

Great  
GRANDMOTHER'S  
Girls  
in New France



Armstrong & Co. Lith. Boston.



EUNICE AND JOHN STODDARD'S GREAT DOGGE.







# GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S GIRLS

## IN NEW FRANCE

---

THE HISTORY OF LITTLE EUNICE WILLIAMS

BY

ELIZABETH W. CHAMPNEY

AUTHOR OF "THREE VASSAR GIRLS" SERIES, ETC.

FULLY ILLUSTRATED BY "CHAMP"

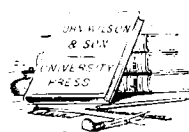
AND OTHERS

PUBLISHED BY

ESTES AND LAURIAT

BOSTON

COPYRIGHT, 1887,  
BY ESTES AND LAURIAT.



ELECTROTYPED  
BY C. J. PETERS AND SON, BOSTON.

# CONTENTS.

---

CHAPTER	PAGE
THE HISTORICAL BACKGROUND (PREFACE) . . .	13
I. SUBMIT'S STORY . . . . .	25
II. A VISIT FROM THE REV. COTTON MATHER . . .	38
III. THE DEERFIELD MASSACRE AND MARCH TO CAN- ADA . . . . .	52
IV. THE INDIAN VILLAGE . . . . .	66
V. OLD MONTREAL . . . . .	89
VI. SOME FRENCH SOCIETY . . . . .	106
VII. THE PLOT DEEPENS . . . . .	122
VIII. NOËL AT THE CHÂTEAU, AND THE SCHOOL OF THE INFANT JESUS . . . . .	140
IX. WEDDING BELLS, AND MINES AND COUNTER MINES.	159
X. LA BELLE FRANCE . . . . .	176
XI. MARLY AND VERSAILLES . . . . .	197
XII. HOW MANY WELL LAID SCHEMES FAILED . . .	223
NOTES . . . . .	243





## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

---

EUNICE AND JOHN STODDARD'S GREAT DOGGE . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
QUEEN ANNE . . . . .	11
BLOODY BROOK . . . . .	15
TOMBSTONES OF THE REV. MR. AND MRS. WILLIAMS . . . .	19
MRS. WILLIAMS' CHINA CLOSET . . . . .	21
TRIAL FOR WITCHCRAFT AT SALEM . . . . .	27
A DUTCH BURGOMASTER . . . . .	32
"ON THE CROSS A LITTLE NECKLACE" . . . . .	35
MASSACRE OF THE PEQUOTS . . . . .	41
"I HASTED TO FETCH A CUP OF CHINA TEE". . . . .	45
STOLEN FROLIC . . . . .	49
THE DEERFIELD MASSACRE . . . . .	53
THE MARCH TO CANADA . . . . .	59
THE PRIEST'S HOUSE . . . . .	67
STORIES AT THE SUGAR CAMP . . . . .	69
EUNICE APPEALS TO AMRUSUS . . . . .	73
BEAVER . . . . .	77

SHOOTING A RAPID . . . . .	81
THE MARCHIONESS DE VAUDREUIL . . . . .	91
RESIDENCE OF A PROMINENT FAMILY . . . . .	93
OLD HOUSE, VICTORIA SQUARE . . . . .	93
RESIDENCE OF ONE OF THE OLD FRENCH NOBLESSE . . . . .	94
CHAMPLAIN FIGHTING THE BATTLE OF THE INDIANS . . . . .	101
CHÂTEAU DE MAINTENON . . . . .	107
A HOUSE IN BOURGES . . . . .	111
A WARD OF SŒUR BOURGEOYS . . . . .	113
THE BALL AT THE HÔTEL DE RAMESAY . . . . .	115
CHÂTEAU DE MONTIER . . . . .	119
THE HEKTEL CHÂTEAU . . . . .	127
SETTLER'S HOME ON THE SOREL . . . . .	131
TOBOGGANING AND SNOW-SHOEING . . . . .	141
THE CAROL . . . . .	145
"AS HE SAT IN THE SNOW BY HIS CAMP-FIRE" . . . . .	155
TEACHING THE LITTLE INDIAN CHILDREN . . . . .	161
BAPTISM OF INDIANS . . . . .	165
INSTRUCTING THE INDIANS . . . . .	171
THE SAINTE CHAPELLE . . . . .	177
THE INDIAN DANCE BEFORE MADAME DE MAINTENON . . . . .	183
ABBAY OF PORT ROYAL . . . . .	189
MADAME DE MAINTENON AND THE DUCHESS OF BURGUNDY . . . . .	193

# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

9

PALACE OF MARLY . . . . .	198
THE PAVILION AT MARLY . . . . .	199
FOUNTAINS IN THE PARK OF VERSAILLES . . . . .	205
MEN OF LETTERS ENTERTAINED AT VERSAILLES . . . . .	209
VERSAILLES . . . . .	213
DISPERSION OF THE COMMUNITY AT PORT ROYAL . . . . .	217
“UNDER THE DARK HULKS ON THE SEINE” . . . . .	221
EUNICE AND AMRUSUS . . . . .	227
FATHER HERTEL . . . . .	233
CROSS, STANDARD, AND CENSER . . . . .	241









## PREFACE.

---

### THE HISTORICAL BACKGROUND.

WE hear of trouble with the Indians now. News comes to us that the Apaches in Arizona are on the war-path, or that the Sioux are restive, but their depredations can hardly be called war, and they are so far away upon the frontier that we do not realize them.

