemlock, and now, creeping downward, it bathed the mossy beard of the patriarchal cedar, unstirred in the breathless air. Now a fiercer spark beamed from the east; and now, half risen on the sight, a dome of crimson fire, the sun blazed with floods of radiance across the awakened wilderness.

The paddles flashed; the voyagers held their course. And soon the still surface was flecked with spots of foam; islets of froth floated by, tokens of some great convulsion. Then, on their left, the falling curtain of the Rideau³ shone like silver betwixt its bordering woods, and in front, white as a snow-drift, the cataracts of the Chaudière⁴ barred their way. They saw the dark cliffs, gloomy with impending firs, and the darker torrent, rolling its mad surges along the gulf between. They saw the unbridled river careering down its sheeted rocks, foaming in unfathomed chasms, wearying the solitude with the hoarse outcry of its agony and rage.

On the brink of the rocky basin where the plunging torrent boiled like a caldron, and puffs of spray sprang out from its

³ **Rideau.** The falls of the Rideau are about 50 feet high and 300 feet in breadth. It is from their resemblance to a curtain that they are so named, and they also give this name

to the river that feeds them.

⁴ **Chaudière**—an important river emptying into the St. Lawrence nearly opposite Quebec.

concussion like smoke from the throat of a cannon,—here Champlain's two Indians took their stand, and with a loud invocation, threw tobacco into the foam, an offering to the local spirit, the Manitou⁵ of the cataract.

Day by day brought a renewal of their toils. Hour by hour they moved prosperously up the long winding of the solitary stream; then, in quick succession, rapid followed rapid, till the bed of the Ottawa seemed a slope of foam. Now, like a wall bristling at the top with woody islets, the Falls of the Chats faced them with the sheer plunge of their sixteen cataracts.

In these ancient wilds, to whose ever-verdant antiquity the Pyramids are young and Nineveh⁶ a mushroom of yesterday; where the sage wanderer of the *Odyssey*,⁷ could he have urged his pilgrimage so far, would have surveyed the same grand and stern monotony, the same dark sweep of melancholy woods; and where, as of yore, the bear and the wolf still lurk in the thicket, and the lynx glares from the leafy bough;—here, while New England was a solitude, and the settlers of Virginia scarcely dared venture inland beyond the sound of cannon-shot, Champlain was planting on shores and islands the emblems of his Faith.⁸

Of the pioneers of the North American forests, his name stands foremost on the list. It was he who struck the deepest and boldest strokes into the heart of their pristine barbarism. At Chantilly, at Fontainebleau, at Paris, in the cabinets of

⁵ **Manitou.** An invariable custom with the upper Indians on passing this place. The same custom was discovered by Capt. John Smith, among the Indians in Virginia. It was thought to insure a safe voyage; but it was often an occasion of disaster, since hostile war parties, lying in ambush at the spot, would surprise and kill the votaries of the Manitou in the very presence of their guardian.

⁶ **Nineveh**—a celebrated city of antiquity, the ruins of which are situated in Asiatic Turkey, on the Tigris River, capital of the Assyrian Empire.

⁷ **Odyssey.** The adventures of Ulysses (Odysseus) on his journey home from the wars about Troy, told by Homer, in the epic of that name.

⁸ **Faith.** They were large crosses of white cedar placed at various points along the river,

princes and of royalty itself, mingling with the proud vanities of the court ; then lost from sight in the depths of Canada, the companion of savages, sharer of their toils, privations, and battles, more hardy, patient, and bold than they ;—such, for successive years, were the alternations of this man's life.

To follow on his trail once more. His Indians said that the rapids of the river above were impassable. Nicholas de Vignan affirmed the contrary ; but from the first, Vignan had been found always in the wrong. His aim seems to have been to involve his leader in difficulties, and disgust him with a journey which must soon result in exposing the imposture which had occasioned it. Champlain took the counsel of the Indians. The party left the river and entered the forest. Escorted by his friendly hosts, he advanced beyond the head of Lake Coulonge, and, landing, saw the unaccustomed sight of pathways through the forest. They led to the clearings and cabins of a chief named Tessouat, who, amazed at the apparition of the white strangers, exclaimed that he must be in a dream.

Tessouat was to give a *tabagie*,⁹ or solemn feast, in honor of Champlain, and the chiefs and elders of the island were invited. Runners were sent to summon the guests from neighboring hamlets ; and, on the morrow, Tessouat's squaws swept his cabin for the festivity. Then Champlain and his Frenchmen were seated on skins in the place of honor, and the naked guests appeared in quick succession, each with his wooden dish and spoon, and each ejaculating his guttural salute as he stooped at the low door. The spacious cabin was full. The congregated wisdom and prowess of the nation sat expectant on the bare earth.

Each long, bare arm thrust forth its dish in turn as the host served out the banquet, in which, as courtesy enjoined, he himself was to have no share. First, a mess of pounded maize wherein were boiled, without salt, morsels of fish and dark scraps

⁹ *Tabagie*. The Indian meaning of the name is a smoking-room or house, and since to smoke the "pipe of peace" formed an im-

portant part of every Indian gathering this name was applied to the whole feast.

of meat ; then fish and flesh broiled on the embers, with a kettle of cold water from the river. Champlain, in wise distrust of Ottawa cookery, confined himself to the simpler and less doubtful viands. A few minutes, and all alike had vanished. The kettles were empty. Then pipes were filled and touched with fire brought in by the duteous squaws, while the young men who had stood thronged about the entrance, now modestly withdrew, and the door was closed for counsel.¹⁰ First, the pipes were passed to Champlain. Then for full half an hour the assembly smoked in silence. At length, when the fitting time was come, he addressed them in a speech in which he declared, that, moved by affection, he visited their country to see its richness and its beauty, and to aid them in their wars ; and he now begged them to furnish him with four canoes and eight men, to convey him to the country of the Nipissings, a tribe dwelling northward on the lake which bears their name.

