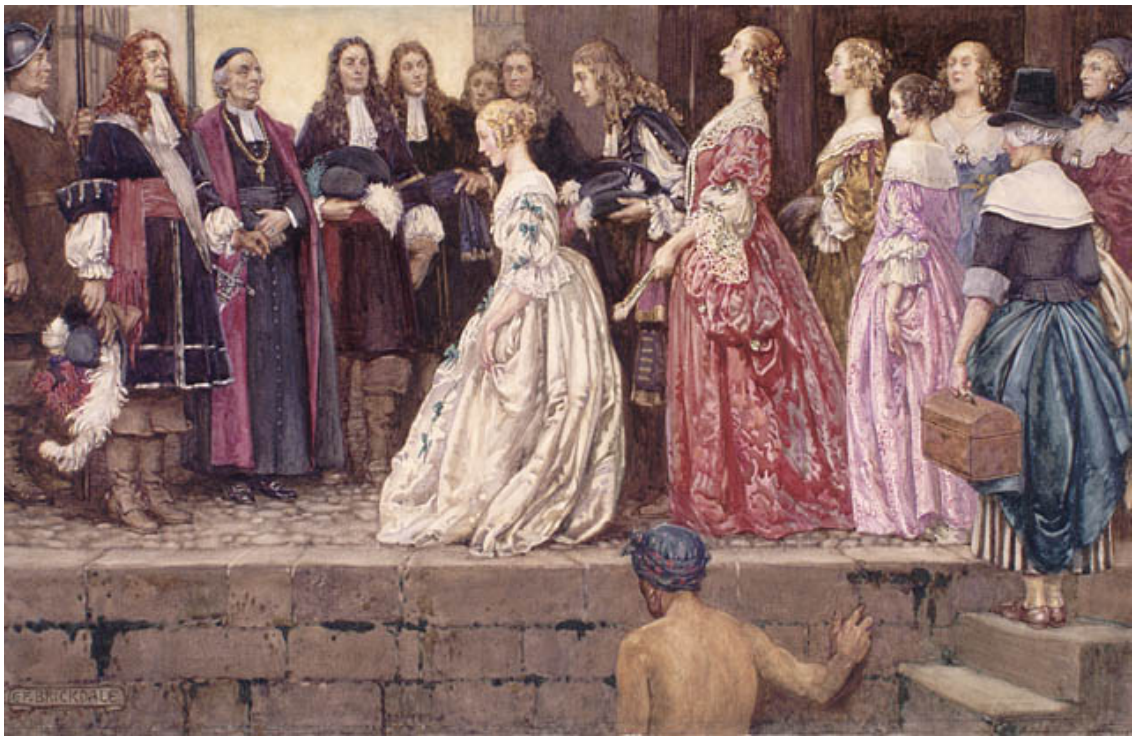
The Story of Canada

A Brilliance in the North

Adventurers Against the Odds

The Daughters of the King - La Salle's Adventures –
Tekakwitha - The Exile of Acadia - The Oath – Louisbourg



Thomas Chapais: The Daughters of the King
From *The Great Intendant: A Chronicle of Jean Talon in Canada*

From 1665 to 1671 there was an uninterrupted influx of Canadian settlers. It is recorded in a document written by Taloon himself [who oversaw New France] that in 1665 the West India Company brought to Canada for the king's account 429 men and 100 young women, and 184 men and 92 women in 1667. During these seven years there were in all 1828 state-aided immigrants to Canada. The young women were carefully selected, and it was the king's wish that they should marry promptly, in order that the greatest possible number of new families should be founded. As a matter of fact, the event was in accordance with the king's wish.

In 1665 Mother Marie de l'Incarnation wrote that the hundred girls arrived that year were nearly all provided with husbands. In 1667 she wrote again: 'This pear ninety-two girls came from France and they are already married to soldiers and labourers.' In 1670 one hundred and

fifty girls arrived, and Talon wrote on November 10: 'All the girls who came this year are married, except fifteen whom I have placed in well-known families to await the time when the soldiers who sought them for their wives are established and able to maintain them.' It was indeed a matrimonial period, and it is not surprising that marriage was the order of the day.

Every incentive to that end was brought to bear. The intendant gave fifty livres in household supplies and some provisions to each young woman who contracted marriage. According to the king's decree, each youth who married at or before the age of twenty was entitled to a gift of twenty livres, called 'the king's gift.' The same decree imposed a penalty upon all fathers who had not married their sons at twenty and their daughters at sixteen. In the same spirit, it enacted also that all Canadians having ten children living should be entitled to a pension of three hundred livres annually; four hundred livres was the reward for twelve. 'Marry early' was the royal mandate. Colbert, writing to Talon in 1668, says: 'I pray you to commend it to the consideration of the whole people, that their prosperity, their subsistence, and all that is dear to them, depend on a general resolution, never to be departed from, to marry youths at eighteen or nineteen years and girls at fourteen or fifteen; since abundance can never come to them except through the abundance of men.' And this was not enough; Colbert went on: 'Those who may seem to have absolutely renounced marriage should be made to bear additional burdens, and be excluded from all honours; it would be well even to add some mark of infamy.'

The unfortunate bachelor seems to have been treated somewhat as a public malefactor. Talon issued an order forbidding unmarried volontaires to hunt with the Indians or go into the woods, if they did not marry fifteen days after the arrival of the ships from France. And a case is recorded of one Francois Lenoir, of Montreal, who was brought before the judge because, being unmarried, he had gone to trade with the Indians. He pleaded guilty, and pledged himself to marry next year after the arrival of the ships, or failing that, to give one hundred and fifty livres to the church of Montreal and a like sum to the hospital. He kept his money and married within the term.

The matrimonial zeal of Colbert and Talon did not slight the noblemen and officers. Captain de la Mothe, marrying and taking up his abode in the country, received sixteen hundred livres. During the years 1665-68 six thousand livres were expended to aid the marriage of young gentlewomen without means, and six thousand to enable four captains, three lieutenants, five ensigns, and a few minor officers to settle and marry in the colony.

A word must be said as to the character of the young women. Some writers have cast unfair aspersions upon the girls sent out from France to marry in Canada. After a serious study of the question, we are in a position to state that these girls were most carefully selected. Some of them were orphans reared in charitable institutions under the king's protection; they were called les filles du roi. The rest belonged to honest families, and their parents, overburdened with children, were willing to send them to a new country where they would be well provided for.

In 1670 Colbert wrote to the archbishop of Rouen: 'As in the parishes about Rouen fifty or sixty girls might be found who would be very glad to go to Canada to be married, I beg you to employ your credit and authority with the cures of thirty or forty of these parishes, to try to find in each of them one or two girls disposed to go voluntarily for the sake of settlement in life.' Such was the quality of the female emigration to Canada. The girls were drawn from reputable institutions, or from good peasant families, under the auspices of the cures. During their journey to Canada they were under the care and direction of persons highly respected for their virtues and piety, such as Madame Bourdon, widow of the late attorney-general of New France, or Mademoiselle Etienne, who was appointed governess of the girls leaving for Canada by the directors of the general hospital of Paris. When young women arrived in Canada, they were either immediately married or placed for a time in good families.

The paternal policy of the minister and the intendant was favoured by the disbanding of the Carignan companies. In 1668 the regiment was recalled to France; four companies only were left in Canada to garrison the forts. The officers and soldiers of the companies withdrawn were entreated to remain as settlers, and about four hundred decided to make their home in Canada. They were generously subsidized. Each soldier electing to settle in the colony received one hundred livres, or fifty livres with provisions for one year, at his choice. Each sergeant received one hundred and fifty livres, or one hundred livres with one year's provisions. The officers also were given liberal endowments. Among them were: Captains de Contrecoeur, de Saint-Ours, de Sorel, Dugue de Boisbriant, Lieutenants Gaultier de Varennes and Margane de la Valtrie; Ensigns Paul Dupuis, Becard de Grandville, Pierre Monet de Moras, Francois Jarret de Vercheres.

The strenuous efforts of Colbert and Talon could not but give a great impulse to population. The increase was noticeable. In November 1671 Talon wrote:

> *His Majesty will see by the extracts of the registers of baptisms that the number of children this year is six or seven hundred; and in the coming years we may hope for a substantial increase. There is some reason to believe that, without any further female immigration, the country will see more than one hundred marriages next year. I consider it unnecessary to send girls next year; the better to give the habitants a chance to marry their own girls to soldiers desirous of settling. Neither will it be*

necessary to send young ladies, as we received last year fifteen, instead of the four who were needed for wives of officers and notables.

H. E. Marshall: La Salle's Adventures
From *Our Empire Story*

When these wanderers of the woods [voyageurs] came to the towns to sell their furs, they brought with them many wonderful stories of the sights they had seen far in the unknown wilds. Among other things, they talked of a "great water" of which the Indians told wonderful tales. They called it the Mississippi or Father of Waters. Then men began to ask what this great water was. Was it perhaps the fabled passage to the Indies, which many a brave sailor had given his life to find? If it could be found, would it lead at last to the Vermilion Sea, to China, to the spice lands, and the glories of the East?

Many people set out to find this great water, and at last a priest named Marquette and an explorer named Joliet discovered the Mississippi. They sailed far down it, past where the yellow, angry waters of the Missouri join it. On and on southward they went, until at length they became sure that the great river did not flow across America and fall into the Pacific Ocean as they had thought, but southward into the Gulf of Mexico. Having made sure of this they turned home again with the news of their great discovery.

Among the many French adventurers was a man named Réné Robert Cavelier, Sieur de la Salle. He is generally called La Salle, and is one of the best known of the Canadian explorers.

Like others, La Salle had heard of the great water and was eager to follow it all the way to its mouth. So with a friend called Tonty he gathered a company, and went to explore.

Tonty, like La Salle, was brave and fearless, and he was much dreaded by the Indians. He had only one hand, the other having been shot off while he was fighting once in Europe. So he had an iron hand made to replace the one he had lost, and he always wore a glove [65] over it. Once or twice when the Red Men had been unruly he had brought them to order by knocking them down with this hand. Not knowing that it was of iron, they wondered at his power and strength, and called him a "medicine man" and feared him greatly.

La Salle was one of the most unlucky of men, and now he had many and terrible difficulties to fight. He had enemies who did their best to hinder and ruin him. His own men even were not true to him, besides which he had to fight with storms, and cold and heat, hunger and thirst, and not least, with savage Indians. But he was so brave and determined that nothing made him give in.

Before La Salle began his exploration, he built a ship Which he called the *Griffin*. In it he sailed up Lake Erie and Lake Michigan. It was the first time that a sailing-boat had ever been seen on these great inland seas, and the Indians came to wonder and stare at it in astonishment.

La Salle had not much money, so from Lake Michigan he sent the *Griffin* back to Montreal with a load of furs, giving the captain orders to sell them and return with goods needful for the expedition, as soon as possible.

When the *Griffin* had sailed, La Salle journeyed on with the rest of his men to the head of Lake Michigan, and there he awaited the return of his ship.

But the *Griffin* never came again. In vain La Salle waited and watched for a white sail. No white sail ever appeared. What became of the *Griffin* will never be known.

Somewhere upon the great lakes it was lost, with all the men on board. Not one returned to tell the fate of the others.

While La Salle waited and watched in vain for the [66] return of the *Griffin*, the good days were passing, winter was coming. At length he gave up hope of seeing his ship again, and made up his mind to go on without the fresh supplies he had sent for. So, through many trials and dangers, suffering from cold and hunger, the little band pushed on. For La Salle, perhaps, the hardest trial of all was that his men did not believe in him. Nearly all were discontented, and many were afraid of the difficulties and dangers of the way. Two, indeed, were so afraid that they ran away.

At length La Salle made up his mind to rest for the winter on the banks of the river Illinois. Here he built a fort which he called Fort Créve-Coeur, or Heart-Break. But in spite of the sad name he gave his fort, La Salle showed that he had not quite lost heart, for he began to build another ship to take the place of the *Griffin*.

But soon La Salle found that he had not many things which were needed for the ship. To get them, some one must return to Montreal, and La Salle resolved to go himself.

Taking with him one Indian and four other Frenchmen, La Salle set out on his terrible walk of a thousand miles. Tonty with the rest—some sixteen men—remained behind to guard the fort and work at the ship until their leader's return.

This journey of La Salle was tiresome beyond belief. With the first days of spring the snow began to thaw, and thawing it turned the prairies into wide and endless marshes, in which the travellers sank to their knees, or sometimes even to their waists. They could not walk upon the rivers, for the melting ice was not strong enough to bear them. Neither could they sail down them, for the broken ice would have smashed their frail canoes to pieces. So they scrambled along the [67] banks, sometimes forcing their way through forests so dense, that their clothes were torn to rags and their faces so scratched and bleeding that they hardly knew each other.