Let us try to place ourselves in the reign of good Queen Anne, at the beginning of the year 1700, when all New England was frontier, and endeavor to understand what a different thing it was to live then in the western part of Massachusetts, now so quiet and peaceful. The same beautiful Connecticut rolled majestically down its lovely valley. The same fertile meadows followed its course, and the same hills shut in the lovely landscape. But away to the north was Canada, in the possession of the French, who longed to own New England too, and all about were hostile and treacherous Indians. And yet the adventurous English had dared to make settlements here; Springfield and Northampton and Hadley, and as an extreme outpost Deerfield, had been planted in the wilderness. Not without trouble with the Indians, who did not wish to give up their beautiful valley, but Maj. Pyncheon bought the land with the consent and deed of the sachems, and after a time the Indians who did not

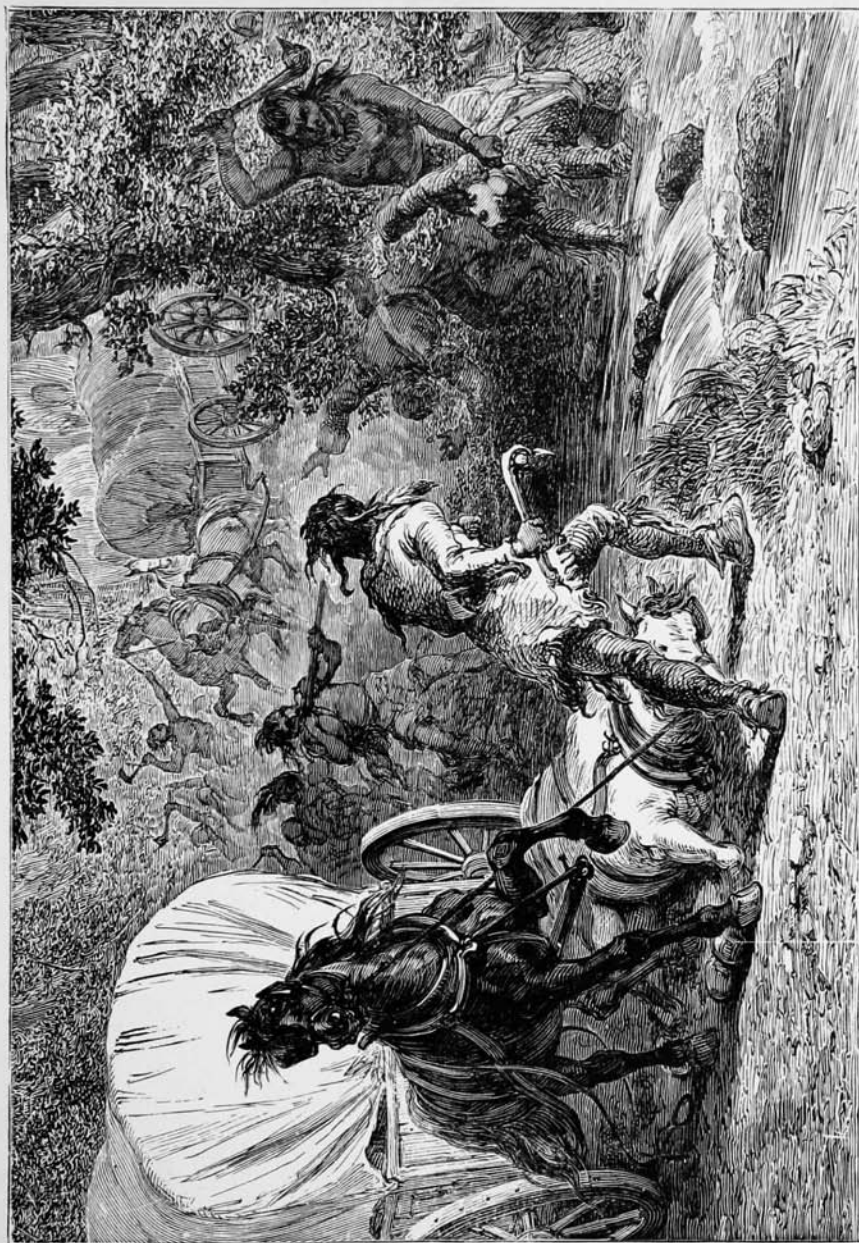
consent were compelled to submit to the change, and to move on, as they have done ever since; away from the homes they love, on and on until now there is little space left to which they can move.

