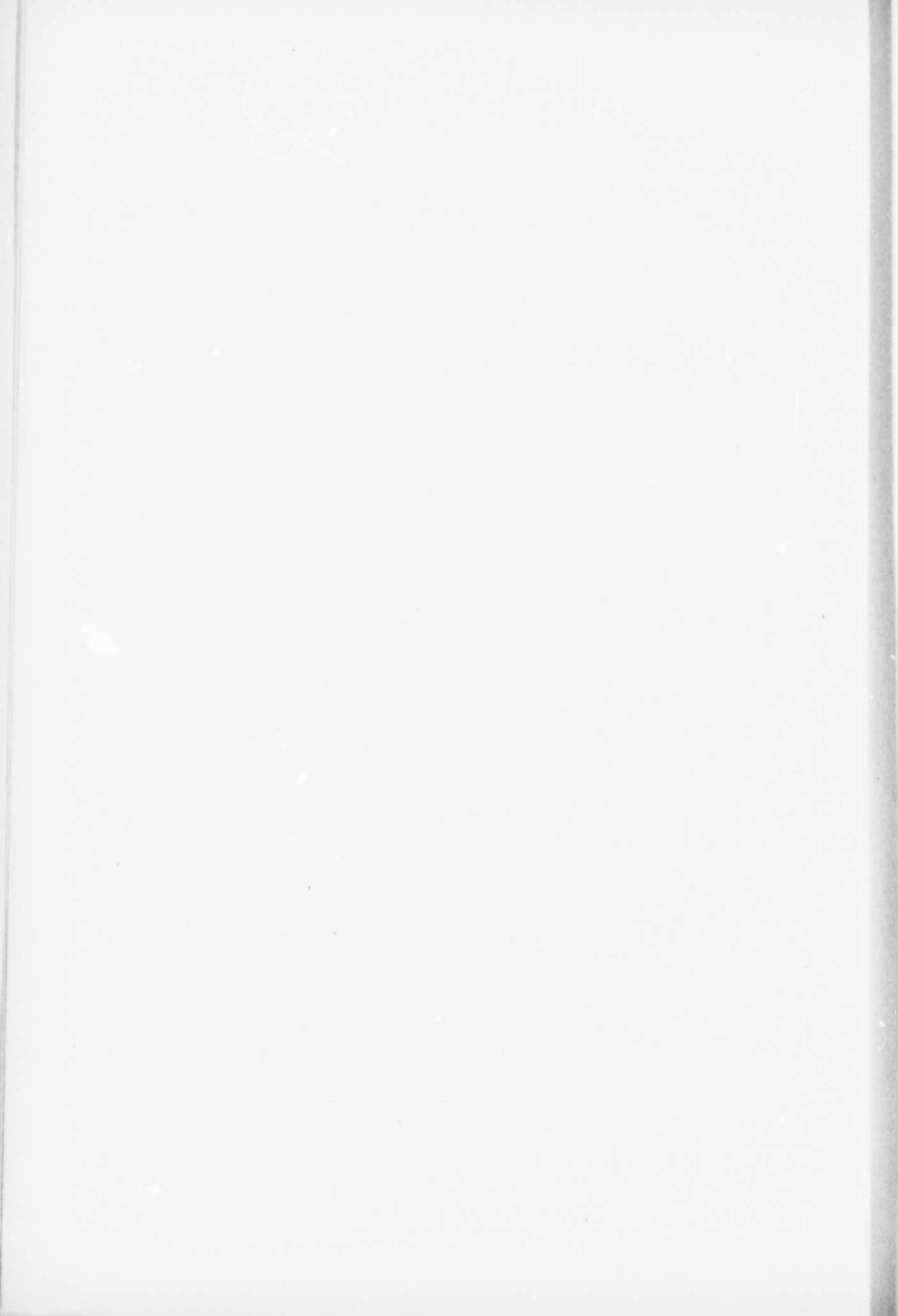


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LE MOYNE DE LONGUEUIL

CHAPTER I

LACHINE

Charles Le Moyne, whose story we have told in the preceding volume, named his eldest son after himself: Charles. The lad of course took his share in the many fights which were unavoidable in the early colony days, but his career was not a long series of battles like those that gave such glory to nearly all his brothers. Becoming the head of the family, on the demise of his father, he was compelled to remain for the greater part of his life within the limits of the colony proper, but the record of his achievements gives us, by that very fact, a better knowledge of the conditions that prevailed along the St. Lawrence than we can obtain from the story of the adventures of the other members of his family.

Charles Le Moyne, the second, was born in Montreal on December 10, 1656, and was baptized on the same day by Father Claude Pijart, S.J., who signs himself on the Register "Parish Priest of Montreal." The child was favored in being let into the household of the Faith by such a distinguished priest; as indeed the people of Montreal were by having such a pastor. Father Pijart came to Canada in 1637, and was for three years at Three Rivers and Quebec, where he became remarkably proficient in Algonquin. He was associated with Father Raymbault among the Nippissings for nine years, and when Raymbault died after his journey with Jogues to Sault Ste. Marie, he was assigned to work with Father Ménard, the heroic old missionary who died, all alone, in the then distant swamps of Wisconsin. After the destruction of the Huron missions, Pijart returned to Quebec and from there was sent, in 1653, to Montreal, where he remained as pastor until the

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arrival of the Sulpicians in 1657. He died at Quebec, November 16, 1880.

It is said that young Charles Le Moyne passed his childhood as a page in one of the quasi-regal courts of Old France. The origin of this belief is to be traced to a curious letter about him, in the "*Histoire du Monastère des Trois Rivières*" (I, 203). We publish it just to show how sometimes fiction takes the place of history. It purports to be written by no less a personage than "Her Royal Highness, Madame de France, mother of the Duc d'Orléans, and Regent from the year 1715 to 1720." It is dated, "Versailles, March 2, 1709," and is addressed to her sister, the Countess Palatine. It runs as follows:

"MY DEAR SISTER:

"They say that some of the savages of Canada can read the future. Ten years ago, a French gentleman who had been a page of the Maréchal d'Humières, and who had married one of my ladies-in-waiting, brought an Indian with him to France. One day at table the Indian began to cry and make all sorts of grimaces. Longueuil (such was the gentleman's name) asked him if he was in pain. The savage only wept more bitterly and when Longueuil insisted on knowing what was the matter, he was told: 'Do not force me to tell you.' After a good deal of urging, he at last said, 'I have just seen in the window that your brother has just been assassinated in Canada by such a person' (and he gave the name of the murderer). Longueuil began to laugh and said: 'You are crazy.' 'I am not crazy,' was the reply. 'Write down what I tell you and you shall see if I am deceiving you.' Longueuil wrote it down, and six months afterwards, when the ships came from Canada, he learned that the death of his brother occurred at the same moment and in the very place which the savage had seen in the window. What I tell you is genuine history."

This would be very interesting if it were really "genuine history," as the princess says it is, but it is hard to accept the assurance even of Her Royal Highness that it is such. In the first place, perhaps some literary adventurer may have manufactured it. Secondly, Indians rarely weep for other people's

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misfortunes; not even for their own. The only "weepers" known were a certain very untidy set of savages out in Wisconsin who made a business of it. Thirdly, not one of Longueuil's brothers was assassinated. Three were slain in battle but their deaths all occurred several years before the alleged vision at Versailles. Thus Sainte-Hélène was killed at the siege of Quebec, in 1690; the first de Bienville, at Repentigny, in 1691, and Chateaugay in the Hudson Bay country in 1694; whereas the Indian's pretended vision took place in 1699. There was no other violent death in the Le Moynes family after that of Chateaugay.

As far as we are aware, this letter is the only authority we have that de Longueuil was ever in court life at that time. Indeed, it is most unlikely that any boy would have been taken from the rude cabin of a frontier settlement and transplanted to the splendid surroundings of a palace. "*L'Histoire de la Seigneurie de Longueuil*" says nothing about it, but merely tells us that "according to ancient documents, Charles Le Moynes de Longueuil went to France and distinguished himself in the wars of Flanders before immortalizing himself in Canada.

It must be remembered that although the Le Moynes family was one of the most conspicuous in Montreal, it was by no means living in elegance, much less in luxury. Thus the Registry of Montreal describes their principal warehouse at Lachine as "a stone building about thirty-seven feet in length by eighteen to twenty in width, boarded with shingles, the whole estimated at 2,000 livres, seeing that the land is worth next to nothing." (A livre was equal to a franc or perhaps a little more.) La Salle's homestead adjoining the store was merely a log house with a small barn and stable attached. Close by were other log cabins covered with bark. Our curiosity as to the interior of these primitive dwellings may be satisfied by reading the following account of the domestic arrangements of those days:

"The Commandant's hut has a good chimney and two windows; the cabin being roofed with forty-four deal planks.

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There were six rooms boarded inside and provided with a wooden bedstead against the wall. Another cabin contained two rooms boarded with planks, each with a chimney, one window and three bedsteads. The soldiers stationed at the forts, all along from Three Rivers up, lived in cabins built of stakes and roofed with bark or planks. The greater number of the habitants slept on straw; only prominent people in towns had beds, and only very few of them ever used bed clothes." (*Girouard, Lake St. Louis*, pp. 15, 22, 23).

Evidently a boy brought up in such surroundings could not be easily transformed into a dainty page, and there can be little doubt that only when he was approaching young manhood was he sent to France to learn the trade of war. Of course he had heard wonderful things from his father and others about the splendors and the discipline of the French army under the Grand Monarque, but he found it the very opposite of what he had imagined. According to Lavisie (*Histoire de France, VII*) venality pervaded the army. Captains and colonels bought and sold their appointments; the recruiting of regiments was in the hands of the officers, who made it a paying business by padding the payrolls with dummies and repeaters or enlisting minors and cripples, and charging them against the King as able-bodied soldiers. There was no discipline. Officers refused to serve with each other. Even d'Humières declined to take orders from Turenne; the fortifications were dilapidated, the men badly fed; there was no hospital service; the wounded were uncared for, and were flung four or five on a bed, even when suffering with contagious diseases; when discharged, they were billeted on monasteries as lay religious, or took to brigandage; desertions were common and unchecked, so that foreign mercenaries had to be employed. Louvois, Colbert and the King had set themselves to better these conditions, but they met with indifferent success. In 1676, when the Maréchal de Luxembourg proposed an appointment to a colonelcy, Louvois told him he would be glad to grant it, but as the Marquis de Naugis was wealthy, he was to have the post, though he had not much

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experience as a soldier. In 1678, the Baron de Quincey, a cavalry commandant in the Hainault, wrote to Louvois, "I will say before all France that the troops I saw at Saint Guilan cannot be qualified as horsemen, but as a set of miserable beggars, without arms or boots or clothes, all mounted on brokendown horses. The reason is that the King's officers are stealing his money so as to gamble it away in handfuls." Even as late as 1697, Vauban wrote to the King:

"Almost all the recruiting lists are fraudulent. What fidelity can be expected of troops gathered from everywhere who are either angry, because compelled to serve, or who, if they enter the service willingly, are so poorly paid that they either desert or prey on the peasants by robbing them of all they have, so that great numbers of those unfortunate civilians have died of starvation, have been reduced to beggary or have left the country."

Such were some of the conditions witnessed by young Le Moyne in France during his years of military training under d'Humières, whom he accompanied in the war against the Dutch. As a matter of fact he appears to have seen little real fighting, except, perhaps at Cassel where William of Orange left 4,000 dead on the field and had 3,000 men taken prisoners. In that engagement, the King's brother was with Luxembourg, and d'Humières, and won such glory that Louis XIV yielding to a sentiment of jealousy, took away his command. De Longueuil was granted a lieutenancy for his bravery, though many others reached the same grade by purchase.

Before he returned to Canada, he married Mlle. Claude-Elizabeth Souart d'Adancourt who had passed her childhood in Montreal and had received what little education Sister Bourgeoys could give her. She then returned to France and was made lady-in-waiting at the Court. There, it is to be supposed, De Longueuil fell in love with her and brought her back to Canada as his wife, though it is not certain that the marriage ceremony was not in reality performed in Montreal where her uncle, the Sulpician, M. Gabriel Souart, was

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officiating as the parish priest of the colony. At all events the marriage took place in 1683.

In 1685, de la Barre the Governor, was preparing for his expedition against the Iroquois. Young Le Moyne did not accompany it but went later with his father on a mission to Onondaga to persuade the red men to bury the hatchet and not to massacre de la Barre and his troops. Both father and son were in bad health at the time, and indeed the elder Le Moyne succumbed to the hardships and worry of the journey. On their return, the son was recommended for promotion to the post of Major of Montreal to succeed Bizard, but apart from the fact that the Home Government was opposed to the appointment of Canadians to important posts, de la Barre's choice would naturally be disregarded, for he was soon after called back to France in disgrace.

In 1687, the next Governor, de Denonville, organized his war against the natives, and de Longueuil, now head of the family, was assigned to the command of one of the detachments of volunteers. Before reaching the enemy's country, he had to face one of the saddest scenes in his life. De Denonville had decoyed a number of Indian chiefs to Catarocqui and on their arrival put them in irons and sent them to the galleys in France. It was a trying moment for de Longueuil who found himself thus facing the chiefs of the tribe in which he had been adopted and was apparently participating in the treachery. He could not explain his position, nor could he reveal the kind of slavery to which his red friends were condemned, which he knew in all its dreadful aspects, for he had just come from France and had witnessed its accumulated horrors. Lavisse who has told us what the army of France was in those days, gives us an idea also of what being sent to the galleys meant to the victims. Louis XIV had taken the fancy to revive the old Roman galleys, as a modern fighting machine. As in former times those galleys were propelled by banks of rowers, with five men usually chained to each oar. There were some volunteers in the crews,

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but they were rare, because of the infamy and hardship of the work. Hence the ships were manned by slaves and convicts. Slaves were preferred, especially Turks taken in battle or bought in the markets of Leghorn, Genoa and especially Malta, where the Grand Master was reaping great profits from the trade. They were in great demand, a slave being worth three or four hundred livres. They were generally assigned to the hardest part of the oar; the top. When of no further use, they were sold. Seignelay wrote to a Consul: "The King has been informed that there is a large number of sick Turks in the galleys, and he orders you to sell them at Leghorn. Do not fail to so arrange matters as to get the highest price you can for them."

Their relatively great cost made a cheaper commodity imperative. Negroes were, of course, bought at a low price, but they usually arrived in France sick or they soon collapsed. They died of melancholy, or what was called in those days "obstinacy." Then it was, that some one thought of the *Peaux Rouges* of America, and an order was sent out to capture the Iroquois of Canada who were strong and robust; but says Lavisse, "this seizure provoked a revolt of the whole Iroquois nation and the unfortunate wretches who had been taken, were sent back to America." The writer omits to say that only a very few ever went back. The rest died.

The slave contingent of the galleys was in the minority, but as His Majesty had forty galleys, each of which called for 250 rowers on an average, it is reckoned that he had at least 10,000 slaves at the oar. Besides these slaves, there were, as we have said, condemned criminals. Colbert petitioned the King to augment their number by commuting the punishment of death, for that of the galleys; but this "grace" was reserved for young and sturdy criminals. Those who were fifty-five years old or crippled, or used up, or incurable were excluded from the "grace." "His Majesty," says Seignelay, "does not wish their punishment to be commuted unless they deserve it." The judges of the country were not as ready, however, to

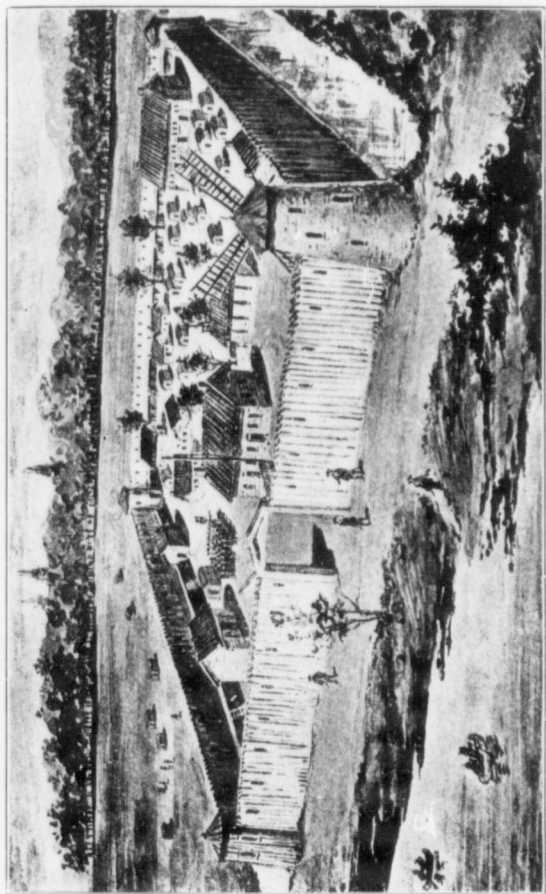
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further these beneficent designs of the King, as was wished, and thus the Intendant of Poitou regretted that he could "only send five." "You cannot always control the judges," said the Intendant by way of excuse.

Vagabonds, bohemians, deserters, of whom the number was very great, were also sent to the galleys without the ceremony of condemnation, as were also smugglers and counterfeiters. The latter died in great numbers. Often innocent men would be chained to the same oar with murderers, assassins, thieves, highway robbers, Turks and negroes. The Huguenots captured in war were sometimes condemned to the galleys, but as they or their co-religionists were rich, they generally bought themselves off by "paying for a Turk." Such were the associates to whom Louis XIV condemned the proud Iroquois, whom the missionaries were exhorted to convert. Incidentally it reveals the fact that de Denonville's atrocious act did not originate with himself. It came from "higher up," but he was weak enough to carry out the order. As far as we know, only one Iroquois chief ever returned to Canada: the famous Ouraouharé; and we are told that "his resentment and rage were held in check, only by the kindness of one of the young Le Moynes." This was de Serigny, whom he met in the Naval Academy at Rochefort in France, though Frontenac is usually credited with having mollified Ouraouharé. Perhaps there were some other chiefs also whom Serigny had to propitiate. Such was the fate to which de Longueuil saw his red friends condemned.

After disposing thus of the Iroquois chiefs, de Denonville proceeded to the Seneca country, and routed the tribe and their allies. The story has been told so frequently that there is no need of repeating it here. Of course the fighting traditions of the Le Moyne family were maintained in that battle. Returning to Montreal on August 13, 1687, de Denonville wrote in his despatches:

"I cannot say enough of the way in which de Granville and de Longueuil, to each of whom I have given command of four



FORT ST. REMY, LACHINE

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companies, conducted themselves in the campaign. You have given the latter a lieutenancy which he has accepted with pleasure. He is the eldest of the seven sons of the family of Le Moyne which was ennobled by the King because of the service rendered to the country by their deceased father. It is a family, which with that of Le Ber, the brother-in-law of the aforesaid Le Moyne, I cannot praise too highly, for it deserves more than any other to be honored, for the excellent training and conduct of its sons. In the expedition to the North there were three brothers Le Moyne who shared in everything that M. de Troyes accomplished in those parts."

As the Le Moynes well knew, the Indians would not wait long for vengeance. Shortly after de Denonville reached Montreal, warriors were seen prowling around the defenceless outpost at the Bout de l'Isle. But as they were driven off, the inhabitants were lulled into a false security. Then a whole year passed, and de Vaudreuil, who was in command on the Island, was convinced that they were completely subdued and he even allowed the officers to leave their posts and the volunteers to return to their homes. The Commandant at Fort Frontenac or Catarocqui, where the outrage had been perpetrated, also reported that the Iroquois were no longer to be feared.

That year passed and 1689 began. Spring had come and gone and all the early summer, but on the night of the 4th or 5th of August, 1500 Iroquois came over Lake St. Louis from the mouth of the Chateauguay River and landed at Lachine, a short distance from Fort la Présentation. It was raining and hailing heavily, and the sky was pitch dark; the sentry on the palisades neither saw nor heard anything, for the Indians kept away from the fort itself, but long before daybreak they had surrounded all the outlying houses while the inhabitants were still buried in sleep. Suddenly the warwhoop was heard and the slaughter began.

The Iroquois had never before displayed such diabolical ferocity. When Frontenac came out a month or so later, and made a careful examination of what took place on that fearful

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night and the equally fearful days that followed, he wrote to the Home Government:

"They burned more than nine miles of territory, sacking all the houses as far as the very gates of the city, carrying off more than 120 men, women and children, after having massacred 200 others who were either brained, burned or roasted, some being even devoured; pregnant women were ripped open and the unborn child destroyed; other atrocities were committed of the most shocking and unheard-of nature."

It was only because the Indians kept revelling in these orgies and drinking themselves into a stupor from the liquor which they found in the houses, that any of the inhabitants succeeded in making their escape.

When the first fugitives arrived in Montreal, cannon boomed from the fort, and every man and boy in the settlement seized a musket and a hatchet. From Verdun six miles away 200 soldiers hurried to the scene. Before sunrise, throngs of fugitives were seen making for the city pursued by the Iroquois. De Denonville happened to be present and saw the results of his dastardly act at Catarocqui. He sent out Vaudreuil to occupy Fort Roland at Lachine. One who was in the detachment wrote afterwards: "We all thought we were going to hell, when we came across houses on fire and saw charred bodies burning at the stake." After a while scouts came in and reported that not far from the fort, the main body of Indians were lying asleep on the ground, three-quarters of them helplessly drunk. Subercasse wanted to go out and kill them as they slept, but orders from de Denonville held him back. At last permission was given for a sortie, but it was too late. The savages had slept off their liquor and were waiting in ambush for the foe. While shots were being exchanged, a detachment was seen leaving Fort Rémy some distance away, consisting of fifty soldiers and thirty friendly Indians. They were led by de la Robeyre, with de Longueuil second in command. The Iroquois made short work of them and the men in Fort Roland beheld their friends slaughtered

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before their eyes. Robeyre was carried off and later burned at the stake; de Longueuil was wounded, and had not it been for his trusty Indians who lifted him on their shoulders and rushed for the fort, hotly pursued by the Iroquois, he would have shared the fate of his chief. All the captives were either killed or kept for torture on the Mohawk.

The French were completely crushed. They did not dare to issue from their forts while the 1,500 Iroquois were ravaging the country, keeping up their triumphal march with torch and tomahawk for weeks, and only in autumn withdrawing to their country, carrying with them 200 prisoners.

Those were sad days for Montreal, but they evoked remarkable heroism even among the women of the colony. The most notable of these exhibitions of valor occurred at Verchères, not far from Montreal. An old soldier of the Carignan regiment had established himself at that place, and his martial instincts had prompted him to give a quasi-military character to his establishment. He surrounded it with a palisade, putting a bastion at either end, on which he mounted a couple of small cannon. One day, while he was away from home, his wife who was alone with her children, happened to glance at the stockade and saw the face of an Indian above it. Not in the least disconcerted, she lifted a musket to her shoulder and while he was clambering over, took aim, and to her great relief she saw him tumble backward, while the band that was behind him fled in terror to the woods. They returned, however, but every time retreated with a dead or wounded companion. For two days the fight continued, and the valiant woman never closed her eyes or left her post till she was sure they had withdrawn. They were convinced that there was a line of soldiers behind the stockade.

Madame Verchères had a daughter, Madeleine by name, who was as brave as herself, and no doubt the little one had helped her mother in the two day battle. She was at that time only about twelve years of age. Two years after, she happened to be walking alone on the banks of the river, when her quick

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eye perceived four or five Indians stealthily approaching her. She was unaware that they had just killed a number of workmen in the fields not far away, but recognising them as Iroquois, she thought of nothing but flight and flew like the wind to the fort. A shower of bullets followed her, but fortunately all of them went wild, and on she kept in her race for life. She knew that the whole band was in hot pursuit, for she could hear them rushing through the undergrowth: but she retained her presence of mind, and glancing over her shoulder saw one far in advance of the others, his tomahawk in his hand and already gloating over his prize. The sight of him gave speed to her flying feet. She could almost feel her pursuer's breath as he came nearer and nearer. Just as she approached the gate, his fingers clutched the kerchief round her neck, but, quick as a flash, she undid the knot and left the cloth in his hands. Then the gate opened and she was safe. "To arms," she cried to the two or three startled women inside, who were paralyzed with fear. Without stopping to calm them she rushed to the bastion where there was a solitary soldier stationed, and seizing a musket she sent the contents into the throng of the discomfited Indians. Then the soldier fired. She, meantime, had clapped a military cap on her head and dashed hither and thither to make the enemy believe there was a whole squad of defenders on the parapet. At every move she brought down or wounded some of the assailants. "Load the cannon," she cried to her military aid. The cannon spoke and its slugs did effective work among the now terrified Indians. Thus musket and cannon were kept busy by the two brave fighters, and at last the Indians took to their heels and disappeared.

Meantime, the cannonading had been heard in Montreal, and a band of men, with the Chevalier Crisai at their head, hurried down to the scene of the fight. The Indians had disappeared, but the Chevalier followed them for three days, and finally caught them on the shore of Lake Champlain where he cut them to pieces. Only three of them escaped.

Here was the material of a romance, and the Heroine of

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Verchères and the Chevalier de Crisasi should have promptly fallen in love with each other. But though the chevalier was known as one of the most intrepid and gallant of warriors and, at the same time, one of the most lovable of men, he was a Knight of Malta and consequently, by vow, a *célibataire*. Besides, he was regarded through New France as a sort of Knight of the Rueful Countenance. He was a disappointed man. He and his brother, who was a marquis, were refugees from Sicily. They belonged to the best nobility there and had led an insurrection against Spain which then ruled their country. The revolution failed; the Crisasi property was confiscated, and the two brothers came to Versailles to offer their services to the King. All they could get was the command of a company in Canada. They expected better treatment, but accepted the offer. The chevalier was soon found to be remarkable for his military knowledge, his wisdom in council, as well as his skill in the conduct of warlike expeditions, and for his alertness and presence of mind in the fury of the fight. Indeed he became Frontenac's right hand man, but strange to say he never received any promotion. The result was that he fell into melancholia, and finally died of a broken heart. His brother was not so sentimental. He took what came to him, and after showing his skill in forecasting the plans of the Iroquois in a certain difficult conjuncture, was finally made Governor of Three Rivers.

Young Mlle. Verchères made her own romance later. She married Thomas Tarien de la Naudière in 1706 but he died not long after. One day during her widowhood a certain Sieur de Pérade, while pursuing some Iroquois, suddenly found himself entrapped. He was caught in an ambuscade, and it was all up with him and his troop, when suddenly there appears the former heroine of Verchères with a musket on her shoulder and leading a number of men to the rescue. A fierce fight ensued and finally the Iroquois turned and fled. Pérade was so overcome by this new act of devotion that he proposed marriage to the valiant widow, and to save him from

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future ambuscades she consented. She became the mother of sons worthy of her, one of them the young hero of Monongahela, and Commandant of Fort Duquesne, the present Pittsburgh, when General Braddock came to attack it.

He was known as Daniel-Hyacinthe-Marie de Beaujeu and was born in Montreal, August 19, 1711. He was already a captain and a Chevalier de St. Louis when he was sent to replace Contrecoeur at Fort Duquesne. Shortly after his arrival the news came that Braddock was advancing with three army corps and the famous Virginia militia, commanded by George Washington. Their artillery was formidable, and independently of the Virginia troops, there were two or three thousand veterans in the command. With such a force the fall of Fort Duquesne was assured, for de Beaujeu had only seventy-two regulars, 250 Canadian volunteers and 637 Indians. In spite of the advice of his council and the unwillingness of the red men, de Beaujeu determined not to wait for a siege or an assault, but to march into the woods and fight the British in Indian fashion.

The night before the battle, he and his garrison all went to confession, heard Mass in the morning and received Holy Communion. The enemy were already within three or four leagues of the fort, and only then the Indians, after an ardent appeal by de Beaujeu, consented to join the fight. They were concealed in the bushes on either side of the ravine through which the British were to pass, while the Frenchmen were to attack in front.

It was one o'clock in the afternoon when Colonel Gage crossed the Monongahela at the head of a column. De Beaujeu gave the signal, the trumpet sounded, and the French advanced towards the foe, while the Indians from their hiding-place took them on the flank. Again and again the advancing column was met, but in the third attack de Beaujeu fell mortally wounded. His lieutenant Damas, however, took his place, and the British ranks were breaking, when Braddock hurried forward; but his arrival only increased the disorder.

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Five horses were killed under him, and he was about to sound the retreat when he was struck by a bullet and carried from the field a dying man. The army retreated; Fort Duquesne was saved.

These heroes and heroines were all intimate friends of de Longueuil. At one of the marriages in the de Beaujeu family, among the illustrious names of those who signed as witnesses to the contract, are to be seen those of Chevalier de l'Ordre Militaire de St. Louis, Baron de Longueuil, and his wife Elizabeth Souart de Longueuil. The contract is dated 1706, consequently five years before the birth of the Hero of the Monongahela.

The Iroquois outbreak was too precious an opportunity for the English to let slip, and they determined to avail themselves of it to attack Quebec; Phipps and Whalley were therefore despatched to capture it. Of course de Longueuil was in the midst of the fray as were all his brothers who were able to bear arms, except d'Iberville who was fighting the English in Hudson Bay. We shall give the details of this memorable siege in the memoir of Frontenac. Here we have only to deal with de Longueuil's share in it. His arrival with his Indians was an occasion of great rejoicing for the garrison, but he won his chief honor when with his brother Sainte Hélène he opposed the advance of Whalley at the passage of the St. Charles. He was wounded in the groin by a bullet which would have killed him had it not been deflected by the powder horn at his belt. Whalley was driven back and Quebec was saved; but before de Longueuil returned to Montreal, he laid his brother Sainte Hélène in the grave. It was only one of the many lives thus sacrificed as offerings by the Le Moyne family to their native land. About this time de Longueuil began to be called "The Machabeus of New France."

CHAPTER II

CHAMBLY

When peace came, de Longueuil addressed himself to the care of his vast possessions. He had already built a fort in his *seigneurie* on the other side of the St. Lawrence, and indeed, he seems to have finished it before the siege of Quebec. It was of solid masonry, two stories in height, was flanked by four round towers, and had a barracks and several other buildings, stables, sheep-folds, etc., besides a fine church inside the enclosure. The whole structure was so spacious that all the colonists, in time of danger, could find shelter within its walls. It cost about 60,000 livres, which considering the cheapness of the labor and of the material was a very considerable sum at that time. It stood for a hundred years and finally crumbled to pieces in a conflagration. The Americans occupied it in 1775, and it was in possession of the English in 1792, when it was burned. In 1810 it was demolished, and the stones were used for a new church, then in process of construction. Besides the fort, de Longueuil had also built a stone mill and a brewery, and he employed about thirty men in his fields and shops. In 1628, he had 223 people on his estate. It was considered such a notable establishment that Louis XIV sent him complimentary letters when it was completed, calling attention, also, to the fact, that it was the only fortified place of the kind in that part of the country and had powerfully contributed to the protection of the adjacent *seigneuries*. The "*Canada Ecclésiastique*" for 1913, says that the first curé of the place, 1698-1701, was Father Millet, S.J., who had been brought back from captivity among the Oneidas the year before. He had been held a prisoner for eight years and was frequently on the point of being burned to death, but was finally exchanged. Besides this *seigneurie*, new con-

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cessions were granted to de Longueuil by Frontenac and subsequently he was made a baron.

The royal document that conferred the honor corresponds in its text with that which ennobled his father, with the exception of course, that the character of the baronetcy, its arms, motto, honors, prerogatives, privileges and precedences are specified. It is dated Versailles, January 26, in the year of Grace 1700 and "of our reign the fifty-seventh."

Very great importance was attached to the success of the *seigneurie* of de Longueuil because the experiment of granting large tracts of lands to the settlers had in the main failed of success. In his instructive work on "*La Colonization de la Nouvelle France*," Salone says, (p. 238):

"One can scarcely estimate the expenditure of money and the exercise of courage needed to establish a *seigneurie* in the New World, especially when the concession was remote from the center of population. It involved much hardship at the outset. The *seigneur* and his servants and the first group of settlers had to camp out in a clearing, either in tents or bark huts; they had to work feverishly to get ahead of the snow which might come before they had finished their rough log cabins. They had to apportion the land, find water, construct defences against the Indians, and above all procure funds to finance the undertaking, especially as the land would be unproductive for some time and indeed might have to be neglected for several seasons because of the incessant calls for men to fight the Iroquois, perhaps in far away districts. The result was that many of the most distinguished people of the colony were reduced to abject poverty."

Thus Denonville informs the Home Government that the family of Saint-Ours was begging its bread or asking to return to France, the girls were working in the field, reaping, or driving the plough. The family of Linctot was in similar straits, so also that of Tilly who nevertheless was a Councillor of the Colonial Government. The Verchères, the Repentignys, the La Chesnays were all in want. The six sons of Repentigny had to become soldiers to earn a living; Tilly also had six and

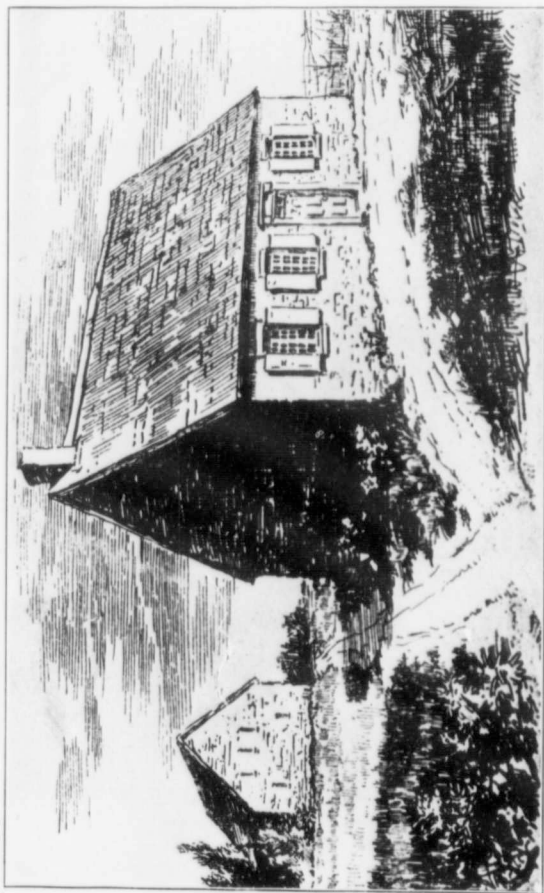
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Hertel five in the service; Durantaye once Commandant at Mackinac, supported himself on a pittance from his office of Councillor; Tourancourt was happy to get 200 livres a year as Procurator of Three Rivers; and many others were begging for pensions or licenses to trade. Pensions were indeed granted to some but as a matter of fact the money never arrived.

Naturally also the young men who had left home and had tasted of the free and adventurous life up in Hudson Bay or far out on the Mississippi would never settle down to the humdrum life of developing an estate, and hence there were many concessions as little developed as the day on which their owner entered into possession.

To this inability or apathy there were a few notable exceptions, as for example in the case of the Héberts, Couillards, the Giffards, the Juchereaus and others. Pierre Boucher especially distinguished himself in this respect, for after doing more than his share in fighting the Indians, he abandoned the post of Governor of Three Rivers which had been assigned to him as recognition of his services in saving that settlement from destruction, and then made a home for himself on the great concession now known as Boucherville, where he died at the age of ninety-seven. De Longueuil did the same for his family, but the task was comparatively easy, for his father left him a very considerable fortune to carry the project to a successful issue. It ought to be noticed that the ecclesiastical *seigneurs* set the example to the lay part of the community. Thus not to speak of the Ursulines of Quebec and Three Rivers, and of the Hospitallers of the former place, the Jesuits had 2,000 colonists on their estates, and the Sulpicians 3,000, together making nearly half of the population of New France.

It was but a brief period of tranquillity that Canada enjoyed after the defeat of Phipps and Whalley, for in 1709 the report came that the English were preparing for another assault on the colony. De Ramezay who was Governor of Montreal at the time hurried down to Quebec, giving orders to de Lon-



THE TRADING POST OF LE MOYNE AND LE BER, 1671

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gueuil to dismantle and abandon Chambly. Instead of obeying, de Longueuil, after a consultation with his Council, determined to strengthen that outlying post, and in short order had a stone wall twelve feet high built around it. Why de Ramezay left Montreal when it was likely to be attacked, and why Chambly was fortified instead of Montreal which was then in a state of shameful dilapidation, is not very clear to the student of history. However the English did not make their appearance then but in 1711; and there follows a chapter of events about which English writers are profoundly reticent. It is too unpleasant for a great nation to be reminded of it.

They had prepared a formidable army to invade Canada; for not only New York, but Connecticut, New Jersey and Rhode Island were interested in the enterprise. Besides the native troops, they had a contingent of 1,000 Palatines, the remnant of 2,700 Germans whom Governor Hunter had brought over from Europe, and who had settled chiefly in what is now known as Palatine Bridge in New York. They volunteered for the fight. Fortunately not many Indians joined the English; the reason being that during the years that had intervened since the first siege of Quebec, de Longueuil had been busy going around among them, using his influence as a member of one of their tribes, so as to thwart the schemes of Peter Schuyler, who was doing all in his power to detach them from the French allegiance. De Longueuil's brother, de Maricourt, with Joncaire and Father Bruyas, had also been active in similar diplomatic visits. Nevertheless the French were almost helpless before the invading force. Writing to Pontchartain (*N. Y. Hist. Doc. IX, p. 883*) Vaudreuil says that "there were only 1,200 men available in Montreal between the ages of fifteen and sixty." The age of fifteen, at which boys in those days were expected to fight, is worthy of note. Three Rivers could furnish only 400 and Quebec 2,200. There were only 350 regular troops in the country, 250 of whom were at Quebec. There were also 500 sailors and thus the total fighting force of all New France was 4,800. Deducting the incap-

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ables and those left to protect the women and children, the defence would consist of only 3,350. Against this an army of 4,000 was going to attack Montreal alone. Nevertheless de Longueuil had been assembling his little troop of Canadians and Indians and at last set out for Chambly.

In spite of their small number they were eager for the fight, because of their enthusiastic devotion to their leader, but, chiefly, because of an instrument of war which the English enemy would have laughed at. They bore before them a banner of the Blessed Virgin made for them by the holy recluse of Montreal, Jeanne le Ber, a cousin of de Longueuil.

Jeanne le Ber was one of the extraordinary characters of early Canada. Though an attractive young woman, and, as her biographer attests, gifted with great elegance and fluency of speech, she had made a vow of perpetual silence. She lived in seclusion for five years in her own house, not even speaking to her parents. After the five years had elapsed, she withdrew to the convent of the Sisters of the Congregation, where she continued to live in the same absolute silence and seclusion. She practised great bodily austerities and passed her time in prayer and laboring for the poor or the church. When the danger of the capture of Montreal was told to her by de Longueuil, she remained absorbed in prayer for some time, and then assured him that the Blessed Virgin would protect the country. "Give me a banner then," he said, "to carry into battle and put on it a prayer for assistance." She was remarkably skilful with her needle, and complied with the request. In the center of the banner she placed a picture painted by her brother, the young hero who had fallen in battle a short time before, and embroidered around it the following words:

"Our enemies rely on the power of their arms, but we on the powerful intercession of her whom we revere and invoke as the Queen of Angels. She is terrible as an army in battle array and with her assistance we shall vanquish our enemies."

With this oriflamme at their head, the defenders set out for

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Chambly. They did not propose, however, to stand a siege in the fort. They were too few for that, but had determined to carry on what the French regulars called contemptuously "*la petite guerre*"; that is, they were going to fight in Indian fashion. But they had not even to do that. They waited day after day for the arrival of the enemy, but the scouts brought no news of their whereabouts. Finally they heard that the whole troop of 4,000 had suddenly and unaccountably turned back and were retreating apparently panic-stricken towards Albany, burning their forts and destroying their stores as they hurried away. What had happened, nobody knew either at Montreal or Chambly. Finally after waiting some time, the troops asked to be led to Quebec to take part in the fight that must, they imagined, be going on there.

When they reached Quebec they were still more mystified to find that the enemy had not yet put in an appearance, but were expected every hour. Day after day went by and the wonder increased when a French vessel appeared on October 15, coming up the river and reported that only a single English ship had been seen. At last the report came that the whole fleet had been wrecked in the gulf. Ships were hurried down to the scene of the disaster and the news was confirmed. How it had all happened was found out only later.

The man chosen to command the expedition was Sir Hovenden Walker as great a fool as ever trod the quarter deck. He knew absolutely nothing about commanding a ship, or indeed about anything outside of the little court in Huntingdonshire, where he was a Justice of the Peace until he put on the uniform of a naval officer. Dean Swift describes him as the brother of "the midwife," Sir Chamberlain Walker, a famous accoucheur.

This worthy was bad enough but the commander of the land forces was perhaps worse. He was General Hill whom the indignant Duchess of Marlborough describes in her "Vindication" as "the fellow whom the bottle men called honest Jack Hill."

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"He was a tall boy when I clothed him (for he was all in rags) and put him to school at St. Albans. I afterwards got my Lord of Marlborough to make him groom of the bedchamber to the Duke of Gloucester and though my Lord always said that Jack Hill was good for nothing, yet to oblige me, he made him his aide-de-camp and afterwards gave him a regiment."

The advancement of this incompetent was due to the influence of his sister, Mrs. Masham, who was a favorite of the Queen. The Queen even made Hill a brigadier and when the Canadian expedition was planned gave him command of the land forces in spite of the threat of Marlborough to resign. Such were the commanders of the great armament which after a long delay, left England on April 1711, and gathering at Boston on June 24, sailed from that harbor only on July 30.

According to Vetch's, "Journal of a Voyage designed to Quebec from Boston in New England on July 1711" (Coll. Nova Scotia Hist. Soc. IV, 108), Walker's first difficulty was in getting pilots. Few mariners knew the St. Lawrence and fewer yet were willing to take the risk of piloting warships up the channel. Vetch, who had some knowledge of the coast and river, led the way in the Despatch, though he says "he was never bred to the sea," but fortune favored him, for the wind continued fair all along, until they were making for the mouth of the St. Lawrence, when at midnight the admiral gave orders to tack "to the great surprise of all the fleet, and which indeed proved the accidental cause, at least, of all our misfortunes in losing so much time of fair wind which would have carried us into the river."

On August 18 they were driven into Gaspé by contrary winds and lost three days there, taking in wood and water. When they left that harbor, the sea was calm but there was a thick fog which lasted for two days and shut out all sight of land, but they continued on, the admiral's ship leading the way. The only safe route was along the southern shore of the river, but the admiral steered north towards Egg Island some twenty miles north of Point des Monts entirely out of the

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course the ships should have taken. The vessels were thirty miles out of their course and were running directly to land.

On the 22nd, the fog was thick, though, through it the land was seen and the pilots changed the course to the south, but the admiral countermanded the order, possibly because he distrusted his pilot, a Frenchman named Paradis who had been taken prisoner. Paradis begged him to come on deck and see the shore ahead with the breakers beating on it, but he was laughed at. Finally Walker appeared in his dressing-gown and slippers, and veered his ship around, but his signals were not seen by the others and the result was that eight transports drove straight on the rocks and were soon battered to pieces. In two hours the havoc was complete and 884 of the troops were lost.

Kingsford regrets that "we have no picture of that terrible night." La Mère Juchereau, however, whose "Annals of the Hôtel Dieu of Quebec" are considered to be a valuable source of information and who was living at that time, thus describes the disaster :

"On the 15th October we were finishing a novena at the cathedral in honor of Our Lady of Pity. The church was crowded, and as the people came out from Mass they were agreeably surprised to see a number of travellers who had just arrived from France. They reported that on the way up the river they had seen nothing except His Majesty's ship the Hero. A little later, however, we heard that at Egg Island, eight large English ships had been flung with terrible violence on the rocks and shoals. Thunder and lightning mingled with the roar of the winds and waves and the piercing cries of the drowning people. To add to the horror, lightning struck one of the vessels and the powder magazine exploded. The crews and soldiers tried to swim ashore but after reaching it, 3,000 died, besides those who perished in the river on that night of the 22nd and 23rd of September."

It will be noticed that almost a month elapsed before the news of this calamity reached Quebec, namely October 15. Salonne says that 1,000 perished.

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Sampson Sheaf, a commissioner in the fleet who was present says, "it was lamentable to hear the shrieks of the sinking, drowning and departing souls." He admits that it was impossible for his ship to save any one, and he informs us that not eight but "ten or eleven of the British transports ran on the north shore and were crushed to pieces on the rocks." (*Hist. of Massachusetts Bay*, II, 199). Hovenden ascribed the disaster to the treachery of the French pilot, but the Governor of Massachusetts declared in a public speech, on October 17, that "there was all provision made in every article referring to soldiers, artificers, pilots, etc."

When the news of the wreck arrived at Quebec, Vaudreuil immediately despatched all the vessels he could spare to the scene of the disaster. They found remnants of the ships, but all the cannon and the best part of the cargo had been removed. The beach, however, was strewn with dead. Among them were two entire companies of the Queen's Guards. They were recognized by their scarlet uniforms. There were also several Scotch families, who doubtless were intended to be settlers. A great number of valuable objects were found. One of the curiosities was a proclamation by General Hill which had been printed in Boston, in bad French, inviting the Canadians to accept the English allegiance. Ferland says that on the bodies of a number of old officers were found commissions signed by James II, and bearing dates prior to 1689. A quantity of Catholic books and pictures of the Blessed Virgin were also taken from the wreckage; a proof that there were Catholics in the expedition. Such was the end of the expedition sent out by the brilliant but frivolous Bolingbroke, who told a friend when the fleet was reported as having reached Boston: "I believe you may depend on our being masters, at this time of all North America. The whole design was formed by me and the management of it singly carried out by me; and I have a sort of paternal solicitude for the success of it."

Twenty-two days after the disaster, a council of war was held by Walker to decide if what was left of the fleet should

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continue on to Quebec. Hill decided it was unwise to proceed further as they did not know the river, and were short of provisions; so they set sail for Boston and even gave up their proposed attack on Placentia in Newfoundland; but at Cape Breton, Walker erected a cross with a Latin inscription beginning with "*In nomine Patris,*" proclaiming the right of the Queen of England to the whole country. They finally arrived in England on October 6th and on the 19th, the admiral's ship blew up at Spithead with about 400 seamen and thirty of the inhabitants of Portsmouth who had gone aboard to make merry with their friends. Dean Swift says, "the accident was caused by the carelessness of some rogue who was going, as they think, to steal gunpowder."

In his explanation, Walker blamed his misfortunes on Providence. He wrote in his "Journal" that

"though we met with so considerable a loss at our entrance into the River St. Lawrence, yet it seems as if Providence designed that, to prevent much more fatal mischiefs which must have happened inevitably had we arrived safe in Quebec; because by that time our provisions would have been reduced to a very small proportion, not exceeding eight or nine weeks, perhaps not about six, at short allowance, whereas we could not have had relief in less than ten months, if so soon, and as the three storeships were cast away in their passage, we were entirely disappointed of our expectations in them, so that between ten and twelve thousand men must have been left to perish by the extremity of the cold and hunger, wherefore by the loss of part, Providence saved all the rest."

No censure was passed on General Hill for this mishap. Indeed through the influence of Mrs. Masham, he received new honors, but Walker was driven from England and died a broken-hearted man on an island of the West Indies. Meantime says Kingsford, "the Ministry suppressed the facts, and not only prevented them from being known at the time, but has likewise led to the omission of it in history; for the disaster is but charily recorded in a few lines in our national annals." It is a classic instance of the difficulty in finding the truth even about the great events of the world.

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Nine years after these events, de Longueuil was appointed Governor of Three Rivers where he remained for a term of four years. He was then made Governor of Montreal. While acting in that capacity, Vaudreuil the Governor General died, and de Longueuil administered the Colony in his stead. Judging that it was proper for him to apply for an official appointment as Governor, he did so, alleging that both de Callières and Vaudreuil had been promoted from the post of Montreal to that of Quebec. He was unaware that powerful influence was at work to prevent his nomination, and he was informed that it was not advisable to appoint a native Canadian to such an important place. Hence de Beauharnois came out as Governor in 1726.

It may be interesting to know that negro slavery existed at this time or a little later in the Barony of Longueuil. In its records, for the year 1763, and consequently in the time of the second Baron, we find that Madame la Baronne assisted as witness at the marriage of her slave Marie to a slave called Jacques César who belonged to M. Gamelin. The ceremony took place on January 5, at Longueuil, and "the act of consent" to which the name of the baroness is signed reads as follows:

"In the year of Our Lord 1763, January 5, having seen a writing by the hand of M. Ignace Gamelin signed by him and dated January 21, 1761, by which he permits his negro Jacques César to marry the negress of the Dowager Baroness of Longueuil, and this in consideration of the services which the said César has rendered to the said Sieur Gamelin, for the space of thirty years, and also because of the fact that the said Baroness de Longueuil permits her negress to marry the said César on the same conditions and in consideration of the services which the said Marie has rendered to the entire family of the deceased M. le Baron de Longueuil, from the time she was able to render such service, I, the undersigned, with the permission of M. Isambart, priest and curé of Longueuil have received their mutual consent given by word of mouth and have given the nuptial blessing in presence of the said Sieur Gamelin, of the Sieur Christophe Gamelin Lajemerais who stood at the side of the groom, and of Marie Catherine Des-

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chambault who assisted the bride, also of M. Joseph Fleury Deschambault, agent of the company.

Signed. Deschambault,	Longueuil
Ignace Gamelin	J. Isambert, prêtre, C.L. Ignace Gamelin, Prêtre.

The authors of the "*Histoire de Longueuil*" note that "this Marie is probably the Marie Elizabeth who was baptized in 1724," four years before the death of our hero, Le Moyne de Longueuil.

The wedded pair were given their liberty previous to the marriage ceremony. The official document to that effect declares:

"I, the undersigned, consent and permit Jacques César my negro servant to marry Marie the negro slave of Madame de Longueuil, on condition that Madame de Longueuil frees and sets at liberty the aforesaid negress, as I do César; nor can he pretend or understand that I give him his liberty on any other conditions or for any other marriage. Made in duplicate, the 21st of January, 1761."

Marie had to remain in slavery up to the time of the marriage, and was then only conditionally emancipated, as appears from the following:

"I, the undersigned, permit Marie, my negro slave, who for three years has asked this permission, to marry César, M. Damelin's negro servant, to whom he grants freedom on the condition of the aforesaid marriage. So I grant her liberty but on condition that they both remain in my service for three years, during which I shall pay them 200 livres a year with a promise to increase the said wages if they deserve it. At Montreal, January 26, 1763.

Signed, Deschambault,
Longueuil, née Deschambault.

"This is a certified copy of the registers made by me the undersigned this 6th day of February, 1763.

J. Isambert, Prêtre, curé de Longueuil.

Nor is this case of negro slavery in Canada a solitary instance. For on November 16, 1689 the Intendant Champigny

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suggested to Colbert that negro slavery would be a benefit to the colony because of the difficulty of procuring suitable servants. D'Auteuil presented the request but at first the King did not like to grant it because "the difference of climate might be fatal to the negroes but when he was assured that the Canadians would keep the blacks warm with beaver skins which could be sold later at a higher price because they had been so used," His majesty consented.

De Longueuil died at his splendid town house in Montreal. He had a short time before, though very advanced in age, married for a second time. He was buried in the great church with all the honors that were due to one who deserved the title of the Machabeus of New France.

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CHAPTER I

IN THE WOODS

In the early 60's of the Nineteenth Century, Father Jules Tailhan, a Jesuit Professor of Philosophy at Laval University, Quebec, who happened to be very much interested in early American history, unearthed an old manuscript entitled: "*Mémoire sur les Mœurs, Coustumes et Religion des Sauvages de l'Amérique Septentrionale.*" It was written by Nicolas Perrot for the Intendant Begon. It was never intended for publication, but had been put together at the request of the Intendant for his own personal information and as a guide in his dealings with the native races. Begon could not have applied to a more reliable source for aid, for the author was an old Indian trader, who after a long and adventurous career among the Indians, was living in retirement and poverty at Bécancour on the St. Lawrence. Tailhan saw its value and published it in 1864, adding valuable notes of his own which are more voluminous than the text itself. Together they constitute a classic work for students of American ethnology.

In 1912 Miss Agnes Blair the devoted and painstaking collaborator of Thwaites in the great work of the "Jesuit Relations" thought it worth while to translate this work of Tailhan's and Perrot's, as well as the three volumes by Claude Charles Le Roy Bacquerville de la Potherie, entitled "*Histoire de l'Amérique Septentrionale,*" which had appeared in 1753 "*avec approbation et privilège du Roi.*" They are largely made up of extracts from Perrot's "Memoirs" or elaborated from information given by him orally.

De la Potherie was a native of Guadeloupe in the West Indies and was a relative of Pontchartrain the famous Minis-

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ter, Secretary of State, and Chancellor of Louis XIV, the first official it is said, who traded on French vanity by selling decorations to raise money. De la Potherie had come to Canada at the time Iberville was winning fame by his naval battles, and was at his side in the Newfoundland raid, the bombardment of Fort Nelson in Hudson Bay and the fight with the three English ships. He thus saw the greatest of Iberville's exploits in that part of the world. He was subsequently appointed "Controller General of the Marine and Fortifications in Canada," an office which had no objective reality back of it. In 1700 he married a Canadian lady and later returned to Guadeloupe where he died about the year 1738. The "*Histoire*" is in the form of letters, some of them addressed to "*Monseigneur le Duc d'Orléans, Régent du Royaume,*" to whom the book is dedicated; others to a distinguished lady whose "*manières si gracieuses et cœur si généreux*" have been of great help to him; others again to "*Mon Cousin,*" etc. The illustrations are curious examples of the extraordinary ideas that prevailed in France, even at that late period, of the conditions of primitive America.

De la Potherie was a frequent visitor at Bécancour and in view of the work he was engaged in, helped himself liberally to Perrot's writings, noting down also all the information he could glean from conversations about the events and customs of the interior of the country which he himself had never visited. There was nothing dishonorable in this, for the old voyageur never dreamt for a moment of putting any of his own material into print. Much later than Potherie, Cadwallader Colden translated a part of the "*Memoires*" and incorporated it in his "History of the Five Indian Nations of Canada."

These were not the only distinctions accorded to Perrot. On September 6, 1899, under the inspiration of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, a monument was erected by the citizens of De Pere on the sloping river bank close to the old house which Perrot once occupied and the chapel in which he

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worshipped. The monument is a huge boulder resting on a pedestal of native limestone and records the fact that "Near this spot stood the Chapel of St. François Xavier built in the winter of 1671-72 by Father Claude Allouez, S.J., as the center of his work in christianizing the Indians of Wisconsin." The memorial tablet was erected by the citizens of De Pere and unveiled by the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, September 6, 1899. The only real relic, however, exhibited on that occasion was the famous ostensorium or monstrance given to Father Allouez by Nicolas Perrot in 1686 around which an interesting history has entwined itself.

The church which Father Allouez had built in 1671 was a wretched building, probably an Indian cabin. In 1676 a better one was attempted, for the work of evangelization was prospering. In that year alone, they had baptized thirty-six adults and 126 children. Of course when Perrot was made Governor of the Green Bay territory in 1685, his influence largely contributed to maintain the respect in which the missionaries were held, and to advance their work. To the new church he made a present of an ostensorium, but unfortunately the church was burned soon after, and the ostensorium was buried in the ruins and lost sight of for 115 years. In 1802 it was discovered, not, however, at De Pere but at Green Bay. It was unearthed by workmen who were digging a foundation for a house on the banks of a river at Green Bay. How had it got there? Possibly some of the missionaries at De Pere had taken it from the ruins and had buried it at that place. From the time of its discovery at Green Bay, it was kept in the house of a Catholic where the missionaries used to stop in their evangelical journeys through the country. When a church was built at that place in 1823, the ostensorium was of course transferred to it. But in 1828 that structure also went up in smoke and the wandering ostensorium was transferred to Detroit by Father Badin. There it was discovered by Father Bonduel, a priest from Green Bay, who claimed it, for on the base was an inscription in French as follows: "*Ce*

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soleil a esté donné par M. Nicolas Perrot à la Mission de St. François Xavier en la Baye des Puants, 1686."

In the "Wisconsin Historical Collections" (VIII, p. 205) from which we gather these details, the writer says:

"Perrot's motives for making the grand present of silver we can only conjecture. Those who believed that he had attempted to poison La Salle eight years before, may fancy that he was remorseful and sought to quiet his conscience by a gift laid on the altar. But those who think him unjustly charged with such a dastardly attempt, will hold that his offering was brought in payment of some vow made in perils and not forgotten after miraculous preservations. Combined with one or both these considerations may have been a desire to increase his prestige as governor of the Northwest by associating himself, in the minds of the savages with those priests whose power already passed among them for supernatural."

It is always very unsafe to speculate on any one's motives, but it is outrageous to even suggest that a gift to the Church by a god-fearing man is an act of reparation for the crime of murder. A refutation of this infamous charge of attempting to poison La Salle may be found in "*Le Comte de Frontenac*" by Henri Lorin (p. 202) which is worth while translating literally:

"While La Salle was at Fort Frontenac in 1676 and 1677, he was the victim of an attempt made to poison him. It appears that someone had poured hemlock and verdigris into his salad. He was ill for some days but recovered and no evil consequences followed. Some of his people accused the Jesuits of it, but La Salle loyally acquits the Fathers of having had anything to do with the matter. *In any case it is only the Jansenist document of Margry that makes mention of any such attempt, which is based on fragments of La Salle's letters whose authenticity cannot be verified.* But the paper is evidently in error when it denounces the author of the crime as one Nicolas Perrot, alias Jolycœur. It is quite probable that La Salle was the victim of the vengeance of some private individuals, for he was disliked by his servants and his associates, because he exacted of them the same courage and endurance which he himself displayed; and they lacked the energy of the faith that

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animated him. A domestic, a soldier, perhaps the Jolycœur of whom the review of 1677 speaks, may have been angered at some reprimand and attempted without success a crime which others, in conditions that were certainly analogous, committed later on, but this Jolycœur has nothing in common with Nicolas Perrot, the famous *coureur de bois*. Nicolas Perrot was never the companion of La Salle whose name he pronounced only once, and then as that of a stranger whom he met by mere chance in 1670, when La Salle was on a hunting expedition. In 1676 and 1677 Perrot was traveling, no doubt as before among the tribes on the west shores of Lake Michigan; and there is no reason which could explain, on his part, any act of hostility against La Salle. So that instead of accepting the version of Margry's document and expressing his astonishment only at the surname 'Jolycœur,' which in no other instance was ever applied to Perrot, it would have been better to have concluded that the author of the pamphlet was not familiar with Canadian history and had confounded two personages in one."

It is another example of Parkman's attempts at poisoning the minds of American readers and writers. Like Jolycœur he has poured much hemlock and verdigris into our salad, but unlike La Salle the general public has not recovered from its effects. He gives this story in his "La Salle" (p. 104).

The other suggestion of the contributor to the "Wisconsin Historical Collection" that the ostensorium may have been offered in order to show the Indians that he was in favor with the Fathers, is simply absurd. For years the Indians had seen Perrot kneeling at Mass and receiving the sacraments, and they knew that he had passed several years in the house of the Jesuits and was on terms of the closest intimacy with all of them. Poor Perrot when presenting his gift would have been horrified if he knew that his act of piety would be misinterpreted in years to come but especially that he would be branded as a murderer.

The author of this poisoning story is, according to Margry (I, p. 392) "probably the learned Abbé Renaudot," the famous Orientalist of the time of Louis XIV. But it is simply incon-

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ceivable that any man of sense whatever could have invented a libel in which so much stupidity is combined with hatred. "The effect of the poison on La Salle" we are told, made him vomit continuously for forty or fifty days." Assuredly he must have been made of bronze. A little further on, La Salle is made to say that he was "confined to his bed for thirty-five days," and he affirms that "he did not put the would-be murderer to death, but kept him in irons to await trial." He was prompted to take this course "so as not to compromise the Jesuits who were friends of the murderer though they did not instigate the deed." In this same letter the irreproachable Charles Le Moyne is accused of being a traitor in his dealings with Frontenac at Catarocqui. An Indian of the name of Izanlerhac who came from the Prairie de la Madeleine in the Seneca country was in league with him. But as Le Moyne was a close friend of Frontenac, and as there was never an Indian with such an Aztec appellation in Canada and as Prairie de la Madeleine is three or four hundred miles from the Seneca country, it is clear that Renaudot's readers must have been a singularly credulous set of people, especially when over and above all this, they are asked to believe that the

"Jesuits attempted to corrupt La Salle's morals, and that in order to stir up war, Father Perron (there was no such person) went so far as to put a halberd on the altar along with several musket barrels tied together like organ pipes and so constructed that he could set them off with a string. He also showed the Indians a pocket pistol which he always carried with him."

It may be well to explain here how these documents collected by Margry came to be published. He tells us in his preface (XIII):

"One reason or another prevented their issue in France, but Providence was not slow in rewarding me through the instrumentality of three citizens of the United States with whom I had relations. They were Mr. Orsamus Marshall, known in New York by his studies in local history; Colonel Charles

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Whittlesey, President of the Cleveland Historical Society, and Mr. Francis Parkman of Boston. The latter wrote me that there was not much money in the venture, but it would be a great honor to publish them. They succeeded in getting the Congress of the United States to take it in hand. This result was achieved through the influence of learned societies, but especially by Mr. Hoar of Massachusetts, Mr. Garfield of Ohio, Mr. Washburne of Galena and General Sherman. On March 3, 1873, Congress authorized it."

As regards General Sherman this is an evident mistake. He was never in Congress; it is probably his brother John who is meant.

But to return to Perrot. In the first place we have to regret that there was another conspicuous personage in Canadian history who had the same patronymic, François Marie Perrot who succeeded Maisonneuve as Governor of Montreal. The two are often confounded in the public mind, and the "*Pan-théon Canadien*" makes a hopeless muddle of both though they are in every respect the reverse of each other. The governor was the son-in-law of the great Intendant Talon, and as that distinguished official was very close to the famous Colbert, the powerful minister of Louis XIV, he had no difficulty in putting his execrable relative into any office he chose. Whether Talon knew it or not, François Marie Perrot was intent only on using his position for money-making and after a disgraceful squabble with Frontenac, was first jailed in Quebec and subsequently flung into the Bastille in France only to be sent back to Montreal to renew his depredations. With him, Nicolas Perrot, the honest trader, had absolutely nothing to do except to be his victim. Socially and morally, as well as in relationship and resemblance, they were continents apart.

Nicolas Perrot was a poor boy who had come out to America to earn his living. Whether he got his smattering of education from the Jesuits of Quebec or in France cannot be ascertained. He could not have learned much, for he was only sixteen years of age when he found employment with the Jesuit missionaries in far away Mackinac. There he came

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in contact with Marquette, Allouez, Dablon, Druillettes and other great heroes of the Indian missions, whose influence must have been considerable in forming his upright and Christian character.

After a while he started out as a trader. It was the year 1665, and he is credited with being the first white man who appeared among the Indians of the Green Bay country, but he himself speaks of two Frenchmen, probably Radisson and Grosseillier who had been there in 1661. Possibly he penetrated further into the country than they, and that might explain why the Indians expressed surprise at seeing him. But they were quite capable of lying about it to flatter him so as to buy his knives and axes at a bargain, for they were far from being the guileless people that romances make them. The Indians called him *Metaminens* which means "Little Ear of Corn." His purpose in turning trader was of course, to make some money, against the needs of the future, but he is also credited with the patriotic desire of using that means to attach the tribes to the French. Of course, on the other hand, such an attitude on their part would be helpful in a business way, but whether his motive was simple or mixed, he travelled for five years from tribe to tribe along the shores of the Bay, up the Fox River, across Lake Winnebago, over to the Wisconsin, and along the Menominee. He lived with the Pottawotamies, the Sacs and Foxes, the Outagamis, the Miamis, the Mascoutins and others, making considerable profit in his journeys and, by his fair dealings, gaining an influence over them always great enough to induce them to join the warlike or peaceful enterprises planned by the authorities at Quebec if they were approved of by him. By piecing together the disjointed accounts of his travels, as found in his "*Mémoires*" and in de la Potherie's "*Histoire de l'Amérique Septentrionale*," it is possible to follow him through the greater part of these journeys. But the story would be interesting only to those who concern themselves with the topography of these old Indian dwelling places, or the bewildering migrations of

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the tribes in their flight from their ferocious enemies the Iroquois, or again to those who never heard of the dances, games, calumet smoking, banquets, religious customs, disgusting habits and shocking vices of the aborigines of this country.