His audience looked grave, for they were but cold and jealous friends of the Nipissings. For a time they discoursed in murmuring tones among themselves, all smoking meanwhile with redoubled vigor. Then Tessouat, chief of these forest republicans, rose and spoke in behalf of all.

“ We always knew you for our best friend among the Frenchmen. We love you like our own children. But why did you break your word with us last year when we all went down to meet you at Montreal to give you presents and go with you to war ? You were not there, but other Frenchmen were there who abused us. We will never go again. As for the four canoes, you shall have them if you insist upon it ; but it grieves us to think of the hardships you must endure. The Nipissings

¹⁰ “ Champlain’s account of this feast is unusually minute and graphic. In every particular—excepting the pounded maize—it might, as the writer can attest, be taken as the description of a similar feast among

some of the tribes of the Far West at the present day, as, for example, one of the remoter bands of the Dacotah, a race radically distinct from the Algonquin.”—*Parkman*.

have weak hearts. They are good for nothing in war, but they kill us with charms, and they poison us. Therefore we are on bad terms with them. They will kill you too."

Such was the pith of Tessouat's discourse, and at each clause the conclave responded in unison with an approving grunt.

Champlain urged his petition; sought to relieve their tender scruples in his behalf; assured them that he was charm-proof, and that he feared no hardships. At length he gained his point. The canoes and the men were promised, and, seeing himself as he thought on the highway to his phantom Northern Sea, he left his entertainers to their pipes, and with a light heart issued from the close and smoky den to breathe the fresh air of the afternoon. He visited the Indian-fields, with their young crops of pumpkins, beans, and French peas,—the last a novelty obtained from the traders. Here, Thomas, the interpreter, soon joined him with a countenance of ill-news. In the absence of Champlain, the assembly had reconsidered their assent. The canoes were denied.

With a troubled mind he hastened again to the hall of council, and addressed the naked senate in terms better suited to his exigencies than to their dignity.

"I thought you were men; I thought you would hold fast to your word; but I find you children, without truth. You call yourselves my friends, yet you break faith with me. Still, I would not incommode you; and if you cannot give me four canoes, two will serve."

The burden of the reply was, rapids, rocks, cataracts, and the wickedness of the Nipissings.

"This young man," rejoined Champlain, pointing to Vignan, who sat by his side, "has been to their country, and did not find the road or the people so bad as you have said."

"Nicholas," demanded Tessouat, "did you say that you had been to the Nipissings?"

The impostor sat mute for a time, then replied:

"Yes, I have been there."

Hereupon an outcry broke forth from the assembly, and

their small, deep-set eyes were turned on him askance, "as if," says Champlain, "they would have torn and eaten him."

"You are a liar," returned the unceremonious host; "you know very well that you slept here among my children every night and rose again every morning; and if you ever went where you pretend to have gone, it must have been when you were asleep. How can you be so impudent as to lie to your chief, and so wicked as to risk his life among so many dangers? He ought to kill you with tortures worse than those with which we kill our enemies."

Champlain urged him to reply, but he sat motionless and dumb. Then he led him from the cabin and conjured him to declare if, in truth, he had seen this sea of the North. Vignan, with oaths, affirmed that all he had said was true. Returning to the council, Champlain repeated his story; how he had seen the sea, the wreck of an English ship, eighty English scalps, and an English boy, prisoner among the Indians.

At this an outcry rose, louder than before.

"You are a liar." "Which way did you go?" "By what rivers?" "By what lakes?" "Who went with you?"

Vignan had made a map of his travels, which Champlain now produced, desiring him to explain it to his questioners; but his assurance had failed him, and he could not utter a word.

Champlain was greatly agitated. His hopes and heart were in the enterprise; his reputation was in a measure at stake; and now, when he thought his triumph so near, he shrank from believing himself the sport of an impudent impostor. The council broke up; the Indians displeased and moody, and he, on his part, full of anxieties and doubts. At length, one of the canoes being ready for departure, the time of decision came, and he called Vignan before him.

"If you have deceived me, confess it now, and the past shall be forgiven. But if you persist, you will soon be discovered, and then you shall be hanged."

Vignan pondered for a moment, then fell on his knees, owned his treachery, and begged for mercy. Champlain broke into a

rage, and, unable, as he says, to endure the sight of him, ordered him from his presence, and sent the interpreter after him to make further examination. Vanity, the love of notoriety, and hope of reward seem to have been his inducements ; for he had, in truth, spent a quiet winter in Tessouat's cabin, his nearest approach to the northern sea ; and he had flattered himself that he might escape the necessity of guiding his commander to this pretended discovery.

The Indians were somewhat exultant. "Why did you not listen to chiefs and warriors, instead of believing the lies of this fellow?" And they counseled Champlain to have him killed at once, adding that they would save their friends trouble by taking that office upon themselves.

No motive remaining for farther advance, the party set forth on their return, attended by a fleet of forty canoes bound to Montreal¹¹ for trade.

At the Chaudière, an abundant contribution of tobacco was collected on a wooden platter, and, after a solemn harangue, was thrown to the guardian Manitou. On the seventeenth of June they approached Montreal, where the assembled traders greeted them with discharges of small-arms and cannon. Here, among the rest, was Champlain's lieutenant, Du Parc, with his men, who had amused their leisure with hunting, and were reveling in a sylvan abundance, while their baffled chief, with worry of mind, fatigue of body, and a Lenten diet of half-cooked fish, was grievously fallen away in flesh and strength. He kept his word with De Vignau, left the scoundrel unpunished, bade farewell to the Indians, and, promising to rejoin them the next year, embarked in one of the trading-ships for France.