The valley had now been easily won, but was not easily kept. King Philip's War in 1675 was joined in by the Pocomptuck Indians of the Connecticut Valley, and a small body of troops escorting a train were ambushed at South Deerfield. There was no village at this point then, but the little stream along which the battle was fought received and still retains the name of Bloody Brook. Gallant Captain Lothrop commanded the little company, who were called the Flower of Essex.

This and other exciting traditions were fresh in the minds of the settlers, but they had made peace with the Pocomptucks, the colony was growing, and all looked for a peaceful and happy future, when a cloud of war arose in Europe. France and England were struggling for the possession of the New World, England had made unsuccessful attempts for the conquest of Canada, and France ambitiously planned to claim the entire continent. Callières and Frontenac, Governors of Canada, sent expeditions into New England for this purpose. In 1690 the Count de Frontenac, with a detachment of French and Indians, proceeded against Albany, but succeeded only in taking Schenectady. The next year a French party, commanded by Francis Hertel, sacked Salmon Falls in New Hampshire.

The English replied by sending a fleet under the command of Sir William Phipps, for the capture of Quebec, and a land force from Albany against Mont-





BLOODY BROOK.



real. This attempt proved a failure. Then came a little interval of peace, during which France and England were engaged in setting up their chess-men, in preparation for another trial of skill on the great American chess-board. In Canada Jesuit and soldier were at work in securing the alliance of the Indians, in which they showed themselves far more politic than the English, who seldom succeeded in winning the Indians to their side. Governor Dudley indeed, in the summer of 1703, hearing that the Abenakis of Maine were dissatisfied, met them at Casco, and concluded a treaty with them; but he was just too late; the Abenakis had already sent an appeal to M. de Vandreuil, the new Governor of Montreal, who replied by sending a force which, joining with the Abenakis, laid waste the towns of Maine. The Abenakis were promptly punished, and again called upon the French for protection and revenge. The response came in the blow which fell upon Deerfield on the 29th of February, 1704. A party of French and Indians, descending the frozen Connecticut, fell upon the sleeping town, and after a brief work of fire and massacre carried away one hundred and twelve of the inhabitants as prisoners. It is of this event, with its attendant train of circumstances, that our story deals. There was among the captives a little girl named Eunice, the daughter of the minister of Deerfield, with whose after history the Canadian and New England governments had much concern; special embassies were sent at different times to negotiate for her return, exchanges of prisoners and money were offered, her case was made of special importance by church and state. Other captives were sent back.

but Eunice was kept. The Jesuits intrigued, the plausible Governor promised and broke his promises, the Indians clung to her as though she were their very own, as indeed she afterward became, and Eunice was lost to her home.

What was the reason for all this? What was there so important in this child's fate? If only we could have sent some one with her on that toilsome journey: some one who could have listened to the schemes plotted for her detention, and could have understood the career marked out for the child, and the circumstances which arose to hinder or to help it, as Eunice could not have understood them; some one who could have written all this down for our benefit, — how interesting such a recital would have been!

It is just this which our imaginary friend, Submit Dare, has done. It is an unworthy thing to tamper with history, to introduce fictitious characters and events to confuse young minds, and so I beg you to understand at the outset that there is in the following story one "made up" character, and but one, — she who tells the story. It is not known that any effort was really made in France for the release of Eunice, and Chapters X. and XI. are not to be too implicitly relied on, but the negotiations in her behalf between Canada and New England are authentic. The names are all true, their histories, their actions and words are as nearly life-like as they can now be guessed at. The spelling, though not quite so uncertain as that of the period, must not mislead our young readers, as in the early days there was no generally known and accepted standard. The beautiful legend of the Deerfield bell, which I found





TOMBSTONES OF THE REV. MR. AND MRS. WILLIAMS.



firmly believed among the Canadian Indians, I have not used, because our most careful and painstaking local historian and antiquarian, the Hon. George Sheldon, to whom I am greatly indebted for material for this story, has reason to doubt its authenticity, and because it has already been most charmingly developed in fiction by the Rev. James Hosmer. I give the history as simply and honestly as I can, just as I fancy it all happened in our little village of Deerfield, and in New France, nearly two hundred years ago.