They had to suffer both from cold and heat. The sun at midday blazed upon them, at night the frost was bitter. During the day they were often drenched with rain or half-melted snow, at night their soaking clothes would freeze. At night, wet and weary, they lay down to sleep around their camp fire, in the morning they awoke to find themselves encased in frosted armour.

Worn out with the terrible hardships of the journey, one after another the men fell ill. But at length, after more than two months crowded with pain and toil and danger, they reached Fort Frontenac, and found rest and shelter.

La Salle’s troubles were not ended. At Fort Frontenac he was greeted with the news that a ship from France, laden with goods for him, had been wrecked. This was indeed bad news. But La Salle was not to be daunted. He at once set to work to gather fresh supplies, and made ready to start back to Fort Heart-Break, there to join his friends.

Then the worst news of all came. A letter from Tonty arrived to tell La Salle that soon after he had left, nearly all his men had mutinied. They had destroyed the fort, robbed the storehouse, and what they could not carry away they had thrown into the river. They had gone, leaving Tonty and four or five faithful men helpless and alone in the wilderness.

La Salle had been eager to set out. Now that he heard this evil news he was more eager still. He felt that there was no time to lose, and that he must find and help his friend at once.

But when, after a long and difficult journey, La Salle reached Fort Heart-Break again, there was no sign of any human being. The fort was ruined and deserted, and only the great staring ribs of the unfinished ship were left to show that white men had been there. No sign of Tonty or his faithful few was to be seen.

Never for a moment, however, did La Salle give in. [69] He spent the winter in making friends with the Indians, and in trying in every way to hear news of Tonty, and at last, when spring came again, the two friends met. They had much to tell each other. But it was a tale of sorrow and failure on both sides. Yet La Salle was not beaten, and once more he set out with Tonty on his travels. But now he gave up the idea of building a ship, and the expedition started down the river in canoes.

It was the middle of winter before everything was ready. The river was frozen over, so the men made sledges, put their canoes upon them, and in this way dragged them over the ice. As they went southward it became warmer, spring came, and the ice began to melt. The sledges were of no more use, and for a time neither were the canoes, for the river soon became full of broken floating ice, through which it was impossible to paddle. But at length the ice was nearly all melted; they reached a clear and open stream, and, launching the canoes, they sailed swiftly onward.

Every day as they sailed they left winter further and further behind. The sun shone pleasantly; spring flowers nodded to them from the banks; the drooping trees put on a beautiful soft green. It seemed as if their troubles were over. On and on they floated easily down stream, through the smiling spring land, which no white man had ever before beheld. At last they reached their journey's end, and stood upon the shores of the Gulf of Mexico.

On that lonely shore these few white men raised a pillar. Upon it they carved the arms of France and the words, "Louis the Great, King of France and Navarre, reigns, 9th April 1682." The white flag of France, with its golden *fleur-de-lis*, floated out upon the breeze, and the silence was broken for the first time by the sound of guns and the shouts of "God save the King."

[70] When the sound of the shouting died away, the men raised their voices once again. This time they sang a hymn of praise to God. Then with drawn sword La Salle stood beside the pillar. "In the name of the most high, mighty, invincible, and victorious Prince, Louis the Great, by the Grace of God, King of France and of Navarre," he cried, "I do now take possession of this country of Louisiana, the seas, harbours, ports, bays, and all the nations, peoples, cities, towns, villages, mines, fisheries, streams, and rivers, within the said Louisiana from the mouth of the great river Ohio along the river Mississippi, and all the rivers which flow into it from its source to its mouth at the sea."

Then a cross was raised beside the pillar. Once more the guns rang out, once more shouts of "God save the King" awoke the silent echoes of the forest, and men's voices raised a Latin hymn of praise. To France a new kingdom had been added.

If you will look on the map you will see what a great region La Salle had claimed. He himself had no idea how great it was. You will see that the British colonies lay like a narrow strip between the Alleghanies and the sea, while the French had claimed all that lay behind; that is, all the country which is now the United States, as well as the whole of Canada.

It was a vast kingdom, and could not be held by France through the mere planting of a pillar. This La Salle well knew, though he himself did not guess how large a tract of land he had claimed. Now he formed a plan by which this kingdom might be held. His plan was to build a town at the mouth of the Mississippi, and forts all along its banks at certain distances. These forts would be resting-places for traders, and would form a barrier against the British, shutting [71] them more than ever out from the unknown west. All the trade of Canada could then be borne down the Mississippi to the town at its mouth, which would thus grow into a great seaport. From there white-winged vessels would glide out to all parts of the world, and so great wealth and glory would be added to the crown of France.

Such was La Salle's dream. But meanwhile he had to battle his way up stream, back through savage wilderness to the dwellings of white men. And it was not until he had passed through many more adventures and dangers that he reached Quebec once more. From there he set sail for France, eager to tell the king of all that he had done, and of all that he hoped still to do.

King Louis received La Salle kindly, and gave him the help he asked. Soon four ships set sail from France filled with soldiers, workmen, and colonists, bringing with them all things needful to found a city.

La Salle sailed for the Gulf of Mexico, and meant to land at the mouth of the Mississippi, which he had reached before by paddling down the river. But coming at it from the sea was very different from coming to it from the land. La Salle could not find the place, and sailed more than a hundred miles beyond it. When at last they landed, the colonists were already disheartened. They had lost two ships: one had run upon rocks, the other had been taken by the Spaniards, who claimed the Gulf of Mexico as their own, threatening with death any who dared to enter it. On the way out, La Salle had quarrelled with his officers. Things from first to last went ill, and so it was with little spirit in the task that the colonists set about building their wooden houses.

Two years of struggle, toil, and misery followed the [72] landing. "This pleasant land seemed to us an abode of weariness and an eternal prison," wrote one of the company. Sickness and death thinned their numbers, till at the end of these two years, of the two hundred men and women who had set sail, scarcely forty remained. And these were but a ragged and forlorn band. Their clothes were in such tatters that they were glad to make coats of sail cloth; their food was near an end. Gladly would they have left their prison, but they knew not how. In vain they strained their eyes seawards, hoping for the sight of a friendly, fearing to see a Spanish, sail. Sadly they thought of their beloved France, which they had left with such light hearts. They longed to return, but no ship came. They were alone, forsaken, and lost in that far land.

At length La Salle made up his mind to try to find his way back to Canada by land, and bring help from there to the forlorn colony. So one morning there was a sad scene within the walls of the little fort, as those who went said farewell to those who stayed. Many tears were shed as last handshakes were given, last good-byes said. Then the little band set out on the long and terrible journey northward.

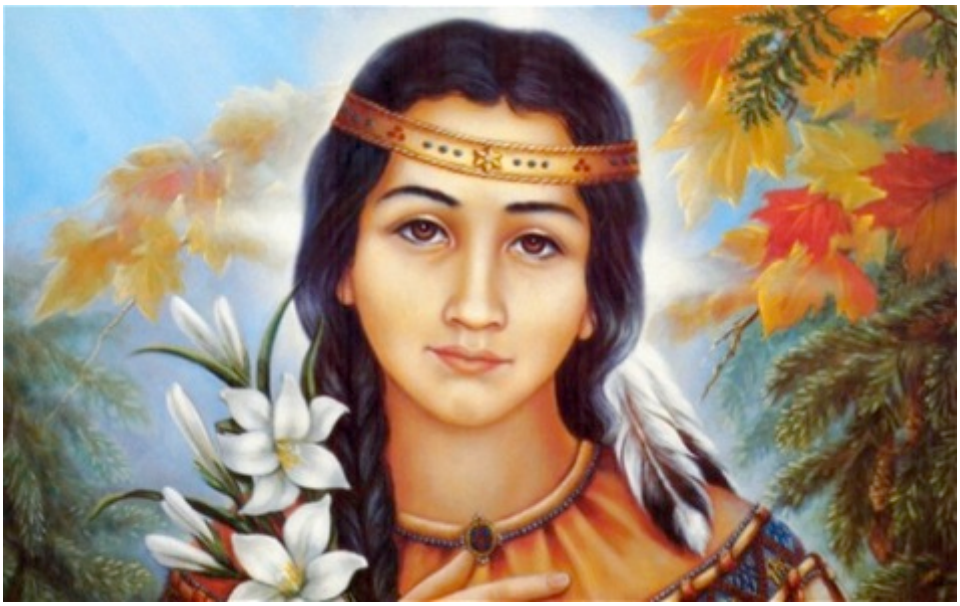
They were a quaint and ragged party. Some wore the clothes they had brought from France, now much patched and darned; some wore coats of sailcloth; some the skins of wild animals. They were but ill prepared for their long and perilous journey through prairie and forest, by stream and lake. Yet in the brave, unyielding heart of La Salle, there was still hope.

La Salle was brave and strong, and his friends loved him well. But these friends were few. To most people he was cold and haughty, and he made many enemies. Now bitter hate and discontent filled the hearts of some [73] Of his men. As the difficulties and hardships of the way grew greater, their hatred grew deeper, and at last one morning they shot their leader dead. "There thou liest, there thou liest, great Bashaw," cried one, rejoicing as he saw his enemy lie dead upon the ground. The mutineers then stripped the body of all its clothes and left it naked and unburied, a prey to the wild beasts. So he who would have founded a kingdom and made France great among the nations, lies in a nameless, unknown grave. Of what became of his murderers little is known. By man, at least, they went unpunished.

No help ever came to the little colony La Salle had left behind him. It was attacked by Indians; nearly all the colonists were killed, the rest scattered. La Salle's brilliant dream ended in nothingness, but he had shown his countrymen the way. Other great men followed

him who were more successful, and it seemed for a time as if France would indeed hold the great possessions claimed for her in the New World.

Ellen H. Walworth: Tekakwitha
From *The Life and Times of Kateri Tekakwitha*



Kateri Tekakwitha was born in the year 1656. Her father was a Mohawk warrior, and her mother a Christian Algonquin captive, who had been brought up and baptized among the French settlers at Three Rivers in Canada. The Iroquois, or People of the Long House, including the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas, were enemies of the Algonquin tribes and hostile to the French.

The Mohawks especially were accustomed to make frequent raids on the settlements in Canada, leaving desolation behind them on the St. Lawrence, and bearing with them to their own valley rich booty, and also captives to be tortured and burned, or else adopted into the Five Nations of Iroquois to swell their numbers. If Frenchmen, these captives were often held as prisoners of war, and haughty terms made for their ransom. It happened on one of these raids into Canada that Tekakwitha's mother, the Algonquin, was thus captured. Torn suddenly from a peaceful home and the French friends who were teaching her "the prayer," she was hurried through the lakes and woods of a strange country, along the great war-trail that leads from the St. Lawrence to the Mohawk through north-eastern New York. Fast following in the path of [Pg 14] Jogues, the light canoe that bore her came southward with the braves, and their trophies of war, through Lake Champlain and then Lake George, the newly christened Lake St. Sacrament. Little did the captive dream that ever a child of hers would take that same long journey back again, an exile from the home that she was then approaching, all unconscious of her fate. A home, indeed, awaited her coming in the land of the Mohawks. She was saved from the torture and the fire by a fierce, pagan Mohawk warrior, who took the young Algonquin for his wife. The gentle girl had captured the heart of her conqueror.

…Tekakwitha's father may have been one of the ten Mohawk oyanders, but there is more reason to believe that he belonged to a class of war-chiefs who took part only in councils of war. In 1656 these war-chiefs were very influential, for the Iroquois had set out on a wild career of conquest, the warlike Mohawks as usual taking the lead. The very same year that the little Mohawk-Algonquin was born in their land, they swept like a tornado over Isle Orleans, near Quebec. They carried off to their castles the last remnant of the Huron people, who, far from their own land, had gathered near the French guns for protection. These Hurons from the shores of Lake Huron belonged to the Iroquois stock, as distinguished from the Algonquin races. In very early times they had come down to the settlements on the St. Lawrence to trade with the French, and zealous Jesuit missionaries had accompanied them on their return to their own country. After great hardships these missionaries had succeeded in making them Christians, when, as the final result of an old feud, these Huron-Iroquois, as they are often called, were driven from their homes in the Northwest by the Iroquois of the League, and wiped completely out of existence as a nation.

[No Frenchmen but the missionaries would venture into Iroquois lands, yet the black-robed Jesuits were captured on most occasions that they tried to visit the people, and most were killed.]