¹¹ **Montreal.** The name is used here for distinctness. The locality is indicated by Champlain as *le Saut*.

CHAPTER VII.

1615—1616.

DISCOVERY OF LAKE HURON.—THE GREAT WAR PARTY.

Religious Zeal of Champlain.—Récollet Friars.—Champlain reaches Lake Huron.—The Huron Towns.—Muster of Warriors.—Lake Ontario.—The Iroquois Towns.—Attack.—Champlain wounded.—Adventures of Étienne Brulé.—Champlain lost in the Forest.—Made Umpire of Indian-Quarrels.

IN New France spiritual and temporal interests were inseparably blended; and, as will hereafter appear, the conversion of the Indians became vital to commercial and political growth. But, with the single-hearted founder of the colony, considerations of material advantage, though clearly recognized, were no less clearly subordinate. He would fain rescue from perdition a people living, as he says, "like brute beasts, without faith, without law, without religion, without God."

While the want of funds and the indifference of his merchant associates, who as yet did not fully see that their trade would find in the missions its surest ally, were threatening to wreck his benevolent schemes, he found a kindred spirit in his friend Houël, Secretary to the King and comptroller-general of the salt-works of Bronage. Near this town was a convent of Récollet friars, some of whom were well known to Houël. To them he addressed himself; and several of the brotherhood, "inflamed," we are told, "with charity," were eager to undertake the mission.

But the Récollets,¹ mendicants by profession, were as weak in resources as Champlain himself. The Pope authorized the mission, and the King gave letters-patent in its favor. Four friars were named for the mission of New France. "They packed their church ornaments," says Champlain, "and we, our luggage."

¹ Récollet. The order originated | in 1592. The members are noted | in Spain and was invited into France | for their zeal.

All alike confessed their sins, and, embarking at Honfleur, reached Quebec at the end of May, 1615.

The assembled Indians were more eager for temporal than for spiritual succor, and beset Champlain with inopportune clamors for aid against the Iroquois. He and Pontgravé were of one mind. The aid demanded must be given, and that from no motive of the hour, but in pursuance of a deliberate policy. It was evident that the innumerable tribes of New France, otherwise divided, were united in a common fear and hate of these formidable bands, who, in the strength of their fivefold league, spread havoc and desolation through all the surrounding wilds.

It was the aim of Champlain, as of his successors, to persuade the threatened and endangered hordes to live at peace with each other, and to form, against the common foe, a virtual league, of which the French colony would be the heart and the head, and which would continually widen with the widening area of discovery. With French soldiers to fight their battles, French priests to baptize them, and French traders to supply their increasing wants, their dependence would be complete. They would become assured tributaries to the growth of New France.

It was a triple alliance of soldier, priest, and trader. The soldier might be a roving knight, the priest a martyr and a saint; but both alike were subserving the interests of that commerce which formed the only solid basis of the colony. The scheme of English colonization made no account of the Indian tribes. In the scheme of French colonization they were all in all.

In one point the plan was fatally defective, since it involved the deadly enmity of a race whose character and whose power were as yet but ill-understood,—the fiercest, the boldest, the most politic, and the most ambitious savages to whom the American forest has ever given birth and nurture.

The chiefs and warriors met in council,—Algonquins of the Ottawa, Hurons from the borders of the great Fresh Water Sea. Champlain promised to join them with all the men at his command, while they, on their part, were to muster without delay

twenty-five hundred warriors for an inroad into the country of the Iroquois. He descended at once to Quebec for needful preparation ; but when, after a short delay, he returned to Montreal, he found, to his chagrin, a solitude. The wild concourse had vanished ; nothing remained but the skeleton poles of their huts, the smoke of their fires, and the refuse of their encampments. Impatient at his delay, they had set forth for their villages, and with them had gone Father Joseph le Caron.

While the devoted missionary toiled painfully towards the scene of his apostleship, the no less ardent soldier was following on his track. Champlain, with two canoes, ten Indians, Étienne Brulé his interpreter, and another Frenchman, pushed up the riotous stream till he reached the Algonquin villages which had formed the term of his former journeying. He passed the two lakes of the Allumettes; and now, for twenty miles, the Ottawa stretched before him, straight as the bee can fly, deep, narrow, and black, between its mountain-shores.

He passed the rapids of the Joachims and the Caribou, and reached at length the tributary waters of the Mattawan. He turned to the left, ascended this little stream forty miles or more, and, crossing a portage-track, well trodden, stood on the margin of Lake Nipissing. The canoes were launched again. All day they glided by leafy shores and verdant islands, floating on the depth of blue. And now appeared unwonted signs of human life, clusters of bark lodges, half hidden in the vastness of the woods. It was the village of an Algonquin band, called by courtesy a nation, the Nipissings, a race so beset with spirits, so infested by demons, and abounding in magicians, that the Jesuits, in after-years, stigmatized them all as "the Sorcerers." Their demeanor was friendly; and from them the voyager learned that the great lake of the Hurons was close at hand.

Now, far along the western sky was traced the watery line of that inland ocean, and, first of white men save the humble friar, Champlain beheld the "Mer Douce," the Fresh Water Sea of the Hurons.

An Indian-trail led inland, now through woods and thickets,

now across broad meadows, over brooks, and along the skirts of green acclivities. To the eye of Champlain, accustomed to the desolation he had left behind, it seemed a land of beauty and abundance.

In Champlain the Hurons beheld the champion who was to lead them to assured victory. In the great lodge at Otouacha there was bountiful feasting in his honor, and consumption without stint of corn, pumpkins, and fish. Next he went to Carmaron, a league distant, and at length he reached Carha-gouha, with its triple palisade thirty-five feet high, and its dark throngs of mustering warriors. Here he found Le Caron. The Indians, eager to do him honor, had built for him a bark lodge in the neighboring forest, fashioned like their own, but much smaller. It was a joyful hour when he saw Champlain approach his hermitage; and the two men embraced like brothers long sundered.