The graves of the Rev. John and Mrs. Eunice Williams, the parents of our little heroine, may still be seen in the old Deerfield burying-ground, and at the Memorial Hall in the same village is the door of the old Sheldon House, with the marks of Indian tomahawks, which it sustained on that fearful day of the



MRS. WILLIAMS' CHINA CLOSET.

burning. Here too are many other relics connected with our story, a china closet taken from the parsonage afterward built for Mr. Williams, an old-fashioned kitchen with high-backed settles and a dresser of pewter platters and tankards, chairs such as Eunice sat in, with other antique furniture, and gowns and books, — “a kind of old Hobgoblin Hall,” which ought to be haunted, if ever building could be, by the ghosts of the past. In the library of this suggestive building, while prowling among the musty papers and letters, this chronicle came to me in part, and afterward talking with the Indians of Caughnawaga, the descendants of the very tribe who sacked Deerfield; and searching diligently in the old French archives in the library of Parliament at Ottawa, archives written in cramped script and almost obsolete French, and in the Jesuit Relations in Montreal, I found more, and this, pieced together as best I could, I give to you in the story of Submit Dare.

GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S GIRLS

IN NEW FRANCE.



# GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S GIRLS

IN NEW FRANCE.

---

## CHAPTER I.

### SUBMIT'S STORY.

HOUSE OF THE CONGREGATION AND SCHOOL  
OF THE INFANT JESUS, MOUNT ROYAL.

My life as novice at this quiet convent flows on so evenly from day to day that although I have my studies, the making of paper flowers with Mother Juchereau, and my embroidery with the holy hermitess, Jeanne le Ber, and the teaching of the little Indian children, to occupy my time, yet it is so peaceful in the cloisters after school hours that I sometimes yawn for sleepiness and lack of excitement. And yet I am not sorry that the old life of peril and suffering is over, though I love to tell my mates of my strange adventures, and they do love to hear me when the lights are out, and the Mother Superior has made the rounds of the dormitories to see that all is still. And as the tale has pleased them, I have thought it might others who may come after me, and I have taken to writing it out in our silent hour, when each member of the school and congregation is confined to her solitary cell to meditate upon her past life.

I find that the writing of relations is a matter on which all Canada is engaged at present. Not only do

the good Jesuit Fathers spend much of their time in the scriptorium compiling accounts of things spiritual and temporal, but the Intendant also and the Governor keep their secretaries at the ink-horn, writing out accounts of what occurs in these provinces for his majesty the king and the Minister of the Marine in France. So also more private bodies seem to have been taken with this mania for scribbling; and all Canada is more or less busied in writing out, either for the eye of some great person in Europe, or for the public press, or for future generations, matters both of great and little weight.

I have heard it also remarked by Madame de Champigny, the wife of the kind Intendant, that from a perusal of state papers it seemed to her that the more noble the person addressed, the more frivolous were the subjects brought to his attention. This may account for my perverse inclination to wander from my subject.

I will, therefore, to my story. I was born in the unhappy village of Salem, Massachusetts. My mother was a simpler and nurse, who gained her living by caring for the sick, and by gathering herbs and roots, from which she brewed small beer and compounded salves and ointments for man and beast. But whereas her remedies were not always effectual, and now and then a porker or sundry kine died, which had been treated by her, the saying went out that she was a witch, and that such as she willed to live recovered, and those against whom she had a spite died. At this time certain children in Salem were possessed of the devil, or so gave themselves out to be, and pitched





TRIAL FOR WITCHCRAFT IN SALEM.



upon my mother as having bewitched them with her sorceries, because they had drunk small beer at her house. I, being called upon in court, did testify in the presence of one of these children, who flung herself upon the floor, foaming with rage, that my mother refused to sell the children of her beer, both because she held it too heady for infants of such tender age, and because she doubted if their parents had given them money for this purpose, and I verily believed it was of spite for her refusal that they thus accused her. But my defence profited nothing, for there were others found to declare how that a cow had choked on a turnip and my mother had not cured the beast, and a hen had died of the pip, and a cur of the mange; and the Rev. Cotton Mather taking the children home to catechise them, they threw books at him while he was writing his sermons, which he considered proof positive that they were moved by the malice of the Evil One, and so gave his voice against my mother, who was condemned and forthwith slain.

Then there is a long blank and I find myself adopted into the household of the Rev. John Williams of Deerfield, which came about in this wise. The Rev. Cotton Mather, who was my mother's persecutor, in his remorseful pity, wrote to his cozen, Mistress Eunice Williams, to take me and bring me up christianly, which she did very faithfully and lovingly. Nevertheless, being the child of tragedy, I grew not up altogether like the other children, of whom Samuel was about a year beneath my own age, a gentle and docile youth of fifteen, fond of his books and better pleased to yield to others than to maintain his own