Not one blackgown was now left among the Five Nations of Iroquois. The Algonquin mother at Gandawague had been unable to profit by their brief stay in the land, and her life grew ever sadder towards its close. She was finally laid low by a terrible disease, the small-pox, which spread like wild fire through the Mohawk nation in 1659 and 1660. Her brave, an early victim to this redman's plague, soon lay cold in death, and with aching heart she too bade good-by to the world, leaving her helpless children alone and struggling with the disease in a desolate lodge in a desolate land…. Tekakwitha's brother shared the fate of her parents. All three died within the space of a few days. Overshadowed by death and disease when she was only four years old, the little Indian child alone remained of the family. How she won her name is not known, though Indian names have always a meaning. They are never arbitrarily given. The word "Tekakwitha," as M. Cuoq, the philologist, translates it, means "One who approaches moving something before her." Marcoux, the author of a complete Iroquois dictionary, renders it, "One who puts things in order."[13]

It has been suggested in reference to M. Cuoq's interpretation, that the name may have been given to her on account of a peculiar manner of walking caused by her imperfect sight; for it is related that the small-pox so injured her eyes that for a long time she was obliged to shade them from a strong light. It is possible that in groping or feeling her way while a child, she may have held out her hands in a way that suggested the pushing[Pg 37] of something in front of her, and thus have received her name.

."Those into whose hands Tekakwitha fell when her mother died, resolved to have her marry very soon, and with this object they brought her up [trying to make her love jewelry and flirting with the young boys,] but the little Tekakwiha…. had a natural indifference for all these things. …

"There was a sort of child-marriage in vogue among the Iroquois. Certain agreements of theirs were called marriage, which amounted to nothing more than a bond of friendship between the parents, rendered more firm by giving away a child, who was often still in the cradle; thus they married a girl to a little boy. This was done at a time when Tekakwitha was still very small…

The little girl was only about eight years old; the boy was hardly older than herself. They were both of the same humor, both very good children; and the little boy troubled himself no more about the marriage than did the girl."

It was a mere formality; but it shows how early Tekakwitha's relatives began to think of establishing her in life….

In the summer following De Courselle's expedition, ten deputies from the nations of the Iroquois League met at Quebec, and signed a treaty of peace. In addition to strange pictures which were the marks of the Indian chiefs, the document bears the signature of Daniel de Courselle, Governor of Canada, and that of "Lord de Tracy, member of his Majesty's councils and Lieutenant-General of his armies both in the Islands and mainland of South and North America." The treaty is also signed by the Jesuits, Le Mercier and Chaumonot, as interpreters of the Iroquois and Huron languages. It states that the orator and chief, called Soenres, announced "the object of the Embassy by ten talks expressed by as many presents," and also that he brought letters from the officers of New Netherland. The substance of his harangue was that the Indians wanted peace, and they asked that blackgowns might be sent to teach them. They promised to listen to their preaching and to adore the God of the French. They also offered to trade with the Canadians by way of Lake St. Sacrament, and assured them of a welcome in their lodges. What more could be desired? But, alas! scarcely were the ambassadors two or three days' journey[Pg 76] from Quebec, when news came of the surprisal by the Mohawks of some Frenchmen belonging to Fort St. Anne who had gone to the chase, and of the murder of a captain in the Carignan regiment.

The time for peace had not yet come. The Mohawks had not been fairly represented in the embassy; they were far from being awed by the fruitless march of De Courselle to the Mohawk Valley. The French had yet to strike the decisive blow. M. de Tracy resolved, "despite his advanced age, to lead in person against these Barbarians an army composed of six hundred soldiers drafted from all the companies, and of six hundred *habitans* of the country," to which were added one hundred Huron and Algonquin savages. This was more than twice the number of the original army of De Courselle, who, still bent on victory, determined to accompany this second expedition. The general rendezvous was at Fort St. Anne, newly built, as had been planned, on an island in Lake Champlain. On the 3d of October, 1666, all were ready to start. Three hundred vessels were there to bear them over the placid bosom of the lake, whose wooded shores were now aglow with October coloring. The vessels were light batteaux and bark canoes, which could be carried from lake to lake and from stream to stream. There was great difficulty at the carries, however, with two small cannon which they took with them for the purpose of forcing the Iroquois fortifications. Grown wiser by experience, they also made sure of their guides.

The expedition moved forward as secretly and noiselessly as possible through Lake Champlain and then Lake George; but the quick eye of an Iroquois[Pg 77] hunter, high on a mountain, espied the fleet of batteaux on the lake, and bounding through the forest to the first, or Turtle, castle on the Mohawk, his cry of alarm startled the people of Gandawague, and Tekakwitha among the

rest, from their accustomed occupations. Hastily gathering together their treasures, they fled at once to Andagoron, the Castle of the Bears. Thence, after spreading the alarm through the outlying hamlets and holding a hurried consultation, they all retired to Tionnontogen, the third, or Castle of the Wolves, hidden behind the Nose. There they stored an abundant supply of grain, and prepared to defend themselves. This castle of Tionnontogen was the strongest of their fortifications. It had a triple palisade. The spot where it stood can easily be found at the present day. One has but to leave the West Shore Railway at Spraker's Basin,—a small station on the south side of the Mohawk River, just east of Canajoharie and Palatine Bridge,—then follow a road which winds up the hill to a farm a few rods distant, which was owned in 1885 by Mitchell. Like the other village-sites, already described, it is on high ground, or the upper-river terrace. Near the farm-house is a large spring, surrounded by shade-trees, in the centre of a meadow. It is now frequented principally by thirsty cows; but it was once the chief water-supply of the Mohawk castle. Behind the house is a perfectly level plateau; from it the land descends on its northern side by steep terraces to the Mohawk, and to the west it sinks rapidly into a picturesque ravine, where strawberries, wintergreen berries, rare ferns, and little pink flowers grow in abundance. Flat Creek flows through the ravine. On this plateau many iron hatchets and[Pg 78] wagon-loads of Indian relics of various kinds have been found.[33]

There the castle of Tionnontogen stood at the time of De Tracy's expedition. The view up the river at that point is extensive and beautiful; but in the opposite direction, or down the river, a sharp turn of the valley shuts out from sight the narrow opening or pass between the Nose and the other similar mountain on the south side of the river, which, as one travels round the bend, seems to approach and finally to overlap it. The name of the castle was significant,—Tionnontogen, or "Two Mountains approaching." Where else could it possibly have been in the whole valley but right there by the Nose? Their friends, the Oneidas, lay to the westward of them, and their enemies mostly to the eastward; it was but natural, then, that they should build their principal fort far enough up the river to bring it behind the overlapping mountains. In order to reach Tionnontogen the army of De Tracy had to come through that narrow pass. The people who were lying in wait at the castle, though on high ground, would not therefore be able to see their enemies approaching till they had rounded the Nose, and were close upon them.

After disembarking at the head of the lake, De Tracy led his army, by way of an Indian trail, southeasterly about nine miles to Glenn's Falls,[34] where he crossed the Hudson, thence passing south of Moreau Pond and east[Pg 79] of Mount McGregor, through Doe's Corners, near Stiles Hill, and then near Glen Mitchell to Saratoga Springs, following substantially the present highway along the base of the ridge of hills south of Mount McGregor. From Saratoga the expedition passed near Ballston, and thence slightly curving seems to have proceeded in a very direct course to the Mohawk castles, which lay off to the westward. One of the trails leading in that direction struck the Mohawk River at Kinaquariones, or Hoffman's Ferry, and another at Amsterdam. From this latter point, a short march up the Mohawk Valley brought De Tracy to Gandawague. One after another, he captured the deserted towns of the Mohawks without striking a single blow. First Gandawague, then Andagoron,—both on the south side of the river,—with possibly one or more smaller towns, fell into his hands; and on he went to Tionnontogen, marching proudly up the valley with his two cannon, brought with such difficulty from Canada, and his Algonquin allies, who had faithfully guided him into the very heart of the Mohawk country, and his brave army of twelve hundred picked men, armed *cap-a-pie* in all the panoply of civilized warfare. Never before was anything like it seen in that wild region. Only three or four

hundred Mohawk warriors, all told, were gathered behind the palisades of Tionnontogen to oppose him. There was no time to summon their allies, the Oneidas, to their assistance. The movements of the French had been too rapid. They had only time to crowd together the women and children into their strongest fortress of defence, and there await the result, whatever it might be.

Could the Mohawks soon forget the ruin that the[Pg 80] French soldiers wrought on their way from Gandawague? Even the child Tekakwitha must have been stirred with a feeling of indignation and a cruel sense of wrong, as that foreign army came nearer and nearer to her place of refuge, moving steadily on through her own fair valley, with a march like the march of fate,—destroying all that came in its way, wreaking its vengeance on corn-field and cabin, in baffled fury at finding no foe to slay. With ever increasing horror and anxious bewilderment, she watched and waited with her people in the castle of Tionnontogen. Her uncle and all the Canienga warriors had staked everything they possessed on its defence. They had stored their provisions for the winter carefully away inside of its stout palisade. It was, as already mentioned, a triple palisade, twenty feet in height, and flanked by four bastions; that is to say, there were three distinct rows of upright posts encircling the town. [35] The main or central wall of thick-set overlapping palisadoes had an inner and an outer platform, or scaffolding, near the top, running all the way round. These platforms, being nineteen or twenty feet above the ground, extended horizontally from the central to the inner and outer walls of palisadoes. The latter were higher, and not so compact as the central wall. These outside palisadoes, reaching almost to a man's height above the platform, were set short spaces apart, and covered near the top with a solid surface of thick bark. This protected the warriors when they stood high on the outer platform to fire their guns and aim their arrows at the enemy over the top of this bark breastwork. Just behind them, on the inner and adjoining platform, were numerous bark[Pg 81] tanks containing an abundant supply of water to be used in extinguishing any fire that might be started at the base of the palisade. This was the form of attack they most dreaded. To make the approach more difficult, they also dug trenches between the walls of palisadoes, and especially on the outer side, heaping up the earth at the base of the fortifications. Then, too, before the enemy could get at the palisade at all, they had to break through a low bark fence which stood some distance outside of the triple wall, built there for the purpose of breaking the force of an attack. If the foe succeeded in starting a fire at the base of the main wall, a flood of water was poured down at once through holes in the high platform by the warriors who were defending the castle. In cases of this kind the women assisted by keeping up the supply of water. Such were the methods of defence in use at Tionnontogen in 1666. They had proved effectual against all the efforts of savage foes. But let us see if they prove equally so against the skilful manœuvres of De Tracy's civilized army, now close at hand? Tekakwitha's uncle may have had his doubts as to this; but nevertheless the bark tanks were well filled, and all was made ready to give the foe a defiant reception. The warriors were in fighting gear, and hourly waiting the attack.

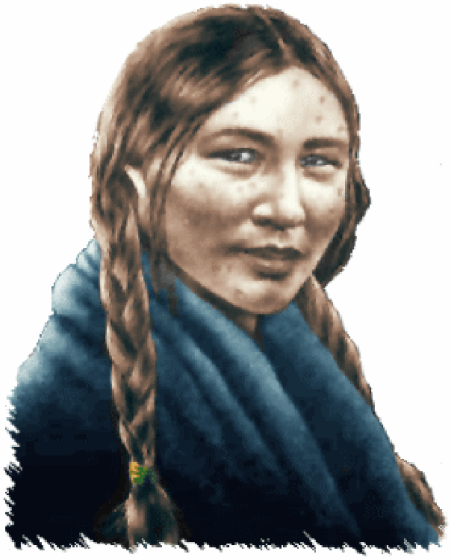
It was just at this time that several Indian captives of other tribes held by these Mohawks were brought out to be tortured and burned with solemn rites in the public square of Tionnontogen; thus they hoped to propitiate their war-god, Aireskoi. Tekakwitha would not on any account show herself during this ceremony, as she never had the cruel spirit which the savage women[Pg 82] often showed. Chauchetière tells us that she could not endure to see harm done to any one, and that she thought it a sin to go to see a man burned.

This heathen rite was scarcely over, when the women and children were suddenly withdrawn from Tionnontogen Castle; a council of war, it seems, had changed the plans of the braves. Those who could not fight were hurried off to the higher hills behind the fortified plateau, and concealed in the woods; the warriors alone remained in the town. As the advancing army of De Tracy came within reach of their bullets and arrows, they kept up a sharp fire from the palisade; but they no sooner saw the French soldiers deliberately pause, plant their cannon, and prepare to attack their wooden castle in regular form, than the utter hopelessness of the contest dawned fully upon them. Without waiting to receive the opening fire of the French cannon, they quickly deserted their primitive fortifications, leaving behind them a few helpless old men who did not wish to move and the half-roasted victims of the demon's sacrifice. De Tracy lost no time in taking possession of this last stronghold of the Canienga nation; without loss of life he and his army entered Tionnontogen Castle in triumph.