Weary of the inanity of the Indian town,—idleness without repose, for they would never leave him alone,—and of the continuous feasting with which they nearly stifled him, Champlain, with some of his Frenchmen, set forth on a tour of observation. Journeying at their ease by the Indian-trails, they visited, in three days, five palisaded villages. The country delighted them: its meadows, its deep woods, its pine and cedar thickets, full of hares and partridges, its wild grapes and plums, cherries, crab-apples, nuts, and raspberries. It was the seventeenth of August when they reached the Huron metropolis, Cahiagué, in the modern township of Orillia, three leagues west of the River Severn, by which Lake Simcoe pours its waters into the bay of Matchedash. Here was the chief rendezvous, and the town swarmed with gathering warriors. There was cheering news; for an allied nation, probably the Eries, had promised to join the Hurons in the enemy's country, with five hundred men. Feasts and the war-dance consumed the days till at length the tardy bands had all arrived; and, shouldering their canoes and scanty baggage, the naked host set forth.

It was the eighth of September, and Champlain, shivering in

his blanket, awoke to see the bordering meadows sparkling with an early frost soon to vanish under the bright autumnal sun. The Huron fleet pursued its course along the bosom of Lake Simcoe, and down the chain of lakes which form the sources of the River Trent.

The canoes now issued from the mouth of the Trent. Like a flock of venturous wild-fowl, they put boldly forth upon the broad breast of Lake Ontario, crossed it in safety, and landed within the borders of New York, on or near the point of land west of Hungry Bay. After hiding their light craft in the woods, the warriors took up their swift and wary march, fling in silence between the woods and the lake for ten or twelve miles along the strand. Then they struck inland, threaded the forest, crossed the outlet of Lake Oneida, and after a march of four days were deep within the limits of the Iroquois.

Light broke in upon the forest. The hostile town was close at hand. Rugged fields lay before them, with a slovenly and savage cultivation. The young Hurons in advance saw the Iroquois at work among the pumpkins and maize, gathering their rustling harvest, for it was the tenth of October. Nothing could restrain the hare-brained and ungoverned crew. They screamed their war-cry and rushed in; but the Iroquois snatched their weapons, killed and wounded five or six of the assailants, and drove back the rest discomfited. Champlain and his Frenchmen were forced to interpose; and the crack of their pieces from the border of the woods stopped the pursuing enemy, who withdrew to their defenses, bearing with them their dead and wounded.

The attack lasted three hours, when the assailants fell back to their fortified camp with seventeen warriors wounded. Champlain, too, had received an arrow in his knee and another in his leg, which, for the time, disabled him. He was urgent, however, to renew the attack; while the Hurons, crestfallen and disheartened, refused to move from their camp unless the five hundred allies, for some time expected, should appear. They waited five days in vain, beguiling; the interval with frequent skirmishes, in which they were always worsted, then began

hastily to retreat in confused files along the somber forest-paths, while the Iroquois, sallying from their stronghold, showered arrows on their flanks and rear.

At length the dismal march was ended. They reached the spot where their canoes were hidden, found them untouched, embarked, and recrossed to the northern shore of Lake Ontario. The Hurons had promised Champlain an escort to Quebec; but as the chiefs had little power in peace or war beyond that of persuasion, each warrior found good reasons for refusing to go or lend his canoe. Champlain, too, had lost prestige. The "man with the iron breast" had proved not inseparably wedded to victory; and though the fault was their own, yet not the less was the luster of their hero tarnished. There was no alternative. He must winter with the Hurons. The great war-party broke into fragments, each band betaking itself to its hunting-ground.

As we turn the ancient, worm-eaten page which preserves the simple record of his fortunes, a wild and dreary scene rises before the mind—a chill November air, a murky sky, a cold lake, bare and shivering forests, the earth strewn with crisp, brown leaves, and, by the water-side, the bark sheds and smoking camp-fires of a band of Indian hunters. Champlain was of the party. There was ample argument for his gun, for the morning was vocal with the clamor of wild-fowl, and his evening meal was enlivened by the rueful music of the wolves. It was a lake north or northwest of the site of Kingston.

On the borders of a neighboring river twenty-five of the Indians had been busied ten days in preparing for their annual deer-hunt. They planted posts interlaced with boughs in two straight converging lines, each extending more than half a mile through forests and swamps. At the angle where they met was made a strong inclosure like a pound. At dawn of day the hunters spread themselves through the woods, and advanced with shouts and clattering of sticks, driving the deer before them into the inclosure, where others lay in wait to dispatch them with arrows and spears.

They were thirty-eight days encamped on this nameless river,

and killed, in that time, a hundred and twenty deer. Hard frosts were needful to give them passage over the land of lakes and marshes that lay between them and the Huron towns. Therefore they lay waiting till the fourth of December, when the frost came, bridged the lakes and streams, and made the oozy marsh as firm as granite. Snow followed, powdering the broad wastes with dreary white. Then they broke up their camp, packed their game on sledges or on their shoulders, tied on their snow-shoes, and set forth. Champlain could scarcely endure his load, though some of the Indians carried a weight fivefold greater.

For Champlain there was no rest. A double motive urged him,—discovery, and the strengthening of his colony by widening its circle of trade. Champlain exchanged with his hosts pledges of perpetual amity, and urged them to come down with the Hurons to the yearly trade at Montreal ; while the friar, in broken Indian, expounded the Faith.

Spring was now advancing, and Champlain, anxious for his colony, turned homeward, following that long circuit of Lake Huron and the Ottawa which Iroquois hostility made the only practicable route.