Of course, time and time again, he was threatened with being put in the kettle to be eaten. Once he was actually tied to the stake to be burned but contrived to make his escape. At another time he was struck down by the blow of a tomahawk. Such things were ordinary events in Indian life.

It was in 1670 that he at last emerged from his obscurity as an ordinary trader and rose to be an almost indispensable agent in the affairs of the Government. It was the result of a journey to Montreal with a flotilla of canoes carrying 900 Ottawa Indians. The "Relations" give a lower figure but they were probably speaking of one of the sections of the convoy.

Perrot tells us that the Ottawas were a cowardly set of savages and had no stomach for war. They were always in mortal terror of the Iroquois, and on this occasion especially, they had reason to be. For although, those fierce warriors had been temporarily subdued by the visits of de Tracy and de Courcelles to their territory and were now mingling with the whites, they were known to be meditating reprisals for the dastardly murders of some of their warriors by the French. The first of these crimes had been committed by three soldiers who had left Montreal to buy peltries or procure them in some way or other up the Ottawa. They had gone no further than Pointe Claire when they met an Indian coming down with a canoe-load of furs. They set him drunk and then threw him into the river with a stone tied to his neck. The murder was discovered and the Iroquois threatened to renew hostilities unless reparation was made. The authorities saw the danger and meted out a punishment to the offenders that amazed the Indians. The three men were taken out and shot to death though the Iroquois protested that as they had lost only one man, a single victim was sufficient to balance the scales of justice.

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The other crime was brought to the attention of the Commandant by no less a personage than de la Salle. A family of Oneidas numbering six in all, when wintering on the Mascouche, foolishly admitted into their cabin a Dutch trader and two Frenchmen who pretended to be buying furs. The three wretches plied the poor Indians with brandy and then murdered them. To conceal the crime they put the bodies in a canoe and sunk it. Search was made for the murderers but they were warned by their friends and kept out of sight. The Iroquois saw that the Commandant was in deadly earnest about punishing the guilty men and were thus placated, but though the Ottawas were aware of all this, they were in mortal agony about going to Montreal.

Their terror first showed itself when they met some returning Nipissing Indians who told them that there were Iroquois all along the river but that they were hunting with Frenchmen. That ought to have been enough to tranquilize them, but they insisted on turning back. All that Perrot could do was unavailing to convince at least some of the party who slipped away in the night.

Somewhere between the cataracts of the Chats and Calumet the first hunters were met with. They were only a dozen, all told, but among them was Cavalier de la Salle. Perrot never dreamt that the two or three words of his "*Mémoire*" merely mentioning this meeting were going to be cited innumerable times by all kinds of writers as solving a great historical difficulty about the search for the Mississippi.

That same summer, 1669, La Salle had started out with two Sulpicians, Galinée and Dollier de Casson, on an expedition to Lake Erie. On the pretext of illness he left them and went, no one knew whither. His defenders maintain that he had started out to discover the Mississippi by the way of the Ohio. Margry, La Salle's persistent eulogist, quotes a document to that effect but with evident scruples about its truth. Perrot's simple phrase, which cannot be called in question, settles the matter beyond all doubt. La Salle was enjoying himself

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in the Ottawa woods with his Iroquois friends who made much of him ever since his denunciations of the Oneida murders; he was not down on the Ohio, looking for the Mississippi.

Perrot's arrival of course was an occasion of rejoicing for the Frenchmen, but the presence of the Iroquois worried the Ottawas. They refused to unload their boats or remain any length of time, and travelled all night down the stream to put all the space possible between them and their enemies. In the morning there was a heavy fog, and when it lifted they found themselves, to their consternation, in presence of another party of Iroquois with whom as before were some French soldiers. Although the Iroquois did not budge from their fires to look at the new-comers, and although the Frenchmen invited the travellers to land, not a canoe went to the shore. On the contrary they paddled with might and main till they got by the camp. Perrot, however, beached his boat, and "the soldiers," he says, "gave me something to eat and drink while my canoe man was continually begging me to leave."

Further down they heard discharges of musketry and saw the smoke of the powder in the air. The canoes crowded together in mid-stream and all the laggards hastened to join the main body. Perrot tells us there was black despair on every face, and the men in his canoe were physically unable to ply the paddle. He called out to the boats ahead to let him take the lead and had even to berate his French companions who were as much frightened as the Ottawas.

"I finally reached the head of the convoy," he says. "It was then dusk and when my boat got close to the shore where the Iroquois were encamped, a volley rung out on the air. Happily most of the Ottawas recognized that it was a salute of welcome and they came ashore but refused to unload. We found the party to consist of twelve Iroquois and two soldiers of Montreal both of whom I knew, but the Ottawas were quaking in every limb and at midnight when the camp was asleep, every canoe except my own slipped out into the river and continued on towards the city. Although my men kept

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calling me, I remained sound asleep near my two French friends. One of the Indians finally made up his mind to wake me, but he did it in such a way that one would have imagined he was going to surprise a sentinel on guard. He stealthily crept up to where I was lying and whispered in my ear that it was time to go as the others were already far away. Immediately I got up to go with him and at day break I saw the canoes in the distance stretching out as far as the eye could reach. They were paddling furiously and waited for us only at Great Bay in Lake St. Louis. We left there for Montreal at two o'clock in the afternoon. Only then the Ottawas began to breathe freely."

At Montreal an incident occurred which for a moment made the poor Ottawas wish they had listened to their fears about the Iroquois on the way down the river. While the trading was going on, an Indian stole some of the articles exposed for sale, but the soldier on guard saw the theft and told the owner what had happened. Immediately a fight began in which some of the bystanders joined. Unfortunately when the soldier attempted to keep them back with the butt of his musket, they tore the weapon from his hands and the fight became general. Having lost his gun, the guardian of the peace drew his sword and, in the scuffle, slashed the arm of an Indian. Then the storm broke loose. The Ottawas seized their weapons and rushed to the rescue of their comrade. Informed of the trouble, the Commandant ordered his men to arms and rushed to the scene only to find Perrot and some of the chiefs in the middle of the mob remonstrating with the infuriated Indians whom they had already under control.

"De la Motte," says Perrot, "was kindhearted and a man of honor, and when he saw that I knew the language of the Indians he asked me where were the chiefs. I pointed them out and he summoned them to his quarters. Uninvited I followed and saw that sixty soldiers were lined up along the palisade. They had been ordered to fire at the least sign of an outbreak. In the room I found an individual who was assuming airs of great importance, and de la Motte told him to find out from the chiefs the cause of the trouble, but though they

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exculpated the soldier, he translated their answer in a totally opposite sense. As he intended to go back with the flotilla he evidently wanted to curry favor with the tribe. When I saw that, I could not contain myself. I rushed up to the commandant and denounced the fraud, but de la Motte who was angrily pacing up and down did not hear me, and, rushing out of the room, ordered the sergeant to arrest the soldier and put him on the *chevalet* with two hundred pound weights attached to his feet."

The *chevalet* it may be noted, was a triangular stake on which the victim was seated. It was not a savage but a civilized instrument of torture.

"As I knew," continued Perrot, "that the Indian himself had acknowledged his guilt, I repeated what I had said, so that the ensign could hear me. Whereupon he hurried out to tell the commandant to stop the execution of the order. Then the pompous individual referred to, attacked me for my interference and demanded reparation for insulting him. Meantime de la Motte had returned and I repeated to him my denunciation of the deceit that had been practised. The commandant heard me out, and having sent for the soldier who confirmed what I said, he turned to the liar and flinging at him a few contemptuous words, dismissed the soldier to his quarters and sent away the chiefs."

The trading was about over when a canoe came up from Quebec, with orders to send the Iroquois and Ottawa chiefs down to the city to sign the articles of peace agreed upon. The Ottawas were quite unwilling to go but had to obey, and Perrot was sent with them. On the other hand, the Iroquois accepted the invitation cheerfully.

"Seeing that there was no way out of it, the Ottawas dismissed their men and started for Quebec. Twelve soldiers and an officer whom the Ottawas kept close to, went as far as the first camp with us. We arrived in July, 1670, at Quebec, where I found that the friends of the man I had contradicted in Montreal had already approached the Governor, M. de Courcelles, to prevent my being appointed as interpreter, but M. de la Motte had written a letter recommending me and certifying to my reliability and fidelity. The result was that

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my enemies were not listened to, though one of them tried to controvert what I had said."

The first ships arriving that year from France had brought letters from Talon discussing the advisability of getting a number of Frenchmen who had lived among the natives and knew their language to accompany the expedition soon to be sent to the Ottawa country, to take solemn possession of it in the name of the King. "De Courcelles," says Perrot, "cast his eyes on me and told me to wait for Talon's arrival."

When that dignitary reached Quebec, he summoned Perrot to his presence and asked if he would accompany the Sub-Delegate.

"I am always ready to obey orders and I put myself at your service, I replied. Whereupon I left Quebec with M. de Saint-Lusson and we remained at Montreal until the beginning of October, 1670. We then started up the river and were obliged to winter among the Amikouets on Manitoulin Island. The Chippeways, who were near us, were just then engaged in hunting elk and succeeded in trapping 400 animals in that single season."

"I told the Indians on the Island," says Perrot, "to meet us at the Sault in the spring so as to hear the message brought by the Seigneur Saint Lusson from the King of France, and I despatched some of them to convey the information to the northern tribes as well, and to impress on them the importance of being present at the ceremony. That being done we carried our canoes to the southern side of the Island where the ice does not form, and from there made our way to the Bay of the Renards and Miamis (Green Bay), where I summoned all the chiefs to come to Sault Ste. Marie where we were to plant the pole and fasten on it the arms of France, and thus take possession of the Ottawa country."

Perrot himself then set out to visit the other tribes of the district to persuade them to take part in the ceremony.

His reception among his old friends, the Miamis, is well worth describing. It shows the regard they had for him. He was escorted thither by a band of Pottawotamies, and when he was yet four leagues from the village, notice was sent of

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his arrival, and the chief immediately ordered out his braves. In paint and feathers they marched out to welcome him. Perrot had meantime approached a couple of leagues nearer, when he saw the warriors coming in single file towards him, holding up their clubs and shouting their war-cry. It was not necessary for the Pottawotamies to assure him there was no danger. He knew perfectly well that it was the most cordial kind of a greeting and that he had to meet them in the same fashion, and so he at once put himself at the head of a line of his own men and rushed off with loaded guns as if to check the advance of the enemy. Very prudently they had not loaded their muskets with balls. As the party approached, the Miamis swung to the left and then passing to the rear formed a circle around their opponents and rushed at them shouting and yelling and discharging their arrows, but too high in the air to hit any one. Nearer drew the lines, the cries growing wilder, the clubs more menacing and the crack of the muskets more frequent, until finally from beneath the pall of smoke, both sides emerged marching shoulder to shoulder towards the village where the pipe of peace was smoked and the banquet eaten. Perrot was conducted to the cabin of the chief who assigned fifty warriors to keep guard at the entrance and stand at his service.

Several days later a La crosse game was played which de la Potherie says was like *Longue Paume*. Miss Blair translates it "long tennis" not "lawn" tennis. Whatever it was, it could scarcely be played today. At least 2,000 Indians took part in it. "All that could be seen was the waving rackets which clashed against each other like weapons in battle," and it was needless for the old writer to tell us that "games of this sort are usually followed by broken arms and legs and often persons are killed therein."

Perhaps Perrot had to attend to some of the victims. He was at least summoned during the night to prescribe for an Indian who had eaten too much at the feast and that was easy. The patient was given a dose of the mixture so frequently

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employed by the missionaries of those days: *theriac*. It was composed of opium, nutmeg, cardamom, cinnamon and mace, or sometimes saffron and ambergris. Of course any ailment would yield to such a formidable combination. In this case the result was so rapid that Perrot was reported to have brought a dead man to life. He was looked upon with awe, and the great chief and two prominent sachems came to awaken him in the dead of night to offer him ten beaver skins if he would hand over the specific. He refused the bribe and told his friends that he was short of the drug and would need all he had before he got home. They begged at least to smell it, a modest request to which he of course acceded. They sniffed it gleefully and were sure they would be immortal if they could only rub their chests with it. As they insisted on giving him the robes, he parted with half of his *theriac*.

When these diplomatic preliminaries to the state proceedings were over, Perrot proceeded to the Sault where the solemn ceremony took place, not as he or his copyist says, on "June 4, 1669," but on June 4, 1671. Throngs of Indians from the north and west were present, but singularly enough Perrot's particular friends, the Miamis, Kickapoos, Foxes and Mascoutins did not leave Green Bay. The Hurons and Ottawas arrived after the ceremony but they agreed to all that had been done. There were in all fourteen nations present, assembled in all their savage finery and splendor around a cross planted on a slight eminence on what is now the American side of Sault Ste. Marie. A monument has been erected there to commemorate the event.

The proceedings are described in the official document sent to Talon by Saint-Lusson, which we translate. It runs as follows:

"We, Simon François Daumont, Seigneur de Saint-Lusson, commissioned as Sub-delegate of M. l'Intendant of New France on July 3rd last, to betake ourselves with all due expedition to the country of the Ottawas, Nez-Percés, Illinois, and other nations hitherto discovered or to be discovered

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hereafter, in North America, along the shores of Lake Superior or La Mer Douce to find and discover mines of any kind, particularly of copper, and to take possession in the name of the King of all the country inhabited or not inhabited, through which we may pass, do therefore in virtue of our said commission, having first landed at the village of Sainte-Marie du Sault where the Reverend Jesuit Fathers have a mission, and where the nations of [here follow the names of a few tribes] abide, we assembled the majority of them and also whatever others could be persuaded to come. There were fourteen tribes present [the names are then given]; all of them dwelling in the north or near the sea, and they were charged to make known to their neighbors who are mostly to be found on the shores of the sea, what was done on this occasion. To them, in the presence of the Reverend Fathers of the Society of Jesus and of all the French, hereinafter named, we have caused our commission to be read and proclaimed in the native tongue by Nicholas Perrot, Interpreter for His Majesty, in this country, so that they cannot be ignorant of its tenor; and we have erected a cross to advance the interests of Christianity in these parts. Near it we planted a post of cedar on which we affixed the arms of France. All this was done while repeating three times the general acclamation: 'In the name of the High and Mighty and Redoubtable Monarch, Louis Fourteenth of the name, we take possession, etc.' This acclamation was made each time that the said Perrot lifted a sod of earth on the north, east, south and west. All other powers, monarchial as well as republican, were warned not to trespass on the territories so claimed, under peril of incurring the wrath and power of His Majesty's armies, and the savages are assured of the royal protection."

Finally the document was signed by "Daumont de Saint-Lusson, June 17, 1671." All the French added their signatures and the Indians their marks.

When the last sod was turned, there was placed between the plate on which the arms of France were cut and the board by which it was attached to the post, a copy of the proclamation, but as soon as the assembly dispersed, the Indians pried the wood and the metal apart, took out the paper which they thought was a spell, and burned it. They then put the plate

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back in its place. In his notes on the "*Mémoire*," Tailhan mournfully calls attention to the fact that a century had scarcely passed when every trace of French domination had been obliterated except the scrap of paper in the Government archives.

It may be noted that in the official document of the *prise de possession*, the exploitation of the copper mines of Lake Superior was the chief object in view. Hence after the ceremonies were over, Saint-Lusson posted off to make an inspection. "While there," says Potherie, "his conduct was *irregular* and he was immediately recalled and sent to Acadia to take the first ship for Europe." Happily there seems to be no foundation for this charge, for Ferland informs us that on Saint-Lusson's return to Quebec, he was commissioned by Talon to report on a great project which the Government contemplated, of making a highway between Quebec and Pentagoet in Maine, with a view to establish commercial relations between Canada and New England. The project was never carried out.

Talon's letter to the King about the mines will be of interest to scientific men as well as to geographers and merchants. It is given at length in Margry (Vol. I, 92). According to him, the common opinion about the place to which the Sieur de Saint-Lusson had penetrated, makes it about 300 leagues from the Vermillion Sea, that is the Pacific, and then "fifteen hundred leagues of navigation would land the traveller in Tartary, China and Japan." After assuring His Majesty that Saint-Lusson's expedition "will not cost the Royal exchequer a sou, for the beaver skins he got from the savages would cover all the expenses," he adds, that "though, he cannot speak with any certainty about the likelihood of working the mines at a profit, yet he is convinced that Canada abounds in copper, iron and lead. The latter substance was found near Lake Champlain and there was such an abundance of copper around Lake Superior, that the Jesuit Fathers had an anvil weighing a hundred pounds made of that metal. He then ventures upon

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the dangerous ground of chemistry, and explains the genesis of copper. The river Nantaouagan, he informs His Majesty, is fed by torrential streams from the snow-covered mountains, whose sands are swept into the bed of the river, congealing and hardening there, and taking every variety of shapes "like the pebbles I sent to M. de Bellinzany. My impression is that these pebbles carried elsewhere by the stream are in the last stages of the formation of copper, by the action of the sun reheating them and forming other pebbles of this metal like the two I sent to the aforesaid M. de Bellinzany. They were found by Saint-Lusson some distance from a place at which the river overflows its banks. Let us hope that as the French and Indians are now travelling in that direction copper will be found of such a pure kind that it will cost your Majesty nothing."

CHAPTER II

IN THE WARS

Apparently Perrot did not accompany Saint-Lusson to the copper mines, but when the Congress ended, the success of which is generally ascribed to him, he applied for a renewal of his trading license. After that he is lost to sight for some years, but his business, of course, brought him frequently to the St. Lawrence, and we see from remarks in his "*Mémoire*" that he kept his eye on the politics of the colony.

While he was pursuing his business as a trader, great changes had occurred in Quebec. De Courcelles and Talon had been recalled in 1672, after having sent Joliet and Marquette to discover the Mississippi; Frontenac had been named Governor, and then followed years of trouble in the colony. The ecclesiastical and civil powers were quarrelling with each other; the avarice and tyranny of the Governor of Montreal had exasperated everyone, and the people were groaning under Frontenac's *corvées*.

It was at this time that Perrot came into collision with his namesake of Montreal. He had descended the river with a party of Ottawas, shortly after Frontenac had passed through the city, on the way to Catarocqui. The Indians, hearing that a new Governor of Quebec had been appointed, were anxious to pay him the usual tribute of beaver skins, whereupon Perrot, the Governor, ordered Perrot, the trader to bring the peltries to him, but the demand was met with a blunt refusal. Indeed to have obeyed would have embroiled both the trader and the Ottawas with the irascible Frontenac. For a moment the gubernatorial cane quivered over the trader's head, but prudence got the better of his wrath and the blow was not struck. But that year the Indians went back home with rage in their hearts against Montreal and its governor. Nicolas Perrot

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himself pursued his work quietly until the arrival of de la Barre in 1682. The Indians were aggressive in their robberies, and de la Barre hesitated about attacking them, until 14,000 livres worth of his own furs were seized. Then his martial ardor displayed itself, and he decided to begin hostilities. He sent out his emissaries to invite the northern Indians to join in the expedition. But the *casse-tête* or war club which was then the usual invitation to war was flourished in the wigwams without effect. Only the Hurons responded. The others were beginning to disperse or to doubt the power of the French.

The failure to move the tribes called Perrot once again into public life. The governor appealed to him, as a last resort, and though Perrot probably disapproved of the whole proceeding, yet as a loyal Frenchman he could not refuse the invitation, which was equivalent to an order. With some little pride he notes in his *Mémoire*:

"When Du Luth was at Kamalistigouia (Fort William) he sent for me, and said that no one was better qualified than I to stir up the Indians to war because of the ascendancy I had over them. I set out therefore on Sunday, having first heard Holy Mass, and went to the tribes who had refused the war club. I asked them to change their resolution; they consented, but, said they needed a few days to repair their canoes. That done, we started. The Ottawas numbering about 400 joined us at Saginaw on Lake Huron. A canoe was sent over to Green Bay to inform the Indians there of the expedition, with the result that a hundred warriors consented to join. More would have come but there were no canoes.

"I was given command of the expedition. Two accidents on the way seemed like bad omens to the savages. An Indian who was mistaken for a deer was accidentally shot, and a Frenchman broke his arm and died; his brother also died of grief a few days afterwards. It required all my influence to prevent the Indians from returning home. So also, when the Bay Indians caught up with us, at Long Point on Lake Erie, they began to lament that, as their wives did not know how to fish, there would be a famine in their wigwams. I reproached them with cowardice, whereupon they got angry and told me I

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should see how brave they were when the fighting began. Before I set out, Durantaye had told me to assure them that three sailing vessels would meet us at Niagara, and a great supply of muskets would be handed out, but I warned him that it was better never to promise an Indian anything till you had it in your hand to give him."

Perrot's fears were realized. When the expedition reached Niagara there were no boats. He was disgusted and annoyed and had hard work to keep his dusky followers in humor by suggesting that bad weather had prevented the arrival of the vessels. Each day their impatience increased, and then some of them proposed to march down the south of the Lake to have a fight with the Senecas. Perrot pleaded in vain, and finally proclaimed that as he had been commissioned merely to lead them as far as Niagara, he now threw up his command, and would follow the first band that started out, having, however, previously contrived that the Indians who were unwilling to meet the Senecas should head the march. They started off in the direction of Catarocqui, but about thirty or forty of the discontented ones stayed in camp, and sent scouts down to the Seneca country to reconnoitre. They had not gone far before they sighted a sail on the Lake and hurried back with the news. Immediately a canoe was despatched to convey the information to the main body, with the result that on the following day all the Indians returned to Niagara. The vessel had arrived by that time bringing news no doubt welcome to many of the warriors, namely that de la Barre's expedition had not only completely collapsed, but that nine hundred Frenchmen and as many Indians had died in camp, and de la Barre had pleaded for peace.

In the "*Archives de la Marine*," at Paris, there is said to be a list of expenses for this inglorious campaign. It is illuminative. One item reads as follows: "Given by the Sieur Durantaye to the Ottawas, through the Sieur Nicolas Perot, for their services to the King, in the execution of the orders of M. de la Barre, in the years 1683-1684, eleven pounds of tobacco at eight francs a pound." It is wonderful generosity

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on the part of the King, but it may have been a bit of irony, especially as it is not clear whether that eleven pounds was for each brave or all the tribe.

However, Perrot was not treated much better. He did not return to the West with his Indians; perhaps, because he was ashamed or afraid, but went down the river to his poor family. He had nine children in all. He had established them on a ten acre concession at Bécancour. His good wife Madeleine Raclos had brought him some money at their marriage, but now after all his hard and dangerous work and his devotion to the king he was in dire poverty, as the following letter bears witness. It is addressed to one of his creditors, a notary at Cap de la Madeleine, and is dated August 20. 1684. We give the text in translation:

"I have received your letter, and I acknowledge that what you ask is very just. I would not have delayed so long to see you, as well as all those to whom I am indebted, if I had been able to bring down any peltries. I had to leave them behind in consequence of the orders I received to take part in the late war. If I had them, I would show myself more than willing to meet my creditors. But I brought nothing down with me, even to pay for merchandise, because I was afraid that I would be punished for disobedience. I feel very much ashamed, but I intend to go down to Quebec to ask for some goods, and if I get what will suit you, they will be at your disposal. If not, I will try to satisfy you otherwise. I am not the only one who came down from the interior empty handed. I wanted to call at the Cape to tell you this by word of mouth, but M. de Villiers obliges me to carry some letters to Quebec, so that I cannot see you till I return, but I assure you I shall pay as soon as possible.

"I am your very humble servant,
"N. Perrot."

It is only just to de la Barre to note that he rewarded Perrot by appointing him in 1685 Governor of Green Bay, a region described by the "Wisconsin Historical Collections" as "embracing the whole North-West." He arrived there in time to avert an internecine struggle between the Ottawas and Outa-

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gamis, and to prevent the burning of a young Indian girl, the daughter of a chief. In 1686, he was at Green Bay, and made the present of the famous ostensorium to the church at De Pere. At this time he is credited with having established the protectorate of New France over the entire region of the upper Mississippi.

It is somewhat curious to find La Salle himself talking about this ostensorium:

"I know very well that pieces of pure red copper are found in many places hereabouts [in Wisconsin]. I know of one weighing 400 pounds. A Mascouten chief named Kisirinanso, which means Cut Buffalo, says he found in a little river a quantity of white metal, some of which he gave to the Jesuit Father Allouez, and that Brother Giles,, a goldsmith who lives at Green Bay made it into a silver *Soleil* for the Sacred Host. The Indian received a large quantity of merchandise in return and was told to say nothing about the *Soleil* because it was a manitou. The Mascouten told me that there is, in the same place, a sort of glistening white sand which is extraordinarily heavy but which slips through the fingers when you close your hand on it, and that even when he put it in a skin and sat on it, this sand came through the skin. I am inclined to believe it is quicksilver, for the Indian could not have invented the story he told me. However I do not dare to assert anything on his word. I shall be better informed next autumn."— (*Margry Vol. II, p. 178*).

This seems to take away the honor of the gift of the *Soleil* from Perrot, but probably he gave the merchandise which paid the Indian for the silver.

De Denonville had come over to replace De la Barre. He too was in a fighting mood, although 250 of the 500 soldiers he started out with from France, had died on ship-board, because of wretched accommodations and insufficient food.

As Commandant of Green Bay, Perrot, of course, received orders to marshal his Indians for the new campaign. It is wonderful that with their previous experience, any invitation to fight could have impressed the red men, but Perrot was all

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powerful with them; and he, Durantaye, Tonti and Du Luth were soon on the march. Before starting, however, Durantaye had disposed of an individual who makes a sudden appearance at this stage of Canadian history, and then as suddenly disappears. He is known as McGregory, but was plain Pat McGregor. He was an agent of Dongan, and was sent west ostensibly for trade, but in reality to induce the Ottawas to turn against the French. Durantaye beat him in a battle, gave all the goods to the Indians, but took care first to knock in the heads of the casks of fire-water that McGregor had brought with him. His commission is given in the "Colonial Documents," and is worth reproducing as a specimen of Dongan's Seventeenth Century English:

"Thomas Dongan Captaine Generall, Governour and Vice Admiral of the province of Newyorke and dependencies.

"To Major Patrick Magregore, Greeting. Being well assured of your loyalty Conduct and Courage I have Commissionated and appoynted and by these presents doe Commissionate and appoynt yow the said patrick M^agrigor To be Captain and Commandr of such men as by order yow are to go along with from Albany to the Ottawasse Country a trading. As also of a Company which Likewise by my order you are to Overtake and proceed together with in the said Journey which sayd Company as Captaine and Commandre in Cheife yow are to Leade and Conduct in their sayd Journey to the said Ottawasse country and from thence back again to Albany In the execution of which office you are to observe such Instructions and directions as yow already have or from time to time shall Receive from me Hereby Commanding and Requeyreing all and Every person and persons of the said Companies to give due observance and obedience to the said patrick Magregore in the premisses as they will answer the Contrary att their utmost perrills this Commission to be in force one year and no Longer Given Under my hand and Seale att fort James this fourth day of december 1686 And in the secone year of his Maties Reigne

"Thos Dongan

"By His Excellencies Comand
Is Swinton"

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De Denonville had left Montreal on June 11 and reached Irondequet Bay on Lake Ontario, July 10, with a motley crew of plumed and painted Indians, native Canadians and the gaudily attired soldiers fresh from France, who knew nothing of the method of fighting which they were now to adopt.

A stockade was built to protect the boats and provisions, and 400 men were left in charge, while the rest of the army advanced to the Seneca town of Gazervare about twenty miles inland. The Senecas were waiting for them, and a fusillade from behind the trees put the new soldiers to flight, as was to be expected, but the Western Indians, especially Perrot's Ottawas, covered themselves with infamy. The Canadians alone held their ground, but de Denonville, fighting in his shirt sleeves, fortunately came up with the main body and stopped the fugitives. After that it was easy work. Five or six Frenchmen were killed and about twenty wounded, but the enemy fled in dismay. The country around was then devastated and the army returned across the Lake to Catarocqui. Perrot's account of the battle is very brief, probably because he was ashamed of his Ottawas, who not only disgraced themselves in the battle, but shocked everyone by devouring the dead bodies of their enemies during the night.

De Denonville was convinced that he had now forever subdued the Iroquois, but he was unacquainted with the nature of the savage, and was unaware that he had alongside of him a distinguished chief known as Kondiaronk, or the Rat, who would make things worse than before.

The peace had hardly been ratified when the Rat pursued some of the Iroquois on their way home. He killed a number of them and then told the prisoners he had taken that the deed was done at the request of de Denonville. He then purposely let a number of them escape, knowing perfectly well that they would hurry back with the information to their tribe, and that the hatchet would soon be dug up. De Denonville who had been guilty of kidnapping the chief was thus credited with

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another act of base treachery of which he was not guilty. The tragedy of Lachine soon followed.

Before it occurred, Perrot was ordered back to Mackinac. With him on the journey was "The Rat" and little by little the Indian, cunning as he was, let out the whole secret to Perrot who in turn revealed it to the missionaries at Mackinac. Without compromising Perrot, they too got "The Rat" to boast of his exploit. Singularly enough the whites did not kill him. On the contrary, later on he became a Christian and was a frequent guest at Frontenac's table.

There was plenty of trouble at Mackinac just then, and only Perrot could handle it. The Ottawas had caught some Iroquois and were about to burn them at the stake, an act which would again have brought on war. Durantaye and the missionaries had tried to dissuade them but without success. Hence Perrot was appealed to. He immediately posted off to the place of execution and found the prisoners already tied to the stake and singing their death song. He ordered them to stop singing, an interference which enraged the Ottawas, but he angrily repeated the command, and this time he was obeyed. Then he strode into the wigwam where the chiefs were assembled, hung up a wampum belt and began to storm at them so fiercely that they thought it best to do as he said and release the prisoners. They did more. They went down with him to Montreal to place the captives in the hands of de Denonville. But de Denonville was no longer there. The massacre of Lachine had taken place. He, like his predecessor had been recalled to France, and Frontenac was again in power in Quebec.

That officer always held Perrot in great esteem, and on this occasion when de Louvigny was sent to replace Durantaye at Mackinac, it was judged that no safer escort could be found for him than Perrot. Hence, on May 22, with a party of 170 Canadians and Indians, the latter set out from Montreal. On June 2, a party of Iroquois was encountered at the Chats. A fight ensued and thirty were killed and four taken prisoners,

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three of whom were sent back to Montreal. The other was handed over to the Indian allies.

Nearing Mackinac, Perrot went ahead with two canoes. The white flag of his boat was sighted as he approached, and all the people of the Island rushed to meet him. As the Indian custom was to loot the conquering fleet of canoes as soon as it appeared, it would be a very unpleasant introduction of Louvigny to his new command, and Perrot resolved to thwart it. Under his orders, the flotilla approached the island in perfect order. The captive Iroquois was placed in the first canoe, and as the boats passed the Ottawa camp, the fleet merely saluted the Indians and made straight for the French settlement where one hundred *coureurs de bois*, armed to the teeth, stood on the shore and kept the swarm of Ottawas, who had hurried to the place, from indulging in their customary pastime. Perrot thus saved the valuable property he had brought from Montreal, and by overawing the Indians prevented their desertion to the Iroquois, which he knew they were then planning. They satisfied themselves, however, by putting the captive to death, but the poor wretch was so cowardly that they did not condescend to burn him. They tied him to a stake and killed him with a tomahawk.

Perrot had some little trouble subsequently in persuading the tribes of the Bay to come to an understanding with each other, and not to go out on the war path, but he succeeded and then went down to his old fort on the Mississippi. One day an Indian came in to show him a curious stone he had picked up. Perrot recognized it to be genuine lead, but pretended to be quite uninterested in the find. Afterwards, however, he made haste to hunt for the mines and discovered what are very likely the deposits on the banks of the Galena River.

Apparently he still stood high in the esteem of Frontenac, for in 1692 that dignitary warned the Indian chiefs who came before him at Montreal with Perrot at their head, to be always obedient to the great white man who had lived so long among them. He represented the governor, said Frontenac;

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yet a few years afterwards, the same governor showed how little this representative character which Perrot was supposed to be invested with, amounted to in practice. The Miamis in a fit of rage against their old friend had tied him and a Pottawottami chief to a stake, and were about to burn them to death. In some way or other they contrived to free themselves from their bonds and escaped. All the other tribes of the Bay were so indignant at the outrage perpetrated on their friend and benefactor, that the chiefs went down to Montreal to ask Frontenac to let them "eat" the Miamis. The governor answered them, in his pompous fashion that he reserved the case to himself, and he sent them away with his benediction; nor did he ever compensate Perrot for the 40,000 livres worth of peltries appropriated or burned by the Indians, nor for the lavish gifts the poor trader had continually bestowed on them to keep them friendly to Quebec. Frontenac died shortly after that, and Father Tailhan suggests his demise as an explanation of Perrot's being left in abject poverty till the end of his days. The suggestion is charitable but not convincing.

After that Perrot retired to Bécancour in a more hopeless condition of poverty than that in which he found himself after the fiasco of Governor de la Barre. He thought he might get something by process of law, and for that purpose brought a suit against Frontenac's secretary. He not only lost the suit but had to pay costs. He then appealed to the Home Government and the only consideration vouchsafed him was a letter sent to Callières in which Perrot was blamed for "foolishly risking his property in such a distant place and among savages, and moreover," it was added, "he had received many presents during the two previous years to help him to support himself," While admitting that he had lost heavily in the fire at De Pere and acknowledged that he ought to be handsomely reimbursed, the amazing document suggests that "as he is extremely poor, he might be allotted some little pension as a recognition of his long service, and to enable him to live." He was made a revenue officer, a *commandant de côte*.

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He once more emerged from obscurity when he was called to the great Indian Congress convened by Callières at Montreal in 1701, where he was not only indispensable as an interpreter but rendered the greatest service in persuading the tribes to accept the peace that was proposed. It helped him also to forget, to some extent at least, the unworthy treatment to which he had been subjected by men of his own race. His red friends were effusive in their demonstrations of affection in his regard. Thus for instance the Chief of the Pottawotamies said to the governor:

"Father, I have come only to hear your word. Through me all the nations of Lake Huron have assembled here. I ask one favor as a reward of my obedience. Perrot is my body. I beg of you to give him to me. He will help me with all the nations when I want to give authority to my words. He is esteemed by us more than all the Frenchmen you have sent us."

The Outagami chief spoke much in the same strain. "I have stifled my resentment against the Sauteurs, and have come hither only in the well-founded hope of obtaining the return among us of Perrot, our father, who was the first to come among us and teach us sense, which we have lost since he left us." The others uttered similar sentiments, but they were answered only by vague promises never meant to be kept.

This Congress in which Perrot was so prominent was one of the most notable events of Canadian history and a triumph of Callières' administration. It is described in detail by de la Potherie who was present as he says "out of curiosity." He gives a summary of each of the speeches as if he were an official reporter, but no doubt it was his friend, Perrot, who translated them for him. The proceedings were after the usual models of such gatherings, only planned on a grander scale. The oratory was incessant, and each tawny Demosthenes strove to outdo his competitors in the recital of his warlike exploits. Thus while the Indians whom de la Potherie styles "musicians," were keeping up a universal din

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with their rattling gourds, a great chief arose, struck a post with his hatchet and immediately a dead silence fell on the assembly. "I killed four Iroquois, five years ago," and he named the place of the murder. Then he tore off the end of a roll of tobacco from the beam above his head, and continued. "I now take this medicine to my mind." It was a great sentiment and a tribute to tobacco. The din of the rattles was resumed, and the 300 Indians from one end of the cabin to the other set up a shout that de la Potherie thought was "like the roar of musketry in the forests or the mountains." As long as the tobacco held out, the recital of gory exploits continued, that is for three successive hours. After the speakers were exhausted, huge cauldrons of boiled dog and bear were brought in and emptied in the twinkling of an eye. "The world," says de la Potherie, "had never seen such appetites." Dances followed; a chief leading off with a strut from end to end of the wigwam, swaying his body and chanting his threats against heaven and earth and thrilling his hearers with the recital of his deeds. "I killed this one; I did so and so; I love peace. I love war." Each declaration was welcomed with a "Ho!" from the abdominal abysses of every savage present, and felicitations were showered on the performer when he took his seat. The dances were kept up all the afternoon, and then eight more cauldrons full of boiled corn were brought in which disappeared as quickly as the previous dogs and bears.

The sessions continued for many days and were brought to a dramatic conclusion by the splendid oration of the greatest sinner of the Congress, Kondiaronk. He held his audience spellbound, and when he sat down, was greeted by thunderous applause only to be followed by consternation, for the old man had collapsed in a faint, and was carried off to the hospital where he shortly after died. His strong plea for peace, however, had completely won his hearers and ensured the success of the Congress. He was buried with military honors and a monument was raised over his scarred remains.

After this, Perrot disappears from sight, resuming, no

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doubt, his humble duties of revenue officer; forgotten by the great men whom he had so faithfully served, but emerging from his obscurity in our days and admitted universally to have been an honest and upright man in spite of his opportunities and the example set for him in high places. He was a faithful Christian in the midst of the wild scenes in which he was compelled to live; an ardent patriot whose life was one continued series of perils of every kind endured for his country but unrecognized and unrewarded. Without being aware of it, he was a most valuable contributor to the knowledge the scientific world possesses of the manners and customs, character and history of the aborigines of North America.

LE MOYNE D'IBERVILLE

CHAPTER I

HUDSON BAY

The life of Pierre Le Moyne d'Iberville is as romantic as anything in history. He was the third son of Charles Le Moyne, and was born in Montreal, July 16, 1661. He was a midshipman in the French navy at fourteen, and before he was twenty-two had crossed the ocean several times in command of ships and was recommended for promotion by the Governor of Canada, de la Barre.

Just then the Hudson Bay Company had been chartered by Charles II at the suggestion of Radisson, a discontented and ill-used Canadian trapper. The domain given for its operations was almost all the northern part of the continent. The result was an explosion of wrath throughout the colony. Hitherto the rival companies were all Canadian and the *Compagnie de la Nouvelle France* had a charter from Louis XIII dated April 29, 1627, that is to say, forty-three years before the one conferred by the English King. Now an outsider was in the field, and it meant the ruin, not only of commerce, but of the colony itself. The extent of the financial interests involved may be estimated from the fact that in the single summer of 1663 Radisson, prior to his defection, is said to have brought into Three Rivers \$400,000 worth of furs.

In 1685 three ships were sent out to enforce the Company's claims. They had just passed the Straits and sought the shelter of Diggs Island, which is the first land met with after rounding Cape Walsingham, when suddenly two ships appeared flying the French flag. "It is Lamartinière!" cried the English sailors, and immediately they turned back on their course and with every sail set made for the shelter of the

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Straits. Lamartinière followed in hot pursuit. One ship was caught and in the fight that ensued fourteen Englishmen were killed and flung into the sea. The other vessels escaped and the victors sailed back with their prize to Quebec. This was on July 27, 1685.

With that characteristic absence of thoroughness which marked so much of the political and military methods of Colonial Canada, Lamartinière thought, at least so it would appear, that he had done enough to ensure French tenure of the Bay when he had captured one ship of the enemy and driven off the others. But it is quite possible that, as the battle was fought so far north, he was unable or afraid to sail down the 900 miles or more of sea that intervened between Diggs Island and the southern extremity of the Bay, where Forts Monsoni or Moose, Rupert, and Albany had been established. But they were not left long undisturbed. In the following year an expedition was planned to dislodge them. Its conception and execution form one of the most romantic episodes of history. It reads like the wildest fiction.

In the month of March, 1686, a band of thirty-three Frenchmen in a half-savage, half-civilized attire started out from Montreal. They were accompanied by sixty-six plumed and painted Indians and were under command of the old warrior, the Chevalier de Troyes. In the party were Pierre le Moyne d'Iberville, then only twenty-five years of age, and his two brothers, Sainte-Hélène and Maricourt. Whither were they going? Up the Ottawa to Hudson Bay, on snowshoes, over frozen rivers and through dense forests, a distance of 600 miles, till they reached Lakes Nemiscamingue and Abitibi. After that they would row or float for another 300 miles in frail canoes down swollen ice-packed rivers and over furious half-frozen cataracts till they reached the English forts which they proposed to capture. They had no provisions for the journey except what little they could pile on their shallow *traineaux*, but the guns on their shoulders or the pistols at their belts would bring down what game they met, or if they

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met none and their supplies gave out they would gnaw the bark of trees, gather the *tripes des roches*, or starve. At night they would build a fire in the woods, construct a shelter of branches, or dig a hole in the snow to sleep in. It was rude traveling, but such hardships were common for them. The white man was as hardy as the Indian; the piercing cold or perils from wild beasts and skulking savages, hunger and thirst, and the exhaustion of long journeys had no terrors for them. But the height of recklessness seemed to be reached in their lack of accoutrements for serious war. They were going without cannon to assail a series of stockaded and bastioned forts. Their muskets, however, and hatchets and the few hand-grenades they carried and their own daring would do the work. And so they went on light-heartedly, as Frenchmen commonly do in going to battle, and especially so, as tramping along with them in the snow, carrying his heavy pack, but, of course, bearing no arms, and as merry as any of the men, was a Black Robe, the Jesuit missionary, Father Sylvie, who was then close on fifty years of age. As the fighters might drop on the road or be shot by the foe, they needed the priest. However, he was only incidentally their chaplain. He had joined the expedition because he found it the quickest way to reach the Indians in the frozen North.

They arrived at Lake Abitibi in safety. Not one had fallen or grown faint-hearted on the way. That spot was chosen, for it was at the height of land, and from it a network of rivers poured down into Hudson Bay.

They rested a while, and then began to build their canoes and to wait for the ice-bound rivers to break. They had plenty of time; for though they had left Montreal in March, they could not hope to reach Hudson Bay till the end of June. Spring is slow-footed in the far-away regions of the North.

At last the cakes of ice in Lake Abitibi began to loosen, and the liberated streams leaped down to the Bay. The canoes were ready and the ninety-nine men sat in them with their paddles in hand, not to propel the frail barks—the torrents

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would do that for them—but to guide them away from threatening rocks or masses of ice that were racing down the stream with them or after them, or were blocked like masses of glistening granite against obstructions in the river. The Abitibi rushes almost straight, or at least with only one big bend, for the Moose, but there were cataracts everywhere, and fallen trees across the current, and ice-jams. Iberville's own canoe was swamped in a swirl of the waters, and two of his men went down with it, possibly with a quick absolution from the Black Robe. Iberville, at the risk of his own life, pulled two others ashore. There were shallows also on the way down, and at one place their canoes had to be dragged for eleven miles through icy water. The muscles of these men must have been made of bronze.

It was June 16 or 17 when Iberville, who went ahead as a scout, sighted the trading-post or factory in the distance. The goal had been reached and only two men had been lost. Now all the eagerness for the fray was on them. Like experienced Indian fighters, they *cached* what little provisions they had and what clothing might interfere with their freedom in the fight. At the same time, as they knew that they might never emerge from the struggle alive, they knelt in the forest at the feet of Father Sylvie to prepare their souls to meet Almighty God, if so it were ordained.

It was the 18th of June, one of the longest days of the year, for in those high latitudes there is scarcely any darkness at all, but at an hour when it was supposed the garrison would be asleep, two figures might have been seen emerging from the brush near the fort. They were Iberville and his brother. There was not a sound to be heard as they crept stealthily around the fortifications. They scarcely dared breathe, and each step had to be watched, for the breaking of a twig beneath their feet might awaken the watch-dogs of the fort. But reconnoitering in that fashion was familiar work for these two daring men. They measured the height of the walls and saw the slits through which the muskets would be thrust.

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They crawled around the stone bastions at each corner and noted with delight that all of the protruding cannon had been plugged, for no enemy was expected. They had to guess at the arrangements of the fort: where the powder magazine was kept, where the furs were stored, where the Factor's house was placed. They tried the main gate and found it barred. They then slipped away as quietly as they had come. No watching sentry had seen them, and the garrison was still buried in sleep.

At the same hour on the following night other shadowy forms began to emerge from the brush around the fort, until all the raiders were gathered together intent on battle, de Troyes being in front, near the water, to distract the attention of the garrison from the attack that was to be made on the land side by Iberville and his men. There a huge tree-trunk was lifted over the pickets. It was an improvised battering-ram, and in a few minutes it was crashing against the main entrance of the fort. Before the garrison was fully awakened the gates had yielded, but the unfortunate sentry who had been supposed to be on guard was sabered, as he staggered forward, half asleep, to defend his post, and over his body the assailants rushed to attack the principal house of the fort. The door soon yielded to the battering-ram and the musket butts, but before it was wholly open the impetuous Iberville leaped inside. The door closed behind him and he was a prisoner in the enemy's stronghold. All was thick darkness around him, and he knew not what soldiers might be crouching near, so right and left his sword went swinging to keep off any possible aggressors. Then through the gloom came the glimmer of a lantern from the stairs above. A soldier was peering into the space below, but only for a moment; a bullet from Iberville's pistol toppled him over. Then the door yielded and the anxious Frenchmen crowded around their chief. He was safe.

The surrender of the fort was demanded. What could the dazed and feeble garrison do against this great force of wild

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men who had so suddenly appeared out of the woods? Quarter was asked and granted, and the soldiers who had been sleeping so tranquilly a few moments before found themselves prisoners of war. There were twelve cannon in the fort and three thousand pounds of powder. The French now had the means, if needed, of battering down the other forts.

Fort Rupert was the next objective point. Charlevoix says it was fifteen or twenty leagues to the east. Laut makes it nearer forty. At all events, it was a four days' journey. Iberville set out with his canoes, while his brother Sainte-Hélène followed with fifty men in a ship that had been found undefended at Moose. The prisoners and the baggage appear to have been conveyed on rafts along the coast.

It was July 1 when Iberville sighted the fort, and to his delight he saw a ship in the offing. It was another unexpected prize. In the dead of night he took a dozen of his men in canoes and paddled out to the vessel. Up the stern they crawled like wildcats. The man at the lookout suddenly awakened, sprung for Iberville's throat, but a stroke from the Frenchman's sword laid the poor wretch dead on the deck. Startled by the tumult, the crew came tumbling in mad haste up the hatch. First one, then another, and another; three were sabered as their heads protruded from the hold. A fourth appeared and surrendered the ship. He was no less a personage than Bridgar himself, the Governor of the entire territory.

But the capture of the ship was not enough. Orders were given to escalate the fort, and in a trice Iberville and his followers hurried ashore and were soon on the roof of the principal building, hacking a hole in it with their axes and throwing down hand-grenades into the rooms below. Only one calamity occurred, and it was unintended and unforeseen. Into the darkened apartment that was being bombarded rushed an excited woman of the garrison, and before she could be warned a grenade exploded and her wild scream announced that she had been struck. Careless of consequences, Iberville

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and Father Sylvie, who is said to have been with him on the roof, leaped down to her rescue, and tenderly cared for her while the fort was being surrendered.

There was still another post to take, and it lay in a totally different direction. It was Fort Albany and was northwest of Moose, the first post that had been taken, and was three hundred miles away. But what did that matter for men who had already traveled nine hundred miles over the snows? Iberville hurried forward in his light canoes. The rest followed with the prisoners in the vessels that had been captured.

Charlevoix, in speaking of Hudson Bay (Shea's Translation, III, p. 227), says:

"Nothing is more fearful than the country by which it is surrounded. On whatever side you cast your eyes, nothing can be seen but wild and uncultivated lands, precipitous rocks, rising to the sky, intersected by deep ravines and sterile valleys, where the sun does not penetrate, and which the snow and glaciers, that never melt, render unapproachable. The sea is open only from the beginning of July to the end of September, and even then there may be seen at times icebergs of immense size, which cause navigators the greatest embarrassment: for at the moment when it is least expected the tide or a current strong enough to sweep the ship along and render it ungovernable, suddenly covers it with so great a number of these floating shoals that, as far as the eye can reach, nothing can be seen but ice."

In that part of the journey Iberville showed that he was as skilful as any Esquimo. When the canoes and the ship reached the open bay a fierce gale was sweeping down from the north, tossing the ice-floes around in the wildest confusion. It was dangerous enough for a ship that had faced the perils of the ocean to brave such a storm, but next to madness to venture out in canoes in the midst of the driving ice. So thought many of the Indians, accustomed as they were to such dangers. They refused to go on, and returned to the shore. Not so Iberville. He had still two canoes whose crews were faithful to him and every bit as daring as he. On they went. When

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the ice-fields came down on them and threatened to crumple up their boats, they leaped out on the floe, dragged the boats to the open water on the other side and were off again. At this perilous work they continued all night long, and when morning dawned and a thick fog had settled on the sea, their paddles were still at work. They could not see their way, but Iberville, discharging his musket from time to time, kept the boats together. This desperate fight with the elements was continued for four days, and at last, on August 1, the canoes were beached below Fort Albany. The ship arrived later, bringing the cannon. Immediately the French set about placing them in position to bombard the fort, which as yet had given no sign of life, though the work of throwing up embankments was going on feverishly. Suddenly the forty guns of the fort thundered simultaneously, and balls tore up the earth around the trenches, but not a man was hit, and the work continued. Hour after hour went by, but not another shot was fired. It almost seemed as if the whole supply of ammunition had been spent in that one cannonade.

Meantime de Troyes had landed his troops and sent a message to the fort demanding its surrender. The summons was rejected, and for two days the firing was kept up on both sides. The situation was becoming desperate. The assailants' powder was giving out; but just then a flag of truce was run up on the fort and the raiders entered. They found 50,000 crowns' worth of peltries, but alas! no food, either for themselves or the defenders. There was no help for it. It was *sauve qui peut*. The soldiers were set adrift to shift for themselves, and many of them doubtless perished from hunger or exposure. The main body of the raiders made for the St. Lawrence, leaving a small body under Maricourt to defend the fort.

In the following year (1687) Iberville came back to the scene of his former victories. We find him first at Fort Rupert, opposite which, near Charlton Island, lay a ship, which he determined to capture. He sent out four of his men

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to reconnoiter, and then followed a series of adventures as ghoulish as a small boy would gloat over in a novel. One of the men fell sick and had to return; the three others were captured by the English and put in irons in the hold. But one day there was need of help on deck and a prisoner was called up to give a hand in trimming the ship. He was only too glad of the chance to leave his fetid prison, but did not dream that an opportunity of freedom would so suddenly present itself. Four of the crew were up in the rigging, and an ax lay near by on the deck. The Frenchman seized it, and creeping up behind two sailors who had not gone aloft, he brained them, and then hurriedly released his companions, and they, at the point of the pistol, brought the four men in the rigging to the deck, and then steered the vessel across to Fort Rupert, where Iberville had been long anxiously waiting for their return. The captured ship was well provisioned and came in good time, for the small garrison of the fort was at the point of starvation. Iberville had already seized another ship before this bloody episode. But the Bay was not yet cleared.

The Hudson Bay people still maintained possession of Fort Nelson on the western shore, at the mouth of what is now called the Nelson River, but which the French in those days called Rivière de Bourbon. They were naturally chafing at the presence of the French, and determined to drive them at least from Fort Albany, which was at the end of James Bay. Two ships were, therefore, sent to dislodge them. But the plan miscarried. On the way down the vessels were caught in the ice and the two crews of eighty men were sent ashore, quite unaware that Iberville was in ambush in the swamps nearby. It was an unlooked for opportunity for him, and when the men were at a safe distance and the ice had fortunately opened, he boarded one of the empty vessels and, to the horror of the Englishmen, sailed away to Fort Albany and then to Quebec.

But this was not the end of the adventure. On reaching the Straits he was caught in the ice and, to his consternation, saw

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before him two vessels floating the English flag. Fortunately, they also were icebound, but were uncomfortably near him; only a gunshot away. But the resourceful man was equal to the occasion. He ran up the British ensign and invited the captains of the ships to cross the ice to visit him. What did he intend to do with them? Perhaps keep them prisoners and trust to luck for a fight. But a better fortune was in store for him. The two captains were already on their way to his ship when the ice parted. Iberville flung his canvas to the wind and away he flew out of danger, running up his own flag at the masthead as a taunting farewell to his enemies.

We do not know where he was in 1688, but in 1689 he was again flitting from place to place in the Bay. We find him first at Fort Albany. He had reached that place in the month of October previous, and his lieutenant, La Ferté, had the good luck to capture an official, whom Charlevoix calls the Governor of New Savannah, on whom papers were found from the Directors of the London Company, ordering him to proclaim in the Bay region that William and Mary were King and Queen of Great Britain, a pronouncement which, of course, provoked the French to greater fury.

While at Fort Albany Iberville saw coming toward him two British ships, well supplied with guns and ammunition. They proposed terms of peace, but their real purpose was suspected. He not only rejected their offer, but succeeded in capturing twenty of their men, including two surgeons and one of their higher officers. He then demanded the surrender of the vessels. A refusal was returned, and he forthwith proceeded to cannonade the ships, which finally surrendered. With the largest of the prizes he sailed for Quebec, leaving Maricourt and Saint-Hélène in charge of the posts. On his way out he fell in with an English ship. He was anxious to attack it, but was not strong enough, and he resorted to his old stratagem of hoisting the English flag. The trick succeeded. He was taken for an Englishman, and it was agreed by signal that he would lead the way through the Straits, keeping a light in the stern

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at night. If the weather cleared the vessels were to join each other. But the sea grew rougher and rougher, and he finally succeeded in getting away from his troublesome trailer, and after many anxious days and nights arrived at Quebec on October 25.

CHAPTER II

NEW YORK

Canada was at that moment so sore pressed by the Iroquois that it seemed to be facing complete extinction. Desperate measures had to be resorted to, and it was agreed by both the Home and Colonial Governments that the only way out of the danger was to capture New York and Albany, from which two places the Iroquois derived their chief support. Indeed, a plan was drawn up by Callières and submitted to Seignelay in France detailing the plan of operations. It is to be found entire in volume IX of the "New York Colonial Documents," p. 419, and we may give here a short extract of it:

"The expedition against New York, which I have proposed, can be executed in the beginning of next autumn, if my Lord the Marquis de Seignelay would please issue immediately the necessary orders to put us in a condition to succeed therein. The fleet should leave Rochelle in the month of June.

"It is much more advantageous and certain to make this conquest this year than to wait until next spring, for reasons which I shall hereafter set forth.

"In regard to the feasibility and time of the expedition, a month still remains to make all the necessary preparation at Rochelle, and that time is more than sufficient if well employed.

"The ships leaving Rochelle towards the end of June, will arrive at Quebec, at the latest, in the end of August. No more than three weeks or a month will be necessary to assemble our soldiers and militia, arrange our bateaux and canoes and other necessary equipages. We shall thus leave, at the latest, between the 20th September and 1st October. Only a month will be required for the expedition, and we may calculate on the King being master of the whole of New York, at farthest, by the end of October; which is the best season for action in that country, because it is a very fine month there; it is the season the Iroquois go hunting towards the great

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Lakes, more than one hundred and fifty leagues distant from their country.

"In regard to the certainty and utility of the expedition in the month of October, they are founded on two main reasons. One is, that the English, being surprised and unprepared, will not have time to adopt any measures, nor to fortify themselves, nor to expect any aid. The other is, that His Majesty having this year incurred all the expense necessary for the support of 1,400 men in Canada, they will be very usefully employed in this conquest which puts an end, for the future, to two-thirds of that expense by disbanding 900 of the soldiers partly this winter and the remainder next spring, making them settle in the conquered country, the preservation of which will not require a garrison of more than four or five hundred men. These will secure, at the same time, the whole of Canada, where it will be no longer necessary to keep troops against the Iroquois who, by this conquest, will be without any ammunition, and whom we shall then reduce on such conditions as will be acceptable to His Majesty.

"If we wait until spring, the English of New York, aware of the rupture with France, will be able to fortify themselves, during winter, and receive before the end of June of next year some military reinforcements.

"The Expense the King will have incurred this season for the maintenance of 1,400 men becomes useless, inasmuch as it will not prevent parties of Iroquois coming to burn many of our isolated settlements, which will not be able to afford each other assistance soon enough, even were the number of soldiers there more than quadrupled; and His Majesty will be under the necessity of incurring the same expense again next year, which might be avoided in proceeding with the expedition this season."

After the matter had been duly discussed His Majesty determined to make the attempt. War was declared against England on June 25, 1689, and two ships were fitted out in the harbor of Rochefort and put under the command of Sieur de la Caffinière, who, in turn, was to be subject to the Count de Frontenac. The Count was first to proceed to Acadia and from there to embark on a merchant ship for Quebec, where he was to prepare the land forces for the expedition across

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Lake Champlain and Lake George, and then down the Hudson. Meantime De la Caffinière was to ravage the coast, seize whatever English vessels he could, and wait for word from Quebec to set sail for Manhattan.

As it was impossible to be sure that the land and naval forces would arrive simultaneously at New York, Caffinière was told to sail straight for that place on receipt of orders. In case he found he had anticipated Frontenac, he was to make no show of hostility but to pretend that he was merely cruising. He was not to attack any of the outposts lest "that might alarm the capital!" Only when the troops had descended the Hudson were operations to begin. As the success of the plan was not for a moment doubted, the victors were instructed what to do with this new possession of the French Crown. The Catholics who might be found there were to be allowed to remain if they so wished and if their fidelity could be relied on; French mechanics and workmen were to be established on the island; the officers and chief settlers were to be held as prisoners and a ransom was to be exacted for their release; the rest of the population were to be sent to New England and Pennsylvania. Finally, Callières was to be appointed governor, subject to the Governor-General of New France. Thus every detail of the elaborate scheme had been carefully provided for and was irreproachable on paper.

But, as Charlevoix says: "This project, so well conceived, with its execution confided to officers whose names were a guarantee of success, had one defect which entailed failure. It depended on the concurrence of two things that never can be counted on, namely, favorable winds and equal diligence in all appointed to make preparations." The French fleet never entered Manhattan harbor, and neither Callières nor Frontenac ever descended the Hudson.

Indeed, when Frontenac arrived in Quebec from Acadia, the French could barely hold the St. Lawrence. It was the year of the terrible Lachine massacre, 1689; and on August 25, two months before the time fixed for capturing Manhattan, 200

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people were killed at Montreal and 120 carried off into captivity by the Iroquois.

While all this was going on Iberville was in Hudson Bay, and his victories there were the only consolation of the colony at that time. Indeed, the Indians had begun to despise the French to such an extent that Frontenac found it necessary, in order to regain his prestige, to do something of a bold and daring character. With that in view, the attack on Schenectady, Salmon Falls, the present Berwick, N. H., and Falmouth, now Portland, Me., were planned.

Only with the first of these expeditions have we at present any concern, for Iberville, who had meantime returned from Hudson Bay, was one of the fighters who marched against the unfortunate little town on the Mohawk, though he was by no means responsible for the horrible butchery of which the French were guilty on that occasion.

The force sent against Schenectady consisted, according to Charlevoix, of 110 men, but de Monseignat and the "New York Colonial Documents" (XIX, p. 466) say 210, among whom were eighty Iroquois and sixteen Algonquins. They started from Montreal under the command of Lieutenants d'Ailleboust, de Mantet, and Le Moyne de Saint-Hélène. Iberville, de Repentigny, and others went as volunteers. The ultimate objective point was New York, but at a council held after four or five days' march it was decided not to proceed any further than Albany, and then suddenly, without asking leave, the ninety-six Indians turned west in the direction of Schenectady. The French could do nothing but follow. When that change in the programme occurred, a nine days' tramp was still before them, and they had to plod knee-deep in icy water, while bitterly cold weather was stiffening their limbs. It was then the early part of February.

With the French was the famous Kryn, known as "The Great Mohawk." He was highly esteemed for his oratorical powers, and when the party was about six miles from the town he made a glowing speech in Indian fashion, exhorting both

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the French and Indians to forget their hardships and avenge the evils done them in the past. When he had finished, Giguère, a Canadian scout, and nine Indians, acting on information obtained from some squaws whom they met, started out to reconnoiter. On their reporting what they had seen, it was proposed to defer the attack till the following morning, but the intense cold made them resolve to begin at once. They were then three miles away. Very little resistance could be expected, for Schenectady, now a city of 35,000 inhabitants, was then merely a rectangular enclosure with about forty houses. It had two gates, which the scouts saw were left open. To one of these Iberville was sent, but being unable to find it, he rejoined his companions at the main entrance.

It was eleven o'clock at night, and through the unguarded gate the entire party entered unperceived. Their moccasins and snowshoes made no noise; no one spoke, and the soldiers flitted like ghosts over the white ground till they reached the other extremity of the town. Then the wild Indian yell was raised and the sleepers sprang to seize their arms. In a sort of a fort, a garrison had been installed, and there the only real fighting occurred. The defense was stubborn for a time, but the doors were at last battered down and all the inmates were remorselessly butchered. The fort was then set on fire. At a few places some resistance was attempted, and at one house a French officer, Montigni, was badly wounded by a halberd, but Sainte-Hélène hurried up with his troop, and in revenge all the inmates were slaughtered.

For two hours there was nothing but pillage and bloodshed. Soldiers were put at the gates to guard against surprise, and then the rest of the night was given to riot. Orders had been issued to spare the minister, an excellent Hollander named Tassemakes, who had served at other posts before ministering at unhappy Schenectady, but, unfortunately, he was killed before being recognized. John Sanders Glen, the Mayor of the place, who fled across the river, was pursued and taken, but on account of the good reputation he bore, his life was spared.



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One of the first acts of the conquerors was to stave in the barrels of rum to prevent the Indians from getting drunk, and then alas! on that cold winter night of February 9, the forty well-built and well-furnished houses of the settlement were set on fire. Sixty people were killed and twenty-seven taken prisoners. Elsewhere we have said that Kryn, the Great Mohawk, lost his life in that attack. There was, indeed, a French Indian slain at Schenectady, but it was not Kryn. His death, which was regarded as a disaster throughout Canada, occurred a few months later, namely, on June 4, at Salmon River, a stream which empties into Lake Champlain. He was killed while engaged in one of the raids that followed the tragedy of the Mohawk.

The French made all haste to leave behind them the smoking ruins of the little town, for word had already reached Fort Orange, which was only sixteen or seventeen miles away, and, of course, the crime would be avenged. Indeed, a band of one hundred and forty Mohawks and Mohegans started out immediately, and before the French could reach the St. Lawrence, where they arrived after a terrible journey of forty-five days of hardship and starvation, more than twenty scalps had been lifted by the pursuing savages. There was not much glory for Iberville to have been connected with that shameful deed, but he was not in command.

CHAPTER III

NEWFOUNDLAND

Immediately after this he betook himself or was sent to Hudson Bay. What he did there we do not know. We are told, however, that his return with two ships in the following summer, carrying a precious cargo of 80,000 francs' worth of beaver skins and over 6,000 livres of smaller furs, was the only gleam of sunshine that came to the colony in those terrible days when war with the Indians and the English was being waged all the way from Acadia to Michilimackinac. But sorrowful tidings awaited him as he stepped ashore at Quebec. His brother Sainte-Hélène, who had stood at his side in many a hard-fought battle, had died from the effect of a wound received in an encounter with the English who were besieging the city. The injury was a trifling one, but the hero succumbed; and as he was a great favorite in the colony because of his winning disposition, a cry was raised that he had been hit by a poisoned bullet, but the surgeon let it be known that the patient had refused to submit to the régime prescribed and had brought the consequence on himself. It is noteworthy that he had been one of the commanders at Schenectady, so that the grim reaper cut him down not long after the massacre for which he was at least partly responsible. The cruelty with which he avenged the wound of his friend Montigny in that unfortunate town is not a pleasant thing to recall.

Iberville did not remain long in Quebec, but started for France to discuss the plan of attacking Fort Nelson, which was still held by the English in Hudson Bay. He was chosen to drive out the enemy and embarked on the royal ship *Envieux*. He was to pick up the *Poli* at Quebec, and with two other vessels, furnished by the Northern Company, was to set sail for

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the Bay, capture Fort Nelson, and after sending back the Poli to France, remain to protect the forts.

But the *Envieux* arrived at Quebec on October 18, 1692, and there could be then no question of attempting to break through the ice of the Straits. Hence, not to leave such a man and such ships idle, it was determined to attempt the reduction of Pemquid, a fort built on the coast of Maine between the Penobscot and Kennebec.

The offer was gladly accepted, but, to the consternation of every one, Iberville failed; he sailed up to the fort, but immediately withdrew. An English ship was anchored under the guns, and for some reason or other the hero of so many fierce encounters did not think it prudent to begin the fight. It was a great disappointment to the Indians of those parts, who hated the British and hoped that the arrival of the French ships meant deliverance. The incident furnished plenty of material to the enemies of Iberville to assail his reputation. But it turned out afterward that French deserters had revealed the plan of attack to the commandant of the fort, who was thus fully prepared for fight. Iberville had intended a surprise, but he saw at a glance that he was expected, and he prudently held off. He was a brave but not a rash fighter.