The child Tekakwitha, concealed in the forest near at hand, must have heard the solemn swell of the *Te Deum* as it rose with one accord, full, rich, and clear, from the ranks of the conquering army. Never before had she heard that strange, sweet chorus of sound. The Mohawk Valley had often echoed with the war-whoop and the shriek of the tortured captive; it had rung at times with the harvest-song, and had[Pg 83] caught up the wailing chant of the League over many a dead chief's body. But the solemn music of the *Te Deum* which now reached her ears was unlike any of these, and the tall cross that the soldiers of France raised over the ashes of Aireskoi's fire in the public square of Tionnontogen cast unfamiliar shadows on the long Mohawk cabins clustered silent and empty within the triple wall. Father Raffeix, the chaplain, said Mass there, thinking perhaps of Isaac Jogues, and praying for the heathen Indians who were hiding in the forest. He did not then know how soon the rustic chapel of St. Mary of the Mohawks would be standing there with open door to welcome them to prayer. While this first Mass was being said at Tionnontogen, the Mohawk warriors, moody and sullen, were gathered near their families. A low and mournful wail from the women called the attention of all to the blazing palisades of Tionnontogen. The crackling fire kindled by their enemies lit up with a lurid glare the now retiring army of De Tracy, for he speedily retraced his steps, and was soon hidden from view behind the mountains at the Nose. As he moved on down the valley whence he came, the armor of his twelve hundred men flashed back again and again the blaze of a ruined Mohawk town; all their castles were burned. At the "Fort of Andaraque,"—to use the words of an old document

(probably meaning Gandawague),—De Tracy paused on the 17th of October to take solemn possession of the conquered country in the name of the King of France. In token thereof, he planted another cross, and near it a post, to which he affixed the arms of Louis XIV. Tekakwitha, with her aunts and her mother's[Pg 84] friend Tegonhatsihongo, must have seen these emblems at the door of the smoking palisade when they went back to find what was left of their blackened lodges on the bank of Auries Creek.

De Tracy, the gray-haired conqueror, now returned to Canada; and the unhappy Mohawks, in straggling bands, sought out their desolated homes,—secure in life and limb, to be sure, but bereft of all provisions for the winter. No golden ears of corn hung, as usual, from their lodge-poles. They had no furs, no beans, no nut-oil. They were forced to live in temporary huts, and to wait in hunger and cold for the coming of the spring-time. Thus, in sorrow and destitution, Tekakwitha passed a dreary winter among the ruins of Gandawague, doing her best as usual to put things in order. During this time she lived on what roots and berries could be found, and a scant allowance of the game her uncle caught. Spring came at last; and a busy one it was for the houseless Mohawks. With the genial warmth that quickly followed, there came also a strange, new gleam of light to the young Tekakwitha.



The year 1667 found Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas at peace with the Canadian settlers. This blessed peace crowned with success the persevering efforts of Garacontié, and brought the long-deferred answer to the prayer of Tekakwitha's mother. Onnontio was appeased; Frenchmen and Iroquois could now clasp hands, and the lovers of peace on either side—an ever increasing party—came boldly forward, asserting their claim to be heard, and holding all turbulent spirits in check. There was nothing to be lost, and much to be gained on both sides by peace. The French could now increase their trade, and the Iroquois were glad once more to turn their arms against aggressive Indian neighbors. The Mohegans, or Loups, on the Hudson, uniting with those of New England, were growing haughty and insolent to the Mohawk

people, making raids on their hunting-grounds, and taking advantage of their temporary distress to settle old scores; this trouble, however, was still a side issue. It caused just uneasiness enough to make the Mohawks anxious for the speedy return of their deputies from Quebec, with full assurance of a permanent peace with the French. All through the spring of 1667, Tekakwitha's [Pg 86] people were clearing new corn-fields on the north side of the Mohawk, and choosing new sites for their castles. Tionnontogen, the capital, claiming their first share of attention, was hastily rebuilt higher up the river and still on the south side, being now a quarter of a league from its old site. The populations of Gandawague and Andagoron were divided; some remained at the old half-ruined castles, and others moved across the river as rapidly as they could build cabins for themselves

[One day, three traveling Jesuit priests were] detained three days in the lodge of Tekakwitha's uncle at the Turtle Castle. "The first knowledge she received of Christianity was given her by the Jesuit missionaries who were sent to the Iroquois nations by M. de Tracy. They passed on their way through the town where she lived, and lodged in her cabin. She was charged with their entertainment, of which she acquitted herself in a manner which surprised them. She had herself been struck at the sight of them, and felt in her heart strange sentiments.... The fervor and recollectedness of these Jesuit Fathers at their prayers inspired her[Pg 91] with the desire to pray with them; this desire she expressed to them; indeed they quickly divined it from her actions, and instructed her in the great truths of Christianity as well as their short stay in the town permitted, and quitted her with a regret fully reciprocated on her part."

…."She was charged with the task of lodging the missionaries and attending to their wants. The modesty and sweetness with which she acquitted herself of this duty touched her new guests; while she on her part was struck with their affable manners, their regularity in prayer, and the other exercises into which they divided the day."

Had they remained longer in the village, she would probably have asked for baptism.

As it was, she stole silently out of the lodge in the dusk of evening to bring water for the simple Indian[Pg 92] repast she was preparing for her guests, and all the while her thought was alive with God,—the God she had never known, the God of the pale-face and of the Mohawk as well (for this much they had told her in their broken utterance of her own language); he was the God, too, of their Mohegan enemies. Here, indeed, was a new idea to the Mohawk girl. She had heard her people mention the God of the French, no doubt, and had wondered if he were kind like Tharonyawagon or cruel like Aireskoi; but this God whom the blackgowns told her of, was not *their* Lord and "Master of Life" any more than *hers*. He was the God of all men, whether they worshipped him or not,—of pale-face and redskin, of Mohawk and Mohegan. …

This Rawenniio, this true God, was everywhere; he could hear the whispered prayer of the blackgown there in the lodge, and he could speak to her inmost heart even if she were quite alone in the forest. How she was stirred at the thought! "Will he speak to me now?" she said. "Does he know I am thinking of him?" She stopped at the foot of a great tree, poising her jug on her shoulder, and listened with innocent simplicity. "God of the blackgown! God of my mother! Rawenniio!" was the cry of her heart,—"speak to me, here in the forest,—speak to me, if it is true what the blackgown says!" Lifting her hand and her eyes, she looked up through the branches of the giant tree, far beyond what her dim eyes saw, far as her simple thought could reach; and though Tekakwitha heard no audible voice in the forest answering[Pg 93] to her new-

found cry, there was a dim but rapturous hope in her heart, cheering with happy omen her budding faith and her growing love for something more than the world of Tharonyawagon could give her,—something more than fruitful corn-fields, sunshine on the running water of the Mohawks, a strong, true brave to love her, and the Happy Hunting-Grounds beyond. They could not be much fairer, after all, than were the hunting-grounds of her nation at Saratoga, where Father Jogues had cut a cross deep into the bark of a tree, and had almost perished with hunger because he would not eat the meat that was offered to Aireskoi. Tekakwitha was not long in choosing between Aireskoi and Rawenniio.

While her mind was dwelling on such thoughts as these, she must have sought out the ravine near

It is time for Tekakwitha to marry," said her aunts. Her uncle was of the same opinion. "She will make a desirable wife," they thought, "a docile and a useful one. It will be easy to find a brave young hunter for her, who will be glad to live in the lodge of the leading chief at Caughnawaga. Then there will always be plenty of game brought to the lodge for food, and a good supply of furs to exchange at Albany for the goods of the *cloth-workers*." Thus the adopted parents of the young girl put their wise old heads together, and soon Tekakwitha's peace of mind was sadly disturbed by their new-laid plans. Until now she had been happy in her own way….

Tekakwitha's whole nature was roused to resistance at the mere mention of such a thing, and every power of her soul was brought into action to thwart their plan. Though long accustomed to be docile and obey, she showed at this [Pg 131] time a sudden development of will, with inherent force to mould its own fate, and a strength of character that had not before asserted itself. This must have proved to her aunts that after all there was something of the Mohawk in her nature.

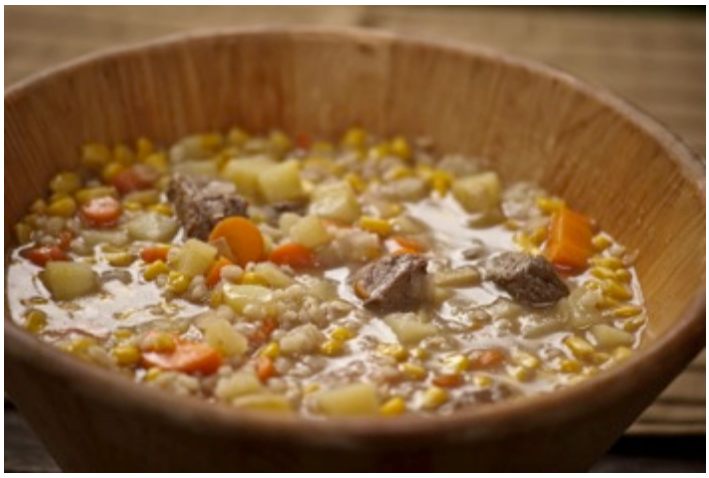
Sure of her own natural and inalienable right to decide for herself in this important question, she was unconquerable. This is clearly shown in the struggle of will against will, in which she was now enlisted and in which the odds were decidedly against her. But though her whole nature was roused at the well-meant, though in this case unwelcome and premature proposition of her aunts, Tekakwitha was too wise and too self-poised to break at once into open rebellion. She did not announce her secret determination to go through fire and water, if necessary, rather than submit to the plan of her relatives. Why she did not wish to marry was perhaps at that time as much a mystery to herself as to others; but the fact remained. ….

Tekakwitha's relations, not knowing the force of the young girl's will, decided among themselves that the shortest and easiest way to overcome her unaccountable opposition would be to take her by surprise. They did not even allow her to choose the person to whom she was to be united. They desired to entrap her unaware into the simple and silent ceremony of an Iroquois marriage. Thus her fate would be sealed and she forced to submit. ….

Tekakwitha sat one evening on a low seat by the fire,—her own lodge-seat, which had been assigned to her by the chief matron in her uncle's household. The light of the blazing fagots before her played on her beaded moccasins and showed off to advantage her richly embroidered skirt. In her sitting posture it hung far over and half concealed her pretty leggings….

But now, while her thoughts are far from any such idea, the young man who desires her for his wife, and who has been kept by the laws of Indian decorum from approaching her for some time past or addressing her himself on the subject, enters the wigwam in holiday attire. He is

accompanied by some of his relatives, whilst those of Tekakwitha step forward to receive them. The eye of the young Indian kindles with pleasure at sight of his bride so gayly bedecked with all the insignia of her rank. Her apparent unconcern at what is passing he easily attributes either to maiden coyness or Indian stoicism. Besides, all know that she is extremely shy. So, with ready assurance of a welcome, [Pg 135] he walks quickly toward her, and seats himself in silence by her side. Tekakwitha, utterly taken by surprise, is for a moment bewildered, disconcerted. Her aunts now bid her present the young man with some sagamite.[46]



In a moment she realizes what they are doing,—that in spite of herself she is taking part in her own wedding. The hot blood rushes to her face. She blushes, but gives no other sign of what is in her mind. What can she do? For an instant she is in an agony of suspense. Then, with quick determination, she rises abruptly, and all aflame with indignation, passes, quick as thought, out of the long-house. Could her relatives have fancied she had risen to do their bidding? Her aunts knew better. Unflinchingly she had met their scowling looks, and felt the keen, fierce eye of her uncle upon her as she moved toward the door. Had her path been over red-hot coals, it would have made no difference then to Tekakwitha. Her only and overmastering impulse was to escape at all hazards,—no matter how nor where. Once out of the stifling air of the cabin, she hurried on and on, taking an accustomed path, out of mere force of habit, till it brought her to the familiar corn-fields. There, breathless and trembling, she hid herself away, with a prayer to Rawenniio to save her from the young hunter whom she did not want, and also from the angry eyes of her relatives, which like burning irons pierced her heart. Soon they came to seek her, and urged her with threats and with entreaty to go back to the cabin. They had made excuses for her absence; and if she would but return with them [Pg 136] now, all would yet be well. Tekakwitha, who was by this time calm and collected, replied quietly but firmly that she would not enter the lodge at all while the young man was there. Finding it impossible to move her, they returned and explained the affair as best they could to the relatives of the now indignant young hunter. He had been no less surprised at her strange conduct than she had been at his unexpected errand to the lodge. There was no course left for him but to withdraw. She then returned to the lodge, and having borne the brunt of angry words with which she was received, retired wearily to rest in the angry silence which followed.

It was many and many a long day to Tekakwitha before the storm which she thus raised about her own head had spent its fury in a series of domestic persecutions, till at last it was lulled to

rest by the calm endurance of her firm but gentle spirit. Several times after this her relatives tried to force her into marriage. On one occasion she adroitly hid behind a case of Indian corn….