right. Esther and Stephen, who came next, were livelier but of less engaging dispositions, and Stephen was much given to disputation. Eunice, who was my special care, was six years of age, a most affectionate and lovable child. Warham was a sturdy boy of three, and later there was given us a baby girl who was named Jerusha. There was still an older son; but of him I saw nothing, as he was absent from home for the furthering of his education. These children were all good and comfortable to me, and I liked them well; and yet, with all their good-will, they regarded me as one not like themselves and strange; for I was afflicted at times by a seizure called the Vapours, and while in this condition all real things became shadowy to me, and I seemed to walk as in a mist or dream. At such times I had a knack of guessing what would shortly come to pass, so that often I would say, "There will be company to dinner," or "One in trouble will to-day come to consult the parson." And it often came to pass as I had said. I think I was of a religious nature, for I lived much in prayer; but it was borne upon my mind that Christian preachers had consented to my mother's death, and, though I strove to bear no grudge, the thought perplexed and frightened me. I was at this time possessed with a great greed and hunger for reading, devouring every book that I could lay hands upon; and truly there was no lack of reading in the parsonage. I remember one very bulky volume, called "The Weekly Pacquet of advice from Rome," from which I learned that there was another religion different from that professed by my friends. To this book was appended some humorous remarks entitled "Jocoserious

Reflections on Romish Fopperies." Books of a merry kind were rare in this library, and when I read: "Sure, we may be allowed a little mirth when they exercise so much spleen and gall," and, — "Popery is such a silly foppery that it deserves none of our passions but scorn," — I made sure I had lighted on rare divertisement. But the sport was for the most part beyond my wit, and I was left for my pains with naught but curiosity to know more. When I asked the parson to tell me of this new religion, he said that it was idolatry and from the devil, that they set up images and crosses and prayed thereto, and he prayed God that none of us might know more of it. Now, being a child of a contrary disposition, I forthwith determined that since there was another religion it should be mine, and I made myself a little chapel in a cave by the river-side, and a cross of two sticks which I placed therein and I resorted thither to say my prayers secretly out of pure wantonness of perversity. John Stoddard, one of the two soldiers quartered upon us, had a great and fierce dogge, a blood hound such as are used to track bears, and albeit the creature was exceeding fierce with others (see *Frontispiece*), yet it allowed Eunice to sit upon it, to pull it hither and yon and maltreat it at her pleasure. It was John Stoddard's wish to put this dog upon the track of any salvages or suspicious persons which would put them in greater terror than a whole train band of soldiers. This seemed unto our pastor an inhuman manner of warfare, though the young man confidently affirmed that his father the Rev. Solomon Stoddard of Northampton counted that the Indians should be treated as wolves and beasts, since their

actions were wolfish, and had so advised in a letter to Governor Dudley.

About this time I remember that my walks in the meadows were cut short, there being rumors of prowling Indians, and presently there were worse than rumors, for in the autumn of 1702 Zebediah Williams



A DUTCH BURGOMASTER.

and John Nims, being at work on the north meadows, were taken by the Indians to Canada. Upon that the stockades were righted and no woman or child, nor man neither, save he were well armed, durst for a time stray beyond them. But as for above a year we had no further alarm of any kind, the towns people began to fancy themselves in safety, until in the month of January there came to our town two men, whom we

afterward deemed to be Frenchmen though they professed themselves to be Dutch traders come from Rensselaerswyck (Albany). They said that they had been robbed of their packs by Indians and were now on their way to Boston. They spent the night at Deacon French's, one of our neighbors who lived across the common, and the parson was called in to see them, and brought one of them, a tall dark man, back with him to

show him his library, for the stranger knew something of English and professed himself fond of book-learning. As he ran his eye over the book-shelves, he lighted almost instantly on the "Reflections on Romish Poperies," and was soon deep in its perusal. He read so long that Parson Williams dozed in his chair; and as there was no one else in the room, seeing that the stranger was moved by what he read, anon to anger and anon to mirth, I made bold to ask him if he knew aught of the religion described in the book; "for," said I, "I count it not seemly to make a mock at any religion, and as for this Romish one, none shall revile it before me, for it is mine." Then the stranger let fall his book in surprise and asked me who had taught me, whereat Mr. Williams suddenly awoke and looked about him suspiciously, and bade me get to bed. But as I was to sleep that night with my friend Freedom French, at the house where the strangers were lodged, I went with the tall man across the common to their habitation. On the way I told how I had made the chapel and had taken this unknown religion for my own. Then he said softly, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings," — and melting a little snow by rubbing it in his hands he made the sign of the cross with it on my forehead, and bade me remember that I was baptized, and to wait for a further revelation, "which," quoth he, "God will send you by the hand of his servants."