The Indians had reported that Champlain was dead, and he was welcomed as one risen from the grave. To the two travelers, fresh from the hardships of the wilderness, the hospitable board of Quebec, the kindly society of countrymen and friends, the adjacent gardens,—always to Champlain an object of especial interest,—seemed like the comforts and repose of home.

The chief Durantal found entertainment worthy of his high estate. The fort, the ship, the armor, the plumes, the cannon, the marvelous architecture of the houses and barracks, the splendors of the chapel, and, above all, the good cheer outran the boldest excursion of his fancy; and he paddled back at last to his lodge in the woods, bewildered with admiring astonishment.

CHAPTER VIII.

1616—1629.

HOSTILE SECTS.—RIVAL INTERESTS.—THE ENGLISH AT QUEBEC.

Quebec.—Madame de Champlain.—Disorders and Dangers of the Colony.—Richelieu.—The English on the St. Lawrence.—Bold Attitude of Champlain.—The French Squadron destroyed.—Famine.—Quebec surrendered.—Champlain at London.

AND now a change began in the life of Champlain. His forest roving were over. The fire that had flashed the keen flame of daring adventure must now be subdued to the duller uses of practical labor. To battle with savages and the elements was doubtless more congenial with his nature than to nurse a puny colony into growth and strength ; yet to each task he gave himself with the same strong devotion.

At Quebec the signs of growth were faint and few. By the water-side, beneath the cliff, still stood the so-called " habitation," built in haste eight years before ; near it were the warehouses of the traders, the tenement of the friars, and their rude little chapel.

Champlain, in his singularly trying position, displayed a mingled zeal and fortitude. He went every year to France, laboring for the interests of the colony. To throw open the trade to all competitors was a measure beyond the wisdom of the times ; and he aimed only so to bind and regulate the monopoly as to make it subserve the generous purpose to which he had given himself.

Champlain had succeeded in binding the company of merchants with new and more stringent engagements ; and in the vain belief that these might not be wholly broken, he began to conceive fresh hopes for the colony. In this faith he embarked with his wife for Quebec in the spring of 1620 ; and, as the boat

drew near the landing, the cannon welcomed her to the rock of her banishment. The buildings were falling to ruin; rain entered on all sides; the court-yard, says Champlain, was as squalid and dilapidated as a grange pillaged by soldiers. Madame de Champlain was still very young. If the Ursuline tradition is to be trusted, the Indians, amazed at her beauty and touched by her gentleness, would have worshiped her as a divinity.

At Quebec, matters grew from bad to worse. The few emigrants, with no inducement to labor, fell into a lazy apathy, lounging about the trading-houses, gaming, drinking when drink could be had, or roving into the woods on vagabond hunting-excursions.

Twenty years had passed since the founding of Quebec, and still the colony could scarcely be said to exist but in the founder's brain. Those who should have been its support were engrossed by trade or propagandism. Champlain might look back on fruitless toils, hopes hopelessly deferred, a life spent seemingly in vain. The population of Quebec had risen to about a hundred and five persons, men, women, and children. Of these, one or two families had now learned to support themselves from the products of the soil. The rest lived on supplies from France.

While infant Canada was thus struggling into a half-stifled being, the foundation of a commonwealth, destined to a marvelous vigor of development, had been laid on the Rock of Plymouth. In their character, as in their destiny, the rivals were widely different; yet, at the outset, New England was unfaithful to the principle of her existence. Seldom has religious tyranny assumed a form more oppressive than among the Puritan exiles. New England Protestantism appealed to liberty; then closed the door against her. On a stock of freedom she grafted a scion of despotism; yet the vital juices of the root penetrated at last to the uttermost branches, and nourished them to an irrepressible strength and expansion. With New France it was otherwise. She was consistent to the last. Root, stem, and branch, she was the nursling of authority.

The great champion of Absolutism, Richelieu,¹ was now supreme in France. In this new capacity, the mismanaged affairs of New France were not long concealed from him; and he applied a prompt and powerful remedy. The privileges of the Caens were annulled. A company was formed, to consist of a hundred associates, and to be called the Company of New France. Richelieu himself was the head, and many merchants and burghers of condition were members. The whole of New France, from Florida to the Arctic Circle, and from Newfoundland to the sources of the St. Lawrence and its tributary waters, was conferred on them forever, with the attributes of sovereign power.

A perpetual monopoly of the fur-trade was granted them, with a monopoly of all other commerce within the limits of their government for fifteen years. The first care of the new company was to succor Quebec, whose inmates were on the verge of starvation. Four armed vessels, with a fleet of transports commanded by Roquemont, one of the associates, sailed from Dieppe with colonists and supplies in April, 1628; but, nearly at the same time, another squadron, destined also for Quebec, was sailing from an English port.

The attempts of Sir William Alexander² to colonize Acadia had of late turned attention in England towards the New World; and, on the breaking out of the war, an enterprise was set on foot, under the auspices of that singular personage, to seize on the French possessions in North America. At its head was a subject of France, David Kirk,³ a Calvinist of Dieppe. Mean-

¹ Richelieu—the minister (1624–1642) of foreign affairs for Louis XIII. One of the greatest minds of the seventeenth century. He was almost the absolute monarch of France, and wielded an influence so powerful that in contests with other governments he was victorious. In the discovery and punishment of treason in the court of France he ex-

cited the wonder of all the people.

² Sir Wm. Alexander, a courtier at the court of King James, was granted, in 1621, a piece of territory including the whole of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and was endowed with enormous powers for the government of his territory.

