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ST. CROIX ISLAND, FROM THE AMERICAN SHORE

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TERCENTENARY

OF

DE MONTS' SETTLEMENT AT ST. CROIX ISLAND

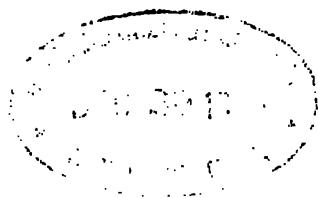
JUNE 25, 1904

PORTLAND

MAINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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TERCENTENARY OF THE LANDING OF DE MONTES AT ST. CROIX ISLAND

On Saturday, June 25, 1904, occurred the celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the landing of de Monts and his fellow colonists at St. Croix Island. The exercises in the forenoon were at the island, and, with the other exercises of the day, were under the direction of a committee of citizens of the St. Croix Valley, of which Gen. B. B. Murray, of Calais, was the chairman and Mr. James Vroom, of St. Stephen, N. B., was the secretary. This committee was aided in its work by a committee of the Maine Historical Society.

Anchored north of the island during the day were the U. S. S. Detroit, Captain Dillingham, the French cruiser Troude, Captain Aubry, the British cruiser Columbine, Captain Hill, the U. S. Revenue Cutter Woodbury, and the Dominion Revenue Cutter Curlew, and many steam yachts and smaller craft.

The many distinguished guests and others interested in the celebration made their way to the island from Calais and other points. The weather was not as favorable as those interested desired, and the arrangements for the exercises at the island were somewhat marred by showers ; but happily a tent had been provided for the convenience of the guests and in this tent, adorned with flags of the United States,

Great Britain, France and the Dominion of Canada, the services were held.

Hon. Charles E. Swan, of Calais, presided. His address was as follows :

Ladies and Gentlemen :—By invitation of the Maine Historical Society and a committee of the citizens of the St. Croix Valley, we have gathered here to-day to commemorate events which transpired upon this island three hundred years ago; events which, though futile for the purpose for which they were designed and even disastrous to those engaged in them, had in the after-time such a dominating influence in settling grave issues of boundary between England and the United States, as to render them of signal historic importance.

The story of the ill-starred venture of the brave Sieur de Monts and his colony, and their stay upon this island, will be told to us to-day by gentlemen well versed in all its details, and it will be one of absorbing interest, especially to those of us who live by the banks of the beautiful river to which de Monts gave the sacred name of St. Croix. Meanwhile it has been made my pleasing duty to extend, in behalf of the municipality of Calais, a cordial welcome to all who honor our city by their presence here to-day, either to take part in or to enjoy the exercises of this occasion.

Of the Maine Historical Society, an organization now venerable in years and enrolling in its membership many of our most distinguished citizens, and which took the initiative in organizing this commemoration, permit me to say that it has so well performed the work of historic research, to which in its beginning it dedicated itself, as to entitle it to the gratitude of our State and all lovers of veritable history. By painstaking, personal effort it has culled the facts from tradition and gathered to its storehouse a mass of historic material which will be of priceless value to the future historian of Maine. A society, so noble in motive and achievement, does great honor to our city by its presence here to-day and we welcome it with thanks, that its field-day pilgrimage this year brought it to this historic spot.

And to you gentlemen who represent other historical organizations and the governments of France, Canada and the United

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HON. ALMON I. TEED

States, we extend a hearty welcome. Your coming gives added interest and dignity to this occasion which we fully appreciate.

And to you gentlemen representing the naval and marine services of France, England and the United States, here by order of your several governments, thus testifying again to their interest in these exercises, we extend a most cordial welcome and rejoice that your first mutual visit to the St. Croix River is one of comradeship and peace.

And ladies and gentlemen, we extend to you all, the hospitality of our homes and city to-day and a welcome to all of implied privilege and pleasure.

I have now, ladies and gentlemen, the honor to present to you his Worship the Mayor of St. Stephen, Mr. Almon I. Teed, who will address you in behalf of St. Stephen and the adjacent municipalities in New Brunswick.

Mr. Teed said :

Mr. Chairman :— The duties assigned to me on this memorable and happy occasion are very pleasant indeed, and I shall try to make them pleasant to you by being very brief. It gives me great pleasure to stand here on this historic island and in the name of the united people of the St. Croix Valley to extend an earnest and a hearty welcome to you, our visitors, among whom are men eminent in war, science, literature and statecraft. Three hundred years ago de Monts and his brave followers landed on the little island and planted the seeds of European civilization, from which sprang all the progress and advance of that splendid and wonderful civilization that has spread over this North American continent, which at that time was one vast and unbroken wilderness. To the French belongs the honor of planting that civilization on this continent, and it is on this account that we are more than pleased to have the privilege of extending a special welcome to another eminent Frenchman, who, as one of our visitors, has landed here to-day to help us celebrate this three hundredth anniversary of the landing of his eminent countryman. I refer to the special representative of the French Republic, M. Klesckowski. It also gives me great pleasure to extend a special welcome to the representatives of the French, British and American fleets, whose presence contributes so largely to the success

of this celebration, and in the name of the people of both sides of the river, to offer the entire freedom of the St. Croix Valley, and I know that I voice the feelings of all the people in extending to the members of the Royal Historical Society and to the members of the Maine Historical Society also a hearty welcome. It is to these societies in a great measure that we are indebted for the success of this celebration.

It was said by a speaker at Annapolis that he wondered why de Monts, after seeing the beauties of Annapolis, had settled on the St. Croix, but to us, who live on the St. Croix, the only wonderment is why, after seeing the St. Croix, he ever went back to Port Royal.

Three hundred years is not a long time in the history of the world, or in the history of a nation like China, but as time can only be correctly measured by what transpires during its flight, the three hundred years that have passed since de Monts landed here has been a long and a very important period in the history of the nations represented here to-day, for many changes and wonderful advances during that time have been made by these nations.

Three hundred years ago James I had just begun to reign in England ; Shakespeare had not finished writing his inimitable plays ; Bacon was writing his masterly digest of English law and jurisprudence ; and they, with Ben Jonson, were, we might say, laying the foundation of Anglo-Saxon literature, and a little over one-fifth of that whole period Victoria the Good reigned over the British Empire, and many and wonderful are the changes that have taken place, and advances made in science, art and literature.

De Monts landed here sixteen years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth, and nearly a century and three-quarters before the United States was born. Time will not permit me to refer to any more of the historical events that have transpired during that time and have so signally affected the peoples here represented, but many of these will be referred to by the learned and eminent men whom we have with us to-day, and are to follow me ; but I must say that although we, the people here represented, have, during the three hundred years past, been engaged in deadly strife with each other, it must give us great pleasure

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HON. CHARLES E. SWAN

and satisfaction to see the general amity and good feeling that exist between these three great nations to-day. Nearly a century has passed since any serious difference has occurred between us, and I hope and trust that many more centuries will pass before the guns of the vessels now anchored here in the peaceful and beautiful St. Croix will be turned against each other, and I also trust that this celebration in which we have all joined so heartily will wipe out and obliterate the memory of all past unpleasantness.

Dr. Swan then introduced the Rev. Henry S. Burrage, of Portland, who on the part of the Maine Historical Society, responded to these greetings. He said :

In behalf of the Maine Historical Society it is my happy privilege to respond to these most cordial greetings. We who are here as the representatives of the Society, and indeed its whole membership, take a very deep interest in the proceedings of this day which carry us back to the beginnings of colonization within the limits of the State of Maine.

We are in the opening years of a new century. So were de Monts and his associates when three hundred years ago they landed on this little island of St. Croix, and entered upon the beginnings of a settlement in this almost unknown world.

Is it now a new era with us? Do we feel its breath upon our foreheads, and are we filled with high and noble impulses as we enter upon the task which the twentieth century has for us? So was it a new era with de Monts and his followers. They had already been stirred by its inspirations, and they had hastily seized the opportunity which the opening of the sixteenth century offered to them here.

In religion they were Protestants and Roman Catholics. Not long had they thus stood side by side. What had happened in France that brought them together upon this little island inspired with a common hope of making a new France here in this western world? The history of the kingdom in the preceding century is written large, and the story is plain. There had been a long, fierce, at times uncertain struggle for religious liberty, and the victory — which in its largest sense was for Protestant and Roman

Catholic alike — had at length been won. While the conflict was in progress, it had involved noblemen, scholars, statesmen, and the king on his throne, as well as peasants, artisans, tradesmen — in a word the whole nation. This struggle for religious liberty, most heroically continued for many years and with varying fortunes, had at length been brought to a happy issue, and in 1598, only six years before de Monts landed here, Henry IV, King of France, recognizing the "frightful troubles, confusion and disorders" to which on his accession to the throne he found his kingdom a prey, promulgated the famous Edict of Nantes, which gave liberty of conscience to all the inhabitants of the land, granting to his subjects the right to dwell anywhere in the royal dominions, and to meet for religious purposes without being subjected to inquiry, vexed, molested or constrained to do anything contrary to the dictates of conscience. What this meant to many of the king's subjects, long harassed, tormented, it is difficult for us now even to imagine. The Edict of Nantes was to thousands a call to a new and better life. Voices many had urged, even demanded religious liberty. At last it had been granted. Somewhat tardily Parliament in the following year, 1599, formally entered this important document upon its registers, so confirming to warring, factional France, Catholic and Protestant alike, the blessings of religious liberty.

Thus it was that in this French colony, led hither by de Monts three hundred years ago, Protestants and Roman Catholics were found side by side — de Monts himself a Protestant — both minister and priest being included in the personnel of the expedition.

Halcyon days were these indeed for those who had known only strife and contention ; and for twelve years, or until the close of the reign of Henry IV, the Edict of Nantes was in full operation. Then followed unceasing assaults upon the rights guaranteed by the edict, and at length, in 1685, came its revocation — the culmination of a series of events in which religious liberty in France, secured at the cost of so much treasure and the best blood of the kingdom, was overthrown.

But the hands upon the dial were not to be turned backward. In 1599, the very year in which the Edict of Nantes was confirmed by Parliament, or it may be, as is now thought by some recent writers, in 1604, the year in which de Monts and his little

www.libtool.com.cn company of Protestants and Catholics landed here, the great apostle of soul liberty, Roger Williams, was born. Was religious liberty to suffer for a while disastrous overthrow in France? It was to have a new birth on this side of the sea, and to come ere long to a development of which men had only dreamed in earlier days.

And now to us, religious liberty is so common a thing that we fail oftentimes, Protestants and Roman Catholics alike, to estimate aright our indebtedness for a boon of such priceless value. De Monts, three hundred years ago, could have said, "With a great price obtained I this freedom." We, however, who are here to-day, can say with a feeling of pride which we would not suppress, "But I was free born." Ours is the possession of absolute liberty of conscience. The civil magistrate cannot intermeddle in religious concerns in any way so long as liberty does not become license. And men everywhere are coming to share in this great blessing. Mr. Bryce, the distinguished historian and statesman, has recently said, "that one of the chief services the United States has rendered the world, consists in the example set in the complete disjunction of religious worship and belief from the machinery of civil government."

Will anyone say Mr. Bryce is not right? Certainly we who are in the full enjoyment of religious liberty — a vision of which France had three hundred years ago and then lost — may justly felicitate ourselves at this opening of the twentieth century that religious liberty is our prized possession — that ours are more than the halcyon days which the people of France enjoyed when de Monts and his associates sailed into this beautiful river and landed on this little island — the forerunners of a mighty host from all the great nations of Europe, who were to find here homes and to build better than they knew the empire that was to be.

Hon. L. J. Tweedie, Premier of New Brunswick, followed. He said it was very gratifying to him to be present at the commemoration, and he thought that St. Croix Island was the most fitting of all places at which to celebrate the landing of de Monts. The

speaker humorously touched upon the laxity sometimes found in the customs service on both sides of the river. Mr. Tweedie expressed Judge Landry's regrets at not being able to accept the Society's invitation to be present. In conclusion he made eloquent mention of his gratification at being present, and on behalf of the people of New Brunswick offered greetings from that province.

Mr. J. F. Ryan, principal of the Calais High School, then read the following poem written by Mrs. Ida Vose Woodbury :

THE ISLAND'S STORY

Beautiful Isle on the breast of the river,
With green, restful glades and with rocks wild and free,
Whence cam'st thou here ? from the deeps of forever ?
Tell me thy story, thy strange history.

Soft, verdant hills, fragrant fields and deep valleys
Slope to the water on either fair side,
Bright summer sunshine now lingers and dallies,—
In forest shadows how long did'st thou hide ?

Tell me thy story, O, beautiful Island,
What mean these scars, these deep clefts and these caves ?
Did darkness once cover thy glens and thy highland ?
Thine only companions the winds and the waves ?

And then from its bosom the long stillness breaking,
Came forth a tale of the past unto me :—
" Centuries ago, from a dark night awaking
Strange voices sounded from over the sea ;

" Steps trod my shores, and my hill-sides resounded
With gun and with hammer, with new frightful voice ;
My gray pebbly beach was by shallows surrounded,—
I trembled and shrank, should I fear or rejoice ?

" They cleft my warm breast, and made caves in my ledges
To store in the depths their black powder and ball ;
They felled all my trees, to the water's cool edges,
Cared not for their strength so majestic and tall.

“They spoke alien words, not the speech of my childhood
When Indian tribes roamed o'er hill and o'er plain,
When the smoke of the wigwam streamed up from the wild wood,—
I heard Poutrincourt, Champdoré and Champlain.

“I heard of de Monts, and his fame at Port Royal
My lord and *my* master he fain now would be,
And I to my forest and river so loyal
Bewailed this invasion from over the sea.

“But they came to abide, and soon glad tones resounded,
And houses were builded, a chapel for prayer,
Green fields on the hill-sides the water's edge bounded
My beauty and grace made more sweet and more fair.

“But the rude hand of death laid its grasp on my borders,
And strong men sank down, and we laid them to rest
Far away from wild bands of the dark sea's marauders,
And the pines' tears made mantles to cover each breast.

“But now all is past, and the dim light of story
Lakes, rivers and headlands are all that remain
To tell to the Ages to come of the glory
And prowess and fame of de Monts and Champlain.

“But I am still here, I am stationed forever ;
I send out my light, and it streams far and wide
All along the green shores of the beautiful river,
And safe to their harbors the vessels I guide.

“And more, vastly more, from the face of the water,
From hills, fields and homes, I see banners unfurled ;
I stretch out my hands and join mother and daughter
The pride of the nations, the strength of the world.

“I look to the east as the sun gilds the ocean
The cross of St. George and St. Andrew I view ;
I look to the west, and with fair rippling motion
Floats seaward and skyward the red, white and blue.

“I look to the south, through the bay, to the portal,
Where streaming from far come the peoples of earth ;
Their halo of deed is their glory immortal,—
And now I rejoice in the pain of my birth.

“I divide yet unite, a more glorious mission
Fate never bestowed on an island like me ;
I caught the first seeds, now the joyful fruition
A nation arising from out of the sea.

“You ask me my name? O, so many times christened —
Names vocal with history, sadness and joy,
But in those old days as my anxious ears listened
I caught the soft, musical sound of St. Croix.

“I claim this for mine: — from the country above me,
The Wawieg and bay flow from regions apart,
And with my own stream whose waves fondle and love me,
A cross is described on the water’s warm heart.

“So this is my name! In cold history’s pages
We still read the deeds of de Monts and Champlain,
Fleeting their lives, but adown through all ages
Though men fail and kingdoms, the cross will remain.

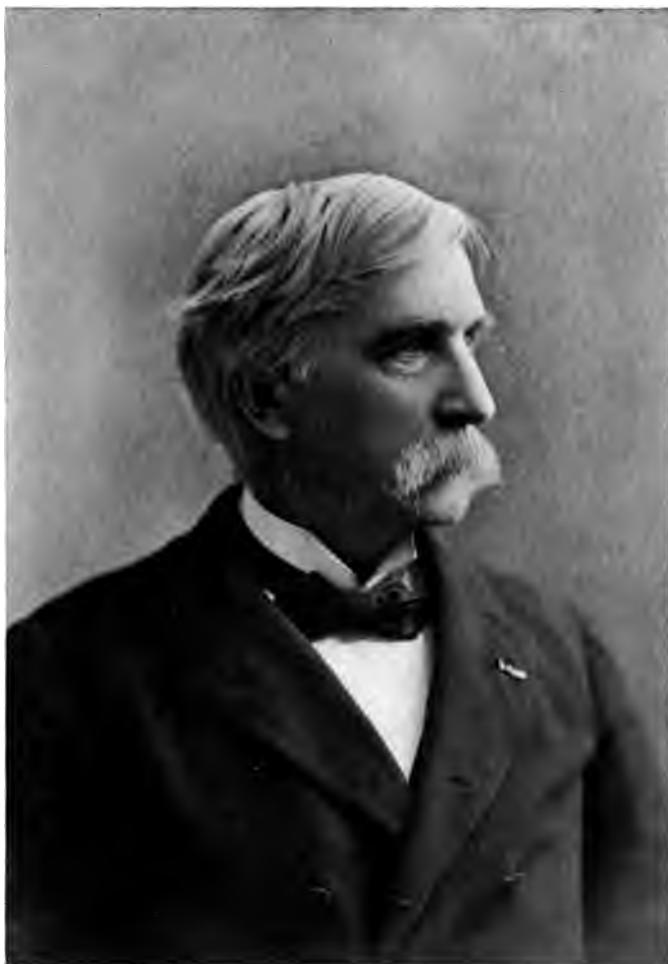
“So this is my name, and this is my story
The pain and the pleasure, the gain and the loss;
I join earth’s great nations, and this is my glory
Two flags linked with me in the sign of the cross.”

Maj.-Gen. Joshua L. Chamberlain was then introduced and spoke as follows:

DE MONT'S AND ACADIA.

There are things done in the world which by a certain estimation are accounted failure, but which belong to an eternal process turning to its appointed ends the discontinuities of baffled endeavor. We have come to this little spot where broken beginnings were the signal of mighty adventure, and restless spirits lured by visions of empire forecast upon the morning clouds, pressed and passed like them. The great action of the times we commemorate was not the result of shrewd calculations of economic advantage; it was largely the impulse of bold imagination and adventurous spirit stirred by the foreshadowing of untested possibilities, and knowing no limit but each one’s daring or dream. While the motive of pecuniary gain was not absent from even noble minds, yet this was secondary and subordinate. A deeper thought was moving them,—to turn to human good such opening store of rich material and marvellous opportunity; to signalize the valor of their race, the glory of their country and their religion; to take a foremost step in the march of civilization,—the mastery of man over nature. It was akin to the chivalry which enjoys personal hazard for a sake beyond self. What

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GEN. JOSHUA L. CHAMBERLAIN

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generous ambitions, what lofty hopes hovered in these early skies, and since have “faded into the light of common day!”