The strangers were lodged in the back part of the house and I with my friend Freedom (who was presently sound asleep) over the keeping-room, and while I lay sleepless pondering what these things might

mean I heard the voice of Parson Williams talking in the room below me. Now there was in the floor an opening to let the heat through from the room below, and applying my ear thereto I heard Parson Williams say to Deacon French that it was strange that this man who seemed of such good quality should not be acquainted with his friend John Schuyler, for the Schuylers were of first consequence in all the Dutch provinces. What was the more strange he admitted to have heard of the Rev. Cotton Mather of Boston, Mistress Williams' cousin and to have read certain of his writings. He had spoken too in praise of his latinity, which he pronounced most scholar-like. All of which seemed most prodigious to Parson Williams in a simple Dutch trader, and he had come over to take counsel whether it were not wise to have such suspicious persons apprehended, which it was decided should be done upon the morrow, and he would send John Stoddard's dogge to keep ward. Now, when I heard that mischief was determined against my new friend, I made haste to write a warning upon a bit of paper, which I carried through the hall and thrust under the stranger's door — telling them to flee before the coming of the dogge.

The next morning we found that the two strangers had mysteriously disappeared during the night, carrying much good victuals of our neighbor with them. Stephen Belden and Samuel Allen the same night apprehended two strangers on the road to the Bars who confessed themselves Frenchmen, and gave their names as Jean Santimaure and Pierre Boileau and were shortly carried prisoners to Boston. They





"ON THE CROSS A LITTLE NECKLACE."



feigned ignorance of our language and would give no information concerning the men who had lodged with us but all were of opinion that they were of one company and spies against the peace of our commonwealth.

Stephen Williams, a clever youth, was the first to assert that the man who had visited us might be a Jesuit, for he had observed him when he withdrew his cap, and perceived him to be bald, and that not altogether as by nature, but in a manner as though shorn by a razor.

Not long after this I stole away across the snow to my little chapel in the cave by the river-side, and I found on the cross a little necklace, for so I deemed it, of beads curiously joined, and, judging rightly that my new friend had left it there for me, I hung it about my neck under my frock.

That night a letter came from Mr. John Schuyler saying that he had learned from friendly Indians that an expedition was determined against Deerfield by the French, and he counselled us to keep good watch and guard.

## CHAPTER II.

### A VISIT FROM THE REV. COTTON MATHER.

SHORTLY after the receipt of this letter there was a family meeting at the parsonage, the Rev. Eleazer Mather, Mistress Williams' father, coming up from Northampton, having driven all the way in his own chaise, and bringing with him his nephew, the Rev. Cotton Mather, of Boston, a little man of about forty years of age, great in reputation and in his own eyes; a man whom I could in no wise abide, for his coxcombery and egotism. He did talk much, and of little else save his own writings and labors, and the praise he had received for the same.

Mistress Williams, to pleasure him, spoke of how even the spy who had visited us had read his works. Mr. Mather was much interested, and told how he had corresponded in Latin with a Jesuit named Rale, a missionary to the Abenakis. He said that the Jesuits kept up close communication one with another, and he doubted not but that our guest had heard of him through his correspondent, Rale. He had great hatred for the doctrine of the Jesuits, but admired their scholarship and their missionary zeal, "which," said he, "we might well copy. Should this man ever again adventure himself into our colonies," continued Mr. Mather, "it will be at the peril of his life." And he read us from the Act which ordains "that no Jesuit or

spiritual or ecclesiastical person ordained by the Pope or See of Rome shall come within this jurisdiction, and that if any person shall give just cause or suspicion that he is of such society or order, he shall be brought before some of the magistrates, and banished, and if taken the second time, shall be put to death."

The English had made some courses from Boston among the Abenakis, and had brought back certain captives, and "it should go hard," Mr. Mather said, "ere they should be returned, for he was determined to effect the salvation of their souls, by force if necessary."

He fetched with him a copy of his new book, the "*Magnalia Christi Americana*," or "History of the Churches of America," lately printed in London, a book containing nearly as much matter as the Old Testament; and he did read to us copious extracts from the same, of which I remember little save the seventh book, which treated of the afflictive disturbances which the church has suffered from the devil, the Separatists, Antinomians, Quakers, clerical impostors, and Indians. That part relating to the wars of the Lord with the Pequot Indians I did find greatly to my mind, and I remember we all approved the slaying of them and selling them as slaves to the West Indies, not knowing that we should presently be called to like direful experiences in a captivated condition. Mr. Mather was of the opinion that if the Indians were given into our hands, we might justly exchange them for Moors or for slaves from the Bermudas, which would make most gayneful pillage for us all, as less like to betake themselves to the forests. He had himself bought a Spanish

Indian servant and presented him to his father, for which act the Lord had rewarded him by putting it into the heart of a gentleman to give him another.

Mistress Williams asked him concerning the Abenakis captives, and he told us of two children who had been torn from the arms of their mother, and she of so cruel and unnatural a nature that she had attempted to kill them rather than suffer them to be taken; that she had followed the soldiers a great distance, though she was on foot, and they on horseback, making the forest dismal with her howlings. Truly, I had a great pity for this poor mother, not foreseeing that I should meet her in the future, or that the destiny of her children should be wrapped up with that of little Eunice.