³ David Kirk, was born at Dieppe. Commissioned an admiral by the

while the famished tenants of Quebec were eagerly waiting the expected succor. Daily they gazed beyond Point Levi and along the channels of Orleans. in the vain hope of seeing the approaching sails. At length, on the ninth of July, two men brought news, that, according to the report of Indians, six large vessels lay in the harbor of Tadoussac. The friar Le Caron was at Quebec, and, with a brother Récollet, he set forth in a canoe to gain further intelligence. As the two missionary scouts were paddling along the borders of the Island of Orleans, they met two canoes advancing in hot haste, manned by Indians, who with shouts and gestures warned them to turn back.

The friars, however, waited till the canoes came up, when they beheld a man lying disabled at the bottom of one of them, his mustaches burned by the flash of the musket which had wounded him. He proved to be Foucher, who commanded at Cape Tourmente. On that morning—such was the story of the fugitives—twenty men had landed at that post from a small fishing-vessel. Being to all appearance French, they were hospitably received; but no sooner had they entered the houses than they began to pillage and burn all before them, killing the cattle, wounding the commandant, and making several prisoners.

The character of the fleet at Tadoussac was now sufficiently clear. Quebec was incapable of defense. Only fifty pounds of gunpowder were left in the magazine; and the fort was so wretchedly constructed, that, a few days before, two towers of the main building had fallen. Champlain, however, assigned to each man his post, and waited the result. On the next afternoon, a boat was seen issuing from behind the Point of Orleans and hovering hesitatingly about the mouth of the St. Charles.

On being challenged, the men on board proved to be Basque fishermen, lately captured by the English, and now sent by Kirk unwilling messengers to Champlain. Climbing the steep pathway to the fort, they delivered their letter,—a summons, couched

King of England, he equipped several vessels at a great expense. His adventures and exploits in the cap-

ture of French vessels, and the provinces along the St. Lawrence River, made him famous in his time.

in terms of great courtesy, to surrender Quebec. There was no hope but in courage. A bold front must supply the lack of batteries and ramparts; and Champlain dismissed the Basques with a reply, in which, with equal courtesy, he expressed his determination to hold his position to the last.

All now stood on the watch, hourly expecting the enemy; when, instead of the hostile squadron, a small boat crept into sight, and one Desdames, with ten Frenchmen, landed at the storehouses. He brought stirring news. The French commander, Roquemont, had despatched him to tell Champlain that the ships of the Hundred Associates were ascending the St. Lawrence, with reinforcements and supplies of all kinds. But, on his way, Desdames had seen an ominous sight,—the English squadron standing under full sail out of Tadoussac, and steering downwards as if to intercept the advancing succor. He had only escaped them by dragging his boat up the beach, and hiding it; and scarcely were they out of sight when the booming of cannon told him that the fight was begun.

Racked with suspense, the starving tenants of Quebec waited the result; but they waited in vain. No white sail moved athwart the green solitudes of Orleans. Neither friend nor foe appeared; and it was not till long afterward that Indians brought them the tidings that Roquemont's crowded transports had been overpowered, and all the supplies destined to relieve their miseries sunk in the St. Lawrence or seized by the victorious English. Kirk, however, deceived by the bold attitude of Champlain, had been too discreet to attack Quebec, and after his victory employed himself in cruising for French fishing-vessels along the borders of the Gulf. Meanwhile, the suffering at Quebec increased daily.

On the morning of the nineteenth of July, an Indian, renowned as a fisher of eels, who had built his hut on the St. Charles, hard by the new dwelling of the Jesuits, came, with his usual imperturbability of visage, to Champlain. He had just discovered three ships sailing up the south channel of Orleans. Champlain was alone. All his followers were absent, fishing or searching for roots. At about ten o'clock his servant appeared with four small

bags of roots, and the tidings that he had seen the three ships a league off, behind Point Levi.

As man after man hastened in, Champlain ordered the starved and ragged band, sixteen in all, to their posts, whence, with hungry eyes, they watched the English vessels anchoring in the basin below, and a boat, with a white flag, moving towards the shore. A young officer landed with a summons to surrender. The terms of capitulation were at length settled. The French were to be conveyed to their own country; and each soldier was allowed to take with him furs to the value of twenty crowns. On this some murmuring rose, several of those who had gone to the Hurons having lately returned with peltry of no small value.

Their complaints were vain; and on the twentieth of July, amid the roar of cannon from the ships, Louis Kirk, the Admiral's brother, landed at the head of his soldiers, and planted the cross of St. George where the followers of Wolfe⁴ again planted it a hundred and thirty years later. Champlain, bereft of his command, grew restless, and begged to be sent to Tadoussac, where the Admiral, David Kirk, lay with his main squadron, having sent his brothers Louis and Thomas to seize Quebec. Accordingly, Champlain, with the Jesuits, embarking with Thomas Kirk, descended the river. Kirk with his prisoners crossed the Atlantic. His squadron at length reached Plymouth, whence Champlain set forth for London. Here he had an interview with the French ambassador, who, at his instance, gained from the King a promise, that, in pursuance of the terms of the treaty concluded in the previous April, New France should be restored to the French crown.

⁴ Wolfe—On September 13, 1759, under General Wolfe, gained the victory and took the city of Quebec, thus establishing their power over Canada.

CHAPTER IX.

1632—1635.

DEATH OF CHAMPLAIN.

New France Restored to the French Crown.—Zeal of Champlain.—The English leave Quebec.—Arrival of Champlain.—Daily Life at Quebec.—Death of Champlain.

ON Monday, the fifth of July, 1632, Emery de Caen anchored before Quebec. He was commissioned by the French crown to reclaim the place from the English; to hold, for one year, a monopoly of the fur-trade, as an indemnity for his losses in the war; and, this time expired, to give place to the Hundred Associates of New France.

By the convention of Suza, New France was to be restored to the French crown; yet it had been matter of debate whether a fulfillment of this engagement was worth the demanding. That wilderness of woods and savages had been ruinous to nearly all connected with it. The Caens had suffered heavily. The Associates were on the verge of bankruptcy. These deserts were useless unless peopled; and to people them would depopulate France.