We come here to recognize the worth of a remarkable man, Pierre du Guast, Sieur de Monts,— to commemorate in a material structure more lasting than any of his own the value of his work and the greatness of his ideas. It is moreover a part of the glory of old France of which we come with one heart to celebrate a passage,— taking this term in both senses of its meaning. Not other than glorious the passing from vision to ideal,— from dream to deed; and although passed are the facts and forms so vivid and vital in their day, who shall say passed the spirit and power, the living potentiality of good, whose course is by unrecorded ways, and its law of manifestation unsearchable?

The early claims of the various European Powers over the New World were large, and their ideas of justification vague. The Pope undertook to confer this jurisdiction upon his two favorites, Spain and Portugal; but France protested and England smiled. The source of this authority was rather difficult to find. The right to possess these shores and use these waters exclusively was said to be derived from charters given by the respective kings. But the right to grant the charters rested on no sure or determinable basis. The claim to this right was that of first discovery, and might have been well set up by England. But England early announced the principle that discovery without possession,— that is, by occupancy,— did not give right. Then the question shifted to the right to occupy.

England was not wanting in bold sea enterprise. Almost a century before the discovery of the continent she had a brisk trade with Iceland. In a single snow storm, April, 1419, twenty-five of her vessels were lost on that wild coast. But whether the race instinct of colonization was taking a rest, or because of the absorbing interest in the mythical “north-west passage to Cathay,” she made no effort to follow up the discoveries of the Cabots in 1497 by acts evincing intention of permanent possession. Nor were further discoveries encouraged. Henry VIII dismissed Sebastian Cabot into Spain, as “being of no account.” Master John Rut did indeed visit these coasts in 1527, and “put his men on land to search the state of these unknown regions,” and after that a few roving commissions were granted, but for

nearly a century England set up no claim to paramount rights anywhere within the sphere of her discoveries. When she did, it was under the pressure of private initiative or of jealousy over the operations of rival powers.

But it was with express purpose of proceeding to actual occupancy that France sent out two great exploring expeditions which were not only thorough-going in character but pregnant of consequences; that of Verrazano in 1524 which gave the name New France to these North Atlantic shores, and that of Cartier ten years later whose remarkable observations and glowing accounts deepened this nominal interest into the sense and pride of ownership. France now asserted her sole right to all the region north of Spanish Florida.

Portugal also laid early claim to the vast unbounded region north of the Newfoundland waters, which she named Corterealis after her great discoverer in the year 1500. The name Labrador, suggestive of workmen,—possibly kidnapped after the fashion of those days,—preserves a record of her passing hand. She commenced an occupancy also about the Newfoundland shores, building a rendezvous or recruiting station for her fishermen, which lasted for a long time. Portuguese names remain here, although in disguised form; as Cape Race, from Cavo Raso—Flat Cape; and Bay of Fundy, replacing the name Baie Françoise given by the French fishermen. On the oldest Portuguese and Spanish maps this is named Rio Fundo, or Hondo,—Deep River. The English seem to have adopted the earlier name.

England kept up some intercourse with these northeastern coasts in the way of fishing interests, but in this she was far exceeded by others. In 1578 the fishing fleet of England here numbered fifty; that of Portugal and Spain twice that number; that of France three times as much. And think of what strong, indomitable blood the men of this name were: Norman—race of vikings; bold Breton—stern as Druid faith, fitful of mood as Celtic song; unquenchable Biscayan—that strange Basque blood, fierce to hold all that was its own of old or new, although the home of its lineage and language was as unknown then as it is undiscoverable still. Strains of these inextinguishable essences remain in those who follow the old vocation off those outlying storm-swept shores, and abiding tokens in the name and character

of Cape Breton, and in the stubborn contest over treaty rights reserved in the islands of Miquelon.

The inaction of England was practically abandonment of claim. The middle of the sixteenth century saw the new world in theory, in legal presumption and probable fate, apportioned between France, Portugal and Spain.

To us, familiar with the history of modern movement in the world's masteries, it seems strange that the Norman element in English blood so prone to see an opportunity, and some might say so prompt to seize an advantage, did not follow up her claimed priority of discovery by earliest occupancy of the new Atlantic shores. But knowing also as we do, the audacity of the mingled strains in the old French blood, we do not wonder that it was this which took the forefront and held on till its last foot-hold was drowned in its last red tide.

But occupancy by settlement was slow. Some enterprising spirits in France had endeavored to establish little colonies or trading posts on the outer shores of Newfoundland and the lower St. Lawrence, but rash tactics or lack of deep moral purpose brought all to unhappy issue. England wakened yet more slowly, but with the deeper thought. Even the best, however, seemed to be rebuked ; noble lives taken as hostage for the coming right, or bidden to wait till the human ferment out of which history is evolved had grown stronger, or the times of God's appointment should be declared. It is curious to observe the attitude of England as to this matter in an age otherwise called "golden," in the fact that a petition was made to Queen Elizabeth by Sir Humphrey Gilbert and others of like stamp to "allow of the discovery of lands in America fatally reserved to England." The terms are prophetic. "Reserved" indeed ; but through what freaks of "adverse possession!" "Fatally" indeed ; but by force of what decree! A charter was granted Gilbert in 1578, but it was not until 1583 that he began a settlement in Newfoundland at what he called St. John's. But that high spirit passed out through a storm of elements off those headlands, precarious indeed and unresponsive to his prayer except his higher-heard declaration of faith, "We are as near heaven by sea as by land!" With him the soul went out of his enterprise, the body soon dissolved, and the claim of England through this occupancy did not for a long time emerge.

Sir Walter Raleigh's vigorous efforts in Virginia in 1584 also came to nought. And so at the close of the 16th century there was not a European settlement north of Florida on the western Atlantic shores.

But the human ferment was going on, and the times appointed drawing near. The fierce persecution of the Huguenots was tearing asunder social bonds in France. The quarrel over the succession of King Henry of Navarre had its springs in this bitterness, and the changing play of parties permitted no one to be safe. Earnest minds were moved to seek peaceful homes in the wilderness of the New World, where they might find at least freedom of thought and action, and possibly scope for their best energies. Thus Admiral Coligny sought to plant Huguenot colonies in both South and North America, which soon succumbed to Portugal or to Spain. But the inward pressure prompted outward movement. The newly wakened spirit of adventure and the natural instinct towards material advantage were absorbed in a motive still more personal and powerful,—life unvexed by artificial and arbitrary social demands. Bitterly manifest as were the differences in the old home, these did not seem to prevent association in a common purpose for so high an end. At the accession of King Henry IV a notable company had been formed, the chief patron of which was Aylmar de Chastes, a gentleman of high standing, governor of Dieppe and a favorite of the king, to carry forward colonization on these shores “in the name of God and the King,” in which we may judge from its composition the motive of realizing these personal and human ideas and purposes just mentioned had no small place.

At this juncture comes upon the scene one of the most remarkable characters of our New World history,—Samuel, Sieur de Champlain. Born on the shore of Biscay in a little seaport where departing and returning ships bringing stories of wide and wild adventure quickened into form that vague consciousness of power which stirs in all brave spirits; by nature bold, chivalrous, romantic; by early experience soldier, sailor, observer and relater; tireless in labor, patient of suffering, large of vision and generous of purpose, genial of spirit and firm of soul, he may well be regarded as providentially prepared to be called to

the solution of great problems of enterprise. We do not wonder that he had already received special marks of honor from the king. He and de Chastes seem to have come together by mutual attraction. To him the king gave special charge to observe carefully and report all he should see. The practical charge of the expedition was entrusted to Du Pont Gravé, of St. Malo in Bretagne, who had already made a voyage to this region.

This expedition explored the St. Lawrence, tarrying some time at Tadoussac, at the mouth of the mysterious Saguenay, and finally ascending to the site of Montreal. Of this exploration there were wonderful things to tell to France; and told by Champlain roused an interest such as nothing had done before. He came back with high hopes, but found that his generous patron had passed away, and with him the supporting hand, if not the animating spirit, of the enterprise.

But he found also that the king had given a new charter to a gentleman of equally high character, and an officer of the king's household, Pierre de Monts, Seigneur of the Commune of Guast in Santonge, a region of which La Rochelle was the natural center, and strongly Huguenot in its proclivities, as was the family of de Monts. This charter was given November 8, 1603. It conveyed to de Monts in elaborate terms trading and seigniorial rights to the New World territory between the fortieth and forty-sixth parallels of latitude,—those of Philadelphia and Montreal of to-day,—this territory being designated La Cadie, or Acadia. With this came the appointment of lieutenant general, and by inference vice admiral, of this vast and vaguely known domain of Acadia.

With reciprocal personal respect and the sympathy of like purpose, these two men joined hands and hearts in the enterprise now more definitely thought out and practically organized than any before. De Monts had been companion of Chauvin in a former voyage to these northeastern shores, and had the confidence of experience. Champlain again received appointment as special geographer and reporter for the king. They enlisted also the interest and companionship of Jean de Poutrincourt, Baron of St. Just in Bretagne, a man of ample means and large of mind and heart, pronounced by King Henry "one of the most honorable

and valiant men of the kingdom." Loyal as he was to the king, he was nevertheless one of those who chafed under conditions where the shifting policy of leaders and the fickleness of followers made their very loyalty a torment. He now, more than anything else, and more than any of his companions of the voyage, sought a home amidst the simple or savage elements of an unknown world.

Thus was ordained and organized that famous adventure of Acadia, fraught with human hopes as high and fancies as wide as its sequel was to be bright with characters of courage and devotion and stormy with vicissitude and tragedy.

On the 7th of March, 1604, de Monts gathered his company for the brave adventure of establishing the little beginnings of a large new life in a vast new world. It was a highly and deeply mixed company. With him were gentlemen of all schools of religion and politics, and others whose interests did not reach to these abstractions of faith or reason. Besides such gentlemen as Champlain, Poutrincourt and Biencourt son of the latter, were the Sieurs Ralleau, his private secretary, D'Orville, de Beaumont, Fougeray, La Motte Bourioli, and Boulay, one of Poutrincourt's captains in the wars of France. Du Pont Gravé was entrusted with the command of a second ship which was to follow. Of less rank there were Champdoré, a master-builder, but as it appeared an indifferent seaman, Captains Timothée and Foulque; two gentlemen, Sourin and Gaveston, as superintendents of building; Master Simon a metallurgist, and Jean Duval, a locksmith and troublesome fellow, who followed Champlain with mutinies and treacheries until he found his end at the end of a rope at Quebec, years after. Of the better part of this company were several skilled surgeons, as also Huguenot ministers and Catholic priests, each full of their different zeals.

Moreover, de Monts had availed himself of his charter privilege of impressing some vagabonds and ex-convicts, to sustain the lower parts of the unrehearsed drama. Here came into play elements of both comedy and tragedy,—"divine comedy," it might be called,—for it is said the Huguenot ministers and Romish priests enforced their religious arguments with fists and feet,—the performance taking a more tragic shade as the

incongruous characters in the ship's forward hold indulged their inverted harmonies with catastrophic cadence.

De Monts, although a Huguenot, was wisely liberal. He made good friends with his over-numbering Catholic comrades. While having his own Huguenot ministers, he had yielded to the demand on the part of the newly converted king to found a Catholic mission among the natives of his Acadian domain. The French Jesuit historian, de Charlevoix, noting this complaisance or compromise, demurs at its honesty,—which is perhaps remarkable criticism considering the ethical maxims of his own society. Commenting on this liberality, he says de Monts "was in other respects a very honest man." Placed as he was, de Monts had to be, no doubt, something of a politician. Although a Calvinist, he was evidently not a Puritan in the matter of conformity.

He was not so tolerant, however, of infringements on his charter rights of trade. One of the first things he did on his arrival in these waters was to confiscate the ship and cargo of a fur-trader he found unwittingly dealing in the wares de Monts believed "fatally reserved" to himself. The harbor, however, in compensation or compliment to the captain of the confiscated ship, he named after him,—Rossignol. The romantic name is since displaced by that of Liverpool,—a bird of quite another song. Remaining for a month in a neighboring harbor, named from the circumstance of a sheep falling overboard, "Isle au Mouton,"—which name remains to-day,—Port Mouton,—perhaps from its very insignificance, provoking no rivalries or retaliations.

Taking a part of his little fleet around the promontory of Nova Scotia to St. Mary's Bay, de Monts with Champlain and Poutrincourt made a cursory exploration of the shores of the Baie Françoise, since named Fundy. They recognized the attractions of the places since known as Port Royal and St. John, but passing these they finally entered Passamaquoddy Bay and the river they named St. Croix. Finding in all their excursion no place better for their purpose, de Monts betook himself and his company to this little island where we stand to-day; advantageous for his immediate preliminary work, humble in comparison with the magnitude of his possessory rights and his high commission, but not too humble for a safe beginning of the

things he had in vision. Selected mainly, no doubt, for its favorable position for an advanced military post, surrounded by broad waters, commanding a clear view out in all directions, and in its topography well capable of defence, this island justifies the wisdom of his choice. He went to work with a promptness and rapidity of progress which show the completeness of his preparations, the skill of his minor tactics and the vigor of his will. With his gun-platforms on the northern and southern extremities of the island, looking towards the main approaches by river and sea, his barracks and magazines well enclosed, his buildings for living and labor well placed and well constructed, and the chapel standing for what was common in their faith conspicuous in the midst, the little colony was furnished with the proper elements and instrumentalities for the maintenance of a military post which was to herald the advance of civil and social order in the wilds of the New World. And why may we not do him the courtesy to believe that his observant and far-seeing eye took in all the propitious natural conditions on these beautiful shores of the St. Croix? This was not merely a military headquarters; the buildings in their location and structure and appointments, and the utensils and furnishment of them, reflected some of the best usages of civilized life; and this sojourn might accord thereto, so far as it could be either life or civilized without the presence and saving grace of womanhood. Noble spirits, bright minds, firm hearts, holding to their ideals, with nerve and energy to preserve discipline among a heterogeneous throng of subordinates, and with the force and dignity to command themselves and brace themselves for further forward movement,— such were the men who stood together for that first trial of cultured, regular life in this wilderness of a promised land. But this soul of manhood upborne by its high ideals was to be tested on a lower range.

Wishing to search seasonably for favorable ground for further developments, de Monts sent out Champlain in a little shallop of sixteen tons, and a crew of ten men with two Indian guides, to make explorations westward. They passed the picturesque topography in which they were most impressed with what led them to name it "Mount Desert," thence following the eastern shore quite thoroughly explored the noble Penobscot as far as

the falls at Kenduskeag, the site of what was real in the storied "Norumbega." Thence along the western shores down past the St. Georges, Pemaquid and Sheepscot Rivers, to the entrance of the Kennebec, where bad weather is rather strangely given as the reason (although it was at the time of what we call the equinoctial storms, and he was perhaps experiencing the peculiarities of the "chops of the Kennebec"), which led him to abandon further progress and to make his way back to this little island of the St. Croix.

Of that winter's dire experience I will not attempt even a half-tone picture. The details are well enough known to hold our pitying regard. The story has been told by several witnesses or near observers, of varying degrees of sympathy with the undertaking, or with the master himself. Champlain has given his clear, straightforward story; and L'Escarbot, the bright Paris lawyer of poetic and perhaps Huguenot proclivities who came over to Port Royal the year following, has added interesting incidents of this ill-starred overture of Acadia.

It was a winter of unusual inclemency; the temperature and imprisoning ice and snow made sore restrictions, and some privations are complained of by the historians which seem strange to us,—such as the lack of wood and of water fit to drink, abundant as they were all around on the neighboring shores, which the thick ice itself might enable them with some ingenuity to procure. Nor can we easily understand the necessity of resorting wholly to salted provisions, in the immediate vicinity of so much fish and game from which even the inclemency of winter could not wholly cut them off. But in spite of intelligent supervision, and the skill of accomplished and faithful physicians, that dread disease, the scurvy (called by the colonists, somewhat unaccountably, "mal de la terre," whereas, it is more likely to appear in the privations at sea than those of land), laid more than a third of them in unknown graves which the swirling currents have now swept to oblivion. It was a season of trial and suffering for all, in which only those minds which had some resources of stored vitality in themselves, and the power of throwing off depressing influences by inward energies came out whole. L'Escarbot tells us that those who survived kept up their spirits by various pleasantries, among which was the writing

of spicy pamphlets, and exchange of humorous pranks. Not a few took early occasion to go back to France. It may be fair to say the best remained.

Early in the summer, Pont Gravé came with supplies from France. But such experience led to inevitable inferences. They must seek a place of milder temperature and better physical conditions. On the 17th of June de Monts fitted up a small bark, and with Champlain and a number of other gentlemen, and a crew of twenty sailors, having also an Indian guide and his wife, started out for further explorations to find a more fitting abode under softer airs. Passing the Penobscot, they explored the Kennebec, and, for some reason we cannot understand, ignoring the attractions of Casco Bay, since claimed to be most beautiful of "hundred harbored Maine," they drew into the Saco region, where they were well received by tribes of Indians new to them, and heard of new ways of Indian life among those still westward. Coursing then along the Massachusetts coast they tarried a while at what is now Boston, and then at Marshfield, and finally visited the place of Pilgrim Plymouth. But they turned back from all these; and more fastidious than Pilgrim or Puritan, or perhaps overdrawn by loyalty to his first love, maiden Acadia, de Monts betook himself again to this Island of the Holy Cross,— proved to be indeed a cross of suffering.

We will not stop to conjecture what would have been the outcome if de Monts had established himself somewhere on these New England shores where conditions would have been more favorable for his immediate purpose, and where if France had had the heart and nerve to gain firm foothold, some great chapters of history would have run to different conclusions from those now written.

At this Isle of St. Croix de Monts agreed with his advisers that this place could not be maintained for headquarters; and perhaps feeling the importance of keeping within reach of their shipping and trading objective about these eastern waters, they decided to remove across the bay to Port Royal. De Monts had so named this from its noble aspect after almost losing some of his ships in a treacherous strait where it is said he "got his ships in one at a time and stern-foremost at that," such were the tender relations between their expansive bulwarks and the too ready

rocks amidst the treacherous tide-currents. Pont Gravé did not like the place much; but Poutrincourt did; and so de Monts generously gave it to him, as his charter warranted him to do. It was Pont Gravé, however, who on the second winter remained in command at Port Royal; for Poutrincourt had gone over to France in the interests of the enterprise, and particularly to perfect his own plans of proceeding.