Up to this, the tempestuous career of Iberville had precluded any thoughts of domestic tranquillity. He was now thirty-two years of age, and we find in the records that he made 1693 memorable by taking a wife. This interesting event took place on October 8, 1693, at Quebec. The favored lady was Mlle. Marie Thérèse de la Combe Pocatière, the daughter of a gallant captain of the famous Carignan-Salières regiment. There were two children from this marriage—a boy, born at sea on the Banks of Newfoundland, on June 22, 1694, who was baptized on the same day, the ceremonies then omitted being subsequently supplied at Quebec on the return of the ship; and a daughter, who was born later, and became Dame Grandive de Lavanie.

In that year came the news that Fort Albany had been cap-

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tured by the English. The fort was not much of a prize except for the forty or fifty thousand peltries it contained. It had been guarded by only four men, one of whom had murdered the missionary, Father Dalmas, and was in irons. The English, not knowing its helplessness, had sent forty men to take it, but were driven back after losing two of their number. Apprised of the true condition of affairs, another attack was made. This time there were one hundred assailants. Seeing there was no hope, the three lonely men slipped away and were fortunate enough to reach Quebec and to give the news to the Governor. When the English entered the abandoned post they found only the murderer in chains, but the abundance of furs was a sufficient reward.

A new personage now appears on the scene, Le Moyne de Serigny, another of the brothers of Iberville. He arrived at Quebec with a royal commission to organize an expedition for the capture of Fort Nelson. The commission was, of course, for his brother as well as himself, and Frontenac immediately assigned one hundred and twenty Canadians and some Caughnawaga Indians for the enterprise. Their vessels were the *Poli* and *Salamandre*. There is a controversy as to whether the second was not the *Envieux*, but Father Maret, who was chaplain of the expedition, calls it the *Salamandre*.

They reached the fort on September 24, after a perilous voyage, for the Bay was full of ice. Forty men immediately disembarked and began to invest the fort, which was about a mile and a half inland. An attempt was made to bring the vessels higher up the harbor, but the ice delayed them a whole month and nearly wrecked the *Salamandre*, and only on October 28 did they anchor sufficiently near the fort, and then the entire crew went ashore.

Fort Nelson was a double-palisaded square, with six bastions; between two of them was a hollow curve in the wall, with a battery of eight-pounders commanding the river; while below, quite near the ground, a platform was built, with six heavy guns. There were, besides, thirty-six cannon and six

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pedreros, or stone throwers. On the side of the woods, which was only a clump of trees in a swamp, there was no defence. The garrison consisted of fifty-three men, but, fortunately for the French, the commandant, though an excellent trader, was a poor excuse for a soldier.

The siege had a sad opening, especially for the two commanders. Their younger brother, Le Moyne de Chateaugay, who was an ensign on the *Poli* and a mere lad of eighteen, was killed while preventing the besiegers from making a sortie. This occurred on November 4. During the four following days the besiegers fortified their position, and by the 13th the cannon and mortars were in place and Iberville summoned the garrison to surrender.

The inexperienced commandant was in a panic. He was frightened, not because he was in want of provisions—indeed, the fort was well supplied, for the English had expected the attack—but because he had no fuel and there was no prospect of getting it to keep off the cold of winter if the French remained in their position. He, therefore, shamefully signed the articles of capitulation on the following day.

Unfortunately, there were very few furs in the fort, but later on a flotilla of 150 Indian canoes arrived loaded with them. There was, however, a plentiful supply of provisions, and the Frenchmen settled down to make themselves comfortable till the ice broke up. They were happy for that reason, but did not foresee the calamity in store for them. The scurvy broke out among the men, and the lieutenant of the *Poli*, nine Canadians, and ten sailors died. The ice kept them imprisoned, and it was not until July 28 that it was possible to weigh anchor and sail away from the fatal spot, with only one hundred and fifteen men, and some of them unfit for service.

Iberville, however, delayed the departure. He was anxious to wait for some incoming English vessels in the hope of a battle, but they did not appear, and only in September did he consent to start for Quebec. He left behind him sixty-four

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Canadians and six Iroquois, with ammunition and stores for a year. But he failed to reach Quebec. He was beaten back by head winds on the coast of Labrador and turned his prow toward France, finally staggering into the harbor of La Rochelle with his scurvy-stricken crew on October 9. He had passed through a year of terrible suffering.

When he arrived in France the news was abroad that great preparations were being made in Old England and New England, especially in Boston, for a raid on Placentia Bay, Newfoundland, where the French defences were in a wretched condition. As an offset to this plan, Frontenac urged Louis XIV to send ten or twelve men-of-war to take Boston, a proceeding, he said, which was quite feasible. But the royal ears were deaf, and all that could be obtained was a little help in the effort to oust the English from Fort Pemquid and their posts in Newfoundland and Hudson Bay.

As a result of these half-hearted measures, Iberville was sent to Pemquid, and arrived at that place with two ships on June 26, 1696. There he was told that three English vessels were waiting for him at the mouth of the St. John's River, New Brunswick. He accepted the challenge with alacrity, and on July 14 opened his guns on the enemy and shot away the masts of the Nelson which carried twenty-four guns. He would have captured the other vessels, but they escaped in the fog. The fifty Micmacs whom he had taken on board were of great service in the sea fight—a strange place for the men of the woods. Iberville had not lost a man.

On August 7 he anchored at Pentagoet, and the Baron de St. Castin, the French nobleman who had married an Indian squaw and was living with her tribe, came aboard with two hundred Indians. Iberville distributed presents among them from His Majesty in France, and then the Baron departed with his red relatives to prepare for the fight at Pemquid. On the 13th Iberville arrived in sight of the fort, and began operations on the following day, but St. Castin had preceded him and had two mortars and a cannon in position for work.

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The commandant was named Chubb, though Charlevoix and Shea both spell the name Chubb. When summoned to surrender he answered very haughtily that, "If all the sea were covered with French vessels and the land with Indians, he would not strike his flag," but he added the reservation—"till compelled to do so."

The reply was what the Indians wanted. They immediately opened fire on the fort and that night Iberville landed and worked so feverishly that by three in the afternoon he was flinging shells inside the fortifications. Prospects were gloomy enough already for the besieged, but when St. Castin warned them that if they waited till the place had to be stormed he would not be responsible for the savage warriors who followed him—their custom was indiscriminate slaughter of their foes this information was more effective than the roar of the cannon and Captain Chubb hauled down his flag. The garrison consisted of ninety-two men, and they had at their disposal fifteen pieces of artillery. The fort was razed to the ground. It was not as strong as had been supposed.

On the 3d of September Iberville sailed for Newfoundland, just escaping a fleet of seven English vessels as he left the harbor. In Newfoundland he found the English occupying a number of posts, nearly all on the eastern side of the island and carrying on an extensive and lucrative trade, chiefly in fish. The French, on the other hand, were cooped up in Placentia Bay. The harbor was superb, but the garrison numbered only eighteen men, and they were in a wretched condition, nor was the fort worth boasting of. The Governor, de Brouillan, was a brave and experienced officer, but absolutely without any power of winning the affection of his men. He was grasping, avaricious, and insanely jealous of any superiority in others, so that Iberville was not a welcome visitor. His intercourse with de Brouillan was a new experience in his career.

He was delayed in arriving at Placentia, and dropped his anchor there only on September 12. To his great chagrin, he

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found that the Governor had set sail three days before to attack St. John. It was a formidable undertaking, for forty ships were reported to be there, some of them carrying as many as thirty-two guns. Wind and weather, however, prevented him from entering the harbor, perhaps fortunately, but he silenced some small forts elsewhere and captured a number of vessels as he sailed along the coast. Returning to Placentia on October 17, he met Iberville, who was preparing to attack the most northerly English posts—a project against which the Governor set his face.

Foreseeing the difficulties that would arise, Iberville made up his mind to set sail for France, but his followers protested that they would take orders from him alone, and if he departed they would return home. A series of quarrels and reconciliations with Brouillan followed, Iberville always yielding in the interests of peace, though he was keenly alive to the injustice and jealousy of which he was the victim. Finally a compromise was effected and the two commanders set off for St. John. They drove the English before them with little difficulty and entered the town in triumph. There was some resistance at the miserable fort that protected the town, but after a few houses around it were burned the defenders signified their willingness to surrender. They could do little else, for the fortifications were worthless except toward the sea. Moreover, the garrison, which was short of food, was made up chiefly of fishermen, and the commander, while an expert in agriculture, knew nothing of war. Had the French gone down to Boston the conquest would not have been so easy.

It may be of interest to know that in the diary of Abbé Beaudouin, who was chaplain of the expedition, it is set down on page 61 that: "Demmontigny has arrived at Bull Bay with the rest of the prisoners, and twenty *Irishmen* have joined us." Again: "An *Irishman* escaped by swimming from Carbonear, and reached Harbor Content with his feet frozen, after having passed three days in the woods without food or fire." Later on: "The inhabitants of Bregus came with eight

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Irish Catholics, whom the English treat like slaves. We left to go to Harbor Content, where, on arriving, we discovered a fortified house. An *Irishman*, who was in command, came to tell us that the people were ready to surrender provided their lives were spared. On our arrival we learned that in Carbonear three *Irishmen* and one Frenchman had joined our cause."

After the capture of St. John, Brouillan returned to Placentia, while Iberville, glad to get away, set out with his men on snow-shoes to drive the English from their posts in the north. Six or seven hundred prisoners were captured in this raid and sent down to Placentia, but as there were not soldiers enough to occupy and hold the posts from which he had expelled the enemy, the expedition was really futile in its results. The work was daring and brilliant, but nothing else. He could do nothing but wait for reinforcements from France, and when, on the 18th of May, 1697, his brother came with a squadron of four ships and anchored in Placentia Bay, it was not to complete the conquest of Newfoundland, but, as Charlevoix says, to send Iberville "to gather fresh laurels amid the ice of Hudson Bay."

Thither he and de Serigny turned the prows of their vessels on July 8, arriving on the 28th at the entrance of Hudson Straits. By August 3 they were in the Bay, but found themselves facing formidable icebergs, grappling with some to avoid being crushed, but without being able to prevent the beating of the vessels against the floes which were tossed hither and thither by the incoming and outgoing tides. On the 5th, one of their vessels, a brigantine, got between a floe and Serigny's ship and was soon sunk in the icy waters. The crew were saved, but the other men on board were lost.

It was only twenty-three days after this misfortune that Iberville, who was on the *Pelican*, a fifty-gun ship, could clear himself of the ice. But where were the others? He had not seen them for seventeen days. He imagined they were ahead, for he had heard the booming of cannon on the previous night,

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and so he kept on to Fort Nelson, which he sighted on September 4. But they were not there.

At six in the morning three ships were seen about three leagues to leeward. He signaled them, but there was no answer. They were evidently the enemy and he was trapped. He was one against three, and he had scarcely a hundred men in fighting condition. But that did not keep him back. He spread every inch of canvas and bore down upon them. They received him gladly. The cannons roared as he approached, and he replied. It was half-past nine in the morning when the firing began and it continued incessantly till one in the afternoon. Happily, so far he had lost only one man, but seventeen were wounded. He determined now to fight at close quarters, to bring the contest to an end. He drove straight at the two that were near each other, but while he was doing so the third, the Hampshire by name, with its battery of twenty-six guns on each side and its crew of two hundred and thirty men, was bearing down on him. He forgot the other two, and turning to meet her, ran up under her lee, yard-arm under yard-arm, and poured in broadside after broadside, although the companion ships were raking him fore and aft, making his deck a tangle of rigging and splintered spars, all blood bespattered, where mangled bodies were rolling helplessly. The gunners of the two ships that were locked in their death grapple could see each others faces through the smoke as the fierce battle continued. Suddenly there was silence in the English ship; a wild scream followed, and then, in the cold whirlpool of the Bay, the Hampshire went down with her two hundred and thirty valiant men. Not one was saved.

Quick as he could turn his battered hulk, Iberville swung around at the second of his assailants, the Hudson Bay, but she struck her flag and surrendered, while the third escaped. He would have followed, but for the moment could do nothing; his rigging was cut, his shrouds in shreds, his pumps broken, and the water was pouring in through the seven holes that were torn by the enemy's shot close to the water line. But

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while sending a boat to secure the Hudson Bay, he made haste to repair the damage to his own craft, and when he fancied she was safe enough for the risk, the daring man actually started in pursuit of his fleeing foe, and was gaining on her when the wind shifted and she disappeared in a fog. The Englishmen must have thought they had to do with a devil.

Iberville heard a curious story when he returned from the chase of the enemy. The English ships which he had just fought had been delayed in the ice for twenty-five days, and when they were freed they discovered a French brigantine still captive. It was the vessel that Iberville had fitted out at Placentia and which contained the stores of the expedition. The English hammered at her for six hours, riddling her from stem to stern without compelling her to strike her colors. In the midst of the engagement two French ships appeared, but instead of facing them the three English vessels fled, only to fall into the hands of Iberville, with the result that has already been told.

When he had patched up his battered Pelican and his prize the Hudson Bay, he made for Fort Nelson, arriving there on September 6. The men whom he had left there and who anxiously awaited his return came aboard and told him there were only thirty-five men in the fort. It would be child's play to take such a place when the rest of the fleet arrived, but he had a terrible fight with another enemy before they appeared.

The sea began to run high, a presage of a terrible storm which struck him in the middle of the night. His cables parted, and, skillful seaman as he was, he found there was no help for it but to run his ships ashore. They were already leaking at every seam, and with the hard ice-floes tossed by the wind gashing his hulls, he managed, when the storm abated, to land some of his men, but twenty-three of them never reached the shore. The rest found themselves on the desolate rocks without means of lighting a fire to warm their frozen limbs and without a scrap of food to eat. Their provisions were being destroyed in the water-logged ships, which

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were going to pieces before their eyes. They knew there was plenty of food in the fort before them and they determined to storm it, no matter what the consequences. They might as well die one way as the other. Fortunately, while they were making ready, they sighted their ships in the offing, badly battered indeed, but supplied with cannon and food.

Without delay the mortars were put in position and the fort was summoned to surrender. The arrival of the ships had settled the matter. Without striking a blow, Fort Nelson hauled down its flag and fifty-two men walked out of the fort. How had the number so suddenly increased? Seventeen captive Englishmen had escaped from Iberville's vessels and had been welcomed at the fort. They were again made prisoners.

Leaving his brother behind him to guard the post, Iberville sailed away on September 24, and on November 8, after forty days of battle with the ice, he arrived at Belle Isle with scarcely a man of either ship who was not suffering from scurvy.

CHAPTER IV

THE MISSISSIPPI

This ended Iberville's battles in Hudson Bay. He was weary of the work, he told Louis XIV. He had captured every fort, time and time again, only to see the careless Frenchmen almost hand them over to the enemy. He wanted something that would be not merely a useless expenditure of blood, and he proposed that France should establish a fort at the mouth of the Mississippi, so as to hold that part of New France against English and Spanish encroachments. His request was granted, and he sailed from Brest, on October 24, 1698. He had with him the *Badine* and the *Marin*, each carrying thirty guns. Two transports accompanied them and after a voyage of six weeks, they reached Santo Domingo. There he was joined by Chateaufort with a frigate of fifty guns, and together they set out for Florida. Coasting along the upper shore, they came across some Spanish ships in the harbor of Pensacola, but, owing to the susceptibilities of the Spaniards, remained out at sea and continued westward until February 6. There Chateaufort left the explorers, as apparently there was nothing to be feared from English marauders who were reported to be prowling about on those waters.

As they were now in all probability approaching the mouth of the Mississippi, long boats were sent out with orders to keep near shore and report each variation of the coast line. To avoid every possibility of carelessness, Iberville and his brother, later on, directed the observations personally. On one occasion they were compelled by stress of weather to take refuge on a small island, where they were kept three days. In the hope of finding some trace of the mighty river cutting its channel through the forests, they went over to the mainland,

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and Iberville climbed a lofty tree for a wider view. He saw no river, but discovered near him the broad expanse of Mobile Bay. Leaving Massacre Island, as he called it, because of the number of skeletons found there, he again resumed his search. There was a wild storm on the Gulf at the time, but the long line of reefs and islands protected the boats, until after rounding a headland they found themselves in the midst of the tempest and made for the land. The island that first sheltered them they called Chandeleur Island, in honor of Candlemas Day. The one to the west was called Cat Island, because it was swarming with opossums. In the evening they saw a camp-fire in the distance. Evidently there were Indians in the neighborhood. The two Le Moynes, with some men, started out to find them, but the mainland was twenty miles away. Reaching the shore, Bienville was left to mind the boats, while Iberville pursued the Indians. He caught an old cripple, loaded him with gifts, and sent him to his people. The old man returned with all of them, and they were led to the shore. Meantime Bienville had been similarly fortunate with a venerable squaw. The whole band was kindly treated and then brought out to the ships, Bienville staying behind as a hostage. They said they lived on a river called the Malabanca, which Iberville fancied was the Mississippi. They promised to guide him thither and would return in four days, but they failed to keep their word.

He then took thirty-three men from the ships' crews and a supply of food for twenty days. He put them in two feluccas, in each of which a cannon was mounted. There were also two canoes. Then he resumed his search. The weather was stormy. Thunder was rolling above them and a northeast wind brought frost. They were delayed a whole day on an island, but started out again in a north wind, on a wild sea, and amid a maze of rocks. The boats were tossed about, and night was coming on. Finally they were abreast of a rocky promontory. Should they put to sea and avoid the headland, or run the risk of being smashed on the rocks? Iberville chose

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the latter, and, to the horror of every one, headed straight for the shore. The Cape seemed to open for him, and he found himself in a tranquil harbor, where, working swiftly through the rocks, was a stream of whitish water. They tasted it. It was fresh. They had found the Mississippi. The date was March 2, 1699. Next morning Mass was said and a *Te Deum* was sung.

He then started up the river, passing on his way a place he called *Baton Rouge*, because of a red stick which marked the boundary line between two tribes. Baton Rouge is now a city. He was anxious to verify some of Hennepin's statements, but found them all false. He returned disgusted, and after much hesitation chose Biloxi on the Gulf as the place for the colony.

Leaving a garrison there of seventy men and boys, he sailed for France, on May 3, 1699, returning again in the following January. Again he started up the river, and built another fort at La Boulaye, or Poverty Point, thirty-eight miles below the present New Orleans. Next month Tonti, the faithful companion of La Salle, came down from Illinois, and together they started up the stream to discover, if possible, the fork which so frequently figured in the accounts of Hennepin's expeditions. Fever by this time had invaded his system, and he again set sail for France. On his way he entered the harbor of New York. Bellomont was Governor at the time, and regarded the Frenchman with suspicion, but Iberville gave a satisfactory account of himself, remaining for some weeks and carefully studying and sounding the channels. He contrived also to despatch a Jesuit missionary with a letter to Canada. The missionary was probably Vaillant de Gueslis, who was temporarily there as a prisoner. Iberville had not yet abandoned his idea of capturing Manhattan.

He had scarcely arrived in France when he embarked again for America, reaching Pensacola on November 24, 1701. Conditions had meantime become so intolerable at Biloxi that he gave orders for the transfer of the garrison to Mobile, and then started for France. He never saw the colony again. His

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strength was fast giving way, and he was worried also by the opposition that had been aroused against his scheme both in Quebec and Santo Domingo. Nevertheless, when war broke out between France and England, we find him in the midst of the fray in the West Indies. He took the islands of Nevis and Ste. Croix, and carried off an immense booty, including 7,000 negroes, subsequently seizing thirty ships and 1,750 men. In recognition of his services he was appointed to lead an expedition of sixteen ships and 2,000 men, which was to ravage all the English colonies on the coast, including New York and Boston. But he never led it. He arrived on his brigantine at Havana on October 19, 1706, with the title of Governor of Louisiana, but died almost immediately of what was probably yellow fever. His wife was at his side, but she soon forgot her hero and married again in France.

The Le Moyne family had poured out its blood lavishly for their country. Sainte-Hélène, Chateaugay, and the elder Bienville had already died. Two years after Iberville went to his reward, the elder Bienville, with forty other Canadians, was killed at Repentigny. Serigny and the younger Bienville survived, and the oldest of the sons, de Longueuil, who had succeeded to his father's title, was made Governor of Montreal in 1710. The son of the Chateaugay, killed in the attack on Fort Nelson, became Lieutenant-Governor of Louisiana in 1722, and later Governor of Guiana. He died in 1747, after having successfully defended Louisburg, where he was in command. It is a glorious record for one family, and it is surprising that in their native city of Montreal there is no monument to keep before the people the memory of at least the most illustrious of all that splendid group, Pierre le Moyne d'Iberville.

FRONTENAC

CHAPTER I

THE FIRST TERM

"There were eleven Governors of Canada," says de la Potherie, in his *"Histoire de l'Amérique Septentrionale,"* "one of whom, the Count de Frontenac, ruled for twenty years. He was the darling and delight of New France, the terror of the Iroquois and the friend of the tribes in alliance with the French. A few days before his death, Canada showed how it loved him. Everyone was in tears, and nothing was heard but praise of his virtue and his exploits. The clergy honored him for his piety, the nobility for his worth, the merchants for his justice, the people for his goodness."

Kingsford ventures the opinion that

M. de Frontenac was by no means one to smoothe any disagreement having its origin in an attack upon his authority. His faults were those of a strong mind and a powerful intellect. In his self-assertion, he had few scruples of delicacy and little thought of the consequences to others. He fully felt the difficulties and responsibilities of his position, and his whole career establishes his desire faithfully to fulfil his trust. Subsequent events showed how ruthlessly he could carry out his purpose, and that in defense of the interests confided to him, he considered every policy justifiable. He possessed the instincts of the statesman, and there was scarcely a man in France who could with greater ability have met and mastered the crisis in which a few years later the colony was placed."— (*History of Canada, II, 1*).

The artist who fashioned his statue for the façade of the Palais Legislatif, at Quebec, represents him standing in an attitude of defiance, his breast encased in a corslet of steel, his eyes flaming, his nostrils dilated with rage, his finger point-

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ing to the cannon at his feet, while his tense lips hiss back the answer to the English envoy: "Tell your master it is not the way to summon a man like *me*. I'll answer by the mouths of my guns." Such was his usual pose, not only in war but in his civic administration; dramatically, if not theatrically picturesque; sublimely egotistical, furious at the slightest contradiction, merciless in the measures he adopted to crush his opponents, and profoundly persuaded that he was another Louis XIV, sent by Divine Providence to shed his splendors on the New World.

He was fifty years of age when he set out for Quebec, and was known as Louis de Baude, Count de Frontenac and Paluau. His great grandfather had been the Governor of Saint-Germain, Premier Maître de l'Hôtel du Roi, and that is alleged as a reason why the Count received the name of Louis at the baptismal font. Whether His Majesty stood sponsor on that occasion, by proxy or otherwise, may be doubted.

He began his military career at seventeen; fought in Flanders, Germany, Italy and Spain; was at the side of his uncle the Maréchal d'Huxelles at the siege of Rosès in 1645; later, he was colonel of a regiment at Orbitello where he was wounded in the arm; assisted the Carignan-Sellières regiment at St. Gothard; and was sent to Candia when it was besieged by the Turks.

He married one of the court beauties, Anne de la Grange Trianon, a lady of honor at the court of the Grande Mademoiselle, in whose military escapades at Orléans and elsewhere she took part; a defiance of the proprieties which hurt her in the public estimation, and may account for her being represented, in a famous painting, at Versailles, as a beautiful but by no means bellicose Minerva. She is panoplied not in the armor of the battlefield but of the ball room. She left the court after quarreling with the princess; is regarded as having been always correct in her morals, which may be another reason why Minerva was invoked as her patron, but she was extravagantly worldly to the end of her days. "Her immunity

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from suspicion as to her behavior, though she lived apart from her husband, is evident," says Myrand in his "*Frontenac et ses amis*," "because in the first place she was poor, and in the second, because she was a friend of Madame de Maintenon." One of her eulogists assures us "she preferred incense to bread," a choice which apart from her unfading beauty may explain why she was called "*la divine*."

She was sixteen when she married Frontenac who was a swashbuckling soldier, criticized for his table manners, ridiculed by the Grand^e Mademoiselle for his arrogance and his habit of boasting of what he did not possess, *viz*: a luxurious table, silver plate, a rich wardrobe and a well-stocked stable. His morals were not of the best; he was deeply in debt and was angry because his yearly revenues were inadequate to the manner of life he thought he had a right to lead. She, with her vanity and temper, and he with his haughtiness and lack of money, brought on a separation that lasted till the end of their days. They had one son who was killed in a duel. An eulogy of the latter pronounced at the obsequies caused no end of trouble to a Recollect friar who was the spiritual father of Frontenac and not too aggressive in denouncing certain disorders in the château.

There was a rival aspirant for the post of Quebec, in the person of Madame de Sévigné's son-in-law: the Count de Grignan. It seemed serious for some time, but finally the gossiping letter-writer sent word to her daughter: "You must regard Canada as something that is now out of your reach. It belongs to M. de Frontenac." To which the answer was sent: "After all it would be a dreary thing to go to such a far away country, to live with people whom you would not like to know here."

It was not because of any military necessity that Frontenac was sent to Canada, for de Courcelles had left the colony in perfect peace, and was recalled only because of his age and infirmities, and at his own request; nor was it on account of Frontenac's administrative abilities, for as yet he had given

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no proof of possessing any; but it was avowedly to procure him a lucrative post, and may have been suggested by his creditors or his distinguished relatives or his wife. The story that he was a rival of the King in certain discreditable love affairs about which a ballad was written, as Myrand in his "*Frontenac et ses amis*" affirms, can be dismissed as absurd. Saint-Simon says it was "a choice between living in Quebec or dying of hunger in Paris."

He proposed to appear in great state at Quebec. The King, he told his friends, had given him 6,000 livres to fit himself out and about 9,000 livres to form a company of mounted carabineers as a body guard, besides a shipload of luxurious furniture for his château; but the Dutch who had just declared war against France, relieved him of it all at the Isle Dieu. The wonder is that while taking his money and his goods they let him and his ship go free. Perhaps he was still boasting of things he hoped for, and did not possess. "Hardly had he landed," says the obsequious Recollect Le Clercq, "than he organized a hierarchy of officers of all grades, such as constitute the household of governors of provinces, and arranged it so admirably that it might pass for a well regulated academy and a seminary of virtue." Lorin in his "*Comte de Frontenac*," suggests that the pious friar meant a seminary of military virtue. He adds also that "the new Governor considered that the time had arrived in the colony when everything should depend on the King, that is on himself," and as a preliminary he must surround himself with a certain degree of external pomp and splendor. Unfortunately "he had not even a brigantine to travel in." As he wrote to Colbert: "I am obliged to use a bark canoe like a simple habitant, at the risk of losing somewhat of my dignity. It is the conveyance of a savage rather than that of a minister of the King." He objects also to the patriarchal methods of the *Conseil Souverain* which adjourned its sessions to give its members a chance to plant their potatoes and corn or to gather in the harvest.

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This legislative custom was too democratic for the pompous and meticulous courtier from Versailles and if he could not change its appearance he would reform its methods. The *Conseil Souverain* was a combination of Parliament and Court of Justice, and had been developed according to the needs of the colony. In the early days there were no courts. For although the settlers were Normands, they had lost their relish or had no time for disputes. Each man's house was open to his neighbor, and his property was safe. The only encroachments they had to fear were from the marauding Iroquois. When the population increased, the old love for lawsuits awakened and the boards of the original Fur Companies were busy arbitrating quarrels, but as their decisions were not final, and as appeals could be made to the courts of Rouen, endless delays and heavy expenses were entailed. Hence Laval, in one of his visits to France, asked for some sort of a tribunal for the colony. The outcome was the establishment of the *Conseil Souverain*, under de Mésy. His Majesty looked askance, however, at the name, "*Souverain*," for he had preempted everything of that nature. In 1675, it became the *Conseil Supérieur*.

By the royal decree, the first Council consisted "of our dear and well-beloved Sieur de Mésy, the governor, and our representative; de Laval the Bishop of Petrea, who is the chief ecclesiastic; and five councillors whom the aforesaid shall agree upon. There shall also be a procurator. The counsellors shall be changed annually, or continued in office, as the governor and the bishop shall deem fit." Another decree issued in 1675, declares that the Council shall be composed of the governor; the bishop, or in case of his absence in Europe, his grand vicaire, seven councillors, an Intendant of Justice, Police and Finance, an Attorney-General and a Register. The Intendant had not yet arrived. In 1703, five more councillors were added, one of whom was to be a cleric, and to be employed, chiefly, in the active care of Church interests. In 1742 four assessors increased the importance of the body.

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The members came in their ordinary clothes, but none the less they were sticklers for etiquette, and the question of precedence immediately thrust itself on the deliberations of the assembly. The sessions were held in the house of the Intendant, around a table, "as in the Academies of France." The Governor sat at the upper end; at his right was the Bishop, at his left the Intendant. During the trials, the procurators and the interested parties—there were no lawyers—spoke from behind the chairs of the judges. The room was cleared when the judges discussed the case.

This body ruled on everything, and we find decrees on the tariff, on visits to ships before the merchandise was unloaded, on selling by wholesale more than one-tenth of the stock, or before a month had elapsed, etc. The selling price of goods, especially of furs, is determined; and, there are prohibitions against the cutting of timber, and the sale of liquor to the Indians. For infractions of the latter ordinance, capital punishment is decreed, and, in 1674, an execution took place.

Premiums on large families are allotted; homestead laws formulated, and titles fixed. Great freedom was allowed at the trials, but contempt of court was severely punished. The penalties for crime were very drastic, such as the stocks, and branding with red hot iron. Murder, rape and at times, even simple thefts were punished with death; after the execution, the hand or arm was cut off and nailed to a post. Prostitution was not tolerated and involved banishment from the colony. There are three cases of witchcraft reported, but the accused were not put to death; they were fined and imprisoned, and while in jail were enlightened about their delusions.

The amazing feature of the tribunal or parliament was the office of the Intendant. It would seem the proper thing for the Governor to preside. The King judged otherwise. It was the Intendant. The two were pitted purposely against each other. Indeed the Intendant had more power than the Governor. It was he who, in the King's name, took possession of the countries which the Governor might win by force of arms.

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He, monopolized the whole administration, by attaching it, rightly or wrongly, to the question of finance, and it was he who looked after the carrying out of the administrative measures decided upon. He thus controlled the courts, commerce, public instruction, worship, police, taxation, etc. Of course, fierce contests began in the *Conseil*, but generally the Intendant had his way. When Seignelay was asked to decide what were the functions of the Governor and Intendant he answered: "To the Governor: war and the army; to the Intendant: justice and the police." "But suppose a commander of the troops is appointed, what becomes of the Governor?" That question was not answered. It is not surprising, therefore, that continual strife reigned in the Council. In Beauharnois' time, the disagreement almost resulted in civil war.

No doubt Frontenac recalled the splendor with which his predecessor de Tracy was surrounded. "The Viceroy," says Sister Juchereau, "never went out unless accompanied by twenty-four guards and four pages, followed by six lackeys. He had with him a great number of officers richly appareled and was, besides, accompanied by a gentleman named Monsieur le Chevalier de Chaumont who was subsequently the Minister of France at Siam. The King had given him four companies of infantry and they wore His Majesty's colors." The memory of that magnificence no doubt suggested to the court "the mounted carabineers he was to have as a body-guard," of which, however, the Dutch had deprived him. He would at least change the plebeian conditions of Quebec and hence by decree on October 25 he divided the society of the city into three castes: the *noblesse*, the *clergé*, and the *bourgeois*. They were to be the *États Généraux* and were to be consulted on all serious matters and perhaps would be a check on the *Conseil Souverain*. As he did this without any authorization from the King, His Majesty was thoroughly alarmed because of its political possibilities, and Frontenac was ordered to let his *États Généraux* die a speedy death.

As a matter of fact there were only four genuine nobles in

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the colony, and as the Jesuits refused to enter the class of the *clergé*, because they objected to having to do with political matters, the attempt of Frontenac to establish an upper class with such insufficient material was futile.

The next step towards centralization and self-glorification was to exact an oath of allegiance from the members of the Council. When they expressed their surprise at this innovation, they were told it was not because of any doubt of their loyalty or goodwill, but merely a formality required for greater solemnity. Its real meaning was seen soon after. A vacancy occurred in the Board, and Frontenac filled it without consulting anybody. In 1674, he assumed a still loftier tone, and spoke of "certain surprising occurrences which showed that there were members of the Council who preferred interests that were not those of His Majesty." He was referring to the trouble he was having with Governor Perrot and the Abbé Fénélon. He wrote to Colbert that "some of the members were already set against him and were flattering the *habitants* to save themselves from spending money." He was particularly bitter against Villeray "who was a Jesuit in disguise, not wearing the garb, yet pronouncing the vows." But Colbert instructed him to show great respect for Villeray "who was doing more than anyone else for commerce and was the first to organize mercantile relations with the West Indies and was, moreover, the owner of several ships on the high seas."

Frontenac submitted with bad grace and replied that far from having any ships on the high seas, "Villeray had not even a boat on the St. Lawrence, and though a clever and experienced man was a mischief maker." Colbert, however, not only continued to sustain Villeray, but induced the King to change the rules of the *Conseil Souverain* so as to put a check on Frontenac's autocratic methods, but as usual this *enfant terrible* disregarded the order.

In the following session, he tried, though unsuccessfully, to crush d'Auteuil, and, later on, not only put in jail for a month the excellent Damours for differing with him about the mean-

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ing of a passport, but would not allow a plea of Damour's wife to be submitted to the Council. Even Lorin admits that it is surprising for a man of Frontenac's intelligence to attach such importance to the mean little things which were involved in this dispute. "But," he adds, "we must not forget that in an age when the monarchy was centered in the King the slightest details of etiquette assumed a political significance."

Such was indeed the case. Louis XIV was extremely punctilious in these matters. He decided whether the right hand or the left should be held out by his ambassadors; how the commanders of fleet should salute when they went ashore in foreign lands, etc. As for himself, his name was never associated with those of other kings. He looked down upon them all. He was a sort of earthly king of kings. "Even the superiority of the Pope was disagreeable to him," says Lavissee (*L, VIII, 226*). Thus an instruction to Créqui his ambassador at Rome declares:

"His Majesty is not, thank God, in the same need as other kings, whose interests suffer extremely if they are not in favor at the Court of Rome. France can more easily dispense with the favor of the Popes, than the Popes can with the respect and affection of the king of this realm which in all times, and especially now, is, without contradiction, the principal pole around which the whole of Christendom and all the princes revolve."

Hence the political significance of the insults which the minions of Louis XIV in the New World flung at every man who dared to express his honest opinion. This explains the outrageous treatment meted out to every ecclesiastic, from the Bishop of Quebec to the humblest missionary among the savages. Indeed Frontenac was merely following the instructions of Colbert and Louis XIV who instead of attending to their own business, convened solemn councils, and sent long despatches to decide who should receive incense first, who holy water, who *pain bénit*, who should lead in processions, who should occupy a chair in the sanctuary, where it should

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be placed, etc. It is one of the sad chapters in Canadian history. Every one had gone crazy about these *mesquineries*, for "they all had a political significance."

Thus the *marguilliers* or vestrymen disputed the right of the judges to go ahead of them in processions; whereupon Judge Couture, probably Father Jogues' heroic companion in captivity among the Mohawks, sends a bailiff to the church during High Mass and hauls out the spokesman of the vestrymen. That was followed by litigation before the secular courts, and then the ecclesiastical courts took a hand, until finally it was dropped from sheer exhaustion. Then arose a question of the precedence of the members of the Council. Should they go ahead of the vestrymen? This grave matter had to be decided by the king himself who after due consideration decreed that on the great feasts of the year when the Council attended in a body they were to precede the vestrymen. From that another stupendous problem was evolved: Should the Council receive the incense immediately after the bishop on such occasions? "Not at all," replies Colbert. "That is never done in France."

Frontenac himself exacted especial ecclesiastical honors. During Bishop Laval's absence in Europe, he had compelled the ecclesiastics of Quebec to invent some new ceremony for him, whenever he condescended to appear on the scene. What it was no one seems to know, nor does it matter. But the king had to be appealed to. He replied: "You are exacting more than is accorded to governors or lieutenant-governors in France, and you would do well to stop your quarrel with the bishop." That reproof, however, did not check him, and finally in 1679, Laval was instructed to pay him the same honor in church as was accorded to the Governor of Picardy in the Cathedral of Amiens. What that new "honor" was, is also unrevealed.

But Frontenac was not merely concerned with ceremonies. He had determined to be supreme in the ecclesiastical as well as in the civil government of the colony. "He proposed," says

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the approving Lorin (p. 44) "to dispel the dream of a purely Catholic state."

The first attempt to "dispel this dream" was to get the Bishop out of the Council. In this he was acting under instructions from Colbert who wrote: "He is an excellent man, but he claims a power of control which exceeds that of any other bishop of Christendom especially, in France." The Intendant, Duchesneau, was told to persuade His Lordship not to be so assiduous in attending the meetings, but the minister mistook his man in choosing Duchesneau for such a task (p. 122). The next step was the boldest. It was to control the Bishop's chapter, in the appointment of parish priests.

Up to that time, the only possible means of providing for the spiritual needs of the people was to employ the missionaries and the priests of the *Missions Étrangères*. The Bishop had installed the latter in his seminary, and they took charge of the various settlements without any pecuniary compensation and lived as best they could, willingly accepting the hardships and suffering connected with their work. Of course they could be changed from place to place by the Bishop, as he saw fit, or as circumstances required. This in the eyes of the theological politicians in France was quite contrary to the discipline of the Church. Hence Colbert wrote to the Intendant: "Removable parish priests are in direct opposition to the canons of councils and the laws of the kingdom," and the Intendant is ordered "to invite the Bishop to appoint irremovable pastors as soon as any place has resources enough to support a curé. If the Bishop refuses, he is to be reported to the King and the parishioners will refuse to pay the tithes." The Abbé Dudouyt who was acting in France for Laval went to see the Minister and after the interview wrote that the whole thing was "a political game," to weaken the power of the Bishop.

"Indeed," says Lorin, "if the royal prescription had been obeyed, the secular clergy would have been emancipated from *episcopal tutelage*; that is to say, each curé firmly es-

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established in his parish would probably be guided in the direction of his daily life, less by regulations *imposed* on him, than by the special needs of his flock; and if the bishop suffered somewhat personally by the situation, it may be asked, would the interests of religion be less attended to?"

To compel the Bishop to appoint such parish priests (which as a matter of fact was a physical impossibility for the people were too poor to support a regular pastor, and there were only seven respectable church edifices in all Canada), "Frontenac proposed to reconstitute the Bishop's chapter, by surrounding him with dignitaries appointed by the King" (p. 124). Very probably the purpose of the plot was to get possession of the few funds which had been gathered in France by the Bishop and kept at Quebec for the support of the churches. Happily the whole miserable scheme failed.

Not only was there an attempt to get the ownership of all the parish churches, but the reservations of the converted Indians as well. Thus the Iroquois from New York who had been given La Prairie as a home by the Curé of the Madeleine in Paris found that the soil was unfit for planting corn, and they were therefore compelled to move elsewhere. The change was bitterly opposed by Frontenac, on the pretext that it was a scheme of the Jesuits to remove the Indians from the control of the Government. The Intendant was as much in favor of it as the Governor was against it, and the two almost came to blows in discussing the question. But the Indians took the whole affair into their own hands and migrated. Everyone knew that it would be a dangerous experiment to try to stop them.

Perhaps the meanest of his measures was that of insisting that no priest could pass from place to place without a written permit from him. This applied even to the missionaries among the savages. The reason alleged was that as the *coureurs de bois* were compelled to have such licenses, the priest should set them the example of obedience to the law. He even went further still and insisted on controlling their correspondence

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and inspecting their letters; claiming this as an absolute right of his office. Both these tyrannical regulations were cancelled by Colbert, and Frontenac was sharply reprimanded for his presumption.

Of course, complaints without number began to deluge the offices of the Home Government. In attempting to answer them, Frontenac put his name to a document which it would be hard to equal in silliness, meanness and mendacity. It fills twenty-three pages of the first volume in the large eight volume edition of Margry's "*Découvertes*." It begins by saying that "almost all the disorders in New France derive their origin from the ambition of ecclesiastics who wish to establish an absolute empire in Canada." "They have enormous wealth and exact exorbitant fees for marriages, baptisms and burials, and grind the people down for tithes." He quotes the testimony of a "*sauvagesse* who speaks French and who says that the missionaries are fur traders and sell peltries to the English." He accuses the Bishop of building extravagantly; and the Ursulines of owning too much land. The Sieurs de Saint-Denys and de la Martinière do not get incense and holy water before the vestrymen; M. Duplein was not named in the *prône*; somebody received a candle on Christmas Day after somebody else; Governor Perrot informed him that "a preacher had used insulting language against the King, the Council *and me*, and when I spoke to the Bishop about it, as mildly as I could, he broke out in a temper;" "there have been revelations of the secrets of the confessional," and "use is made of the sacred tribunal to obtain complaints and witnessess." "A woman named Henrietta, after going to confession and receiving absolution, was sent away from the Holy Table"; some one else, "was refused absolution and died suddenly." "Petitbois and his wife are hated by the ecclesiastics." "The Procurator General is blind and so ignorant that he cannot read or write." "Villeray who wants a high office is most devoted to the Jesuits (this in cypher, as is the information about his being a Jesuit in disguise). "Marie Félix,

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an Indian, *who speaks French as if she were born in Paris* told me often that the savages are not satisfied with the missionaries, who are robbing the Indians of their lands." No wonder the writer of such a report, is described by Father Martin as an "*esprit malade ou étranagement prévenu.*"

When leaving France, Frontenac was told that no more distant outposts should be established, but though the order was explicit he paid no attention to it. His method of evading such commands consisted in representing the dire necessity of whatever project he had in view, but taking care to send the information at a time when it would be impossible to be even considered, before he was well on in the work. If he were then ordered to withdraw he would assure His Majesty that retreat would be fatal for the colony, because the Indians would ascribe it to weakness and cowardice.

De Courcelles had visited the Indians at Catarocqui on Lake Ontario, and spoken of it as a good place for a post. Frontenac resolved to realize that fancy of his predecessor and informed the Home Government of the plan, on November 2, 1672; but as winter had then set in, there was not much likelihood of the authorities knowing anything about it till he had arrived at the post. He kindly permitted the *habitants* to plant their corn before starting out, and then commandeering all the boats from Quebec to Montreal he proceeded leisurely and in great state, along the river, stopping at the various posts and inviting the chief officers to accompany him on the expedition. They, of course, gladly availed themselves of the chance of a pleasant outing. Reaching Montreal towards the end of May, a *Te Deum* was sung and, at the solemn reception which was given in Frontenac's honor, Governor Perrot whom he was later on to put in jail, presided. A stay of some days was made until two flat-boats were built which were ordered to be painted in glaring colors so as to properly impress the savages, and then a road had to be laid out all the way from Montreal to Lachine—no inconsiderable distance. Finally on June 29, the Governor at the head of 400 men launched out in 120

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canoes and the two flat-boats, on the stretch of the St. Lawrence that leads past the Thousand Islands up to Lake Ontario.

Meantime La Salle had been dispatched to the Iroquois country to invite the chiefs to Catarocqui, and to assure them that nothing warlike was intended, though Colbert had been told that a fort at that place was an absolute necessity to hold the Iroquois in check. It would also be serviceable, continued the report, in protecting the Sulpician mission at Kenté, which he omitted to say was sixty miles away.

The flotilla reached the place without much trouble except a little rain, and everybody was in great glee. On July 13, the Iroquois made their appearance and were received in lordly fashion. The canoes and flatboats were grouped in four different squadrons; the Governor, surrounded by his guards in brilliant uniform, leading. When the Indians came ashore, a generous banquet was spread for them, the usual speeches indulged in, and the pipe of peace passed around. On the following day, there was a review of the troops, ranks being formed at sunrise to the sound of drums and trumpets. After many evolutions, a double line was formed reaching all the way from the Governor's tent to the spot where the Indians had encamped. Up through this line the savage envoys were led and given seats on a great sail-cloth that had been stretched on the ground in front of Onontio's pavilion. He then addressed them, using Le Moyne as interpreter. Regretting his inability to speak their language, he conjured them to have their children taught French, and volunteered to teach some of them himself. He warned them against drunkenness, as unworthy of reasonable beings, and then added: "I cannot give you a more important nor more careful advice than to exhort you to be Christians and to adore the same God that *I adore*. "The discourse that followed," says Lorin, "would not be disavowed by a priest, and it had a political point to it." "Hear these Black Robes," said he, "whom I leave here to instruct you." In other words he was serving notice on the

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missionaries that permission to exercise their evangelical work depended on him and was informing the Indians that all the benefits, both material and spiritual, in that part of America, came to them from the good will of the Governor of Quebec. When Frontenac on this occasion expressed his displeasure in vigorous language at the inability of the Indians to speak French, he was unaware that the gentle red-men were similarly annoyed at his ignorance of their tongue. He blamed the missionaries for this educational condition, and pestered Colbert with complaints about it till stringent orders came insisting upon the "*francisation des sauvages.*" As a matter of fact the Fathers had attempted this *francisation* long before Frontenac, Colbert and Louis XIV had loomed on the horizon, but they knew the absurdity of the scheme by bitter experience, and had concluded that though it was worth while facing death in its most terrible forms for the salvation of souls, it was foolish to do so for the privilege of teaching French grammar in an Indian wigwam with a tomahawk over their heads. Even at this late day the problem of imposing a foreign language on a conquered people has not been solved.

He was, moreover, very kind to his guests at Catarocqui. He not only gave them bread and prunes and raisins, but muskets and powder and shot, as well as stockings and shirts and coats, in return for which the red men gave him some wampum belts. He then wrote to Colbert that the missionaries were surprised at the fascination he exercised over the Indians. Meantime poor Father de Lamberville who was living on the other side of the Lake in the midst of the horrors of the Iroquois village and who knew the life in its real aspects and not as Frontenac saw it in its holiday attire, was writing in his diary: "May God grant that the powerful exhortations of the Governor to the assembled Iroquois—*supported as those exhortations were by numerous presents*, may have the effect that we hope from a zeal which so completely unites the interests of the King of Heaven with those of our sovereign." A few of those presents which helped the fascination of the

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Governor would have been extremely useful for the missionaries, but Frontenac never thought of that. No doubt, also de Lamberville saw "the political point" made by Frontenac when the Governor not only claimed the glory of the missions, but subordinated the interests of the King of Heaven to those of the King of France.

The stay at Catarocqui lasted fifteen days, during which time the soldiers had worked vigorously at the construction of the fort. At last on July 21, they started down the river; Frontenac following on July 27, with twenty-five canoes, arriving at Montreal on August 1. Faillon in the "*Colonie Française*" complains not only of the expedition of 10,000 livres for the fort, but of the unrequited labor imposed on the inhabitants and also of their prolonged absence from their ordinary work. On the other hand, in a letter from Father de Lamberville, October 29, 1673, quoted by Margry, the missionary says: "I learn that the Dutch have made so many proposals to the Iroquois to get rid of us, that if you had not at Catarocqui won their leading men by your liberality and complaisance, we believe that all the Frenchmen here (at Onondaga) would be by this time either dead or driven from the country." The letter of La Salle, written August 10, 1673, was naturally laudatory: "One cannot express, Monseigneur, the praises which all the Iroquois nations are bestowing on you. At Catarocqui they might be suspected of dissimulation but here (Techiroguen) they make it very evident that you have entirely won them."

This was the only spectacular exploit in Frontenac's first term. An economic difficulty now arose which hastened his downfall. It concerned the liquor traffic with the Indians. Fire water was sold to the natives chiefly by the *coureurs de bois* of whom there were two classes. One consisted of very respectable traders who did an honest business with the Indians; the other was made up of a wild set of scapegraces, recruited from every class of the colonial population. They started out mostly as the travelling agents of the merchants

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established in Quebec, Three Rivers and Montreal, but, later on, began to sell furs on their own account. Many of them adopted the ways of the savages, and were never seen in the settlements except when they came to dispose of their goods or to drum up companions for their wild life. They were more immoral than the red men themselves, whom they plied with liquor in exchange for furs, sometimes not even stopping at robbery and murder. The scenes in the remote Indian village when the invoice of brandy arrived defy description. The missionaries tell us of naked men and women brandishing knives and tomahawks, slashing or braining each other, or if they were without weapons eating off each others noses and ears, or flinging flaming torches at houses and setting fire to whole settlements which were often left in ashes after one of these horrible orgies.

Frontenac had received orders from abroad to suppress the whole corps of *coureurs de bois*. The measure was too drastic, for it affected good men as well as bad, and moreover, by cutting off all communications with the interior, would leave the colony in ignorance of any hostile movements that might be on foot. Furthermore, furs were the only commodity the colony could export, and though Frontenac had advised the colonists to take to agriculture and to open the mines, there was no market for the crops and no capital for the mines, and his military schemes prevented both. Finally, peltries were the currency of the colonists for there was no coin in the country and the only means of barter was to accept furs in return for the goods which the Indians came to buy.

All would have been well if fire water had not been on the list of the commodities purchased. The Indians clamored for it to the exclusion of everything else. To prevent the abuses that followed, the Bishop of Quebec issued a mandate absolutely forbidding the sale of liquor to the natives and made it a reserved case. This produced a storm. Frontenac and others maintained that it would involve the ruin of the entire commerce of the country, for the Indians would simply go off

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to the Dutch and English settlements, and get all the liquor they wanted.

Colbert and the King were immediately overwhelmed with protests and counter-protests, and Laval crossed the ocean to plead for his view. Colbert was angry at the attitude of the Bishop, and regarded it as an invasion of what was an affair of the police. The "reserved case" especially vexed him. "Nothing of the kind he said was attempted in all Christendom." Solemn meetings of theologians and politicians were held on both sides of the Atlantic, to discuss the question, and it was finally decided to forbid liquor to be carried into the Indian country but to allow it to be sold in the settlements—an arrangement which permitted the Indians to buy as much as they liked and carry it home. To make this regulation effective it was decided to restrict the licenses for fur-trading to twenty-five, though a certain number of old officers who were in want were also given permission to trade. The severest punishment such as the whipping post and even death were decreed against those who evaded the law. Thus the disreputable *coureurs* were foolishly supposed to be eliminated. They became smugglers. The decree caused another complication. It created a monopoly, not of the kind which had harassed the colony, in the time of the old Fur Companies, but equally as bad, though formed by the wealthy merchants of Montreal. It would be a very easy matter for one or two of these to own the twenty-five *coureurs* body and soul, and thus raise the price of furs at will. Moreover, every one knew that the officials of the Government, from the Governor-general down, were in the business, and Perrot of Montreal was charged with having absolute control of the great army of four or five hundred *coureurs*, prior to the royal order of suppression. The only man who is not charged with this abuse of office was the Intendant Duchesneau, Frontenac's enemy, who instead of amassing a fortune like Perrot, was heavily in debt. The common excuse was that the salaries of the officials were insufficient, and had to be made up in that way. Indeed the

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legislation against the *coureurs* was regarded as an attempt of the Governor himself to get control of the *coureurs* for his own advantage; and his establishment of Catarocqui was declared to be not a fort but a mere trading post.

The storm soon broke. Perrot was accused of harboring two unlicensed *coureurs* in the house of Carrion, one of his officers. D'Ailleboust who was then judge in Montreal attempted to arrest the accused, but Carrion refused to give them up whereupon Frontenac sent his Lieutenant Bizard to seize Carrion for interfering with the law. But Perrot intervened and arrested Bizard, Frontenac's officer, and also Le Ber who had notified Frontenac of what had occurred. La Salle was then in Montreal and had signed the paper with Le Ber, and to escape arrest he very unheroically scaled a back fence and hurried to Quebec for safety.

Frontenac thus found himself facing an out and out rebellion against his authority. It was useless to send an expedition to Montreal to enforce the order, so the Abbé Fénelon, a brother of the great Fénelon, and a special friend of Frontenac, was asked to persuade Perrot, with whom he was also intimate, to go down to Quebec and talk the matter over with the Governor. He did so with the result that when Perrot arrived at the Château he was seized and lodged in jail. Not only that, but, in the following month, acting altogether on his own authority, the Governor deposed Perrot from office, and put the Sieur de la Nauguière in his place. He then sent a furious denunciation of Perrot to Colbert, but to his intense chagrin, shortly after this high-handed proceeding, he received an official document from Colbert, saying: "His Majesty has ordered me especially to recommend to you the person and interests of M. Perrot, the nephew of the Sieur Talon." Colbert's letter had been despatched before Frontenac's had arrived.

That, however, did not stop the fight. The Abbé Fénelon exasperated at having been made a decoy, hurried down to Quebec to expostulate with his friend, the Governor. His

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importunity so irritated Frontenac that he was refused an audience, and when found speaking privately to Perrot, such an explosion of wrath resulted that the Abbé thought it wise to leave for Montreal, lest he also might become the inmate of a dungeon. On his arrival he made over all his property to the Sulpicians to forestall its seizure.

Soon afterwards, he happened to preach a sermon which was interpreted as an attack on Frontenac. La Salle was to blame for this. He was in the church at the time and rose up in front of the congregation and by gesticulations and looks called everyone's attention to the supposed allusions in the discourse. He then hurried around to the various houses, and when he had finished his work, Montreal was split into two factions, bitterly assailing each other. The dissension spread even to Three Rivers and Quebec.

Of course, Fénelon was summoned to Quebec, but refused to be tried; first because the court was presided over by the plaintiff, and secondly, because he had a right to trial by his peers in an ecclesiastical tribunal. Moreover, Perrot, when first called to the bar, answered the questions put to him, but afterwards refused to reply. Then every one took part in the fray, and fierce charges were formulated against the Governor himself by his Intendant Duchesneau. Thus in the "New York Colonial Documents," (IX, p. 134), we find the Intendant writing to Colbert:

"The fur trade carried on in Montreal is sufficiently important for me to advise you of its disorders. The Governor has rendered himself master of it, and as soon as the Indians arrive, he furnishes them with guards, not to protect them but to take more assured steps in the strength of the information received. Afterwards he obliges the Indians to pay for this protection of the guards, and exacts bundles of beaver skins for himself as presents, before he lets them sell their peltries to the habitants. His guards trade openly in the public market, and get the Indians to meet them at the barracks. The common report is that the Governor has goods consigned to him which are disposed of privately, and that he allows foreign merchants to trade here in defiance of the edicts of the council.

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If we compute the beavers he gets by way of presents, the purchases and exactions of his guards, the private sales and the loss to foreign merchants, it is clear that the colony fails to get the greater part of the beavers brought down by the Ottawas.

Later on (p. 159), Duchesneau accuses the Governor of sending peltries to the English where the price is higher, and claims that as much as 60,000 livres worth of furs have been disposed of in that way. All this, in spite of the royal orders forbidding officials to engage in such commercial transactions.

Frontenac retorts that Duchesneau's opposition is merely to protect his friends, Le Moyne, Le Ber, La Chesnaye, Joliet, but even the Governor's defenders had to admit that the persons named were the most respectable merchants of the colony and had an absolute right to be in the fur business. They were not government officials, and it is precisely on that point that the charges against Frontenac are based. This fierce strife between the Governor and the Intendant was shared by the council, and each member of it was a partisan on one side or the other. The antagonism between Quebec and Montreal was every day growing more acute; letters and appeals and *procès-verbaux* were being showered on the Home Government. Meantime Perrot who had evoked the storm was kept in his cell under the constant surveillance of four soldiers and an officer. Finally after ten months' confinement, he was sent to France for trial. Fénelon also left the colony never to return. At last wearied out by these years of constant bickering and strife, the King decided to recall both Frontenac and Duchesneau.

Thus ended Frontenac's first term as Governor-General of Canada. He had occupied the post for ten years, a longer period than that of any of his predecessors, except Montmagny—which may be explained by the political influence of his family in France. He was not a successful Governor. He threw the colony into a turmoil on the very day of his arrival and left it not only unimproved but rent asunder with



MARQUIS JACQUES RENÉ DE BRISAY DE DENONVILLE

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dissensions. He inaugurated his administration by an absolutely unauthorized attempt to revolutionize the method of colonial government, for which he was severely censured by the King and compelled to reverse his own rulings. He was an autocrat and a tyrant, and was incessant and unscrupulous in his efforts to centre in himself all civil and ecclesiastical authority. He had been sent out avowedly to repair his own fortunes, and his quarrel with Perrot, his attempt to control the missionary funds, and his Catarocqui scheme have all the marks of low peculation. His departure was a relief for the colony and in their efforts to prove his greatness, his eulogists should eliminate this part of his career. He is soon to appear again on the scene.

CHAPTER II

SIEGE OF QUEBEC

When Frontenac returned to France in 1685, he received a pension of 3,500 livres and passed most of his time in the establishment of the Maréchal de Bellefonds. The King took no notice of him whatever, for four or five years, until the famous Abbé Renaudot, a great figure at the Court of Versailles because of his reputation as an Orientalist, contrived to secure him an interview. In that conversation, Frontenac assures us that "after he had disproved the calumnies of which he was the victim, His Majesty whose words were so many oracles said: 'I am going to send you back to Canada where I am sure you will serve me as well as you have heretofore. I desire nothing more.'" But as Frontenac was the only one with His Majesty on this occasion, and as, apart from his habit of boasting, he was not a very devout worshiper at the shrine of truth, we cannot be too sure that he has reproduced very accurately these oracular utterances.

The common account of it is that there was an outcry when the King's intention was known, as it was feared that all the troubles of the first administration would be repeated. But it was urged, on the other hand, that Frontenac was now a very old man, and it was likely that his previous failures had taught him a lesson, and that he would henceforth exercise more restraint and rule less like a czar. His military reputation and his supposed influence over the savages may also have exerted some influence in making the choice. A fighter was needed at that moment.

Callières was then in France, and was endeavoring to persuade Louis XIV that the only way to put an end to the troubles of Canada was to seize New York. The scheme was very easy, provided it was carried out without delay. It would

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be sufficient to send two ships from Rochelle to form a juncture with the Canadian land forces which a man like Frontenac might lead down to Manhattan by the way of Lake Champlain and the Hudson River. It would cost only 75,000 livres and was sure to succeed; for New York had only a few inconsiderable stone forts and only 400 men and two companies of cavalry to defend it.

The King willingly entered into the scheme. Everything was settled about the occupation; what part of the population was to be left, what other transported; and who were to be held for ransom. Callières was to remain as Governor and after the conquest was achieved, Frontenac was to lead his troops back to Canada and be installed a second time as Governor of New France. But all sorts of delays supervened. France was preparing for war with William of Orange, and all the vessels, provisions and ammunition that could be obtained were requisitioned for that purpose. At last two miserable little ships which lost each other in the fog, on the way over, reached Chedabuctou, in Nova Scotia, long after they should have been in New York. It was very fortunate for them; for the Minister in speaking of the arms he had destined for this expedition enumerates "six cannons, the largest of which was an eighteen pounder, 300 muskets and 100 axes suitable for hacking down palisades." Such was the fleet that was to demand the surrender of New York.

Frontenac reached Quebec about the middle of October, 1689, and was received with every manifestation of joy. Though he arrived at a late hour the whole city was waiting for him; the houses were illuminated; the cannons boomed their welcome and a solemn Te Deum was sung at the Cathedral. He was to avenge the massacre of Lachine and give the colony new life. Unfortunately he was more arrogant than ever. After registering his appointment as Governor at the meeting of the *Conseil Souverain*, he remained away from all the sessions. Perhaps, it was suggested, some ceremony was omitted that was due him. A committee was appointed to in-

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quire if anything was lacking and he gruffly told them that it was their duty to find out. Deliberations were then held and another committee was sent to tell him that four of the members would meet him on the palace steps and conduct him to the place of assembly. "That is not the custom in Sovereign Courts," he answered; evidently fancying that the poor old dilapidated chateau was a "Sovereign Court." When they humbly admitted that they knew nothing of "Sovereign Courts," he bade them ask the Bishop, but that dignitary professed a similar ignorance. They went again and finally hit upon something to satisfy him and he condescended to say he would attend after Easter.

He was not a week in Quebec before he posted off to Montreal to see de Denonville who had not yet left the country. La Hontan is our authority for saying that the language he employed on that occasion could only be repeated in private, although he had been charged to be very considerate to his outgoing predecessor. The reason for the explosion was that acting on instructions from the King, de Denonville had ordered the evacuation of Catarocqui or Fort Frontenac. As Frontenac cared little for royal instructions, he immediately dispatched a troop of soldiers to countermand the order. But the garrison had already left, after having scuttled the ships, dumped the cannon in the river, blown up the magazines and set fire to the fort.

Frontenac's presence in Montreal did indeed put a new face on things. The settlement was stockaded, the troops were drilled and outposts established, but that did not prevent the Iroquois from invading the Island and murdering the settlers. In vain he attempted to conciliate them. Oureouharé, the returned galley slave, was sent to plead with them, but failed, and was told that the Iroquois proposed to join the English in the attack on Quebec in the following spring. The Governor then released the prisoners, but they attributed this to fear. More fortunate than Frontenac, Durantaye, the best Commandant ever sent to Mackinac, succeeded in preventing

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the Ottawas from joining the Iroquois and this was accomplished at the very moment when Frontenac was throwing him out of office and leaving him in poverty. Durantaye's achievement and Iberville's exploits in far away Hudson Bay, as well as the capture of Fort Pemquid by the faithful Abnakis were the only consolation that poor desolate Canada had at that time.

Evidently something had to be done to restore the French prestige in the eyes of the Indians, and Frontenac therefore planned a campaign against Schenectady, Salmon Falls and Casco Bay. We have already told the story of Schenectady in the sketch of Iberville's life. It was nothing but a midnight massacre of which the French have no reason to be proud. The other expeditions were not so gruesome but were insignificant both in the number of men engaged and the importance of the places attacked. One under Hertel started from Three Rivers, the other under Portneuf set out from Quebec.

Hertel marched from Three Rivers on January 28 and went southward in the direction of Lake Champlain which he left to the west, and after what must have been at that season a terrible journey of two entire months, over the snow, finally reached Salmon Falls, or Semetles, as the French called it. There he divided his little force into three sections, the first consisting of fifteen men who were to attack a fortified house, the second of only eleven who were sent to capture a stockade which had four bastions; the third commanded by himself, and with it he proposed to storm a larger fort on which heavy cannon was mounted.

All three places were taken with a rush. Twenty-seven houses were reduced to ashes; two thousand head of cattle perished in the stables which were set on fire, and fifty-four persons were made prisoners; the rest had been cut to pieces. But the fruits of the victory came near slipping from their hands. Out of the neighboring town of Pescadout, now Portsmouth, two hundred men hurried to avenge the deed. But Hertel was ready for them. The advancing Englishmen saw

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the foe gathered at the head of a narrow bridge, and despising the little band, hurried forward to the attack. Hertel allowed them to advance without firing a single shot, but when they were near enough, he sprang into the very midst of the troop sword in hand. His men followed, fighting fiercely, until eight of the English fell dead in their tracks; ten were wounded and the rest turned in terror and fled. His nephew and a Sokoki Indian were slain and his eldest son received a musket ball in the knee, but no further loss was suffered.

Such is the French account of the fight. On his way back to report to Frontenac the victor met the detachment that had left Quebec to attack Casco Bay. Dispatching some of his men to the St. Lawrence with tidings of his victory, he and the rest of his party, joined the newcomers who welcomed the reinforcements with joy. The entire force consisted only of sixty Abnaki, some Canadians and whatever fighters could be spared from Acadia. A few Indians from the Kennebec who were returning from a raid, came in later, and on May 25, the party encamped four leagues from Casco Bay.

The fort at that place was well built and had eight cannon and an abundance of ammunition and provisions. Its capture would have been difficult, but so silently had the invaders crept up to the walls, that the garrison was not aware of their presence until the war whoop of the Indians, who had killed an Englishman in an ambuscade, rung out on the air. The soldiers in the fort could see nothing; nevertheless fifty of them hurried from the gate in the direction of the cry. Unknowingly, they had advanced within ten paces of where the French and Indians lay in ambush, and then without warning, a volley of musketry stretched a score of the British in their blood. The sword and the tomahawk did the rest, and only four men, all of whom were wounded, succeeded in reaching the fort, while the assailants had only one killed and one wounded. Nevertheless, when summoned to surrender, the Commandant refused, and the Frenchmen resolved to carry

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the place by assault, in spite of Frontenac's instructions to the contrary. On May 27, trenches were dug, an unusual work for these rangers, and the next day the garrison asked for a parley, but demanded six days to consider the terms; evidently to gain time, for a fleet was hurrying to their relief. The request was refused, and the fighting was renewed, but when barrels of burning tar began to be pushed towards the palisade, the white flag was run up and seventy men, besides women and children, marched out of the fort. The evacuation was scarcely completed when four ships were seen making for the harbor, but no flag was floating on the walls to welcome them. Not knowing whether the place was deserted, or in the hands of the enemy, the ships veered round and disappeared from sight. After burning the fort, and all the houses for two leagues around, the assailants withdrew, but they were unaware of the fact that the four vessels which had not dared to approach them had sailed away to join the fleet that was to besiege Quebec. Frontenac, of course, congratulated himself on the successful issue of his three raids, but they were barren victories.