Thus argued the inexperienced reasoners of the time, judging from the wretched precedents of Spanish and Portuguese colonization. The world had not as yet the example of an island kingdom, which, vitalized by a stable and regulated liberty, has peopled a continent and spread colonies over all the earth, gaining constantly new vigor with the matchless growth of its offspring.

On the other hand, honor, it was urged, demanded that France should be reinstated in the land which she had discovered and explored.

A spirit far purer, far more generous, was active in the same behalf. The character of Champlain belonged rather to the Middle Age than to the seventeenth century. Long toil and endurance had calmed the adventurous enthusiasm of his youth

into a steadfast earnestness of purpose ; and he gave himself with a loyal zeal and devotedness to the profoundly mistaken principles which he had espoused. In his mind, patriotism and religion were inseparably linked.

France was the champion of Christianity, and her honor, her greatness, were involved in her fidelity to this high function. Should she abandon to perdition the darkened nations among whom she had cast the first faint rays of hope? Among the members of the Company were those who shared his zeal ; and though its capital was exhausted, and many of the merchants were withdrawing in despair, these enthusiasts formed a subordinate association, raised a new fund, and embarked on the venture afresh.

England, then, unwillingly resigned her prize, and Caen was despatched to reclaim Quebec from the reluctant hands of Thomas Kirk. The latter, obedient to an order from the King of England, struck his flag, embarked his followers, and abandoned the scene of his conquest.

In the following spring, 1633, on the twenty-third of May, Champlain, commissioned anew by Richelieu, resumed command at Quebec in behalf of the Company.

Two years passed. The mission of the Hurons was established, and here the indomitable Brebeuf, with a band worthy of him, toiled amid miseries and perils as fearful as ever shook the constancy of man ; while Champlain at Quebec, in a life uneventful, yet harassing and laborious, was busied in the round of cares which his post involved.

Christmas day, 1635, was a dark day in the annals of New France. In a chamber of the fort, breathless and cold, lay the hardy frame which war, the wilderness, and the sea had buffeted so long in vain. After two months and a half of illness, Champlain, at the age of sixty-eight, was dead. His last cares were for his colony and the succor of its suffering families. Jesuits, officers, soldiers, traders, and the few settlers of Quebec followed his remains to the church ; Le Jeune pronounced his eulogy, and the feeble community built a tomb to his honor.

The colony could ill spare him. For twenty-seven years he had labored hard and ceaselessly for its welfare, sacrificing fortune, repose, and domestic peace to a cause embraced with enthusiasm and pursued with intrepid persistency. His character belonged partly to the past, partly to the present. The *preux chevalier*, the crusader, the romance-loving explorer, the curious, knowledge-seeking traveler, the practical navigator, all claimed their share in him.

His views, though far beyond those of the mean spirits around him, belonged to his age and his creed. He was less statesman than soldier. He leaned to the most direct and boldest policy, and one of his last acts was to petition Richelieu for men and munitions for repressing that standing menace to the colony, the Iroquois. His dauntless courage was matched by an unwearied patience, a patience proved by life-long vexations, and not wholly subdued even by the saintly follies of his wife. He is charged with credulity, from which few of his age were free, and which in all ages has been the foible of earnest and generous natures, too ardent to criticise, and too honorable to doubt the honor of others.

Perhaps in his later years the heretic might like him more had the Jesuit liked him less. The adventurous explorer of Lake Huron, the bold invader of the Iroquois, befits but indifferently the monastic sobrieties of the fort of Quebec and his somber environment of priests. Yet Champlain was no formalist, nor was his an empty zeal. A soldier from his youth, in an age of unbridled license, his life had answered to his maxims; and when a generation had passed after his visit to the Hurons, their elders remembered with astonishment the continence of the great French war-chief.