Under Champlain's vigorous leadership and example quick work was made of this removal. The settlement was almost literally transplanted; for the finished work, and even the frames of the houses on this island were carried over to Port Royal, and set up there with equal excellence and order. But they had a hard winter there also, and twelve of the colony went down under the scourge of the "mal de la terre." This discouraged even Pont Gravé, and he was ready to abandon the enterprise and return to France. Just at this juncture, however, in a returning ship comes back Poutrincourt, and relieving Pont Gravé, allows him to depart without seeming to desert.

Champlain who had meantime been tireless in his explorations westward, but with no practical result, planned another voyage to still more southern climes. Taking with him Poutrincourt he retraced his westward path and passed beyond it as far as Vineyard Sound. Again, finding nothing which satisfied them of its capability to meet their wishes and ideals, they returned to Port Royal in no very cheerful mood. Here they met more disheartening news in a message from de Monts, now in France. He had gone thither as soon as the building of Port Royal was well begun, for the very laudable purpose for a lieutenant-general of looking after his rear and securing his communications. There was great need of this — but he was already too late. The jealousy of the traders of Normandy, Breton and Biscay over the monopoly conferred by his charter in a region so rich and extensive, where they felt that they had natural and almost prescriptive rights, had become bitterly aggressive. In spite of his high purpose to establish a French colony on these shores for the honor of the French name, in spite of his high character and connections, his trading monopoly was revoked and his appointment as lieutenant-general annulled. In despair he sent word to Poutrincourt to abandon Port Royal and all he was contemplating

and return to France. He did return, and Champlain also
Their hold was broken here, and they went forward to different
fates.

De Monts remained in France, disheartened at the defeat of his generous purposes, and most of all that this was the triumph of enemies who thinking only of immediate personal advantage could not enter into his thought, greater and dearer to him than all such things. He was able, however, to obtain other privileges, which were exercised chiefly in supporting two expeditions of Champlain to Tadoussac on the St. Lawrence, which led to the founding of Quebec. In this new endeavor he struggled yet more years, holding to some remnant of his ideal, and generous and noble in its pursuit,— but to see his part in this also fade and fail. He went down at last heart-broken, but facing to the front.

“*L'homme propose, Dieu dispose*” is the French saying; was life's lesson for him this, or the converse of it?

So passed to dust and ruin this little beginning on the Island of the Cross. So passed into broken lights the glory of de Monts' dawning dream. Contemplating this ruin and this baffled purpose, must we speak of failure? If so for de Monts personally, the case is not singular. All the first leaders had sad experiences. Gilbert, Raleigh, Gorges, de Monts, Poutrincourt, Champlain even, and we might also say Columbus himself,— jealousy, enmity, imprisonment, disgrace barred their sunset sky. But we judge the man more by the ideas he quickened into action than by the immediate material results he lived to see. Nor is the case singular in its immediate results. Nearly all the first attempts at colonization on these shores were swept away by some lack of adaptation to their surroundings, or by jealous or hostile forces at home or abroad. And for such failure as befell his work de Monts is not largely chargeable. There may have been some disintegrating influence in the very extent of the monopoly granted him, trenching as it did upon what might seem to others common interests of man, and almost vested rights through long use. Minor mistakes of choice he may have made, but he was throughout true to his ideals and to his followers. The main responsibility for what may be accounted failure in his work must rest upon the weakness of support rendered by his

associates at home, more especially upon the looseness of character and fickleness of purpose of those who ruled France in his day. It was France indeed which lost most by this; for the revocation of the de Monts charter of 1608 weakened the French basis of pretence of right on these shores according to the rule then in vogue. The opinion of Lescarbot may be cited in his remonstrance to King Louis in 1618: "The revocation of the de Monts charter worked the ruin of a fine enterprise which promised the speedy establishment of a new kingdom in those lands."

The new French charters given within the ten years following left the technical advantage of priority of date to the English charter of 1606. And even as it was, France could not have held good claim to the boundary she did, were it not for the actual occupation by de Monts and his immediate successors in these little beginnings on the St. Croix waters.

Then too all the developments of succeeding history in this region must be regarded as in some true sense the unfolding of his purpose, not under the same guidance indeed, but under the momentum of the impulse then and here begun. Although we cannot see all the connections of the composite forces that determine life and history, we must think back to de Monts when we consider the long sharp struggle for possession of these Acadian shores, and the tenacious hold which France maintained for more than a century, and which is not wholly yet unfelt.

For beyond the resistance of nature to be overcome, fiercer elements of opposition had to be encountered. England set herself in the race, hand and foot. Her ships had coursed the shores west of the Acadian waters from time to time, but for more than a century since the discoveries of Cabot the only real demonstration of possession she had made was the attempt of Gilbert in Newfoundland sixty years thereafter; and this having utterly perished, France had to meet no claim of adverse possession. But the closer explorations of Waymouth on the coasts of Maine in 1605, and his reports and trophies of the same, awakened a new interest in England, sharpened, no doubt, by knowledge of what the French were doing. Immediately follows the charter of King James, 1606, known as the "great charter of Virginia," granting as if under his unquestioned jurisdiction full colonial

rights to the territory between the thirty-fourth and forty-fifth parallels,—that is, from South Carolina to Passamaquoddy. This was immediately followed by attempts at colonization. To define jurisdictions more clearly, issued in 1620 another English charter known as the "Charter of New England," granting to the Council of Plymouth (in England) proprietary rights between the fortieth and forty-eighth parallels,—from the latitude of Philadelphia to the Bay of Chaleur. It may be said here that the attempted settlement of Popham and Gilbert at the mouth of the Sagadahock in 1607 and the broken operations following thence along the coast eastward to Pemaquid, and the remarkable grants of the Province of Maine to Sir Ferdinando Gorges, 1620-1641, with rights and dignities of quite a medieval order, which came in connection with these charters, being west of the Penobscot, did not disturb the Acadian occupancy, nor directly affect the greater issues of title in that territory.

But in the meantime (1621), King James granted another charter to Sir William Alexander of Scotland, Earl of Stirling, giving him almost vice-regal rights to the entire peninsula named by him Nova Scotia. This was afterwards (1628) extended to include a vast adjacent region, which under color of this right he attempted to control. The terms of his charter gave him from the Gulf of Canada to the Gulf of California, or the "Vermillion Sea."

It will be seen that English charters thus thrice overlaid the territory covered by the French charter of Acadia; and the immediate consequences of this upon attempts at colonization, it seems a strange use of words to say might have been divined, since the logic of facts would more readily characterize them by terms of quite a contrary derivation.

Thus early did England seem to foreshadow a policy which has since been ascribed to her as characteristic,—that of following up with a stronger hand where others had opened a way. Her justification has been in what appears to be the recognized ethics of nations,—the better use of the material advantages, and better treatment of the persons thus brought under domination.

When England's purpose ripened, other powers had got ahead of her; but she boldly commenced her strenuous career. Already in the very year of the Nova Scotia charter, Holland had granted

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French Cruiser "Troude," St. John Harbor



U. S. S. Detroit at St. Croix Island, June 25, 1904

to a Company of hers which had been operating about Manhattan Island, exclusive commercial rights to the territory she called New Netherland within the fortieth and forty-fifth parallels; thus covering yet again the ground of several adverse charters. England allowed this tenure but a short term, as she did others in turn. Florida was the only place on the North Atlantic coast which she let alone. Spain was then a power it was not prudent to provoke beyond the existing degree. But in the end, as we know, all came to one. Force of race conquered; rights ripened as opportunity opened. England came in late, but took the whole. Dutch, Portuguese, French, Spaniard yielded one by one to her robust persuasions. What she did not, the daughter did. After all the casuistries of claim, the question was settled by the strong hand.

At the first it was a matter of intense competition in occupancy. Hence the importance of these little colonies and domiciles,— we can hardly call them settlements, so unsettled were they in place and personnel by very reason of these contests,— which throw such flickering and sometimes all too lurid lights upon the scene of early adventure here. Hence the whole period of a hundred and fifty years offers the repeated spectacle of effort to effect a lodgment of civilized life and order, whether as evidence or as warrant for political jurisdiction, and every such nucleus becoming a focus of assault ending in ashes of ruin. The final test of right seemed to be not discovery nor occupation, but conquest, or the power to resist it.

Although the original Acadian grant embraced the territory of what is now New England and New York, yet the material and practical application of the name was limited to the region now embracing the eastern British Provinces and a portion of the State of Maine. Sometimes the country east of the Passamaquoddy was called Acadia, and that west of this, Norumbega. But in the long contention between France and England for the domination of Acadia, the right of France was maintained by occupancy to the Penobscot River, while the English claimed by similar tenure eastward to the Kennebec, and on the shoreland to several outlets of the Sagadahock, Sheepscot and St. Georges; Castine being the extreme western outpost of the French, and Pemaquid the extreme eastern outpost of the English.

Being the frontier between the Old World and the New, not only was Acadia the battle-ground for the great contestants, France and England, but also of the rivalries within each race arising from the strange recklessness in giving charters and concessions, overlaying each other in territory and authority, with the mischief of being apparently legal and valid, while irreconcilable in fact and impossible in the nature of things.

When we bear in mind that this country was also the home and possession of various tribes of aboriginal Indians deeply susceptible to influences of jealousy and revenge, and that even their own distant tribal feuds often reached over into these eastern regions and led to warlike combinations with the parties contesting the domination for themselves, we can form some conception of the continuing causes which made this whole shoreland from the Piscataqua to the St. Croix for five generations a scene of savage forays and pitiless massacres which entitle this even more than Kentucky to be called "the dark and bloody ground."

And with all these external and internal dissensions and swiftly succeeding overturns, the region around where we now stand has been the theater of action and passion, of heroism, romance and tragedy, worthy to be embalmed in the amber of story and borne far and wide on the wings of song.

In recognizing the continuing effect of the purpose of de Monts we must observe, although with rapid glance, the doings of his successors within that generation, and on-goings which must be accounted direct outcome of his enterprise.

Poutrincourt on his arrival in France in 1610 managed to get his concession by de Monts confirmed by King Henry just before his assassination. But returning was for him a hope deferred. Biencourt, his son, taking his father's place and, it is said, his name, continued the effort in a desultory way to carry forward the original purpose; but his slender occupancy was scarcely enough to support his tenure. Two years afterwards the new king, Louis XIII, or rather, the dowager queen regent, Marie de Medici, granted to the famous Marchioness de Guercheville a sweeping charter, apparently to the whole American continent, for the special purpose of turning all into a Jesuit enterprise. Operations under this were zealously begun in the Acadian region.

At this juncture comes an episode and alien interruption in the high-handed work of the Englishman, Argal, who at the order of the governor of Virginia, but without the shadow of right in law or equity, or the common courtesy of honorable combatants, destroyed the feeble Jesuit post at Mt. Desert, swept away the poor little remnants of the sojourn on this Isle St. Croix, and passed on to overthrow the struggling plantation at Port Royal, beating down Frenchmen wherever he could find them.

The next turn of the kaleidoscope shows Biencourt disappearing, having turned over his rights to Charles La Tour, who had come over as a lad of fourteen with Poutrincourt, and had attached himself to the son. The confused accounts of the times represent him as trying to establish these rights at Cape Sable, rather than at Port Royal, and also by some pretence of right, or by native restlessness, gaining a foothold at Pentagoët, a name of the Penobscot, but at that time mostly applied to the place since famous as Castine.

In the meantime the French king, coming under the influence of Richelieu, had granted virtually all North America, from Florida to the Arctic Circle and from Newfoundland to the springs of the St. Lawrence, to a "hundred associates," called the Company of New France, with the astute and powerful Richelieu at the head. Their attempt to occupy the favorite Acadia was not agreeable to Sir William Alexander, and he straightway sent out an expedition under Kirke which soon overcame the feeble French posts,— excepting, it would seem, that at Pentagoët defended by La Tour, who claimed to be holding directly of the French king. The French occupation being thus subjugated, England now set up the right by conquest to a claim she had not made good by right of discovery and possession.

During this disturbance Charles La Tour's father, Claude, who had been forced to leave France by the Huguenot persecutions, and had been taken prisoner on the high seas by the English, had force of character or influence enough to ingratiate himself greatly with Sir William Alexander, and now suddenly appeared before his son on the Penobscot with two English ships bringing from Sir William a baronetcy for them both, and also an extensive grant of lands about Cape Sable, where succeeding to Biencourt, Charles had already held possession of Fort Loméron. All

this was conditioned, however, upon his turning over to the English jurisdiction all his rights and possessions in Acadia. He is said to have indignantly rejected the conditions and also the baronetcy; but he did accept the grant. This was of consequence to him especially, and indeed in itself; for it included the shore-land on each side of Cape Sable, fifty leagues in extent and fifteen leagues inland,—that is, the whole southeastern sea-front from Lunenburg to Yarmouth. What was of far more consequence to him was the commission of lieutenant-general of Acadia from the French king, which he had long expected, and his father with wise regard for the maxim “to be prepared for either event,” had also brought.

The wisdom of the son also was soon apparent. For England now restored to France by the treaty of St. Germain (1682), all Acadia and all Canada. This put a new complexion on things, especially on the rights and claims of Charles La Tour. For no sooner had France got this advantage than she gave a special concession and title to Isaac de Razilly, Knight of St. John of Jerusalem, covering a region twelve by twenty leagues in extent around the River and Bay St. Croix, “with its middle point at St. Croix Island.” As his lieutenant came his relative, Charles de Menou, known as D’Aulnay Charnisay. He was from La Rochelle, but devoted to the Jesuit policy, and destined to take no inconsiderable part in the affairs of La Tour and of Acadia. Razilly dying two years afterwards (1685), Charnisay succeeded in one way and another to all his rights and possessions.

Far from submitting to this grant to Razilly, La Tour had the nerve to betake himself to Paris, and the skill to procure from the Company of New France a grant of the oft-given lands about Cape Sable, together with the office of commander for the Company of New France, and strange as it must seem, that of lieutenant-general of France for that post and its dependencies. He was somehow able to secure for himself the concession from the Company of an extensive tract,—fifty square leagues,—about the mouth of the St. John, where he had already, five years before, a well-defined and profitable trading post, now confirmed to him in this last concession as “the fort and habitation of La Tour.”

It is certainly a curious circumstance that this very year (1685) the Council of Plymouth holding the New England charter of

1620, finding great obstacles to their occupancy by reason of conflicting claims and possessions, decided to surrender their charter; and as a last act of jurisdiction issued letters patent to Sir William Alexander for a "tract of the maine land of New England beginning at St. Croix and thence extending along the sea coast to Pemaquid," adding thereafter "Long Island in the Sound so named, and all the islands thereto adjacent." This title, whatever its value, involving all recognized Acadia, deepened the confusion and ferment of the conflict.

Wisely securing a special permission from Sir William to occupy, La Tour made things safe at Cape Sable, leaving his father there in charge, and now betook himself to the St. John, where he proceeded immediately to found a stronghold. He laid out his plans for defence and development with great skill, and executed them with vigor, and with command of means. Taking advantage of the natural defences about the mouth of the St. John, he built a formidable stone fort, mounting twenty pieces of heavy ordnance, with all barracks, store houses, dwelling houses and other buildings suiting his far-looking purpose, and to crown the whole, a chapel. All of which his valiant wife was competent to command.

In the meantime, through some of the duplex machinery which surrounded the king, Charnisay had also got a commission as lieutenant-general of France, with a grant of La Héve (near Cape Sable), Port Royal and all Acadia west of a north and south line across the middle of the "Baie Frangoise," excepting the fifty square leagues granted to La Tour at St. John.

Charnisay does not relish this exception, but keeps up the fight, having warrant from the king, as we are amazed to know, to pursue La Tour and dispossess him of his holdings and if possible capture his fort at St. John. Charnisay proceeds with indifferent success, but is able to cause La Tour such annoyance that he is fain to apply to the Puritans of Boston for assistance, which Charnisay manages to countervail. At last, informed by spies and renegades of the absence of the master, Charnisay, on Easter Sunday, 1648, attacks the fort at St. John by sea and land, and compels its gallant defender, Madame La Tour, to capitulate on honorable terms. It is hard to believe that Charnisay, after this, could warrant the action of his subordinate in hanging many of

www.lil the survivors of the garrison, or permit the cruel treatment of the high-minded and heroic defender which brought her to her death in grief and indignation.

This exploit of Charnisay's seems to have overjoyed the young French king, who thereupon greatly enlarged and reinforced his authority in Acadia, extending it now from the St. Lawrence to Virginia, making him, in fact, a feudal lord of this vast domain, with all the power of France to support him.

It would seem now that La Tour's sun had set, and that of Charnisay risen upon the earth.

But there are tropics even in the sun's path, and the earth's unrest, by some hidden law, seems magnified in men. Charnisay had brought a wife from over sea, and now proceeded to organize his plans and establish his colonies at the old points of advantage with some semblance of civilization. For a time things seemed to flourish. But within himself things did not go so well. Some gloom settled on his spirit. Perhaps he missed the stimulus afforded once by fighting the versatile La Tour. His vigor waned. And we cannot but be affected by reading the dull story of his perishing at last (1650), by the sinking of his canoe in which a single Indian was pressing his way amidst the ice-bound waters whose sharp edge cut through his canoe, and whose death-like embrace he had not the strength to endure.

But La Tour took on new life. He boldly presented himself at the French Court, where he made such impression on the Regent, Anne of Austria (Richelieu and Louis having died in 1643), that she gave him a new commission as lieutenant-general of Acadia, in testimonies of merit and terms of favor altogether surprising. An equally remarkable exploit is his persuading Suzanne, sister of Charnisay, to bequeath to him the landed property she had received from her brother. To complete the romance, he returns to Acadia and manages to make the widow of Charnisay marry him and endow him with all her worldly goods. It is the Tropic of Capricorn.