No doubt these attacks hastened reprisals by the English, and on May 1, 1609, an agreement was entered into by Governor Leisler and the authorities of New York, Connecticut, Boston and Plymouth, by which New York was to furnish 100 men, Connecticut 135, Boston 160, Plymouth 60, while the Five Nations were to send 1,820 savages. The unexpected defeat at Casco Bay, by the French, had compelled the Massachusetts and Plymouth contingent to stay at home, but all the others prepared to take the field. The Western Iroquois were to meet at Fort La Motte an old and abandoned French post on Lake Champlain, and go down the Richelieu. The Whites with the Mohawks, Oneidas and Mohegans were to meet at Lake George and march overland. Everything was ready and Montreal seemed doomed. But small-pox broke out among the western Indians and they withdrew from the expedition, so that no red man appeared at Fort La Motte as had been

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arranged. The Mohawks and the Albany volunteers under Peter Schuyler, pushed on as far as Wood Creek; but the New York detachment were complained of as being made up of mere boys, and the only provision they had was measly pork, so that they died, as Livingstone reported, "like rotten sheep." Finally John Winthrop, the son of the Governor of Connecticut, who arrived with eighty men, thirty of whom were Indians, was appointed to command the expedition. On July 30, he marched by way of Stillwater and Saratoga. On August 6, he encamped at the Fork of Wood Creek and on the following day joined Schuyler at the Lake. There, a council of war was held, but as small-pox was raging among the Indians who had remained with the expedition, it was impossible to make the canoes needed for transportation. On August 13, another council of war was held, and it was determined to fall back. Winthrop broke camp and returned to Albany where he was arrested and put in prison by Leisler for cowardice and treachery and sundry other crimes. Schuyler, however, made a raid on La Prairie and caused some damage, while Iroquois marauders appeared at Chateauguay and then descending the St. Lawrence as far as Lake St. Peter, killed the Commandant and half of the garrison of the fort. But so little apprehension of anything serious was felt by Frontenac that he was about to send his troops to winter quarters. He had gone to Montreal to meet the Ottawas who had come down the river with some Sauteurs, Montagnais, Nipissiriens and Hurons to assure the Governor of their loyalty. When they arrived he gave them a great banquet, and in eloquent speech announced to them that he was about to dig up the hatchet against the Iroquois. They shouted their delight, and so much was he impressed with their enthusiasm, that he seized a war club, and flinging all thoughts of dignity to the winds, he danced a war dance before the howling savages and boasted to them of the great things he was going to do in a war of extermination. It was in very curious contrast with his sensitive pompousness at Quebec. "But," says Charlevoix, "anything becomes a man who knows

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how to do everything with dignity and in season." The great Onontio, however, could be scarcely described as dignified while cavorting about for the delectation of savages; nor was his dance in season. It was then October 9. On October 10 information was given him that the English fleet was coming up the river and were then not far from Quebec. In consternation, he made for the city and nearly lost his life on the way. The canoe had sprung a leak and as he wrote in his despatches "had a mind to go to the bottom."

He arrived only on October 14. It was ten o'clock at night and the enemy's fleet was already at the Ile d'Orléans. He immediately despatched couriers to Three Rivers and Montreal to send all help available. Happily Major Prévost who had been left in command of the city, was a man for the occasion. For five days and nights he had been working at the fortifications till there was not a weak spot in the defenses.

Orders had been despatched to Beauport, Ile d'Orléans and Côte de Lauzon to send no troops to Quebec till they saw the enemy land. Thus every hill was lined with musketeers, so that no boat from the fleet dared approach the shore. Meantime, men came pouring in from Three Rivers and Montreal. The great Hertel had already arrived, but when Callières marched in with fife and drum at the head of 800 bluecoats, the cheers rung out again and again till they reached the English ships. "What's that?" asked Phipps of Grandville, a Frenchman whom he had captured on the way up. "That's Callières from Montreal. You had better give up. You'll never take Quebec now." "I thought you said that it was undefended and the fortifications were in bad shape?" "So they were a few months ago, but they are not now,"—a severe commentary on Frontenac's care of the city.

An eight gun battery was mounted near the fort, and earthworks were thrown up from the St. Charles to the upper city, terminating at Cape Diamond; double palisades had been erected from the Palace to the Seminary; and at the inaccessible rocks of Sailor's Leap, a three gun battery was planted.

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The Lower Town was guarded by batteries and trenches, while the hill above bristled with cannon.

As the sun rose on August 16, thirty-four vessels were counted, and they were thought to carry 3,000 men. At ten o'clock, they came to anchor and a boat was seen leaving the flag ship and steering for the city. It carried a white flag at the bow, and Frontenac despatched an officer to meet it. On board, was a trumpeter coming to demand the surrender of the city. He was halted in mid-stream, his eyes were bandaged and he was led to the fort. Of course he saw nothing as he proceeded, but when the bandage was removed he found himself in a great hall in presence of the Governor-general, the Bishop and the Intendant, surrounded by their attendants, ecclesiastical, civic and military, in all their splendor. He was dumbfounded, for he fancied the city was ready to surrender. Moreover, he had been convinced by the din he had heard in the streets as he passed along, that the city was alive with soldiers and that they were working with feverish activity, dragging cannon hither and thither, strengthening the fortifications, digging trenches, going through military evolutions, etc. It was clear that they were in high spirits, for shouts and cheers were heard on all sides. He did not know it was a trick to deceive him and that the imposing display in the council hall was to complete the delusion. Nevertheless when he had recovered his breath and gazed for a moment in awe at the assembly, he read Admiral Phipp's proclamation. It ran as follows:

"William Phipps, General of the English Army, to M. de Frontenac:

"The war declared between the crowns of England and France is not the sole motive of the expedition which I have had orders to undertake against your colony. The ravages and cruelties exercised by the French and Indians without any reason, against the nations subject to their Britannic Majesties, have forced their said Majesties to take up arms to reduce Canada in order to provide for the safety of the colonies subject to them. But as I should be most happy to spare Chris-

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tian blood and save you from the horrors of war, I, William Phipps, Knight, by these presents, and in the name of their most excellent Majesties: William and Mary, King and Queen of England, France and Scotland and Ireland, Defenders of the Faith, (and by order of their Majesties' government of Massachusetts colony in New England), demand that you surrender into my hands, your forts and castles in their actual condition, with all the ammunition and other supplies whatever. I also demand that you restore all prisoners in your hands, and surrender your property and your persons at my disposal. By so doing you may hope that, like a good Christian, I will pardon the past, so far as shall be deemed expedient for their Majesties' service, and the safety of their subjects. But if you undertake to defend yourselves, know that I am in a position to compel you, resolved with the help of God in whom I put my trust, to avenge by arms the wrongs you have done us, and subject you to the crown of England. Your positive answer in one hour by your trumpeter with the return of mine."

The august assembly shuddered with indignation at the insolent terms in which the demand for surrender was couched, especially when the messenger taking out his watch handed it to the Governor and arrogantly called his attention to the fact that it was ten o'clock, adding that he would wait for an answer only till eleven. A cry of anger arose on all sides, and one officer insisted that the trumpeter should be treated as the envoy of a pirate. Indeed, La Hontan assures us that Frontenac had a gibbet erected and ordered the fellow to be hanged, but La Hontan is a romancer. On the contrary, though stung to the quick by the insult, the Governor displayed marvellous self-restraint. He replied in the following strain, though of course the form in which the answer is given in history was written subsequently for the report to the Home Government:

"I will not keep you waiting that long for my answer. Here it is. I know no King William; but I know that the Prince of Orange is a usurper who has violated the most sacred rights of blood and of religion by dethroning the King, his father-in-law. I know no other lawful sovereign of England, than

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James II. Sir W. Phipps should not be surprised at the hostilities committed by the French and their allies, for he must have expected that the King, my master, having received the King of England under his protection, would order me to carry on the war upon nations in revolt against their lawful prince. Can he have supposed, that were his conditions more tolerable, and I in a mood to accept them, so many brave men would consent and advise me to trust to the word of a man who has violated the capitulation which he had made with the Governor of Acadia; who has broken the allegiance he owes to his prince; who has forgotten all the favors lavished on him, to follow the party of a foreigner, who, pretending to have in view only to be the Deliverer of England and the Defender of the Faith, has destroyed the laws and privileges of the Kingdom and overthrown the Anglican Church? All this the Divine Justice which Phipps invokes, will one day punish severely."

When asked to put his answer in writing he is said to have uttered the words: "I will give you my answer by the mouths of my cannons."

The trumpeter was again blindfolded and sent back to the ship. Scarcely had he set foot on board when Frontenac's cannons opened their throats and spoke. To the delight of the besieged the first shot, though others put the exploit two days later, carried away the Admiral's flag, and as it floated down the stream, swimmers were seen out in the river making for the trophy. Mère Juchereau an eye-witness says it was a boat that made the capture. At all events the trophy was hung up in the cathedral and remained there till 1759 when the sacred edifice was burned in Wolfe's siege of the city.

Another inspiring scene was witnessed that same day when a solitary canoe glided past the whole fleet and its occupant stepped ashore in safety after running the gauntlet of the English guns. It was Maricourt who had just come down from Hudson Bay where he had left his great brother Iberville. Lorin says that de Longueuil was with him; but that is a mistake. De Longueuil was already on hand with his Indians from Montreal. He had never been in Hudson Bay. Lorin

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mistook the singular for the plural. The official letter reads *arrivait not arrivaient*.

On the second day, Whallé, who was in command of the English troops attempted a landing at the St. Charles, but his barque grounded and he had to stand a brisk fire from the other side. He had better success on the following day, and in spite of the mud and shallow water, 1,500 men reached the shore. It was fortunate that the Canadians who were only 300 strong, at that point, could not close with them as they were eager to do. They would have been overwhelmed. The fight was sustained in Indian fashion from behind rocks and trees; the solid formation of the English presenting an easy target. The enemy lost heavily, but the Canadians had to mourn the loss of Sieur de la Touche; and twelve of their men were wounded.

That evening, the fleet drew close to the city and three ships took up a position a little left of Sailor's Leap near the Lower Town, while a fourth, carrying a Commodore's pennant, advanced towards Cape Diamond. These moves were a signal for a cannonade from the city. At Sailor's Leap, Sainte-Hélène, who was in command, made every shot tell. Only at night-fall did the firing cease. It was renewed next morning, but the English were not as brisk as before, for the Admiral's ship had twenty balls in its hull, its rigging was cut, its mainmast splintered and a number of sailors had been killed or wounded, and it soon drew off in the wake of its companion. The two remaining vessels fought a while longer, but, at noon, they also ceased firing and sought shelter behind Cape Diamond. From that place, however, a sharp fire of musketry forced them to draw further away.

Meantime the British who had landed at Beauport, remained inactive, but encouraged themselves during most of the day by hurraing for King William. On the 20th, they advanced on the city, and were met by de Longueuil and Sainte-Hélène at the head of 200 men, who, using Indian tactics, again drove them back to the shelter of the woods. The danger seemed so

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menacing that the Governor backed them up with 1,000 men. In this action Sainte-Hélène was hit and died soon after from the effects of the wound, though it was apparently slight. On the following day another attack was made; this time with five of the cannon which had been sent during the night from the fleet. The French were driven back to the palisades where a stand was made. To the sharp musketry fire from these defenses, the cannons of the English replied, but the battery at the Little River Gate took up the challenge. The battle continued till nightfall, and the English retired in disorder, leaving a considerable number of dead on the field.

While this fight on shore was in progress, the two English ships which had worked their way above the town, slipped down the stream to join the line, but they were badly treated on their way by the guns of the fort which opened on them. At last the English showed signs of weakening and, on the night of the 21st, the troops which had taken up their position at Beauport, profited by the darkness, and decamped in haste, even leaving their cannon behind.

On the morning of the 23d, Phipps gave up the fight. He was hopelessly beaten. Nor was he at the end of his troubles when he turned down the stream. The winter was approaching; he had no pilots; his ships were battered, and before he left the St. Lawrence, nine of them were lost. Disaster followed him outside; one ship, was wrecked on Anticosti Island, others foundered at sea and were never heard of again. Only four of his great fleet of thirty-four ships that had left Boston returned to it again. As many as 900 men had perished in the campaign.

Of course Quebec was wild with joy; bonfires were lighted; the houses were illuminated, processions were made to the churches, Te Deums were sung and an annual festival of Our Lady of Victories was established to keep alive the gratitude of the Quebecois. Every one was gleeful for weeks, and two of the heroes, de Vaudreuil and de Ramesay, expressed their happiness by getting married.

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Naturally there was also great rejoicing in France over the victory. Titles of nobility were given to Hertel and Juchereau de Saint-Denis; a medal was struck with Louis XIV on one side, and on the other, the inscription: "*Francia in novo orbe victrix MDCXC*"; an autograph letter of congratulations was sent to Frontenac, as well as advice to keep up "a vigorous defensive," coupled with the information that it was impossible to send any troops to attack New York; from which it would appear that he was not held in as high esteem at Versailles as in America.

He was very much hurt that he did not receive some decoration, even such as had been given to his subordinate Callières. He still hoped but it never came, and hence he resolved to provide for his own glorification in a better fashion than by a bit of metal on his breast. He inserted a plate of imperishable bronze in the fortifications announcing to posterity, that it was Frontenac who had won the fight.

Ernest Gagnon in "*Le Fort et le Château Saint-Louis*" (p. 70) tells us that

"Frontenac who was a reflection of the Roi Soleil and preserved, on the Rock of Quebec, an attitude worthy of Versailles, caused to be placed in one of the angles of the walls between two huge stones, about where the chief tower of the Hotel Château Frontenac now stands, an inscription on a copper plate which was found by workmen in 1854. It is in Latin and runs thus:

D. O. M.
Anno Reparatae salutis
Millesimo sexcentesimo nonagesimo tertio
Regnante Augustissimo, Invictissimo et
Christianissimo Galliae Rege,
Ludovico Magno XIV,
Excellentissimus ac Illustrissimus Dnus
Dnus
Ludovicus de Buade,
Comes de Frontenac, totius Novae Franciae
Semel et iterum Prorex
Ab ipsomet, triennio ante, rebellibus Novae
Angliae incolis, hanc civitatem Quebecensem

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*obsidentibus, pulsis, fuis ac penitus
devictis,
Et iterum hocce supradicto anno obsidionem
minitantibus
Hanc arcem cum adjectis munimentis
in totius patriæ tutelam, populi salutem
necnon in perfidæ tum Deo, tum suo Regi
legitimo, gentis iterandam confusionem,
sumptibus regiis edificari
curavit
ac primarium lapidem
posuit."*

The meaning in English would be that

"In the year of the Redemption 1693, during the reign of the most august, most invincible and most Christian King, Louis XIV, the Great, the most excellent and most illustrious Lord Comte de Frontenac, Louis de Buade, who was twice the 'porex' [which usually means Viceroy, but may be benignly translated the King's Lieutenant] of all New France did by himself (*ab ipsomet*) three years ago, repel, scatter, and utterly crush the rebels of New England who besieged this city of Quebec, and again in the following year threatened to assail it, he now at the royal expense builds and places the corner stone of this citadel with its annexed fortifications, as a protection for the whole country, a safe refuge for its people and a perpetual protection against that perfidious race which has proved false to its God and its King."

Very probably Frontenac composed this memorial himself. Its foppery and boastful tone would suggest it. The Governor had a foible for literature and is credited with revising, if not rewriting, Leclercq's "*Etablissement de la Foi*," which may explain its unecclesiastical sentiments. It certainly was never printed with the approbation of a Bishop.

CHAPTER III

AFTER THE SIEGE

The repulse of the English did not, however, relieve the hunger of the people, who were almost in danger of starvation; nor did it terrify the Iroquois. These savages continued their depredations everywhere. At the mouth of the Ottawa, 800 made their appearance; 120 of them went down as far as Pointe aux Trembles on the St. Lawrence, and ravaged the country; Vaudreuil, Bienville, Crissi and the old chief Oréouharé caught some of them at Repentigny, but young Bienville was killed in the fight, and every one of the men withdrew bleeding from the fray. Again, in November, 1691, an attempt was made to surprise the settlement above Montreal at the Sault; there were attacks on Lake Champlain even as far as Chambly. In February, 1692, the Indians attempted to take Catarocqui, and Lanoue who was sent to meet them was badly beaten by the famous Chief Black Kettle, who later on sacked the settlement of La Chesnaie and was with difficulty driven to the woods by Vaudreuil and 400 men; the Sieur de Lausignan was killed near Three Rivers, a few days later. Indeed the alarm was so general that Frontenac had to detail 300 soldiers, at Montreal alone, to guard the settlers who were tilling the fields.

In 1693, it was determined to assume the offensive, and an expedition of 700 men under Manteht, Courtemanche and Lanoue started out from Montreal in January on snowshoes and directed their steps towards the Mohawk country. They arrived at the first village in mid-January and took several hundred prisoners. But as soon as the news reached Albany and Schenectady, Schuyler with 700 men set out to meet them. A fight ensued, and the French retreated, after losing forty prisoners and nearly all their provisions. By the time they

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reached Chazy, fifty miles from Montreal, they were out of supplies, and food had to be hurried forward to them. Only on March 17 the remnant of the expedition staggered into Montreal. The terror with which Frontenac is said to have inspired the Iroquois is a myth. It appears that both parties suffered from hunger on this expedition, and the story is told that Schuyler made up his mind to partake of the fare of his savage followers, but he lost courage when he found himself eating a human hand.

Instead of terrifying the Iroquois, we find Frontenac pleading with them for peace. He dismissed the prisoners that he had captured in different raids; again and again he sent great chiefs who were friendly to the French, such as Oréouharé and Garagonthié, to remonstrate with the tribes; he himself made grandiloquent speeches to their envoys, reminding them that he was their "father," a title which some of the Indians disliked, for it implied tutelage on their part, whereas they always claimed they were independent nations. But they continued to play with him for they knew his helplessness, and were perfectly well aware that while professing his benevolence in their regard, he was setting the Western Indians against them.

These latter, thanks to men like Perrot, Le Sueur and others, were induced to remain faithful to the French, and when they came down to Quebec, were received with the greatest ceremony. The troops went through their evolutions, the sailors performed their maneuvers, cannons were fired, the city illuminated and even the grand dames of Quebec were induced to wait on these dirty savages who were regaled with gargantuan banquets all the time they chose to remain in the colony. Finally seeing that his efforts to win the Iroquois were unavailing he determined on a great invasion of their country.

On July 6, 1696, his army began its march, encamping the first night on Ile Perrot. De Callières led the van which consisted of two battalions of regulars and a party of Indians.

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It was preceded by two large batteaux carrying two field pieces, mortars and ammunition. Frontenac followed with household and baggage. Then came four battalions of militia, while two others of regulars and Indians brought up the rear. In all there were 2,200 men.

On the 19th, they reached Catarocqui where they left twenty-six invalided men, and they proceeded across Lake Ontario. On the 28th, they arrived at the mouth of the Oswego River which they ascended slowly, for there the stream drains eight lakes, and is very swift. Only four or five miles were made the first day. Fifty scouts were, meantime, sent out on each side of the river. On the next day, the army was divided into two corps, and at night met nine miles higher up, at the foot of the Oswego Falls, which are about twenty feet high. At this point the greater part of the men were caught in the current and had to carry their cannon ashore, and then work till ten at night, by torch light, to make their portage to the higher ground, above the Falls. It meant a tramp of five leagues, knee deep in water.

At last they reached Lake Onondaga which they crossed in battle array with great pomp and ceremony. There a great fort was erected to protect their stores and boats. So far, however, there had been no sign of the Iroquois, but one evening a great light was seen in the direction of the Onondaga village. The Indians had set fire to their cabins and decamped. On August 3, a forward movement was made and the army encamped a half league further on, near the Salt Springs, the present Salina. On the march, Frontenac, who was then seventy-four years old, was carried in an arm chair, and sometimes in his canoe across the rapids, and was always surrounded by his household and volunteers, with the artillery before him. On his left was de Callières; on his right de Vaudreuil with their respective detachments, so that the old hero was very comfortable and very well protected.

They arrived at the Indian fort. It was a rectangular structure with four bastions, a double palisade flanked with redoubts

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and a fence forty or fifty feet high. Had it been occupied, the Onondagas would have made short work of Frontenac; but six days previously, its inhabitants had vanished to another village twenty-five leagues to the south; not one league as Charlevoix says. Our authority is Father James de Lamberville, a missionary of the time, who tells us that the Indians, informed that 6,000 French were coming to crush them, had naturally fled. "It was thought to be too far to pursue them"; says Father James de Lamberville in the "Relations" of 1697; "besides the soldiers' shoes were worn out, and every one was anxious to return to Canada for the harvest. Nevertheless a detachment of 700 men, 300 of whom were savages, set out for Oneida which was twelve or fifteen leagues distant. They went thither in one day." The inference is that Frontenac had made up his mind not to fight the Onondagas. Had he wished to do so, the distance of twenty-five leagues would not have been excessive.

This minor expedition to Oneida was under the command of Vaudreuil, but what happened at that place scarcely redounds to the credit of the invaders. There came out to meet them, the famous Indian woman, Susanne Gouentagrandi, who had saved Father Millet's life and had protected him during all the time of his captivity. With her were several Oneidas. They proposed to make terms of peace, and Susanne herself, even offered to go to live at Montreal with eighty of the tribe—an appeal which should certainly have been granted. But it is shocking to hear that although they professed to be willing to accede to her request, they followed her closely, "and," say the "Relations," "they entered Oneida tumultuously." This meant war and the Indians all fled in terror.

On August 8, perhaps before Vaudreuil had returned to Onondaga, one of the most hideous scenes in this otherwise farcical campaign occurred. An Onondaga Indian about eighty years old, Charlevoix says 100—was captured. He was nearly blind. Four hundred of Frontenac's warriors immediately began to wreak vengeance on him for the flight of the tribe.

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They subjected him to the most fiendish torture, but extorted from his lips only expressions of contempt for the Indians who were mean enough to make themselves slaves of the French. As all the pain they could inflict could not force him to show the slightest sign of weakness, some one stabbed him in the back and thus the old hero breathed his last.

Such is Charlevoix's account and Parkman copies him, except in the matter of the Indian's age. A more competent authority than either, is Father James de Lamberville who had long labored in New York missions, and had baptized this very Indian many years before. His account is found in volume sixty-five of the "Relations."

After telling of the outrage at Oneida, he says:

"The French captured only an old man eighty years of age, who was almost blind, and a crippled old woman who had concealed themselves in the neighborhood. They were both given to the Christian Iroquois. They granted the woman her life and then the question arose what should be done with the old man. The French wanted to put him to death. He asked to be killed with a club or stabbed, but the French peremptorily demanded that he be burned at a slow fire. I had baptized him when I was at Onondaga twelve years before. It was on St. Thomas' day and I gave him the name of the Saint. He greatly loved us, and had often given food to the Jesuit who was now preparing him for death and encouraging him to suffer bravely and as a Christian, the torture of fire they were going to make him endure. He prayed to God for a considerable time, after which they began to burn him."

Such is de Lamberville's account. There is nothing in it of the nonsense that Parkman indulges in, making the old man revile his tormentors by calling the Frenchmen "*dogs*," and their Indian allies "*dogs of dogs*," nor does he denounce them as Charlevoix says as "slaves of the French"; nor was he finally stabbed, as both of those writers say, but was struck on the head.

Where was Frontenac while this horrible crime was being perpetrated? He had plenty of time to know of it, for the

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Indian prayed a long time before the torture began and the priest must have implored the Governor to stop the execution. Father de Lamberville says: "When this came to the Governor's knowledge, he had pity on him, and *after an hour's torture would have given him his life, if he had not already been burned all over.*" The whole affair is a dreadful blot on the name of Frontenac.

"Thus," says de Lamberville, "all that was accomplished by this expedition of 2,200 men which had cost 50,000 crowns, was to burn two villages and capture an old man and an old woman. Meanwhile the lower Iroquois, the Mohawks, had killed or captured twenty or thirty persons between Three Rivers and Lake St. Pierre, and had burned houses and slaughtered cattle. Besides, as the army was retreating to Montreal, the Onondagas followed and killed three Indians, and a number of the French were drowned in the rapids."

A council of war had been held as to future operations, and it was determined to proceed against the rest of the Iroquois tribes and to build forts in their territory. Frontenac was fully in accord with this sentiment which was indeed general, when on the very evening of the council he declared that he had changed his mind. Every one was astounded, but he persisted, and in spite of the entreaties of his officers, he ordered the homeward march saying, so that he might be heard: "They wish to tarnish my glory and it is time that I take a little rest." It is said, also, on excellent authority, that he was heard to let slip the expression that de Callières was jealous of him and wanted him to begin a new enterprise so as to injure his reputation. As a matter of fact it was not a new enterprise at all, but the one originally intended. At all events, the impression prevailed years afterwards in the colony that Frontenac never intended to crush the Iroquois. The constant incursions of the Indians were a help for him to remain in office and afforded an answer to the complaints continually sent to France against his administration. At the same time his influence with the upper classes both in the Old and the New

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World was made secure, for in his hands lay most of the military appointments.

Whatever the reason may have been, he ordered the withdrawal, destroyed the post, and on the following day the troops embarked, and reached Montreal on August 20. Frontenac himself then descended to Quebec. It was the most absurd expedition reported in Canadian history, but he regarded it as a triumph, and sent the following letter to the King, than which it would be hard to find a more amazing example of misrepresentation and conceit:

"Sire: the benediction which Heaven has ever showered upon your Majesty's arms have extended even to this New World; whereof we have had visible proof in the expedition I have just made against the Onondagas, the principal nation of the Iroquois. I had long projected this enterprise, but the difficulties and risks which attended it made me regard it as imprudent, and I should never have resolved to undertake it if I had not last year established an *entrepôt* (Fort Frontenac), which made my communications more easy, and if I had not known, beyond all doubt, that this was the only means to prevent our allies from making peace with the Iroquois, and introducing the English into their country, which would have infallibly ruined the colony. Nevertheless, by unexpected good fortune, the Onondagas, who are regarded as the masters of this country, fell into a sort of bewilderment, which could only have come from on High; they were so terrified to see me march against them in person, and cover their lakes and rivers with nearly four hundred sail, that without availing themselves of passes where a hundred men might easily hold four thousand in check, they did not dare to lay a single ambuscade, but, after waiting till I was five leagues from their fort, they set it on fire with all their dwellings, and fled, with their families, twenty leagues into the depths of the forest. It could have been wished, to make the affair more brilliant, that they had tried to hold their fort against us, for we were prepared to force it and kill a great many of them; but their ruin is not the less sure, because the famine, to which they are reduced, will destroy more than we could have killed by sword and gun.

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"All the officers and men have done their duty admirably, and especially M. de Callières, who was a great help to me. I know not if your Majesty will think that I have tried to do mine, and will hold me worthy of some mark of honor that may enable me to pass the short remainder of my life with some little distinction; but whether this be so or not, I most humbly pray your Majesty to believe that I will sacrifice the rest of my days to your Majesty's service with the same ardor I have always felt."

His reference to Callières in this letter would seem to offset the accusation that he was jealous of his Lieutenant, but Frontenac could not very well have revealed any such sentiment in an official letter. Callières also, gives great praise to his chief. Anything else would have been insubordination.

The end of this futile campaign again found the colony in the grip of hunger, for all the able-bodied men had been taken away from the fields. Moreover in spite of the attention paid to the Western Indians, the Miamis had revolted and came near putting the Commandant Nicolas Perrot to death; a section of the Huron tribe had emigrated to Albany; the Iroquois were again rampant, and dispatches arrived from France, ordering the abandonment of Mackinac and Fort St. Louis on the Mississippi. Frontenac's Indian policy had completely collapsed.

Nor had he in the slightest degree modified his tyrannical methods of government. On the contrary he was worse than ever. The same disgraceful squabbles with the Intendant which had caused so much strife among the people during the first administration, were continued in the second. Champigny who now held that post was continually complaining to the King that it was impossible to control Frontenac's expenditures, and furthermore that the scandalous abuse of his office in the matter of fur-trading, far from being corrected, was worse than ever. It was of common knowledge that he was in partnership with La Salle in the establishment of Catarocqui which was never anything else but a trading post, and was shamelessly making money by the sale of licenses to the

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coureurs. The extent and audacity of Frontenac's enterprises in this direction may be estimated from the fact that his man of all work, Cadillac, sent down from Mackinac a cargo of furs worth 675,000 livres—a livre was estimated as equal to about two and one-half francs. They were seized by the Intendant and the case brought before the Conseil, but Frontenac interfered and referred it to his relative Pontchartrain who was then one of the King's Ministers in France.

The liquor traffic was still unchecked, and Father de Carheil writing from Mackinac which was in charge of Cadillac, Frontenac's "confidential man," describes the place as "a Sodom." "The occupation of the garrison," he says, "consists in buying, selling, drinking, gambling and debauching the squaws." The Governor's apologists maintain that the conditions were purposely portrayed in such lurid colors by the missionaries because they wanted to extend their domination over the country by marrying the *coureurs* to the squaws and establishing permanent populations around their missions. It is true that such a method of domination would not have enriched the men who were making money out of the souls and bodies of the wretched natives, but surely it would have been better for Canada. In 1695 all licenses for such trading were revoked, and on his deathbed Frontenac regretted his share in the infamous business.

The fight with the Church authorities was even more acrimonious than in the first administration. The nomination of Saint-Vallier as Bishop was acceptable to the Governor because it eliminated Laval from the fight, and the new incumbent seemed more amenable in the matter of the appointment of pastors—a point on which the Governor still kept harping. But this good feeling was soon interrupted by what was regarded as clerical interference in secular concerns. "The trouble arises especially," he wrote to the Minister, "from the excess of zeal of certain priests. The curé of Montreal is a Franc-Comtois who would like to establish an Inquisition here worse than that of Spain, and a number of his colleagues are

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with him. Those who feel obliged to oppose the passions and interests of these priests are treated as infidels." That brought a letter from the Minister inviting Saint-Vallier to moderate "the zeal of those clerics who were too pronounced in the matter of the liquor traffic."

A sermon in the Seminary chapel also angered the Governor, but the first open rupture of relations between him and Saint-Vallier grew out of a scandal in the various garrisons of the country. The soldiers had found out that by passing over their miserable pay to the officers, who pretended to use it to supply a substitute, they could go out of the garrison and work the farms of the habitants and thus earn a good deal more and have a better time. This, of course, had disastrous effects in many directions.

In the first place, the whole military organization was disrupted; the soldiers never appearing in the forts except for review. Again, it made the dishonesty and meanness of the officers universal. Indeed only four captains refused to disgrace themselves in this respect; namely the two Le Moyne: de Longueuil and Maricourt; Duluth and Durantaye. This is on Frontenac's own testimony. (Arch. Col. Canada, corr. gén. 16, 1698, fol. 102) As Duluth was charged with having been Ferrot's chief agent in the matter of illicit fur-trading, his attitude in this matter would seem to imply that he had been unjustly accused or had reformed. The case of Durantaye is particularly noticeable because he had been removed by Frontenac from Mackinac, which he had kept in perfect order. Although he might have amassed a fortune there he left it a poor man and was in dire straits when this opportunity was presented to him which he scorned. In the third place, if there was any military work to be done, any raid to be repelled, it was not these farming soldiers who were called out, but the militia.

There was also an economic aspect to the question. The soldiers worked for twenty or thirty sous a day besides their meals. This was a lower price than the ordinary wages of a

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hired man, and, naturally as the Intendant informed the authorities, there was great popular discontent. Hence when the Bishop called attention to it in a pastoral, he could not be accused of meddling *dans une affaire de police*; he was denouncing a widespread and dangerous abuse. Nevertheless he was condemned by the authorities, and of course by the culprits; riots broke out in the city, during which the windows of the Bishop's residence were smashed by the mob. The officers took their part in the fray by writing scurrilous attacks on the Bishop. Evidently Frontenac had very little control of his troops.

Then Montreal had its disorders. Callières, the Governor, was accused of misconduct. This charge, he denounced as a calumny, and when Saint-Vallier issued several pastoral letters about the matter, the Governor posted up a libellous attack on the Bishop. A few days afterwards, when the latter went to Montreal for a religious investiture at the Recollect Church, he found the Governor occupying the place of honor in the sanctuary. When asked to vacate it for the prelate he refused; and the Bishop took his departure after laying an interdict on the Church. As usual the case was referred to Louis XIV.

Frontenac, of course, took sides with Callières, (Ferland p. 320) and to irritate the Bishop, he had Molières' "Tartuffe," with its actors and actresses, dancers and danseuses presented, not only in the Château, but in the Ursuline convent, the Hôtel Dieu and the Jesuit College. When he announced that it was to be played in the Seminary, the Bishop remonstrated and the matter was dropped.

It was certainly a very shocking proceeding and would imply a degree of indecency that one would like to suppose impossible for the Governor-general of a Catholic colony. Indeed Lorin and Myrand admit the intention, but deny the fact and base their assertion on the authority of Ernest Gagnon who proves by documentary evidence that the play was never represented in those religious houses. Unfortunately, both of the

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authors named, while endeavoring to exculpate the Governor only inflict on him another infamy. They admit that he really intended to produce the play, but consented to withhold it only when the Bishop gave him 100 crowns. A Governor who virtually extorts money by threatening to debauch the colony whose morality he was bound by oath to safeguard is not a personality one should be called upon to admire and extol. He took the money, and it is said, gave it to the poor. At that time he was seventy-five years old.

On top of this comes another unpleasant incident. One of the inmates of the château who was in favor with Frontenac because of his skill in organizing and directing these theatrical entertainments, was notorious for his immorality and his open and repeated sneers at Christianity. The Bishop asked Frontenac to check the offender, but, says Lorin: "Mareuil, (such was his name), was one of that type of courageous, fighting, gallant officers, somewhat loose in their morals at times, but not distasteful to Frontenac, *un ancien frondeur lui-même*." The Bishop issued a sentence of excommunication and reported the case to the *Conseil-Souverain*, but Mareuil denied their right to try the case, and his friend Frontenac in a fury intervened to save him. Appeal after appeal was taken and for four months the wretched affair occupied the attention of the court.

On November 29, 1698, after a few days illness Frontenac went to give his account to God. He had reached the seventy-eighth year of his age. He was reconciled to the Bishop and the Intendant before he died, and received the Sacraments of the Church. He made some trifling presents and arranged to have Masses offered for his soul. The story is current that he sent his heart to his wife but she refused it saying that as she did not possess it when he was living, she did not want it when he was dead. The report was probably manufactured by some romancer. What estate he left is not recorded. At his funeral the preacher said that goodness was the characteristic of the political life of the departed, and valor of his mili-

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tary career. Without much eloquence, but with an air of conviction he insisted upon the piety and disinterestedness of his hero.

As Frontenac was the Apostolic Syndic of the Recollects, which meant that he was their fiscal agent, the eulogy of his piety referred probably to his devotion to their material interests. But Charlevoix finds it "hard to reconcile the piety attributed to the Governor with the bitterness and ferocity with which he assailed those who offended him or whom he disliked. Indeed on the most important occasions of his life, he gave reason to think that his ambition and the desire to preserve his authority had greater weight with him than the public good. There is no virtue that will endure if one lets his dominant passion get the upper hand. Frontenac might have been a great prince, if Providence had placed him on a throne, but it is a dangerous defect in a subject not to be persuaded that his glory consists in sacrificing everything for the service of the King and the good of the people."

In brief, Frontenac seems to be a manufactured hero. His picturesqueness and his anticlericalism made him available as a political idol.

LA SALLE

CHAPTER I

FIRST FAILURES

In describing the death of Marquette, Bancroft (III, 161), says that when

"Jolliet returned to Quebec to announce the discovery of the Mississippi, the unassuming Marquette remained to preach the Gospel to the Miamis who dwelt in the north of Illinois around Chicago. Two years afterwards, sailing from Chicago to Mackinaw, he entered a little river in Michigan. Erecting an altar, he said Mass after the rites of the Catholic Church, then begging the men who conducted his canoe to leave him alone for half an hour,

In the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest, solemn thanks
And supplication.

"At the end of the half hour, they went to seek him and he was no more. The good missionary, discoverer of a world, had fallen asleep on the margin of a stream that bears his name. Near its mouth, the canoe-men dug his grave in the sand. Ever after, the forest rangers, if in danger on Lake Michigan, would invoke his name. The people of the West will build his monument.

"At the death of Marquette there dwelt at the outlet of Lake Ontario, Robert Cavalier de la Salle. Of a good family he had renounced his inheritance by entering the seminary of the Jesuits. After profiting by the discipline of their schools and obtaining their praise for purity and diligence, he had taken his discharge from the fraternity, and about the year 1667 when the attention of all France was directed towards Canada, he embarked for fame and fortune in New France."

On the other hand Ferland and Kingsford deny that La Salle had ever been a Jesuit, taking as their authority the distinguished Jesuit Father Martin, who declared that he had made a diligent search through all the catalogues of the French

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provinces of the Society, but failed to find any trace of the name of La Salle. No wonder; for it was not there. That was a title assumed after he left the Society. But had Father Martin consulted the column C, he would have found Robert *Ignace* Cavalier—the future La Salle. Devotion to the Founder of the Society had prompted him to take the name Ignace, though he discarded it when he ceased to be a Jesuit. This information is given by Rochemonteix in "*Les Jésuites et la Nouvelle France.*" It is of value, for it fills up the gap of nine years in La Salle's life, which until then was never accounted for.

La Salle was born at Rouen, November 21, 1643, and went to the Jesuit College in that city. He was fifteen years old when he finished his Rhetoric, and on October 5, 1658, he entered the Novitiate at Paris. His Master of Novices, Father Mouret, though a skilful and famous spiritual guide, found a difficult subject in young Cavalier, who was cursed with a wild imagination, a temper at times beyond control, a spirit of independence and a restlessness that gave rise to anxiety from the start. But patience and prayer finally succeeded in fitting him for his first vows, not, however, without misgivings on the part of his Superiors.

At the end of his noviceship, he was sent to the Royal College of La Flèche for a course of logic, mathematics and the natural sciences. The two latter branches were especially in honor there, because of the prominence in the scientific world of the Rector, Father Grandamy, and a Professor named de Riennes. Brother Cavalier was not a model of application in those two years, but at least he gave evidence of considerable aptitude for the physical sciences, in the study of which he was to have remained there for three years, but before two had elapsed, he was teaching a low class in Alençon. He kept at that work only a year, and was back again in La Flèche to complete his interrupted course. From 1664 to 1666 he was a Professor at Blois and Tours, and at the end of 1666, returned to La Flèche to begin his theology.

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These constant shiftings indicated a lack of steadiness in his character, and the Superiors described him in their reports as *inquietus*, never at rest. It was also remarked that he was growing gloomy and bad-tempered. In other words he was beginning to get unsteady in his vocation. He himself felt it and thought he could overcome the temptation by becoming a missionary, and hence on April 5, 1666, he wrote the General, Father Oliva, to that effect. As he was then only twenty-three, and had made no theology, of course he was told to wait. Not satisfied with this he returned to the charge and received the same answer. At last, under the impression that the rude work of the foreign missions might to some extent sober him, he was granted the extraordinary privilege of being allowed to prepare for ordination, five or six years before the usual time in the Society. Not even that satisfied him, and he asked, and asked again to be allowed to go to Portugal to study. He was extremely angry when that request was refused and then demanded his dismissal, which was granted, and on March 28, 1667, he was relieved of his vows.

He was not poor, as Bancroft says; his family was wealthy, but when looking about for something to do, he naturally thought of Canada, whither his brother, Jean Cavelier, a Sulpician, had gone a short time before. The chance of adventure in the New World had probably some influence on the choice, and though Rochemonteix thinks it absurd that a young man of twenty-four, just emerging from the seclusion of a religious community should be dreaming of finding the passage to China, yet it is very probable that some such fancy possessed him. It had been in the public mind ever since Cartier's time and before, and explorers are still looking for a short cut to the east. He came out in 1667, though a document attributed to him gives 1666, a mistake which, we say in passing, goes to show that the paper in question is a forgery,—apart from other indications leading to that conclusion. He left the Society in 1667, and consequently could not have been in Canada prior to that date.

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Margry in the frontispiece of his first volume gives us a portrait of La Salle "as he was at the age of twenty-two or twenty-three," but considerable courage would be needed to accept it as genuine. One reason is that at the age of twenty-two or twenty-three he was a Jesuit and consequently did not wear a wig with its long curls falling down on his shoulders, nor did he wind about his neck the lace kerchief of the period, nor did he don the brilliant waistcoat of a young gallant. Moreover, far from inducing us to believe that it represents La Salle, the author's explanation of the portrait only augments one's doubts. "As for the portrait of La Salle and those of his immediate relatives, I could not trace them," he says, "because the inventories consulted had *only* these words: *Tableaux ou portraits de famille*, and I was compelled to chose between two engravings representing the discoverer." But how did he know they represented "the discoverer," if the only trace he had was the general indication of "*portraits de famille*"? He therefore chose "*celle qui offrait le plus de vraisemblance*," the one which was most likely his. That one, enlarged by the photographer, and *interpreted* by a skillful engraver and an *homme d'esprit*, gave the picture of La Salle. Thanks to the engraver and *l'homme d'esprit*, it represents a handsome youth, but is it La Salle?

Very likely it was through his brother's influence that he was made the *Seigneur* of an estate at the western end of Montreal Island, the place where the Sulpician, le Maitre had been murdered by the savages not long before. But clearing the forests and cultivating the soil was not congenial work, and he was more frequently in his canoe or on his *raquettes* with the Indians than on his farm. He was on friendly terms with the Iroquois because he had haled to court three French soldiers who had treacherously killed a Seneca. One day the Indians told him of a great river called the Ohio that ran down to the sea. The information set him on fire and though he had already made some money out of his estate by selling sections of it to settlers, it was not suffi-

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cient for him to equip an expedition and he therefore made the amazing proposition to his benefactors, the Sulpicians, that they should buy back the greater part of the property they had presented to him. Singularly enough they assented, and he made a bargain with them for 1,000 livres, payable in merchandise on the arrival of the ships from Europe. Besides that, M. de Queylus put in his hands another lump sum. He did not, however, altogether relinquish his title to the property. He kept fifty acres and also a lake, called St. Pierre, besides another thirty acres on which he had erected some buildings. But de Queylus was quite unnerved when La Salle went further and sold the eighty acres to Milot, for which he got 2,800 livres, and then posted off to Quebec to lay his plans before de Courcelles.

He made a good impression on the Governor, who furnished him with letters patent as well as passports through the English possessions, and even permitted any soldier who wished to join the expedition. Moreover, as the Sulpician, Dollier de Casson was just then in Quebec, arranging for an apostolic campaign in the same regions which La Salle was to explore, the Governor thought it advisable to unite the two enterprises in one.

Dollier fitted out three canoes and hired seven men, while La Salle took four canoes with fourteen men, but it was seen from his contracts that he was not at all clear about his route. He engaged his crew to go to the Indian countries, which were "in the North as well as in the South," and the wages he offered were so extravagant that he exhausted his resources and had to sell to Le Ber and Le Moyne, for 600 livres, the remnant of the property at the Sault, along with the buildings that had been erected.

Naturally de Queylus was more anxious than ever and anticipated precisely what happened, namely that some freak might take possession of La Salle and prompt him to abandon the missionaries in the wilderness. Hence, for precaution's sake he got de Gallinée, who was in deacon's orders, to go as

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Dollier's companion. This addition to the party was welcome, for Gallinée knew some Algonquin, though he was ignorant of Iroquois. He was, besides, an astronomer and a mathematician.

The difficulty about Iroquois was obviated, it was thought, by La Salle's declaration that he was familiar with the language—a claim that was absolutely false. Indeed Gallinée suspected it at the time and secured the services of a Dutch interpreter who, however, could not speak French. Unfortunately no one else in the party knew Dutch, and how they could establish a line of communication with the Indians is hard to make out. Altogether it was a curious combination: two ecclesiastics, altogether untrained for life in the woods, with a raw and rash leader, and an interpreter who could understand what the Indians said but could not explain it to his employers.

Some delay occurred because the three murderers previously mentioned, who were going to be executed, wanted Dollier's services in their last moments, and also, perhaps, because there was some suspicion that the wrath of the savages had not been really appeased, especially as, on the very eve of the execution, another atrocious murder was committed. Gallinée also had some scruples about going without the Bishop's permission, but he got over it by concluding that as he was only a deacon, he was not exercising any jurisdiction. At last, with considerable trepidation, the adventurers pushed off their canoes into the upper waters of the St. Lawrence and sailed away. Nor were their apprehensions diminished when their Seneca guide, instead of going up to Quinté, to visit the Sulpicians at that post, as had been arranged, made straight for the other side of the Lake, in the direction of the Seneca country.

The landing place was about six leagues from Gandaougaré, the principal Seneca village. Dollier and a few others remained in the canoes on guard, while La Salle, Gallinée and eight men set out to see the chief, to ask for some of the

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captives taken by the Indians in their western raids to act as guides to the Mississippi. The Council assembled, but when there was question of saying what they came for, La Salle was dumb and had to admit that he did not know the language, nor could the Dutchman translate the chief's discourse into French. Fortunately Gandaougaré happened to be a Jesuit mission post; the priest, however, Father Frémin, was away but his servant came to the rescue and made known what was wanted.

Frémin's absence, on this occasion, has been frequently represented by those who are seeking Jesuitry in everything, as a malicious attempt to thwart the success of the enterprise, though how Frémin, in the far-away forests, could have known of the expedition is hard to imagine. Even if he had been apprised of its coming, he could not have waited for them; because he had arranged long before to meet all the missionaries who were scattered throughout the territory from Lake Erie to the Hudson River in a general council at Onondaga at a specified time. It would have been physically impossible to prorogue it.

During their stay the two Sulpicians were afforded the opportunity of witnessing a specimen of the horrors among which those heroic old missionaries lived. Some one had brought up a liberal supply of rum from Albany and the whole village was drunk. The Frenchmen were terrified, and night and day they had to keep their hands on their weapons against a possible attack, especially as the Iroquois who had been killed in Montreal belonged to Gandaougaré and many of the braves were still talking about vengeance. To add to the horror of the situation, the visitors were treated to the burning of a captive.

"I saw the most shocking spectacle," writes Gallinée, "that I ever beheld in all my life. The prisoner, a boy of eighteen or twenty, was tied to a stake and tortured for six hours, with an ingenuity that was diabolical in its devices. During the execution, the crowd danced with delight around the fire, and

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the old men and chiefs sat serenely smoking their pipes, while they watched the writhings of the unfortunate sufferer. The body was at last cut up and eaten, and at night everyone was busy beating on the sides of the lodges to scare away the spirits of the dead."

Gallinée tells us that he discovered from a few words uttered by the victim, that he was an Algonquin, but as he could not quite understand the poor wretch, he concluded somewhat naively, "it was not good Algonquin." "However, I got him to say 'O Thou, who hast made all things, I am sorry not to have obeyed Thee, and if I live I will obey Thee.' I did not baptize him for I was not sure of his dispositions. I thought, in any case, that the act of contrition would be enough. He died repeating the words, 'Thou hast made all things, have pity on me,' and he continually raised his eyes to Heaven." Evidently the deacon's theology was at fault.

Gandaougaré was certainly not a pleasant place to tarry in, and it is surprising that the travellers stayed there for several weeks, asking in vain for a guide. The illness of Dollier helped to delay their departure but they finally took their leave and after four or five days journey reached Niagara, "whose roar," Gallinée asserts, "could be heard ten or twelve leagues away, and even at Quinté on the other side of the lake."

On September 22, 1669, they reached the village of Tenaoutoua, the locality of which it is now impossible to determine. There they met Jolliet who had left Montreal a little before them, and was now coming down by the lakes, after an unsuccessful search for copper mines which Frontenac had commissioned him to discover. With him was an Iroquois whom he had freed from captivity among the Ottawas. This meeting is a notable one for it fixes the historical fact that it was Jolliet who discovered the water-way from Montreal to the North West by the Great Lakes. In a document we shall see later, it is claimed that La Salle had been an explorer before him, which is no doubt true chronologically, but La Salle had not yet succeeded in any enterprise as extensive as the one which he now saw young Jolliet completing.

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Previous to this, La Salle had fallen sick of a fever and was so low that his life was despaired of. It was said that he was frightened by three huge rattle-snakes that had crossed his path when he was out hunting. "Snakes of that kind swarm in these parts," Gallinée tells us, "and are six or seven feet long." When he recovered, "the dislike of going any further and the desire to see Montreal took possession of him." On the other hand Dollier and Gallinée excited by Jolliet's story were anxious to go to the Ottawa country to evangelize the Indians. When the course was at last decided upon, La Salle excused himself for abandoning them as "he could not make up his mind to pass the winter in the woods with people who were not accustomed to it, for they would probably die of starvation. Finally, on the last day of September he took his departure. Arriving at Montreal he alarmed the colony by the pictures he drew of the probable fate of the expedition.

It was on this occasion that the name Lachine was given to La Salle's former habitation. The public was amused at the man who was so clever that he could make the trip to China and back in such a wonderfully short time, apart from the month he had spent in a Seneca village. Previous to that it was called the *Seigneurie de St. Sulpice*, as Faillon demonstrates with documents in hand.

On October 13, Gallinée's party reached the north shore of Lake Erie, probably at Long Point, and made up their mind to winter there. The storms that swept the lake drove them away from the first camp and into the woods where they built their cabin and fortified it, so as to be ready for any possible attack. Fortunately the winter was mild, though the cold, as they found afterwards, had been very bitter in Montreal and Quebec. Their stay was a long one, for they resumed their journey only on March 26, after having erected a cross on which they fastened the arms of the King. They finally reached Lake Huron, and on Pentecost Sunday, May 26, were cordially received by the Jesuits at Sault Ste. Marie. After a short stay there, they descended the Ottawa and reached

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Montreal on June 18. The journey down the river took twenty-two days and was one series of hardships. They had found that the Ottawas were being taken care of.

What was La Salle doing while Dollier and Gallinée were paddling over the Great Lake? Faillon says (III, p. 312) that "having separated from them, on September, 1669, to return to Villemarie, and having recovered his health on the way back, we are assured, (*on assure*) that he continued his explorations with only a part of his men—the others having refused to follow him, and (*on ajoute*) that he entered the Mississippi River *of which he was thus the first discoverer.*" After remarking that the "*Rélation des Jésuites*" of that year was suppressed by de Courcelles, Faillon, in order to "*fortifier*" his previous assertion cites a *Mémoire* of Frontenac, which runs as follows: "Jolliet whom they have so much vaunted, ahead of time, was a *voyageur* only subsequent to La Salle; and La Salle will show you, Monseigneur, that Jolliet wrote a 'Relation' which is false in many respects." "This document," continues Faillon, "is substantiated by the testimony of Bacquerille de la Potherie in his "*Histoire de l'Amérique Septentrionale*," in which he says: 'If the discovery of the mouth of the Mississippi is now before our eyes, we can say that it is due to the light shed upon it by M. La Salle who is the first to make us acquainted with all that country. He is the first who penetrated that vast continent.'

"We shall not enter into the discussion," adds Faillon, "but it will be sufficient to note that from a contract which may be found in the Registrar's office of Villemarie, it is clear that La Salle continued his explorations. We find in the records that on August 6, 1671, he received, on credit, in his great need and necessity, from M. Migeon de Branssat, the Fiscal Procurator at Villemarie, merchandize amounting to the sum of 454 livres tournois; and when he was at Villemarie, on December 18, 1672, he promised to pay the debt in the following August, either in money or peltries, at Le Ber's house in Villemarie where he lived; or in that of his relative M. Nicholas Crevet, Royal Councillor and Master of Accounts,

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at Rouen. These details are given," concludes Faillon, "to shed light on the voyages of the celebrated navigator."

It is by no means "clear from this that La Salle continued his explorations." For the document which "fortifies" this conclusion as Faillon declares, is a "*Mémoire* of Frontenac, published by Margry (I, p. 329) which says:

"The Sieur de la Salle went to Canada in 1666; in 1667 and the following years he made several journeys at considerable expense, in the course of which he was the first to discover the countries south of the Great Lakes, among others (*sic*) the great river Ohio which he followed to a place where it is swollen by a very wide river from the north at 37° N. latitude, where it falls at a great height into a vast marsh."

It is not hard to dispose of this nonsense, for La Salle did not come to America in 1666, but in 1667; second: he did not organize several expeditions at great expense before his alleged journey to the Ohio; he organised *half of one* and turned back after a few weeks; third: he could not in the short space of time allotted to him have discovered much of the "countries south of the Great Lakes," though he traversed them many years afterwards; fourth: he could not have found a wide river swelling the Ohio at 37° N. latitude; there is none; nor is there vast marsh there; nor could he have seen the river falling from a great height, for the only thing of that kind in the Ohio is at Louisville, and instead of being a cataract it is a descent of only twenty-two feet, and is so gradual that steamboats ascend it when there is enough water in the river; nor is it situated at 37° latitude but 39°; and finally even if he ever arrived at that point, which is doubtful, he would not have reached the Mississippi which is 400 miles away.

As for the document itself, even Margry, who published it, warns us not to trust it. It is anonymous; full of errors of names and places; and the fact that "the illustrious Jansenist Arnaud is mentioned in the text should," he says, "put us on our guard against it. It was found in a collection of Jansenist papers all hostile to the Jesuits."—a very kind warning from

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Margry. Moreover the "*Mémoire*" does not say that La Salle was the *first* to discover the river, but that "in many things Jolliet's account is *incorrect*"; nor does Frontenac the author of the "*Mémoire*" correct in 1677 what he had said in 1673, that Jolliet was the discoverer of the Mississippi; nor does the glory of La Salle in being a *voyageur* prior to Jolliet, at all imply that in any of those voyages he had discovered the Mississippi. As for de la Potherie he was speaking of La Salle's descent to the mouth and not of the discovery of the river. Finally Faillon himself makes a mistake when he says that de Courcelles suppressed the "*Rélations des Jésuites*."

On the whole, La Salle had clumsy press agents. The forgeries just mentioned were bad enough to prejudice any case, but another of his friends, who, according to Margry, was the Abbé Bernou, Renaudot's associate editor of the *Gazette de France* must have been a very stupid individual, though posing as a very clever one. He too, wrote a "*Mémoire*" to Seignelay in which he says that "even if La Salle was not the first to discover the Mississippi, he was the first to conceive the idea. He suggested it to de Courcelles and Talon, and they approved of it." "With that end in view," continues Bernou,

"La Salle made several journeys in that direction, notably one with the Sulpicians, Dollier and Gallinée, and although it is true that to get ahead of him, Jolliet redescended the river in 1673, that expedition was for commercial purposes only; it did not entail much expense and did not result in establishing any forts in these parts."

History records many more of Bernou's utterances. To all appearances he fancied himself another Richelieu. Thus we find him urging a discontented Spaniard, the Marquis de Peñalosa, to gather together a band of filibusters from the West Indies, (he calls them *filibustiers* sometimes and at others *fribustiers*) and with them invade Mexico which he was to hand over to Louis XIV. The Marquis refused to be caught and then the Abbé endeavored to associate him in the same enterprise with La Salle. La Salle was to descend the Mis-

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issippi with 15,000 savages and Peñalosa was to attack Panuco on the coast. In the genuine spirit of a conspirator he rarely gives the Marquis his true name, when unfolding this gigantic scheme to Renaudot. He calls him "Primavera," or "De Saint Foy" or *un tel*." When La Salle enters on the scene it is "*notre amy*." One who is presumably a Jesuit he designates as "*Robe Noire*," etc. He claims the honor of having discovered Peñalosa and La Salle.

It was he who wrote the "Relation" ascribed to La Salle and he informs Renaudot how he did it. (Margry III, p. 79) "You tell me he will have no time to write a 'Relation.' Let him rest a few days at Montrouge. In brief he need not write it; all that he needs to do is to send me some notes of correction and development, and scribble over the pages of my 'Relations.' He need only mark the page and write a word or two to serve as a reference." Thus, it is not La Salle who speaks in the 'Relation' attributed to him, but Bernou. In all likelihood it is Bernou who wrote the elaborate account of Joutel. He was La Salle's evil genius.

Besides this pair, La Salle had also as champions the Recollets, Douay and Hennepin, the latter of whom claimed the discovery for himself when La Salle died. Finally there was Gravier who denounced the Jesuits as "poisoners and assassins."

Where did La Salle go when he deserted Gallinée? Although he borrowed money on his return to Montreal it was only "because of his great necessity and need." Surely, four hundred livres would not be enough for an expedition to the Ohio. As a matter of fact, he did not go south at all; Perrot met him in 1669 far up the Ottawa, hunting with the Iroquois, and in 1671, according to Ferland and Sulte, he was with Saint-Lusson at Sault Ste.-Marie. His name does not appear in the *procès verbal* drawn up on that occasion; but it is likely that, as he was then a discredited man, he kept in the background. Moreover, after the list of signatures, appear the words "and others." He may have been among the "others."



RENÉ ROBERT CAVELIER DE LA SALLE

CHAPTER II

CRÈVE-CŒUR

At last Frontenac arrived in America and La Salle emerged from the woods. They took to each other instinctively. They were both in need of money and both insanely ambitious; both proud, arrogant and overbearing, but while Frontenac displayed those unpleasant traits on every occasion, La Salle had to keep himself in check to win favor with the man on whom he depended for his future. He was far more subservient than when he wore a cassock. It is absurd to describe him at that period as a man of great intellectual powers and unusual scientific attainments. He had been trained by eminent men, but had risen no higher than the position of a professor in an inferior class of a small college; though doubtless, he towered over many in the colony at that time. In a worldly sense, it was fortunate that he was out with the Sulpicians who were soon to be Frontenac's enemies. He kept aloof also from his old associates, the Jesuits, whom Frontenac hated, but as he had to have chaplains, the Recollect friars who were Frontenac's friends were at his side in all of his expeditions subsequent to the one he made with Gallinée.

In 1672, Frontenac wrote to Colbert that de Courcelles who had just returned to France, would inform him that it was very desirable to erect a fort at Catarocqui (the present Kingston) in order to keep the dangerous Iroquois in check and incidentally, it was intimated, that it would prevent the southern Indians from carrying the furs of Canada down to the English settlements. The two motives seem to be mixed, but it was commonly believed in Canada that Frontenac's scheme was economic rather than patriotic, and it was bitterly resented, especially in Montreal, for tapping as it did the Ottawa and commanding the great lakes. The establishment of Catarocqui meant the ruin of the fur trade in Montreal.

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The Home Government had pronounced itself very emphatically against the multiplication of such posts, but Frontenac paid very little attention to these royal prohibitions, and proceeded with all possible expedition to carry out his project. He chose La Salle for his chief agent and sent him down to the Iroquois territory in order to assure the tribes that the building of the fort was not a warlike measure but merely an arrangement to facilitate the purchase of furs. They were all invited to its inauguration.

La Salle achieved a triumph in this work. It is all the more wonderful because he was unable to express himself in the language of the tribes. The explanation of it is to be found in the fact that the Jesuit missionaries came to his aid: Bruyas among the Mohawks; Lamberville among the Onondagas; and Garnier among the Senecas cordially co-operated with him and ensured the success of the undertaking. Had they held aloof, it is doubtful if he would have been able to influence a single chief. Nevertheless, we look in vain for the names of any of them among those who took part in the ceremonies, on that occasion. On the other hand, however, as Frontenac did not like them, they naturally would have preferred not to go even if invited. The result was that not only did La Salle get all the honor but he was richly rewarded by being subsequently made Commandant of the fort. He was also established as a co-partner in the enterprise and shared the receipts that began to pour into this new trading post. But never a word of recognition was uttered to bring to public notice the services of the missionaries in helping him to put this feather in his cap, and never a sou was contributed to assist them in their hard work of converting the Indians and keeping them loyal to France. Lamberville complains, again and again, that he had no medicine to give to his sick and dying people, and that he was often compelled to palm off lumps of sugar in lieu of drugs, which "by the mercy of God," he says, "had sometimes a marvelous effect."

After this exploit, came Frontenac's battle with Governor

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Perrot and his ill treatment of the Sulpicians. The former had outwardly the appearance of a clash of authority, but was in point of fact a commercial fight. In the two phases of this lamentable affair La Salle cuts a sorry figure.

Frontenac had sent Bizard to arrest Carion, one of Perrot's officers, for harboring two unlicensed *coureurs*. Perrot intervened, flung Frontenac's warrant into Bizard's face and put him in jail. La Salle had witnessed this proceeding and he and Le Ber drew up a *procès verbal* which they proposed to send to Frontenac. Perrot got wind of it and arrested Le Ber, but because of the influence of La Salle's brother, the Abbé Cavelier, he satisfied himself with keeping La Salle under observation. Discovering that he was watched, our hero escaped in the night, and made haste to Quebec to tell the story to Frontenac.

Then followed the Fénelon episode. That excellent ecclesiastic was induced to go down with Perrot to Quebec to explain matters and was horrified on his arrival to see the Governor of Montreal thrown into prison without the pretence of a trial or even an explanation, and he returned to Montreal in a high state of indignation over the unworthy part he had been induced to play.

It happened that his regular turn to preach came on Easter Sunday. The church was crowded and La Salle's own brother was on the altar, as one of the officials of the Solemn Mass. La Salle himself was at the back of the church. When the moment came for the sermon Fénelon appeared in the pulpit and took for his text: "Woman, why weepest thou?" After expatiating on the general lesson of the great feast, he added:

"One who is invested with authority should not disturb the people dependent on him; he should regard them as his children and be a father in their regard; he should not disturb the business of the country by ill treating those who do not share with him whatever money they may make; but should be satisfied with what he himself may gain honestly; he should not trample the people under foot, and crush them with excessive burdens which profit only himself; he should not sur-

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round himself with creatures who repeat his praises everywhere; nor under specious pretexts should he oppress those, who if they have other views, serve the same master as himself; and he should treat with respect the priests and ministers of religion."

This was too much for La Salle. He was here held up as a sycophant before the whole congregation; the Catarocqui scheme was described from the pulpit as a corrupt business deal, while Frontenac was publicly denounced as a tyrant. He arose from his seat, and while the preacher proceeded with his tirade, Frontenac, by gestures, called the attention of those around to the significance of the preacher's words, and appealed, in the same fashion even to the celebrant of the Mass. The latter merely shrugged his shoulders and made no effort to stop the eloquence of the preacher who, says Faillon "blushed to see himself thus made the witness and object of this indecent scene."

But Fénelon did not stop there. At the instance of Madame Perrot he went around from house to house and secured sixty-five signatures to a declaration that the deposed Governor, then in jail at Quebec, was innocent of the charges against him. La Salle hastened down the river to report this new offense and Frontenac forthwith demanded Fénelon's expulsion from the community of St. Sulpice. To obviate further trouble the Abbé made over his property to the seminary, ceased to be a Sulpician and was summoned to Quebec to stand trial for rebellion and sedition. He returned to France, and Canada never saw him again. Such was La Salle's gratitude to the religious community that had befriended him when he was in beggary and which even when he had deserted two of its members in the wilderness around Lake Erie, strove to win for him the glory of a discovery which he never made. Nor did he have the slightest regard for the feelings or humiliation of his brother who was a member of the Sulpician community at the time. Indeed until the end of his life his treatment of the Abbé Cavelier to whom he owed so much is a black stain on his character.

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He was immediately put in charge of Fort Frontenac, and after completing the palisade left a small garrison to defend it and went down to Quebec. In 1674, he was sent to France with a commendatory letter from Frontenac. It was addressed to the Prince de Conti, and ran as follows: "I cannot but recommend to you, Monseigneur, the Sieur de la Salle, a man of great cleverness and intelligence, the ablest that I have met here, for whatever enterprises and discoveries might be entrusted to him. He has a perfect knowledge of the state of this country."