"Artifice not having proved successful, they had recourse to violence. They now treated her as a slave, obliging her to do everything which was most painful and repulsive, and malignantly interpreting all her actions, even when most innocent. They reproached her without ceasing for the want of attachment to her relations, her uncouth manners, and her stupidity, for it was thus that they termed the dislike she felt to marriage. They attributed it to a secret hatred of the Iroquois nation, because she was herself of the Algonquin race. In short, they omitted no means of shaking her constancy. The young girl suffered all this ill treatment with unwearied patience, and without ever losing anything of her equanimity of mind or her natural sweetness; she rendered them all the services they required with an attention and docility beyond her years and strength. By degrees her relatives were softened, restored to her their kind feelings, and did not further molest her in regard to the course she had adopted."

Tekakwitha was eighteen years old, and was still classed among the pagan or infidel Indians, as distinguished from the Christians. She had injured her foot severely; she could not now leave the cabin, and sat idle one bright sunny day while the other women were hard at work in the corn-fields down by the river. She was unable to walk as far as the spring in the cove just below the castle, and bring up the daily supply of water for the lodge; nor could she gather fagots enough to prepare the evening meal, though she knew that all would return at dusk hungry and weary from their work. A few women, with some old people burdened with ailments of various kinds, were also in the village. Two or three of these had strayed into the chief's cabin, and were sitting with Tekakwitha when Father de Lamberville, who had been only a short time in the Mohawk country, passed slowly along through the rows of long, low bark-covered houses forming the Turtle Village. Caughnawaga was well-nigh deserted by its people that day, and seemed fast asleep, so still were its streets. The missionary was taking advantage of this occasion to visit the old and the sick who chanced to be in their cabins, that he might instruct them at his[Pg 153] leisure. He had no thought of entering the lodge of Tekakwitha. ….

The shadow of De Lamberville falling across the open doorway caused Tekakwitha to look up, and she saw him moving calmly on outside in the sunlight. Darkness brooded over the Mohawk girl where she sat, far back in the depths of the dreary cabin. Her heart was weary with waiting. It may have been that her mother's spirit hovered about just then, and renewed its prayer; or, whatever may have caused it, the blackgown's train of thought was disturbed. He raised his eyes; he stood a moment at the doorway, and "il fut poussé a y entrer," says the old manuscript,—a sudden irresistible impulse caused him to enter….

Charlevoix tells us that Tekakwitha—

"could not dissemble the joy which this visit caused her, and hastened to open her heart to the Father in the presence even of two or three women who were keeping her company, and to testify to him her earnest desire of embracing Christianity. She added that she would have great obstacles to overcome in order to succeed in her intention, but that nothing should deter her. The ardor with which she spoke, the courage she evinced, and a certain air, at once modest yet resolute, which appeared on her face, proved to the missionary that his new proselyte would be a Christian of no common order; therefore he instructed her in many things of which he did not speak to all whom he was preparing for baptism. God doubtless establishes between hearts, the

possession of which he has specially reserved to himself, a sort of spiritual sympathy which forms, even in this life, the sacred bond which is to unite them eternally in glory. Father de Lamberville, whom I well knew," continues Charlevoix, "was one of the holiest missionaries of Canada, or New France, as it was then called, where he died at Sault St. Louis, as it were in the arms of Charity, worn out with toils, sufferings, and penance. He has often told me that from the first interview he had with Tegahkouita, he thought he perceived that God had great designs upon her soul; however, he would not hasten her baptism, but took all those precautions which experience had taught to be so necessary, in order to be certain of the savages before administering to them the sacrament of regeneration."

As soon as Tekakwitha had recovered from the wound in her foot, which had occasioned her encounter with the[Pg 155] blackgown, she began to attend the morning and evening prayers at the chapel, in accordance with Father de Lamberville's advice. As often and as regularly as the sun rose and set, she was now to be seen on her way to St. Peter's…..

On the day of Tekakwitha's baptism, the light which the blackgown brought with him to the Mohawk country beamed with unquenchable brightness from her quiet but joyful face, and glimmered in scattered reflections on the faces of the crowd through which she passed. There men and women, warriors, hunters, jugglers, boys and girls of every age,—in a word, all who were in the village had gathered into groups to watch what was taking place at the chapel of St. Peter. The blackgown took care to render the baptism of an adult, and especially of such a noteworthy one as the niece of the chief, as impressive as possible; it was conducted with all due solemnity.

[After her baptism,] she neglected none of her domestic labors and was ever ready to assist others, her relatives murmured greatly at her spending all her free time in prayer; and as she would not work on Sundays and feast-days, when forbidden by the Church, they would deprive her of food the entire day. Seeing that they gained nothing by this means, they had recourse to more violent measures, often ill-treating her in the most shameful manner: when she went to the chapel they would send boys to throw stones at and calumniate her; while drunken men, or those pretending to be such, would pursue her and threaten her life; but fearless of their artifices, she continued her exercises as if in the enjoyment of the most perfect liberty and peace."

She did not hesitate to say, when there was occasion for it, that she would die rather than give up the practice of the Christian religion. Her resolution was put to severe tests, but she never wavered. Chauchetière thus wrote concerning the persecutions she had to endure at this time:—

[Pg 166] "There are those who dare not declare themselves when they are the only Christians in their cabin; but Katherine showed an extraordinary firmness of spirit against human respect. When the children pointed their fingers at her, when they called her no longer by her Indian name, but called her by the name of *Christian* in derision, as though they meant *dog*,—which lasted so long that they forgot her name, giving her none other at all but that of the *Christian*, because she was the only one in the cabin who was baptized,—far from afflicting herself on account of this scorn of which she was the object, she was happy to have lost her name.

"She had much to suffer from the mockeries of the sorcerers, of the drunkards, of all the enemies of 'The Prayer,' likewise of her uncle."

….One day when she was employed as usual in her[Pg 167] uncle's lodge, a young Indian suddenly rushed in upon her, his features distorted with rage, his eyes flashing fire, his tomahawk raised above his head as if to strike her dead at the least opposition. Tekakwitha did not cry out, or make an appeal for mercy, or promise to abandon the course she was taking in the midst of this ever increasing torrent of threats and abuse. With perfect composure, without the tremor or twitch of a muscle, she simply bowed her head on her breast, and stood before the wild and desperate young savage as immovable as a rock. Words were not needed on either side. With all the eloquent silence of the Indian sign language, her gesture and attitude spoke to the youth and said: "I am here, I am ready. My life you can take; my faith is my own in life or in death. I fear you not!" The rage in the Indian's eye died out, and gave place to wonder, then awe. He gazed as if spellbound. The uplifted tomahawk dropped to his side. Her firmness unnerved him. Admiration, then a strange fear, overmastered the young brave, whose brain perhaps had been somewhat clouded with liquor when he thus undertook to rid the old chief's niece of her Christian whims. Be that as it may, he could not have been more astonished at what he beheld if a spirit had appeared before him and ordered him out of the lodge. Cowed and abashed, he slunk away, as if from a superior being; or rather, in the words of Charlevoix, "he turned and fled with as much precipitation as if pursued by a band of warriors."…

What wonder, then, that Tekakwitha, after having thus spent a year and a half in her home as a Christian, began to look with longing eyes towards the new Caughnawaga on the St. Lawrence, whither her adopted sister and Anastasia Tegonhatsihongo had already gone. She turned to the mission settlement in her thoughts as to a land of promise and peace, an asylum where her religion and her innocence would be respected.

Travelling Indians from the Sault came and went among their tribesmen in the Mohawk Valley. Sometimes they were joined by new recruits, who returned with them to Canada. Tekakwitha now greeted the arrival of each band of these Christian Indians with a hopeful smile; but again and again she saw them depart with a weary sigh, for when they were gone, she felt that her only chance of release from her trials had vanished with them. Thus far none of them had offered to take her to the Praying Castle, and indeed, she knew of no one with whom she would have cared to go had she been asked. She saw no way out of her troubles. Her uncle, grown harsh and unkind to her, was displeased with all that she did in the lodge, and yet he would not consent to her going away. The old chief was moody and sullen at sight of his half-untenanted castle. Who then would dare to tamper with his niece, or assist her in any way to escape? Who would ever be found willing to undertake so dangerous a venture? Tekakwitha sadly realized her position, and felt that she could only gather together the powers of her soul for patient and persistent endurance even unto death. She knew[Pg 173] that if her relatives could once force her by long-continued persecution to yield to them, their old kindness would return; they would then be only too glad to choose a husband for her, and to give her a place among the oyanders, or noble matrons of the nation. But the national life of the Mohawks was still thoroughly heathen, and her part was already taken with the Christians. She would not retreat one step, nor entertain for a moment the thought of surrender, though she was cut off almost entirely from communication with those of her own faith. …

The Indian chief Louis Garonhiagué, known to the English as Hot Ashes, and called by the French La Poudre Chaude or La Cendre Chaude, was, as his name implies, a quick-tempered,

impulsive, and fiery man. He was an Oneida by birth, and was known to have been one of the executioners of the heroic missionary Brebeuf, who, with his companion Lalemant, was tortured and slain in the Huron country by Iroquois warriors. Since that time Hot Ashes had become a Christian. His career and character are interesting and characteristic of the times Since this impetuous chief, *dogique*, and apostle was bold enough to come forward and assist the Lily of the Mohawks to escape from her uncle's lodge to the Sault St. Louis, some further account of him may well be given.

… Soon after his baptism he chanced to be hunting at the end of the island of Montreal, when he fell in with a band of Oneidas. They were being supplied with liquor by an unscrupulous Canadian trader. They sat around a great bowl of fire water, from which they drank freely, and which was constantly replenished by the crafty Frenchman. Hot Ashes was asked to join them. He did so, through courtesy, and drank with the rest. Finding that he was expected and urged to take more than he ought, an expedient came into his ready brain for preventing further mischief. As there were older men than himself in the band, it would not have been considered proper for him to reprove them openly. This, then, is what he did. He stood up and began to sing like a drunken man, and to dance. Suddenly he pretended [Pg 178] to take a false step, and at the same time gave the bowl a great kick with his foot. This scattered its contents over the ground. The Indians, not suspecting his intention, looked upon the accident as a good joke. They began to laugh uproariously and to make fun of Hot Ashes, who went on with his mimicry. In the mean time night came on, and they thought no more of drinking, but all fell asleep. Hot Ashes then retired, well pleased with having put a stop to the debauch.

Other anecdotes might be given to show the character and spirit of this Indian; but it is enough to know that he was just the one to assist the Lily of the Mohawks in the accomplishment of her now well-defined purpose,—to escape at all hazards, and turn from her uncle's lodge to the Praying Castle.

Tekakwitha's adopted sister, already in Canada, knew well the condition of affairs in the Mohawk country, and above all, in the lodge of the chief, with whom she had formerly lived at Caughnawaga. She was fully aware that Tekakwitha's life there as a Christian would necessarily be a thorny one. She and her husband often spoke of the unhappy condition in which the young Mohawk was placed, and of the desirability of having her with them. When it became known that Hot Ashes was about to visit the Long House of the Five Nations on an errand of zeal, they realized at once that the wished-for opportunity had come. They would now be able to assist Tekakwitha. The Oneida chief intended to speak to his people concerning the faith that was in him, and to persuade as many of them as possible to return with him to the Sault. Tekakwitha's brother-in-law, urged by his wife, resolved to accompany Hot Ashes on his proposed journey, and in order to make sure of carrying [Pg 179] out his own immediate purpose,—which was to bring his sister-in-law back with him,—he took into his confidence a good friend of his from Lorette, a mission village of the Hurons, near Quebec. This Indian of Lorette and the brother-in-law of Tekakwitha consulted with Hot Ashes, and the three together planned their journey as best they could beforehand. Then they stepped lightly into a canoe, just large enough to hold them,

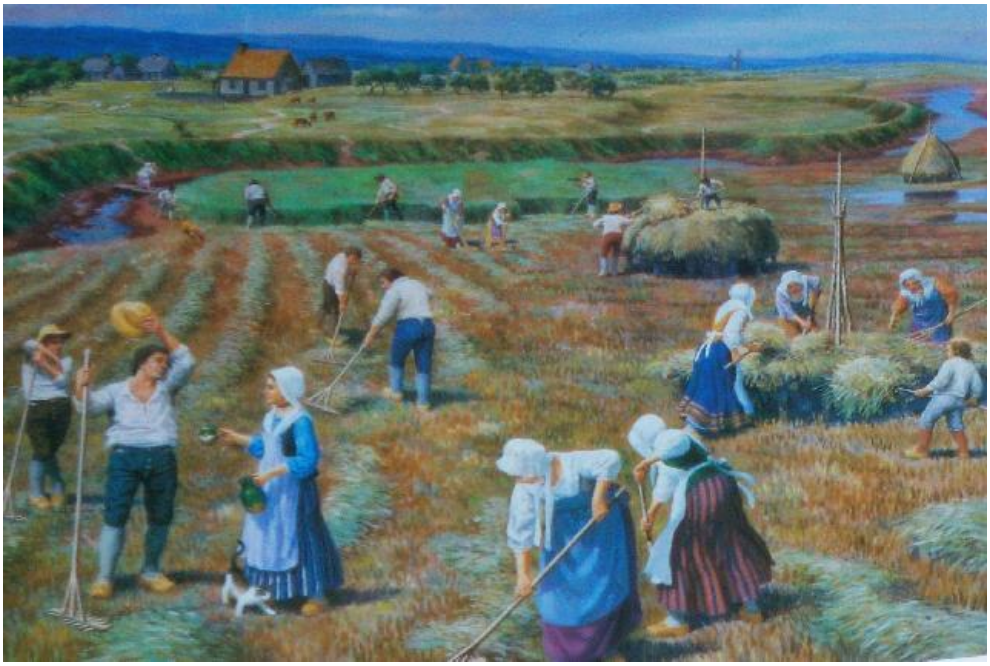
and soon were speeding southward over Lake Champlain, and thence through Lake George on their way to the Mohawk Valley.