But trouble arises in a new quarter and again with strange complexity. A Protestant Frenchman who held mortgages on Charnisay's property for moneys advanced in fighting La Tour, now appears armed with judgments of the French courts, and with this prior lien levying on Charnisay's old holdings, greatly

harasses La Tour. He does not tamely surrender, but promptly executes the supposedly rash maneuver of changing front under fire. He hastens to England, shows Cromwell that he had a great English grant of land in Nova Scotia, and had been commissioned a baronet of England there, and confidently puts himself under Cromwell's protection. He got his commission as British governor of Acadia, with an extraordinary grant of lands,—three hundred miles inland around the shores of the Bay of Fundy,—on the condition that none but Protestants should be allowed to reside there. Surely this is the irony of history.

It would seem that nothing more strange could be added to this phantasmagory of dissolving scenes. But one more look at La Tour shows him as governor of Acadia under the Commonwealth, establishing the Presbyterian Church there, introducing Franciscan friars from Aquitaine to carry on a mission work among the Micmac and Maliseet Indians of his domain, and achieving for himself and his followers a prosperous career. Foreseeing that England could not permanently maintain her supremacy here, he sold out his principal holdings and betook himself to private life. Forebodings came true, and with strange coincidence. In 1667 Charles restored Acadia to France,—from Pentagoët to the ocean. In the same year Charles La Tour, on a voyage to visit his son, found a not unfitting grave in the tumultuous outer waters, off the fateful Cape Sable shores.

It is a curious episode that seven years later, the Dutch conquered and subdued the Acadian coast, and Cornelius Steenwyck was appointed governor of all the territory east and north from the River Pentagoët. This right was virtually annulled by the treaty of Westminster, 1677, which operated to strengthen the never abandoned pretence of England against France.

The baldest statement of the facts of this infinite series of reprisals and counterplay, of which even the official records are incomprehensible, offers glimpses of a bewildering spectacle of vital dynamics, whose improbabilities the most reckless writer of fiction would not presume to offer to human credulity.

So follows the spectral train of de Monts. The shadows of great movement rise dim before our eyes: forms and phantoms pass: characters masked and unmasked play their part and go:

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waking the undertones of that deep human interest with which they were once so vitally charged.

Champlain, beset by every enemy in unregenerate nature, skilful to avoid, brave to resist, loyal to his faith, unconquerable in his purpose, steadfastly moving on through darkened waters and boding skies, towards his sunset glory in the west where his Quebec stood as in the balconies of heaven, beneath which he at last found rest.

Poutrincourt, heroic in his passing. Strange counterplay of wish and will, of faith and fate! The man who sought these wild shores for a home of peace from the tumults and treacheries of his native land, going back to gather up his treasures, quickly summoned to die in the quarrels of his king.

Saturnine and deep-toned Charnisay,—and over against him Charles La Tour, sanguine, agile and adroit; both from La Rochelle, but apart as the poles in religious profession; the one first love and lover of Marie Jacqueline Bernon, strangely commissioned to destroy her husband La Tour in the wilds of Acadia, but destroying only his early beloved stoutly defending her absent husband's rights; then suddenly going down himself; the other, dispossessed and proscribed, by some freak of French fortune not only recovering his own rights but gaining the rights and titles of his rival, and marrying his widow in reprisal; both to pass under the cold waters of the seas they claimed.

And this same Marie Jacqueline herself,—noble, brave and true; loveliest picture on the manifold Acadian page; livingly portrayed for us in the too forgotten story, “Constance of Acadia.”

Let our vision rest in this, while the long train passes on through eventful years.

Of the vicissitudes of Acadia in later times we have clearer knowledge, and much reason for remembrance. In the operations of English domination in Nova Scotia (at Annapolis and Grand Pré), in which our ancestors were made actors: in the story of Louisburg and Cape Breton, in which the part of the men of New England commands admiration more on military than on moral grounds: in the tragedy of the expulsion of the Acadians, held warm in our interest not only by the thrilling tenderness of Longfellow's “Evangeline,” but also by the material

fact of the fifteen thousand of their descendants, good citizens of our northern Maine, retaining the old simplicity of life, and unforgiving traditions of the expulsion: in the large settlement at St. John and Port Royal, of the banished "loyalists" of the American Revolution, who made themselves Acadians because determined to build up the new liberty without renouncing the old sovereignty: — in all these passages of human struggle and probation, we of the Eastern States hold a common interest with you French and English of Acadia old and new. And we bear in mind also that the right and wrong of many of these things is held in silence or abeyance, to be forgotten, or charged to the account of God's ways in history.

One singular dignity this island "settlement" of de Monts has come to hold. After long lost identity and earnest searching, these ruins were discovered and admitted to be the proper mark for the boundary line between two great nations, England and the United States of America. Such value had this broken enterprise in the minds of men and councils of nations. Without the identifying of this spot the language of treaties was in vain, and bounds of nationalities in confusion.

But this little relic is not the measure of the man. The narrow compass of this island does not bound his thought, nor the dim fragments of his doings that have taken earthly form around us compose his record. The measure of him is his purpose and ideal.

The blood and brain of France that once led the civilization of Europe, has not perished from the earth. The thought of those great minds of France, for France, is not extinguished. It has entered into the on-going of human welfare, and the vision, the prayer, the hope, that went so high and far, may find answer in visible forms of power even beyond the early dream.

Consequences are not in one line alone, but in many lines. When a living thought is projected into ideal, we cannot trace its course, nor foresee its end. God's ways are on mighty orbits, and their real tending is often lost to human sight; but the "times appointed" will arrive, and the end crown the work. One thing we may be sure of: all these vicissitudes of life, all these toils and struggles, these seeming defeats as well as seeming victories, are overruled for some final good for man,— and for every man who has borne himself worthily in them.

So we greet in spirit to-day him who three centuries ago saw in visions of his soul what for man could be wrought on these treasured shores. The work is going on,—but by other hands; the dream is coming real,—but to other eyes. The thought is his; and the fulfillment, though different, is of his beginning.

What world would he think himself in, if he could behold this spectacle! this concourse representing the noblest life of the Old World and the New,—this shining scene, where the smile of womanhood stands out upon the shadows of the past, reminding us of what sustaining power was missing in those earlier homes, and in that lack what loss! these calm, expressive waters: flickering foreground of white-winged carriers of peace and love; deeper moored concordant warships of approving nations; high over us the flag he bore, once thrilling hearts with love or dread, the broad blue field sown with golden fleurs-de-lis, and quartered by the great white cross whose meaning he knew so well;—and closer the flag of France, the flag of England, and a strange new flag, of stars and stripes, emblems he also might well divine,—bending above the remembrance of this lost hope of his, and the thunder of the guns of their power sweeping the skies, making his requiem a pean!

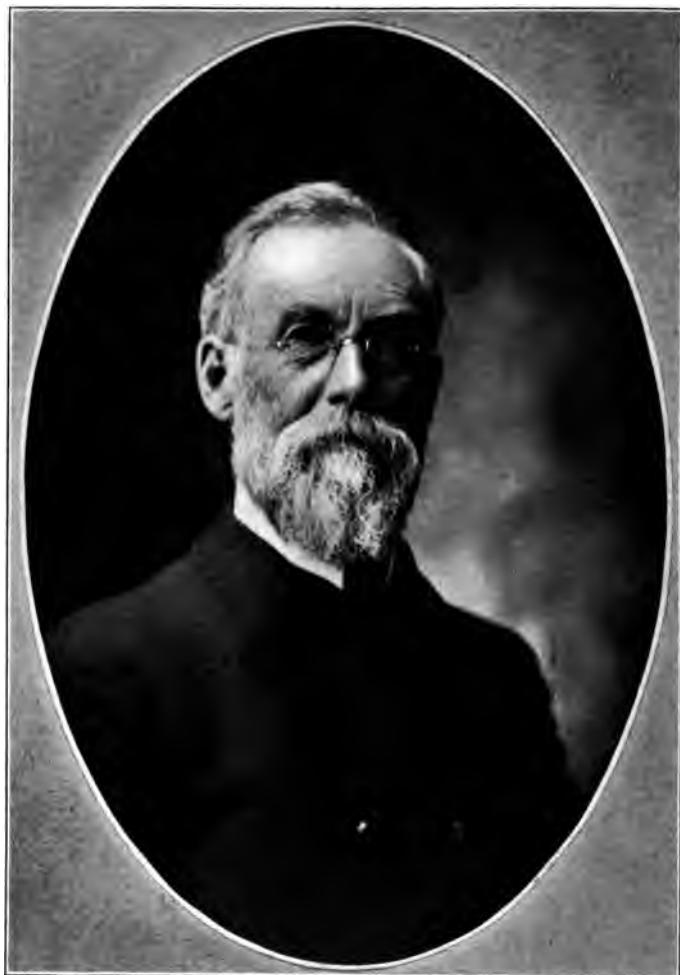
And you, happy dwellers in this St. Croix Valley, who have inaugurated these memorials, how would his heart turn to you, fulfillers of his dream! Perchance he saw already the smiling homes that beautify these shores; perhaps anticipated the nobility of life that marks the manhood and womanhood reared within them. He was large hearted enough to rejoice in these, even if his name had no place among you. But your river still holds the name he gave it, and perchance this island may hold his own.

Better is his later fame than his early fate. For the place you give him to-day is with a whole-hearted sympathy beyond that accorded in his time; and the minds which revive these memorials of him are of those who enter into the largeness of his thought.

To him who, so grandly moved, strove through such means and limitations as he met, to set up here the beginnings of a “New France” of her regenerated life and purpose for the good of man, here to-day, great France, great England and great

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JAMES VROOM

America mingle their honors; and across the seas,—across the centuries,—across the blood of races, we dedicate this monument of recognition and testimony,—manhood to manhood, thought to thought, nor wanting the tribute of tears to tears!

General Chamberlain was followed by M. Kleczkowski, the consul-general of France in Canada. He said he felt deeply moved by all he had seen and heard. Something of old France seemed to remain in this spot to this day. One fact was brought out to him in reading the history of Champlain and de Monts: they were always pledged to an ideal and never to a personal interest. No fame was to come to them from their efforts. Success is not the measure of a man's worth. The real measure is his sacrifice and devotion to a noble idea. M. Kleczkowski thanked the Society for its kindness and attention and thought that the lesson to be derived from all this celebration is that a lofty mission, carried out by venerable hands, never fails to blossom.

Mayor Teed then called for three cheers for the French consul, which were heartily given by the assemblage.

Mr. James Vroom, secretary of the committee, presented the following resolution, in the name of the mayor of St. Andrews:

Resolved: That this company, composed of citizens of the United States of America, subjects of His Majesty King Edward VII., residing in British North America, and visitors from abroad, being assembled to commemorate the three hundredth anniversary of the discovery and settlement of the island on which the Sieur de Monts and his companions passed the winter of 1604-5, and to which the discoverers gave the name of Saincte Croix, deplore the use of later names for the island, and desire that as a mark of honor to de Monts and Champlain it be hence forth known by the name of St. Croix Island.

The resolution was unanimously adopted.¹

Upon a large boulder near the lighthouse a bronze tablet had been affixed, bearing this inscription :

TO COMMEMORATE
THE DISCOVERY AND OCCUPATION
OF THIS ISLAND BY
DEMONT'S AND CHAMPLAIN
WHO, NAMING IT
L'ISLE SAINCTE CROIX,
FOUNDED HERE 26 JUNE, 1604,
THE FRENCH COLONY OF ACADIA
THEN THE ONLY SETTLEMENT
OF EUROPEANS NORTH OF FLORIDA,
THIS TABLET IS ERECTED BY
RESIDENTS OF THE ST. CROIX VALLEY
1904.

This tablet was unveiled by Miss Johnson, daughter of Mayor Johnson, of Calais, and Miss Teed, daughter of the mayor of St. Stephen. Captain Dillingham, of the Detroit, immediately by an appointed signal announced the unveiling to the war vessels at their anchorage in the river, and their guns at once thundered forth an international salutation. With this the exercises at the island were closed.

Many of those present remained to visit the warships, but the larger part of the company returned to Calais for the exercises of the afternoon.

¹ Prof. W. F. Ganong, in his valuable monograph "Dochet (St. Croix) Island," published in the "Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada," 2d Series, 1902-1903, Vol. VIII, Section IV, says: "The Island has borne several names,—Met-a-neg-wis, Saincte Croix, Bone, Dochet and Doucett, Neutral, Big (or Great), de Monts and Hunts, all of them more or less closely interwoven with its history." Dochet (usually pronounced in the neighborhood Do [like so j-shay, with accent on the first syllable], he says, "is the name by which it is exclusively known in the St. Croix valley at present." It is to be hoped that the resolution adopted at this celebration will secure the desired and certainly desirable change. See Monograph, p. 142.



Tablet Unveiled at St. Croix Island, June 25, 1904

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THE CALAIS CELEBRATION

The concluding exercises were held in the St. Croix Opera House, in Calais, at 2 o'clock P. M.

Gen. B. B. Murray presided. Music was furnished by an excellent orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. F. H. Lowell.

In an opening address General Murray said :

We have met on this summer afternoon to commemorate the settlement of the French colony, under de Monts, in 1604, on what is known as St. Croix Island, in the St. Croix River. That settlement has become a matter of much historic interest, because it was the first colony of Europeans who settled in this part of North America.

The citizens of Calais, St. Stephen, St. Andrews and Milltown — citizens residing upon both sides of the river — have united with equal interest in extending kindly greeting and cordial welcome to all who have come to take part in these proceedings.

It is a matter of much gratification to us that to-day we are to have the pleasure of listening to instructive papers, prepared by gentlemen representing the Maine Historical Society — his Honor Mayor James P. Baxter and Prof. W. F. Ganong — upon those two pioneers, de Monts and Champlain, who established their first colony and spent their first winter on the island called "St. Croix," at a time when, in the language of a distinguished writer, the country was "an unbroken wilderness, without a single European family from Florida to the frozen ocean."

It also gives me much pleasure to announce that we have with us a special representative of the Republic of France, M. Kleczkowski, Consul-General of France in Canada; the Hon. L. J. Tweedie, Premier of New Brunswick; and eminent gentlemen representing the Historical Society of New Brunswick and the Royal Society of Canada; also French, English and American naval officers, whose ships lie in the river below; also one whose name will call to your minds many an important event in American history — Charles Francis Adams of Massachusetts;

and we also have with us, of our own distinguished scholars and soldiers two, whose names you will be glad to hear — Maj. Henry S. Burrage and Gen. Joshua L. Chamberlain.

The presence of all these gentlemen lends an unusual interest to this occasion, and does something, we hope, to bring into closer friendly relations the people of these three nationalities.

I now have the honor to present, as the first speaker, Prof. W. F. Ganong, of Smith College, a gentleman well known to many, if not all of you, as a scholar who has given much careful study to the history of this early settlement in the valley of the St. Croix.

In his address Professor Ganong said :

Mr. Chairman, Gentlemen representing France, England and the United States, Members of the Historical Societies, Ladies and Gentlemen: I have the honor to address you this afternoon upon "The Meaning of the Day."

Three centuries ago this day, all of the northern parts of America, now the home of so many prosperous and happy millions, was one vast wilderness. All its mighty sweep of forest and plain was a solitude, save only where the little groups of Indian lodges clung to the shores of its lonely rivers or where tiny clearings beside the sea told of the fleeting presence of some venturesome European; but through all its spacious and unconquered extent, from old Atlantic to new Pacific, and from near the tropic islands to the frozen northern sea, there was not a single European settlement. In the year 1604, over a century had already elapsed since Columbus had found the New World, and since Cabot had explored its northeastern coast for England and marked it for the empire of the Anglo-Saxon. Over three-quarters of a century had passed since Verrazano had explored the same coast for France, and nearly as long since Cartier had carried the fleur-de-lis up the St. Lawrence, laying the foundation for the dramatic but temporary rule of the French in America. Both nations had thus acquired claims to this continent, but neither had obtained any foothold upon it. True, both had attempted settlement, the English in Newfoundland and

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HON. BENJAMIN B. MURRAY

Virginia and the French at Quebec and Tadoussac, but both had failed. Upon the whole continent only the Spaniard had succeeded, for he had planted a small settlement in Florida and others around the Gulf of Mexico; elsewhere and everywhere to the northward there was only the wilderness.

Such was the state of North America, when, on a fair mid-summer day, just three centuries ago, a tiny vessel came sailing along the lonely Fundy coast from the eastward and turned her prow to the river on whose historic banks we now are standing. She was a tiny craft that thus appeared out of the unknown, for she was no larger than the fishing sloops we know so well in our Quoddy waters to-day. She carried about a dozen men, of whom two bore the unmistakable stamp of leadership. One was a prominent gentleman of France, lofty in spirit, devoted in purpose, trusted of his king, the commander of the company, Sieur de Monts. The other was one of the great men whom France has given to the world, a remarkable combination of dreamer of dreams and man of swift and wise action. The intentness of his gaze as one new feature after another unfolded itself along the coast, and his constant use of compass and pencil showed him to be the geographer and chronicler of the expedition. He was the first cartographer and historian of Acadia, later the founder and father of New France, Samuel de Champlain. But the little vessel is coming nearer; she reaches our beautiful Passamaquoddy Islands; she winds her cautious and curious way among them; she crosses the spacious bay; she enters our noble river; she sails up the hill-bordered valley; she reaches the island where to-day we placed our memorial, then unbroken forest; her sails are furled; the leaders step ashore, and then, with the air of men who have ended a weary search, they declare that it is good and here they will plant the capital of the New World. Whence came this little vessel? What carried she that we should here assemble three centuries later, to celebrate her coming? Whither went she thereafter? Her coming and her going I shall now try to relate to you, but what that coming meant I shall tell you first. She was the herald of the permanent occupation of the northern parts of America by Europeans. From the day the keel of her smallboat grated on the beach of Dochet Island, this continent has never been without a population of

those races which have made the history of the principal part of America,—the French and the English. We celebrate to-day not only an event of great human interest, but one of the momentous circumstances of history, the actual first step of North America from barbarism over the threshold of civilization, and the first stage in the expansion of two of the most virile races of Europe into the wonderful New World. This was in 1604. Late the preceding year, Sieur de Monts, who had been deeply interested in certain futile attempts to plant a French colony on the St. Lawrence, obtained from the king of France a monopoly of the fur trade in Acadia, which was defined as extending from the fortieth to the forty-sixth degrees of latitude (viz., from Cape Breton to Pennsylvania). Of this country he was also made lieutenant-general and governor with almost unlimited powers. The prospects of rich returns from the fur trade enabled him to organize, or rather, reorganize, a powerful company which supplied him with the means to equip a colonizing expedition. After the most careful, and even elaborate, preparations, he set sail for Acadia on April 7, 1604. He had two vessels, one of 120 and the other of 150 tons, on board of which were somewhat over 120 men, including himself with Champlain and several adventurous young gentlemen, a priest and a minister (for the expedition included both Catholics and Protestants), many skilled workmen, and some vagabonds taken in default of better material; and he had on board ample stores of all things needful for a colony. The small vessel reached land at Canso, but the larger, carrying the leaders, held more to the southward and made its landfall at Cape La Héve, on the Nova Scotia coast, on May 8, and soon after came to anchor in Port Matoon, the very place, by the way, in which the band of Loyalists who founded St. Stephen just one hundred and eighty years later tarried for a winter ere they came to this valley. In this good harbor, de Monts remained with his vessel, while Champlain, in a little barque of eight tons manned by ten men, explored the coast to the westward and entered the Bay of Fundy, of which he was the virtual if not the actual discoverer. He returned with his report to de Monts and they brought the vessel to St. Mary's Bay, at the entrance to the Bay of Fundy. Thence they both set out on the barque for further explorations, leaving the vessel which it was too unsafe to navigate along this utterly unknown

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coast. Their first discovery pleased them greatly, as well it might, for they entered the beautiful Annapolis Basin, or Port Royal, of whose history they later became an important part. Continuing up the Bay of Fundy, seeking at one and the same time a site for their settlement, mines of valuable metals, and any new thing that might develop, they crossed to Cape Chignecto and thence to the New Brunswick shore, along which they coasted to the westward. Then, on the 24th of June, the day of St. John the Baptist, they entered the mouth of a large river, which impressed them much; and they named it for the saint whose day it was. This event we celebrated together yesterday in the gray city by the sea. Then they kept on along the coast towards the west, and,—came into our vision in the manner I related a few moments ago.