The letter was an open sesame to all honors. He was given the *Seigneurie* of Catarocqui with the adjacent islands, the estate extending four leagues along Lake Ontario. In return, he bound himself to keep up the fort, to put in it a garrison at least as large as that of Montreal, to have as many as fifteen or twenty men to cultivate the land, and to provide the artillery and ammunition necessary for defense. Second, to reimburse Count de Frontenac for the outlay so far made in constructing the fort, to the extent of 13,000 livres. Third, to grant concessions to settlers and to give them license to trade. Fourth, to attract the greatest possible number of Indians to establish villages there, to teach them trades and to accustom them to live a civilized life as he had already done at that place. Fifth, to build a church as soon as there should be 200 persons there, and to support one or two Recollects for divine service and the administration of the Sacraments. It was at this time that he obtained his patent of nobility, but, as appears from Frontenac's letter, he had already assumed the title of La Salle. It is a curious coincidence that Marquette's mother was related to the family of John Baptist de la Salle, the founder of the Christian Brothers. La Salle's brother-in-law gave him credit for 1,148 livres; and his family also handed him the sum of 44,426 livres (Margry, p. 291). It was claimed that the sum total spent by his immediate relatives for his various schemes in the course of his life amounted to 500,000 livres.

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In connection with his work at Catarocqui, we find the following amazing statement in Margry, I, p. 333:

"The concession was granted to La Salle in 1675. He returned to Canada that year and prepared for work. In August, 1676, he laid the foundations of the fort and returned to France in November, 1677. He built a fort with four bastions, the whole measuring in circumference 360 *toises* [a *toise* is six feet]. The rampart was seventeen feet thick and was supported by a wall twenty-four feet high strengthened by earth works and protected by a ditch twelve feet deep cut in the rock. He began and had made great progress in the completion of large barracks and fine stone houses where there are nine cannons, grenades, arms, munition, provisions and merchandise, and he has a garrison of eighty men counting soldiers and workmen.

"He has cleared between 1,000 and 1,200 acres of land which will be sowed with wheat this year, for he found by an experiment made on eighty acres, that he could sow in autumn just as in spring. He has several cows, besides pigs, and poultry, and proposes to plant vines and establish several manufactories.

"He has built four deck-covered barques one of which is of twenty-five tons, another of thirty and a third of forty. He has already founded two villages one of twelve French families to whom he has given houses and lands already cleared; the other has one hundred Indian families whom he has so won by his kindness that they are quite orderly and peaceful, and consent with pleasure to have the two Recollect Fathers, for whom he has built a church and a house, educate their children in French fashion, so that there is every hope that before long they will form a single village of good Indians and good Frenchmen.

"Prayers are said in common morning and evening. All the French hear Holy Mass every week day, and on Sunday attend the High Mass, catechism and vespers. No drunkenness or disorder is permitted in either village. The Guardian of the Recollects testifies that he has seen the savages working by the day cultivating the fields and building houses like the French, according to the plan drawn by M. de la Salle, and under the direction of mechanics whom he pays to build houses for both the French and Indians.

"You can see from this," continues the writer, "that M. de

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la Salle has founded a very considerable establishment and has overcome the principal difficulties that were in the way of his project. This year he proposes to build another such post at the entrance to Lake Erie to head off the English."

Had La Salle accomplished all that within such a short period, assuredly he would have shown himself a very wonderful man. But unfortunately there is in the same volume of Margry the account of an official visit to the fort by Frontenac, on September 1, 1677, which certifies that besides La Salle, his servant and the two Recollects, there were the Major, thirteen soldiers, one pilot, one armorer, four masons, one blacksmith, a tailor, a joiner and a carpenter, besides seven laborers, among whom we find the famous Jolyccœur who figured in the alleged poisoning of La Salle. There were four *habitants*, two of whom were married and who had, besides their wives, seven children. We look in vain for the eighty soldiers and the workmen, who could build a fort of 300 *toises* in circumference and wonder how the four *habitants* could have cleared 1,000 acres, raise a crop of wheat on eighty others, besides helping to build barracks and magazines, as well as houses for twelve French and one hundred Indian families. The picture of savages in those days working at farming and carpentry, under a foreman, is the height of absurdity, and as regards the remarkable influence of the Recollects in teaching the young Indians to conduct themselves like French children, there is extant a letter of Governor de Denonville to Seignelay, eight years later, which says: "I am going to convoke the Iroquois and it is necessary to have a faithful interpreter. As the Recollects who are chaplains there *do not know the language*, I have determined to withdraw them and put Millet in their place." The one hundred families living in French houses around Catarocqui is pure fiction.

"The Man of the Iron Hand," Henri de Tonty, now appears on the scene. He was the son of Nicolas de Tonty, the Neapolitan banker, whose name is attached to the well-known

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system of Tontine Insurance. Henri was born about the year 1650, and in 1677 was a captain in the French Army, when he met La Salle who had gone to France from Canada in quest of his patent of nobility. Tonty fell in love with the explorer and was ever his most devoted follower, sacrificing everything to carry out his plans, no matter how contradictory, arbitrary or difficult. He was also a most useful man for the colony, and in de la Barre's and de Denonville's wars was always to the fore with his Western Indians. Finally when de la Salle perished in the wilderness, Tonty went up and down the Mississippi in search of him. Yet La Salle turned against him before the end came. On one of these journeys Tonty met Iberville and took part in that great man's work. He died not long after, at Biloxi, of yellow fever. His iron hand which was a substitute for the one he had lost in a battle in Europe is a favorite instrument with novelists in describing the awe which it impressed on the savages who felt its weight. Tonty and another military man known as Captain La Motte Lussière left Rochelle, on July 14, 1678, with La Salle and thirty men.

Besides being ennobled, La Salle was empowered to build other forts like Catarocqui, and also to trade with the Indians, provided he left the Ottawas to other *voyageurs*; a prohibition which he did not observe. He was imitating his master Frontenac. Perhaps this permission to establish far-away posts would indicate that the Government had changed its policy. It would rather show that La Salle's efforts to reach out beyond Catarocqui were due as much to his want of money as to his restlessness of disposition. He was plunging madly into debt and had to find other sources of supply.

His first step was to erect Fort Niagara, at Tonawanda Creek, where he left Tonty with thirty men. The fort was a mere stockade and did not keep the men very long from applying themselves to another task that had been assigned to them; the building of large sailing craft to navigate the lakes. Trading was henceforth to be conducted on a larger scale than

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was possible with bark canoes. To both of these projects, however, the Seneca Indians whose territory they had invaded, strenuously objected. Indeed they threatened to burn the ship. To propitiate them, La Motte and the famous Recollect Hennepin who had gone with the party to Niagara, went as La Salle's envoys to the chief Seneca village. A council was convened and in it the visitors saw Fathers Julien Garnier and Raffeix who were missionaries there. La Motte, newcomer as he was in America, and evidently filled with prejudices imbibed in Europe, protested angrily against the two priests taking part in the council. It was a grievous insult coming as it did from this raw Frenchman who was ignorant of the country, and also a very unwise proceeding, for Garnier who had long lived with the Senecas might have protested in turn. He did not do so, however, but humbly withdrew with his companion. Hennepin says that out of respect for the cloth, he, too, left the assembly, but as the friar's reputation for accuracy of statement is of the worst, it is probable that he remained with La Motte.

In what purports to be La Salle's narration (Margry II, p. 33) we find a statement absolutely contradictory of all this. After saying that an Illinois Indian had been sent down by the Jesuits of the North West, with letters to the Seneca missionaries to induce them to persuade the Iroquois that La Salle's expedition was to marshal the Illinois and others against them, and that the Indian was told to escape at night before La Salle could catch him, he continues: "I went to Tsonnontouan to tell the Senecas that my mission was a peaceful one, and I had the two Jesuit Fathers assist at the conference so as to prevent the thwarting of my efforts after I had withdrawn. I said that the Iroquois believed me, and that I was not like those who did in secret what they would not dare do in the open, and that the Reverend Jesuit Fathers would confirm what I said, and deny any contrary reports after my departure." There is nothing to confirm this in the "Relations." Only La Motte and Hennepin appeared on the

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scene. Probably La Salle meant that he was there by proxy or again, perhaps, the passage was interpolated.

Permission for the fort and ship was finally given, but a heavy toll in merchandise was exacted. Work was resumed and the Griffin, a barque of about fifty tons was at last launched on Lake Erie, above the falls, which one of the veracious chroniclers in Margy's collection describes as 600 feet high. The barque was named out of compliment to Frontenac who had that mythical creature on his coat of arms. It meant, according to La Motte, that the Griffin (Frontenac), was going to get ahead of the Crows (the Jesuits); but the Griffin soon came to grief.

These outlays of La Salle aroused the fears of his creditors and they levied on his property in Montreal, seizing even his secretary's bed. He was then at Frontenac but did not go down to the city as one would expect. In a letter of Massiac de Saint-Colombe, Ingénieur de la Marine to Nicolas Thoynard, dated Brest, December 4, 1679, we are told: "I questioned a passenger of Belle Isle about 'your Monsieur de la Salle,' He replied that he was in the woods, that is to say, he had disappeared, and it is thought he will remain away until the departure of his creditors, who are going or have gone to France, so that he can enjoy for another year the money he owes them. He had peltries on the Saint Pierre, which was wrecked on the Ile Percée; and as he had disappeared before he knew of this loss, it is thought he will keep still more out of sight (*qu'il en sera plus disparoissable*). The common belief is that he has an understanding with Frontenac who under a variety of pretexts sends him to the woods though it is expressly forbidden. One commercial company sends 4,000 crowns to the King every three years." This latter clause may explain why the King never punished the traders.

We find La Salle back again at Niagara, at the beginning of August, 1679. Everything was in readiness, and he started on his journey up the lakes. He was delayed at Lake St. Claire and had to haul the boat through the strait into Lake

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Huron. On the 27th, he arrived at Mackinac. There to his surprise he met fifteen of his men whom he had sent ahead to the Illinois country. They had given him up for dead, and six had deserted, among them Rousselière, the surgeon who had been his partner in the Gallinée expedition. They had taken with them 4,000 livres worth of merchandise which was bad enough, but the fifteen faithful ones at Mackinac, while waiting his arrival had spent another 3,000. The desertion of Rousselière was especially resented, because La Salle had a short time before assumed debts which that individual had incurred to the extent of 1,800 livres. Fortunately he had got no further than Sault Ste. Marie. There Tonty captured him and seized all his goods.

Winter was coming, and without waiting for Tonty to return, the Griffin left Mackinac on September 12 and made for Green Bay. There the explorer had a stroke of luck. He found some of his men whom he had sent to the West the year before, who had 12,000 livres worth of peltries. They were Ottawa furs which La Salle had been forbidden to traffic in, but that did not matter. He stored them in the Griffin with all his tools and merchandise and sent the ship back to Mackinac, with orders to proceed thence to Niagara, where they were to discharge the peltries and return with the merchandise which they would find waiting for them at that place.

The Griffin never reached Niagara. Disregarding the advice of the Indians not to venture out into Lake Michigan where a storm was raging, it made for the open but was scarcely a quarter of a league away when the Indians on shore saw it tossed like a cork on the waves; and though every sail had been lowered, it was driven before the gale till it disappeared on the horizon, and was never heard of again. It sunk somewhere in the lake. Of course the Jesuits were accused of having a hand in its loss. Counting the value of the ship and cargo, La Salle reckoned that by this disaster he was out to the extent of at least 40,000 livres. But he never knew

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it until a year after. He had seen the ship leave Green Bay on September 18, and on the following day, started for the Illinois country with four canoes and fourteen men. They had with them all the tools that house and ship carpenters use in their trades, as well as plenty of arms and a cargo of merchandise.

It would be hard to surpass or even equal the strength of character which La Salle displayed from this moment to the end of his career. For some reason or other, probably to explore new territory, he did not follow the route of Marquette or Jolliet, by going to the head of Green Bay and up the Fox River and then portaging to the Wisconsin. He went outside and coasted along the shores of Lake Michigan. He had with him three Recollects and fourteen men. Unfortunately in this instance the records of the trip are unreliable. The mendacious Hennepin was one of the party and whatever the others wrote was altered and added to at will after the document reached France, the purpose being to obliterate, if possible, the glory of the first discoverers of the Mississippi, Marquette and Jolliet. However, we may gather some scraps of interest from the narration.

The journey down the shore of the lake was accompanied with many hardships, for the storm that wrecked the Griffin was still raging and often threatened to dash their light canoes against the rocks, while the high shores made the landings difficult, especially at night. Their provisions gave out and once they drove the turkey buzzards away from the putrid carcass of a deer to make a meal of it for themselves. The Indians stole from them but were brought to order; others showed their enmity because the French were credited with sending the terrible Iroquois out into that part of the country, and others again warned them against the dangers to be met with when they reached the Illinois territory.

At the mouth of the River St. Joseph, La Salle built a fort which he called Miami. He had to wait there while Tonty went ahead to arrest six deserters, and this delay caused dis-

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satisfaction which resulted in his putting two of the malcontents in irons. Not until twenty days after, did Tonty arrive and only three of his men were with him. He was summarily ordered back to hasten the arrival of the others, but on that trip he lost his canoe and provisions. A little later, one of the missing men made his appearance and reported that the two others had fled. The trouble was of course due to La Salle's arbitrary methods. Already they had been out seventy-three days from the time they left Green Bay, and even then he sent two men back to Mackinac to get some news of the Griffin.

He then went up the St. Joseph to what is now South Bend and portaged to the Kankakee, the southern tributary of the Illinois, over a marshy plain five miles in length. He beached his canoes on New Year's Day, 1680, and with his men knelt around an altar in the woods while Mass was celebrated. Continuing down the Illinois he reached the site of the present Peoria where he found a number of Indians awaiting him. He was not sure whether it meant hostility or friendship but his knowledge of Indian methods averted the danger and both parties sat down and smoked the pipe of peace, the savages extending the usual courtesy of putting morsels of meat in the mouths of the visitors, blowing on the viands when they were too hot to swallow, and finally anointing the feet of the white men with bear's grease. At the dinner La Salle explained that he was going to build a ship to sail down the Mississippi, but it is not sure that he told them of his ultimate purpose though possibly he had not yet formulated it. It was nothing less than to reach the gulf, and in that crazy craft constructed in the woods of Illinois, to go to the West Indies and from there to Quebec.

That night the Indians began to grow surly, and later it was discovered that one of them had stolen away to stir up the Illinois against the French. It was evidently by general consent, for the changed countenances of the savages made the white men keep sentries posted until morning dawned. Indeed the terror was such that six men deserted; among them

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two of the carpenters, who had been relied upon to build the ship. Nevertheless, not only undismayed but apparently unmoved, La Salle proceeded to establish his fort. He chose an eminence, on both sides of which were deep ravines. He called it *Crève-cœur*, not because he was broken hearted, for La Salle cannot be thought of as building monuments to his lacerated feelings. It was only a bit of flattery for Louis XIV; to commemorate a victory won by the great King nine years before at a place called *Crève-cœur*.

When the ship was well under way, Accault and Friar Hennepin were sent to explore the upper Mississippi. What they found there is hard to make out, for the Friar, who was the chronicler of the expedition, indulged in such romancing on that occasion, as indeed was commonly his wont, that nobody could believe any tale he told. We can leave him therefore in the midst of his adventures, and follow La Salle in a journey that was not fictitious; and that brings into further relief his marvelous daring as well as his powers of almost superhuman endurance.

To replace the goods that had been lost in the wreck of the Griffin, he determined to go down to Fort Frontenac, not by the usual route of Mackinac but across what is now the States of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and the northern part of Pennsylvania. His only guide was his compass, and hostile tribes occupied the land; the streams were frozen and he had to drag his canoes over the ice or cut his way through with an axe; rain and hail and snow and bitter cold pursued him for weeks; his provisions gave out, his men fell sick; Indians pursued and attacked him, but he kept doggedly on, and at last on Easter Monday, 1680, reached Niagara where he again heard of the loss of the Griffin. He did not linger there but sped on and finally arrived at Frontenac after sixty-five days of privation and dangers such as he had never before faced. He then went down to Montreal where he was cordially received and returned to Frontenac with an ample supply of provisions.

There, startling intelligence awaited him. His men at *Crève-*

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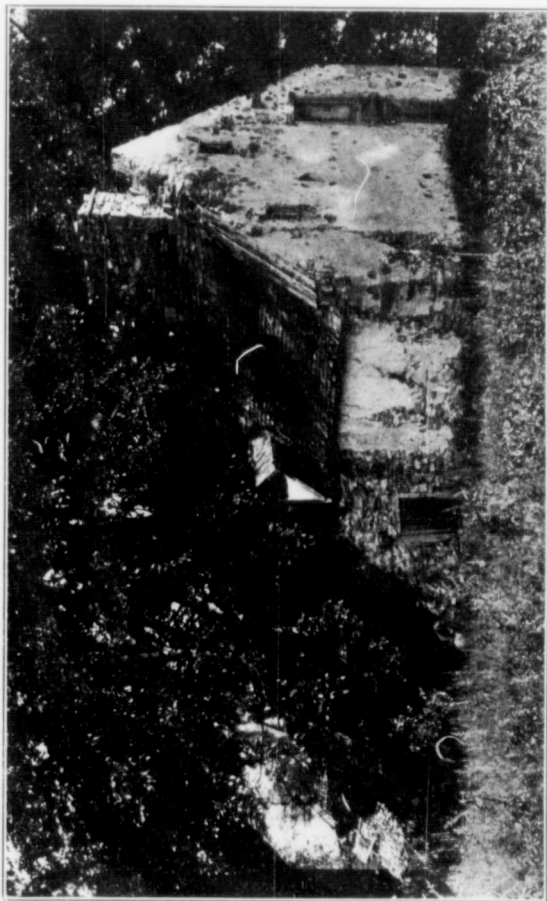
cœur had revolted, robbed the fort, destroying what they could not carry off; eight of them had fled to the English at Albany, the refuge of deserters; and twelve others were on their way to Frontenac with the intention of murdering him. There was no time to lose. Another man would have quailed, but not La Salle. Taking a few soldiers with him, he met the conspirators; one party of them at Quinté, and another later on, out in the Lake. The first surrendered when they saw the guns of La Salle's men levelled at them; and they were marched off to cells in Frontenac. The others, when discovered took to the woods. When almost captured, they regained their boats, and fled in the night, but were overtaken, and in the fight that followed two were killed and the other three made prisoners.

But this was only an incident. He must reach Crève-cœur at all hazards. Taking twenty-five men and a supply of provisions, he hurried across Lake Simcoe up to Matchedash Bay, then to Mackinac and from there down to Fort Miami which to his dismay he found deserted and dismantled. Leaving five of his men there to put it in shape, he hastened up the St. Joseph and across to the Kankakee and was soon coursing down the Big Vermillion; but there was no sign of Tonty, no message on the trail to tell whither he had gone. He met herds of buffalo but saw no human being; the great Indian town near what is now Starved Rock was deserted; he went through the empty lodges only to find the corrupting corpses of men, women and children, strewn around, or still fixed to the stakes where they had been burned; even the graves in the burial ground had been desecrated. He groped here and there among the slain to see if perchance any white men might be among them, but they were all Indians. He bivouacked in that dreadful place for the night, but kept careful watch, for fresh moccasin tracks had been discovered. Leaving three of his men to guard the provisions, he took four others and hurried onwards. Further down the stream he came upon an abandoned Iroquois camp, with the usual record on the trees of the number of warriors in the raid, as well as of the

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prisoners taken; and he saw other deserted camps of Illinois, with indication showing that they had fled precipitately from their pursuers. At last he arrived at Crève-cœur. The defences had been demolished, though the damaged hull of the ship was still on the stocks where he had left it. More signs of massacre were met with until he descended the river as far as the Mississippi. There he nailed a message on a tree for Tonty, if perchance he might still be in the "woods," and then with a disconsolate heart he turned back on his tracks. Picking up the men he had left near Starved Rock, he finally arrived at Fort Miami in the midst of a pitiless snow storm. He had ploughed through drifts waist deep for forty miles. In his absence, the little stockade had been repaired and the ground cleared for planting, while something in the way of a boat was begun.

Where was Tonty at this time? At Green Bay with a sad story to tell. When La Salle left Crève-cœur to go to Frontenac, he had given orders to his lieutenant to go up to the Big Vermillion or Aramonie, as the Frenchmen called it, to inspect a site for the new fort on the hill which faces the present city of Utica in Illinois. Tonty did as he was bidden but when he returned to Crève-cœur he found it ruined and abandoned by all but six of the garrison that had been left to defend it. There was no possibility of holding out in the wreck, for all the ammunition had been taken, and so with the few faithful men and the two Recollect Friars, he sought shelter in the great Illinois village on the Vermillion. He was received with suspicion by the red men, but all went well for a while. Soon, however, the Iroquois were announced, and poor Tonty and his men were accused of being in league with them. To prove that he was not, he offered to lead them in the fight. The Indians accepted the proposal, and when the enemy appeared he crossed the river for the usual parley. Unfortunately he was mistaken for an Illinois, and in the riot that ensued, he was stabbed in the side by a savage Iroquois. Meantime both parties were shouting their war-whoops and exchanging shots,



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but he finally succeeded in quelling the tumult by warning the Iroquois that there were sixty Frenchmen and 1,200 Illinois ready to meet them. A lull followed this untruthful announcement, and peace was almost made, but when the fraud was discovered the fight began in earnest and the terror-stricken Illinois fled down the river. Then the havoc which La Salle had seen in the great village began; but it was the Illinois themselves who had set fire to the lodges. While all this was going on, Tonty and his men were, at every moment, in danger of being killed, but fear of Frontenac's vengeance restrained the tomahawks. At last they were driven out to the woods and began their weary journey as best they could to Mackinac. They ascended the river, living on the roots and acorns they found in the forests; Tonty was crippled; the old missionary Ribourde was killed on the way, probably by a party of wandering Kicakapoos; and at last they reached the borders of the lake and dragged themselves sick and starving into a Kicapoo village near Green Bay. From there they went over to Mackinac. They knew and heard nothing of the whereabouts of La Salle, until one day, messengers came up from Fort Miami enquiring for Tonty. It was only when they returned that La Salle heard the explanation of the ruin of Crève-cœur.

CHAPTER III

DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI

The Crève-cœur disaster of course aroused a storm of public indignation against La Salle. He alone was undisturbed. He remained very quiet during the winter at Miami, dreaming of the future perhaps, and busying himself in winning the good will of a number of Abnakis and Mohegans who, for some reason or another, had strayed out to those distant regions. A Pequod who had been long a devoted attendant of La Salle was especially useful in getting them incorporated in the neighboring tribes.

In the spring, he went down to Montreal, stopping at Mackinac on his way. Probably Tonty was the only one there who was glad to see him. He was not well received at Montreal and Quebec, but thanks to the influence of Frontenac, autumn had not passed when he appeared again at Miami with twenty-three Frenchmen and an ample supply of provisions for another attempt to reach the mouth of the Mississippi. The Abnakis and Mohegans volunteered to go with him, provided they could bring their children and squaws. La Salle consented, and on December 21, he, Tonty and the Recollect Friar Membré, with forty-nine followers, white and red, men, women and children, set out over the ice for Chicago creek, continuing on to the Des Plaines and down that river to the Illinois. At Peoria the ice had broken, and on February 8 they reached the confluence of the Mississippi. There they waited for the stragglers and also to give time for the huge cakes of ice which were sweeping down the river to pass by.

On February 25, they arrived at the Ohio, "a river," says La Salle, "which I discovered. It is an easier way to the west than Jolliet's passage (by the lakes), the difficulties of which he concealed from me, for what reason I cannot tell. This

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river, which I have named the Baudraine, rises behind the Oneida country, and after a course of about 450 leagues empties into the Mississippi. Throughout its entire course it is deeper and wider than the Seine at Rouen. You can ascend it in a bark until quite near the Seneca country, which is within twenty or twenty-five leagues of the south shore of Lake Ontario, and from there, fifteen hours of good sailing will bring you to Fort Frontenac. By establishing a post at the mouth of the Seneca and another somewhere on the Baudraine, where horses might be bred, transportation would be very easy."

The only account we have of any expedition made by him to the Ohio is the one that stopped 400 miles from the Mississippi, and it is disputed. With regard to any other exploration from that point down to the mouth we are absolutely in the dark.

Beyond the Ohio, camp was pitched at the Third Chickasaw Bluffs on February 24, and the party started out to hunt. Everyone returned in safety, except the armorer, Pierre Prudhomme. They followed his trail for some time, fearing possibly, that he had been killed by the Indians. At last they saw him floating down the river on a log. He had not eaten a morsel for ten days, and was so exhausted that they left him with some companions at the Bluffs, after building a stockade which they called in his honor Fort Prudhomme.

As they continued on their way, a wandering Chickasaw joined them and later they were cordially greeted by the savages at the Arkansas. There a Te Deum was sung and possession taken of the land; but no mention is made of that point having been Marquette's stopping place. As Margry says, "The editor took care to cut out the difficult passages."

On one occasion they travelled all night by the light of the moon. Possibly they were then avoiding unfriendly savages for, on landing, they threw up defenses against a possible surprise. The country below was found to be inundated, and as they proceeded, the chronicle notes, that La Salle shot his

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first *cocodrille*, as the scribe persists in writing the name whenever these reptiles present themselves in the text. The Taensa chief sent them twenty canoe loads of provisions which was almost half a canoe for each man, and in this generous supply we are informed were found "pastry cakes in the form of oxen, deer, chickens and 'cocodrilles.'" It is the only instance on record of such prehistoric skill in the baker's art. The savages wore pearls by the dozen.

"Never," says Tonty, "was I so surprised as when I entered the cabin of the chief; no other Indians build as they. They possess some of the qualities of civilized people. The cabin was a structure of forty feet front; the roof was a dome of reeds so carefully interlaced as to be impervious to rain. On entering we saw the chief seated on his couch. Facing him were sixty old men, clothed in white sheets (*nappes*) like those used for hammocks in the West Indies. A torch of reeds stood in the middle of the cabin, and bucklers of copper were fastened on the four walls, on which, also, were a number of paintings; there was likewise an alcove for the great chief, and camp beds on which reposed the dependent chiefs of the eight villages around the lake. The great chief was served by slaves and some well fashioned and polished cups were used exclusively by him. I remarked that he had sixteen fine pearls hanging from his ears and when I asked where he got them, he replied: 'At the sea-shore, where they are to be found in abundance.' M. de la Salle urged me to go back and ask him for his pearls. We were then in latitude 30°."

According to Father Gravier, who went down the river in 1696, these wonderful cabins "had no issue for the smoke except the door, and no matter how small the fire, the cabin was like a vapor bath. The interior of the temple was covered with smoke and soot."

"After inspecting everything in the temple," he continues, "I saw neither there nor elsewhere the gold or silver or precious stones, or riches, or the nine 'brasses' of fine pearls mentioned by the author of a 'Relation' printed under the name of M. de Tonty, who however, disavowed it to Iberville when taken to task about the falsehoods with which it teemed. What

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the writer dared to mention as having been seen by Tonty, in a small cupboard imbedded in the wall and plastered with mud, is also a fable, and I neither saw nor tasted there the exquisite liquors of which he speaks. All these things have been invented by the same author in order to embellish his story. It is true that the chief's wife has some small pearls but they are neither round nor well pierced, with the exception of seven or eight which are about the size of small peas, and were bought for more than they were worth. After a careful search I found none of the riches and curiosities that have been reported to exist in the temple and village."

We do not know if the Abbé Renaudot, or Bernou ever read Father Gravier's correction of the nonsense and falsehoods they had injected into Tonty's report.

On the 26th they camped at a village called Nahy, which Margry suggests is Naché. Among the Corohas, ten miles further on, they were regaled with the best that the savages possessed. There they were told that ten more days sailing would bring them to the sea. That intelligence spurred them on, and bidding goodbye to their hosts on Easter Sunday, they continued their journey, passing on their left the village of Hama which was near a magnificent river. They had made eighty leagues, when they were attacked by some Indians, and having failed to placate them, they went two leagues further down where they saw the village of Tangibaho which twenty days before had been ravaged by the Chouchoumas. The dead strewed the ground and the travelers were ankle deep in blood. They were then thirty leagues from the sea. Continuing on they reached the gulf on April 7.

Historians glow with enthusiasm, as they picture La Salle, Tonty and d'Autray each descending a separate branch of the Great River, and meeting at the gulf where they gazed with throbbing hearts at the boundless expanse before them. Of course this is pure imagination. There is no such exuberance in any of the three accounts we have of the discovery, and in one of them d'Autray is not mentioned at all. The "Relation" ascribed to La Salle simply says:

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"We continued down the stream until we came to the three branches into which the River Colbert divides itself. Camp was pitched on the bank of the west channel, about three leagues from the mouth. On the 7th, M. de la Salle went to reconnoiter the shores of the neighboring sea; he taking the west, and Tonty the middle channel. These two branches were beautiful, wide and deep. On the 8th, they returned to the confluence to find a dry spot. At about 27° latitude a column and a cross were erected on which were painted the arms of France and the inscription: '*Louis le Grand Roy de France et de Navarre règne, le 9 Avril 1682.*' Everyone was under arms and sung the Te Deum, the *Exaudi* and the *Domine Salvum fac regem*. Then after salvos of musketry and shouts of *Vive le Roi*, M. de la Salle erected the column and, standing near it, said in a loud voice in French: 'On behalf of the most High, Most Potent, Invincible and Victorious Prince, Louis le Grand, by the grace of God, King of France and Navarre, I on the 9th day of April, 1682, in virtue of a commission of His Majesty which I hold in my hand have taken possession of the seas, ports, bays, etc., and of all the nations, peoples, cities, towns, etc., (then follow the limits of the new territory)—all this being done with the consent of the Chausens, and Chickasas and others here living, as well as those along the Mississippi with whom we have made an alliance."

Protest is also made against all encroachments by other nations. This statement was then or subsequently drawn up in legal form by the notary, La Metairie, who had been brought down from Frontenac for that purpose.

There are two clauses in this document which are disconcerting. One is that possession was taken with the consent of all the Indian tribes from the Gulf and up the Mississippi to the Ohio. It is evident that no such consent was or could be given. It is doubtful if he had even visited the Natches who are mentioned especially as consenting, and the only Indians present were from the Atlantic sea-board, the Mohegans and Abnakis. The second phrase says that the French were forming an alliance with the Mississippi Indians and were therefore constituting themselves enemies of the Iroquois, which was the very thing La Salle protested he was not doing.

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It is also difficult to understand why La Salle should have hurried north on the following day without taking time to ascertain the exact location of the mouth of the river. He had taken the latitude but not the longitude, with the result that when he came back by the Gulf, he missed the mouth by 400 miles. Nor was his latitude correct. "The reason why M. de la Salle," writes Iberville, "put the wrong degree on his map was because he wanted to appear near to the mines of Mexico, and thus to induce the Court to establish posts in that country which could not fail to be very advantageous in the future." This is a very severe arraignment of La Salle's honesty and truthfulness and must have been allowed to pass by Margry, through inadvertence (IV Pref. xxxiv).

Moreover, the account which purports to be by La Salle himself is in flagrant contradiction, on many points, with the two other narratives written by those who were on the spot at the same time and whose names are affixed to the *procès verbal* namely, Tonty and Nicolas de la Salle.

The "Relation" just given is in the first, those of Tonty and Nicolas de la Salle in the second volume of Margry. Thus Tonty says (p. 604):

"The last village was thirty leagues from the sea. We continued our route and on the 6th of April arrived at the sea. On the 7th, as this river divides into three branches, M. de la Salle explored the one on the right, I the middle one, and the Sieur d'Autray the left. We found them very beautiful, wide and deep. We returned on the 9th of April and M. de la Salle erected the cross. On the 10th we ascended the river."

Thus while the first account makes only two descend; the second says three, and while the first makes them return on the 8th; the second puts it down as the 9th.

There are still further discrepancies in the account by Nicolas de la Salle which is the most elaborate of the three. He begins by saying:

"We left the devastated village on the 15th of April;" which may be a printer's error for the 5th. "We remained there two

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days, and after a seven leagues' journey camped in an inundated country. The *next* day some Frenchmen climbed a lofty tree and said they saw a wide bay a great distance off. M. de la Salle went to find out if it was the sea. On his return he said he had found the water brackish.

On the *next* day, after having made three leagues we found that the river divided into three branches. We took the middle one, and saw that the tide rose about two feet; we returned and went down the right branch and camped on the bank. On the *next* day, M. de la Salle sent M. de Tonty down the left branch while he with ten men took the right, where we had encamped. They left at eight in the morning; M. de la Salle returned at five in the evening saying he had found the mouth of the river. It advanced far in the sea and formed banks on either side; the water was brackish. *The men were of a different opinion* but they said afterwards that it was true. M. de Tonty returned only next morning at nine o'clock, and he reported that the left branch emptied into a great sea, *seven leagues away* where he saw an island which appeared to be covered with wood, but which he could not reach, because of the wind. He drank the water. It was *fresh*, but the stream was muddy and full of 'cocodrilles' and caymans. M. de Tonty went down the middle channel. He returned the *next* day and reported that it discharged into a great sea of *fresh* water. A tree was squared and *the arms of the King made of the copper of a cauldron* were attached to it."

The first of these narrations, says the arms of the King were *painted* on the column. The same confusion or contradiction occurs in the measurements. Thus Tonty tells us that, "the left branch emptied into the sea seven leagues away," whereas Iberville sets down in his "Relation" (Margry IV, p. 160) that "at two leagues and a half from the mouth, the river divides into three branches"; while Charlevoix informs us that the forks begin two leagues above the Outma country (Margry IV, Brief xxxi note) which Iberville did not reach until fourteen days after he left the mouth. (p. 172). Finally, Iberville is made to say that La Salle told him that he had gone out in a canoe three leagues into the Gulf without finding bottom at thirty fathoms and that along the coast to the east he had

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found bottom at *twelve fathoms*, about a cannon shot from the shore. But Iberville reports that at half a league out "I found only *eighteen feet* of water; further out, I have no doubt, it is deeper. On entering the river I found between the two rocks only twelve feet of water." In the "Relation" attributed to La Salle there is no mention at all of any canoe trip out into the gulf.

Another element of confusion is added by a letter of the Abbé Tronson the Superior of the Sulpicians. It is to be found in Margry II, p. 355. He says:

"I had an interesting interview with M. de la Salle on his discovery of which he has given me a very beautiful map. What the two men he brought with him have told you, does not agree with what he himself says. For he pretends to have entered the Gulf of Mexico not by the Bay of the St. Esprit, but at the 27th degree of latitude, and at the same meridian as Panuco, which is at the end of the Gulf and much beyond that bay."

A glance at the map of Mexico will show that Panuco which is the same as Tampico is far down on the east coast of Mexico, and is fully eight degrees west of the mouth of the Mississippi, so that one naturally asks, on what data La Salle constructed the "very beautiful map," which he gave to M. Tronson. It would be desirable also to know on what points the men he brought over were at odds with him. Later on, the Sulpician Esmenville who went on the expedition to the gulf, disputed even the degree of *latitude* given to the mouth. It is all very exasperating and perhaps it is best to adopt a suggestion made by Charlevoix (VI, p. 208), though he was not examining this particular problem. "Probably," says that genial old historian, "when M. de la Salle went down the Mississippi to the sea, the mouth of the river was not such as we behold it today." Of course the contradictions in the three "Relations" are not to be ascribed to La Salle. They are due to the atrocious manufacturing of manuscripts by his supposed friends, Bernou and others.

CHAPTER IV

THE GULF

La Salle's discovery handed over to France the vast territory which extends from the south shore of Lake Erie to the headwaters of the rivers flowing into Lake Michigan, and from thence northwest to the unknown regions beyond. From Lake Erie it ran south on a line towards what is now Mobile, and there turning west continued along the Gulf of Mexico to the mouth of the River del Norte and after a slight deflection to the north, turned back again to the Gulf of California where it veered north again and was kept from the Pacific Ocean only by the ranges of the Rockies. It was a wonderful conquest for a few ragged white men and savages in bark canoes. La Salle called it Louisiana, in honor of the King.

These Alexanders of half a continent had a hard time of it when they began to ascend the river. What "cocodrilles" they could shoot, or what food they could beg or wrest from the savages was all they had to live on. La Salle fell seriously ill, probably of fever contracted in the canebrakes, and fears were felt that it was the end of his career. But they paddled bravely on and at last, famished and spent, beached their canoes at Fort Prudhomme. To proclaim the discovery to the world, Tonty was sent to Mackinac whither La Salle followed him after a rest at Prudhomme and Miami. He would have continued on to the colony but news came that apparently shattered all his hopes and plans. Frontenac, his powerful friend and protector, had been recalled and de la Barre was now in control of Quebec. What manner of man the new Governor might be, the future alone would tell. So La Salle returned to Illinois where he built his fort on the Big Vermillion and with his gaze ever turned to the Roi Soleil called it Saint Louis. Later, it became "Starved Rock" to tell how

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a band of Illinois died when the Pottawatamies cut off the supplies of the defenders of the cliff.

Suddenly as if by magic, all the Indian tribes in those regions, we are told, hastened to build their lodges in the vast plains below. So numerous were they that in an official statement to the Minister of the Marine, La Salle claimed that he had gathered at the foot of the cliff 20,000 people of whom 4,000 were warriors. He added, however, that he needed money and men and ammunition and merchandise to ensure the stability of this wonderful settlement which he declared meant much for the fame and the finances of the Mother Country. He asserted that he had 10,000 acres under cultivation. In spite of his appeal, however, the help never came. Indeed the men who went back to Montreal to urge the plea never returned; they were either kept in durance, or severed their connection with La Salle. Moreover, instead of approval, a wild clamor arose against the St. Louis establishment, picturesque as it first appeared or was represented. For Montreal and Quebec, it meant nothing else than an extension of Frontenac's Catarocqui scheme; another trading post to cut into the settlers' means of livelihood in order to enrich Onontio. The English in New York, also, saw in it another step to exclude them from all participation in the purchase of furs. From Tadousac to Mackinac the French were in possession, and now a new post loomed up on the Mississippi.

The Iroquois likewise were excited. They were warriors first of all, and they needed firearms and they thought they needed firewater. They could get neither from the English if they had not the necessary furs; so that even if their white friends at Fort Orange on Manhattan did not urge them they were sure to go out to the Mississippi and assail this new fort before it was solidly established. They had no dread of the Illinois or Mascoutins or Kickapoo or Pottawatamies who would flee like hares at the very first sign of an Iroquois moccasin on the trail. In brief, La Salle's new post was a chal-

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lunge to both white and red men. To pretend that the Jesuits were egging on the Iroquois is ridiculous.

It was well known, also, that La Salle was belittling Canada, in the eyes of the Home Government. Thus in Margry, II, p. 278, there is a "Relation" which says:

"It is necessary to establish colonies in these great countries: First, lest the English who are our close neighbors in New York, Virginia and Carolina, anticipate the French; second, because there is no other way for Canada to continue to exist; its lands are not fertile and are hard to plow; its roads or woods are almost impossible to use or penetrate. Winter lasts six months, so the seeding can only be done in the spring; wheat is dear, and there are no means of keeping it, while cattle-raising on a grand scale is out of the question. Thus the French in Canada can scarcely get from the earth enough to live. They have neither wine nor salt nor commerce nor manufactures and they can procure garments or the necessaries of life only by selling peltries, and as that amounts to at most five or six thousand livres from which the *habitants* get only about 100,000 francs or at most 50,000 crowns, it is clear they can make no provision for the future. Such a return might support one or two thousand people, but it cannot maintain the population which in a few years has multiplied in a way that would seem incredible, if we had not the census to assure us. The deaths are now only sixty or eighty or one hundred a year, while the baptisms run up to five and six hundred. In 1671 there were only 7,000 *habitants*, in 1677 there were 9,000 and last year 12,000. This increase has created poverty; and poverty is the principal cause of the greed of some, and the oppression of others; and of the envy, jealousy and favoritism which exist there, as well as of the contraband trade with the English and the constant desertions which will continue as long as the inhabitants are shut up in a country which is unable to support them. It is most likely that these disorders would be remedied by establishing colonies in the lands discovered by the Sieur de la Salle which would afford an opportunity to the families with which Canada is overcrowded, which alone would suffice to people Louisiana even if no one was sent from France."

Another specimen of the same unfriendly feeling towards

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Canada may be found in Margry II, p. 261, so that La Salle should not be surprised if while he was writing such things to the Home Government, dislike of him was intensified along the St. Lawrence, especially because his establishment at Catarocqui had no other purpose than to rob the habitants of all the peltries possible, and the scheme in Illinois had the same object in view. As for "favoritism," there was no one in New France who profited more by it than La Salle.

Defying public opinion, however, and hoping that a personal appeal for help might be more effective than if made by a messenger, he determined to go to Montreal himself. On the way thither he was met by Chevalier de Baugis, who had in his hand a commission from de la Barre to take charge of Saint Louis. Tonty was asked to remain and, though unwilling at first, consented. It was fortunate that he did so, for when spring came the Iroquois were surrounding the fort, and were beaten back only after a six days' fight. The imposing height of the bluff, its encircling ravines and its single approach over the rocks did not deter them. What the 20,000 Western Indians were doing during the *mêlée* is not said; nor is there any record of what happened to the "50 *familles sauvages de la Nouvelle Angleterre*," who he said left their country out of hatred for the English and the scarcity of beavers. "They wanted to join the Iroquois," says La Salle, and he adds naively, "but the beauty of the country and my address kept them."

While Fort Saint Louis was being assailed La Salle was at Versailles. He had come at the psychological moment. Seignelay and Louis XIV flushed with the recent successes of the armies of France were dreaming of striking a deadly blow at the power of Spain in America. The exclusion of all but Spanish ships in the Gulf of Mexico especially exasperated them, and now as if Providence had intervened, there arrives a hero from New France who had traveled over the entire continent, who was a daring fighter, and beloved of all the Indian tribes. He controlled 20,000 Red men encamped around

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the fortress which he had built near the great river which he had explored to its mouth, and which led down to the Spanish possessions in Mexico. He was the man of the hour and no one dared question his greatness or the success of the enterprise he was about to propose, though many regarded him as a crazy enthusiast.

The project he placed before the King was (Margry II, p. 359) in the main as follows:

"First. To build a fort sixty leagues above the mouth, where a colony can be easily established, as the King's right is undisputed, the grant of the territory having been made by the consent of the greatest part of the people who reside there. The land is fertile and its remoteness from the mouth will deter enemies from attacking it; if fleets came up the river they can be destroyed by fire boats. Moreover the land is inundated for twenty leagues from the mouth.

"Second. The Indians hate the Spaniards but have been won over by the sweetness of the Sieur de la Salle that they have made a treaty of peace with him and have agreed to follow him everywhere. They were so infatuated with the French that they offered sacrifices in honor of the arms of the King which had been placed on columns in their villages.

"Third. By a union of these Indians, an army of 15,000 could be formed, who feeling themselves backed by the French and the Abnaki followers of M. de la Salle would be irresistible against the 400 Spaniards of Mexico, most of whom are mere workmen, and they would also be supported by the Spanish negroes, mulattoes and Indians, if we could promise them freedom. A large part of the Spanish mines could be easily captured.

Fourth. The nearest Spanish province is New Biscay. It has, on the north, vast forests inhabited by Indians whom the Spaniards have never succeeded in conquering. That stretch of territory extends to within forty or fifty leagues of the River Seignelay. On the east lies a part of Panuco from which it is separated by a chain of mountains dividing it on the south from the Provinces of Zacatecas, on the west from Culiacan and on the northwest from Leon; so that there are only two or three passages by which succor might be sent them. The remoteness of Mexico City which is 150 leagues away, the need of soldiers for the ports, the indolence of the

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inhabitants, and the height of the mountains, make it impossible to send help to New Biscay. Moreover, none of those places, although they have rich mines, are able to withstand an attack.

"Fifth. M. de la Salle proposes to leave France with 200 men to whom will be added fifty in the country to which he is to proceed, besides fifty filibusters who can be taken on at St. Domingo. He will then order from Fort Saint-Louis more than 4,000 warriors to whom a great number of others will be added. This army will be divided into three corps so as to compel the Spaniards to divide their forces. Two of these corps will be composed of fifty French, fifty Abnakis and 2,000 other savages. They will simultaneously attack both extremities of the province, entering it in the same way as the middle division. We are confident that we shall be seconded by all the slaves of the country.

"Sixth. Having taken the province we can guard its exits with Indians and mulattoes. This plan is better than if we went up the Panuco River which has colonies at its mouth, for thus the Spaniards would be warned and could guard the passes. On the other hand we could have Panuco attacked by the filibusters so as to make a diversion and draw off the enemy. The whole thing is easy because of M. de la Salle's knowledge of the language and customs of the Indians. He has no doubt these savages could be made good Frenchmen in a short time. Even if the peace of Europe would compel delay it would be wise to be in condition, in case of a rupture, and also not to be anticipated, by some other nation. If the treaty now under consideration drags, such a seizure would hasten matters and enable His Majesty to get some important places in Europe in exchange. M. de la Salle promises to have everything ready by winter. No regular troops are wanted. Indeed they would be useless in this kind of warfare. Finally, if the peace lasts three years and delays the execution of this project, M. de la Salle binds himself to reimburse His Majesty for the outlay or to resign the post he has established."

In one of his letters, La Salle laments that he is naturally shy. He certainly did not display that admirable weakness in any of the requests he made on this occasion. Besides the outrageous proposals made in his general statements, he asks (Margry II, p. 294) "the concession of the whole country from

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the Illinois to the Wabash, and a corresponding stretch on the west bank of the Mississippi extending back ten leagues, with all the rights of establishing courts of justice and other machinery of Government." A similar claim was made for "the Arkansas River on both sides of the stream; also at the Coroas village for a grant of lands six leagues in length with as many in breadth," next,

"a concession at the mouth of the Mississippi, at least for the present, and meanwhile the fort at the Illinois portage and the river of the same name, with hunting privileges for five years, to the exclusion of anyone else on the Mississippi and its branches, on condition of not trespassing on Lake Huron, Michigan, or other parts where the Indians live who trade at Montreal, unless war with the Iroquois compels the contrary; in which case I bind myself not to trade, nor to admit anyone to do the same on my lands, unless he has possessions there, and I am to have leave to send to the said concessions as many people and as much merchandise and ammunition as I choose by way of Lake Erie unless in case of war, and then I shall be responsible for the acts of my men."

La Salle was either playing a desperate game to secure help or he had gone stark mad. While declaring that the whole expedition would cost only 150,000 francs he did not tell the Monarch that he kept no account of what he spent or received; nor did he speak of the impossibility of providing food for 15,000 savages in a wilderness where the small party he had led thither nearly starved to death; nor did he make known that it was a journey of 1,800 miles amid hostile and ferocious cannibals and ended in swamps reeking with deadly fevers which came near being fatal to himself; nor did he explain that between the Red River (the Seignelay) and the first Spanish colonies there was a territory larger by 75,000 miles square than all France; nor did he let it be known that the Indians he proposed to lead were all at war with each other and ready at any moment to desert the French and join the Iroquois; nor that the Iroquois would immediately avail themselves of the absence of these 15,000 warriors to devastate

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every one of the villages; nor that the haphazard crew he was taking with him knew nothing of Indian life or fighting and would inevitably perish in the wilderness; nor, most of all, does he inform the King that while purposing to enter the mouth of the Mississippi he was not even sure where it was; nor that the Panuco River which he proposed to ascend, as an alternative, was at an immense distance far down the coast of Mexico, and more than 7° latitude and almost 8° of longitude away from the mouth of the Mississippi. Moreover, the methods to be employed were highly immoral and Louis XIV and Seignelay must have been as crazy as La Salle to have entered upon such a scheme.

No such royal recognition, it may be well to note, was given to Marquette and Jolliet when they discovered the Mississippi; the former got nothing and the latter the barren Island of Anticosti near Labrador. Surely La Salle had no reason to complain of neglect; but probably Seignelay and Louis XIV had no conception of the extent of their benefactions.

Whatever he asked was granted and more besides. He wanted two ships and he got four. A hundred soldiers were enrolled; not army men; they were declared to be useless for Indian fighting, but any one that could be picked up in the streets. The consequence was, as Joutel who joined the expedition, says, "the ships were like Noah's Ark with all varieties of animals," boys and vagabonds and debauched noblemen. There were mechanics and artisans who knew nothing of their trades; there were rough laborers, and also several families with a view to colonization as well as a troop of girls with a view to matrimony. As La Salle declared that the Frenchmen who usually accompanied him on his expeditions were a set of depraved wretches, "thieves, debauchees, spies, traitors and blasphemers," it is somewhat surprising that he was going not only to crowd into a ship with this rabble a number of unprotected women, but to take them on a perilous voyage that would last for months; that about midway he was to add to the company a crew of West Indian buccaneers and after run-

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ning the risk of being captured by pirates, dump these helpless women in the midst of hordes of wild Indians. It is difficult to consider him a sane man.

As chaplains, he had with him the three Recollects, Zenobé Membré, Anastase Douay and Maxime le Clerc. Besides their spiritual administrations, they were to be occupied as chroniclers of the expedition. Unfortunately for their capacity in this respect, Margry says (Preface, XVIII) "we who seek only the truth feel compelled to say that when we examine the narratives carefully we find that the books of the Recollects are not safe historical guides." The Abbé Cavalier, La Salle's brother, was on board, but he was much to be pitied for in spite of all he had done to advance the interests of the great "Discoverer," he was reviled and detested by him. La Salle does not hesitate to denounce him again and again to outsiders. Accompanying Cavalier were two other Sulpicians, Capedeville and Esmanville.

La Salle was now triumphant in the eyes of the world; he was the favored one of Louis XIV. But there was a fly in the ointment, or rather a spider. It was Beaujeu, a captain in the Royal Navy of many years service, who had been given command of the ships. La Salle expected to be supreme in everything, but though his commission gave him charge of the soldiers and colonists as soon as they landed, that did not satisfy him. Disgraceful squabbles ensued, though Beaujeu appears from the correspondence to have been a very companionable old sailor with whom any one would have found it easy to agree; but La Salle wanted all the honors of a viceroy, and even complained that Beaujeu did not obey him. It is also rather amusing to see the man who had been used for so many years to the horrors of Indian cauldrons now complaining of the food that was served. He was rude and impolite to Beaujeu who told him to his face that he lacked the instincts and training of a gentleman. Beaujeu wrote to a friend: "Pray set Abbé Renaudot and M. Morel right about the man. He is not what they take him for. Let Renaudot

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glorify him as much as he likes, and make him a Cortez or an Almagro, that is nothing to me but do not let him speak of me as an obstacle in his hero's way."

After many delays which angered the King, the ships left Rochelle on July 24, 1684, but returned to port four days later; the *Joly* had broken her bowsprit; "on purpose," La Salle said. When they were out at sea again, the quarreling was resumed. Beaujeu wanted to put into Madeira for water, but La Salle would not permit it, lest the Spaniards should learn of his plans. He then enraged the sailors by interfering with their sport when crossing the line and treating them at every moment with haughtiness and contempt, until finally after two months of bickering, the ships straggled into Santo Domingo. The *Joly* was the first to arrive with fifty sick men on board, among them La Salle. The smallest of the vessels, a ketch, never made her appearance. She had been captured by the Spaniards with supplies of tools and provisions needed for the colony. It was a lucky seizure for the Spaniards, for it gave them information about the purpose of the expedition. Meantime La Salle had been carried to a wretched garret near a tavern on shore. He became wildly delirious, and for a time appeared on the point of death. He rallied, however, but when someone indiscreetly spoke of the loss of the ketch, he collapsed completely and for a time it was thought that his reason had left him for ever. He knew that the Spaniards would now be on his track.

All this time the soldiers and sailors were carousing on shore. They plunged into the wildest debauchery and many of them died of it. "The air of the place," wrote Joutel, "is bad and so are the fruits and there are plenty of women worse than either." Then came the news that the Spaniards were patrolling the Gulf with six ships, of from thirty to sixty guns each; and the buccaneers added to the general alarm by telling weird stories about the horrible character of the Mississippi country and the difficulty of entering the river. The latter bit of information would imply that other people had made

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the attempt and perhaps succeeded before La Salle's futile effort.

Not till the end of November, was La Salle strong enough to continue the voyage. They coasted along the shores of Cuba and made for the Gulf but not without misgivings, for not a man on board the fleet knew anything of its waters. They sighted land near what they supposed to be the Bay of Apalache, though they were far to the west of it. On New Year's Day, 1685, six months after they had left France, La Salle went ashore only to find a long stretch of desolate marshes and no signs of a river. On they went, anxiously scrutinizing the coast and on January 6, he saw what was, in his opinion, most certainly—"infailliblement" says his brother, the mouth of the Mississippi. It was Galveston Bay, but singularly enough he made no attempt to enter it. His excuse was that he was waiting for Beaujeu to arrive. Day after day he lingered there but Beaujeu failed to appear and then concluding that his companion had passed by, La Salle hoisted anchor and continued in the same direction. A short stop was made to speak to some Indians, and again it was "Westward Ho," all the time looking for Beaujeu, but failing to find him. Then the ship turned east, but after a few miles was fog-bound. At length the sky was clear and Beaujeu was seen coming towards him from the east. At this point La Salle decided that he was wrong in the conclusion he had arrived at previously, and that the bay now on his right was the mouth of the Great River. He was in absolute ignorance of the fact that what he was looking at was a lagoon north of Mustang Island in Matagorda Bay, *four hundred miles west of the mouth of the Mississippi*. It was January 19, 1685.

The Bay was explored superficially and the inlet sounded and buoyed and the motley company began to go ashore. In spite of Beaujeu's protest, the Aimable attempted the entrance and then a band of savages appeared. A fight ensued and while La Salle was rescuing some of the prisoners, the report of a cannon was heard; the Aimable had grounded

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on the bar and the waves began to batter her to pieces. Soon the shore was littered with whatever drifted landward or was saved from the wreck; casks of wine and kegs of powder and bales and boxes, and spars and pig-pens and chicken coops were heaped up on the beach and formed the first shelter of the wretched colonists that night, while sentinels stood guard near the powder and flour to keep off the Indians who crept up in the dark to steal whatever they could lay hands on.

Beaujeu is frequently accused of causing the wreck, though the *Aimable* entered the Bay in spite of his orders. Had he yielded to La Salle's importunate demands who wanted him to shift the ballast of the *Joly* while she was tossing in the open sea, that ship also would have come to grief. On the contrary he did all he could in the circumstances to prevent the disaster. He was too honest a man to be guilty of such a crime. He remained from January 19 till March 12, at *Mata-gorda* Bay, and though his ship was in constant peril in that unknown sea, it was only when his provisions were giving out that he made up his mind to seek shelter down the coast in *Mobile* Bay and take in water and wood. He never found that harbor and had to head for *Cuba*. After an encounter with pirates he reached *France* on July 1, only to be treated with the greatest rudeness by *Seignelay*. The priest, *Esmanville* seems to have returned with him on the *Joly*.

The shelter at the mouth of the Bay where the wreck occurred was, of course, only temporary, and in the "*Belle*" which was of lighter draft than the *Aimable*, La Salle went everywhere to find a suitable place for a fort. He chose the head of the Bay where oysters strewed the shore, fish teemed in the waters and herds of buffaloes roamed on the hills. But nowhere did he find the *Great River* pouring its waters into the sea. The vast lagoons that stretched along the coast could not be the mouth, and so, on October 31, he set out in the *Belle* to look for it elsewhere, leaving *Joutel* in charge of the post.

November and December passed by, and the year 1686 be-

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gan, but as yet there was no sign of La Salle. At last about the middle of January, Duhaut, one of those who had gone with him on this search, was heard shouting outside the fort in the middle of the night. He had a long and almost a suspicious story to tell. He had lost his way when the crew went ashore to hunt, and with great difficulty had found his way home in safety. It was only at the end of March that La Salle made his appearance, but without the ship. What had become of it, he did not know. He had left it, to explore the country, and when he came back to the coast it was nowhere to be seen. The loss prostrated him physically and mentally, for now there was no hope of ever reaching Europe. But he was up again on April 22 and started out with his brother and nephew, the friar Douay, Moranget and some others, twenty in number, in a desperate attempt to discover the river. Before he returned from this second expedition, the remnant of the crew of the Belle arrived and reported that the ship was wrecked. The pilot had been drinking heavily and only six men were saved, among them the young priest Capdeville.

At the end of April, La Salle appeared, but with only eight of the twenty who had set out with him; some had deserted, one was devoured by an alligator, and others met death in various ways. They had gone as far as the country of the Ceniz, and after leaving that place, La Salle and his nephew, a mere boy, lay sick of fever in the woods for two whole months. Then the party made its way to the fort, only to behold other disasters that had befallen the colony. Out of the 180 who had come ashore from the ships no more than forty-five had survived; the others were drowned, or bitten by snakes, or lost in the woods, or murdered by the Indians, or done to death by their own debaucheries. The friars had bad luck also, for all three had been badly wounded, two by buffaloes and one by a boar.

Another year now began, and on January 7, 1687, the five horses which had been given to La Salle by the Ceniz Indians

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stood in the court yard of the fort, loaded with heavy packs for a new journey. This time he had resolved to make for Canada, to seek help for his perishing colony. With him were Joutel, the Abbé Cavalier, the friar Douay, and others, making twenty in all. Barbier was left in charge of the fort; the two friars, Membré and Le Clerc, remained, besides a surgeon, some soldiers and laborers, with seven women and girls and seven unfortunate children. The dissolute Marquis de Sablonnière would have willingly gone but he was too sick to walk. Finally the twenty men in ragged attire bade farewell to the heart-broken derelicts in the fort, crossed the stream and disappeared in the woods, little dreaming of what was before them.

They struck northwards meeting, at times, throngs of naked Indians, who were hunting or fishing in the streams or lounging idly in their villages. They were glad to see the white men, but always with an eye to the presents which were given, as a return for the hideous dances performed and the interminable orations which had to be listened to. "They looked like devils," Joutel said. Nor were these children of nature as guileless as they seemed. The stores they received during the day they increased at night by vigorous stealing, so that the travellers were glad to get away, especially when they found that their amiable hosts were ferocious cannibals. Finally, leaving the last village the hapless travellers pitched their camps on the Trinity River. When the weather grew better, for the rain had kept them there for several days, they reached a tract of territory which La Salle had formerly visited and where he had *cached* a supply of provisions. To get them, he sent out a party of men who have left a hideous mark on history. It consisted of Duhaut and Livtot both of whom had been in comfortable circumstances in France and had invested heavily in La Salle's enterprises, and were furious about their repeated losses. With them were two other Frenchmen, L'Archevêque and Tessier, the latter of whom was a Huguenot, said to have subsequently made his abjura-

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tion in Montreal. Finally there was an old buccaneer named Hiems or English Jim. Possibly "Hiems," and not "Hiens" as Parkman writes it, represents a French attempt at "James." They found the *cache*, but the provisions had been spoiled by dampness. Luckily, or unluckily perhaps, a herd of buffaloes appeared, and a hunt was organized with the result that one or two of the animals were shot and killed. Word was sent for the horses to carry the meat back to camp, and La Salle ordered his nephew, the hot-headed Moranget, to get it. De Marle and Saget accompanied the youngster. The meat had already been cut up, but a quarrel began as to whom the choice portions belonged; Moranget claiming them all for himself and his uncle. That night, he, Nika the Indian and Saget were murdered in their sleep by Livtot. Livtot had crept up to them in the dark and brained them with a hatchet, while Duhaut and Hiems stood by ready with their guns, if he failed to do the work completely. Three lives were the price of some jerked buffalo.

La Salle was waiting in his camp, six miles away, wondering what delayed his men. When morning dawned he set out with the friar Douay and an Indian guide. On the way he happened to take a shot at a couple of eagles soaring in the sky above him. He had given the signal for his own death. The murderers were waiting nearby in the thicket for they had calculated on his coming. As he approached, L'Archevêque, leaving his accomplices, sauntered out airily to accost him and was studiously insolent when La Salle spoke to him. Enraged at this act of disrespect, La Salle advanced to chastise him but walked straight into the muskets of the other assassins. A shot rang out on the air; then another, and La Salle fell forward a corpse. They stripped him naked and dragged the body to the bushes where they left him for the wild beasts and birds of prey to devour. "Lie there, great Bashaw," they said as they turned away.

What followed this ghastly act is told by Friar Douay, Cavalier and Joutel. Unfortunately all of them are to a great

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extent unreliable. Douay's propensity to misrepresent is notorious, while Cavalier's and Joutel's joint co-operation in a protracted and mendacious concealment not only of the circumstances but of the very fact of the murder, makes anything they say suspicious. Moreover, Joutel's narrative, the best of the three, was evidently tampered with in France. Three hundred and sixty-one large octavo and well written pages is too great a feat for a gardener's son who was most of the time in the army before he met La Salle. It is evidently written by Bernou.

The story that has been extracted from the three accounts is as follows: When the friar rushed back to the camp with the fearful news, he was followed by Duhaut and the other criminals, all armed. The five men there were paralyzed with fear and began making preparation for death. Joutel happened to be absent at the time, signalling for La Salle from a distant hill, quite ignorant of what had occurred. When apprised of it he first thought of flight, but as he had no arms and would certainly perish in the wilderness, he concluded that death was as bad in one shape as another and returned to the camp. There he found the two priests on their knees expecting to be shot, while Duhaut in a fury was gathering up all the arms that lay around and seizing La Salle's possessions. No secret was made of the murder but a promise was given that no more blood would be shed.

Duhaut who was now in command ordered the party to proceed to the Cenis village. Before they reached it, Joutel had almost made up his mind to kill the assassins while they slept, but Cavalier dissuaded him. They were hospitably entertained by the Indians, but to their horror met there a young Frenchman who had some time before deserted on one of La Salle's expeditions. He was now living with the savages, as naked and as vicious as any. From him it was learned that there were two other renegades, Grollet and Ruter living with the tribe. They were Breton sailors. Sometime after, they also made their appearance.

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Meantime Joutel was planning some means of escape, and for a while there seemed to be a glimmer of hope. It was when the assassins began to quarrel about the spoils, but it faded away after Duhaut, who at first thought of going back to Matagorda, announced that he was bent on returning to Canada. If he persisted in that plan, of course, it meant death for the friends of La Salle; they would be killed on the way to prevent them from revealing the crime. At last, the old quarrel revived and ended in the murder of Duhaut by the buccaneer. In a wild fury English Jim leaped at the Frenchman, and with a shot from a pistol killed him instantly. Livtot met a similar death and the others thought their turn had come but the old pirate put his smoking weapon in his belt, and announced that he had avenged La Salle. He had known of the plot; and he had not foiled it, but he had had no other share in the deed. The Indians who were present at this bloody scene looked on with amazement. The whites were giving them lessons in ferocity.

After a short stay, Heims permitted them to carry out their plan of reaching Canada, and handed over to them a generous share of the plunder to help them on their journey. One of the murderers, Tessier, still remained, but he was pardoned, and the little party headed by Joutel started overland to find their way to the Mississippi. They soon reached the Sabine, were well received by the savages and obtained guides to lead them as far as the Red River. After two months of weary travelling they arrived at the Arkansas, not far from its junction with the Mississippi, but before they had got that far, one of their number, De Marle disappeared in the river while bathing. The body was recovered and buried, and the march was resumed. One day, as they emerged from a thick wood, they saw beneath the trees on the other side of the river an Indian town. It was welcome enough if the savages were friendly but to their amazement before one of the lodges stood a large wooden cross, and two men dressed as Europeans appeared and fired their guns as a salute. The reply was gladly

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given and when they crossed the river they fell into the arms of their compatriots, Conture and De Launay whom Tonty had left there to watch for La Salle coming up the river. He himself had gone down to the mouth and searched the coast east and west for thirty leagues each way. He did not find him of course, but he wrote a letter which he gave to an Indian chief telling him to hand it to La Salle when he came up from the sea. Fourteen years later it was bought from the Indian by Bienville and given to his brother Iberville who had found the opening which La Salle had missed. This was Tonty's last service to his friend. It is the best proof that La Salle reached the sea. This act of devotion is all the more touching because when La Salle was in France he told Beaujeu that he wanted to get rid of Tonty, another proof that his mind had gone. Tonty returned to Illinois but left six of his men at the point where the miserable survivors of La Salle's expedition found them, at the end of July, 1687.

The Frenchmen were told of the tragedy, but it was concealed from the savages. On August 1, the canoes were launched on the Arkansas, and were soon struggling with the swift current of the Mississippi. On the 19th, they passed the Ohio, and on September 1 the Missouri, and a little above, saw Marquette's "Pictured Rock," which Joutel calls "*le prétendu monstre du Père Marquette.*"

"It consists," he says, "of two execrable figures in red, daubed on the face of a rock eight or ten feet high, which is quite different from the extraordinary height of which the 'Relation' of Marquette speaks. Nevertheless our savages paid homage to the stone by offering a sacrifice to it, in spite of our efforts to make them understand there was no virtue in the stone, and that we adored something better. In saying so we pointed to the sky."