Mr. Mather furthermore said that the children were of wild aspect, intractable, and moodish, that they refused to learn the catechism or to repeat it after him, and this could not be set down to want of sense, for they constantly said their Romish prayers at night, crossing themselves and repeating the Pater noster, to the injury of their souls. And this was a thing which I could not then, nor can I now, understand, how that the Pater noster, which is but the Lord's prayer in Latin, could be of the Evil One, while the same in English could be a means of their salvation. Nor can I understand why Father Meriel should affirm the contrary, the Latin prayer being for him an act of grace, and the same in English heresy and anti-Christ.

Mr. Mather was of so devout a mind that he found occasion for spiritual edifying in the most trivial matters, for passing through the kitchen, and seeing Parthena, our negro wench, brewing some small beer, spiced with



MASSACRE OF THE PEQUOTS.





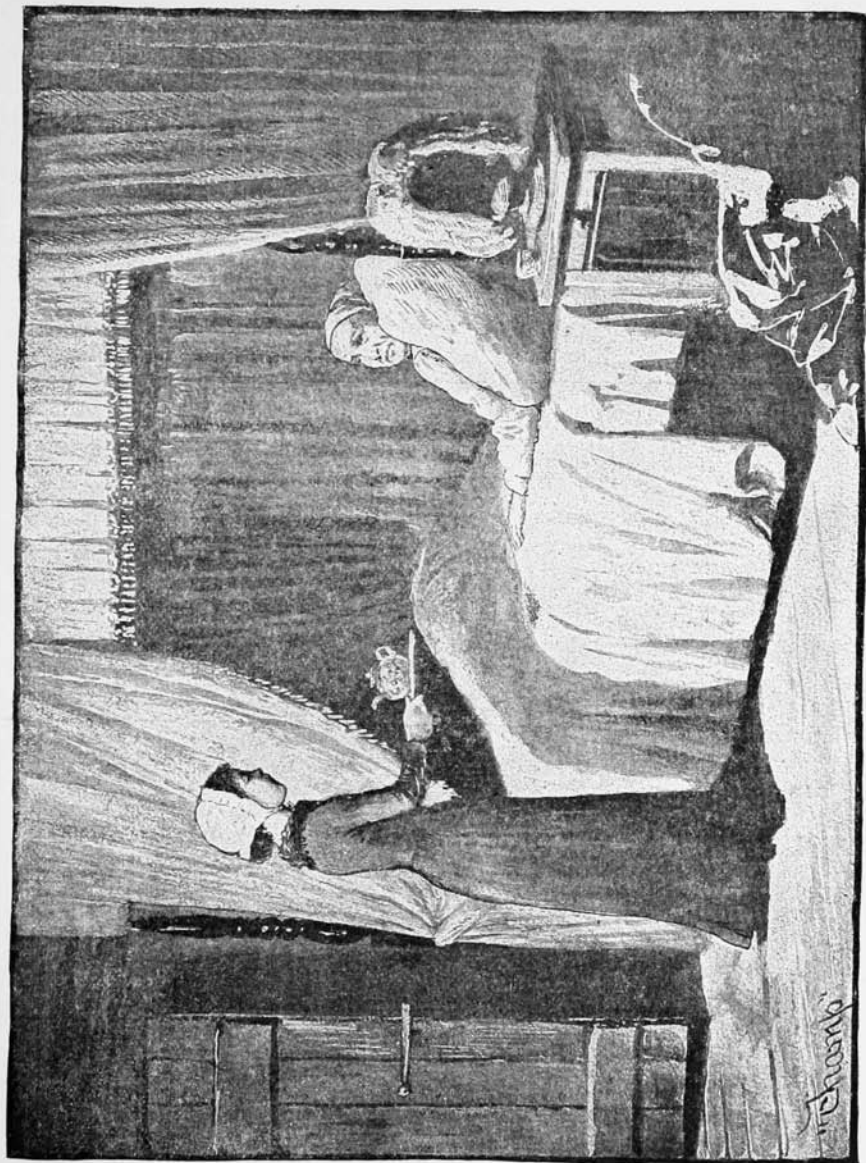
roots of sassafras and other simples, he partook of the same, audibly beseeching that she might find in Christ refreshment for her thirsty soul. And yet, for all his devotion, I liked not Mr. Cotton Mather over much; and when he did hold forth that evening concerning the cases of bewitched children which had come to his knowledge, his cousin, Mistress Eunice Williams, did dutifully suggest that he had been imposed upon in especial by a saucy hussie who made a pretence of being bewitched, for the sake of making herself gaped at as a person of some consequence; pretending to be unable to say her catechism, and roaring exceedingly when bidden to do any useful work, which indeed if it is a mark of bewitchment, she had reason to believe many well-conditioned children to be in like manner afflicted, and needing only the application of Solomon's rod to bring them out of the toils of the Adversary. They continued this conversation until late at night, and Mr. Mather did confess that the persecutions had gone too far, and that he now believed my mother to have been in no wise guilty, but simply crazed in her intellectuals. The next day being one that Mr. Mather had set apart as a fast day, he would eat nothing, which set Mistress Williams in a chafe, for she had provisioned handsomely: a dish of marrow bones, and nettle porridge for breakfast, with fritters; and for dinner, turkey-pie, tanzy-pudding, the jowl, collops, brains, and sweet breads of a calf, served with a French sauce, all nicely dressed by her own hands, and she not a little proud of her housewifely skill, and in hopes to satisfy her cousin's epicureal taste.