It was on June 26, in all probability, that they reached Dochet Island, though it may have been on the 27th, or perhaps the 25th. Though the records are silent upon this point, they tell abundantly of most matters, for, of this entire expedition we are so fortunate as to possess an account which combines the very highest historical authority with the deepest personal interest. This is nothing less than the narrative of the great Champlain himself, published at Paris in 1613. It is one of the greatest books of exploration ever given to the world, and a work which has been thought not unworthy of mention in a class with the greatest of all such writings, the *Anabasis* of Xenophon. In it Champlain tells us, with direct simplicity and manifest sincerity, of all the events in which he had a part, and of the many new and strange things that he saw; and he has illustrated his texts by many maps and sketches, which, while faulty enough in their technique, manage to show the heart of truth in their subjects. Happily this work, now excessively rare and costly in the original, is accessible to us in an excellent reprint issued at Quebec in 1870, and in a scholarly translation published in Boston in 1882, while within a few days past, a new translation of all the portion concerning the Bay of Fundy and contiguous parts has appeared in the historical magazine "*Acadiensis*" in St. John. Curiously enough we possess a second narrative on these same events, by a versatile writer named L'Escarbot, who spent a winter in Acadia two years later, learned of these occurrences from those who had

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part in them, and, on his return to France described them in his "History of New France." His narrative, while much inferior to Champlain's as a whole, supplements the latter in some particulars, especially those involving sentiment. I would that I might let Champlain himself tell you the story of Dochet Island, with L'Escarbot prompting him from time to time; and I would do so were it not that I must here condense into a few minutes the substance of their many pages; but I commend to you all the study of these classics of the St. Croix. These are the words in which Champlain describes the discovery of the island:

We entered a river almost half a league in breadth at its mouth, sailing up which a league or two we found two islands, one very small near the western bank, and the other in mid-river, having a circumference of perhaps eight or nine hundred paces, with rocky sides three or four fathoms high all around, except in one small place, where there is a sandy point and clayey earth adapted for making brick and other needful articles. There is another place affording a shelter for vessels from eighty to a hundred tons, but it is dry at low tide. The island is covered with firs, birches, maples and oaks. It is by nature very well situated, except in one place, where for about forty paces it is lower than elsewhere; this, however, is easily fortified. The banks of the mainland are distant on both sides some nine hundred to a thousand paces. Vessels could pass up the river only at the mercy of the cannon on this island, and we deemed the location the most advantageous [we had seen] not only on account of its situation and good soil, but also on account of the intercourse which we proposed with the Indians of these coasts and the interior, as we should be in the midst of them. We hoped to pacify them in the course of time and put an end to the wars which they carry on with one another, so as to derive service from them in the future, and convert them to the Christian faith. This place was named by Sieur de Monts Saint Croix Island.

This single passage, within whose length I venture to say no one of us could condense more information, explains several things of importance, among others, in part at least, why the island was chosen as the site of their settlement. But in addition to the reasons he gives—its central position for both mainland and coasts, its defensibility against attack, and its beautiful environment—we can well believe there were others of a less tangible but no less potent sort. For a good deal over a month they had been seeking a suitable place to settle; they had viewed a long expanse of rocky coast and had searched every inlet, but so far

in vain. As the season slipped by apace they must have longed to find some marked and distinctive spot which would end their search and allow them to commence a home in that lonely and inhospitable land. The striking position of the island and the beauty of its surroundings, together with its other advantages from their point of view, must have made it seem almost destined for this use. And if that day in June so long ago was like later days we know, days which give that place and all the sea and land around a most surpassing charm, then need we no more wonder why they chose to tarry here. And they named it Isle Sainte Croix, the Island of the Holy Cross, because beyond it, as L'Escarbot tells us, the rivers meet in the form of a cross. And this is the origin of the name of the river.

But now was the time for vigorous action. A part of the company erected a temporary barricade on a little outlier of the island, while the barque was sent across the Bay of Fundy to bring up the vessel, which, it will be remembered, had been left in St. Mary's Bay, Nova Scotia; and, says Champlain, "while awaiting them we spent the time very pleasantly." On the arrival of the vessel, they commenced to clear the island and to build their settlement, the plan for which was laid down by Champlain himself. It was on the north end of the island, in the open field where to-day we place our monument. Here about a dozen houses were arranged around a court and in part connected together with strong palisades, forming a rude but sufficient fort. Its appearance is preserved for us in a detailed picture-plan by Champlain, upon which, however, we must not place too great reliance in details since it was probably much altered, as it certainly was much improved and conventionalized, by the engraver. The houses were in part built of timbers brought from France, that of de Monts in particular, as L'Escarbot tells us, being "built with artistic and beautiful woodwork, with the banner of France above." The storehouse, of such vital importance to the settlers, was also built of French timbers, but most of the others were no doubt in part of logs, with doors, windows and chimneys brought on their vessels, while some of them appear to be no better than Indian wigwams. They had also a common meeting hall for use in rainy weather, which probably served as a dining room; and near it was the kitchen. There was also an oven building where the

bread was made, a blacksmith shop, a well and a number of gardens. Each house was built and occupied by several men, who collected together upon the basis of congeniality. In the incidental mention of the occupants of the houses we learn the names of several of the more prominent members of the company, most of them not elsewhere mentioned in the narrative — the Sieurs d'Orville, Champdoré, Boulay, Genestou, Sourin, Beaumont, la Motte Bourioli and Fougeray. On the southwest of the island, as Champlain's map so clearly shows, was built a little chapel, and beside it was established the cemetery, which was destined to prove all too necessary before the winter was over. Cannon were mounted at both ends of the island, and gardens were laid out in several places,— on the island just south of the settlement, on the mainland on both banks of the river at places easily recognizable from Champlain's map and at the head of the river, on the present site of Calais or St. Stephen. The latter garden was on the very spot, it is likely, where, a hundred years later to a month, in June, 1704, the residence of a French seignior, Sieur Chartier, was destroyed by Colonel Church from Massachusetts, in reprisal for French and Indian attacks on New England.

Such were the preparations for the winter. When they were complete, a part of the colony set sail for France, and Champlain himself was instructed by de Monts to explore the coast to the southward, "which," Champlain says, "I found very agreeable." In a little vessel of seventeen or eighteen tons, manned by twelve sailors, so many being needed not for navigation but as a guard against possible Indian attack, and with two Indians as guides, he explored the Maine coast nearly to the Kennebec. Concerning this voyage you will no doubt learn much of interest from the honored president of the Maine Historical Society, who is soon to address you. They returned to the island on October 2 and found all made ready for the winter.

And that dreadful winter! The snow first fell as early as the 6th of October and came in such profusion that it was from three to four feet deep as late as the end of April. On the 3d of December ice was floating in the river, and it later increased to such an extent that it became difficult and dangerous, and even at times impossible, to leave the island. The cold was extreme in its severity and duration, to such a degree that, as Champlain

www.libtool.com.cn says, "all our liquors froze, except the Spanish wine. Cider was dispensed by the pound." A second account by Champlain and that by L'Escarbot also mention this misfortune to their liquors; doubtless they knew how to give to their fellow-countrymen in France the most vivid idea of the hardships of their lot. The island had no protection from the north winds, which swept with terrible force against dwellings very badly adapted to so rigorous a climate. Everything in the narrative tends to show that the winter was one of altogether exceptional severity, if not indeed the most severe of which there is any record in this region. Upon how slight and apparently irrelevant a circumstance does the course of history often turn! Had this winter been as mild as are many in this place, it is likely the next year the settlement would have been improved and made permanent, and the St. Croix, instead of Port Royal, would have been for over a century the centre of French activity and settlement in Acadia, even though its ultimate destiny could hardly have been thereby affected. This exceptional winter was the worse for the settlement since most of the wood on the island had been used for the buildings or was soon exhausted, and it was necessary to go for fuel to the mainland; as their barque was apparently laid up for the winter they had for this use only their small boat, by means of which they could obtain their supply only slowly and with great danger and at times not at all. The little water on the island became tainted, and better could only be brought with great labor from the mainland, while their food was mostly salt and nourished them badly. The labor of grinding their grain on a hand mill in their half-frozen and weakened condition, was very severe, as was the constant guard thought necessary against possible treachery from the Indians who were encamped for the winter on the island. As a result of such conditions, some of the men fell ill, then others and yet others, until there developed among them that disease most dreaded of all by those wintering in cold countries, the scurvy, which soon got so far beyond control that of the seventy-nine men composing the company, fifty-nine were afflicted with the disease and thirty-five miserably perished. Champlain gives us a very detailed, and somewhat harrowing description of the disease as he observed it, and of its effects upon the vital organs as shown by post-mortem examinations. So little were its causes

and prevention then understood that the surgeons themselves suffered from it like the others. Among those who died appear to have been the priest and the minister, who were buried together in the same grave. The poor victims were no doubt all buried in the cemetery beside the chapel, on a little knoll shown in Champlain's map, but now completely washed away. Those who remained well were mostly the young gentlemen of the party who led an active and merry life despite their surroundings, or, as one record has it, "these were a jolly company of hunters, who preferred rabbit hunting to the air of the fireside; skating on the ponds to turning over lazily in bed; making snowballs to bring down the game to sitting around the fire talking about Paris and its good cooks." It was the return of spring which ended the ravages of the disease and enabled the sick to recover.

One of the methods used by the young gentlemen to keep up their spirits during the winter deserves special mention. They appear to have circulated a kind of periodical, called the "Master William," which was, as L'Escarbot tells us, "stuffed with all kinds of news." Such was the first periodical of this valley, and it is possible for the antiquary to claim that the first literary periodical of America was the "Master William," circulated (of course in written, not printed, copies) at Dochet Island, in the winter of 1604-1605. But a single quotation from it has been preserved. L'Escarbot tells us that it said among other things that Sieur de Monts "did pull out thorns in Canada," an expression seemingly equivalent to our phrase "draw the teeth," or subdue. But the chief interest in this passage is that it serves to suggest to L'Escarbot an expression of his admiration for such enterprises as that of Sieur de Monts, for he adds: "And when all is said it is very truly pulling out thorns, in taking in hand such enterprises full of continual perils and fatigues, of cares, anguish and discomforts. But the virtue and the courage which subdues everything makes these thorns but carnations and roses to those who are determined on heroic actions to commend themselves to the memory of men, and close their eyes to the pleasures of those effeminate who are good only for chamber-guards."

But the winter was over at last; the sick were well once more; and all were looking and longing for the arrival of the ships from France. These were slow in coming, and fears for their safety

began to haunt the dreams of the settlers, when, in the middle of June, they arrived, and were welcomed, as Champlain says, "amid the great joy of all." L'Escarbot, as usual, is more demonstrative in his account of this important event, and says it "was to the great satisfaction of everyone, as can readily be believed, and there was not wanting, as is customary at such times, the booming of cannon nor the blaring of trumpets."

Evidently such a winter as this could not again be endured, and immediately after the arrival of the ships, an expedition, led by de Monts, with Champlain and an Indian guide, set out in a boat of some eighteen tons, manned by twenty sailors, to explore the coast to the southward, in order to find, as Champlain says, "a place better adapted for an abode, and with better temperature than our own." They examined the coasts of Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts, then of course still wholly unsettled, to south of Cape Cod, and strangely enough, found no place which pleased them as a situation for a settlement. Here we cannot refrain from some speculation as to the historical result, had they found a place to their liking on Massachusetts Bay and removed their colony thither, or had they directed their vessels there in the first place. But we cannot, I believe, suppose that the ultimate result would have been different, for as the English race to-day holds Acadia where they did settle, so it would hold Massachusetts whether or not the French had first colonized it. The course of history has not been determined by such tenuous theories as the right of discovery and first occupation, but by the practical force of might. The French are a great people, and a brave race, ever in the vanguard of civilization, but their strength has never lain in colonization. The expedition reached the island again on August 2nd, and what follows is told us by Champlain in these words :

Sieur de Monts determined to change his location, and make another settlement, in order to avoid the severe cold and the bad winter which we had in the Island of St. Croix. As we had not up to that time found any suitable harbour, and in view of the short time we had for building houses in which to establish ourselves, we fitted out two barques, and loaded them with the framework taken from the houses at St. Croix, in order to transport it to Port Royal, twenty-five leagues distant, where we thought the climate was much more temperate and agreeable.

Thus ended the settlement of de Monts at St. Croix Island. At Port Royal they established themselves not far from the present Annapolis, and remained there for two years longer, when suddenly through the influence of powerful rivals de Monts' monopoly of the fur trade was revoked, and the place was temporarily abandoned. In the meantime, however, in June, 1607, the English had commenced their settlement at Jamestown, Virginia, so that the temporary withdrawal of the French did not mean the abandonment of the northern parts of the continent by Europeans. The following year, 1608, the French founded Quebec, and thereafter the French and English races steadily expanded in America, though with a difference in method and in rate, and in localities so unequal in climatic and other natural resources, that the English progressed the faster and came in time to dominate the whole.

Such was the first settlement of the island, and its ending. Its later history can be briefly traced. Champlain visited it in 1606 and saw some plants still flourishing in the gardens; and a year later L'Escarbot found the buildings standing as they had been left, untouched by the Indians. In 1610 the Sieur de Poutrincourt, who had been with de Monts on his first voyage, but had returned to France before the winter, went there, and as L'Escarbot tells us, "had prayers offered for the dead who had been buried there since the first voyage made by Sieur de Monts." And thus, touchingly and appropriately, ends the story of the first settlers of St. Croix Island. A year later, 1611-1612, a French trading expedition wintered on the island, no doubt taking advantage of the old buildings; but in 1613 an English expedition from Virginia, commissioned to drive the French from Acadia (which the English claimed by virtue of its discovery by Cabot), destroyed these buildings and left the island to return to wilderness. Such it remained for nearly two centuries. Then, in 1797 the ruins of the settlement were discovered, after the manner I shall in a moment relate, and in 1798 it was assigned by a boundary commission to the United States. Shortly before this it obtained its present name, a corruption of Docias (or Doshias), the common abbreviation of the name Theodosia borne by a young woman having some connection with the island though of what nature is uncertain. The French

spelling of the word seems to have been given it by Captain Owen in 1848, doubtless under the supposition that it was of French origin. About 1799 it was occupied by certain squatter settlers, and in 1820 it was first granted by Massachusetts to John Brewer, of Robbinston, who, in 1826, sold it to Stephen Brewer, merchant, of Northampton, Massachusetts, whose daughters are still living in that city. During the next few years it was occupied sporadically by a few settlers, principally as a fishing station. During this time the removal of its woods, and of much sand from its lower end, greatly hastened the disintegration of the island which commenced as a result of a natural sinking of the coast now steadily progressing, through geological causes, in this region. These influences have together brought it about that the island has been washed away at its lower end since the time of Champlain, though the loss is less extensive than commonly supposed. The day will probably come when it will be necessary to protect the soil of the island by proper retaining walls if it is not to be removed entirely, but I have no doubt that our successors, at the four hundredth anniversary, if not earlier, will properly perform this public duty. In 1856 the United States government purchased a part of it for a light station, and in 1869 the remainder was purchased by its present owners, most of them or their heirs residents of this valley. In 1866 an effort was made by a party including members of Congress, the superintendent of the United States Coast Survey and members of the Maine Historical Society to re-name it de Monts Island, but the name never came into use. Finally the latest but by no means the least important event of its history, we have ourselves made this day.