Kateri Tekakwitha went on to live a life of mortification in the Christian village, and died at the age of twenty-four.

Felix Voorhies: The Exile of Acadia
From *Acadian Reminiscences*

Felix Voorhies was a Nova Scotian judge whose grandmother had been young at the time of the Acadian exile. He wrote down her story as she told it.

"You must know, petiots, that less than a hundred years ago Acadia was a French Province [in what is now called Nova Scotia,] whose people lived contented and happy. The king of France sent brave officers to govern the province, and these officers treated us with the greatest kindness; they were our arbiters and adjusted all our differences, and so equitable were their decisions, that they proved satisfactory to all. Is it strange, then, that being thus situated we prospered and lived contented and happy? Little did we then dream of what cruel fate had in store for us….



I will now relate to you what befell them, and how a cruel war sowed ruin and desolation in their homes. I will tell you how they were ruthlessly treated by the English, driven away from Acadia, and despoiled of all their worldly goods and possessions; how they were scattered to the four winds as wretched exiles, and how the very name of their country was blotted out of existence. My narrative will not be gay, petiots, but it is meet and proper that you should know these things, and that you should learn [Pg 38]them from the lips of the witnesses themselves.

“It was on a Sunday, I remember this as if it were but yesterday, we were attending mass, and when our old curate ascended his pulpit, as he was wont to do every Sunday, he announced to us that war was being waged between France and England. ‘My children,’ said he in sad and solemn tones, ‘you may expect to witness awful scenes and to undergo sore trials, but God will not forsake you if you put your trust in his infinite mercy’; and then kneeling down, he prayed aloud for France, and we all responded to his fervent voice, and said amen! from the depths of our hearts. A painful silence prevailed in the little church until mass was over; it seemed as if every one of us was attending the funeral of a member of his family….

England had enlisted hundreds of Indians in her armies, and we knew that the bloodthirsty savages spared no one, and inflicted the most exquisite tortures on their prisoners; they dreamed of nothing but incendiarism and massacre, and these were the troops that were to be let loose upon us. The mere thought of facing such fiends, was enough to dismay the stoutest heart and to disturb the peace and quiet of a community like ours. We knew not what to resolve, but, come what may, we were determined to die, rather [Pg 40]than become traitors to our King and to our God….

“The news that reached us, now and then, were far from being encouraging. France, whelmed in defeat, seemed to have abandoned us, the English were gaining ground, and our Canadian brothers were calling for assistance. Several of our young men resolved to join them to fight the battles of France and to die for their country, if God so willed it….

“On the day of their departure, the noble young men received the Holy Communion, kneeling before the altar, and they listened to the encouraging words of the old curate, while every one wept and sobbed in the little church. After having told them to serve the king faithfully and to love God above all else, he gave them his blessing, while big tears rolled down his cheeks. Alas! how could he look upon them without emotion and grief? He had christened them when they were mere babes; he had watched them grow to manhood; he knew them as I know you, and they were leaving their homes and those that they loved, never, perhaps to return….

“One morning, at dawn of day, a young man was lying unconscious on the green near the church. His arm was shattered, and he had bled profusely; it was with the greatest difficulty that we restored him to life. When he opened his eyes his looks were wild and terrified, and, despite his weakness, he made a desperate effort to rise and flee.

“We quieted him with friendly words, and he heaved a deep sigh of satisfaction. He had a burning fever, and his parched lips quivered as he muttered incoherent words. We removed him to the priest’s house, where his wounds were dressed, and when he had recovered from the exhaustion occasioned by the loss of blood, he related to us what had happened to him, and we listened to his words with breathless suspense and anxiety.

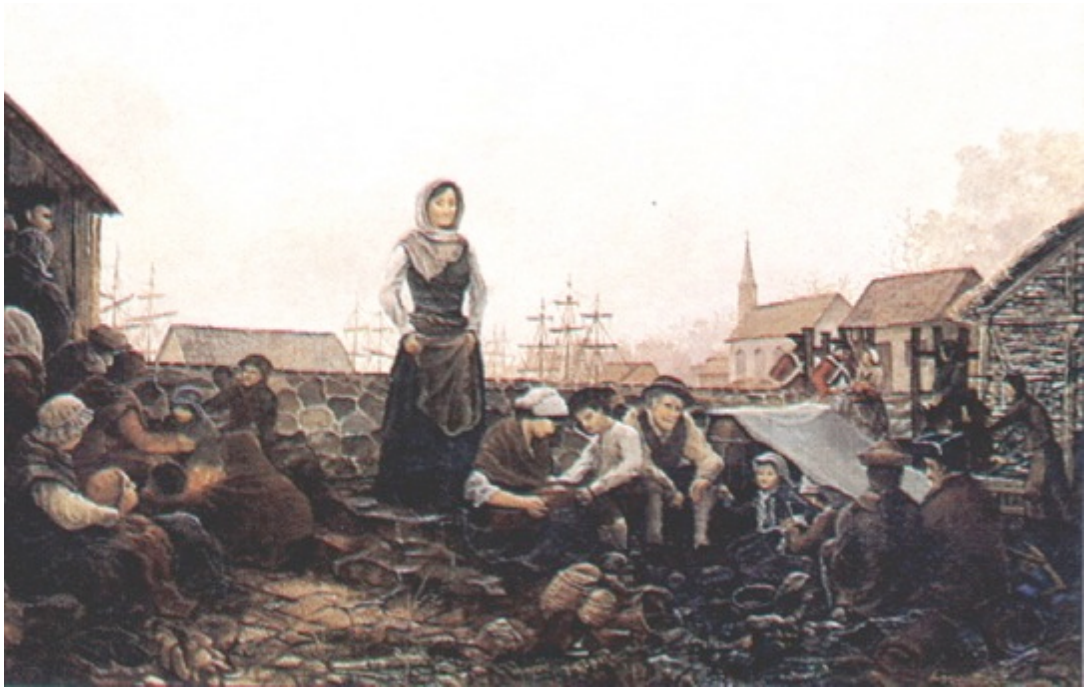
“‘The English’, said he, ‘have landed troops on the eastern coast of Acadia, and are committing the most atrocious cruelties. Their inhumanity surpasses belief. [Pg 49]They pillage and burn our villages, and even lay sacrilegious hands on the sacred vessels in our churches. They tear the wives from their husbands, the children from their parents, and they drive their ill-fated victims to the seashore, and stow them on ships which sail immediately for unknown lands. They spare only such as become traitors to their Faith and to their King. They raided our village at dusk yesterday, and have perpetrated there the same wanton outrages and cruelties. They reduced it to ashes, and the least expostulation on our part exposed us to be shot down like outlaws. They

have driven its inhabitants to the seashore like cattle, and when through sheer exhaustion, one of their victims fell by the road side, I have seen the fiends compel him with the butts of their muskets, to rise and walk. I have escaped, in the darkness of night, with an arm shattered by a random shot, and I have run exhausted by the loss of blood, I fell where you have found me. They will [Pg 50]overrun Acadia, and they will not spare you, my friends, if you show any hostility to them. Your town will be raided shortly, and you cannot resist them, my friends. Abandon your homes, and seek safety elsewhere, while you have the time and chance to do so.'

"You may well imagine, petiots, that our trouble was great when we heard this terrible news. We stood there, not knowing what to do, although time was precious, and although it was necessary that we should devise some plan for our safety and protection. In our predicament and in so critical an emergency, our only alternative was to apply to our old curate for advice.

"He gave us words of encouragement, and withdrew with our elders to his room. We remained in the churchyard, grouped together and speaking in whispers, our souls harrowed by the most gloomy and despairing thoughts…. At last our elders, accompanied by our old curate, sallied out of that house with sorrowful countenances, but with steady step and firm resolve written on their brows."

Our anxiety was of short duration, and one of our elders spoke as follows. I repeat his very words, for as they fell from his lips with the solemn sound of a funeral knell, they became engraved upon my heart. 'My good friends,' said he, 'our hopes were illusory and the future is big with ominous [Pg 56]threats for us. A cruel and relentless enemy is at our doors. The story of the wounded man is true, the English are applying the torch to our villages, and are spreading and scattering ruin as they advance. They spare neither old age nor infirmity, neither women nor children, and are tender hearted only to renegades and apostates. Are you ready to accept these humiliating conditions, and to be branded as traitors and cowards?'



“‘Never,’ we answered; ‘never! Rather proscription, ruin and death.’

“‘My friends,’ he added, ‘exile is ruin; it is despair, it is desolation. Pause a while and reflect, before forming your resolve.’

“Not one of us flinched, and without hesitancy, we all cried out: ‘Rather than disown our mother country and become apostates, let exile, let ruin, let death, be our lot.’

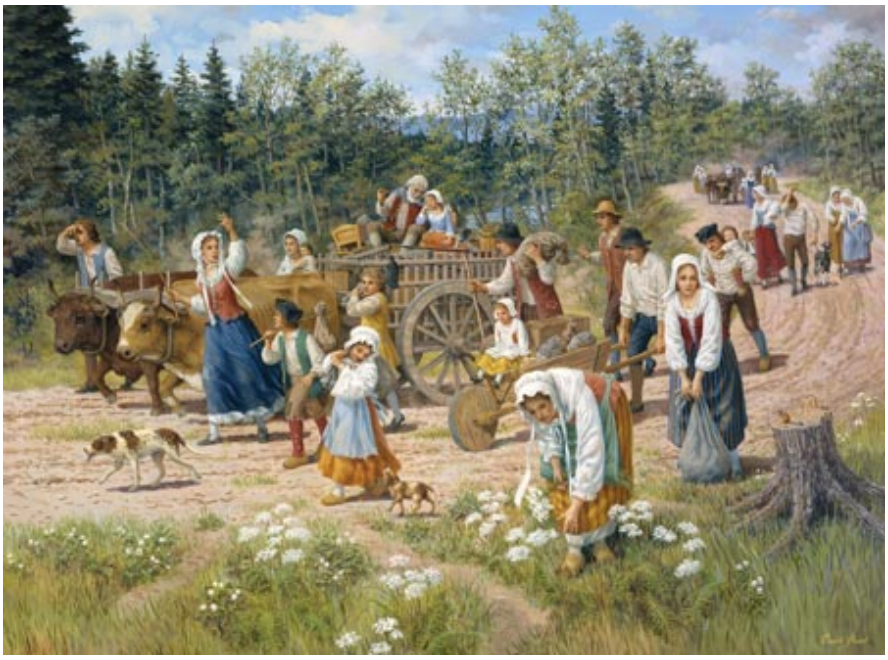
“‘Your answer is noble and generous, my good friends, and your resolve is sublime,’ said he; ‘then let exile be our [Pg 57]lot. Many a one has suffered even more than we shall suffer and for causes less saintly than ours. Let us prepare for the worst, for to-day, we bid adieu forever, perhaps to Acadia, to our homes, to the graves of those we loved so well. We leave friendless and penniless for distant lands; we leave for Louisiana, where we shall be free to honor and reverence France, and to serve our God according to our belief. My good friends, we barely have the time to prepare ourselves; to-night, we must be far from St. Gabriel.’….

.We were leaving Acadia, we were abandoning the homes where our children were born and raised, we were leaving as malefactors, without one ray of hope to [Pg 58]lighten our dark future, and it seemed to us that poor, desolate Acadia was dearer to us, now that we were forced to leave her forever.