This sneering jibe is the only reference we have found in all these narratives to La Salle's great predecessors on the Mississippi. But the attack is as stupid as its intent is malicious. The picture itself could not have been *prétendu*, for al-

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though many of Marquette's details are omitted, there is enough in Joutel's report of its outlines to satisfy us that it was a monster. It was a monster also in another sense, for we are told by these *voyageurs* that the Indians adored it and ceremoniously offered sacrifice to it. In any case, it was quite superfluous on the part of Joutel or his companions to attempt to tell that there was no virtue in the rock, as not one of the white men knew the Indian language. Moreover in pointing to the sky the savages possibly understood that the pale faces, like most of the red men, adored the sun, Agreskouï.

Of course it could not be expected that these unfaithful chroniclers would quote Marquette correctly. He does not say that "the picture was at an extraordinary height," but that "we came to some rocks which were frightful (*affreux*) in their height and length, and on one of them," probably low down, otherwise the minute details which he gives could not have been seen "the monster was painted." This distorted statement was a fitting prelude for the systematic and protracted deceit which these men were about to practise on their friends.

As they neared Fort Saint Louis, on September 14, the men on the hill saw them and rushed down to the river bank shouting, "Where is La Salle?" Both Cavalier and Joutel answered, and they both acknowledge the lie: "We left him in good health at the Cenis village." Tonty was absent at the time, but Father Allouez happened to be in the fort, stretched on a bed of sickness. His first question was, "Where is La Salle?" "We left him in good health at the Cenis village," was the stereotyped reply. "Whereupon," says Joutel, "the Father became very much agitated and expressed a desire to get away. Indeed he departed several days before we did."

Strange to say this charge against the noble and fearless Allouez is accepted by historians as absolutely true, although it has no other authority than the word of a man who, in the very same breath, confesses he was deliberately lying. Surely if he could lie to Allouez he could lie about him. That heroic

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old man had faced death in a thousand forms and he certainly felt no terror about meeting La Salle, though he had many reasons not to like him.

After a few weeks' stay, the party set out for Mackinac, but "to the astonishment of the inmates of the fort" returned in a short time. Tonty who had been down in New York fighting the Iroquois had arrived in the interim, and to him, La Salle's closest friend, the same lies were repeated. Not only that, but Cavelier extorted from him, in La Salle's name, 4,000 livres worth of furs beside a canoe and a quantity of other goods, though La Salle had never paid Tonty a penny for all his years of service. They remained in the fort enjoying his hospitality throughout the winter and during all that time kept up the fraud. In the month of March they departed with their booty; told the same lies to the Jesuits at Mackinac and to the Sulpicians at Montreal, repeated them to the Recollects and the authorities at Quebec, and at Paris, Cavelier had the audacity to inform his superior the great M. Tronson, by letter, that La Salle was still in the land of the living.

There is a communication from Tronson, dated November 29, 1688 (Margry III, p. 582) which runs as follows:

"Madame:

"I have received two letters from M. Cavelier, since his arrival. He did not stop at La Rochelle because he wanted to fulfil a vow which he made. He proposed subsequently to go to Court to give an account of M. de la Salle's discovery and of all the details of the voyage. He tells me that he cannot be here before the beginning of next month, and *that he left M. de la Salle in a beautiful country with M. de Chefdeville in good health.*"

There is a double falsehood here, for de Chefdeville was one of those who remained on the coast. It is somewhat interesting to find on page 579 of the same volume, a letter from Bishop Saint-Vallier of Quebec who says:

"I was greatly surprised, on arriving at Quebec, to hear that M. de la Salle's brother had come back from the great

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discovery. He is an excellent ecclesiastic of the community of M. Tronson. He went to France to give an account of all the adventures through which he passed. As the Gentlemen of St. Sulpice have no difficulty in recognizing my jurisdiction, I think I could do no better than to name M. Cavalier, who is a good ecclesiastic of St. Sulpice, my Vicar General after he returns from trying to find his brother."

Cavalier had of course no intention of returning to America. "to find his brother." On the contrary he settled down quietly in France, in affluence, it is said, for the rest of his days. The explanation offered for his protracted and remarkably successful deceit is that he wanted to protect the property interests of the family by reimbursing them for their outlays, before the other creditors who were legion, could be informed of the death of the great Discoverer. La Salle's spendthrift habits were well balanced by the caution of his unheroic brother.

The last horrible scene in the tragedy of the Gulf was witnessed by the Spaniards. When they captured La Salle's ketch on its way to Santo Domingo, the plot which Louis XIV and Seignelay had made to invade the Spanish possessions in America was revealed. The Gulf was therefore scoured again and again to discover the colony, but without success. Only the hulls of the Belle and the Aimable were found buried in the sand. On May 1, 1689, the searchers finally stood on the site where La Salle had established his last fort. A throng of Indians was there, and among them were L'Archêvêque, one of La Salle's murderers, and Grollet the Breton sailor. They were scarcely distinguishable from the savages. The fort was a wreck. The houses had been battered to pieces, and boxes and kettles and books and arquebuses were scattered about on the ground or half buried in the mud. The only signs of human beings were the remnants of three dead bodies, one of them that of a woman. From the Indians and the recreant whites it was learned that the settlement had been first decimated by small pox and then attacked by the



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savages, who, after murdering those who resisted, carried off a young man and woman and several children, one of them a girl. L'Archévêque and Grollet said they had returned to the scene of the massacre and buried fourteen dead bodies. These two scoundrels were put in irons and sent to jail in Spain; the children were taken from the savages, two of the boys were enrolled in the Spanish navy but afterwards reached France; while the other children were brought to Spain by the Viceroy of Mexico. Whether the two priests died of small-pox or were killed by the Indians is not known.

Thus ends the story of La Salle who was the victim of his own overwhelming egotism and perhaps also because towards the end, arrogant though he was, he permitted himself to be the tool of the scheming little French politician Bernou who kept a relentless grip on him from the year 1679. Had he taken counsel of his friends and not of his flatterers, he might have achieved great things and avoided the disasters which attended every one of his enterprises.

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CHAPTER I

LOOKING FOR A SITE

Jean Baptiste Le Moyne de Bienville was the Founder of New Orleans. His title of "de Bienville" belonged first to his elder brother François, who was killed by the Indians at Repentigny. At the time of this tragedy Jean Baptiste, who was born in Montreal on February 23, 1680, was only a boy of eleven. At sixteen he was sent to the Garde Marine at Rochefort in France and after remaining there two years set out with his illustrious brother d'Iberville to find the mouth of the Mississippi.

They left Brest on October 24, 1698, with two ships and two transports, and made for Porto Rico where they picked up the famous buccaneer, de Graff, an old associate of John Morgan in his bloody and plundering raids over the Spanish Main. However, de Graff was not hired by Iberville as a pirate but as a pilot, to guide the ships over the then trackless waters of the Gulf of Mexico. There were also on board a number of other filibusteros, taken to fill the places of the Canadians for whom the fever of the tropics had been fatal. According to Charlevoix, Iberville had an attraction for that kind of a crew. We trust the genial old historian was mistaken.

As they crept along the northern coast of the Gulf, a sharp lookout had to be kept for the mouth of the river, for they had no knowledge of its whereabouts, as La Salle had failed to determine its longitude. To make assurance doubly sure, Iberville and his young brother travelled in a yawl close to the shore while the ships followed slowly some distance out. Together they made their forced landing on Massacre Island where they saw Mobile Bay from the tree tops. They were

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also at each other's side when their felucca was driven by a wild storm into what proved to be the Mississippi.

Bienville was in the first boat that started up the river to place beyond doubt the genuineness of the discovery, and he shared his brother's rage against Hennepin whose fraudulent account they were trying to verify. Among the Bayagoulas they heard that Tonty had passed there in his search for La Salle. It was a great comfort to them, and the comfort was increased when a chief appeared decked out in the traditional blue coat of Montreal, while his braves displayed hatchets and knives that had been made in France. Being now satisfied that they had made no mistake, they turned down the river. To reach the sea more rapidly, as he fancied, Iberville took the route by Pontchartrain, while his brother went down the regular channel. It turned out that there was only a difference of eight hours in their respective journeys, for though Bienville had covered a greater distance, the lake route necessitated eighty portages in mud that was alive with snakes and alligators. Besides that, Bienville had the unexpected happiness of meeting the long-looked-for chief to whom Tonty had entrusted a letter for La Salle. The faithful red man had kept the missive for fourteen years, waiting for the wanderer to appear, but he never came. No doubt, the Indian had long made up his mind that La Salle was dead, and hence the present of a hatchet easily induced him to hand over the precious document to Bienville. Of course, the treasure delighted Iberville's heart, for he was now absolutely sure that he had found the Mississippi, but he failed to perceive or appreciate what might have saved many years of hardships. For when Bienville told him that on the banks of the river there was "a dry spot" that would be an excellent place for a colony, he attached no importance to that information. Yet on that same "dry spot," eighteen years later, Bienville laid the foundations of New Orleans. Biloxi, on the coast, was Iberville's choice, and leaving Bienville and Sauvolle there, he sailed for France with the news of his discovery.

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During his brother's absence, de Bienville determined to have another look at the river, and explored it as far as the Oumas country. While returning to the sea, he met with an adventure that is famous in history. He saw before him, in mid-stream, a ship flying the English flag. With characteristic audacity he boarded it and was received in a very friendly manner, by the captain and crew who told him they were looking for the Mississippi. "This is not the Mississippi," said Bienville; "it is a river of Canada and there is a large French colony further up." Of course the information was not in accordance with the truth, but veracity is not a common asset in war or diplomacy. In this case the lie had the desired effect. The Englishman accepted it as truth, and turning around in disgust, sailed down to the Gulf and disappeared. That part of the river has ever since been known as "Englishman's Turn." It was also a French *tour*.

Bienville must have laughed heartily when his victim was out of sight, but he was unaware that he had blocked the schemes of William of Orange, King of England. For it so happened that in the very year 1698 that he and his brother Iberville had started out on their expedition, the mendacious Hennepin had published a book in which he declared that he had anticipated La Salle in reaching the mouth of the Mississippi. In his preface he says: "I made the journey in 1680, La Salle in 1682." To the great scandal of every one, this *Missionnaire Récollet et Notaire Apostolique*, then residing in Holland, dedicated his work to the distinguished champion of Protestant Christianity.

Here was a chance for William to lay his hands on Louisiana. An individual named Coxe, who already owned extensive tracts in New Jersey, and who wished to extend his domain by adding larger concessions elsewhere, offered to equip two ships to take possession of the country which the King's subject claimed to have discovered. It was one of these ships that young de Bienville had boarded. But meantime Iberville had made France acquainted with the spurious character

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of Hennepin's claim. When the news reached King William he refused to accept the truth of Iberville's statement. He summoned his council and swore that "he would leap over twenty stumbling blocks rather than not effect his purpose"; and he promised Coxe again and again to send over, at his own cost, several hundred Huguenots and Vaudois refugees to take possession of the country. For some reason or another he never kept his word.

Curiously enough young de Bienville was at that very time also dreaming of Huguenot settlers for Louisiana, for while he was on board the British ship, a French sailor had told him that there were five hundred Huguenots in the English colony of Port Royal, in South Carolina, who would willingly join their Catholic countrymen in Louisiana. He informed Iberville of it later, and very probably it was the great Discoverer himself who presented a *supplique* to Louis XIV urging the acceptance of the offer. But His Majesty dismissed the proposal incontinently. "I have enough trouble with the Huguenots in France," he said, "without introducing them into my colonies."

On January 8, 1700, Iberville returned from France to Biloxi. With him were two more of his brothers, Serigny and Chateaugay II, the latter a boy of seventeen. Le Sueur, already famous for his exploits on the Great Lakes, and Boisbriant who was soon to achieve fame in the colony, were also of the party. With them likewise was a relative of Iberville's wife, the Sieur Juchereau de St. Denis, who was soon to figure in a romantic expedition to Mexico and to become ultimately one of the chief defenders of the colony. A number of young women of good families were brought over at that time to marry the officers and chief settlers, and the historian says they soon found husbands. Besides colonists, Iberville had also secured at Santo Domingo a supply of cotton-seed and sugar cane, and plenty of live stock, and Biloxi now seemed in a fair way of supporting itself.

Like his younger brother, Iberville had his heart set on the

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Great River, and together they went with about sixty men to learn more about it and if possible, to find another place for a settlement, for the selection of Biloxi was seen to be a dreadful mistake. Lake Pontchartrain was sounded but it was not deep enough. Soon after, Iberville gave up the search altogether, for he was rapidly breaking down in health, and returned to Biloxi. Being now his own master, Bienville went further up the stream, and on his way back was shown a place about thirty-eight miles below the present city of New Orleans, which he was assured by an Indian was suitable for a fort. As the recent incident of the English ships warned him that something was needed to keep invaders out of the river, he established himself there, turning over Biloxi to Sauvolle, while Iberville again started for France.

The famous Jesuit missionary Father Gravier got into a canoe at Chicago, on September 8, 1700, and began his perilous journey down to the new colony at the Gulf. He has left us a valuable account of his adventures in the "Relations" of 1696-1702; in which, besides telling the story of his own experiences on that journey, he corrects some of the statements made in the narratives ascribed to La Salle and Tonty.

"On December 17th," he tells us, "I beached my boat at Fort Mississippi after sixty-eight days canoeing." There he saw de Bienville. The "post" was on the south side of the river about eighteen leagues from the mouth. He found no fort there, no intrenchment, not even a redoubt. There was merely a battery of six cannon near the scattered huts which were thatched with palm leaves. Another line of guns stood on the edge of a hill. The Commandant had a small and neat house, but both he and his men were living on corn, without meat or fish, and had to get along in that way as best they could until Iberville's possible return in March. When the river was high the ground was inundated, and that lasted for months at a time. Outside the cabins, the men were knee-deep in water. The wheat they had sown had been swept away by the flood; and the garden fared no better, for the

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black snakes had eaten the lettuce and other vegetables down to the roots. Such was the desolate place to which this boy of twenty years of age had condemned himself.

From there, Gravier travelled over to Biloxi.

"To go thither," he says, "it is necessary, at the start, to cross a portage of a good eighth of a league in mud and water up to one's knees. After running five or six leagues to the southeast through the westerly islands, we turn north-east to a place seven leagues from Biloxi. There the mainland is followed to the entrance of the Bay and from there you see the fort, but to reach it you must cross the Bay. I arrived on the last of the year 1700, and was well received by M. de Sauvolle. There are 120 men in the fort which is scientifically built. It is defended with twelve pieces of cannon, and as many swivel-guns are mounted on bastions. Only shallops, or ships carrying less than 100 tons can enter the Bay, but they remain five leagues off from the fort, near Ship Island. Forty leagues to the East is the Spanish fort Pensacola. The air is purer than at de Bienville's place, for the heat is moderated by the breeze from the sea, about an hour or two before noon; but the water is not good."

Although he remained eight days he does not seem to have remarked the alligators, snakes and mosquitoes, perhaps because they were too common. He started back to the Mississippi and it took him eleven days to make the journey.

"Our guide lost his way; for three days would have sufficed under ordinary conditions. We had only brackish water to drink and nothing to eat for four days but corn which had to be boiled all night. We sailed from island to island, and the further we sailed the more we deviated from our course. After our water gave out, we found ourselves at a point which we had doubled four days previously. We made two long crossings of five leagues and finally came in sight of the Mississippi woods, and thanks be to God, entered the river where we slaked our thirst."

He goes on to say that "there are no mines in the country except lead," and "there are but five districts for a distance of eighty leagues from here that are not flooded by the Mississippi, and no settlement could possibly be established in a

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place where there are more mosquitoes. Even in the month of December they were in such swarms that I could not write a word; my hands and face were covered with them and I could not sleep at night. One eye was so badly stung that I almost lost it. This must be endured nearly all the year, for the French at the fort told me that after the month of March these pests come in such clouds that the air is darkened, and people cannot distinguish each other ten paces off." The holy man ends his letter by saying: "God be praised for everything."

Poor Father Gravier had harder trials to bear some years later in the mission which he had so long evangelized. His Indians, instigated by the jealous medicine men came to his hut to kill him. An arrow-head pierced his ear, another embedded itself in his elbow and was so firmly lodged that it could never be extracted, while a blow of a hatchet disabled his arm and caused him intense agony for years. As he did not die, the Indians came again at night to finish their work. But fortunately this time he was not alone. Two Frenchmen happened to be present, and while one held the savages off, expecting every moment to be struck by a tomahawk, the other apparently fled but it was to tell the neighboring Pottawotamies of what was going on. They arrived and drove off the would-be murderers.

In the month of March, Iberville again made his appearance in the colony, only to find that death had cut a wide swath among his people. Even Sauvolle had succumbed. Meantime complaints, frequent and bitter, came from France because the precious metals which were thought to abound in Louisiana were not forthcoming. To settle this latter trouble, Bienville was sent with twenty-two Canadians and six Taensas Indians to explore the Red River. It was a difficult and dangerous undertaking, for their course lay through fever-laden swamps in which they had often to wade up to their knees in water. "It was fortunate for those who were tall" wrote Bien-Ville to his brother, "for they had water only to the waist, but we had to swim, and push our rafts ahead of us." Added

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to this discomfort, was the fact that the swamps were alive with alligators, so that a continual discharge of musketry had to be kept up to scare them off. Nor was there any place to rest at night, for the ground was soaking wet. After a while the river began to rise and dug-outs were made, but they were too heavy to go fast. Finally, after four weeks of this exhausting work, the endurance of even these hardy men gave way, and in disgust they turned down the river, and after many a hair-breadth escape reached the ships on May 18. They had found no mines. This disappointment and the impossibility of living in Biloxi resulted in an order given in 1702, to vacate both Fort Mississippi and Biloxi, and to transport everything to Mobile. Bienville was put in charge of the new post.

Mobile had its advantages. The fort stood on a bluff twenty feet above the river, timber was plentiful in the nearby forests, and boats and dwelling houses were speedily built. The bay and the rivers emptying into it were explored, and envoys were sent to visit and conciliate the neighboring tribes. A welcome addition to the colony was made in the person of the great Tonty who, after his Illinois post was abolished, went down to join his friends in Louisiana where he rendered most valuable service by his skill in winning the goodwill of the natives. The Choctaws and Chickasaws soon appeared at the fort to form an alliance, and even permitted posts to be erected in their territory.

While Tonty and the others were winning the Southern Indians, Le Sueur was sent up the Mississippi, not so much to form alliances as to find mines, for the Home Government still persisted in the delusion that there were precious metals somewhere in the country. He journeyed up as far as Lake Pepin, erected a stockade at Blue Earth where he was sure he had struck copper, but the specimens he brought down proved to be worthless. However, though failing as mine prospectors, he and his men achieved a gastronomic glory which the amiable Charlevoix thinks worthy of being recorded.

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They had passed the winter with the Indians, hunting buffalo, but were not able to eat the meat, for it was cooked only when tainted. However, hunger soon overcame their loathing and they were not long in rivaling the Indians in voracity. Ten pounds of meat and four or five basins of broth were their usual repast. It is not surprising that on their return to the colony their rotundity was an occasion of alarm to their friends. Shocking as it was, however, Sir Alexander Mackenzie narrates in his "Journal," (p. 424) that towards the end of the exploration of the river that bears his name, he and nine men, helped by a large dog, disposed of a 250 pound elk in two meals, though they had feasted generously before that; and he hastens to assure his readers that "no inconvenience resulted from what might be considered an inordinate indulgence."

CHAPTER II

FORT MOBILE

When Iberville died in 1706, the storm which had long been gathering against the whole Le Moyne family broke out in all its fury. They were accused of malversation in office, illicit trading, tyranny and many other things besides. As a matter of fact Bienville had not been paid a penny of salary for seven years, and, indeed, at the end of his life, after forty years of danger and hardship in the King's service, he was almost in a condition of penury. His chief enemy at Mobile was a government official named La Salle, a namesake, though no relative of the great explorer. The newly arrived *curé* of the parish, de la Vente, was also arrayed against him. The result was that letters rained on Pontchartrain until at last he sent out d'Artaguet to examine the case, giving him absolute authority to send Bienville to France if the charges were verified. Neither the public nor the Governor knew the extent of the envoy's powers, but after a stay of a year or so, he reported that not only were the accusations unfounded, but that Bienville deserved the greatest praise for the work he had accomplished. Nevertheless, when the Commissary returned to France in 1710, the Sieur de la Motte Cadillac, the carrion crow of the French colonies, was named Governor in Bienville's stead.

It was a most unfortunate choice. Years before, Cadillac had to be summoned to France to explain his misconduct in Acadia; he had returned to Canada and, by dint of almost idolatrous flattery, succeeded in getting Frontenac to appoint him Commandant of Mackinac which he forthwith, as Father de Carheil said, turned into "a Sodom." In spite of his official position, he enriched himself by illicit trading, and permitted the most shameless debauchery, drunkenness and gambling

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among both officers and men. He sold firewater without stint to the savages, and heaped insults, ill treatment and calumny on the missionaries who complained of the conditions that prevailed. Finally he destroyed the entire post and transported every one, Indians included, to Detroit. While Governor in that place, he came near embroiling the whole country in war with the savages and actually brought up Iroquois from New York to massacre the Ottawas who were among the oldest allies of the French. And yet after this atrocious series of failures and misdeeds, he was now, to everyone's amazement, given a chance to begin similar depredations in Louisiana.

With him was the *Sieur Crozat*, a capitalist who had been granted the monopoly of trading in Louisiana for sixteen years, with the additional privilege accorded to him and his heirs of holding in perpetuity whatever mines and mining properties might be discovered and made available. Thus, in spite of the Government's sad experiences in Canada and elsewhere, all that had been urged about the necessity of cultivating the soil and developing industries was swept aside, and the reign of the trader began in Louisville under the control of a royally protected monopoly in whose profits a Governor with a disreputable past was the chief beneficiary. *Bienville* remained as *Commandant* of the fort.

By their charter *Cadillac* and *Crozat* found themselves with a vast empire to exploit at their pleasure. *Bancroft* thus describes its extent:

"On the side of Spain, at the west and south, Louisiana was held to extend to the *River del Norte*; and on the map published by the French Academy, the line passing from that river to the ridge that divides it from the *Red River* followed that ridge to the *Rocky Mountains* and then descended to seek its termination in the *Gulf of California*. On the *Gulf of Mexico* it is certain that France claimed to the *del Norte*. At the northwest where its collision would have been with the possessions of the *Company of Hudson Bay*, no treaty nor commission appears to have fixed its limits. On the east, the

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line as between Spain and France was half-way between the Spanish Garrison at Pensacola and the fort which in 1711, the French had established on the site of the present city of Mobile. With regard to England, Louisiana was held to embrace the whole valley of the Mississippi. Not a fountain bubbled on the west of the Alleghanies but was claimed as being within the French empire."

Cadillac had scarcely landed when he set to work to make money. Besides sending a set of improvised miners up the Mississippi to dig in Le Sueur's blue earth, which every one knew contained no metal, he despatched a ship to Mexico to inaugurate commercial relations with that country. The Viceroy refused even to let the vessel remain in port and gave a sting to his rejection of the offer by supplying the crew with provisions to return home. Otherwise they must have starved on the way.

Undismayed by this rebuff, Cadillac thought he might succeed by overland traffic and for that purpose he assembled 10,000 francs worth of merchandise which he entrusted to Saint-Denys who had already been in Mexico, and gave him orders to deposit the goods with the Natchitoches, and from there to endeavor to reach the frontier. Saint-Denys accepted the commission, ascended the Red River, left his merchandise at the place assigned and with a party of men started over the intervening country which is now the State of Texas. His adventures were of the most romantic character and stand out in delightful relief against the sordid methods of the man whose agent he was. They show also how the old ideals of chivalry still inspired the lives of the gallant French and Spanish gentlemen who first came to America.

After a twenty days' march, the party reached the country of the Assenais where poor La Salle had been murdered and about whom they asked in vain. There were no whites in those regions, except a few degenerate Spaniards who were roaming over the country, as naked and as miserable as the Indians themselves. Guides were, however, furnished by the

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Assenais for the 150 leagues that lay between them and the nearest Spanish habitations, and then the journey was resumed.

At last they saw before them the Presidio del Norte which was also known as Fort St. John the Baptist. It stood on the banks of a great river, the Rio Grande del Norte. The Commandant Don Pedro de Velescas received them cordially; quartered the men in the enclosure of the fort, and insisted that Saint-Denys should lodge in the official residence, including in the invitation the interpreter Penicaut and Médard Jallot, Saint-Denys' body-guard. Jallot was also a surgeon, and his knowledge of medicine was a fortune to him later on. It was only after several days that Saint-Denys was allowed to state the nature of his errand and to inform Don Pedro that he came as the representative of the Governor of Louisiana to establish commercial relations between the two colonies.

The courtesy shown by this dilatory fashion of approaching matters of business is very refreshing. Don Pedro informed him, however, that it was impossible for a mere Commandant to act in the premises without the permission of his immediate superior, the Governor of Caouis, who was sixty leagues away from the Presidio del Norte, but that he would dispatch messengers immediately and until the answer came he would have the happiness of entertaining his friend, Saint-Denys.

The polite Frenchman could not do otherwise than yield to this gracious invitation but its acceptance was sentimentally fatal to him. Don Pedro had a fair daughter and her heart had already surrendered to this gallant cavalier who had so suddenly appeared in the solitudes of the remote Presidio. She confided her gentle affliction to her father and instead of waxing wroth he was delighted.

One day, twenty-five cavaliers rode up to the gates of the fort carrying a letter from the Governor which called for Saint-Denys' immediate presence. Of course, delay was out of the question and Saint-Denys bade good-bye to his hosts. Arriving at Caouis he was received very cordially by the Governor but after some time was informed that it would be

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necessary to present himself to the Viceroy. Saint-Denys consented but calmly put off the journey till the following year. Evidently he was thinking of something else besides the merchandize he had left among the Natchitoches. Nor did the possible irritation of Cadillac disturb him, and only at the end of the year did he set out for Mexico City, leaving his faithful body servant, the surgeon Jallot, with the Governor. He had previously sent his men at the Presidio back to the Natchitoches village.

Two hundred and fifty leagues lay between the Governor's establishment and the Viceregal City. The journey was made under the escort of an officer and forty horsemen. On the way, Saint-Denys must have compared the splendid conditions which prevailed in Spanish America with what he was accustomed to in Canada and Louisiana. But the courtesy with which he had been treated so far came to a sudden halt. When ushered into the presence of the Viceroy, that important personage scanned his papers, handed them back to Saint-Denys and peremptorily ordered him off to a dungeon. There he languished for three dreary months. To all appearances, it was the end of his career; but fortunately some French officers in the service of Spain, hearing that a relative of the great Iberville was in prison, interceded for him and obtained his release.

The Viceroy made splendid amends for the injury he had unwittingly done to such a distinguished man, for he gave him a purse of 300 piastres, lodged him in commodious and comfortable quarters, invited him frequently to his table and grew to admire him so much that he offered him a position in the Spanish army, urging the example of many of Saint-Denys' countrymen who were in the service of His Catholic Majesty. The French officers were also very eager to have him join them, for the rich colonies of Spain presented better inducements than those of impoverished France. Saint-Denys was even promised the command of a company of cavalry. The salary attached to it was very tempting to an impecunious

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gentleman, who, moreover, had no military commission in Louisiana, and was there merely as a volunteer. But nothing could move him. At last the Viceroy said to him abruptly: "You ought to accept the offer, for I understand that you are half Spaniard already and are going to marry Don Pedro's daughter when you return to the Presidio del Norte."

The announcement quite startled Saint-Denys. He was not aware that the Viceroy had heard of his love affair, and he made haste to answer that though he really adored the maiden, yet he had never hoped to marry her for he was without means. "I will give you two months to think it over," said His Excellency. But at the end of the two months the Frenchman was still obdurate. So also was the Viceroy. "Here are a thousand piastres for your wedding," he said, "and perhaps Doña Maria will have more power than I to prevail upon you to remain in New Spain. But as for our trading with Louisiana, dismiss that from your thoughts."

On the next day, there came a fine bay horse from the stable of the Viceroy, and an officer and two cavaliers conducted Saint-Denys back to the Governor at Caouis. There he met Jallot who had succeeded in winning the admiration of the whole countryside by the successful use of his knowledge of medicine. They both went down to the Presidio where they found the post in the greatest trouble. The Indians of four villages angered by the ill-treatment inflicted on them by some Spanish soldiers, had packed up their traps and were going away. As the garrison depended on them for food, the conditions were alarming.

"I will fetch them back," said Saint-Denys, and Don Pedro, of course, embraced him effusively, saying: "I will send some soldiers with you." "Not at all," replied Saint-Denys. "Jallot and I will manage it"; and forth he rode:—no doubt leaving Doña Maria in hysterics as he bade her goodbye. He soon overtook the tribe, and as he approached, tied a white handkerchief to a stick and advanced to the chiefs who were solemnly awaiting him. Speaking in Spanish, he

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told them that the people they were going to, were harsh and cruel, and assured them that never again would any soldier harm them. On the contrary, everything would be done to atone for the past.

He soon won them and returned at the head of the tribe, to the infinite delight of Don Pedro who ratified all that Saint-Denys had said, and announced that any Spaniard would be put to death who should henceforward enter their reservation. Of course, the marriage followed. It was celebrated with Spanish magnificence, and the Presidio had never known such a day of happiness. Saint-Denys remained six months with his bride and then began to think that Cadillac might be anxious about the merchandize left among the Natchitoches, and so he set out for Louisiana. Of course, he returned to the Presidio to take away the lady. She embraced her father for the last time, and went off to her new relations. Saint-Denys ultimately became a Chevalier de St. Louis, was promoted to the rank of Captain and by royal order put in command of the post at Natchitoches whither his valiant wife had the courage to follow him. In 1731 he was among the Natchez and when a rebellion broke out on one occasion, he left eighty of the insurgents dead on the field. Le Page du Pratz who saw him there was amazed at his influence over the savages.

The "Relation" of Bernard La Harpe (Margry, Vol. VI) gives only a meagre outline of this romance. According to him the lady in question was the niece and not the daughter of the Commandant, and Saint-Denys' imprisonment occurred on a second visit to the Viceroy. In "*Relations des Jésuites*" (Vol. LXV, p. 268) Thwaites tells us in a note that "there is much confusion among historians about the identity of certain Canadian explorers in the South who were known as Juchereau de Saint-Denys. As well as can be determined by the data available, Charles, son of Nicolas Juchereau, established a tannery near the mouth of the Ohio in 1702. He died about two years later and it was his brother who went to Louisiana

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with Iberville in 1700. He was called Louis and was born in 1676. Being a trusted lieutenant of both Iberville and Bienville, he was sent by them on several expeditions to Mexico. French states (Louisiana Hist. Coll. New Series, p. 84, note) that Saint-Denys returned to Montreal where he died; but Tanguay makes no mention of him beyond the date of his birth, so that it is not likely he died in Canada. The time of his death is not known.

While Saint-Denys was absent in Mexico, troubles were brewing in Louisiana. For although Cadillac was flattering the hopes of the colonists and the Home Government by his stories about mines, and although the Indians around Mobile were friendly, it began to leak out that the English were tampering with them. Moreover in an uprising that had taken place among the Natchez, several Frenchmen were killed. Bienville, however, subdued them and in 1714 built in their country the famous Fort Rosalie that had been projected by Iberville.

In the midst of these troubles Saint-Denys arrived and told Cadillac that all his plans for commercial relations with Mexico would have to be relinquished. The Governor, of course, was irritated and fancied he could retaliate by establishing a trading post among the Natchitoches. He did so, but the Spaniards paid him back in his own coin by inaugurating another among the Assenais. He was thus worse off than before. "Those who would found colonies," writes Charlevoix, "would do well to be careful about the choice of the individuals to whom such enterprises are entrusted." In other words, the Government was advised that the appointment of men of the Cadillac stripe was sure to be disastrous.

In spite of his political troubles, Bienville like his friend Saint-Denys, had also a slight heart attack. He wanted to marry Cadillac's daughter, and wrote to his elder brother Longueuil, (*Revue Canadienne Oct.*, 1881), to that effect. "You have always been a father to me," he said, "and I do not want to take such a step without your permission and also

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that of my sister." As he was then about thirty-three years of age and had not been at home since he was a lad of fifteen or sixteen, this reverence for his elders furnishes an interesting side-light on his character. On the other hand, he appears to have had some curious views of married life. He had not yet even seen the damsel. All he knew about her was that she was a "grown-up girl." Later on, he hedges somewhat, and tells his brother: "Of course, I could not marry her now, for I have not money enough to keep a wife, and Cadillac is so mean that he has never offered me even a glass of water since he came to the colony."

Perhaps after all, it was only a bit of sly humor; for he would indeed have been heroic had he adopted such a father-in-law, as Cadillac his deadly enemy, who in 1713 wrote as follows to the Court of France:

"As the proverb has it: 'Bad country, bad people.' We have here the dregs of Canada, a beggarly set, without subordination, without respect for religion or the State; addicted to vice, particularly with the squaws who are chosen in preference to white women. It is difficult to stop it, when His Majesty wishes his representative to govern with sweetness, so as not to provoke complaints. On my arrival here, I found the garrison in the woods, looking for food at the point of their muskets. Not only bread but corn was lacking, for the harvests failed for two successive years. Even if the crops had been good they could not have been kept, for worms eat them up. The King's Lieutenant, Bienville, came here when he was eighteen years old, having never served either in Canada or France. His brother Chateauguay is younger still and so is Boisbriant. Indeed there is no one here capable of training soldiers, and that accounts for the lack of discipline. The unmarried Canadians keep Indian women as slaves and pretend they need them to do the washing, cooking and house-keeping. Such conduct is intolerable."

As an offset to this arraignment, Duclos, Cadillac's own Intendant, wrote to Pontchartrain as follows:

"I cannot praise too much the admirable way in which M. de Bienville has been able to control the Indians. He suc-

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ceeds in gaining their good will by his generosity, loyalty, his scrupulous exactness in keeping his promises, and the firm and altogether admirable manner in which he administers justice, whenever the savages ask for his arbitration. He has especially won their esteem by the severity he employs against any Frenchmen who have robbed or plundered them, and he invariably exacts reparation for any harm done."

On his part, de Bienville lays the blame of the deplorable condition of the country on Cadillac. "He terrorized every one from the day of his arrival." ("*Hist de Longueuil, Vincent and Jodoin, p. 120*)

"Every one wants to leave," he says, "and many have already gone to Vera Cruz and Havana. We officers are in dire straits, for nothing has come from France, and we are obliged to sell our slaves and furniture to get money to buy shirts and other clothing, and also to purchase flour from the company which holds everything at extravagant prices. If we complain of an article as too dear, we are told to take it or leave it; but there is nowhere else to go. Thus what we used to get for 2,000 livres we cannot obtain for 8,000 now. The soldiers have not been paid for seven years. The ship on which Cadillac came over, brought them one suit of clothes and two shirts, but no stockings; for food they have only a pound of flour a day but no meat or vegetables. They are already protesting:

"We have had enough of this kind of treatment," and they are deserting in great numbers. The prison is full of those who have been caught. I shall say nothing about M. de la Motte, except that no one wants to serve under him. He lost his head at finding himself Governor of the charming province of Louisiana. If he was not the chief personage of the Commercial Corporation here, perhaps he would help the officers a bit. All the *voyageurs* had great supplies of peltries, but were charged such exorbitant prices for merchandize that they all decamped and swore they would never come down the river again.

"It is more than five months since M. de la Motte arrived, and there are now only two barrels of flour left in the store.

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The consequence is that he has given the soldiers leave to go where they like among the savages. They all avail themselves of the chance and there is no one left to guard the fort." It is at this stage of the letter that Bienville broaches his matrimonial projects and among other difficulties in the way of the match, he says, "I would find it very trying to be M. de la Motte's son-in-law, because he is at odds with every one. He is the trickiest man in the world, and always says the opposite of what he thinks."

If the daughter had any of the traits of her father, she would have been an unpleasant companion for poor de Bienville. As a matter of fact he did not marry her or any one else. He died in single blessedness.

The rest of the missive is taken up with anxious appeals that certain moneys he owed should be paid. There is also a bitter complaint that a young nephew, Saint-Hélène, was a spendthrift, a drunkard and a smoker, "the only one who is disgracing his family." It concludes with affectionate remembrances to his relatives and a reproach to his sister who "never wrote to him in all her life," "though I love her so tenderly." The signature furnishes an example of the respect and affection that reigned in the Le Moynes family. "Believe me with the greatest respect, *Monsieur, et très cher frère,*

*"Votre très humble et très obéissant serviteur,
"Bienville."*

In 1714 Cadillac wrote: "The colony could not be poorer than it is. The Canadians cannot live here and are going back to Canada and yet we cannot do without them." After asking for a church he adds: "I think the people would be delighted not to have one. According to the priests and missionaries, they have not approached the sacraments for six or seven years. The soldiers have not made their Easter duty and in that they are imitating M. de Bienville, their Commandant; Boisbriant, the Major; Baillon, the Aide-Major; Chateauguay, the 1st Captain; and Sérigny, a petty officer. I told them I would inform your Highness about it. That made them furious against me and they were upheld by the Commissaire Duclos."

This last phrase reveals the despicable character of Cadillac.

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On October 4, 1716, when Bienville was in the Natchez country, he received a letter from the Conseil de Marine informing him that he was to keep his post of Commandant, but that Cadillac was to be replaced by Épinay. Meantime Crozat was convinced that his wild speculation was a mistake. He therefore, threw up his charter and returned to France. But both he and Cadillac had ruined what little of good was in the colony. For although there were no more than twenty-five French families in Louisiana, only half of whom attempted to cultivate the soil, while the rest were a floating population of traders, innkeepers and laboring men, yet a little business was carried on at Dauphine Island in lumber and peltries. The *voyageurs*, mostly Canadians, travelled about among the tribes, swapping European stuffs for peltries and slaves and selling them to the settlers, who in turn got money for them from the Spaniards of Pensacola or the ships that came to port. The slaves were employed to till the fields or to saw the timber which was disposed of sometimes at Pensacola, but more commonly in Martinique or Santo Domingo, which sent back sugar, tobacco and cocoa. Pensacola was also a market for their vegetables, corn, fowl or whatever else their neighbors lacked in the way of garden produce; for the Spaniards did not fancy field labor. All this brought back a little money, not enough indeed to make the people rich but sufficient to enable them to get along. They had not yet learned how to plant tobacco, indigo and cotton, and beside there were no hands to do the work. Moreover no one felt sure the King would not some fine day abandon the colony altogether.

Crozat's chief trouble was that he could never be made to understand that the land was unproductive. Dauphine Island for instance, was only a sand bar and could hardly grow a clump of pines, while the barrens around Mobile forbade all cultivation, yet not only did he fail to appreciate this but he took away from the colonists the only means they had of supporting themselves. The result was that the ships from the

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West Indies ceased to appear at Mobile, which was bad enough, but the colonists were forbidden to go even to Pensacola which supplied the only money they could get. He claimed the monopoly of selling, and lowered the price of each article to suit himself, with the result that smuggling became universal and the trappers no longer came to the colony with their furs. They sold them in Canada or the English settlements.

Of course neither the King nor the colonists made any money, nor did Crozat who complained that the weakness of the colony made it contemptible in the eyes of the savages. He maintained that trading posts were impossible in the interior and that it was a mistake to neglect the Mississippi which the English were sure to capture. He was so completely disheartened that he did not wait till his charter expired but relinquished it in 1717.

The failure of Crozat, one would fancy, ought to have prevented the wild scheme planned by the expatriated Scotch gambler, John Law, and put into operation immediately after Crozat's withdrawal. Law had set the French nation crazy, for the time being, with his financial schemes and was regarded as one of the greatest geniuses the world had ever seen. It is surprising that Charlevoix who was living at the time did not perceive the folly and iniquity of the whole business. On the contrary, he regarded Law as a public benefactor, and writing before the bubble burst, says:

"In 1717 there was formed that famous Company of the West which, under the direction of Sieur Law, assumed, little by little, almost all the domestic and foreign commerce of the kingdom, and from which arose the Company of the Indies which is now so flourishing and which alone has succeeded since the foundation of the monarchy."

The Letters Patent of Law's Company issued in the form of an edict and registered in Parliament, on September 6 of the same year, declared that His Majesty grants to the same Company for twenty-five years:

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"First. The Commerce of Canada on the conditions of cultivating the fields and plantations.

"Second. The monopoly for twenty-five years dating from the day of registration, of the commerce and government of Louisiana, and in perpetuity all the lands, ports, sea coasts, harbors and islands which compose the province, as well as the enjoyment of every property, seigneurie and judicial administration, without any other right or duty than the liege homage which its successors will continue to pay at each royal accession, of a gold crown of the weight of thirty marks. It is also granted that the Illinois country is detached from the Government of New France and absorbed in that of Louisiana.

"Third. The power to make treaties and alliances in the name of His Majesty, throughout the entire concession, with such natives of the country as are not dependent on the other powers of Europe, and in case of insult, to declare war and to make peace or a temporary truce.

"Fourth. The absolute possession of mines and mining property which it may open during the time of its existence as a Company.

"Fifth. Permission also, to sell and alienate the lands of its concession, to construct forts, castles and other posts it may deem necessary for the defense of the country, and to place garrisons in them, to levy troops in France with the consent of His Majesty, and to appoint Governors, Majors and officers to whom it may be pleased to entrust the troops.

"Yet," says Bancroft, "ten years afterwards, a Jesuit missionary arriving at the colony on the Mississippi saw there only thirty needy Frenchmen who had been abandoned by their employers and found no consolation but in the blandness of the climate and the unrivalled fertility of the soil."

The Jesuit missionary referred to was Father Poisson, one of whose letters (Vol. LXVII of the "Relations") gives more explicit details about Law's methods in land grabbing:

"Mr. Law's own personal grant was here in a boundless prairie, the entrance of which is two gunshots from the house in which I am. The Company of the Indies had given him a tract sixteen leagues square; that makes fully, I think, a hundred leagues in circuit. His intention was to build a city here, to establish manufactures, to have numbers of vassals and

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troops and to found a Duchy. He began the work only a year before his fall. The property which he then sent into this country amounted to more than fifteen hundred thousand livres. Among other things there was enough to equip superbly 200 cavalrymen. He had also bought 300 negroes. The Frenchmen engaged for this work were men of all sorts of trades. The directors and subalterns with a hundred men ascended the river in five boats to come here to begin the settlement, and to procure provisions to receive those whom they had left down the river. The chaplain died on the way and was buried in one of the sand-banks on the Mississippi. Twelve thousand Germans were engaged for this grant. That was not a bad beginning for the first year but Mr. Law was disgraced. Of the three or four thousand Germans who had already left their country, a large number died in the East, nearly all on landing in this country. The entire enterprise had collapsed."

CHAPTER III

LEAVING MOBILE

When de Bienville was among the Natchez in 1716, a despatch was sent to him with the information that Cadillac had been recalled and Épinay appointed Governor in his stead. That functionary did not arrive until February 9, 1717. He remained only a year and on precisely the same day, February 9, of the following year, he withdrew to France and de Bienville took his place. During Épinay's brief tenure of office, an accident occurred which was fraught with unforeseen but fortunate consequences. In the month of August a hurricane ruined the harbor at Dauphine Island by flinging a sandbar across its entrance. A new site had to be found, and Bienville bethought him of the "dry spot" he had seen on the Mississippi eighteen years before. He made the proposal to the Governor and was appointed to carry out the project, and thus in 1718 New Orleans was established.

Meantime Law's great scheme had been launched and hence when his unfortunate victims began to arrive they settled along the banks of the great river. It was providential, not only because it afforded a chance for future development in the right place, but because the site which was being abandoned was almost immediately the witness of a protracted series of naval battles between France and Spain. Indeed the war had perhaps been precipitated by Bienville's own indiscretion.

At the beginning of his administration, he had sent his brother Chateauguay to seize an old fort in St. Joseph's Bay which had been abandoned by the Spaniards, seventeen or eighteen years before. It was no sooner taken, than the folly of the act was seen. It had no harbor, the surrounding country was barren and the water was bad. Indeed many of

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the new garrison fell sick and others deserted. Of course the Spaniards resented the act as a territorial violation, and the Commandant at Pensacola issued a protest that compelled Chateaugay to return to Fort Mobile.

In February of the following year, however, de Sérigny arrived from France with three ships, and announced that war had been declared with Spain. Moreover he had orders to seize Pensacola. It had long been a Spanish possession, for it had been discovered by Narvaez who landed there after his disastrous expedition in Florida; Maldonado, one of de Soto's lieutenants had visited the place and called it the Port of Anchusi; in 1558, de Luna gave it the name of St. Mary's Bay, and de Pes added that of Galve, in honor of the Viceroy of Mexico. In 1697, its first Governor Arriola erected a fort, there, as well as a church and some houses. But the French always coveted it because it was the only available place on that side of the Gulf from the Bahamas to Mobile.

As soon as the war news came, it was decided to assemble all the French settlers and *voyageurs* at Mobile, and also to call on the Indian allies to join in the fight. They were to be sent overland to Pensacola, while the three ships carrying 150 sailors would sail down the Gulf and attack the fort from the sea.

At ten o'clock on the morning of May 14, Sérigny entered the Bay and demanded the surrender of the fort. On the refusal of the Governor a cannonade was begun, which lasted five hours, but the Spanish chronicle says that no one was hit.

Indeed it is gravely recorded that at the end of the five hours, the Governor sent out an officer to inquire what it was all about, and was told that war had been declared in Europe on January 14. It was then May 14. He asked a day to think about it, but knowing that there were 700 more of the enemy marching across the country, he wisely capitulated; one of the conditions being that two of the French ships should carry the Governor and the 400 Spaniards of the settlement over to Havana. The terms were assented to, and the Spaniards must

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have smiled at their foes, for not only were the returned soldiers gladly welcomed by their compatriots in Havana, but the French ships and their crews were seized and never returned to Pensacola. Moreover, an expedition that was being made ready to attack the English in Carolina was diverted to Pensacola, and word was sent to the Viceroy of Mexico to co-operate in the attack. He was already prepared, for a Franciscan friar who had escaped in the fight had brought the news of the disaster, and five vessels which had just arrived at Vera Cruz made it easy to transport all the soldiers that were needed. Hence, on June 29, a fleet of twelve ships carrying 800 men set sail for Pensacola. They entered the harbor, attacked two of the ships that lay there, one of which they boarded, and then looked on quietly while a third was being set on fire by the crew who got ashore and fled to the fort. The Spaniards then sent a general summons to surrender and the French flag was immediately hauled down. Indeed there was nothing else to do, for half of the garrison had deserted and the rest refused to fight, just as they had previously refused to work. Though they had been there a month they had done nothing to repair the fortifications; a disgraceful state of affairs which Charlevoix explained by the fact that "the troops were *faulx sauniers* and other jail birds." Perhaps, it may be added that Chateauguay was then only twenty-four or twenty-five years of age. It was an inglorious day for him. Like the rest he was made a prisoner and carried off to Havana and from thence deported to Spain. So ended the first chapter of this military drama.

The next move of the Spaniards was naturally towards Mobile. But they proceeded in a very leisurely fashion. Although Mobile was next door to Pensacola, it was fully two months before the enemy appeared off Dauphine Island, thus very courteously giving Bienville ample time to receive them. Sérigny was in charge, and by help of the ship "Philippe," which was advantageously ensconced behind a point of land and supported by batteries on shore, he kept the enemy at

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bay, while the Frenchmen and savages on the Island prevented every attempt to land, for fourteen successive days. Finally on August 26, the Spanish fleet hoisted anchor and withdrew.

It was now the turn of the French, and they determined to wipe out Chateauguay's disgrace by retaking Pensacola. Its defenses had meantime been strengthened by the wise Commandant, who had been left in charge, in spite of the fact that he had great difficulty in keeping the negroes at work. They continually saw the ghosts of enemies coming, and when the Commander attempted to bring them to their senses "these barbarians," says the Spanish chronicle, "fled like goats to the top of the mountain where it was impossible to capture them." The Commandant succeeded also in fortifying the point of Santa Rosa Island, and was comforted by the arrival of a brigantine from Vera Cruz, but as his food supplies were giving out and his soldiers were sick, the general impression of the garrison was that it was advisable to burn the fort and go back to Cuba. That idea, however, was not carried out.

The French were more expeditious than their rivals. They had been gathering the Indians around Mobile and on August 31, six warships arrived, as well as three armed merchantmen. But scouts came in and reported that although the Spaniards did not dare to leave their fort, for fear of the Indians, yet on the other hand, eight ships were anchored off Santa Rosa Island and tents were pitched all along the beach. Nevertheless, on the 13th of September, three ships, two frigates and a barque carrying 250 men started down the coast while de Bienville began his march overland with soldiers and volunteers to join de Longueville and his savages at Perdido River. On the evening of the 16th, the squadron was facing the cannon at the mouth of the harbor while soldiers were sent through the woods to invest the fort. On the seventeenth, soundings were taken and deep water was found on the bar. As the ships passed up the harbor with the wind abaft, the fourteen cannon on the island opened on them. It took some time for

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the squadron to line up for a reply, as well as to handle the Spanish vessels that were waiting inside, but all went well. The firing continued for eight hours, while the Canadians and savages were assailing the fort which they harassed day and night. When one Spanish ship was sunk, a summons to surrender was sent out. The Commandant would have continued the fight but he was warned that if the savages got inside the fort, there would be no quarter. Prudence got the better of his valor and on the morrow the ensign of his Catholic Majesty was struck, and the garrison walked out of the fort. Between twelve and fifteen hundred prisoners were taken. But as there was no food in Pensacola, they were sent to Havana. It is consoling to discover that after all this booming of cannon and rattle of musketry and sinking of a ship, only sixty dead Spaniards were found and no more than six or seven French.

The question now was: what should be done with the prize? The fort was too badly battered to be of much use and the French soldiers could not be trusted, for they were on the whole a pretty disreputable set. Hence it was decided to dismantle the bastions on the shore side and keep the other two that faced the harbor. An officer, two sergeants, twenty soldiers and a dozen sailors were left as a garrison and the fleet sailed back to Mobile. Some little anxiety was felt about the possibility of the arrival of other Spanish ships, but that passed off, and as sickness was increasing on board the French fleet, the Commander M. de Champmêlin started for France, after M. de Saint-Denys had assembled the savages and rewarded them for their services in the campaign. Ships had indeed been sent from Mexico but they failed to arrive.

The war was scarcely over when Mobile was threatened with a pestilence. Two vessels, the "Henri" and the "Toulouse," entered the harbor, reeking with yellow fever. They had been sent out by the Government to obtain exact information about the West Indies, to chart the Gulf coast of Louisiana and especially to determine the exact longitude of the

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month of the Mississippi, which would seem to indicate that not only had La Salle neglected to obtain that important geographical piece of knowledge but that even Iberville had been equally derelict. Perhaps, however, the latter's findings were disputed.

The scientific man of the expedition was Father Laval, S.J., who was, at that time, Government Professor of Hydrography at Toulon. From him we obtain an account of the progress of the pest, and oddly enough the story is to be found in a huge quarto volume, woven into the scientific data which were set down for the officials of the Government and published immediately after his return to France. Its title is very elaborate and is given here to show the vast extent of ground Laval covered in his work. It runs as follows:

"Voyage de la Louisiane, fait par l'ordre du Roy, en l'année 1720." It then announces that in the treatise are: "Divers matters of physics, Astronomy and Navigation to which are added Experiments on Refraction and a Discussion of those Experiments. Likewise an Account of various voyages made for the correction of the Coast Line of Provence, and Remarks on some points of the system of Sir Isaac Newton, Published at Paris with royal privilege, in the year 1728."

The author has a good-humored way of warning his readers in his preface, that the book was a difficult piece of work, for it was intended to please every one. The language of seafaring men had to be employed because it is all about navigation. If he did otherwise, the sailors would conclude he was abandoning the sea which he had followed so long, and would toss his book aside with contempt. On the other hand, to satisfy landmen, he had compiled a glossary of nautical terms which would throw light on their meaning. The mingling of science with the record of priestly ministrations in the improvised hospital and on ship board makes the book one of the curiosities of literature. Some quotations may be of interest.

"On July 1," he says, "at seven o'clock in the morning, we

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sighted Dauphine Island. When two leagues away we signalled with two cannon shots. After some delay, we heard three in reply and saw the white flag; we replied with another shot and then hoisted our flag. At eleven o'clock we dropped anchor a league and a half from the shore and found a bottom of sand and mud in seven and three-quarters fathoms." Then follows an account of the reception on shore; the news of vessels coming and going; the direction of the wind; the variation of the compass. On the 3d, direction of currents, color and velocity of currents; on the 4th, distant thunder, direction of the wind; cloudy sky, rain, land products, etc., are noted. Next a map of Pensacola is given and then a description of the two recent fights, by an officer who had taken part in them.

"Up to the 9th," he continues, "the sky was cloudy and I did not go ashore. Besides I wanted them to finish the hospital-sheds and the other houses for our lodging, and also because I was anxious to let the chaplain rest from the fatigue of the voyage." He doesn't say that the ships were full of yellow fever patients. He then tells how his house is made, half concrete and half wood; the concrete being composed of sand and oyster shells, packed in between vertical boards which are subsequently removed. Then follow endless astronomical observations. He next explains how he established his quadrant on a base of concrete and hoisted his telescope on a spar eighteen feet high by means of a pulley. On the 12th, he writes, "besides my astronomical observations, I have charge of the hospital and the cases are increasing daily. There is no priest on the island; only myself at Mobile, one at Biloxi and one at New Orleans. We say Mass near the hospital. The only mark of Christianity is a cross near which we have made a cemetery in sand." Then come observations of the first satellite of Jupiter. On the 17th he had taken the elevation of the sun in the morning, but as he had to administer the sacraments to the sick in the hospital, he was not in time to take it in the afternoon. So the record continues. "On the 21st I could not observe the height of the sun at noon because

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I was administering the sacraments to the sick." On July 24 he puts down that his hospital work had prevented him from exploring the country. On the 29th we find this mixture of scientific observations and mortuary notices:

"a puff of wind from the northwest and we prepare to start. Our sick are brought on board. In spite of all we did, the 'Henri' has 100 sick; there are twenty-five in the 'Toulouse,' but I fear for the future. One thing consoles me: Champigny the Commissary of the Squadron is out of danger. If I had lost him, I should have lost a dear friend, and his family their greatest hope. The thermometer is fifty-seven and one line and a half; during the whole month it was fifty-six and nine lines at sunrise." The 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th of August go by, all with their multiplied observations. "On the 8th, the Ensign of the 'Henri' died in the afternoon after three weeks of suffering. He breathed his last like a good Christian. I gave him the sacraments before we left the island. At midnight we took soundings but could find no bottom. On the 12th, dead calm. We found seventy fathoms in muddy sand." Then come the words: "After writing these lines, I took the fever and remained sick or convalescent for more than a month. The observations that follow were taken by Marchese, our chief lieutenant. The second Ensign and the two first pilots fell sick the same time that I did. All, thank God, recovered. I dragged myself to his side leaning on the shoulders of two sailors. He was a fine fellow and a good worker. He was only thirty-two. The Tavardelle as they call this sickness has carried off the youngest and the strongest. The cadet Sabatier, the third pilot, who came to see me, the fourth day of my sickness, was cast into the sea three days after. Véaume fought the malady for seven days and suffered with a patience and compunction truly Christian. His bed was next to mine and I was greatly edified and strengthened. I got out of the trouble with the only consequence of being yellow for three months."

Right after this, are observations of various kinds taken by himself. The ships finally reached the roadstead of Toulon, on November 13, having left Dauphine Island on August 29. Father Laval continued to teach hydrography at Toulon until

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his death in 1728, and the longitude of the mouth of the Mississippi had to be determined by someone else.

Such was Mobile's first scientific visitor. He had not fulfilled the commission given him to find the longitude of the Mississippi, but, instead of being reprimanded by the Admiralty for his failure, he was commended for putting his priestly obligations before those of his worldly profession. He might have posted off to the place upon his arrival for it was not far away, but on the other hand some of the sailors might have died in his absence. Of course when he himself was stricken down there was no longer any question of going thither and some one else had to find the elusive line. It was in this pestilence that the admirable Tonty ended his adventurous career.

Sometime after these events, namely in 1722, a Spanish brigantine with twenty-two pieces of cannon and carrying 250 men arrived at Biloxi from Vera Cruz. It was commanded by Augustine Spinola, and had on board Captain Walcop, an Irishman in the Spanish service, who was commissioned to arrange for the restitution of Pensacola to Spain, in conformity with one of the articles of the treaty of peace between the two countries. Charlevoix, the historian from whom these details are taken, records the fact that he was at Biloxi on that occasion and informs us that the demonstration of joy on both sides was very great and apparently very sincere.

CHAPTER IV

NEW ORLEANS

Prior to these troubles in Mobile Bay, a strong emigration to the Colony had set in. Every one in France was eager to share in the fabulous wealth that Louisiana was supposed to contain, and as early as 1717, 800 colonists came ashore at Biloxi, among them the famous Le Page du Pratz. Law settled 1,500 Germans and Provençals on his great Mississippi estate and even after his fall, the excitement was unabated. According to Garneau, more than 1,000 people were lost at Lorient in France before they embarked. The ships were crowded with men and women who had made no provision for the long and perilous journey and they were dumped on the shore at Biloxi where there were no boats to carry them to the Mississippi. It is said that 500 of these unfortunates died there of hunger and as many more of exhaustion and disease. Riots and disorders of every kind occurred and a troop of Swiss soldiers deserted to the English. Finally in 1722, when the official headquarters were transferred to New Orleans, the major part of the population migrated thither and Biloxi and Mobile were relatively deserted.

Charlevoix who was then making his grand tour arrived there in 1722. Writing to Madame la Duchesse de Lesdiguières he says:

"The best idea you can form of New Orleans is to imagine 200 persons sent out to build a city, and encamped on the banks of a great river where they have so far only thought of sheltering themselves from the inclemency of the weather (*les injures de l'air*), waiting meanwhile for some one to draw a plan before they build any houses. Mr. Pauger, whom I have the honor to accompany, has already made one which is very fine and very regular, but which will not be as easy to build as it is to put it on paper."

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Judging from the map furnished by Le Page du Pratz who wrote a little later, it could not have been hard either to draw the map or build the city. It is a simple gridiron, with the Place d'Armes in front, the Council Hall on one side and stores on the other. The Parish Church faces the open space, and the rest is simply a succession of blocks in parallel lines. Curiously enough the military headquarters and prison are on one side of the church, and the Capuchin monastery on the other. The Ursuline school and hospital were relegated to the last block but one and adjacent to the levee. Up to 1722, there was no church, and Mass was celebrated in a warehouse. After a while even that shelter was denied and the Lord had to be worshipped under a tent.

Charlevoix does not admire the site and attaches little importance to the fact that it was in easy communication with Biloxi and Mobile by way of Lake Pontchartrain. "Besides," he says, "whoever heard of a great river not being fortified at the mouth?" Du Pratz also, who knew everything, took exception to it. Being an engineer, he maintained that he could easily pierce the bar at the mouth, if the Government would let him; and he would construct a machine that was to be available at Balize to propel vessels up the stream. Being likewise an eminent architect he gives advice about using stone for the houses, although there was none visible in the country. Baton Rouge, he tells us, is not the "red stick" that marked the boundary lines between two savage tribes, but a tall red cedar which some one said would make a *bon bâton*; and finally "Englishman's Turn" does not refer to the lie Bienville told the English skipper but to the horseshoe bend of the river at that point. This versatile individual is also, according to his own testimony, a botanist, an ethnologist and, finally, a linguist who is at perfect ease in his familiar conversations with his friends the Natchez chiefs.

Charlevoix saw New Orleans in January, but on September 12, 1722, the "two hundred people camped on the banks of the great river" had a terrible experience. At ten o'clock at night

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a hurricane swept over the country and every building in the city, as well as above and below it, was wrecked; the river rose eight feet, and three ships were flung high and dry on the bank. Biloxi fared worse than New Orleans. There all the houses were overthrown; a tidal wave flooded the fort; the freighters in the roadstead were stranded; and the entire crew of one of them, with the exception of the captain and a cabin boy, were drowned. The crops that had been gathered were swept away and what had been left standing in the fields was destroyed by the continual rains that followed. Colonists, however, continued to arrive and, in 1725, it is said that there were 600 Catholic families in New Orleans; sixty in Mobile; thirty among the Apalachian Indians; six at Balize; 200 at the Côte des Allemands; 100 at Pointe Coupée; six among the Natchez and 650 in the Natchitoches country.

In the beginning of the colony, the requirements of religion seemed to have been lost sight of. Hence on his return to France, Charlevoix lodged a complaint with the Government.

"It is hard to explain," he says, "why up to this time no regard whatever had been paid to the spiritual needs of the colonists. On my return to France at the beginning of 1723, I found both the Court and the Company as surprised as I was at this neglect of what was a very essential matter. They, therefore, cast their eyes upon the Capuchin Fathers for the work and these were distributed in the various quarters where the greatest number of French inhabitants had settled.

"But it was equally important to have missionaries for the Indians. Hence the Company applied to the Jesuits. As many as were available were sent and placed at posts which the Capuchins had been unable to fill. It was a great misfortune that the Natchez Indians above all, were not supplied with missionaries; the mistake was seen only when it was irreparable. Simultaneously with the arrival of missionaries, provision was also made for the education of the young French girls of the capital and the neighborhood. In 1725 the Ursulines were called and because the poverty of the colony precluded the multiplication of establishments, these good recluses were also put in charge of the hospital."

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So far, the Indians had been quiet, but were now causing great anxiety; for though the bravest of the tribes, the Chickas or Chickasaws, after a brief outbreak, had become the staunch allies of the French, yet there had been strife between a branch of the Illinois and the Outagamis. When the latter were beaten and the victors came to settle in the Mississippi, the friendship between the Outagamis and the French was broken up to such an extent that travelling on the river was no longer safe. Moreover, the harsh treatment they had received at the hands of St. Ange at Fort Charles was an additional cause of irritation. Over and above this, the Natchez would have dug up the hatchet had not Delietto, who was in charge there, smoothed over the difficulty. "When I was among the Natchez in 1722" writes Charlevoix, "peace reigned. Unfortunately, Delietto died towards the close of the year. Had his successor imitated his policy of give and take, we should not have had to recount the disasters that followed soon after his death."

Such was the condition of Louisiana at the end of de Bienville's first term as Governor. He was succeeded by M. Perrier, an admirable man in many respects, but absolutely unacquainted with American conditions. He came out in October, 1726, and his first demand was for more troops and more money to keep the Indians quiet, but he was told he merely wanted to increase his own importance. The soldiers came only three years later. A party was formed against him in the colony and, true to custom, the Home Government was deluged with complaints against his administration. This opposition was apparently not yet public, for Father Beaubois, the Jesuit Superior who arrived at New Orleans in 1727, writes to M. de la Loe, Secretary of the Company of the Indies, that "the good management of Monsieur Perrier has produced a great change. His firmness and wisdom imperceptibly restored the good order and concord which had been banished."

Not only was there political but clerical strife. The advent

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of the Jesuits, and of Beaubois in particular, was regarded with displeasure by the Capuchins, and after three years of residence there, Father Beaubois was recalled to France. The opposition was so great that no ministerial work was given to the Jesuits in the colony itself. They were assigned to the Indians, a task which was always acceptable; but on the other hand, had they been permitted some activity in the city itself, they might have checked the spirit of irreligion which had begun to declare itself in New Orleans, and was now open and avowed. What the apostolate among the savages implied may be inferred from a letter written by the light-hearted Father Poisson who set out to labor for his savage flock with delight, but was soon to be struck dead by a blow of a tomahawk.

Like his Superior, he at first saw everything in New Orleans *couleur de rose*.

"Peace and good order has been established by the care and wisdom of the new Commandant General," he writes. "There had been two factions among the people who were at the head of affairs; one was called *la grande bande*, and the other *la petite bande*. This division is done away with, and there is every reason to hope that the colony will be more firmly established than ever." But if there was peace, there was also considerable alarm about the scarcity of food in New Orleans. "Some missionaries and the nuns were expected to arrive," continues Poisson, "and this made us hasten our departure so as to spare the Reverend Father de Beaubois additional inconvenience although it was a bad season for traveling on the Mississippi. We embarked, therefore, on May 25, 1727. Fathers Souel, Dumas and I, along with the good natured Simon, who was a *donné* of the Illinois mission and not one of those *engagés* who are hired to paddle a pirogue and to make passengers furious whom they convoy up the river."