Such are the events which the island has witnessed. But in addition there are others of which it has been an incidental, or as one may say, an unconscious part, and to these I must very briefly refer. They are all connected with the part played by the island in making the St. Croix an international boundary. In the first place, it was this settlement, with its important and its sad outcome, which made the Island of St. Croix known to mankind, and which caused this river to appear as an important locality upon every subsequent map of the New World. Now a very curious, and forever important, result followed from this latter fact. Only

two years after de Monts' settlement on the island, King James I gave a patent to an English company, the Plymouth Company, permitting it to form settlements on the coast of Virginia, anywhere between thirty-eight and forty-five degrees, thus fixing the northern boundary of Virginia at the parallel of forty-five degrees. It was under this patent that Jamestown was commenced in 1607. In 1618, as we have seen, the English drove the French from Acadia, and in 1620, when the king gave a new charter to the Plymouth Company, its northern boundary was extended to forty-eight degrees (a part of the present northern boundary of New Brunswick, as it happens), doing this, without doubt, not because the Company was in immediate need of more land, but to assert a formal English claim to all Acadia. The very next year, 1621, the king made his well-known grant of Nova Scotia to his favorite, Sir William Alexander. This grant covered all of the present Nova Scotia, with all of New Brunswick and a part of Quebec, and the river St. Croix was made its western boundary. Obviously this covered all of the addition to the Plymouth Company's grant made the previous year, and it is known that the king secured a release from the Company before granting this territory to Alexander. Now, under these circumstances, the natural southern boundary for Nova Scotia was the old northern boundary of Virginia, namely the forty-fifth parallel, and the question arises, why was this not chosen instead of the St. Croix River? The answer is suggested by passages in Sir William Alexander's own works where he lays especial emphasis upon the fact that his own grant of Nova Scotia was "the first national patent that ever was clearly bounded within America by particular limits upon the earth," and which show that he had much to do with the selection of its bounds. Now it happens that the St. Croix in the best maps of the time stood out as a very prominent river in the immediate vicinity of the forty-fifth parallel, and it would seem plain that, as river and parallel were practically coincident on the coast, the definite and recognizable river was chosen instead of the imaginary parallel, a boundary only determinable by expert researches and in no wise visible on the ground. But this choice of the river instead of the parallel had vital historical and political consequences, for such was the subsequent history of this part of America that the

boundary thus established for Nova Scotia became later the boundary between Nova Scotia (which included New Brunswick until 1784) and Massachusetts, and so remained down to the close of the Revolution. Then, as this boundary separated the new free and independent state of Massachusetts from the old loyal Province of Nova Scotia, it was adopted as the international boundary in the treaty of peace in 1783. I believe, therefore, it is safe to say that, had there been no large river in the vicinity of the forty-fifth parallel on the maps in 1621 (and there would not have been were it not for de Monts' voyage and his settlement on St. Croix Island), then Alexander would have taken the forty-fifth parallel as his boundary, it would have remained the boundary between the friendly and both-British Provinces of Nova Scotia and Massachusetts down to the Revolution, and would have been chosen as the international boundary at its close. This conclusion we can the better believe when we note that, as it is, over two-fifths of the international boundary between the Atlantic and the St. Lawrence is actually to-day formed by that very forty-fifth parallel. This parallel passes through Perry to the south of us, whence it comes about that, had de Monts not settled on the St. Croix, Dochet Island and this spot where we stand would to-day have been British territory, and you, my friends of Calais, would now be rejoicing in British citizenship.

But the island has played yet another and very important part in the determination of the international boundary. The treaty of peace which closed the Revolution fixed the St. Croix as the international boundary. Now, though such a river was marked on all the maps of the time, these maps were so very poor that it was impossible to match their St. Croix with any of the rivers actually emptying into Passamaquoddy Bay. Furthermore, nobody living at Passamaquoddy knew which river emptying into that bay was the St. Croix, for all knowledge, and even tradition, of the settlement of de Monts had vanished, and no single river there actually bore that name. Naturally disputes arose and became acute, so that in 1794 the two governments appointed a commission of three to determine which was the true St. Croix of the treaty. The commission consisted of one British subject and one American citizen. They were empowered to choose a third and they chose another American citizen. The case was

argued before this tribunal by highly gifted counsel representing the two nations. The claim of the United States was that the Magaguadavic (a river emptying into the eastern side of Passamaquoddy Bay) was the St. Croix of the treaty, because on the maps used by the negotiators of the treaty the St. Croix was the easternmost of the rivers shown emptying into the bay and hence must answer to the Magaguadavic. The British claimed that the St. Croix of the treaty was the old St. Croix of de Monts' settlement, and was the river which now bears that name, the one beside which we are now assembled. The commissioners seem to have readily agreed that the St. Croix of de Monts' settlement was the St. Croix intended by the treaty, but they were not convinced that our St. Croix was the river on which he settled, for Champlain's maps and detailed narratives were then unknown in America. And now the island appears once more on the scene. In 1797 the British counsel obtained a copy of Champlain's map and narrative from Europe and sent it to a prominent resident of St. Andrews, Robert Pagan, who went to the island, and not only found that its location and appearance agreed exactly with the map and narrative of Champlain, but, going to the place on the island where the map showed the settlement to have been, he found there the ruins of the buildings, their chimneys, cellars and many articles, all densely covered by the forest of nearly two centuries' growth, but unmistakeable in their identity, and in perfect agreement with the maps. This information, substantiated by more careful examination later, was laid before the commissioners and they agreed immediately and unanimously that this river was the St. Croix meant by the treaty, a decision, be it noted, which required the two commissioners who were citizens of the United States to decide against the case of their own country, and with their single colleague. Now there can be no question whatsoever that this decision was a perfectly just one, as every student who has since carefully examined the subject agrees; and it is simply ignorance and prejudice which permit writers to claim, as they still occasionally do, that the Magaguadavic should have formed the boundary. But the service that Dochet Island performed in the case was this:—had it not been possible to identify the island in 1797 by Champlain's map, and especially by the discovery of the ruins, it is very doubtful if the commission would have

reached a correct decision; and, even if it had done so, it would always have been the belief of the losing side that the result was unfair, and the decision, whatever its nature, would have left a legacy of bitterness. Dochet Island has contributed, therefore, its small share to the peace of nations. In its decision, rendered in 1798, the commission fixed the mouth of the St. Croix at Joe's Point near St. Andrews, thereby assigning Dochet Island to the United States, for it lies west of the channel of the river, and each country received all islands lying on its own side of the channel. Had the commission fixed the mouth of the river at the Devil's Head, as many claimed should have been done for geographical reasons, then Dochet Island would to-day belong to New Brunswick; for the treaty assigned to Nova Scotia all the islands which previously belonged to it, and the original charter of Nova Scotia had granted it (and therefore its successor, New Brunswick), all islands within six leagues of its coasts. While on the subject of the St. Croix boundary I may add one word of interest about another part of it. It was a feature of the British claim that the western branch of the river, that running past Princeton to the Schoodic Lakes, was the boundary intended by the treaty; and in part the commissioners agreed with this claim. The northern branch, that now forming the boundary, was, however, chosen as a compromise measure. It is of interest to note that recent detailed critical studies have seemed to show that it was in reality the western source of the northern branch which was meant by the treaty and not the western branch of the river itself; and hence the commissioners even though they knew it not, chose correctly this time also. This entire commission was in every respect a model one, and stands as a shining example of the value of this method of settling international misunderstandings.

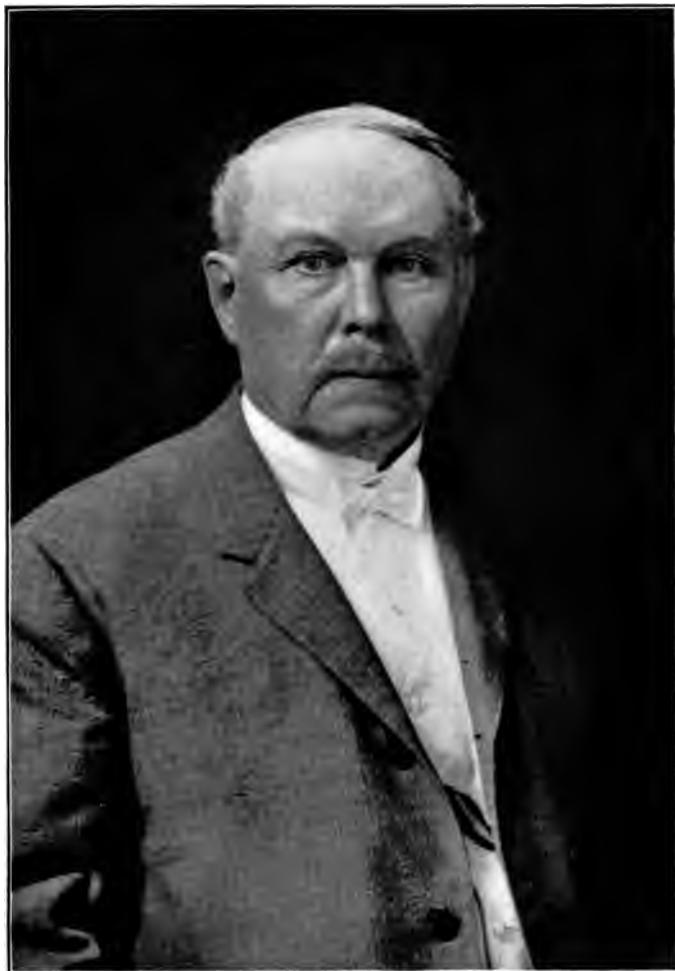
Dochet Island and its settlement, therefore, have for us to-day more than a single meaning. Marking, as it does, so momentous an event as the beginning of the European colonization of the principal part of this continent, it stands as a milestone on the world's road of progress. Fixing as it did, the St. Croix as the international boundary, it determined the most important event by far in the political history of this valley. The scenes enacted there have given us a locality hallowed by the charm of deeds

whose recollection or recital stirs our hearts with eager interest, admiration and pity, for here men dared and won, suffered, were brave and died. The island is one of those rare places where the thoughtful student may come into communion with the silent witnesses of history, and thereby experience that exaltation which comes to some at such times, as it does to others in the contemplation of beauty in nature or art, to others in the spirit of literature, to others in the triumph of scientific discovery, to others in the success of accomplishment of great and good ends in business or in public service. And, most important of all, it has twice contributed to the peace and friendship of two great peoples, first when it aided commissioners to settle justly and to the satisfaction of all a vexatious boundary dispute: and again to-day, when we meet in simple brotherhood to celebrate together events in which our countries have had a common part. Such times recall our common origin, show how alike we are in sympathies and how similar in ideals, and they make the political barrier between us seem trivial enough. That barrier may perhaps never be removed, and it may even be true that it has a positive value in promoting our mutual growth in some essential features, but it cannot prevent our realizing at such times as this that we are essentially one people. May we ever continue to walk together in the ways of peace, finding our best loved triumphs in the hearts of men.

Hon. James P. Baxter, President of the Maine Historical Society, was then introduced. The subject of his address was "Samuel de Champlain."

"Each is the architect of his own fortune" (Faber quisque fortunæ suæ) is a venerable and true proverb; but it is equally true that a man is also the product of his own time. The political, civil, moral and religious conditions amid which he grows from childhood to age; aye! even the sunshine and shadow, the hill and valley, the bush, meadow and waterless waste, familiar to his grosser senses, furnish elements which qualify his character and influence his destiny, and he may well exclaim with Faust:—

In the currents of life in action's storm
I float and wave



HON. JAMES P. BAXTER

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Birth and the grave
A limitless ocean,
A constant weaving.
With change still rife,
A restless heaving
A glowing life.
Thus time's whizzing loom unceasing I ply
And weave the life garment of deity.

In estimating, then, the character of a man of a past age, we should endeavor to place ourselves amid the surroundings in which he lived, and under the influences to which he was subjected, if we would know him somewhat intimately. I am impressed with the importance of this in attempting to make the acquaintance of a man so little known as Samuel de Champlain, whom I am expected to introduce to you on this occasion.

Brouage, the little seaport on the southwest shores of France, where Champlain first saw the light in 1567, was then, and for a century or more later, a strategic military and naval post, and pronounced by Marshal Montluc to be the first seaport in France. Its principal industry was the manufacture of salt, which furnished profitable employment to its citizens, and gave it a distinct commercial importance.

Champlain's youth was passed amid stirring scenes. The pomp and circumstance of war were constantly before his eyes. He saw the tallest ships of the kingdom come with swelling sails from the gray sea beyond to seek shelter in the sunny harbor of his native town, and the brilliant soldiery of Charles IX and Henry III of Navarre and Condé, as they swept through the land in triumph or defeat; for, during all the years he was growing to manhood, his country was deluged with the blood of her children, whom religious fanaticism, mingled with self interest, had deprived of mercy. Over all Europe indeed, the storm which Wolsey had predicted and of which he said that it would "Be better for those who encountered it to die than to live," was raging with a persistence which gave no hope of cessation.

His native town was a coveted position for the contending parties. When he was but three years of age it was taken by the Huguenots, who held it for six years, when Henry of Navarre captured it and made it his stronghold, holding it against all

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assaults by land and sea for thirteen years. There were intervals, however, of rest from active warfare, and in these the industrious citizens of Brouage prosecuted their profitable employment in the salt fields about the town.

At a somewhat youthful age Champlain entered the service of the Duc de Mercœur, under whom he served in Brittany for a number of years. From Champlain himself we learn that he was quartermaster under Marshals de Saint Luc and of de Brissac, and was probably about thirty-one years of age when this service ceased. During this period of military service his duties were onerous, owing to the difficulty of obtaining supplies, but the fact that he held his responsible position until the end of the war, shows that he performed his part to the satisfaction of those in command.

With the disbanding of the military forces after the accession of Henry IV, Champlain found himself left in idleness, and he at once turned his attention to the sea, which offered to daring spirits an alluring field for adventure. France had not been backward in schemes of discovery and colonization in the past. Her daring fishermen were among the first to brave the perils of the Newfoundland coast to gather their annual harvest of the seas. Verrazano had been sent on his famous voyage to the New World by Francis I in 1525, and Jacques Cartier had discovered the St. Lawrence in 1535, and passed the winter among the savages of Canada. Others had followed him, but none had been able to make their undertakings of any value to France, which had been so constantly occupied with distracting wars, that she could lend but little support to schemes of colonization. The discoveries of Cartier, however, were not forgotten, and were well known to all interested in maritime adventure. Since Cartier's discoveries, England had sent many expeditions to American waters. Such men as Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Frobisher, Davis, and other Elizabethan seamen of renown had visited the waters of the New World, and Hakluyt had given their discoveries to Europe. Spain, however, had been the most successful among the nations in founding foreign colonies, which she guarded with jealous care from intercourse with her rivals. Her claims in the Western hemisphere were without bounds, and any efforts at colonization, even in the frozen regions of the north,

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SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN

were regarded as hostile to her interests. For a century she had watched with malevolent vigilance the futile efforts of her European neighbors to establish themselves in the New World. Her active spies were at every court and in every seaport, ready to report any rumor of an expedition to the west. Even the maps and papers of Cabot, after he returned from his famous voyage of discovery a century before, fell into her hands and were lost to the world, as were many other important documents, for it was her policy to obliterate as far as possible the evidence of England's discoveries, and when Cartier was fitting out his little barks at St. Malo for his voyage to the St. Lawrence some forty years later, every movement was watched and reported to the king of Spain, who was advised by the Council for the Indies to send ships to intercept the Frenchmen. This he did not do because, he said, that experience warranted him in relying upon the ice and the tempestuous seas of the Baccalaos to thwart their designs. To those who were caught encroaching upon her preserves, or were suspected of designs not in accord with her interests, but little mercy was shown. The Contraction House took care of them as heretics, and they disappeared from human ken. Only occasionally did one escape to tell the tale, as in the case of Challons, one of Gorges' men, whose letter to Lord Chief Justice Popham is preserved with many another to tell its story of Spanish cruelty. But there are always ambitious men who are ready to risk their lives in dangerous adventure, and Champlain was such a man. He knew that Spain's West India possessions were to her a mine of wealth, and he resolved to visit them and study for himself her commercial secrets. How to do this was a problem not easy of solution. Fortune, it is said, helps the brave, and a happy combination of circumstances enabled him to carry his plans to a successful issue. In the civil war which had just closed a considerable Spanish force had been allied with the Catholic party, and among the French vessels employed to convoy the transports which were to convey these forces to Cadiz, was a ship, the St. Julian, commanded by his uncle. In this ship Champlain secured a passage, and during a month's stay in Cadiz, employed his time in gathering all the information possible of Spanish affairs. His uncle was fortunate in securing the good will of the commander of the Spanish West India fleet, who

chartered the St. Julian to accompany it, and made the French captain pilot-general. Thus Champlain was enabled to visit the West Indies, the Mecca of his desires. Touching at various places, he finally reached San Juan D'Ulloa, visited the City of Mexico, Havana, Cartagena and other places, making a careful study of everything which fell in his way, and numerous sketches, which it must have been necessary for him to guard with great secrecy. On his return home after an absence of over two years, many of these sketches were included in an elaborate report which he made to the king. In his report he suggests making a waterway through the Isthmus of Panama, which, he says, would shorten the route from sea to sea "By more than fifteen hundred leagues."

This report upon a subject so interesting to his countrymen brought him at once into favor with royalty, and Henry IV not only granted him a pension, but bestowed upon him the coveted honor of knighthood. This brought him to the notice of those in power, among whom was Aymar de Chastes, the Governor of Diéppe, a man much esteemed by the king for his loyalty and patriotism, who at once formed a warm attachment for the young adventurer.

As already said, the exploits of Aubert, de Lery, Verrazano, and especially of Cartier, whose discoveries overshadowed all others, were well known, and served as constant incentives to the French to follow up the designs of these adventurers in the waters which wash the stormy shores of Newfoundland, Labrador, and the still but little known and more remote Canada; indeed, the very year that Henry of Navarre assumed regal authority in France, two expeditions were fitted out for voyages to Canada, the more important under the Marquis de la Roche. These, however, failed in their designs, as well as two under Chauvin and Pont Gravé of Saint Malo, the home of the immortal Cartier, and when Champlain returned from his voyage to the West Indies, he was made acquainted with the failure of these last adventurers to Canada. To many it seemed as though further efforts to subdue "The frozen North," as it had been designated by Martyr, would have to be abandoned, but Providence at last had ready at hand in Champlain a man in every wise fitted to overcome the obstacles which had hitherto rendered all attempts at Canadian colonization abortive.

Aymar de Chastes, Governor of Diéppe, had taken a deep interest in the discoveries in the western world, and upon the death of Chauvin resolved to send out an expedition of observation preparatory to settling a colony in Canada, which he intended to conduct there himself for the service of "God and King." Having been acquainted with Champlain in Brittany, and appreciating his ability, he hastened to secure his services in this expedition. To this Champlain readily agreed, and the regal consent having been obtained with the charge to make a faithful report of the voyage, he set sail for the St. Lawrence on the 15th of March, 1603, in company with Pont Gravé, a distinguished merchant of Rouen, whom de Chastes had appointed the conductor of the expedition, which comprised two barks, and probably several smaller boats for service in shallow waters. The adventurers had with them two savages, who had been for some time in France, to facilitate intercourse with the people of the country. The voyage was prosperous, and they soon sighted Cape Ray, passed the northern shores of Cape Breton, the Island of Anticosti, and entering the St. Lawrence, finally cast anchor at Tadoussac. Some time was spent exploring the Saguenay, and then Pont Gravé and Champlain proceeded up the St. Lawrence to the Falls of St. Louis near Montreal. From here they explored the neighborhood on foot, not being able to pass the falls in a canoe, making stops at various points to study the geography and resources of the country, while Champlain sketched its more interesting features. Returning to Tadoussac, they set out for Gaspé, carefully exploring that interesting region, and having completed their labors they finally returned to Tadoussac, where their companions had collected a quantity of valuable furs. With these and several natives, one of whom was a son of a chief, and another a captive whom they had saved from torture, they set out on their return voyage to France, which they reached in safety on the 20th of September. On his arrival Champlain learned with sorrow that his patron and friend, de Chastes, had died shortly after his departure from France.