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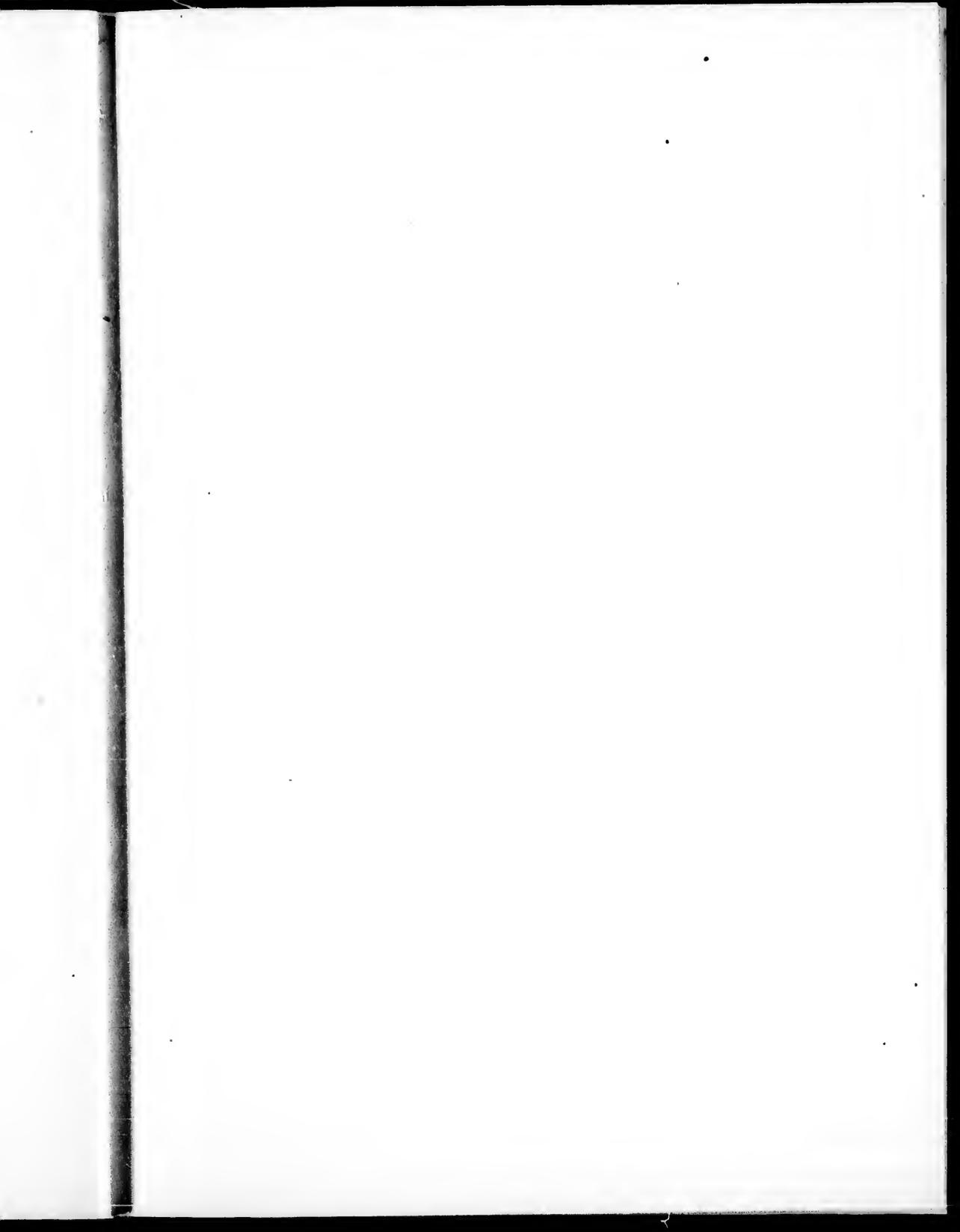
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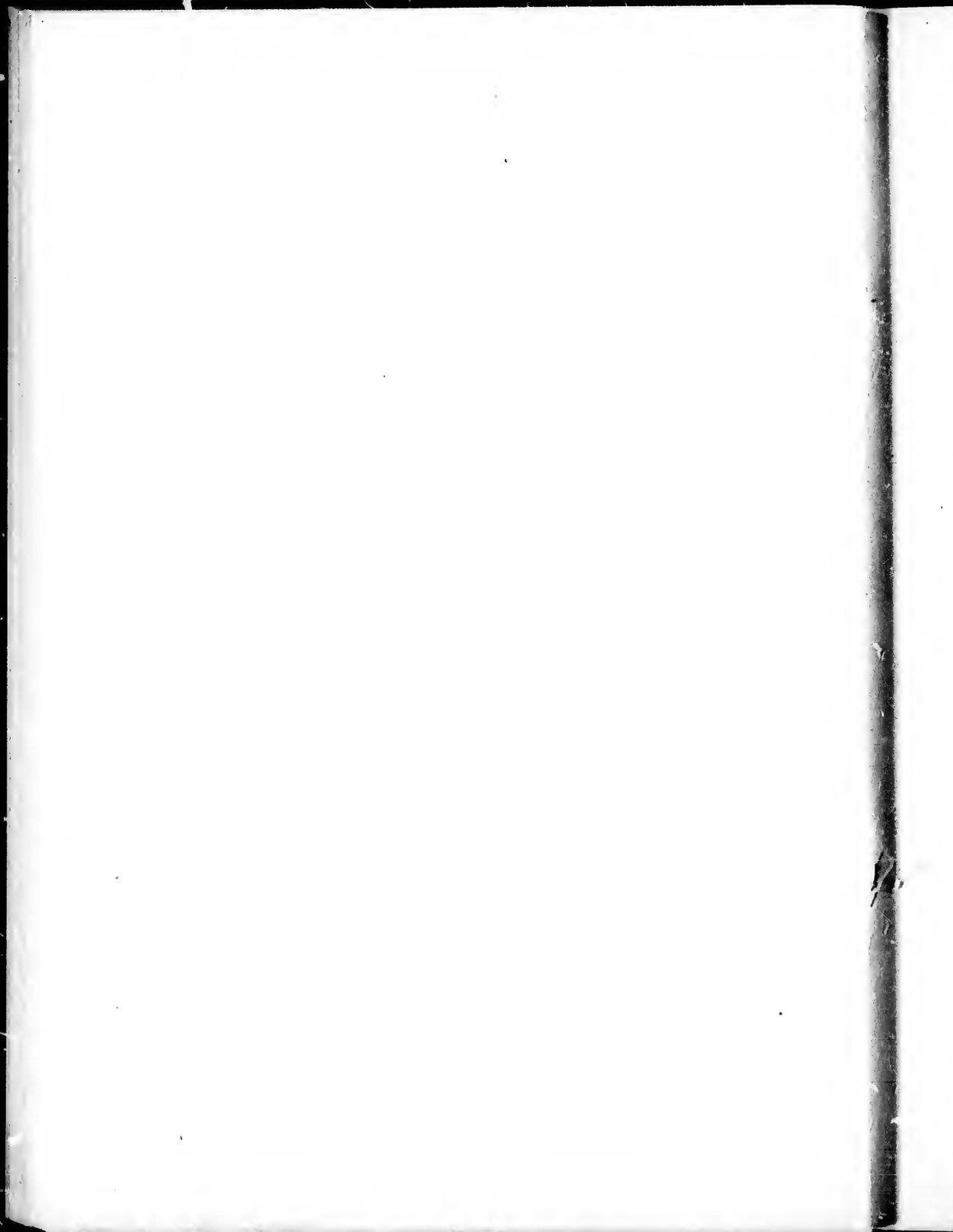
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