Poisson had all sorts of experiences from the time he started out, "perched on a pile of chests and packages that were a foot higher than the sides of the pirogue." He notes the concessions as he passes on, especially that of de Koli, a Swiss, who

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had spent a fortune on his Louisiana property. On each plantation he saw the negroes at work cultivating corn, rice, indigo and tobacco. The greater part of the concessionaries he noted were not people who would naturally leave France. On the contrary, they were well-to-do and had equipped ships and brought over superintendents, stewards, storekeepers, clerks, workmen, as well as provisions and goods of all kinds.

"Besides the concessionaries and habitants," he continues, "there are also in this country people who have no other occupation than roving about: First, the women or girls taken from the hospitals of Paris, or the Salpêtrière, who find that the laws of marriage are too severe and the management of a house too irksome, so that even a voyage of 400 leagues does not terrify them. Second, *voyageurs*, mostly young men sent to the Mississippi for various reasons, by their relatives or by the courts, who find digging too hard and prefer to row a boat to working for their living. Third, hunters who ascend the river for meat to sell at New Orleans.

"The whole country was inundated," he continues, "and consequently there was no *cabanage* or camping ground, day or night, and we usually tied up to a tree and slept in the pirogue; cooking our meals on a jam of logs. The heat was increasing every day, and we drank the river water through a reed as we passed along. The meat gave out ten leagues from New Orleans, so we eat rice and used bear's oil, salt and a keen appetite for seasoning."

The mosquitoes as usual were a torture, and he makes an entomological classification of them thus: "Generically they are the *frappe d'abords* and the *brûlots*; 'the strike-firsters' and 'the scorchers';" the gnats, wasps and gadflies are classed in these two groups. He sums up by saying "we were tormented by *omne genus muscarum*."

On June 1, the party arrived at Oumas, a French habitation, and found a camping ground that was not inundated. Two days after, they enjoyed a real bed at the house of a *concessionnaire*. Near there a missionary named Sainte-Côme had been killed, a short time before. On the 4th, they slept at

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Baton Rouge, and on the 7th encamped at Pointe Coupée. On the 9th, they made their first acquaintance with the great American skunk. Every now and again the river widened out into a sea, and the furious water drove them against trees, or they had to strain every nerve to avoid the logs that were swept down the stream. On the 13th, they reached "Natchez where there is a French settlement which is growing in importance. A great deal of tobacco is cultivated on the plantations and it is considered the best in the country; the town stands on a bluff from which the great river can be seen swirling as if into an abyss; the Indian village is about a league away." He makes the usual note about the temple, the perpetual fire and the custom of immolating a number of people when the chief dies.

On the 23d, they arrived at the Yazoo which comes in from the east. At that post he saw an officer, a dozen soldiers and some planters. There Father Souel left him, while he himself continued on to the Arkansas where he arrived at the end of June, 1727. He established his mission on the land which Law had staked out; a little estate of sixteen square leagues, but at that time, abandoned. He found there about thirty French people in absolute destitution. "These good folk received me," he says, "with the greatest delight, for they had long been deprived of all religious assistance." He was not only the priest for these poor derelicts, but their physician and infirmarian as well, and he soon succeeded in putting some heart in them. He looked after the Indians also, but their superstition and immorality made them a hard set to deal with, and he was of course hampered by his ignorance of their language.

In spite of its hardships and disappointments he kept stubbornly at his work for two years when, in November, 1729, the affairs of his little mission compelled him to get into his canoe and paddle down the river towards New Orleans which he never reached. He arrived at the Natchez post on the 26th. It was the eve of the first Sunday of Advent. The

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missionary of the place was absent and Father Poisson took his place. On Monday, the 28th, after saying Mass, he brought the Viaticum to a sick person, and on his way back he was met by an Indian chief who seized him around the waist, flung him to the ground and smashed his head in with the blows of a tomahawk.

He was only one of the victims of that bloody day. At nine o'clock in the morning, crowds of Indians were seen swarming into the fort and the houses of the settlers, alleging as their excuse for this unusual proceeding that they were looking for things that were needed for the great hunt which they were about to begin. It was a man hunt. Three shots were heard. It was the signal to begin the massacre, and at the end of the day the mangled bodies of more than one hundred white men strewed the ground; sixty women, 150 children and a number of blacks were taken prisoners. Only about twenty people escaped to the woods, most of them bleeding from their wounds. While the massacre was going on, the great Chief Soleil sat at the side of the warehouse of the post, placidly contemplating the circle of gory heads that were placed before him, in the midst of which was that of the Commandant who had been congratulating himself shortly before that the Indians were most devoted to him. The negroes as well as the red men of other tribes were spared, but the savages ripped up the bodies of the wounded women and killed the children at the breast. This was the first outbreak of what proved to be an intertribal conspiracy entered into for the purpose of massacring all the whites in the country. It had been planned for a later date, but the desire to lay hands on some merchandise which had just arrived, and thus exclude the other savages from the booty, prompted the Natchez to take the initiative.

It was only on December 11th that anything was attempted among the Yazooos. Father Souel was shot while crossing a river and a savage went dancing down to the Natchez in the priest's cassock to tell the news. Every white was killed.

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A fugitive from Natchez had brought the horrid story to New Orleans, but he was not believed. It was only when Father Doutreleau, the missionary from the Illinois, arrived, that the real situation was revealed. His adventures on the way down showed that the conflagration was raging all along the river. He had intended to visit Father Souel among the Yazooos, but when he arrived at the mouth of the river on New Year's Day 1730, he thought he could not reach the mission in time, for it was some distance inland, and hence he erected an altar on the river bank to say Mass. When about to begin, some Yazooos made their appearance. No particular attention was paid to them but during the Kyrie Eleison a shower of bullets fell on the priest and the men kneeling around the improvised altar. Father Doutreleau was struck in the arm and seeing one of the men fall dead at his feet he knelt down to await another volley. The bullets again rattled around him, but finding that he was not hit, he seized the chalice and paten and ran in his vestments to the river where two of his men who thought him dead were already in the canoe a little out from the shore. The savages were in hot pursuit and while the priest was scrambling into the boat he turned his head and received a shot in the mouth, but he was dragged into the canoe and the party escaped.

They knew nothing at all of what had occurred at Natchez, but when they came near and saw the charred ruins of the houses they hurried on. Some Indians shouted to them to come ashore but they paddled all the more furiously. The shots rained about them but fortunately they were out of reach and all the bullets fell short. As they sped down the river, they were alarmed at seeing a pirogue near the Tonica country waiting for them and they gave themselves up for lost. To their intense relief they heard the men speaking French. They were soldiers sent up from the city against the Natchez. The wounded priest and one of his companions whose thigh had been fractured were brought ashore, and the surgeon of the troop did what he could for them. Father

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Doutreleau was then sent down the river with two men to protect him, and as the canoe left the shore he called out: "*Au revoir!* I'll come back right away to be your chaplain." He kept his word, and left New Orleans before his wounds were healed.

Before he arrived in New Orleans, the Governor had sent the experienced Le Sueur to the Indians who had remained faithful, to urge them to attack the Natchez. Le Sueur had no difficulty in persuading them to do so, and as soon as they arrived at the enemy's stronghold they began the assault, killing eighty Natchez and freeing fifty French women and children besides two men who had escaped in the previous massacre. But in spite of this success, they found themselves held in check by a party of negroes who had joined the savages. Meantime de Lubois had come up from New Orleans with 200 soldiers and encamped around the sacred temple of the village. He began a bombardment of the palisade, but none of his cannon balls reached the fort. The next day he moved in closer, and after six hours shooting had not broken a single stick in the defenses. On January 15, he sent in a white flag for a parley but the soldier was shot at as he approached; and dropping his flag, fled. On the 21st, new trenches were dug, and on the following day the Indians made a sortie. To the dismay of the French, two officers and thirty men basely deserted their post at this juncture. The Indians poured down upon the rest, and the cannon was about to be seized, when young d'Artaguet with five men drove them back. On the 24th another advance was made, and on the 25th a chief came out and consented to deliver up the prisoners. More than that he would not do. The prisoners indeed were released, but that night the Natchez all decamped. The French took possession of the place and d'Artaguet was left to guard it. Such was the entire result of the expedition which set out to crush the enemy.

The Natchez were by no means subdued, and after they had committed some other outrages, Perrier resolved to make

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a second attempt to destroy them. On November 15, 1730, his brother arrived from France with reinforcements. Coulonge was sent to ask the Arkansas to join the expedition, and in the beginning of December the army started from New Orleans. On the 20th they reached Bayagoulas where some forty Colupissas joined them, but as the whereabouts of the Natchez was not known Le Sueur started up the Red River to find them, the army following in the same direction. The progress of the main body was slow, for the river was swollen by snow and rains, and the current was swift, while continual fogs made the course uncertain. On the 27th news came of a skirmish in which the valiant Coulonge had been killed.

Then the Arkansas grew tired of waiting and went home. Perrier himself joined his men only on January 4, 1731. The scouts were sent out but could not locate the enemy. Finally, on the 12th, the troops crossed over to the Black River and only on the 20th came up with the Indians. Trenches were immediately made and there were some skirmishes during the night. When morning dawned the mortars were put in position and a few bombs were thrown into the fort. On the 22nd, there was an all-day bombardment without any appreciable effect, and at last on the 24th a white flag was seen and a parley asked for. It was granted and Perrier demanded the presence of the Grand Chief, threatening promiscuous slaughter if his wish was not complied with. The savages angrily refused, but at last agreed to surrender. Meantime forty or fifty of them had contrived to escape from the fort; the others were taken as prisoners and brought to New Orleans. But the tribe was not yet subdued. Depredations and massacres were still the order of the day and Le Sueur wanted to go out and fight them in Indian fashion, but Perrier would not hear of it. War must be conducted according to rule or not at all. The consequence was that massacres of friendly Indians occurred close to the palisades of New Orleans, and Saint-Denys who had been left undisturbed at Natchitoches, during all these troubles, was attacked, but knowing their methods he easily

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beat them. Then the Chickasaws took the war path and by the help of the negroes nearly succeeded in butchering all the whites in the City.

This long succession of defeats ended in Perrier's recall and in 1734 Bienville returned to the colony which was now no longer the property of a trading company but a Royal Province.

CHAPTER V

THE SECOND TERM

Bienville immediately set about reducing the troublesome Chickasaws who had led the Natchez into revolt and were still making the passage of the Mississippi impossible for the whites. For two whole years he prepared for a war that ended only in disaster and disgrace. Finally, in 1736, all the troops of the colony met at Mobile, led by Bienville in person. D'Artaguette was to join the main body with all the Indians and Canadians they could muster in the Illinois country. The Oujatarions under the guidance of Vincennes, as well as the Senecas of New York who had recently adopted Joncaire as one of the tribe, and the Iroquois of Caughnawaga were all expected to assemble for the great battle.

It took Bienville sixteen days to reach the Tombigbee River, at what is now Cotton Gin Point, where a fort had already been erected by an advance party. At that place 1,200 Choc-taws came in. On May 25th, they camped within a league of the chief Chickasaw village, and on the following morning began the attack. As they approached, they saw an English flag floating over the fortification. Twice the works were assaulted but the French failed to carry the post and they had already lost thirty men. They had started out with some field pieces but had left them down on the Tombigbee, seven miles away. Nothing was effected and on May 29th, as no messenger had come from d'Artaguette or Vincennes, Bienville sounded the retreat. He picked up his cannon on the way down but threw them in the river, as they would only impede his flight, and he returned to Mobile a defeated man.

He learned there why d'Artaguette and Vincennes had not supported him. They were dead. Obeying his order, they had reached the appointed place, on May 4th, and waited there

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anxiously for the main body. Day after day went by, and on the 16th it was no longer possible to hold back the savages. They easily took the first village, but found the second stronger than they expected. To add to the discomfiture, the Illinois and some of the French deserted; nevertheless with 400 followers d'Artaguette fiercely attacked the enemy. Three of his officers fell at his side and he himself was wounded. While trying to carry him off the field, Vincennes was taken prisoner. Indeed had it not been for the Caughnawaga Indians, the whole force would have been annihilated. At last the signal for retreat was given, and here enters a boy of sixteen named Voisin. He took command of the panic-stricken fugitives, and with the enemy in hot pursuit and burdened with wounded men, he led them for a distance of 120 miles until they were safe from the Chickasaw tomahawks.

When they came to a halt and looked around them, they found they had suffered another grievous loss, their devoted missionary, the Jesuit Father Senat, who had been with them on the battlefield. He had not followed the retreating body, but had stayed behind to give the last rites to the dying. He was seized by the enemy, and he, Artaguette and Vincennes with seventeen others were tied to the stake, and after being cruelly tortured from three o'clock in the afternoon till midnight, were burned to death. It was Palm Sunday. According to Shea the place was most probably in Keene County, Mississippi. Another officer and a Christian Iroquois met the same fate on the following day.

James Oglethorpe was then Governor of Georgia. Eighteen months after the battle, there came to his house a young Frenchman named Drouat de Richarville who had been helped by an English trader to escape from the Chickasaws. He was one of the captives who had been spared after the battle. When the Indians came to claim him, Oglethorpe ransomed him, gave him a passport, and with that in his possession he made his way through Carolina, Virginia, Maryland and New York and thence up the Hudson to Albany, reaching Mon-

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treachery on June 10, 1739, more than five years after the bloody battle in the Chickasaw country.

Just after the fight, Oglethorpe had welcomed other visitors: thirty Chickasaw Indians who came down to boast of their victory and to tell how they had burned their enemies at the stake. Oglethorpe's name was now in honor along the Mississippi, and the Indians wanted to make a perpetual alliance with him, offering him an unusually splendid gift, a belt made from the spoils of the enemy, adorned with gorgeous feathers and hung with buffalo horn. He had now with him the Chickasaws, the Creeks and Cherokees, and he posted off to England to inform the trustees of his Company that the Colony was doing well; that "the Indians for several hundred miles distant had confederated with him and acknowledged the authority of the English King."

Bienville's defeat at the very beginning of his second administration lowered him in the eyes of the colonists and the Home Government. Perhaps age was telling on him and he was no longer the active and aggressive warrior of earlier days. He was then seventy years old. But he resolved to wipe out the disgrace. He asked for more troops and some were sent him. He appealed to his friends in Canada; and his nephew, the second Baron de Longueuil, set out to help him. Very little assistance, however, came from the Northern Indians. The Hurons were quarreling with the Ottawas, and many refused to answer the call. The Abnakis started out, but sixty of them deserted. This loss, however, was compensated by some Nipissings, Algonquins and Iroquois, so that Longueuil had 440 Indians under him when he left Montreal. They followed the long trail on the southern shore of Lake Ontario and then down the Ohio and Mississippi. Bienville meantime was coming up to meet them with an army of 3,200 men, made up of regular soldiers, volunteers, Indians and negroes. They encamped on a sloping ground near the spot where the City of Memphis now stands and began to build their fort, which they called Assumption, for

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they had arrived there on the 15th of August. The Illinois were the first to come in from the north, and the Canadian detachment soon after made its appearance.

The building of the fort went on through several months and it was not until February, 1740, that Bienville decided to begin operations. Even then he was not ready, for sickness had broken out among his troops, and he could rely only on his Canadians, who were used to this kind of life. On February 20th, he attacked the first Chickasaw stronghold. Thirty or more of the enemy were killed or wounded. Even that slight loss was enough to quell the spirit of the once indomitable Chickasaws. They sued for peace, which was readily granted, and in the month of April the fort which had taken so long to build was demolished, the northern detachments returned home, and Bienville took up his march for New Orleans. His nephew, de Longueuil, went with him and from there sailed for France.

Two years after this expedition, de Bienville was succeeded by de Vaudreuil as Governor of Louisiana and withdrew to France. According to "*Nos Gloires Nationales*" he left the colony in a most prosperous condition. But according to Shea in "*The Catholic Church in Colonial Days*," Louisiana was increasing in population, but the settlers were not of the sturdy, industrious character found in those who built up Canada. Times had changed too; less respect was paid to religion, and officials, instead of upholding the Church and its ministers or setting an example of respect for morality and religion, frequently afforded a pretext for those viciously inclined to plunge into every kind of excess. In the documents of the time instances constantly occur where the clergy were openly treated with contempt.

"Thus even after the Natchez were overthrown," he says, "all the efforts of the missionary who was enduring great hardships in his work, were neutralized by the corrupt French at that post. At the fort there was no chapel, and no place where he could offer the Holy Sacrifice but a room open to all,



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even to the poultry, so that a hen once flew on the altar just after Mass."

Nor could the authorities be induced to erect a suitable chapel. The priest's remonstrances only led to further derision and mockery. In New Orleans, so indifferent had the people become that only thirty or forty attended the parochial Mass on Sundays. In 1721 St. Vallier deplored the disregard of religion and purity in which the French of every condition, recently arrived from France, lived in the vast country along the great river. Conditions grew worse with time.

The explanation of this sad state of things is to be found in the Voltairianism which was beginning to sap the life of the mother country at that time, and was penetrating into all its colonies. Even Canada was feeling its effects. In 1773, when the Jesuits were suppressed, the Superior Council of Louisiana hastened to put the decree into effect in the most cruel fashion. In all the Jesuit missions of those parts their property was seized, their libraries were scattered, their churches demolished, the graves of their dead desecrated, and the Fathers sent off in the holds of ships to France as criminals. "Even in far away Kaskaskia," says Shea, "the chapel was destroyed, the vestments used at Mass were seen in the hands of negroes and the candelabra and crucifixes were sent to a house that decent people shunned." Meantime the Protestant English authorities of Quebec had left the Jesuits undisturbed in possession of their property.

Bienville had returned to France where he died a childless old man at the age of eighty-eight. He was not of the same heroic build as Iberville and far from being as successful as Longueuil, but perhaps not even they would have been able to control the conditions in which Bienville found himself at the end of his life.

PIERRE GAULTIER DE LA VÉRENDRYE

CHAPTER I

DEERFIELD

Pierre Gaultier de Varennes de la Vérendrye was the son of René Gaultier de Varennes who had been for twenty years Governor of Three Rivers. His mother was the daughter of the famous Pierre Boucher, one of the most distinguished men of New France.

Pierre Boucher came out to America, in 1635, when he was only thirteen years old. On the ship with him were the Jesuit Fathers Lalemant and Jacques Buteux. The latter was murdered by the Indians some years afterwards at the head waters of the St. Maurice, after having labored for many years at Three Rivers, the settlement where twenty years later young Boucher was to achieve greatness. Father Lalemant went up to the Huron country and took the boy with him; a fortunate arrangement for the lad, because there he came under the influence of the great men of the missions, Brébeuf, Garnier, Jogues and others like them. He became tenderly attached to them all, especially to Brébeuf and afterwards always prayed to him in time of trouble. Indeed in his last will and testament he laid the injunction on his children to do likewise. Young Charles Le Moyne followed him a few years later to Huronia where they were both trained in that deep piety which ever afterwards distinguished them. There also they obtained whatever little book learning they possessed.

When Boucher had finished his apprenticeship of four years in the *pays d'en haut*, he became a soldier in Quebec. Knowing the Indian language well, he was naturally employed as an interpreter, while his skill and bravery as a fighter against the Iroquois soon made him a corporal and then a

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sergeant. In 1643 he was at Montmagny's side on the Richelieu in a battle with 200 Iroquois; and two years later he appears to have commanded in another encounter on Lake St. Pierre where after fighting all day, the Indians fled under cover of darkness in the night. In the following year he distinguished himself at Bécancour where the victory was long in the balance: "Because," as he says in his "*Mémoire*," "the officers conducted themselves badly." He, however, so distinguished himself on that occasion that he was assigned to the stores at Three Rivers by Montmagny and in 1649, d'Ailleboust gave him complete control of that department.

Three Rivers was then one of the principal settlements of the Colony and as it was very frequently attacked, the Governor of Quebec thought he could do no better than to make Boucher its Commandant, giving him orders at the same time to palisade the post effectively. He was in charge only a few days when de la Potherie, who was Governor at the time, went down to Quebec, giving him full authority over the settlement. Boucher was then only thirty years of age.

In the month of August, 1653, five hundred Iroquois were swarming round the fort, determined to take it at all hazards, and offering special distinction to their braves for the Commandant's scalp. Boucher had at that time only forty-six men to meet this formidable attack; but he was equal to the occasion. Like a Christian warrior, he called his men around him before the fight, made them all kneel down to ask Almighty God for help and then in the name of Father, Son and Holy Ghost led them to battle. The assault was maintained for nine days, and at last the Indians gave up, setting fire, however, to houses and harvests as they withdrew, but leaving many a dead Iroquois behind them. The abandonment of their dead, however, had a suspicious look. That evening an Indian came back with a white flag and asked for a parley. But he was not let inside the palisades. The tricks of the savages were too well known and the discussion was put off till morning. The talk dragged on for a whole week when to

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the surprise of every one, 300 men arrived from Quebec and caught the Indians in the rear. There was nothing to do but surrender, and they agreed to send back all the prisoners they had in their cantons, among them Father Poncet. Indeed it was only to recapture Poncet that the Quebec expedition had been organized, for the plight of Three Rivers was absolutely unknown. The relief was most welcome, but it was Boucher who had won the fight, and when he went to Quebec the Governor threw his arms around him and exclaimed: "You have not only saved Three Rivers but the whole Colony. Had Three Rivers fallen, we were all lost." Soon after Avaugour sent him off to France to explain the conditions of the Colony to the King. His Majesty was most gracious, made many promises which he never kept, but gave him a title of nobility and appointed him Judge Royal of the Colony. The young backwoodsman accepted both honors, but in 1664 he resigned the judgeship, knowing perfectly well that his lack of legal training made him unequal to the task. He was the recipient also of a generous concession of land, higher up the St. Lawrence and opposite the eastern end of the present Montreal. It consisted of 114 *arpents* of river front, with a depth of two leagues, along with the islands in the river, known as Percées. His neighbor was the Sieur de Varennes. He already owned another property a league and a half in length and two leagues in depth on the Yamachiche, and in addition an island which had been granted him in 1655. His estate was thus one of the best in Canada.

This royal generosity resulted in the withdrawal of Boucher from public life. He handed over the Governorship of Three Rivers to Gaultier de Varennes, his son-in-law, and retired to his domain which has ever since been known as Boucherville. His reasons for doing so he set down in writing. They were first, to have a part of the country consecrated to God in which good people could live at peace and from which scoundrels would be excluded; second, to be able to work for the salvation of his soul, away from the turmoil of the world;

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third, to obtain a competency for the education of his children in virtue and in whatever else would be needed for their future occupation in civil or religious life; fourth, to be able to help his neighbor and the poor.

It is in this document that he recorded his sentiments of veneration for Father de Brébeuf who had been tortured and slain by the Iroquois:—"In order to succeed, I entreat the good God by the intercession and merits of his faithful servant, Father de Brébeuf to help me in this establishment, if it is for His glory and the salvation of my soul, and of my family; if not, I beg that He will not let me succeed as I wish to do nothing contrary to His Holy Will." This is the language of a saint.

He took possession of his estate in 1665. Two years before that, he had published a little book setting forth the advantages of the colonization of Canada. It does not appear to have circulated in France, as was intended by the author, for he says it was meant to answer the numberless questions of the King. But it is a mine of information, and historians of Canada like Charlevoix, Ferland, Garneau and others have availed themselves of its stores of information. Another writing, "The Adieux of Grandfather Boucher to his Children," which was in reality his will, is very touching in its sentiments of domestic affection. Indeed there was a time in Canada when some of the old habitant families used to read it on their knees, as an evening devotion. In it the old man speaks personally to each of his children and to his wife in particular, reminding her how much he had loved her and all her relations for her sake.

He had married twice. His first wife was an Indian girl named Marie Madeleine Chrétienne who had been educated by Ursulines. She died without issue in the first year of her marriage. In 1652 he married again and from this union with Jeanne Crevier, fifteen children were born, all of whom as well as their descendants became connected with the most distinguished families in Canada. The heroic old patriarch died

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on April 19, 1714 at the age of ninety-seven, *nonante sept*, as the mortuary register at Boucherville has it. His venerable wife followed him to the grave thirteen years later.

We have given this long account of Grandfather Pierre Boucher in order to show what excellent blood ran in the veins of Pierre Gaultier de Varennes de la Vérendrye. That blood told later on in his adventurous career, as it did in that of his sister and her illustrious daughter, Marie Marguerite, known in history as the Foundress of the Congregation of the Grey Nuns of Montreal, Madame d'Youville.

Her mother had married Lajemmerais, a Breton gentleman who was at one time Frontenac's Commandant at Catarocqui, but who like so many of the first seigneurs left his wife and children in abject poverty when he died; for the French Government treated the defenders of its colonies very shabbily. Both the Governor and the Intendant had interceded with the King, but a pension of sixty livres was all that was granted to the starving widow and her six children. Some one sent little Marie Marguerite to the Ursulines for a year or so; the other children were cared for by relations, until at last a very picturesque figure appears on the scene, an Irishman named Timothy Sullivan who took pity on the widow and married her. Sullivan's name subsequently became Sylvain. He was given to the practice of medicine, and was successful in the art of healing, but owing to the fact that he was not duly accredited by any regular school, his training having been obtained from his father, a physician in Dublin, he was bitterly assailed by the few doctors who were then in the colony. At all events he showed himself an excellent father to the widow's children, one of whom became a priest. Marie Marguerite, however, made an unfortunate marriage with a wealthy roué, named d'Youville whose father had been with de la Salle in the voyage to the Gulf and who for that reason called one of his estates *La Découverte*. When young d'Youville came to the end of his dissolute career, his wife Marie Marguerite found herself going through the same experience

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as her mother before her, that of a penniless widow with a number of children to care for. She did not, however, imitate the maternal example by marrying again, but determined to devote her life to the care of the poor and the sick. Her valiant struggle to found and develop her Congregation of nuns and to build and equip what is now known as the General Hospital is one of the well known chapters of Canadian history. She died on December 23, 1771, twenty-two years after the death of her distinguished uncle de la Vérendrye whose story we must now resume or rather begin.

De la Vérendrye was born in 1686 at Three Rivers and was only eighteen when he was fighting as a soldier in what is euphemistically called "the campaign of 1704 in New England." That "campaign" consisted exclusively of the sacking of Deerfield, the glory of which is a matter of dispute.

The Abnakis of Acadia had complained of depredations and murders committed by the English, and asked the help of the French in the war that was about to begin. As they had always been faithful allies, there was no refusing them and, accordingly, Hertel de Rouville set out from Montreal in mid-winter with a band of 200 Canadians and Indians, and descending to Chambly, crossed Lake Champlain on snow shoes to the river Winooski, north of the present city of Burlington, in Vermont; then traveling over to a tributary of the Connecticut he continued down the latter river to Deerfield, which he reached on the last day of February (O. S.) He and his men had covered a distance of 265 miles.

Concealing themselves in the neighboring woods, during the night, and not lighting a fire in spite of the bitter cold, they crept up to the village before morning dawned and quietly walked over the snow drifts which reached to the top of the palisade. The sentinels had withdrawn or were asleep when the war whoop aroused the startled inhabitants. A stubborn fight took place at the guard house, but the struggle was a brief one. The raiders killed about forty of the settlers and soldiers and then hurried back to Montreal, carrying off a

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number of captives but leaving behind them two of their best officers, Hertel de Chambly and Verchères, who were killed in the fray.

English and French historians, of course, differ in describing this affair. Thus Bancroft tells us that the village was set on fire and everything but the church and one dwelling house consumed.

"Of the inhabitants but few escaped, forty-seven were killed, one hundred and twelve were made captives. One hour after sunrise the party began its return to Canada. But who would know the horrors of that winter march through the wilderness? Two men starved to death. Did a young child weep from fatigue or a feeble woman totter from anguish under the burden of her own offspring, the tomahawk stilled the complaint or the helpless infant was cast out upon the snow, &c."

Peter Schuyler, writing to Vaudreuil, expresses his horror thus: "My heart swells with indignation when I think that a war between Christian princes, bound to the exactest laws of honor and generosity which their noble ancestors have illustrated by brilliant examples, is degenerating into a savage and boundless butchery."

But the valiant Peter was himself doing all he could to get the Iroquois to undertake similar raids on the French settlements, and he labored earnestly for years to induce the savages to expel from New York the missionaries who were evangelizing the Iroquois. It may be noted also that Bancroft leaves the impression that Deerfield was a defenseless village, whereas Vaudreuil informs the Home Government that "there were more than one hundred men under arms in the place"; and although Parkman insists that "except for their inveterate habit of poaching on Acadian fisheries, the people of New England had not provoked these barbarous attacks"; the official report of Vaudreuil assures the Minister that, "the English having killed some of these Abnakis the Indians sent us word of it and demanded assistance." Indeed at a much later date, an Abnaki chief proudly rebuked a deputy of the Governor of Boston by telling him:



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"We hear on all sides that this Governor and the *Bostonnais* say the Abnakis are a bad people. It is in vain that you charge us with bad habits; it is always you, our brothers, who have attacked us; you have a sweet tongue but a heart of gall. We tell you that we are not anxious for war. We like nothing better than to be at peace, and it needs only that our English brothers keep peace with us. As soon as you cease to encroach on our lands we shall be at peace. When peace was made, we expected to enjoy it, but at the same moment we learned that you, our English brothers, had killed one of our men and had hidden him in the ice. Since then a man and a woman of our village have been killed."

He then solemnly warns them that "if any of you are caught on our lands you will be killed." This, it must be remembered, was not merely a protest against encroachment. It was much more. It was self-defense. A heavy bounty was being paid for Indian scalps and the Abnakis had seen the white hair of their missionary, Father Rasle, sold at Boston, and hence they were determined that no Englishman was going to be allowed in dangerous proximity to his red brothers. Possibly "scalp hunting" was what Parkman meant by "poaching on the Acadian fisheries." According to Kingsford "the price paid at Boston was £10, if the Indian was under ten years of age, while £40 was given for an older prisoner or his scalp." Canada never adopted such methods, and as far as we are aware, scalps were never sold at Montreal, Three Rivers or Quebec.

In connection with Deerfield there used to be a fantastic story that the raid was organized by the Caughnawaga Indians, because the *Bostonnais* had seized a bell which had been sent to America for the Caughnawaga chapel but had been stolen by the New Englanders from a vessel that had been wrecked on the coast. This is a myth, for in the first place, it was an Abnaki and not an Iroquois fight; secondly, the story is discredited by the authorities at Caughnawaga; thirdly, there is no record or even likelihood that the raiders would have burdened themselves with a heavy church bell, when they

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had to hurry back to Montreal as fast as their feet could carry them, for they knew they would be pursued; and finally, the author of the "True Story of New England Captives" assures us there was never any bell in the church at Deerfield.

There is, however, a very actual and living link between Caughnawaga and Deerfield in the person of one of the captives, Eunice Williams, the daughter of the minister of the latter place, who was taken at the same time as his daughter. After his release the minister went repeatedly to the reservation to beg her to return home. She obstinately refused, and at times would not even speak to him. She was deaf even to a promise that if she went merely on a visit, she would be allowed to resume her Indian life. That did not appeal to her, nor did the efforts of Dudley of Massachusetts or Schuyler of New York and of other exalted personages avail. The date of her baptism as a Catholic is not on the register, but the tradition of the family is that she then took the name of Mary. On the other hand, the record of her burial has Margaret. Her Indian name was Waongote or Aongote or Gonwahongote, which means "she was captured and planted as a member of the tribe." She was called also Kanenstenhawi. She married Francis Xavier Arosen and had two daughters, Catherine and Mary, and also a son. Catherine married the Grand Chief Francis Xavier Onastegen but, having no children, adopted Louise Tionenharentha. The Fosters of Caughnawaga are descendants of her second daughter Mary, who died in 1779 at the age of forty. Her husband married again, and his children took the name of Williams but without any right to do so. In 1897 the direct descendants of Eunice, through her son and Mary her daughter, numbered 113.

After a while she made up her mind to visit Deerfield. She went there in 1743, but what happened on that occasion we do not know as the village records were lost in a fire. In 1771, she again made her appearance, this time accompanied by many of the tribe. While they camped in the orchard, "the whole population was summoned to the church and prayed that

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the lost one might be brought to the true religion of Jesus Christ." But they failed to convert her. Eunice remained a Catholic. "It was," exclaims the author of the "True Story," "Romanism warring against Protestantism, Jesuit against Puritan, that held Eunice Williams eighty-three years a captive." The horror of the pious writer would be increased if she had known that a venerable Jesuit Father, Thomas French by name, who sometime labored in New York and Canada, was a descendant of Deacon French who with his family was carried off from Deerfield at the same time as Eunice. The Deacon was the Town Clerk and blacksmith. As an offset to this, however, the great grandson of Eunice Williams became a Protestant minister and posed for a time as Dauphin of France, the son of Louis XVI. But Eleazer Williams failed to have his royalty recognized. His squaw mother would not yield him to Marie Antoinette.

The village of Wells had been raided in the previous year, and Esther Wheelwright who was captured there had better luck than Eunice Williams of Deerfield. For two years no one knew whither she had been taken. The sentimental writer of the "True Story" tells us that "far away in the depths of the forest to the head waters of the Kennebec, the Abnaki Wolf had swiftly fled with the bleating lamb snatched from the fold." There in one of the Abnaki villages of Father Bigot's mission, Esther lived in the wigwam of her tawny master. The days lengthen into weeks, the weeks into months, and the months to six years when, one day, as he is making his rounds from village to village, baptizing, catechizing, confessing his converts, Father Bigot sees a little girl whose pale face, shrinking manners and tattered garments show her to be of a different race from the bold, dusky, naked rabble around her. He sends for her savage master and learns that she is Wheelwright's child. "The English rose is drooping," says the priest, "the forest life is too hard for her." He will "transplant her to Quebec where she will thrive better under the nurture of the gentle nuns." "The little white flower must

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not be plucked up," says the Indian, "let her grow up among the pine trees to deck, by and by, the wigwam of some brave."

The lot of the little captive is easier from that day. The priest spares no pains to teach her. Soon she says her *Credo* and her catechism, in French as well as Abnaki. Meantime de Vaudreuil is informed by Father Bigot of the hiding place of the child, and she is finally ransomed by the priest and brought to Vaudreuil's own house where she is kindly welcomed as one of the family. "From the squalor and rags of the wigwam to the luxury of the Château Saint-Louis, what a contrast!" exclaims the "True Story." Madame la Marquise was devoted to her and decided to place her with Louise de Vaudreuil, the eldest daughter of the family, at the boarding school of the Ursuline convent. Their names stand side by side on the school register: Esther Wheelwright and Louise de Vaudreuil; and there is an appended note dated January 18, 1709, which says: "Today Madame la Marquise brought us a little English girl as a pupil."

Esther soon expressed her desire to become a nun, but de Vaudreuil would not hear of it and took both of the girls from the school. Occasionally they went with him on his official visits through the colony, and it is recorded that in 1711 while at Montreal, Esther Wheelwright stood godmother for a certain "Dorothee de Noyon, daughter of Jacques de Noyon and Abigail Stebbins," and that "Miss Wheelwright signed her name on the parish register in a handsome hand along with Father Meriel and the son of the Baron de Longueuil." This Abigail Stebbins was a Deerfield captive. Her lines, too, had fallen in pleasant places.

Three years after the baptism of Abigail Stebbins' child, Esther Wheelwright carried out her original design and became a nun. "On the morning of April 12, 1714," says the "True Story," "the Marquis de Vaudreuil with his brilliant suite, the Bishop of Canada and the dignitaries of the Church, in all the splendor of their priestly vestments, with all the beauty and fashion of Quebec, assembled in the Church of the

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Ursulines which was decorated as if for the grandest festival, to see Esther Wheelwright invested with the black robe of the Order of St. Ursula."

Miss Baker who tells us this story gives us a copy of the portraits of this Yankee nun who became Mother Joseph of the Infant Jesus, now regarded as one of the great women of the Convent.

Deerfield was the only place in New England where Vérendrye did any fighting, for in 1705 he was with Subercasse in Newfoundland. That, however, was only another battlefield of the same war, for after the destruction of Deerfield, Colonel Church requested permission to make reprisals on the French colonies. Leave was granted and he set out from Boston with a considerable fleet and ravaged every white and Indian settlement along the coast of Maine and Acadia, doing his work with a thoroughness that equaled if it did not surpass the ferocity that had been displayed in Saco, Wells or Deerfield. But he met with disaster at Port Royal, for he encountered there the indomitable Subercasse who after destroying this militant church hastened off to Newfoundland. He had with him 450 men including soldiers, Canadians, Indians and a band of filibusteros, all of them accustomed to winter fighting. Vérendrye was one of them.

Landing on February 15th, they started for St. John, and on the 26th reached Rebouc which was only a short distance away from their ultimate objective. On the following day they attacked St. John, but the forts were too strong for them, and after setting fire to the city they laid waste the surrounding settlements, leaving the English in possession only of Carbonear and the forts.

From this guerilla warfare in his native country, Vérendrye goes off to participate in the more extensive enterprises of Europe. He was in the battle of Malplaquet, in 1709, when Prince Eugene and Marlborough overwhelmed the French troops under Villars. He was left for dead on the field, having been wounded by a musket ball and gashed by several

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sabre strokes. But he recovered, was made a lieutenant for his bravery and remained in the French service until 1728, when the seven years' armistice that was agreed upon left him no more fighting to do. Hence, for want of occupation, he returned to America, an impoverished soldier with only the military rank of an ensign instead of the lieutenancy he had so heroically won. Probably the Government was saving money, by diminishing the pay which such decrease of commissions allowed.

He had to look now for some means to live, and Governor Beauharnois allowed him to establish a trading-post near Three Rivers, and subsequently in 1728 appointed him Commandant at Lake Nepigon, on the north shore of Lake Superior.

Nepigon was not much better than the little *comptoir* at Three Rivers. It was a lonely place, at the end of the world, and, moreover, all the furs of the West passed along Albany River to the north of him, into the factories of the Hudson Bay Company. Why could not some of them be diverted to Nepigon? Added to this, was his Canadian longing to explore the boundless regions that stretched before him, leading perhaps to the Western Sea. What if he could achieve that distinction of finding it? He knew that de Noyon, a Three Rivers man like himself, had forty years before, gone as far as Lake of the Woods and Winnipeg and had left a record of every step he had made on that journey. Could not the unoccupied trader of Nepigon go further?

Vérendrye knew the de Noyon family very well and had occasion to remember one of them especially. He had met him in the raid at Deerfield under peculiar circumstances, for when Hertel and his band entered the village, they found among its inhabitants a certain Jacques de Noyon who had recently married one of the Yankee girls of the place and had settled down from the wild life of the bush which seemed to have been his occupation up to the time he was smitten by the charms of Abigail Stebbins. Of course, when he heard the

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war whoop on the fateful morning of the attack he made haste to provide not only for the safety of Abigail but of her whole family. He returned to Montreal with his countrymen, taking his new relatives with him. He located comfortably at Boucherville and soon made Catholics of, at least, three of the family: Abigail, his wife, Thankful, her sister, and Ebenezer, their brother. The "True Story" furnishes the information that one Sunday morning in May, 1708, that is, four years after the raid, Abigail and Jacques paddled over in their canoe to Montreal, where the former was baptized as Marguerite. Thankful was already a Catholic and had changed her name to Thérèse, and on June 29th, a month after Abigail, Ebenezer was baptized and received the less alarming appellation of Jacques-Charles, which was that of his distinguished godfather, Jacques-Charles de Sabrevois, captain of a detachment of the Marines. His godmother was no less a personage than Madame Boucher, the wife of the Seigneur. It was one of Abigail's children for whom later on Esther Wheelwright Vaudreuil stood sponsor. Jacques de Noyon was, according to Tanguay, the son of the Jean de Noyon whom Vérendrye was now anxious to rival as a discoverer.

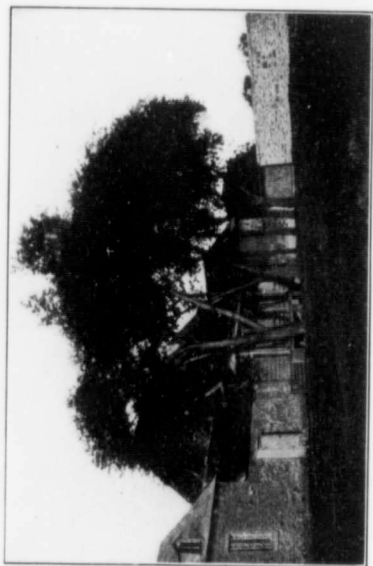
In 1717 de Noyon's successor de la Nouë had built a fort on the Kaministigoia, the present Port Arthur, but nothing had come of it. He kept to his fort and after remaining there till 1721 returned to report that he could not believe anything the indians told him about the country beyond, but he was perfectly sure that the cold was too hard for human beings to stand, and that not a blade of wheat could be grown in those parts. He was a poor prophet, for the Manitobans contrive to live and the despised territory is one of the granaries of North America. But in 1730 Vérendrye had a practically unknown country to explore.

CHAPTER II

LAKE OF THE WOODS

Although nothing had been done to follow up de Noyon's discoveries of 1688, the project nevertheless had taken hold of the public mind and was repeatedly discussed both in Canada and in France. Thus in 1694, while fighting the English in Hudson Bay, Iberville was making arrangements with the Indians to lead him into the unknown lands. Subsequently it was suggested that the best and cheapest way to find out what was in the interior was to send some Jesuit missionaries. They would not mind being killed, and the Home Government was assured that it would cost the King nothing. Next, two unsuccessful attempts were made to establish a fort at Lake Pepin; but that post was towards the south rather than the west. It was on the Mississippi, between what is now Minnesota and Wisconsin. Then de Nouë was selected to establish a chain of posts to the West, but beyond building one on Rainy Lake, he appears to have passed most of his time cooped up at Kaministigoia, listening to the stories told him by the natives and registering his disgust with the whole undertaking. When he was about to retire, the Government sent out the Jesuit historian, Charlevoix with instructions to report on the situation, but he went no further than Lake Superior, and after discussing the prospects with de Nouë whom he met at Mackinac, he received an order from France to abandon the western expedition, as it entailed too much expense, and to proceed down the Mississippi to New Orleans. Finally Vérendrye was commissioned to go to Fort Népigon, and the hope of exploring in the interior was revived.

In union with Father Nicolas de Gonnor, an unsuccessful missionary among the Sioux, Vérendrye wrote a long letter to Beauharnois, proposing to discover the great river which was



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supposed to pour its waters into the Western Sea. They repeated all the fairy stories that had been current since 1688 about the bearded white men who lived there, who rode on horseback with their wives on the pillion behind them, who built substantial houses, and lived in a city surrounded by stone walls, who had ships, cannon, etc. Of course, Vaudreuil was familiar with all this and had often rehearsed it in his despatches to the authorities in France and very likely he believed it in great part.

Vérendrye himself, however, must have been disillusioned a few years later. At least he made that impression on Father Nau, the intimate friend of Father Aulneau, who had gone out with Vérendrye to Lake of the Woods. "We cannot count on the sincerity of the Canadians" (Indians), writes Nau. "Indeed there is no country in the world where there is more lying than in Canada." Charlevoix makes the same complaint. "They are past masters in the art of misrepresentation. Rather than appear ignorant of their country, they concoct stories which possess every appearance of verisimilitude but have no other reality than what their fancy has conceived." The delusion about the river, however, seemed to be universal and, from the time of the discovery of the St. Lawrence, the geographers of the world, were at one in concluding that as there was a mighty river running east into the Atlantic, there must be a corresponding one to balance it in the opposite direction.

Beauharnois welcomed Vérendrye's offer, and immediately made it known to Maurepas, the Minister, and urged its acceptance. Perhaps, however, it was not so much Beauharnois' influence that made the enterprise impossible, as the unwise postscript which poor Vérendrye had added to his *supplique*. "It rests with you," he said, "to determine who is to bear the expense of the undertaking; whether the King will assume the responsibility, or whether it will be handed over to the Company of the West, or finally given to an association of merchants to be formed in Canada."

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The reply which arrived from France had probably been foreseen, for it was in keeping with the policy followed from the beginning, *viz*: that "no subsidy was to be expected." Vérendrye's views on royal aid were characterized as "reasonable enough, and even possible of realization, later on, but not now." The Company of the West, also refused to make the venture, and there was only one resource left, a society organized in Canada. Hence as the Governor had the power of granting trading privileges under certain restrictions, an association was formed which agreed to furnish the necessary funds. This was acceptable to Vérendrye, but as he was a simple soldier, he was quite unacquainted with the exclusively mercenary character of business operations, and was thus without any forebodings, in handing himself over to the Shylocks. As a *douceur* he received from France the long delayed commission of lieutenant.

The plan was that one or more posts should be established in Winnipeg, in the hope that the furs of the English factories at Hudson Bay might be diverted to Montreal and thus reimburse the Company for its outlay. Vérendrye guaranteed to effect that result. Of course Beauharnois might have saved him from the danger, but he fancied that once the posts were established, the Government would come to the rescue by taking over the whole concern and thus enable Vérendrye to prosecute the work of discovery, as had been done in the case of La Salle. These expectations were doomed to bitter disappointment. Indeed disasters were foreshadowed at the start. Thus Vérendrye had asked for seventy or eighty men; only fifty were granted. The excuse was that there was not enough money to pay for more, but it is curious how the figure fifty appears in the estimates long before Vérendrye came on the scene. Apparently the men who had never been in the woods knew the needs of an explorer better than he did himself. Hence he had to be satisfied with an insufficient force of men at the very outset. But he plucked up courage and leaving Montreal made for Mackinac or *Missillemackinaw*, as he

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spells it. There he met the Jesuit Father Charles Messaiger who volunteered to go with him. He was gladly accepted; for the *voyageurs*, wild scamps though many of them were, never failed to show their joy when a priest was with them. The missionary would be at their side when they were hit by an Indian arrow or were dying of sickness or hunger on the trail. He was also invaluable to the leader of the party in securing something like good behavior on the journey and in helping to enforce discipline and obedience in the hardships inevitable in such expeditions.

There was need of the latter help as soon as they reached Grand Portage—a point that lies on what is now the north eastern extremity of Minnesota. They had been seventy-eight days on the journey, toiling incessantly all the way and were completely fagged out when they found themselves facing a stretch of ten miles, over which they were ordered to carry all their goods on their backs to the nearest navigable river. They openly revolted, but the priest managed to mollify some of them with the result that enough volunteers to man three canoes started off with Vérendrye's nephew, young Lajemmerais to establish their first post at Rainy Lake.

Vérendrye had thus inaugurated his series of defeats in the West. With supreme disgust and with the greatest dread of the business consequences of his delay in disposing of his merchandize, he himself retraced his steps to Kaministigioia and there passed the winter, making no money for his creditors. The spring, summer and autumn, and even the following winter would have to be passed before those who invested in the scheme would set their eyes on a single fur sent down to them, if indeed they ever received anything at all. The discovery of a doubtful river had little or no interest for them.

Lajemmerais reached Rainy Lake and built a fort which he called St. Pierre in honor of his uncle, but the Indians were unaware of his presence and hence when at the opening of spring, he sent young Vérendrye down to Kaministigioia to report progress, there were very few peltries in the canoes.

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What they had, however, were hurried away to Mackinac, while the elder Vérendrye and all his men bade good bye to Kaministigoia and started for Rainy Lake which they reached after a month's journey. There, forty Indians awaited them.

Taking time only to glance at the new fort, the explorer set out with his Indian guides, and in the month of August entered "Lake of the Woods," to which the Indians gave a more realistic name. They called it "Lake of the Islands," for thousands of islands dot its beautiful expanse.

Keeping along its southern shore, he reached what is now known as North West Angle. There three miles inland, on the banks of a stream he built Fort St. Charles, naming it after the missionary Father Charles Messaiger, though Sulte claims the honor for Charles Beauharnois. At this post he settled down to await the return of his son from Mackinac, but the boy arrived only on November 12, and had no canoes with him. They were thirty miles away. The Lake had frozen over and the goods had to be dragged all that distance over the ice. La Vérendrye's troubles thus kept pursuing him.

Conditions were very hard at Fort St. Charles that winter. Not only did Father Messaiger collapse, but the whole garrison was in danger of starvation. As soon as conditions allowed it Vérendrye hurried down to Montreal for provisions and meantime dispatched his son and nephew to establish a post on Lake Winnipeg, the last of the line of forts which his contract with the Montreal merchants called for.

The route which led thither was by the river which connects Lake of the Woods with Lake Winnipeg. It is 165 miles long, very tortuous in its course and with at least thirty cataracts, around which difficult portages had to be made. They chose a spot a little north of the mouth of the river and called it Fort Maurepas after the hard-hearted Minister who blocked every thing they attempted to do. Maurepas remained as stubborn even after this compliment was paid to him, although the Intendant Hocquart had advised him of the importance of this latest advance into the interior, adding: "If His Majesty

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wishes to bear the expense, the western sea can now easily be discovered; it will not cost above 30,000 livres." The only reply was a curt reminder that "those who had undertaken the work ought to be satisfied with the profits accruing from the sale of peltries; and should expect nothing more."

Vérendrye was face to face with the alternative of abandoning his explorations and returning to the colony, or going ahead with a burden on him already of a debt of 40,000 francs. He chose the latter and trusted to luck to reimburse his creditors. He returned to Fort St. Charles in the fall of 1734, bringing with him the young missionary Father Aulneau. But that winter sad news came to him from Fort Maurepas. His nephew Lajemmerais had died of starvation and the rest of the garrison were threatened with a similar fate, so he hastened thither and brought the exhausted and emaciated men back to Fort St. Charles.

But a worse calamity was in store. On June 8, three canoes containing twenty-one men, including Father Aulneau and Vérendrye's eldest son, pushed out into the Lake and made for Mackinac, to lay in supplies for winter. Three weeks went by, and on the 29 some *voyageurs* and Indians came in with the report that the party had been massacred by the Sioux. As there had been no trouble with any of the tribes, no importance was attached to the information. Later on, however, the news was confirmed and Vérendrye in alarm sent out some of his men to make sure of it one way or another. Their search was not a long one. To their consternation they found the twenty-one mangled bodies of their friends lying in their blood on one of the islands of the Lake. They had all been beheaded. The searchers sadly placed the mangled bodies and heads in the canoes and soon laid the ghastly cargo at the feet of Vérendrye. They were reverently buried inside the fort and there they remained until the year 1908 when they were discovered by the Jesuits of St. Boniface College, Manitoba. The find was a very valuable one, as it was made long after Fort St. Charles had crumbled into dust, and when even

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the memory of its location had faded from the minds of the oldest of the Indians. We have given an account of this discovery in the sketch of Father Aulneau ("Pioneer Priests" Vol. III).

Any ordinary man would have succumbed to this series of disasters; Lajemmerias dead, his eldest son, the priest and nineteen of his men slaughtered, and starvation threatening the few heart-broken men that remained. How he kept them together without pay is a mystery. One would imagine that after meeting with this wholesale disaster, without any fault of his own, he would have found a very solid reason for abandoning the enterprise altogether, but he refused to take that view and determined to carry on the enterprise until the very end. Fortunately he was unaware that just at that moment calumnious letters were leaving Quebec for France accusing him of enriching himself by the sale of peltries and of withholding its moneys from the Company. Nor did he then know that Beauharnois had received a letter from the relentless Maurepas saying: "The news of the massacre confirms me in the opinion I have always entertained and that I have not withheld from you, *viz*: that Vérendrye is in quest of beavers rather than of the Western Sea." Even the King wrote: "If Vérendrye proposes to avenge the massacre, it is very much to be feared that there will be reprisals and he is to be prevented from carrying out any such purpose."

There is no evidence as far as we have been able to discover that Vérendrye cherished any intention of vengeance. Indeed, His Majesty had made any such warlike project impossible, by withholding both money and men, even for the peaceful enterprise which had been undertaken for the glory of France. Finally, it would have been the height of folly for Vérendrye or any one else to have attacked the terrible Sioux with a handful of starving and unpaid *voyageurs*. As for the Indians in the immediate vicinity of the posts, he had no fear of them. They were all friendly and not formidable either for their numbers or ferocity. They were chiefly the Têtes de Boule,

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a miserable set of nomads of inferior intelligence as their name implies. There were also the Ouaces who lived chiefly at Kaministigoia and who mustered about sixty warriors. The Rainy Lake Indians counted on 100 fighting men, while those closest to Fort St. Charles had about 200. Near Lake Winnipeg dwelt the Christinaux who were disposed to be peaceable. It was only the Sioux who were dreaded and they were scattered to the south-west all the way from Winnipeg to the Mississippi, but even they had committed the murder not because they hated the French but were at that time at war with an Indian tribe.

In spite of the apathy of France, the old hero determined to find the great river. Margry has a document (Vol. I, 754) which says:

"On the 18 of June, 1738, after having made all necessary arrangements, I went to Fort St. Charles at Lake of the Woods and at the request of the savages, left one of my sons there. I started out with six well filled canoes and arrived at Fort Maurepas on the 23. On the following day, I resumed my journey and entered the Assiniboine which is fifteen leagues from the fort; I continued on for sixty leagues further and as the water was shallow I was compelled to land. There on October 3, I built Fort La Reine.

"On the 8, the Sieur de la Marque, his brother and ten men, in two canoes, joined me for the purpose of following me to the Mandan country. After finishing the Fort and the house I chose twenty men whom I supplied with everything they needed and secured some guides from the Indians. Our little band consisted of twenty Frenchmen, besides M. de la Marque, his brother, my two sons and my servant. We had also a slave and four Indians with their wives."

These Mandans according to the "Handbook of American Indians," published by the Bureau of American Ethnology, Washington, were "a Siouan tribe of the northwest." The name is supposed to be a corruption of the Dakota *Mawatani*. Previous to 1830, they called themselves simply Numakiki (people) but if they wished to particularize their descent they

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added the name of the village whence they came originally. Hayden gives "Miah-tanes," (people of the bank) as the name they apply to themselves, and infers that they must have resided on the banks of the Missouri at a very remote period. Their traditions regarding their early history are scant and almost mythological. They told Lewis and Clark that their ancestors originally lived underground and that some of their men having climbed out of the depths by the help of a grapevine returned with the report that the country above was covered with buffalo and rich with every kind of fruit. Whereupon the people were so pleased they all began to clamber up the vine. Many succeeded in reaching the top, until at last a fat squaw proved too heavy for the slender support. It broke, and she and all the rest fell back and remained cut off from the light of the sun. To that village under the earth the Mandan goes when he dies. Catlin's theory that they came from Ohio where they built mounds is without basis. Their traceable migrations began at the Missouri, up which they moved as far as Hart River, North Dakota. There they were residing at the time of Vérendrye's arrival in 1738.

The villages were assemblages of circular clay-covered log huts placed close together, without regard to order. The huts were slightly vaulted and were provided with a sort of porch. In the center of the roof was a square opening for the exit of the smoke. Across the opening was a circular screen of twigs. The interior was spacious. Four strong pillars near the middle, with several cross-beams, supported the roof. The dwelling was covered outside with matting made of osiers, over which was laid hay or grass and then a covering of earth. In Lewis and Clark's time they were estimated to number 1,250, in 1837, 1,600, but in 1905, they numbered only 249.

Catlin who passed several years among them in the '30's calls them the See-pohs-kah-nu-mah-kah-kee, or "people of the pheasants." He found them 1,800 miles above the St. Louis, below the mouth of the Yellow Stone River. He has left a

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whole gallery of paintings in which he shows us their dress, their games, and also their hideous religious ceremonies where the young braves are tortured in the most fiendish manner. Their dances were shockingly obscene. The chiefs made no difficulty about selling their daughters to traders and trappers, and when the first applicant withdrew, the bargain was made with newcomers, nor did the wretched victims display any sense of shame or degradation.

Such was the nation which Vérendrye, long before any other explorer, now saw. He has not left us any detailed account of the expedition, for he was not accustomed to the use of the pen, and possibly never fancied that in future times every word of his would be eagerly read by the students of history. He contents himself merely with saying that in the course of his journey he suffered many a hardship. "On the way thither, we reached a village of 200 cabins inhabited by Prairie Assiniboines. On the very day of my arrival, however, they stole a little box and sack which held my supply of presents. The French were to blame for the loss, and there was no way of recovering it for the thief had disappeared on the prairie.

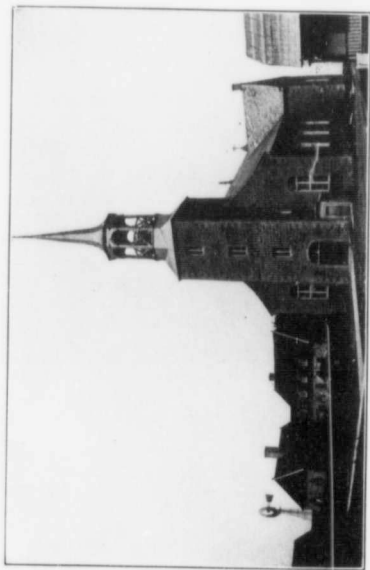
"I had resolved to pass the winter with the Mandans and had provided myself with an interpreter; but after I had paid him and paid him well, he decamped with the Assiniboines. This misfortune added to the loss of my goods compelled me to return to the Fort, but I left two Frenchmen among the Indians to learn the language and I gave them instructions to obtain the information I wanted.

"I set out for home though very sick, hoping that I would get better, on the way back; but the reverse happened. It was the worst season of the year. I arrived on February 11, 1739, after enduring every possible misery. One could not suffer more; only death could relieve a man from such agony."

On April 10, he sent his son to establish another post at Lake Manitoba; after which he was to determine if there was a suitable place for trade at the point where the Poskoiac River empties into Lake Nepigon. This would seem to indicate that Fort Nepigon which Vérendrye had occupied before

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he began his western explorations, was south of that point and on the shores of Lake Superior. From there the young man went down to Mackinac, where the few furs he had with him were levied on by his creditors. When informed of this, the elder La Vérendrye hurried down to Montreal to beg for money, first, however, leaving orders for his eldest son to make another effort to induce the Mandans to furnish him with guides to the Western Sea. This was on July 16, 1740; consequently two years after his own unsuccessful expedition. Another son, the Chevalier de la Vérendrye as he was called, was left in charge of the Fort.



CAUGHNAWAGA TODAY

CHAPTER III

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

While young Vérendrye was on his way west, his father went down to Montreal to report to Beauharnois. He was heartily commended for the work already accomplished. On his return he secured the services of the Jesuit Father Coquart, but at Mackinac the priest was held by the authorities, on the pretext that he was going West in quest of beavers and not of souls—an accusation which had done service against the Jesuits ever since the time of Frontenac. After some time he was released "and now," writes Vérendrye, "he is with us and every one is delighted."

Claude Godefroy Coquart was born at Melun in France, February 2, 1706. He came to Canada in 1738, and probably spent the next three years in Quebec. He was about 35 years old when he started with Vérendrye for the West. After his arrest at Mackinac he succeeded in joining the explorer and with him visited Fort La Reine. From time to time, he went down to Mackinac, and in all likelihood returned to Montreal when Vérendrye threw up his commission as Commandant in 1744. In 1746, he was assigned to the Saguenay mission where he laboured for eleven years. He was in Quebec at the conquest, and withdrew to Acadia with another Jesuit, but the English authorities drove him out. He then betook himself again to the Saguenay and died at Chicoutimi on July 4, 1765. He has left behind him a valuable Abnaki grammar and dictionary.

It was probably in 1741 that he met young Vérendrye who had just returned from his unsuccessful visit to the Mandans, and who told him that the tribe had refused to give him any guides to conduct him to the sea. All that he brought back with him was an old cotton garment which was said to have

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been obtained from the white people on the coast. It was sent as an exhibit to Quebec to please Beauharnois. After that, Fort Dauphine was established at Manitoba Lake, and orders were given for another post at Lake Nepigon to be called Fort Bourbon.

A second attempt to win the good will of the Mandans seems to have met with similar ill success; but no record of it was kept. Finally, in 1742, a third expedition was organized. Two of the young Vérendrye's were given charge of it and were ordered, if possible, to reach the country of the Horse Indians (*Gens des Chevaux*). Possibly Beauharnois had suggested a diary and hence Vérendrye writes: "My son the Chevalier has kept a journal of it." It is to be found in the Margry collection.

They left Fort La Reine, April 29, 1742, and arrived in the Mandan country on the 14 of May. There they waited till July 23, to give time for the arrival of the Horse Indians who had promised the Mandans to go down to meet the whites.

"Seeing the season was advancing," says the chronicle, "and being intent on our purpose, I asked the Mandans to give us two guides to lead us to the country of the *Gens des Chevaux*, who had not kept their word. The young braves readily offered themselves, and we did not hesitate but set out immediately and travelled for twenty days W.S.N. We met no Indians but saw plenty of wild beasts. I remarked that the soil varied in its character as we went along; it was now blue, now red; then it was as green as grass or a glistening black, or white as chalk, or of various shades of ochre. Had I foreseen that we were not to return that way, I would have taken specimens of each but the road was too long and the increase of burden too much for us. On August 11, we reached the mountains of the Horse Indians. As our guide refused to go on, we built a little house and waited for the savages to appear. We lighted fires for signals.

"On September 10, we had only one Mandan with us; the other had gone home after waiting for thirty days. Meantime, I either went myself or sent some one up in the mountains to explore. On September 14, smoke was seen in the S.W.

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"I sent out a Frenchman with the Mandan guide and they found a village of *Beaux hommes* who received them very well. When told of our being in the neighborhood, the Indians sent back our scouts with two of their warriors to ask us to visit them. We accepted the invitation, and, on the 18, they welcomed us to their village with the greatest demonstrations of joy.

"Our Mandan then asked to go home. I paid him generously and dismissed him. We remained twenty-one days with the *Beaux hommes* and when I asked them to conduct us to the *Gens des Chevaux* they gave us some young men to guide us, and so bidding the tribes good-by and distributing presents among them which greatly pleased them, we set out. It was then November 9, by which time we found we could converse to some extent with the savages, at least to get what we needed.

"On the second day's march we came to a village of the Little Foxes who showed great pleasure at our arrival. The usual presents were distributed and when told of our purpose the whole village set out with us. I was then sure we were going to find the sea. On the second day, the 15, we reached one of their large villages and the people there led us to a village of Pioyas. We advanced and, on the 19, the first establishment of the *Gens des Chevaux* was before us, but it had been devastated by their enemies, the Snakes, who were regarded as very brave but very cruel in their mode of warfare. They left ruins everywhere in their wake. In 1741, they had destroyed seventeen villages, killed all the old men and women, selling the young women as slaves to the people on the coast and getting horses and merchandise in return.

"I asked the Horse Indians if they knew anything about the people on the coast. They answered that none of their own people had ever been there, as the way was barred against them by the Snakes, but we were assured that if we went by a roundabout way, though the distance was considerable, we should meet some people who traded with them; so we set out to find the tribe which was known as Bow Indians, the only savages who did not fear the Snakes.

"By keeping to the S.W. we arrived, on November 18, at a settlement of the Belle Rivière tribe, and accompanied by them we came to a large village of the Bow Indians, on November 21. There the chief led us to his lodge, and was most gracious and kind in the attention he showed us. He set to work to teach me the language, and in a short time I was able to un-

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derstand him and express myself to some extent. I asked him if he knew the white men on the coast. He did not, except that he had heard about them through some Snake captives. Incidentally he told me not to be surprised at seeing so many people in the neighborhood, for they were going to war with the Snakes. 'Soon you will hear the war song, and we are going to march to the high mountains near the coast, to meet the enemy. Do not fear to come with us. There you can get a sight of the sea.'

"Continuing his discourse he said to me: 'The French who live on the coast are very numerous. They have a great many slaves to cultivate their fields, they have separate houses and marry among each other. They are agreeable people to meet and we like to be with them. They have herds of horses and other live stock to till the soil. They have a number of chiefs in their army and they recite prayers. When he repeated some of the words he had heard, I recognised that he was speaking Spanish and that confirmed the story he told me about the massacre of a number of Spaniards who had gone to discover the Missouri. I had previously heard of it. All that cooled my ardor about the well-known sea. However, I would have gone, if it were possible.

"We continued our march sometimes S.S.W., sometimes N. W., our numbers always increasing by additions from the villages through which we passed. Finally on January 1, 1743, we found ourselves face to face with the mountains, in the midst of magnificent prairies over which a vast number of animals were roaming, but at the same time with 2,000 warriors preparing to meet their foes. As their families were with them, the multitude was very great. Every night we heard the yells of the braves, and every night also they came to weep because we declined to enter the fight with them." He says, "*pleurer sur nos têtes.*" If that is to be taken literally they were like the *pleureurs* in the Green Bay of whom Perrot complains.