…. Every object of spoil was destroyed, and the torch was applied to the houses. The fire, fanned by a too willing breeze, spread rapidly, and in a moment’s time, St. Gabriel was wrapt in a lurid sheet of devouring flames. We could hear the cracking of planks tortured by the blaze; the crash of falling roofs, while the flames shot up to an immense height with the hissing and soughing of a hurricane. Ah! Petiots, it was a fair image of pandemonium. The people seemed an army of [Pg 60]fiends, spreading ruin and desolation in their path. The work-oxen were killed, and a few among us, with the hope of a speedy return to Acadia, threw our silverware into the wells. Oh, the ruin, the ruin, petiots; it was horrible.

“We left St. Gabriel numbering about three hundred, whilst the ashes of our burning houses, carried by the wind, whirled past us like a pillar of light to guide our faltering steps through the wilderness that stretched before us….

It was decided to reach Canada the best way we could, after which, after crossing the great northern lakes, our journey was to be overland to the Mississippi river, on whose waters we would float down to Louisiana, a French colony inhabited by people of our own race, and professing the same religious creed as ours.



"But to carry out this plan, petiots, we had to travel thousands of miles through a country barren of civilization, through endless forests, and across lakes as wide and deep as the sea; we were to overcome obstacles without number and to encounter dangers and hardships at every step, and yet we remained firm in our resolve. It was exile with its train of woes and of misery; it was, perhaps, death for many of us, but we submitted to our fate, sacrificing our all in this world for our religion, and for the love of France. "We knelt down to implore the aid and protection of God in the many dangers that beset us, and, trusting in His kind Providence, we lay down on the bare ground to sleep…

"When the moon rose, dispelling by degrees the darkness of night, we again pursued our journey. We made the least noise possible as we advanced cautiously, our fears and apprehensions increasing at every step. All at once our column halted; a deathlike silence prevailed, and our hearts beat tumultuously within us. Was it the beat of the drum that had startled us? No one could tell. We listened with eagerness, but the sound had died away, and the stillness of night remained undisturbed. Our anxiety became intense. Was the enemy in pursuit of us? We remained in painful suspense, not knowing what danger lurked ahead of us. The few minutes that succeeded seemed as long as a whole year. We drew close together and whispered our apprehensions to one another. We moved on slowly, our footsteps falling noiselessly on the roadway, while we strained our eyes to pierce the shadows of night to discover the cause of our fears. The sound [Pg 67]that had startled us was no more heard, and somewhat encouraged, our uneasiness grew less.

"We had not advanced two hundred yards when we were halted by a company of English soldiers. Ah! Petiots, our doom was sealed. We were in a narrow path surrounded by the enemy, without the possibility of escape. How shall I describe what followed. The women wrung their hands and sobbed piteously in their despair. The children, terrified, uttered shrill and piercing

cries, while the men, goaded to madness, vented their rage in hurried exclamations, and were determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

"After a while, the tumult subsided, and order was somewhat restored. The officer in command approached us; 'Acadians,' said he, 'you have fled from your homes after having reduced them to ashes; you have used seditious language against England, and we find [Pg 68]you here, in the depth of night, congregated and conspiring against the king, our liege lord and sovereign. You are traitors and you should be treated as such, but in his clemency, the king offers his pardon to all who will swear fealty and allegiance to him.'

"'Sir,' answered Rene Leblanc, under whose guidance we had left St. Gabriel, 'our king is the king of France, and we are not traitors to the king of England whose subjects we are not. If by the force of arms you have conquered this country, we are willing to recognize your supremacy, but we are not willing to submit to English rule, and for that reason, we have abandoned our homes to emigrate to Louisiana, to seek there, under the protection of the French flag, the quiet and peace and happiness we have enjoyed here.'

"The officer who had listened with folded arms to the noble words of Rene Leblanc, replied with a scowl of hatred: 'To Louisiana you wish to go? To [Pg 69]Louisiana you shall go, and seek in vain, under the French flag, that protection you have failed to receive from it in Canada. Soldiers,' he added, with a smile that made us shudder, 'escort these worthy patriots to the seashore, where transportation will be given them free in his majesty's ships.'

"These words sounded like a death knell to us; we saw plainly that our doom was sealed, and that we were undone forever… We were huddled in a space scarcely large enough to contain us. The air rarefied by our breathing became unwholesome and oppressive; we could not lie down to rest our weary limbs. With but scant food, with the water given grudgingly to us, barely enough to wet our parched lips; with no one to care for us, you can well imagine that our sufferings became unbearable. Yet, when we expostulated with our jailers, and complained bitterly of the excess of our woes, it seemed to rejoice them. They derided us, called us noble patriots, stubborn [Pg 71]French people and papists; epithets that went right to our hearts, and added to our misery.

"At last our ship was anchored, and we were told that we had reached the place of our destination. Was it Louisiana? we inquired. Rude scoffs and sharp invectives were their only answer. We were disembarked with the same ruthless brutality with which we had been dragged to their ship. They landed us on a precipitous and rocky shore, and leaving us a few rations, saluted us in derision with their caps and bidding farewell to the noble patriots, as they called us. Our anguish, at that moment, can hardly be conceived. We were outcasts in a strange land; we were friendless and penniless, with a few rations thrown to us as to dogs. The sun had now set, and we were in an agony of despair.

"Our only hope rested in the mercy of a kind Providence, and with hearts too full for utterance, we knelt down with one [Pg 72]accord and silently besought the Lord of Hosts to vouchsafe to us that pity and protection which he gives to the most abject of his creatures. Never was a more heartfelt prayer wafted to God's throne. When we arose, hope, once more smiling to us, irradiated our souls and dispelled, as if by magic, the gloom that had settled in our hearts. We felt that none but noble causes lead to martyrdom, and we looked upon ourselves as martyrs of a saintly cause, and with a clear conscience, we lay down to sleep under the blue canopy of the heavens.

“The dawn of day found us scattered in groups, discussing the course we were to pursue, and our hearts grew faint anew at the thought of the unknown trials that awaited us.At that moment, we spied two horsemen approaching our camp. Our hearts fluttered with emotion. The incident, simple as it was, proved to be of great importance to us. We felt as if Providence [Pg 73]had not forsaken us, and that the two horsemen, heralds of peace and joy, were his messengers of love in our sore trials.

“We were not mistaken, petiots. When the cavaliers alighted, they addressed us in English, but in words so soft and kind, that the sound of the hated language did not grate on our ears, and seemed as sweet as that of our own tongue. They bowed gracefully to us, and introduced themselves as Charles Smith and Henry Brent. ‘We are informed,’ said they, ‘that you are exiles, and that you have been cast penniless on our shores. We have come to greet you, and to welcome you to the hospitality of our roofs.’ …

‘Good sirs,’ answered Rene Leblanc, …‘We thank you heartily for [Pg 74]your greeting and for your hospitality so generously tendered. See, we number over two hundred persons, and it would be taxing your generosity too heavily, no one but a king could accomplish your noble design.’

“‘Sir,’ they answered, ‘we are citizens of Maryland, and we own large estates. We have everything in abundance at our homes, and this abundance we are willing to share with you.”…

“How could we decline an offer so generously made? It was impossible for us to find words expressive of our gratitude. Unable to utter a single word, we shook hands with them, but our silence was far more eloquent than any language we could have used.”

The same day, we moved to their farms, which lay near by, and I shall never forget the kind welcome we received from these two families. They vied with each other in their kind offices toward us, and ministered to our wants with so much grace and affability, that it gave additional charm and value to their already boundless hospitality.

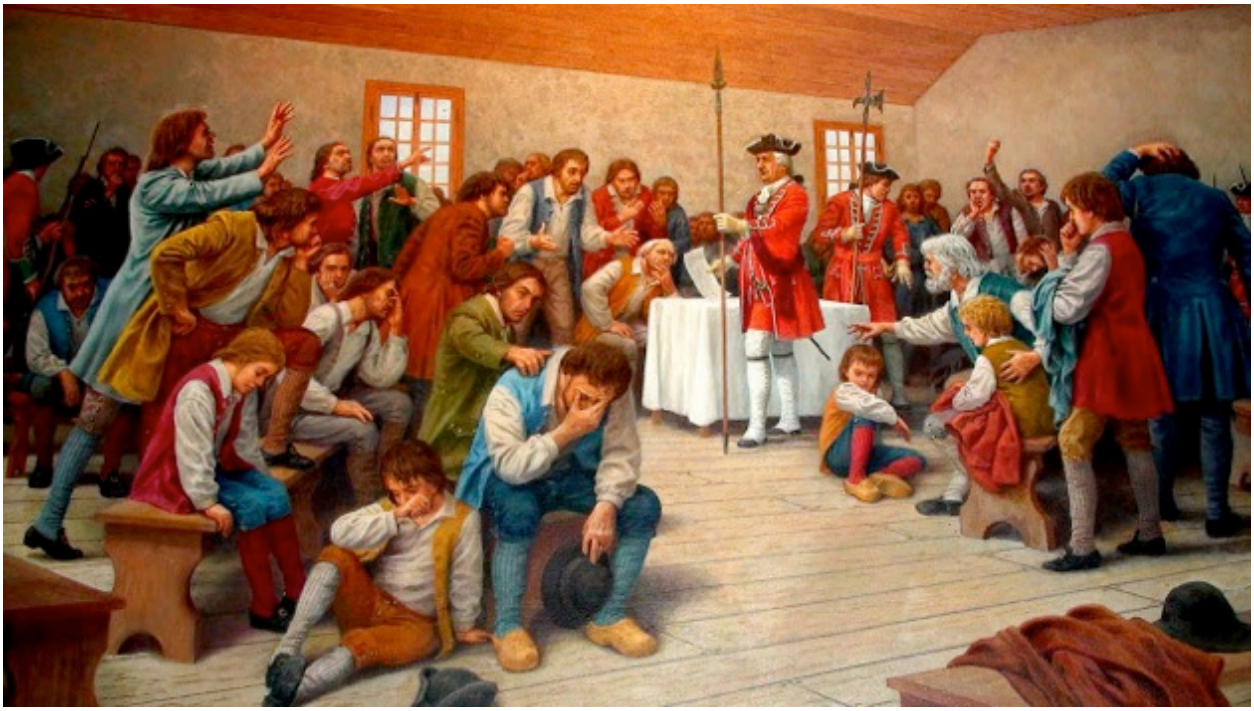
Petiots, let the names of Brent and of Smith remain enchased forever like precious jewels in your hearts, let their remembrance never fade from your memory, for more generous and worthier beings never breathed the pure air of heaven.

Arthur G. Doughty: The Oath
From *The Acadian Exiles: A Chronicle of the Land of Evangeline*

We have now to follow a sequence of events leading up to the calamity… By the Treaty of Utrecht the old king, Louis XIV, had obtained certain guarantees for his subjects in Acadia. It was provided that 'they may have liberty to remove themselves within a year to any other place with all their movable effects'; and that 'those who are willing to remain therein and to be subject to the kingdom of Britain are to enjoy the free exercise of their religion.' And these terms were confirmed by a warrant of Queen Anne addressed to Nicholson, under date of June 23, 1713. (1) The status of the Acadians under the treaty, reinforced by this warrant, seems to be sufficiently clear. If they wished to become British subjects, which of course implied taking the oath of allegiance, they were to enjoy all the privileges of citizenship, not accorded at that time to Catholics in Great Britain, as well as the free exercise of their religion. But if they preferred to remove to another country within a year, they were to have that liberty.

The French authorities were not slow to take advantage of this part of the treaty. In order to hold her position in the New World and assert her authority, France had transferred the garrison which she had formerly maintained at Placentia, Newfoundland, to Cape Breton. This island she had renamed Ile Royale, and here she was shortly to rear the great fortress of Louisbourg. It was to her interest to induce the Acadians to remove to this new centre of French influence. In March 1713, therefore, the French king intimated his wish that the Acadians should emigrate to Ile Royale; every inducement, indeed, must be offered them to settle there; though he cautioned his officers that if any of the Acadians had already taken the oath of allegiance to Great Britain, great care must be exercised to avoid scandal.

Many Acadians, then, on receiving attractive offers of land in Ile Royale, applied to the English authorities for permission to depart. The permission was not granted. It was first refused by Governor Vetch on the ground that he was retiring from office and was acting only in the absence of Colonel Nicholson, who had been recently appointed governor. The truth is that the English regarded with alarm the removal of practically the entire population from Nova Scotia. The governor of Ile Royale intervened, and sent agents to Annapolis Royal to make a formal demand on behalf of the Acadians, presenting in support of his demand the warrant of Queen Anne. The inhabitants, it was said, wished to leave Nova Scotia and settle in Ile Royale, and 'they expect ships to convey themselves and effects accordingly.' Nicholson, who had now arrived as governor, took the position that he must refer the question to England for the consideration of Her Majesty.