Champlain had brought with him from Canada many interesting sketches, which he at once laid before the king, together with a careful account of the country, its inhabitants and products. This account so deeply interested the king that he decided

to foster colonial enterprises in the new land. Such an enterprise was soon set on foot by the Sieur de Monts, who had accompanied Chauvin on a former voyage to Canada. Having obtained a charter of the entire territory between the fortieth and forty-sixth degrees of north latitude, and the title of king's lieutenant in La Cadie, de Monts departed from Havre de Grace on the 7th of April, 1604, with two ships, and a hundred and twenty men of all trades. Besides these he was accompanied by a number of noblemen, among whom was Champlain, who was instructed by the king to make a full report of his observations as in former instances.

After seizing several ships engaged in the fur trade and making considerable explorations, the adventurers fixed upon the island of St. Croix, this very ground upon which we now are gathered, as the seat of their colony. As we stand here to-day we can readily behold with the eye of retrospection that little band of Frenchmen, busy with their preparations for making this their permanent habitation. On the sparkling waters their little barks swung at anchor, while boats at frequent intervals passed to and fro between them and the shore. The sky was blue as it is to-day, and the air was sweet with the breath of flowers, and musical with the notes of wild birds, which haunted the virgin forests about them. After their prosperous voyage across the great sea their hearts were buoyant, and their hopes for the future high. About them was a great world as yet unexplored, through which imagination soared at will, revelling in wonders unsurpassed by any in fairyland.

Champlain was charged with the duty of planning and laying out the future town, which he proceeded to do with his usual energy; at the same time he employed all his spare moments in making sketches of the geographical features of the country, and the settlements of the savages, whom he visited. While the workmen were engaged in erecting dwellings and storehouses, and laying out their gardens as designed by Champlain, he was selected in the early autumn to conduct explorations southerly along the coast of Maine, the mythical Norumbega. He was accompanied by two savage guides, and his little bark of eighteen tons bore a crew of twelve men. He was detained in Passamaquoddy Bay for a fortnight by the fogs so common there at this

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**Map of St. Croix Island with Surroundings
Made by Champlain in 1604-5. Published in 1613**

season, but finally was able to proceed on his way. Skirting the wild shores of Maine, and winding in and out among the numerous islands which characterize the region, he came to Pemetiq, which he named Monts Desert, on account of its sterile mountains, and dropped anchor in the vicinity of Bar Harbor. From here he explored the shores of the island to a cove "At the foot of the mountains," doubtless Otter Creek Cove. Here he met a party of savages, who were fishing and hunting for otters, by whom he was piloted in friendly fashion to the Penobscot, then known as the Norumbega, but which had been named by Gomez, nearly eighty years before, the Rio de los Gamos, because of the numerous deer which he saw on its banks. Champlain explored this noble river to the mouth of the Kenduskeag, when further progress was barred by the falls just above the present city of Bangor. On the way he passed scattered wigwams, but the region seemed to have but few inhabitants. Along the shores of the bay and about the river's mouth, the inhabitants were numerous, and received their strange visitors with friendliness. From here Champlain attempted the exploration of the Kennebec, but meeting with bad weather was obliged to relinquish his undertaking and return to St. Croix Island, which he safely reached on October 2, just a month from his departure.

In selecting this island for their future colony the adventurers made a fatal mistake, though, for the time, it was well adapted for defence; but it lacked all the essentials for a colonial establishment. Its small size, its unproductive soil and lack of wood and water, rendered it far less suitable for a plantation than scores of other places not far away.

The French, however, had made the most of their time and resources, and had well fortified it against the savages, if such perchance should prove unfriendly, and even against any Spanish or English foes who might come into the vicinity.

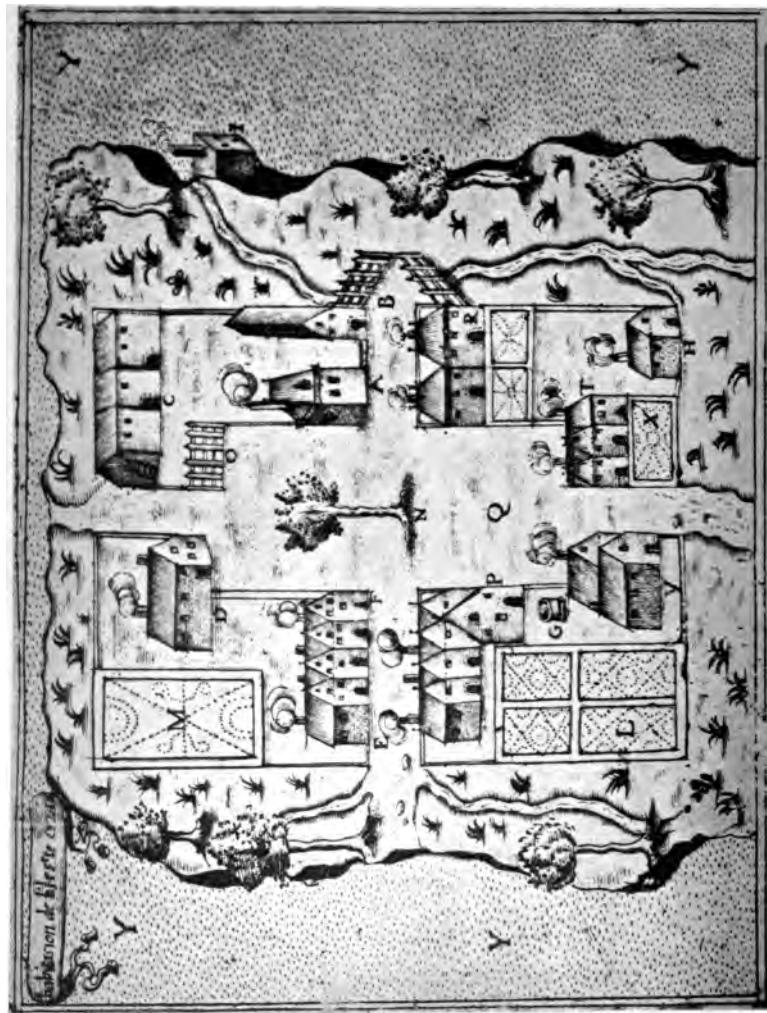
Four days after Champlain's return to St. Croix snow began to fall. Soon the island was surrounded by moving ice, and they found themselves imprisoned in their new home. This proved to be very inconvenient, as they had expected to live largely upon game, which abounded on the main land, but which they found it impossible to reach. They were therefore compelled to use the salted meats which they had brought from France, which was

productive of the fatal scurvy, a disease from which Cartier had severely suffered in Canada seventy years before. This scourge to so many early adventurers they named "Mal de la terre," and by it nearly one-half of the colonists found graves on this little island.

With the return of spring the disheartened colonists began preparations to return to France, but before they were completed, they were cheered by the arrival of Pont Gravé with supplies, and they resolved to seek another site for their colony. It was on the 18th of June 1605, that Champlain set sail from the island of St. Croix with de Monts and a number of gentlemen, a boat's crew of twenty men, and an Indian guide with his wife, to explore the coast to the west. The French were not aware that on the very day which they left St. Croix, an English vessel, the Archangel, commanded by Capt. George Waymouth, was just leaving the shores which they were about to explore, to return to England. For a month past the English had been examining the coast of Maine, and had set up a cross at Pentecost Harbor in token of English possession. On board were five natives whom they had captured and were carrying home to be taught the English tongue, that they might become interpreters and guides for future adventurers.

The French, skirting the rugged and picturesque shores of eastern Maine, entered the Kennebec seventeen days after leaving St. Croix, and carefully explored this noble river and adjoining waters. On their way they frequently met the natives of the country, who received them in a friendly manner. On the 9th of July they passed outside of the islands which lie across the entrance to Portland Harbor, which escaped their attention. Had they entered it, they would undoubtedly have fixed upon it for settlement, and the history of Maine and of the country might have been completely changed. As it was they landed at the little island now known as Stratton's, and paid a visit to Richmond's Island, where they found vines loaded with green grapes, and therefore named it Bacchus Island. Along the shores of Prout's Neck and vicinity, the savages seeing the white sails of the French bark as it swept by, gathered excitedly and followed its course, shouting and lighting fires to attract the attention of the strangers. With the flow of the tide they crossed the bar

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Champlain's Sketch of the Island of St. Croix and Buildings, 1604

and entered the Saco, where Champlain had an opportunity to visit an Indian settlement, and behold the mode of life of the people, and their manner of cultivating corn and other vegetables. Two days were spent here, when they again resumed their voyage westward, encountering a storm which compelled them to anchor near Cape Porpoise, where they found wild pigeons in great abundance attracted thither by the wild currants and other fruits which covered the land. From the natives with whom Champlain had friendly intercourse, he was able to gain much valuable knowledge of the region to the west, and of the tribes living there.

On the 16th of July, the French bark anchored at East Boston. On every hand the voyagers saw fields of corn and stretches of land cleared for cultivation. To the Charles River was given the title of Rivière du Guast, in honor of the patentee. Leaving Boston Harbor on the 17th of July they skirted the coast, anchoring at Marshfield, where they held pleasant intercourse with the natives, who were engaged in cod fishing with hooks made of wood, having a barb formed of a sharp fragment of bone.

At Nauset Harbor the voyagers had their first unpleasant encounter with the natives. While some of the sailors were getting water from a spring, a native coveting the copper vessel which one of the party was using snatched it from his hand, and in the encounter which ensued the sailor was slain.

On the 25th of July the expedition westward came to an end, and the voyagers turned their faces toward the east, stopping finally at the Kennebec, where they learned for the first time of Waymouth's visit there. This was not pleasant news to them. They knew the enterprise and persistence of the English too well to regard their presence in these waters with indifference, and they no doubt proceeded on their way to St. Croix with apprehension of future trouble. They reached St. Croix on the 8th of August, strangely enough having found no place which they regarded as suitable for settlement. Port Royal, now Annapolis Basin, was known to them, and they decided to remove there for the coming winter, which they at once proceeded to do by taking down and transporting to that place a portion of the materials which composed their buildings.¹ While they were putting up

¹ Portions of these buildings were found standing on the island long after.

their dwellings at Port Royal, de Monts departed for France, leaving Pont Gravé in his place. The winter at Port Royal passed with less suffering to the colonists than the preceding one, but out of forty-five persons who composed the colony, twelve succumbed to the dreaded "Mal de la terre."

During the coming summer Champlain attempted on several occasions to resume explorations to the south, but was beaten back by storms. Not receiving the necessary supplies from France promised by de Monts, Pont Gravé resolved to abandon the settlement and return home with the colonists by the fishing vessels which frequented the shores of Cape Breton, and they had departed from Port Royal for that purpose, when they were intercepted by a boat from the supply ship, which had passed them unobserved, hence they turned back with the determination to spend another winter at Port Royal. In the supply ship came de Poutrincourt, who, taking the place of Pont Gravé, permitted him to return home.

It was decided now to attempt another exploration to the south, and Champlain set out with de Poutrincourt, touching at various points as they proceeded, until they reached Vineyard Sound, when, not having found a place to their satisfaction, they turned back to Port Royal, which they reached, after escaping many perils, on November 14.

Another dreary winter was passed, relieved somewhat by amusing ceremonies, and spring had arrived, when the colonists were startled by the news brought them by the captain of their former supply ship, that the charter of de Monts had been revoked, which must end their colonial undertaking. Before embarking, however, on the supply ship, which was awaiting a freight of fish, de Poutrincourt and Champlain made extensive explorations along the shores of Nova Scotia in search of minerals. The colonists having at last all assembled at Canso, departed for France, September 3, arriving at St. Malo, October 1, 1607, after an absence of over three years. Champlain brought back with him to France sketches and maps of the coast from Canso to Vineyard Haven, which were a great addition to the geographical knowledge of the time, and added much to his fame.

De Monts, although he had suffered grievous disappointment and loss in his colonial undertakings, Champlain found still as

interested as ever in similar projects, and contemplating new adventures. Having finally succeeded in obtaining a new concession from the king, he fitted out two ships in the spring of 1608 for Canada. Champlain, whose wisdom and force of character as well as honesty of purpose, had won the confidence of de Monts, was selected to command the expedition, and on April 18, 1608, he departed from Honfleur, arriving at Tadoussac on the 3d of June. On arrival he found Pont Gravé, who had preceded him, suffering seriously from wounds received in a conflict with a fur trader. A less prudent man than Champlain, armed with his power, would have at once inflicted summary punishment upon the aggressor, but Champlain rightly concluded that discretion was the better part of valor, hence he compromised affairs and left disputes to be settled later when they all reached home. Having ascended the St. Lawrence, Champlain, on July 3, laid the foundations of Quebec. After a year passed in toilsome explorations, amid scenes of savage warfare and cruelty, barely on one occasion escaping a plot to assassinate him, Champlain returned home in the autumn of 1609, and, seeking an audience with the king, laid before him the results of his labors.

Again Champlain was engaged by de Monts to take charge of another expedition to Canada, and on the 8th of April, 1609, he once more set sail for the St. Lawrence, and arrived at Tadoussac after a voyage of but eighteen days. Proceeding to Quebec, he found the settlement which he had planted there in a prosperous condition. War, however, between the savage allies of the French and the Iroquois had begun, and he thought it politic to make common cause with the former against their foes. The Iroquois could not stand against the firearms of the French, and were defeated with great slaughter. The war ended, Champlain returned to Quebec and began to apply himself to the affairs of the colony, when a ship arrived from France, bringing news of the assassination of Henry IV. This was a serious blow to Champlain, and, leaving affairs in charge of one of his associates, he returned to France in the autumn of 1810.

Eager to return to Quebec, Champlain on the first of the following March again set out to rejoin his little colony. It was too early in the season, and his ships encountered immense fields of ice, amid which they struggled in constant danger of

destruction until May 18, when they finally made the harbor of Tadoussac. Proceeding to Quebec, Champlain at once began the exploration of the St. Lawrence, seeking a site for a trading station with the savages. The point selected by him was the site of the present city of Montreal, the ancient Hochelaga of Cartier, which had now disappeared, as well as the people whom Cartier had found there. They had been swept away by war, and their lands were possessed by their foes. Trade with Champlain was a matter of secondary interest, but his relations with the colony made it necessary for him to give it attention. To establish the power of France in the new land was one of his chief aims, the other to find a waterway to the Pacific, and he devoted himself as far as possible in obtaining by personal observation and conversation with the savages, a knowledge of the country and its waterways. The fur trade upon which de Monts largely depended proving unprofitable, Champlain found it advisable to return to France to report the situation of affairs to his principal. This he accordingly did, and reached France on the 16th of September, 1611. Here he found the affairs of the company, of which de Monts was the head, in an unsatisfactory condition, and he was appointed to reorganize it. Having accomplished this, after overcoming almost insurmountable difficulties, he set out with four vessels for Quebec, which he reached on the 7th of May, and on the 27th started on a voyage of exploration, amusing himself with the dream, which had not yet ceased to delude adventurers to the New World, that he might perchance stumble upon the mysterious waterway which led to rich Cathay. Misled by a man whom he had permitted to live among the savages for some time, he undertook an expedition to discover the "North Sea." After incredible hardships, the explorers reached Allumette Island, where they learned from the savages that no such sea existed, and therefore turned back, accompanied by a host of their savage friends in canoes. Upon reaching Montreal Champlain found three ships from France, sent over by the company, and having embarked the furs he had collected and arranged to send two of his young men with the savages to learn their language, he embarked for home.

The year 1614 was spent by Champlain in France. The subject of Christianizing the savages had long been desired by him,

and he succeeded in interesting the Recollect Fathers of Brouage in the undertaking, hence on the 24th of April, 1615, he embarked with four of them for Canada. Reaching Quebec, his first work was to build a chapel and suitable quarters for his missionaries, and then to visit the savages, who had gathered at Montreal to meet him. They informed him of the difficulty which they encountered in carrying on trade with the French, owing to the Iroquois, who intercepted them when they attempted to reach the French settlements, and begged Champlain to render them assistance. Realizing the necessity of impressing the savages with his friendship and power, as well as to keep open communication with them, he arranged to accompany them against their enemies. Proceeding into the Iroquois country the allies besieged their stronghold, but after a fierce battle in which Champlain was wounded, his allies lost courage and beat a hasty retreat. Finding it impossible to reach Quebec until the following spring, he was obliged to pass the winter with them, much against his wishes, and it was not until the 11th of July following that he arrived at Quebec to the great joy of the Recollect Fathers, who celebrated his safe return with a public thanksgiving. Having made provision for the enlargement of the fort and comfort of the missionaries, he set out for France, which he reached on the 16th of September, 1616.

In each of the two succeeding years Champlain spent a portion of his time with the colonists. He planted grain, and laid before the Council of State the results of his experiments; indeed, he strove in every way to advance the importance of the colony in the regard of those in authority in France. For two years he was absent from his colony endeavoring to compose dissensions in the Company, and in May, 1620, having been made the lieutenant of the viceroy and high admiral of France, he sailed from Honfleur with his young wife for Canada. His arrival was warmly welcomed both by the colonists and missionaries, whose affairs had languished during his absence. His first work was to repair the dilapidated buildings and encourage the people to cultivate their neglected lands; then he began to build a fortress on the cliffs above the settlement for their better protection. For four years he labored incessantly to advance the prosperity of the colony, composing differences among the savage tribes, and

encouraging the colonists to rely upon the products of the country for support rather than upon the Company. On the 15th of August, 1624, he again sailed for France with his wife, and reached Diéppe on the 1st of the following October. For a year and a half he remained in his native land, striving to promote the interests of his colonists, at the end of which time he thought it advisable to return. Accordingly, on the 15th of April, 1626, he again set his face towards Canada, and reached Quebec on the 5th of the following July, where he found that everything during his absence had been suffered to go to waste. The colonists had even neglected to gather sufficient forage for their cattle, and were constantly menaced by their savage enemies. To improve conditions he had the cattle removed to the rich meadows of Cape Tourmente, where he erected buildings and provided proper protection. He also enlarged the fortress, and again set his hand to the improvement of the buildings of the Company, changing what had become a scene of idleness and neglect to one of activity and order. But the colonists were not disposed to rely upon the land for subsistence, preferring to receive their supplies from France, and agriculture was neglected. This neglect Champlain labored to overcome without success, and although twenty years had passed since the founding of Quebec, but a single family depended for subsistence upon agriculture.