"I told them that we came to bring peace not to disturb it. The chief remonstrated and entreated us to go with them, at least as spectators, for the Snakes were also enemies of the whites. Finally, yielding to his importunities, we decided, after consultation with one another, to accompany them. We could not do otherwise and besides we were anxious to get a look at the sea from the summit of the mountains. We were then summoned to the Great Council and listened to the usual

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long harangues and were informed of the plans to protect the women and children as well as to attack the foe. Again we were entreated not to abandon them, and I made answer that though our Grand Chief had given us orders to bring peace to all the nations, yet knowing that their hearts were sick and with reason, I bowed my head and would accompany them but only to help them by my advice if needed. They thanked me effusively and handed round the calumet.

"We continued our march till January 5 (1743) and on the twelfth day we arrived at the mountains which were well wooded with all kinds of trees and seemed very high. I had left my brother to guard our stores in the chief's lodge. Nearly all the Indians were on horseback and kept good order.

"When we reached the main portion of the Snake village the scouts told us that the enemy had fled, abandoning their cabins and a large part of their equipments. Instead of causing joy, the announcement alarmed them, for they concluded that the Snakes had disappeared only to make a detour and attack the now undefended Bow villages. In vain the chief urged them to pursue the Snakes. Every one made for home. 'It is too bad,' said the chief to me, 'to have led you so far, and now you can go no further.'"

The scene of this curious two-sided panic must have been in the vicinity of Fremont's Peak, possibly on the level plain, north of it. The fact that Snake River runs down the western watershed, at that place, makes the suggestion plausible. If so, the Vérendryes had reached a point 120 miles west of the present Yellow Stone Park.

"I was extremely mortified," continues the chronicler, "not to be able to ascend the mountains, but there was no help for it and we had to return. It was a wild flight, each one looking out for himself. Our horses, though good, were tired and would eat only occasionally. I kept at the side of the chief and my two Frenchmen followed. We had gone a long distance when turning to look around I saw no sign of them. I immediately gave reins to my horse and went with all possible speed to find them. At last I discovered them at the end of an island, feeding their horses, but at the same moment I caught sight of fifteen Indians, carrying shields before them and stealthily creeping out of the woods. They saw me com-

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ing and advanced towards me until I let drive a few musket shots at them and they scampered off. We stayed there that night, and on the next morning set out to catch up with our retreating friends. The prairies were so hard that the horses' hoofs left no mark. We did not know whither we were going, but trusted to luck, and finally arrived at the village on February 9, the second day after our flight. We found that the chief had been very worried about us and had gone hither and thither fearing we were lost. He returned home only five days later and was delighted to hear that we had arrived ahead of him and had luckily escaped the heavy snow storm that began the day after we were in the shelter of the wigwam."

On March 1, they continued their journey, much to the regret of the kindly chief, and on March 15 (1743) arrived at a village of the Little Cherry Indians who lived on the banks of the Missouri. There they met a red man not of the tribe but one who had been brought up among the Spaniards and spoke Spanish fluently. He had been baptized and had not forgotten his prayers. From him it was learned that it was a long journey to the Spanish settlements, and meant at least twenty days journey on horseback from the Snake country. From him it was gathered that a good deal of work in iron was carried on there and an active trade maintained in skins, cattle and slaves. Much merchandise and many horses were given to the Indians in exchange for peltries, but never any firearms.

A stay was made on the Missouri until the end of March, in order to meet a French trapper who was living in the neighborhood like a savage; but he failed to appear. Finally at the beginning of April they erected a pyramid of stones on an eminence in honor of Governor Beauharnois and buried in the ground a leaden plate on which it was said, they had cut the royal arms and also an inscription declaring that the territory belonged to the King of France.

"I could not take the meridian," says Vérendrye, "because my astrolabe was out of order. It had lost a ring at the very beginning of the expedition."

Of course curiosity has ever since then been on edge about

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the place at which Vérendrye buried the plate "On an eminence" near the banks of the Missouri, leaves a very wide field for speculation. Even Helena in Montana has been suggested as a possible locality, but a glance at the map makes it evident that the site of Helena is too far to the north and west to admit of any serious consideration of such a claim. Apparently the problem was solved on February 16, 1913, when some young people roaming on the hills at Fort Pierre, South Dakota, unearthed a leaden tablet on which the following Latin inscription appeared: "*Anno. XXVI Regni Ludovici XV, prorege illustrissimo Domino, Domino Marchione de Beauharnois MDCCXXXI Petrus Gaultier de Vérendrie posuit.*" "In the twenty-sixth year of the reign of Louis XV, Pierre Gaultier de Vérendrie deposited this plate, under the governorship of the most illustrious royal lieutenant Marquis de Beauharnois 1741." On the back, apparently cut with a knife, are some undecipherable letters from which it is possible to make out: *Pose par le Chevaleret de Lavr. Londette, A. Miotte le 30 de Mars, 1743*; which may mean: "This was deposited March 30, 1743, by the Chevalier Lavérendrie, Londette and Amiot." The Chevalier was the son of Lavérendrie, and had command of the expedition. Londette and Amiot may have been two of his men. The whole matter is discussed at length in the "South Dakota Historical Collection for 1914." Contrary to the belief prevalent in some parts, there is no royal coat of arms on the plate and nothing about taking possession of the country.

It was not until the 18 of May that the travelers reached the Mandan country where they had intended to remain twelve or fifteen days, but learning that a party of 200 Assiniboines had set out for Fort La Reine, Vérendrye started to overtake them and after a hurried march reached their camp. It was very fortunate for the Assiniboines, for on May 31, the scouts discovered thirty Sioux in ambush. Amazed to find that there were Frenchmen in the party and also that the number of the Assiniboines was so considerable, they retreated

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hurriedly after a slight skirmish in which some of the Assiniboines were wounded.

"We reached the village near the mountain, on June 2, 1743," says the "Journal," "and as our horses were worn out, we gave them a rest till the 20. Then securing a guide to conduct us to Fort La Reine we arrived there on July 2, to the great joy of my father whom we found very much worried, for he had heard nothing about us during all the time we were absent. We too, were happy at finding ourselves safe after all our hardships and dangers." The journey had taken fourteen months, beginning April 29, 1742 and ending July 2, 1743.

No other white man visited that part of the world until 1804, when Lewis and Clark came up from St. Louis to find a passage across the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean. They started out on May 14, 1804, and crossing the mountains to the source of the Columbia, reached the ocean on November 17. There they spent the winter and were back in St. Louis on September 23, 1806. Had they not been detained an entire month by the snows, they might have reduced the time by two months.

It is not generally known that simultaneously with the American enterprise, the Northwest Fur Company, the rival of the Hudson Bay, had sent out an expedition under Antoine Larocque. Its purpose, however, was not to find the sea, for Vérendrye's ambition seemed to have been forgotten in Canada, but merely to ascertain if there were any marketable beavers in the Rockies. Larocque wrote an account of the journey, and though he does not appear to have found many beavers, he has contributed very valuable information about the condition of the Indian tribes in those regions. The document has been only recently unearthed and the original draft is yet missing, but what purports to be an exact copy was found in the library of Laval University and was printed by the Ottawa Government in 1910. It is to be found in the "Military Documents of the Archives." Possibly Larocque,

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like Vérendrye, would have crossed the mountains but the hostility of some of the tribes made it impossible. The hideous treatment of their captives shows how degraded the aborigines were before the whites came among them.

The success of La Vérendrye's expedition was reported to Beauharnois who immediately wrote to France, pointing out the advantages that could be derived from it, and refuting, as he had frequently done, the accusations of dishonesty against the explorer. At the same time, he urged the Government to hasten the old hero's long deferred promotion.

Meantime the English at Hudson Bay were winning over all the savages of the interior, and the furs soon failed to reach the French posts. To offset this, young Vérendrye was sent to establish a fort in the Saskatchewan territory, on the Pascoiac River, and it was not long before the Indians returned to their former allegiance. That achievement gained for him only the paltry reward of an appointment as petty officer in the regular troops of the Colony, but the greater exploit of having opened the way to the Rocky Mountains was apparently not thought worthy of recognition. Nevertheless, as even that insignificant military commission meant a trifle in the way of money, he hastened to Montreal to secure it and was accompanied thither by his faithful chaplain, Father Coquart, who never saw the West again. In 1746, the old discoverer himself had to appear in Quebec to answer some charges, but Beauharnois remained true to him and he was acquitted. In the following year, Gallisonière arrived as temporary Governor and evidently influenced by Beauharnois, showed himself a friend of the old hero. Indeed, his letter to the Minister of Marine was so eloquent that it brought to the wearied and harassed veteran the only consolation or reward he ever received; the cross of St. Louis and the military promotion of his two sons. That honor worked him up to such a pitch of enthusiasm that he volunteered to make another attempt to reach the Western Sea. His offer was accepted, but the end had come. Though still hale and hearty, he died suddenly,

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at Montreal, on December 6, 1749, at the age of sixty-three.

His natural successor in the enterprise was of course his eldest living son, but de la Jonquière who had replaced Gallissonnière would not hear of it, and appointed M. de Saint-Pierre who had never any idea of carrying out the project. Saint-Pierre, Jonquière and Bigot were, according to Dugas, "three vampires sucking the blood of the colony." The fall of Quebec which followed soon after these events ended their iniquitous career in America, and of course, when the English came into possession of the country the younger Vérendryes had to dismiss all hope of future achievement and they disappeared from view; but young as they were, they had already written their names in the history of North America.



MÈRE ST. HENRI

JOHN McLOUGHLIN

CHAPTER I

THE NOR'WESTERS

Over the Speaker's desk in the legislative halls of Oregon there is a portrait of a venerable man whose aspect is almost startling like that of an old lion, though the Indians called him "The White Eagle." A great mass of snowwhite hair falls like a mane on his broad shoulders; his head is erect, his eyes piercing; the features are regular and firmly set, conveying an impression of indomitable resolution coupled with a consciousness of power, yet without any suggestion of haughtiness or pride. On the contrary, there is a glow of kindness and benignity in his whole demeanor. Looking at it, one is instinctively prompted to say, "Here is a born leader of men, one whose followers must not only have feared and obeyed but loved and almost worshiped him." The picture represents Dr. John McLoughlin, and under his name is the inscription, "Founder of Oregon."

In the histories of the Pacific Coast no one is more frequently mentioned and never without praise. His name occurs in page after page of Laut's "The Conquest of the Great Northwest." Holman, who wrote his life, thinks that Catholics ought to canonize him. Hubert Bancroft, Howison, Applegate, Allan, Roberts and others, all speak of him in the highest terms. Indeed, the regard for him has reached the dimensions of a cult, and in the Lewis and Clark Exposition of 1906, McLoughlin Day was set apart in his honor. A snow-capped mountain is named after him. But apparently very little is known of him in the eastern part of the United States. Moreover, there is an impression about him that although he was baptized a Catholic in infancy, he lost the Faith, without,

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however, any fault of his own, and returned to it only in his later years. The very reverse is the case. He was all his life a devout and practical Catholic.

He was born on October 9, 1784, in the parish of Rivière du Loup, about one hundred and twenty miles below Quebec, on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, and was baptized on November 3 of the same year, in Kamouraska, for there was no priest at Rivière du Loup at that time. His father was a native of Ireland; his mother, Angélique Fraser, was of Scotch descent, but her name, Angélique, is almost proof positive that she had French Canadian blood in her veins. Her uncle was the famous Colonel Fraser who after the capture of Quebec had established a *seigneurie* at Rivière du Loup, which is called Fraserville to-day. The Frasers of that place were all Protestants then, but they are all Catholics now, from the *Seigneur* to the humblest *habitant*. It may also be of interest to know that the actual head of the clan in Scotland, Lord Lovat, is a Catholic, and though the rest of the Frasers resented his conversion, it was the reverse with those of Fraserville, and when Lovat went to Canada a few years ago they accorded him an ovation.

McLoughlin's father was drowned in the St. Lawrence, and the story current about John is that he was then handed over to his Protestant relatives, and from that on ceased to be a Catholic, returning again to the Faith only at the end of his life. But this myth has evidently grown out of an event that occurred in the life of his sister, Marie Louise. She was an extremely pretty and engaging child and a great favorite of the old colonel, her grand-uncle. When she was six years old, he insisted on her living in his house, and in spite of the protests of her parents he kept her there almost by force till she was fifteen years old. She had not yet made her first Communion, nor had she been confirmed; and had even gone several times to Protestant churches. The father and mother were greatly alarmed, and availing themselves of the absence of the colonel, took possession of the child, who on her part

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had begun to worry about what she was doing. The Abbé Desjardins, who was then at Quebec, but afterward became Grand Vicaire of Paris, instructed her and had her make her profession of faith in the Seminary Chapel at Quebec, in the presence of her father and the Superior of the Seminary, M. Gruvé. She then received Holy Communion, and was confirmed. The colonel was furious when he heard of it, but that did not disturb Marie Louise. She became a pupil in the Ursuline Convent, and on February 27, 1798, took the veil. In the history of that great establishment Mother St. Henry, as she was called, is regarded as one of the most illustrious superiors. Her portrait, which is shown to those who are privileged to enter the cloister, was made at the special request of her brother David.

"It is so lifelike," says the "Glimpses of the Monastery," a work written by a cousin of Oliver Wendell Holmes, "that we who bear the original impressed on our hearts may still imagine, as we pause before it in the community hall, that we really meet again those eyes ever beaming with charity, and that we hear the mellow tones of that voice, so soothing and maternal, which we loved so well."

The *Quebec Gazette* said at the time of her death:

"During the long period of forty-six years of her religious profession, she filled at various times the office of superior of the community with that rare talent, prudence, and justice which merited for her the highest confidence and esteem. She will be long and deeply regretted at Quebec not only by the citizens of every class and nationality, who have so often rendered homage to her virtues and fine qualities, but also by all strangers who have had occasion to visit that estimable institution, none of whom ever went away without expressing the highest admiration for the noble manners and the interesting conversation of this amiable lady."

Four of her nieces followed her example and became Ursulines. Her brothers furthered all her plans in the work of education and sent her from Paris whatever she needed for her school. One of them, David, married Lady Jane Capel, niece

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of the Viceroy of Ireland, and was the friend of Lord Aylmer and Lord Gosford, both of whom became, later, governors of Canada. As John McLoughlin was fourteen years of age when his sister became a nun, and as so many of his relatives followed her example, and as he himself, later on, was so intensely interested in the work of the convent over which she presided, the story about his having been brought up a Protestant may be dismissed as a romance.

Possibly on account of his Fraser connections, and also because so many of the directors of the Northwest Company, with which McLoughlin was so long associated, came from Scotland, he is frequently described as Scotch, but Howison affirms that he was of Irish parentage; and Allan, who was for many years with him at Fort Vancouver, says the same. Holman, his latest biographer, has no doubt about it, but the best authority is, of course, himself, and he repeatedly insisted that he was Irish.

The profession of medicine was a tradition in the Fraser family. One of John's uncles, an officer in the Black Watch, had, after the Conquest, settled down as physician in Canada, and McLoughlin and his brother went abroad to take their degrees. Laut says that he was a student at Laval, Quebec, but after a very diligent search of the catalogues which go back almost to the beginning of that institution, by the distinguished rector of Laval University, the name McLoughlin was not to be found. We are told that he lived some time at Quebec and also that he left it very hurriedly because of an altercation with an officer of the citadel whom he had pitched on his head into the mud of the city streets. The precise date of his flight is not given, but it was probably about 1809 or 1810. Hubert Bancroft speaks of his joining the Northwest Company early in the century.

The Northwest was the rival of the Hudson Bay Company, which had been established in the time of Charles II, and had exercised a monopoly of the fur trade in British North America for over a century. In 1783 a number of merchants of

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Montreal organized the Northwest Company to compete with it, and they sent their men into canoes or through forests to regions the Hudson Bay Company had never known. The Hudson Bay traders contented themselves with remaining in their forts and receiving whatever furs were brought to them, whereas the Northwesters traveled over the whole west, and one of them, Alexander Mackenzie, gave his name to the river which empties into the Arctic Ocean. The directors were mainly Scotch, and their men were almost exclusively French Canadians. Iberville's raiders, who took the English posts in Hudson Bay, were like Northwesters, for their purpose in joining the expedition combined patriotism with business. According to the Abbé Dugas in his "*L'Ouest Canadien*," these Canadians were a disreputable set, ready for all sorts of villainy—murder, debauchery, drunkenness, theft. They were virtually slaves of their employers, who lent them money so generously that it was impossible for them ever to get out of the toils. Not only did they teach the Indians all the vices of the whites, but wrought irreparable harm on the French settlements by withdrawing thousands of young men from peaceful pursuits and making them lead the lives of savages. They were sent down regularly to the settlements along the St. Lawrence to get recruits, and never failed of success by the wild stories they told of the life in the woods.

Wealth poured into the coffers of the company, and its managers lived in lordly magnificence in Montreal. Colin Robertson, one of the officials of the Hudson Bay Company, thus describes the conditions that prevailed among his enemies:

"The residences of the Northwesters in Montreal are splendid establishments, the resorts of the first in society, the benefit from this ostentatious display of wealth being the friendship of legal authorities. . . . Even the prisons of Montreal are become places of public entertainment from the circumstance of yet holding some partners of the Northwest Company. . . . Every other night a ball or supper is given; and the Highland bagpipes utter the sound of martial music as if to deafen public censure. The most glaring instance of the

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Northwesters' contempt for law is their attempt to attract public notice by illuminating all the prison windows every night. Strangers will naturally ask, 'For what crimes are these gentlemen committed? For debt? No . . . for murder . . . arson . . . robbery. . . . Our old friend, Mr. Astor, is here. . . . He is frequently in the society of the Northwesters.'

Such were the ill-fated men with whom McLoughlin united his fortunes, but he joined them not as *coureur*. His was an official position as physician and he had no part in whatever rascalities were committed. On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that many of the charges brought against the Northwesters were prompted not only by business but by race hatred. It was the English against the French. The feeling showed itself even in the courts, and judicial decisions given in England were almost sure to clash with those of Montreal.

The chief trading post of the Northwesters was Fort William, on the north shore of Lake Superior. Mackinac had first been tried, but that was too near the rival company. Some more remote place was desirable; one that would open up the north country. Hence Grand Portage, one thousand eight hundred miles from Montreal, was chosen. The name was changed to Fort William.

The route from Montreal to Fort William was the same as that followed by the old missionaries: up the Ottawa, with its numberless cataracts, out through the French River into Georgian Bay and then along the upper stretches of Lake Huron to Sault Ste. Marie. There the last vestiges of civilization disappeared. Beyond that there was no law of God or man. Letters sent from below were "to be delivered to the *coureur* wherever found." After leaving the Sault and passing through the canal, which even in those early days had been dug to reach Lake Superior by larger vessels than canoes, the travelers finally landed at Fort William, from which they scattered in their hunt to the north and west, going as far as the North Sea and the Pacific Ocean.

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Laut, in "The Conquest of the Great Northwest" (Vol. II, p. 11), thus describes Fort William:

"The usual slab-cut palisades surrounded the fort. In the center of the square stood the main building surmounted by a high balcony. Inside was the great saloon or hall—sixty feet by thirty—decorated with paintings of the leading partners in the full flush of ruffles and court costumes. Here the partners and clerks and leading guides took their meals. Round this hall were the partners' bedrooms; in the basement, the kitchen. Flanking the walls of the courtyard were other buildings equally large—the servants' quarters, storehouses, warerooms, clerks' lodgings. The powder magazine was of stone, roofed with tin, with a lookout near the roof commanding a view of the lake. There was also a jail, which the *voyageurs* jocularly called their *pot au beurre*, or butter tub. The physician, Dr. McLoughlin, had a house to himself, near the gate. Over the gate was a guardhouse, where a sentry sat night and day. Inside the palisades was a population of from twelve hundred to two thousand people. Outside the fort a village of little log houses had scattered along the river front. Here dwelt the Indian families of the French *voyageurs*."

It was while McLoughlin was at Fort William that John Jacob Astor attempted to establish a trading post on the Columbia River, which he proposed to reach by sea. Unwisely he employed what stragglers he could find of the Northwesters at Montreal and attached to him as partners in the enterprise several Scotchmen, who very soon wrested his establishment from him. Washington Irving in his "Astoria" describes the arrival of a number of these wild *coureurs de bois* in New York to take passage in the sailing ship *Tonquin*, which Astor was sending out.

"They determined," he says, "to regale and astonish the people of the 'States' with the sight of a Canadian boat and a Canadian crew. They accordingly fitted up a large but light bark canoe, such as is used in the fur trade, transported it in a wagon from the banks of the St. Lawrence to the shores of Lake Champlain, traversed the lake in it from end to end, hoisted it again in a wagon and wheeled it off to Lansingburgh,

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and there launched it upon the waters of the Hudson. Down this river they plied their course merrily on a fine summer's day, making its banks resound for the first time with their old French boat songs, passing by the villages with whoop and halloo, so as to make the honest Dutch farmers mistake them for a crew of savages. In this way they swept, in full song and with regular flourish of the paddle, around New York in a still summer evening, to the wonder and admiration of its inhabitants, who had never before witnessed on their waters a nautical apparition of the kind."

The failure of the expedition is well-known. The Tonquin left New York on September 8, 1810, and after a wearisome journey around the Horn, landed a party at the mouth of the Columbia and established Astoria. It then proceeded along the coast, but most of the crew were murdered by the savages, and those who were left blew up the ship, sending themselves, as well as the Indians who were on board, into eternity. The rest proved faithless to Astor, and after a year or two the Northwesters owned the post. They called it Fort George. We refer to this not merely as part of the general story, but because one of Astor's partners in this expedition was Alexander McKay, who previous to that had traveled with Mackenzie to the Pacific. When the ship was attacked by the Indians he was struck by a war club and flung into the sea, where he was dispatched by the squaws in the canoes. His wife was an Ojibway Indian, who later on married John McLoughlin.

Taking Astoria from its owners was easy for the Northwesters, but the Hudson Bay Company was not so readily disposed of. Great bitterness existed between the two companies, and when their men met in the wilderness many a bloody encounter ensued; but if a band of traders never returned to the forts, no one ever knew what had become of them. They were reported as lost in the woods, or drowned in the rapids, or killed by the Indians. Investigations were useless. The animosity of the two companies found its worst expression on the arrival of Lord Selkirk.

This nobleman came out to America not in quest of furs,

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but to found a colony for the poverty-stricken peasants of Scotland and Ireland. Colin Robertson, a Hudson Bay man, whom he had met at Montreal, had fired his imagination with a story of the wonderful fertility of the soil, at the junction of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers, beyond Lake Winnipeg, and that region he determined to possess in order to carry out his scheme. He never seems to have dreamed of the difficulty of transporting colonists from Scotland to that remote wilderness; nor of finding a market for their produce; nor of the opposition that his project would engender among the fur traders, who in their best hunting grounds were regarded by the Hudson Bay Company as poachers; nor of the right of the Company, even if he and his family controlled the main part of the stock, to turn over to him a territory larger than the British Isles, including, as it did, all of the present province of Manitoba and half of what is now the State of Minnesota.

At the end of June, 1811, his first batch of emigrants sailed out of the Thames for America. Their leader, Miles McDonnell, an old forest ranger, was a Catholic, as were many of the Highlanders, and Father Bourke, an Irish priest, went as their chaplain. They pointed for Hudson Bay, and were sixty days rolling in the billows of the North Atlantic before they entered the straits. The passage across the bay was tranquil enough, but it was September 24 when they set foot on its western shore. The snow was falling and the thermometer registered 8° below zero. The lakes and rivers of the interior were by that time in the grip of the ice, and the unhappy emigrants had to remain in that land of desolation and suffering until the following summer. In July, Father Bourke bade them farewell and returned home for recruits. It was already the end of August when they landed at the bend of the Red River, two miles north of the Assiniboine, near the site of the present Winnipeg. Another batch of emigrants, under the care of Owen Keveny, Selkirk's Irish agent, arrived that same year. For neither party was this Promised Land found to be flowing with milk and honey.

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In the "Canadian Archives," published by the Government Printing Bureau, Ottawa, 1914, it is said by William Auld of York Factory that

"Mr. Keveny arrived at the Red River with his whole party safe and sound, in the same high health as when they left Ireland. He is worth as many Archdeacon McDonalds as will stand between here and Cape Horn." Nevertheless, the "Archives" add, "after spending a winter on Red River he returned to Ireland, but came out again to Hudson Bay in 1815. Owing to his tyrannical treatment of his boatmen on their way inland from (Fort) Albany a warrant was sworn out for his arrest. He was arrested and sent off for Fort William. He became so unruly that he was clapped into irons. He was murdered *en route*."

The real reason of his death appears to be that he was a man of immense power in keeping the settlers loyal to Selkirk and had to be put out of the way. Selkirk had tried very earnestly to get priests for his colony.

The Northwesters openly showed their discontent, especially when in January, 1814, Selkirk's Governor, Miles McDonnell, forbade them to take any provisions from the entire district. Then followed a series of open combats. Forts were taken and retaken until finally, in the spring of 1816, the half breeds, or pillagers as they were called, attacked Selkirk's colony and fort, and murdered the agent along with twenty of the Hudson Bay men, including all the officers, four colonists and fifteen servants. The bodies of the slain were treated with shameful indignity. While this butchery was going on the chief men of Fort William, among whom was Dr. McLoughlin, were rushing for the Red River with a hundred men and two cannon to punish the Governor for seizing their fort. They arrived only after the massacre. Very probably, however, blood would have been shed even if the half breeds had not been first on the scene. But although McLoughlin was with the party, it was not for the purpose of fighting; it was to care for the wounded. Indeed, when one of the associates suggested that the horrid deed could be blamed on the Indians,

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McLoughlin reminded him that no Indian took part in the fray. It was a half breed affair instigated by white men. The attack had been expected by Selkirk, and he was hurrying up from Montreal to protect his establishment. He arrived too late to prevent its capture, but he drove the enemy out, and on August 12 he marshaled his men before Fort William and demanded its surrender. Every Northwester was eager to fight except McLoughlin. "There has been too much blood shed already," he said, and he went to parley with Selkirk, on the other side of the river, but was detained as a prisoner and then the fort was rushed and taken without a blow. All its defenders were bound and led ignominiously to Eastern Canada as captives. On the way down, the boat in which McLoughlin was carried capsized in the Sault and seven men were drowned. He saved his life by swimming ashore.

Then followed bitter litigation at Montreal, the Canadian courts disagreeing with the English tribunals, until finally, in May, 1817, a royal proclamation ordered both parties to desist from strife and to restore each other's property. Selkirk left America forever, and on November 8, 1820, died at Pau in France. His bubble had burst. Nevertheless, the flourishing cities of Winnipeg and St. Boniface, with an archbishopric and a university, have arisen in the very place where he first established his colony; and later on, when some Swiss emigrants who had joined him found that their occupation of clockmaking and cabinet-working and carving was of no avail in the region of the Red River, they moved down to Minnesota and squatted near Fort Snelling, which is now St. Paul.

The sensible men of both associations began to see the folly of a strife that was mutually destructive, and a movement was set on foot to unite the contending forces. For that purpose the Northwesters sent McLoughlin and Bethune to London to urge the directors of the companies to carry out the plan. This selection of McLoughlin is noteworthy, inasmuch as it is in flat contradiction with the assertion in Holman's "Life of John McLoughlin," who is there represented as being bitterly

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opposed to the coalition. The story of this journey to London also brings up the question that we are chiefly interested in, namely, McLoughlin's Catholicity. In "The Conquest of the Great Northwest" it is said that "Robertson, Selkirk's evil genius, had heard that the Northwesters were about to propose a union with the Hudson Bay Company, and he judged that he could serve his company best by hurrying to London and pressing on the General Court the fact that the country was already in the hands of the Hudson Bay traders without any union. What was his amazement on taking ship at New York to find as fellow-passengers two Northwest partners, Bethune and McLoughlin, now on the way to London to urge the union. Toward the end of the voyage "wine went round freely and subscriptions were opened for the ship's hands," writes Robertson. "Our friend, the Northwester, Dr. McLoughlin, had put down his name. I took the pen to put mine down, but seeing Bethune, the other Northwester, waiting, I said to Abbé Carrière:

" 'Come Abbé, put down your name. I don't want to sign between two Northwesters.'

" 'Never mind, Robertson,' says the Abbé, 'Christ was crucified between two thieves.'

"McLoughlin," continues Robinson, "flew in a dreadful passion, *but being a good Catholic*, had to stomach it.

"As the world knows, the embassy of the Northwesters was successful. The two companies were united, and the aforetime bitter rivals returned to serve the Hudson Bay Company for many a year as faithful friends and loyal partners."

In this interesting episode of McLoughlin's journey, we have a very valuable argument in favor of the view for which we are contending, namely, that McLoughlin had never been other than a staunch Catholic. This assertion is made by his enemy, Robertson, who, in pronouncing him to be such, was merely voicing the sentiment of all the Northwesters and the men of the Hudson Bay Company. The time this utterance was made is also very important, for the reason that it ante-

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dates by twenty years his alleged conversion in Oregon by Bishop Blanchet. Thus it is clear that, from the time he left Quebec until the moment the coalition of the two companies was effected, he had always been recognized as a Catholic. Starting his career as such, there would be no reason why a man of his intelligence and integrity when occupying his new post in Oregon, where he was supreme master and above any influence that could be possibly exerted upon him, should deliberately abandon the religion which he had hitherto so openly professed. Even from a worldly point of view a change of that nature would not only have lowered him in the esteem in which he was held by the Catholics with whom he was associated, and of whom there were many in both companies, but would have made him lose caste with his Protestant friends, who would have attributed his change to worldly motives, which had at no time exerted any influence upon his conduct. As a matter of fact he was never swayed by any base or unworthy purpose of fear or cupidity in the entire course of his life.

The mission of the Northwest representatives was successful, and we are told, though we fail to see the connection, that Nicholas Garry was appointed to organize the united traders because "he chanced to be the only unmarried man in the governing committee." But even this unhampered bachelor considered the task so difficult because of the bitterness on both sides that he did not think it advisable to come out to America with the partisans of either side, nor would they journey with one another. Hence Garry came by way of New York and the others went to Montreal separately. The same segregation was observed on the way up to Fort William, where the deed of union was to be signed and the various assignments were to be made.

Finally, around the table at Fort William the partners met, and scowling at each other awaited the decision of the all-powerful Garry. We are only interested, for the present, in McLoughlin. He was assigned to Oregon.

CHAPTER II

FORT VANCOUVER

If Italy, Spain, France, Germany and Switzerland were united under one flag it would give some idea of the size of the fur traders' kingdom assigned to him. It included not only the States now known as Washington, Oregon, California, Idaho, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Wyoming and part of Montana, but extended north of what is now the international boundary through Okanogan and Kamloops and Cariboo to the limits of the Yukon. Of all this region McLoughlin was the sole autocrat. Furs from the mountain brigades of the South, of the Sacramento and the Snake and Salt Lake; from the mountain brigades of the East, from Idaho and Montana and Wyoming; from the mountain brigades of the North, Okanogan and Kamloops and Fraser River, poured into Fort Vancouver to be exchanged for supplies and exported to London by ships that went round the world to reach their destination.

McLoughlin first went to Astoria, but found it more advantageous to abandon that post and to establish another on the Columbia River, which he called Fort Vancouver.

"This fort stood at a bend in the river on the north side, far enough from the coast to be away from the rivalry of Pacific schooners, and near enough to be in touch with tidewater. In its general lines it was like Fort William. It was the capital of a kingdom. Spruce slabs half a foot thick, twenty feet high, sharp at both ends and in double rows, composed the walls. Great gates with brass hinges extending half way across the top and bottom beams opened leaf-wise toward the river. On the northwest corner stood a bastion whose lower stories served as powder magazine and upper windows as lookout. Cannon bristled through the double palisades of the fort, and to one side of the main gate was the customary wicket, through which goods could be exchanged for furs from the Indians.

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The big, two-story, timbered house in the center of the court was the residence of the chief factor. On both sides were stores and warehouses and fur presses and the bachelors' quarters and the little log cabins, where lived the married trappers. Trim lawns decorated with little rockeries of cannon balls divided the different buildings, and in front of the chief factor's residence, on the top of a large flagpole, there blew to the breeze the flag with the letters H. B. C.—a sign that a brigade was coming in, or a brigade setting out, or that a ship had been sighted, or that it was Sunday and the flying flag was signal to the Indians there would be no trade, a custom that has lasted to this day." (Laut, Vol. II, p. 241.)

With characteristic energy and foresight Dr. McLoughlin soon established at or near Fort Vancouver a large farm, on which were grown quantities of grain and vegetables. It was afterward stocked with cattle, horses, sheep, goats and hogs. In 1836 this farm consisted of three thousand acres, fenced into fields, with here and there dairy houses and herdsmen's and shepherds' cottages. In 1836 the products of this farm were, in bushels: 8,000 of wheat; 5,500 of barley; 6,000 of oats; 9,000 of peas; 14,000 of potatoes; besides large quantities of turnips (rutabaga), pumpkins, etc. There were about ten acres in apple, pear and quince trees, which bore in profusion. He established two saw mills and two flour mills near the Fort. For many years there were shipped from Fort Vancouver lumber to the Hawaiian Islands (then called the Sandwich Islands) and flour to Sitka. It was not many years after Dr. McLoughlin came to the Oregon country until it was one of the most profitable parts of North America to the Hudson Bay Company. For many years the London value of the yearly gathering of furs in the Oregon country varied from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000, sums of money representing then a value much larger than such sums represent to-day. (*Holman, p. 28*).

In this empire McLoughlin, who was then only thirty-nine years old, reigned supreme. There was a governor above him, it is true, but that dignitary rarely visited the territory; communication with him was difficult and what the factor wished was done.

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"There was never any disorder where McLoughlin was in command; licentiousness among his subordinates was severely punished; drunkenness was unknown, and on one occasion he bought the entire cargo of liquor from a ship that came to the Columbia so as to prevent its sale among his men. He himself was rigidly abstemious, and a glass of wine as a greeting to some returning party was all he ever permitted himself. Sunday was religiously observed, and when no minister of the Gospel was present the Doctor himself presided and read the prayers. Before the arrival of the Catholic missionaries he carefully prevented the French Canadian settlers from going to other religious meetings, and he regularly read the prayers for them on Sunday morning. Besides the English school established by the company for the children of the Scotch or English traders, he maintained a separate one at his own expense for the French children, and by his order prayers and catechism were taught in French to the women as well as to the children on Sunday and week-days. He also encouraged the singing of canticles, in which he was assisted by his wife and daughter, who took much pleasure in this exercise. He visited and examined his school once a week, which was already formed of several good scholars, who soon learned to read French and became of great help to the priest. He it was who saved the Catholics of the Fort and their children from the dangers of perversion, and who, finding the log church the Canadians had built a few miles below Fairfield in 1836 not properly located, ordered it to be removed and rebuilt on a large prairie, its present beautiful site." (*Recollections of Oregon.*)

Life in this kingdom of the wilderness was as active as it was picturesque. Laut, than whom no one knew better the story of the Hudson Bay Company, thus describes one of the departures of its hunters in quest of furs, as they swept out of old Fort Vancouver:

"With long white hair streaming to the wind Dr. McLoughlin usually stood on the green slope outside the picketed walls, giving a personal hand-shake, a personal God bless you to every packer, every horseman of the motley throng setting out on the yearly campaign for beaver. There were Iroquois from the St. Lawrence. There were Ojibways from Lake Superior.

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There were Cree and Assiniboine and Sioux of the prairie, these for the most part act as packers and hunters and trappers in the horse brigades destined inland for the mountains. Then there were freemen, a distinct body of trappers owning allegiance to no man, but joining the company's brigades for safety's sake and selling the beaver they trapped to the trader who paid the highest price. Of coast Indians there were very few. The salmon runs of the river gave the coast tribes too easy an existence. They were useless for the hardships of inland service. A few Cayuses and Flatheads and Walla Wallas might join the brigades for the adventure, but they did not belong to the company's regular retainers.

"The company divided each of the hunting brigades into three classes—gentlemen, white men, hunters. The gentlemen usually went out in twos—a commander and his lieutenant, dressed in cocked hat and buttons and ruffles and satin waistcoats, with a pistol somewhere and very often a sword stuck in the high boot-leg. These were given the best places in the canoes, or mounted the finest horses of the mountain brigades. The second class were either servants to beat the furs and cook meals, or young clerks sent out to be put in training for some future chieftaincy. But by far the most picturesque part of the brigades were the motley—Indians, half breeds, white men—in buckskin suits with hawks' bills down the leggings, scarlet or blue handkerchief binding back the lank hair, bright sash about the waist and moccasins beaded like works of art. Then somewhere in each brigade was a musician, a singer to lead in the *voyageurs'* songs, perhaps a piper from the Highlands of Scotland to set the bagpipes droning 'The Campbells are Coming,' between the rock walls of the Columbia. And, most amazing thing of all, in these transmontaine brigades the men were accompanied by wives and families.

"A last hand-shake with Dr. McLoughlin; tears mingled with fears over partings that were many of them destined to be forever, and out they swept, the Oregon brigades, with laughter and French *voyageurs'* song and Highland bagpipes. A dip of the steersman's lifted paddle, and the northern brigades of sixty men each were off for Athabasca and the Saskatchewan and the St. Lawrence. A bugle call or the beat of an Indian tomtom, and the long lines of pack-horses, two and three hundred in each brigade, decked with ribbons as for a country fair, wound into the mountain defiles like desert caravans of wandering Arabs. Oregon meant more in those days

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than a wedge stuck in between Washington and California. It was everything west of the Rockies that Spain did not claim. Then Chief Factor McLoughlin, whom popular imagination regarded as not having a soul above a beaver skin, used to retire to his fort and offer up prayer for those in peril by land and sea."

Hubert Bancroft gives a picture of McLoughlin visiting in person some parts of his vast domain to inspect its management. It is of special interest because his squaw wife enters upon the scene. Seated astride the finest horse, whose trappings were ornamented with colored quills, beads and fringes, to which hung tiny bells that tinkled with every motion, herself dressed in a petticoat of the finest blue broadcloth, with embroidered scarlet leggings, and moccasins stiff with the most costly beads, her black braided hair surmounted by a hat trimmed with gay ribbon or supporting drooping feathers, she presented a picture, if not as elegant as that of a lady of the sixteenth century at a hawking party, yet quite as striking and brilliant.

When the caravan was in progress it was a panorama of gaiety, as each man of the party, from chief trader and clerk down to the last trapper in the train, filed past with his ever-present and faithful helpmate in her prettiest dress. After them came the Indian boys, driving the pack-ponies loaded with goods and camp utensils. Indeed, the camp equipage consisted of everything necessary for comfortable lodging and a bountiful table, the cook being an important member of the numerous retinue. Here was feudalism on the western seaboard. The Canadian farmers were serfs to all intents and purposes, yet with such a kindly lord that they scarcely felt their bondage; or if they felt it they realized it was for their good.

When McLoughlin first went to Oregon the religious conditions of the Indians were surprising and for a moment were, even to him, perplexing. Bonneville, writing in 1634, says that "the Flatheads, Nez Percés, and Cayuses had a strong devotional feeling. So well advanced in the Christian religion were

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they, that they would not raise their camps on Sunday, nor fish, hunt, or trade on that day except in cases of severe necessity, but passed a portion of the day in religious ceremonies, the chiefs leading the devotions, and afterward giving a sort of sermon upon abstaining from lying, stealing, cheating and quarreling, and the duty of being hospitable to strangers. Prayers and exhortations were also made in the morning on week-days, often by the chief on horseback, moving slowly about the camp, and giving his instructions in a loud voice, the people listening with attention, and at the end of every sentence responding one word in unison, apparently equivalent to amen. While these ceremonials were going on, every employment was suspended. If an Indian was riding by, he dismounted and attended with reverence until the conclusion. When the chief had finished, he said, 'I have done,' upon which there was an exclamation in unison. With these religious services, probably derived from the white men, the tribes above mentioned mingle some of their old Indian ceremonials, such as dancing to the cadence of song or ballad, which is generally done in a large lodge provided for the purpose. Besides Sundays, they likewise observe the cardinal holidays of the Roman Catholic Church." (Irving's "Bonneville's Adventures," pp. 389-90.)

"John Wyeth, who also gives these savages a good character, says:

"I know not what to say of their religion. I saw nothing like images or any objects of worship whatever, and yet they appeared to keep a sabbath, for there is a day on which they do not hunt nor gamble, but sit moping all day and look like fools. There certainly appeared among them an honor, or conscience, and sense of justice. They would do what they promised, and return our strayed horses and lost articles." ("Oregon," p. 54.)

Townsend was equally struck with the religious character of the Nez Percés and Cayuses, and after describing their family worship, concludes by saying:

"I never was more gratified by an exhibition in my life. The humble, subdued, and beseeching looks of the poor untutored beings who were calling upon their Heavenly Father to forgive their sins, and continue His mercies to them, and the evident and heartfelt sincerity which characterized the whole scene, was truly affecting, and very impressive." (Nar. p. 107.)

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Elijah White, in a letter to the *Oregon Spectator* of November 12, 1846, says: "Indeed, the red men of that region would almost seem to be of a different order from those with whom we have been in more familiar intercourse." Parker himself often remarked upon the reverence and attention with which the Flatheads and Nez Percés listened to his devotional exercises, in which they joined with an intelligence that surprised him. The effect of the teaching they had some time had was apparent in the exhibition of that hospitality, care for others, and general good conduct to which he often referred. On one of his journeys with these people he says:

"One sabbath day, about eight in the morning, some of the chiefs came to me and asked where they should assemble. I asked them if they could not be accommodated in the willows which skirted the stream of water on which we were encamped. They thought not. I then inquired if they could not take the poles of some of their lodges and construct a shade. They thought they could; and without any other directions went and made preparation, and about eleven o'clock came and said they were ready for worship. I found them all assembled, men, women and children, between four and five hundred, in what I would call a sanctuary of God, constructed with their lodges, nearly one hundred feet long, and about twenty feet wide, and all were arranged in rows, through the length of the building, upon their knees, with a narrow space in the middle, lengthwise, resembling an aisle. The whole area within was carpeted with their dressed skins, and they were all attired in their best. The chiefs were arranged in a semicircle at the end which I was to occupy. I could not have believed they had the means, or could have known how to have constructed so convenient and so decent a place for worship, and especially as it was the first time they had had public worship. The whole sight taken together sensibly affected me and filled me with astonishment; and I felt as though it was the house of God and the gate of heaven. They all continued in their kneeling position during singing and prayer, and when I closed prayer with amen, they all said what was equivalent in their language to amen. And when I commenced the sermon they sunk back upon their heels. Nothing could be more evident than that at some time some influential and competent teacher had laid the foun-

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dations of religion and morality with conscientious care. Who he was, whence he came, or whither he went, is almost purely conjectural." (Parker, "Jour., Ex. Tour," pp. 97, 98.)

There is nothing "conjectural" about it. It is well known that the religious knowledge and practices of the Oregon Indians were a gift from the Iroquois Indians who had come out to the Pacific from the Indian Reservation of Caughnawaga, near Montreal. Irving gives in "Astoria" the names of the first two Iroquois who arrived on the Lower Columbia. They were Regis Brugière, a half breed, and Ignace Shonowene, a full-blooded Iroquois. These two apostles—for such they were—told the Indians of the Pacific all about the priests of Canada, and aided by the French Canadian trappers, instructed them in the rites and ceremonies practised by the Catholic red men of the East. As a result of all this, deputation after deputation was sent to St. Louis as early as 1831 to ask for priests. There they met General Clark, whom they had known when he came among them in the Lewis and Clark Expedition. According to Bancroft ("Oregon," Vol. I, p. 55, note) Clark was a Catholic, but Marshall, in the "Acquisition of Oregon," insists that he was nothing of the kind, but a prominent Freemason for years, and was buried with Masonic rites. Nevertheless, Clark put them in the hands of Bishop Rosati. The sequel of the embassy was the inception of the great missionary career of Father De Smet. But it was not until '1840 that he was able to begin the work. Meantime some of the Flatheads had died in St. Louis, and old Ignace, the Iroquois who had first inaugurated the movement, set out to urge the request, but was killed by a band of hostiles whom he met on the way. It is one of the extraordinary events in Indian history, for the reason that these Iroquois of Caughnawaga were the descendants of the savages for whom Father Jogues had died on the banks of the Mohawk in 1646.

CHAPTER III

THE INVASION

Meantime the news of the Flathead petition had reached the Protestant missionary bodies. It was said that "the Indians had journeyed to St. Louis to obtain a Bible, but could not find one in that old Indian and papal city." Even Clark, the great Freemason, was unable to furnish one. Hence the parsons immediately started a movement to evangelize these forsaken red men and began to arrive in Oregon as early as 1834. McLoughlin received them most cordially, and as they were nearly always in a state of destitution, he provided lavishly for their wants. He furnished them with food, for they were often starving, advanced them money, which they usually forgot to repay, assigned them land for business as well as church purposes, and again and again protected them against the savages.

The missionaries, both Methodist and Presbyterians, immediately addressed themselves to the work of evangelizing the Flatheads. That was their object in coming from the East, but they soon gave it up in disgust. They could make no impression on these savages, who were expecting the black gowns, and had no success except with a few of the Cayuse tribe, who afterward turned upon them. They then fancied they had found excellent material for proselytism in the settlement of French Canadians which McLoughlin had established in the valley, but there again they were forestalled. The factor himself and his wife had been regularly instructing these expatriated Canadians in the teachings and duties of their Faith. The coming of the Catholic priests, their success with the Indians, McLoughlin's active work in preventing the perversion of the French settlers, and his pronounced Catholicity easily explain the bitter animosity of the Protestant missionaries towards him.

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This feeling was intensified by what is commonly known as the Whitman massacre, which occurred in 1847. Whitman was an evangelical worker, but not a minister; he merely helped the cause as a physician, the field of his activities being among the Cayuses, a tribe which a glance at a map will show lived a long distance south of the Flatheads. It lay between the Cascade and Blue Mountains. Whitman was unfortunate in the handling of his patients, especially in his too generous use of strychnine as a specific. The consequences were that a good many of the red men died. That was enough to put his life in danger, but when his model Christian convert, Jo Lewis, told the tribe that he heard Whitman and Spalding plotting to remove all the Indians, so as to get their lands, the missionary's fate was sealed. On November 29, 1847, he and Mrs. Whitman and several others were killed. Spalding escaped, and though his life was saved by the intervention of Father Brouillet, he accused the priests of instigating the massacre.

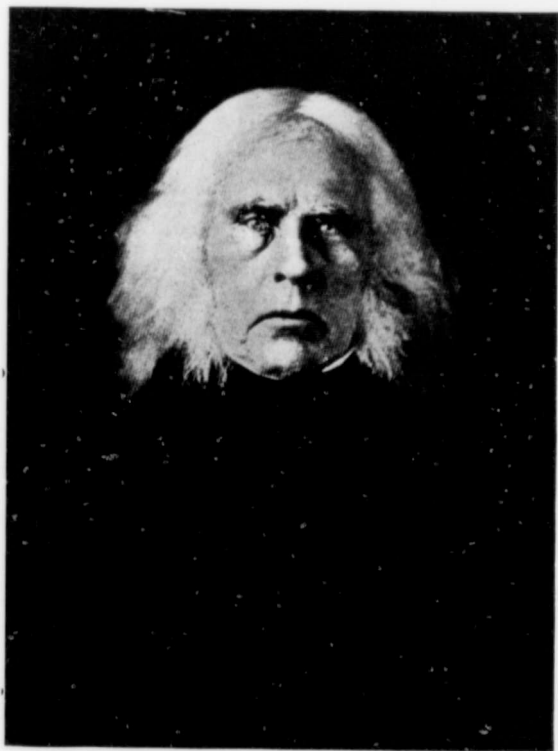
Twenty years after Whitman's death Spalding concocted a story which got into all the school books of the land. It told "How Whitman saved Oregon by making known to the United States Government the existence of an overland wagon route." He had left Oregon in 1842 to warn President Tyler and Daniel Webster not to sell Oregon for some codfisheries on the shores of Newfoundland, and then organized a great army of immigrants, whom he led across the mountains in 1843. Neither the mendacity nor the absurdity of the story prevented the general public from accepting it as true, and Whitman was hailed as a great patriot and a hero. The indignation of Marshall, who confesses that he was for a long time a victim of the fraud and then wrote two volumes entitled "Acquisition of Oregon" to expose it, is almost amusing.

In 1838 Father Blanchet came to Oregon, and he and McLoughlin at once became close friends. The most recent book that furnishes us any information on what occurred in the spiritual life of McLoughlin at that time is "Pioneer Catholic History of Oregon," by Edwin V. O'Hara. It gives the tradi-

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tional story about McLoughlin's religious belief, and tells us that he was converted by reading Milner's "End of Controversy," and it goes on to say that after making his abjuration and profession of faith in the hands of the Vicar General on November 18, 1842, he went to confession, had his marriage blessed on the same day, and prepared himself for his first Communion by fasting during the four weeks of Advent, which he passed on his claim at Willamette Falls (now Oregon City). But on page 139 of the same book the writer withdraws all that he had previously asserted and informs us that he had given the current view of McLoughlin's religious opinions on pages 3 and 13; but since those pages had gone to press, the Rev. A. Hillebrand had submitted considerations which satisfied him that McLoughlin was not only reared a Catholic and had remained such all his life, but that both his parents were Catholics and lived until he reached early manhood; not only that, but that his brother and sisters were all reared practical Catholics and one of the girls had become a nun. In brief, Dr. McLoughlin had been for forty years on the frontier, and Father Blanchet merely came on the scene and brought to him the Sacraments of the Church. Such is the real story of McLoughlin's supposed conversion by Bishop Blanchet.

Added to this admission by Blanchet's biographer, we have in Marshall's "Acquisition of Oregon" sufficient reason to conclude that "The Recollections" are absolutely wrong. He gives us the testimony of three of the most prominent Protestant ministers who were in Oregon before and after Bishop Blanchet's arrival. They are Jason Lee, Gustavus Hines, and Marcus Whitman. In a letter from Jason Lee, dated Mission House, Willamette River, March 14, 1836 ("Acquisition of Oregon," Vol. I, p. 331), we read, "*McLoughlin was a Catholic* and he headed the list with £6 for the use of the American Methodist Mission." On June 1, 1840, at Fort Vancouver, Mr. Hines writes: "*Dr. McLoughlin, though a Catholic himself, received us with much cordiality,*" p. 332. On July 31, 1841 (p. 350), Dr. Whitman wrote a six-page letter to D.



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Greene, Secretary, in which he writes: "I believe I have told you that Mr. McLoughlin and Mr. Pambrun were *the only two professed Catholics* among the gentlemen of the company with whom we have to do business."

How, then, are we to solve the difficulty raised by the "Historical Sketches of the Catholic Church in Oregon During the Past Forty Years," which the very editor of Marshall's "Acquisition of Oregon," Mr. C. B. Bagley, insists is the correct statement of McLoughlin's religious belief, notwithstanding the letters of the missionaries which he himself quotes?

It may be answered that the "Recollections" were written nearly forty years after the event in question, and the memory of the writer may easily have been at fault. Indeed, Blanchet gives two dates for the conversion. What is called McLoughlin's "first Communion" may have been merely his "first" Communion after many years of absence from the Sacraments. Finally there could not have been any question of abjuration or profession of faith in the case of McLoughlin, as he had not only never been out of the Church or spoken against it, but had constantly labored for it, had protected his Catholic dependents from being captured by Protestant proselyters, had established a school for their instruction, assembled them for divine service on Sunday and taught them their catechism. As his wife was engaged in the same work with him, it is more than likely that he had made her a Catholic, if she was not one already. Moreover, the fact that he had always refused to accept the services of a Protestant minister to validate his marriage is a proof of his Catholicity. McLoughlin had been married in the only way possible for a Hudson Bay man living in the wilderness. He had made a public avowal of the marriage and had the contract recorded in the company's books. It was perfectly valid, and though he was importuned by the parsons, particularly by Beaver, the Anglican chaplain at Vancouver, to have the blessing of the Protestant Church, he refused, and in the altercation that ensued he struck the parson with his cane. He properly recognized that such a ministrations could

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not add to the validity of the contract nor confer any sacramental grace. When the priest arrived, of course McLoughlin, like the genuine Catholic that he was, had the marriage blessed.

While in the midst of these difficulties with the missionaries a new problem presented itself. Settlers began to pour in from the United States to take possession of the land. The first emigration took place in 1841. But of the one hundred and twenty-five who came that year fully one-half left in the spring for California. In 1843 another band, numbering 875, men, women and children, started from Fort Independence, Mo., on their long journey across the Rockies to the Pacific. They were led by Peter H. Burnett, who afterward became the first Governor of California, and is known to the reading public as the author of "The Path that Led a Protestant Lawyer to the Catholic Religion." Looking over the list of emigrants, we discover only a few names in any way suggestive of Catholicity. There is a James Brady, a family of Delaneys, a Daniel Cronin, a Doherty, a McGee, a McGarry, a McHaley, two O'Briens, an O'Neil and a Trainor; but all the rest were what people in those days used to call "native Americans."

After six months of terrible suffering they reached Fort Vancouver. Their condition is thus described by Bancroft ("History of N. W. Coast," Vol. II, p. 706):

"These lean, cadaverous, dirt-tanned ox-drivers, with bushy heads and dull, unintelligent eyes, followed by famine-visaged women and children, cold and ill, barefooted and with only rags for raiment, arriving in the wet autumn, absolutely without a dollar in any kind of property, having lost all upon their way, and many of their former companions even their lives, what were they going to do in this cold, cheerless wilderness without house or tent or hut even, without blankets or clothes or meat or bread? Simply starve."

But McLoughlin was there. Because of their misery he received them with open arms, in spite of the suspicion with which he knew they regarded him. He had already sent boats

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up the river to convey provisions to save them from starvation, and when they swarmed around the fort he gave them plentiful food and good shelter, lands to settle on, and seed to plant and implements to cultivate their farms, and even money, much of which was never returned. By many of his beneficiaries he was rewarded only with bitter hatred. But his large heart would have prompted such benignity and bounty no matter who were the recipients. Moreover, independently of the humanity of the act, it was the most politic course that could be pursued. Had he done otherwise, and allowed that multitude of human beings to perish in the wilderness, as the company of which he was the representative insisted he should do, not only would he and the Hudson Bay Company have been branded with eternal infamy, but the very first act of that famishing throng, who were well armed, would have been to attack the fort and slaughter its inmates. McLoughlin's prudence as well as his humanity averted such a disaster. He welcomed and helped them, though, as Bancroft points out, the Protestant mission through which they passed not only gave them no assistance, but contrived to secure some of their cattle. It will be of interest to know that John C. Fremont and Kit Carson were in Fort Vancouver when their destitute fellow-countrymen arrived.

In the following year the number of immigrants was no less than 1,400, and in 1845, 3,000 arrived. In both instances the sufferings and destitution endured in that six months' journey were even greater than in that of 1843, yet each time saw a repetition of the same magnificent generosity on the part of the factor of Vancouver.

CHAPTER IV

THE PEACEMAKER

It was a comparatively easy task to keep the natives at peace, but this immigration of an ever-increasing multitude of ignorant and prejudiced whites, who regarded him as an intruder, an aggressor and an enemy, presented a new and difficult problem. The territory was still in dispute between England and the United States, and a joint occupancy had been agreed upon, but in three years the country which had been up to that a wilderness was invaded by 5,000 Americans, all of whom nurtured in their hearts an intense hatred of everything British. The war cry of "fifty-four forty or fight" had been uttered, and not only a failure to grasp the difficulty of the situation, but the slightest lack of prudence or even courtesy on the part of any of the employees of the Hudson Bay Company would have precipitated a war between the two nations. McLoughlin saw the danger, and again and again entreated the managers of the company, as well as the Home Government itself, to protect the interests of the traders, but he was told to shift for himself. It was fully six months after he had given the warning that two war ships entered the Columbia, ostensibly to give aid, but in reality to spy on the factor's actions. Even the loyalty of Douglas, whom he had been training for years to be his successor, could not be relied upon, and McLoughlin was denounced not only as being American in his sympathies, but as doing everything possible to hand over the territory to the United States. He was forbidden absolutely to render any assistance in the future to the immigrants, and when he indignantly protested that to do so would be a violation of the most fundamental principles of humanity and almost a declaration of war between the two countries, the order was nevertheless insisted on.

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Placed between his conscience and his alleged duty to a soulless corporation, whose only purpose was money-making, and whose rights to the territory, based as they were on the extravagant charter of Charles II, had constantly been denied even by Englishmen themselves, he did not hesitate. He had been twenty-one years at his post and had poured millions into the treasury of the Hudson Bay Company, but all that counted for nothing. In 1842 his resignation was accepted, and from his almost regal power he descended not only into poverty and neglect, but into antagonism with the people among whom his lot had been cast. They persisted in regarding him as a British subject, as responsible for the murder of the missionaries, and as a legitimate object for racial and religious antipathy.

It is noteworthy that the fall of McLoughlin pulled down the pillars on the Hudson Bay Company itself. It was the first step in the dissolution of the great corporation. For when the boundary lines were fixed, the activities of the Hudson Bay Company were shut out of Oregon and confined to British North America. In 1859 its trade monopoly was abolished by England and in 1869 it "surrendered to the Queen's Most Gracious Majesty all the rights of government, and other rights, liberties and franchises, powers and authorities, granted or purported to be granted to the said government and company by the said recited Letters Patent of His Late Majesty King Charles II." Thus passed away the great company to which Charles II had granted a large part of the world.

McLoughlin was now by his own deliberate act shorn of all his former honors and power. Foreseeing the annexation of Oregon, he had staked out a claim at what is at present Oregon City. But the Methodist Mission societies set about wresting it from him to add it to their own possessions. He was denounced as a British subject, with no right to the property, and was charged with working all the while for the benefit of the Hudson Bay Company. To rob him of his rights, all the

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misrepresentations and tricks that the most dishonest lawyers could devise were resorted to by the very men whom he had time and again saved from starvation. The ministers hated him for his religion, and the settlers, who were directly or indirectly from New England, were only too ready to show their bigotry. Public feeling was wrought up to such a degree that a bill was introduced in the Legislature to expel all priests from Oregon; a delegate was sent to Congress to denounce McLoughlin to the General Government, and Washington heard with astonishment that the greatest benefactor of Oregon was a Benedict Arnold, a Jesuit, a Wandering Jew, a Judas Iscariot. The accusations were believed and McLoughlin's claim was disallowed.

In his own defense McLoughlin wrote:

"By British demagogues I have been represented as a traitor. For what? Because I acted as a Christian; saved American citizens, men, women and children, from the Indian tomahawk and enabled them to make farms to support their families. American demagogues have been base enough to assert that I had caused American citizens to be massacred by hundreds by the savages. I have been represented by the delegate from Oregon, the late S. R. Thurston, as doing all I could to prevent the settlement of Oregon, whereas I did all I could to promote its settlement. I could not have done more for the settlers if they had been my brothers and sisters, knowing as I did that any disturbance between us might lead to a war between Great Britain and the States. This is a treatment that I do not deserve and did not expect."

He was now nearing the end of his life, and his biographer Holman thus speaks of him:

"Worried and troubled without surcease, Dr. McLoughlin maintained his grand but kindly attitude to the last. For several years before his death he was an invalid, but his pride assisted him to persevere and to transact such business as he could, although his heart was breaking. His flesh became greatly reduced, his eyes deeply sunken. He grew so emaciated that his great frame stood out, making him look gaunt and grim. For a few weeks only before his death he was confined to his bed."

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"Thus encompassed and overcome and crucified by robbery, mendacity, and ingratitude, Dr. McLoughlin died at Oregon City, September 3, 1857, a broken-hearted man. He was buried in the churchyard of the Catholic Church in Oregon City, where his body now lies. The stone which marks his grave bears the simple inscription:

Dr. John McLoughlin
Died
Sept. 3, 1857.
Aged
73 Years
The Pioneer and Friend of Oregon.
Also the Founder of this City."

For five years the clouds of calumny hung over his humble grave. In October, 1862, the vindication came. The Donation Law, which had impoverished him and incidentally impeded the growth of Oregon City, was revoked and McLoughlin's heirs came into their rights, or at least into part of them. It was an official recognition of the wrong that was done to the Father of Oregon and a denunciation of the conspiracy that had wrought his ruin. Thirty years afterward, his portrait was placed over the Speaker's desk in the Senate with the title under it "Founder of Oregon." Numberless eulogies of him were pronounced by the most distinguished men of the Commonwealth and the histories of Oregon teem with his praise. One of these tributes may be partially quoted to give an idea of the esteem in which he is held. It is from Hubert Bancroft, the historian of the Western Coast:

"I shall speak but little here of his personal qualities. The man is known by his works. Suffice it to say, that he was of an altogether different order of humanity from any who had hitherto appeared upon these shores. Once seen, he was never forgotten. Before or after him, his like was unknown; for he was far above the mercenary fur-trader or the coarse, illiterate

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immigrant. As he appeared among his pygmy associates, white or red, there was an almost unearthly grandeur in his presence. Body, mind and heart were all carved in gigantic proportions. His tall, powerful figure, over six feet in height, and broad in proportion, was usually arrayed in black, and crowned with long snow-white locks, falling over his shoulders, after the fashion of the day, which made the name White Eagle the natives gave him singularly appropriate. Likewise he was their King George, while his tramontane associates styled him the Emperor of the West. His eye was indeed that of an eagle, save that there was no murder in it. He was hasty in temper, and yet he seldom forgot himself; on some occasions he would burst into a passion which was harmless and quickly over, then again he was often calm under the most provoking circumstances; nor would he permit profane or ribald language in his presence.

"A strict disciplinarian, whose authority was absolute, his subordinates knew what to expect. In the management of forts and the business of the department, not the slightest deviation from fixed rules was allowed. Indeed so determined was he in character, so bent upon having his own way, that it was with difficulty the directory in London could control him.

"His influence over the savage mind was most remarkable. Before his coming to the Northwest Coast, as we have observed, it was not safe for white men to travel far except in armed bands. We shall soon see a different state of affairs in this respect under his benignant rule. We shall see achieved by his wise and humane policy a bloodless revolution, savage foes metamorphosed into steadfast friends, a wilderness teeming with treachery into a garden of safe repose.

"It is not so easy as it was to worship men. It is not so easy as it was to worship anything—except money. The world is getting old and rheumatic; and with a sense of its own infirmities comes a sense of infirmity in all things. We used to adore nature, bathing in sunshine, reveling in woods, and floating down calm currents. But with the balmy air come now flying bugs; rattlesnakes creep through the waving grass; and beneath the placid sun-silvered waters the big fish are all devouring the little fish. Why are men made like fishes? Nature is no longer adorable. Nature is a fascinating fraud. Nature is a failure.

"Now, were I in the worshipful mood, before this man I might bend my stiff knee, nor heed its cracking. Why? What

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is there of great-man-ism about him? He is not a statesman, for his hands are clean, his tongue is single, and self comes not always before duty. He is not a money magnate, for looking into his breast and then beyond the stars he sees some things more brightly fair, more worthy the attention of immortal mind than golden calves. He is not a divinity man, nor a conventional morality man; he teaches and preaches only as does a shining mark upon a hill-top beckoning pilgrims onward and upward; furthermore, he walks within no circle of tradition, and opens not his mouth with musty sayings to ears attuned to unreason and conventional hypocrisy. He is not a subsidy-seeking railway incorporator, nor a mine manipulator, nor an agitator; before any of these the unservile knee refuses to bend.

"I think of him as if present; and so he is, though he were dead this quarter century and more. I never saw him, and yet I see him; I never heard him, and yet he speaks to me now; I never grasped him hand, but I feel his presence, and am the better for it. The good that a man does lives after him, saith the seer; and in writing this volume, I have encountered few characters which stand out in such grand and majestic proportions. Few persons have done him justice. His life should be written by the recording angel and pillared at the crossing of the two chief highways of the universe. His fiery gentleness, his mild energy, his innate goodness and nobleness of heart, his magnanimity, his benevolence, his unfathomable integrity, and his clearness and firmness of intellect have all been told. Search these shores from Darien to Alaska and you find none such; take your books and study them from the coming of Europeans to your last municipal or State election, and you will discover no such person portrayed. His life though quiet and untrumpeted was full of glory; yet, like many another good man, his end was not a happy one, for in his old age he was caught in a web of legal technicalities which proved his winding-sheet.

"It was the sad ending of a long career of usefulness and benevolence. His record is one of which any man, however high or holy, might be proud. It is absolutely stainless, wholly noble; of how many of his judges can as much be said? Englishmen as well as Americans may blush for their treatment of him, for their heaping of sorrow upon his venerable head, for their lacerating of his pure and sensitive heart.

"But what shall I say of the poor wretches McLoughlin

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