When the demand of the governor of Ile Royale reached England, Vetch was in London; and Vetch had financial interests in Nova Scotia. He at once appealed to the Lords of Trade, who in due course protested to the sovereign 'that this would strip Nova Scotia and greatly strengthen Cape Breton.' Time passed, however, and the government made no pronouncement on the

question. Meanwhile Queen Anne had died. Matters drifted. The Acadians wished to leave, but were not allowed to employ British vessels. In despair they began to construct small boats on their own account, to carry their families and effects to Ile Royale. These boats, however, were seized by order of Nicholson, and the Acadians were explicitly forbidden to remove or to dispose of their possessions until a decision with regard to the question should arrive from England. In January 1715 the accession of George I was proclaimed throughout Acadia. But when the Acadians were required to swear allegiance to the new monarch, they proved obdurate. They agreed not to do anything against His Britannic Majesty as long as they remained in Acadia; but they refused to take the oath on the plea that they had already pledged their word to migrate to Ile Royale. John Doucette, who arrived in the colony in October 1717 as lieutenant-governor, was informed by the Acadians that 'the French inhabitants had never own'd His Majesty as Possessor of this His Continent of Nova Scotia and L'Acadie.' When Doucette presented a paper for them to sign, promising them the same protection and liberty as the rest of His Majesty's subjects in Acadia, they brought forward a document of their own, which evidently bore the marks of honest toil, since Doucette 'would have been glad to have sent' it to the secretary of state 'in a cleaner manner.' In it they declared, 'We shall be ready to carry into effect the demand proposed to us, as soon as His Majesty shall have done us the favour of providing some means of sheltering us from the savage tribes, who are always ready to do all kinds of mischief... In case other means cannot be found, we are ready to take an oath, that we will take up arms neither against His Britannic Majesty, nor against France, nor against any of their subjects or allies'. (2)

The attitude of both France and England towards the unfortunate Acadians was thoroughly selfish. The French at Louisbourg, after their first attempt to bring the Acadians to Ile Royale, relapsed into inaction. They still hoped doubtless that Acadia would be restored to France, and while they would have been glad to welcome the Acadians, they perceived the advantage of keeping them under French influence in British territory. In order to do this they had at their hand convenient means. The guarantee to the Acadians of the freedom of their religion had entailed the presence in Acadia of French priests not British subjects, who were paid by the French government and were under the direction of the bishop of Quebec. These priests were, of course, loyal to France and inimical to Great Britain. Another source of influence possessed by the French lay in their alliance with the Indian tribes…. On the other hand, the British, while loth to let the Acadians depart, did little to improve their lot. It was a period of great economy in English colonial administration. Walpole, in his desire to reduce taxation, devoted very little money to colonial development; and funds were doled out to the authorities at Annapolis in the most parsimonious manner. 'It is a pity,' wrote Newton, the collector of the customs at Annapolis and Canso, in 1719, that 'so fine a province as Nova Scotia should lie so long neglected. As for furs, feathers, and a fishery, we may challenge any province in America to produce the like, and beside that here is a good grainery; masting and naval stores might be provided hence. And was here a good establishment fixt our returns would be very advantageous to the Crown and Great Britain.' As it was, the British ministers were content to send out elaborate instructions for the preservation of forests, the encouragement of fisheries and the prevention of foreign trade, without providing either means for carrying out the schemes, or troops for the protection of the country.

Nothing further was done regarding the oath of allegiance until the arrival of Governor Philipps in 1720, when the Acadians were called upon to take the oath or leave the country within four

months, taking with them only two sheep per family. This, it seems, was merely an attempt to intimidate the people into taking the oath, for when the Acadians, having no boats at their disposal, proposed to travel by land, and began to cut out a road for the passage of vehicles, they were stopped in the midst of their labours by order of the governor.

In a letter to England Philipps expressed the opinion that the Acadians, if left alone, would no doubt become contented British subjects, that their emigration at this time would be a distinct loss to the garrison, which was supplied by their labours. He added that the French were active in maintaining their influence over them. One potent factor in keeping them restless was the circulation of reports that the English would not much longer tolerate Catholicism. The Lords of Trade took this letter into consideration, and in their reply of December 28, 1720, we find the proposal to remove the Acadians as a means of settling the problem. (4) This, however, was not the first mooting of the idea. During the same year Paul Mascarene, in *A Description of Nova Scotia*, had given two reasons for the expulsion of the inhabitants: first, that they were Roman Catholics, under the full control of French priests opposed to British interests; secondly, that they continually incited the Indians to do mischief or disturb English settlements. On the other hand, Mascarene discovered two motives for retaining them: first, in order that they might not strengthen the French establishments; secondly, that they might be employed in furnishing supplies for the garrison and in preparing fortifications until such time as the English were strong enough to do without them. (5)

It does not appear that either the English or the French government had any paternal affection for the poor Acadians; but each was fully conscious of the use to which they might be put.

In a letter to the Lords of Trade Philipps sums up the situation. 'The Acadians,' he says, 'decline to take the oath of allegiance on two grounds – that in General Nicholson's time they had signed an obligation to continue subjects of France and retire to Cape Breton, and that the Indians would cut their throats if they became Englishmen.'

If they are permitted [he continues] to remain upon the footing they propose, it is very probable they will be obedient to government as long as the two Crowns continue in alliance, but in case of a rupture will be so many enemies in our bosom, and I cannot see any hopes, or likelihood, of making them English, unless it was possible to procure these Priests to be recalled who are tooth and nail against the Regent; not sticking to say openly that it is his day now, but will be theirs anon; and having others sent in their stead, which (if anything) may contribute in a little time to make some change in their sentiments.
He further suggests an 'oath of obliging the Acadians to live peaceably,' to take up arms against the Indians, but not against the French, to acknowledge the king's right to the country, to obey the government, and to hold their lands of the king by a new tenure, 'instead of holding them (as at present) from lords of manors who are now at Cape Breton, where at this day they pay their rent.'

There were signs that the situation was not entirely hopeless. The Acadians were not allowed to leave the country, or even to settle down to the enjoyment of their homes; they were employed in supplying the needs of the troops, or in strengthening the British fortifications; yet they seem to have patiently accepted the inevitable. The Indians committed acts of violence, but the Acadians remained peaceable. There was, too, a certain amount of intermarriage between Acadian girls and the British soldiers. In those early days of Nova Scotia, girls of a marriageable age were few and were much sought after. There was in Annapolis an old French gentlewoman 'whose daughters, granddaughters, and other relatives' had married British officers. These ladies soon acquired considerable influence and were allowed to do much as they pleased. The old gentlewoman, Marie Magdalen Maisonat, who had married Mr William Winniett, a leading merchant and one of the first British inhabitants of Annapolis, became all-powerful in the town, not only on account of her own estimable qualities, but also on account of the position held by her daughters and granddaughters. Soldiers arrested for breach of discipline often pleaded that they had been 'sent for to finish a job of work for Madame'; and this excuse was usually sufficient to secure an acquittal. If not, the old lady would on her own authority order the culprit's release, and 'no further enquiry was made into the matter.' ….

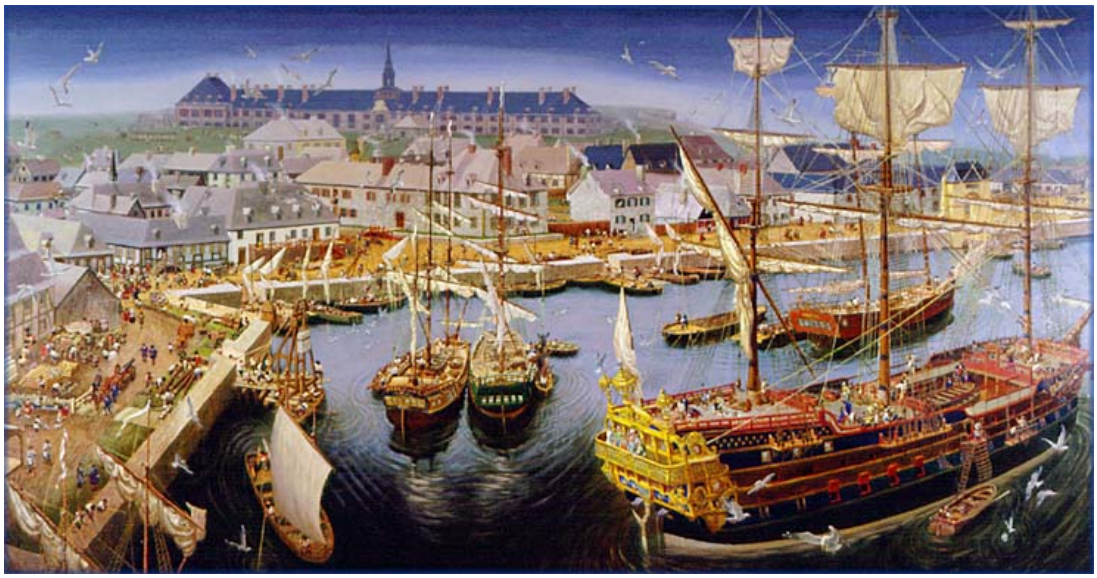
During the progress of the Indian war Governor Philipps had prudently refrained from discussing with the Acadians the question of the oath; but in 1726 Lawrence Armstrong, the lieutenant-governor, resolved to take up the matter again. In the district of Annapolis he had little trouble. The inhabitants there consented, after some discussion, to sign a declaration of allegiance, with a clause exempting them from the obligation of taking up arms. But to deal with the Acadians of Minas and of Beaubassin on Chignecto Bay proved more difficult. Certain 'anti-monarchical traders' from Boston and evil-intentioned French inhabitants had represented in these districts that the governor had no authority in the land, and no power to administer oaths. No oath would these Acadians take but to their own *Bon Roy de France*. They promised, however, to pay all the rights and dues which the British demanded.

The death of George I in 1727, and the accession of George II, made it necessary for the Acadians to acknowledge the new monarch. This time the lieutenant-governor was determined to do the business in a thorough and comprehensive manner. He chartered a vessel at a cost of a hundred pounds, and commissioned Ensign Wroth to proceed from place to place at the head of a detachment of troops proclaiming the new king and obtaining the submission of the people.

Wroth was eminently successful in proclaiming His Majesty; but he had less success in regard to the oath. Finding the Acadians obdurate, he promised them on his own authority freedom in the exercise of their religion, exemption from bearing arms, and liberty to withdraw from the province at any time. These 'unwarrantable concessions' Armstrong refused to ratify; and the Council immediately declared them null and void, although they resolved that 'the inhabitants... having signed and proclaimed His Majesty and thereby acknowledged his title and authority to and over this Province, shall have the liberties and privileges of English subjects.' (9) This was all the Acadians wished for.

The commission of Ensign Wroth did not extend to the district of Annapolis, which was dealt with by the Council. The deputies of the Acadians there were summoned to appear before the Council on September 6, 1727. But the inhabitants, instead of answering the summons, called a meeting on their own account and passed a resolution, signed by seventy-one of their people, which they forwarded to the Council. In this document they offered to take the oath on the conditions offered by Wroth. This the Council considered 'insolent and defiant,' and ordered the arrest of the deputies. On September 16 Charles Landry, Guillaume Bourgois, Abraham Bourg, and Francois Richard were brought before the Council, and, on refusing to take the oath except on the terms proposed by themselves, were committed to prison for contempt and disrespect to His Majesty. Next day the lieutenant-governor announced that 'they had been guilty of several enormous crimes in assembling the inhabitants in a riotous manner contrary to the orders of government both as to time and place and likewise in framing a rebellious paper.' It was then resolved: 'That Charles Landry, Guillaume Bourgois and Francis Richard, for their said offence, and likewise for refusing the oath of fidelity to His Majesty which was duly tendered them, be remanded to prison, laid in irons, and there remain until His Majesty's pleasure shall be made known concerning them, and that Abraham Bourg, in consideration of his great age, shall have leave to retire out of this His Majesty's Province, according to his desire and promise, by the first opportunity, leaving his effects behind him.' (10)The rest of the inhabitants were to be debarred from fishing on the British coasts. It is difficult to reconcile the actions of the Council. The inhabitants who cheerfully subscribed to the oath, with the exceptions made by Ensign Wroth, were to be accorded the privileges of British.

Louisbourg
Fortress of Louisbourg Website



As the English grew in power and became a greater threat to New France, the French responded by building the greatest fortress in North America – some said it ranked amongst the greatest in the world. It commanded the great harbour at the colony of Isle Royal, and served both as a military fortress and as a virtual city for the inhabitants. While old Louisbourg has been destroyed, an authentic recreation has been rebuilt in modern times that gives a strong idea to visitors of what the fortress would have been like in the day. Follow the links to read about the various parts of the fortress, and to see pictures.

Interactive Map:
http://www.fortressoflouisbourg.ca/interactive-map.php

Buildings:
http://www.fortressoflouisbourg.ca/History-Buildings/

A Walk Through Time:
http://www.fortressoflouisbourg.ca/Walk-Through-Time/