Another cause of disquiet was the religious antagonisms which existed between Huguenots and Catholics, and which it was impossible to overcome. Richelieu resolved to change these conditions, and accordingly brought about the dissolution of the Company and the formation of another, which he entitled the Company of New France, of which he held control. The authority of this new company was stretched over all the French possessions on the continent, comprising New France and Florida. Everything promised the fruition of Champlain's dreams for French domination in the New World from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Ocean, for these only were the limits which France set for herself. The claims of England seem hardly to have been considered, and yet this virile and aggressive nation had sent out Cabot, who made the first discovery of the northern continent, and had followed up this discovery by frequent voyages to its

shores, though it had not, before the advent of Champlain at St. Croix, established a permanent colony within its borders. It had, however, made extensive grants of territory, among others, a grant to Sir William Alexander of a domain of royal magnitude, denominated by James I, New Scotland, in honor of his native country. This grant comprised a portion of the Province of Quebec, and while Richelieu, with Champlain's assistance, was shaping his splendid project, Alexander and his associates, wealthy merchants of London, were preparing a fleet of six ships, heavily armed, with authority from the English king to seize and confiscate French or Spanish ships, and to destroy and break up French settlements wherever found on the St. Lawrence or in its vicinity.

Champlain had but begun his new duties, which promised the greatest success, when he heard through a savage courier of the arrival at Tadoussac of a fleet of six English ships of war, which news was immediately followed by a dispatch demanding the surrender of Quebec. Champlain's reply was dignified and sarcastic, and believing that the French strength was greater than it really was, Kirke, the English commander, withdrew, destroying all the fishing vessels of the French that he met. On his way along the coast, Kirke met the French fleet under convoy of four war-ships, with colonists and supplies for Champlain and captured them all, twenty-two in number. This was a fatal blow to Champlain's hopes, and when Kirke's fleet returned the next summer they met with no resistance, as the colonists were in a starving condition.

After the surrender, the English took possession of Quebec, and raised the standard of England over the fortress. Champlain was taken to England by the triumphant Kirke, but the victor's triumph was of short duration, for he found upon his arrival that peace had been concluded between England and France before the capture of Quebec, and that not only must Quebec be restored to the French, but restitution of the captured colony as well. This was a disheartening blow to the English. On Champlain's arrival in France after his capture, he found affairs in a condition unfavorable to the interests of his colony in New France. Richelieu was too fully occupied in parrying the assaults of his enemies to give much attention to

him, and Louis XIII knew little, and cared less for the faithful servant who had so long devoted himself to the task of extending the rule of France over the western continent. More interesting things immediately about him occupied the royal attention. Even the little pension which his father had bestowed upon Champlain was suspended, and it was necessary to sue for its renewal. A memorial was drawn up by Champlain directed to the king, in which he recapitulated the services which he had performed for the crown, and described the new country, its people, its products and the advantages, which France might gain from it. "Behold, sire," he says in closing his petition, "a sample of the labor of the Sieur de Champlain, who for thirty-five years has rendered continual service to your Majesty, as well in the service of the late king as in the voyage that he made thirty years past to the East Indies, and since in New France, where he has almost continually sojourned; and, as recompense can be expected for services rendered to your Majesty, the Sieur de Champlain dares to pray to grant him this favor, that the pension which he has had for twenty-five years may be continued by the command of your Majesty, in order to give him the means of continuing his service, and he will pray God for the increase of your estate, and the health and prosperity of your Majesty."

Whether Champlain's pension was continued we know not. The negotiations relative to the restoration of Quebec to France dragged along until the 18th of July, 1632, and on the 23d of the following March Champlain again sailed from Diéppe for Quebec with three ships, as governor. On the 23d of May his ships dropped anchor at Quebec amid the rejoicings of the colonists, who gave him a royal welcome. It was probably the proudest moment of his life. Without loss of time he began the restoration of the neglected buildings, and erected a memorial chapel to commemorate the restoration of Quebec to the French. For over two years Champlain devoted himself earnestly to the affairs of the colony. In the autumn of 1635, he was seized with an illness, which terminated his useful life on the following Christmas.

Never was a man more sincerely mourned than was Champlain by the colonists of New France, to whom he had endeared himself by his wise management and unselfish devotion to their

welfare. He was buried in the memorial chapel which he had erected. This chapel was subsequently destroyed and the place which it occupied forgotten; so that to-day we know not the spot where he was buried. It is, perhaps, enough to know that his dust is commingled with that of the land he loved, though the name by which he knew it is no longer on the tongues of living men.

It has seemed necessary on such an occasion as this to give an outline however brief and imperfect it may be of Champlain's achievements, in order to bring his personality more distinctly into view. And, as it is always asked at the close of a man's life what did he accomplish? it may be answered, that he laid the corner-stone of a French empire in America, which, had she possessed the wisdom and virtue necessary to hold and develop it on true lines, might have made her to-day the chief among world powers.

Moreover, Champlain will always be regarded as one of the few great explorers of this continent. He indeed possessed all the qualities necessary to success in the field of exploration: high physical endurance, passion for adventure, persistence of purpose, sublime courage, unfailing patience, a hopeful spirit; all these he unquestionably possessed. Reared in a community and amid conditions which perhaps unduly exalted the art of navigation, he fostered from youth an admiration for those who "Go down to the sea in ships." His own words on this subject reveal the motive of his life. He says, "Of all the most useful and excellent arts, that of navigation has always seemed to me to occupy the first place. For the more hazardous it is, and the more numerous the perils and losses by which it is attended, so much the more is it esteemed and exalted above all others, being wholly unsuited to the timid and irresolute. By this art we obtain a knowledge of different countries, regions and realms. By it we attract and bring to our own land all kinds of riches; by it the idolatry of paganism is overthrown and Christianity proclaimed throughout all the regions of the earth. This is the art which won my love in my early years, and induced me to expose myself almost all my life to the impetuous waves of the ocean, and led me to explore the coasts of a part of America, especially those of New France, where I have always desired to

www.lib.utexas.edu/cgi-bin/ark:/23610/t36n8 see the Lily flourish, together with the only religion, catholic, apostolic, and Roman."

France never had a more patriotic son than Champlain. In his devotion to her interests he never faltered. His voyage to the West Indies in which he so persistently labored to gather a knowledge of Spain's commercial secrets for the benefit of his country, and, as it seems, without prospect of reward, is evidence of this. Though ostensibly acting for a commercial company in New France, whose sole motive was gain, he seems to have been at all times dominated by the lofty purpose of creating a New France in the wilds of North America, in which Christianity should hold a chief place. While forwarding this purpose, he never lost sight of his duties to those whose commercial interests were entrusted to his care, and this seems to have been recognized by his associates, though they were not always in sympathy with his philanthropic plans.

But Champlain was more than an explorer and philanthropist. In the difficult negotiations which he was obliged to conduct when at home with those in power, negotiations which involved the colonial and commercial existence of the enterprise in which he was so deeply interested, he exhibited qualities which show him to have possessed broad statesmanlike views, as well as prudence and sagacity. He never seems to have been swerved from his purposes by difficulties which he encountered. It has been said that a man's stability is measured by his faith. The truth of this Champlain well exemplified in his life, for he possessed a soul, which, amid the most disheartening conditions, preserved an indefectible serenity, while his own expressions reveal the quality of his faith.

The influence of Champlain's achievements upon American history must ever be acknowledged. His mantle as an explorer fell upon Marquette, Joliet and LaSalle, who blazed the pathway to English power in the great west. For more than a century the New France, which he was instrumental in starting upon its career, continued to flourish despite the shifting and repressive rule of royal governors and rigid prelates, who carried on a zealous competition, the one to gain from the savages the most peltries, the other the most proselytes. Beyond her borders, however, was another race, sturdy, self-reliant and ambitious,

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Tercentenary Exercises, St. Croix Island, June 25, 1904



View from St. Croix Island, June 25, 1904

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pursuing more practical methods for its advancement, which soon placed it far in the van. Really it was but the shifting of a scene from the Old World to the New, for the principles animating the different forms of civilization which characterized the two nationalities, now growing side by side, had long been at strife, and could but come into conflict again in the ripeness of time. We know the result of that conflict, and while we may feel sympathy for the failure of the splendid scheme which Champlain and a few choice spirits of his time so fondly cherished, we can but conclude that this result vastly contributed to the progress and development of this great American people, whose future grandeur and power we can at present but imperfectly estimate. Yet while we realize this, and thank God for the rainbow of promise which spans our horizon, we may properly do honor to a man like Champlain, of whom, though he might not sympathize with our conceptions of government, nor our forms of faith, it was possible for a thoughtful historian like Creuxius to say that "His surpassing love of justice, piety, fidelity to God, his king, and the Society of New France, had always been conspicuous," and that "In his death he gave such illustrious proofs of his goodness as to fill everyone with admiration." In doing honor to such a man, whatever may be his nationality or his faith, we do honor to ourselves, to our religion and to our God.

The following ode, written by Mr. Henry Milner Rideout, of Calais, was read by Mr. Charles T. Cope-land:

I.

League upon league lay aboriginal shore :—
Forest of fir, or promontory,
Inlets and islands in a labyrinth green,
Sailless, eternal, the ocean,
Toiling in barren motion ;
Slow drift of fog across the wide sea-floor,
Wheeling of gulls, the sweep of level rain,
Flight over valley and plain
Of shadow and sunlight ; far seen,
Shadow and myth of the forest, a story
Of Indian lives, passing forevermore

As voyaging silhouettes of frail canoes
Forth into sunset from a river mouth :
Crumbling, abandoned, far to the south,
Ruins of Old-World venture, where the oaze
Covered their jetaam at the verge of seas,
Or briar and windfall overlay the forts
And mossy palisades where time prevailed
Against the explorer : — desert memories
Where Cabot or where Verrazano sailed
Stirring far strife in kings of ancient courts.

II.

This was the Abenaki land :
Till on a day among the uncounted days,
White in the sunlight, a sail
Nicked the horizon ; nearing
Over the sea, threading the island maze,
By ruddy shore and sombre headland veering,
There came a barque, tiny and frail,
But freighted with high enterprise, and manned
By hearts adventurous ; following time and chance,
Into the hill-cleft water-ways
With ceaseless ebb and flow astir,
Into the sunset blaze
Craftily steering,
High on her mast
They bore the banner of old France
To the new land Acadia ; and cast
Their anchor by this island of the bays,
At the commandment of Pierre du Gast,
And merry, brown Champlain, the king's geographer.

III.

And then the shore
That long had echoed to the lonely cries
Of wailing tern, or Indian forest-call,
First heard the cannon roar
From shipboard, rattling tackle and spar,
On sails descending to the downhaul ;
Cheer and halloo, laughter and southern song
Of rowers pulling landward ; and at night
When the ship-lantern bright
Swung in the rigging, or from island-height
The camp-fire blazed, what wonder coursed along
The darkness of the mainland, what surmise
Of humble savages, from thickets peering far
Toward the mysterious flame beneath the evening star ?

Days passed, and statelier vessels bare
 With echoing salute and trumpet-blare
 Men to the up-springing settlement :
 Gay musketeers at game with destiny
 Thronged laughing in the rough-hewn barricade ;
 While the dark priests on holy mission sent,
 Raising their symbol in rude cedar, blest
La Sainte Croix, where the Christian faith should be.
 Busily plied mattock and spade
 In virgin soil, till gardens flourished fair.
 Black-throated on the island crest
 Menacing cannon level o'er the tide
 Guarded the channels wide ;
 While the Swiss carpenters, toiling without rest,
 Built orderly around the spreading tree,
 In grassy square and meadow street arrayed,
 Forge, magazine, and chapel ; now appeared
 High on the isle, deep mirrored in the bay
 What time their banner drooped in autumn air,
 Dwellings of gentlemen,— de Beaumont and Boulay,
 Sourin, de Genestou, D'Orville, and Fougeray,
 Merry companions all ; above them reared
 The pointed gables of the leader's house, o'erlaid
 With carved wood Parisian, from the Seine conveyed
 To show the uncharted lands their seigneur's pride.

Much is untold ; nor may we ever guess
 Of this brave venture in the wilderness
 The heart and human mystery ;
 But glimpses vain
 Survive, of work by mainland waterfall
 And sunlit gardens upon either shore,
 The earliest tillage ; meagre history,
 Jotted by men of action, may recall
 How through the days and nights of rain,
 All in their covered gallery at play,
 Light hearts grew lighter till the rafters rang.
 Music of viols in the dusky hall,
 Galliardize and loud uproar
 Set feet a'dancing ; at the genial sound
 Even the surliest mariner island-bound
 Forgot his grumbling mutiny, and sang :—
 “ *Pauvre homme, 'l a tombé à la mer,*
Pauvre homme, 'l a tombé à la mer, ”

*Les autres estoient bien dans la peine,
Il vente
C'est la vent de la mer qui nous tourmente ! "*

VI.

So fled the autumn, till October snow
Swept down the river gardens : at a blow
The hard-won fields lay white and desolate,
Sky-line of fir serrate
Ran soft and billowy against the winter's blue.
In vein and marrow shivering Latins knew
The bitterness of the northwest wind, a foe
Cruelly searching every cranny through
In blinding siege of drifts around their gate.
And yet these idle, gay, fore-doomed men
Forsook not merriment ; nor was there dearth
Of young Parisian wit, whose nimble pen
Held between fingers cold, scribbled and drew
Their *Maitre Guillaume*, the bulletin of mirth.
— Thus lagged the frozen time to Christmas tide,
When frosty stars burned o'er the silence wide,
And huddled in the curé's dwelling low
Wondering worshippers of Glooscap heard
The tale, obscure in many a faltering word,
Of the Most Holy Child,
Beneath far other stars born of a Virgin mild.

VII.

Fate willed it should be otherwise ; not then
The seeds of gentle Christendom should grow
On granite ledge amid the alien fir.
To dark, lone ordeal of death in men
Of kindred race, the priest should minister.
For in the noonday of the glaring snow
Pestilence walked ; by torchlight, or the blue
Unearthly dawn of winter glimmering through
The cabin window, sped the shuddering souls
Of artisan and soldier ; sacrament
They craved, and fled beyond the silent air.
The scurvy-smitten band of comrades, pent
In icy rivers, learned of bleak despair
That Death, as cold and wide as winter, rolls
O'er farthest continent,
And brave companions vanish everywhere.
— And yet the healing miracle of spring
Came to the isle, and crosses tottering
In the upheaval of slow frost that eased

The iron limits cut in shallow graves,
Marked the full number. From the plague released
The pale survivors scanned the eastern waves
For succor ; many a day
On the brown knolls of April stood they peering
Outward and outward ; there it came — but no,
It was the ice and snow
Forth of some inlet clearing.
But southward there ! — Alas,
Only the shifting mass
More white than sail — the fisher-gulls at play.
Mayflowers died, June came ; at last, the sail —
Du Pont Gravé of Honfleur ! — whose fanfare
And cannonade they answered with a hail
Of men restored to joy ; the prison bare,
The sepulchre of frustrate dreams, flung wide
The door for their escape ; nor was it long
E'er fading sails through islets dim descried
Stole seaward like the fragment of a song :
“ *Tu le retrouvr'as en paradis !*
 Il vente
C'est la vent de la mer qui nous tourmente ! ”

VIII.

Here stands the remnant of the isle, but where
Dwell the defeated spirits, whether those
Who to Port Royal bore
The folded banner and dismantled frame
Of settlement, or those, the island dead,
Whose bones were left to wear
In slow effacement with the tidal shore ?
The hillock silver-crowned with gracile birch
Melts in the levelling centuries.
Margins forlorn of the brown ocean-bed
That flooding seas reclaim,
Show to our patient search
Few vestiges. The envious wave o'erflows
Earth and the man. Oblivion would seem
Victorious, and those eager lives a dream.
— It is not so ; for here before the seas
And everlasting hills
To witness, we do rear
Enduring bronze — we, who shall soon appear
Dream and illusion to our children.
Nature, unheeded or beloved, fulfills
Her awful purposes; ephemeral men,
The deeper marvel, shall hand on renewed

Courage, and faith, and mending destiny
For days they shall not see.
Here flows the shining river endlessly,
Here the isle echoes with their fortitude.

Brief addresses were made by M. Kleczkowski, Consul-General of France, Captain Dillingham, of the Detroit, Captain Aubry, of the Troude, and Captain Hill, of the Columbine.

The exercises were closed with the singing of "God Save the King" and "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." At the singing of "God Save the King" Captain Dillingham, of the Detroit, who was standing by the side of General Murray, left his place, and walking down the line, stood by the side of Captain Hill and joined heartily with the British captain in singing the British national hymn. Then he returned to General Murray's side and joined as heartily in the singing of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

Some of the visitors remained in Calais over Sunday, and by invitation, at a union service held on Sunday evening, Rev. H. S. Burrage, D.D., spoke on "The Religious Aspects of the de Monts Celebration."

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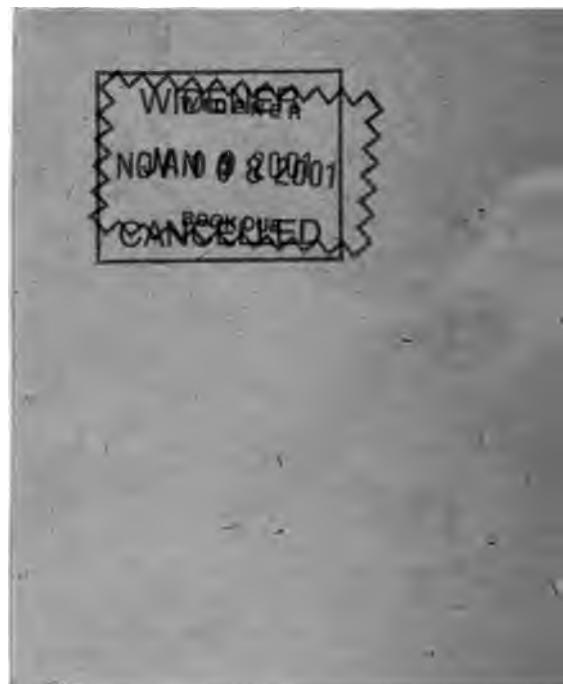
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