At night we had a sack posset, cheese, and fried

cymbals with walnuts, all of which Mr. Mather would none of, but when he was sensible of the fumes of the posset, he got himself with all speed out of the room, exclaiming : —

“ Get thee behind me, Satan,” at which tears of vexation did breed in my good foster-mother’s eyes. On the morrow, when I was sent to summon Mr. Mather to breakfast, I found him fallen into a sort of trance or ecstacy, and too weak to rise from his bed. And surely, with his great curled wig set on a stand beside him, he being in his night cap, and his eyes rolling in the trance, he was a most frightful object to contemplate. But perceiving a semblance in this seizure to the vapours with which I am sometimes afflicted, I hastened to fetch Mr. Mather a cup of China tee, and being sensible of the reviving fumes thereof, he very presently came out of his ecstacy and, after drinking the comfortable infusion, found himself able to descend to breakfast and to things of a worldly nature.

He was mightily pleased with little Eunice, and made inquiries concerning the education which she was like to have at Dame Barnard’s School, saying that it would be well for her to learn Latin and that in spite of his dislike for Latin prayers at an early age, and expressing the entertainment which he had experienced from a knowledge of this learned language, both in perusing its literature and in correspondence with divers learned men, among others the Jesuit Rale missionary as aforesaid to the Abenakis at Norridgewock in the Province of Maine. He also advised that she be sent to Boston when she was come to a fit age, to have lessons in musick upon the harpsichord. “ And who knows,” quoth



"I HASTED TO FETCH A CUP OF CHINA TEE."



he, "but among my boys, we shall make a match of it, for she is a pretty child and hath already the manners of a gentlewoman."

At this word a sort of dumb rage against the man which was shut up in my heart, did flame forth, and I promised myself that if I could hinder, Eunice should in no wise wed with any of his kin.

I remember that there was some talk as he and his father set out on the morrow on their return to Northampton, against the imprudence of two gentlemen travelling alone in their own carriage, after the tidings sent by Mr. John Schuyler. But these were already old, and the towns' people had in a measure recovered from the fright of them, so that though we now had a garrison of twenty soldiers quartered in the village, and the stockades were righted up, yet many, seduced by the beauty of the season, the hills being all aflame with the maples, did frequently pass in and out, and, finding no cause for alarm, thought the warning but an idle rumor.

As winter came on, and the snow fell, shutting us in to our own fire-sides, our sense of security deepened. Surely, we thought, the half naked Indians will not brave the hardships of a march from Canada in the deadly cold of these starry nights, in the teeth of piercing winds, and through the trackless wilderness covered with the drifting snow, for the sake of assaulting our peaceful village; but John Stoddard was of the opinion that the winter was the time when we might expect an attack, since the frozen river gave them an open highway.

There were three weddings among us this winter,

Hannah Chapin making her wedding journey all the way from Springfield on a pillion behind her husband, John Sheldon, to dwell beside us as our neighbor. This was thought to be an exceeding long journey for the time of year, and we little thought that we would shortly be called to make one more difficult, and that on foot.

Yet, with all this marrying and pleasuring, Mr. Williams was not over confident that danger was passed, and was ever of a sober mind and averse to junkitting and frolics. I well remember that one evening when we deemed him gone with Mistress Williams to visit at Deacon Sheldon's, and Freedom French was come to visit me, that we diverted ourselves with playing Blind Man's Buff and other fooleries in the kitchen, John Stoddard and the Williams boys assisting. And just as John Stoddard was about to buss Freedom French and we were at the height of our uproar, the door opened and the Parson appeared with a look upon his face which was like to freeze the marrow in our bones with terror. From that time John Stoddard and his dogge were quartered no more upon us. But though the Parson was a stern man I know now that he showed himself, in this time of false security, as wise and prudent as afterward in the teeth of danger, brave and undismayed, thinking good to prepare our minds for whatsoever might come forth toward us by a day of prayer and fasting. The place of scripture from whence we were entertained was Genesis xxxii. : 11 : "Deliver me, I pray thee, from the hand of my brother, from the hand of Esau ; for I fear him, lest he will come and smite me, and the mother with the children." I think



STOLEN FROLIC.





I was never so sensibly impressed with the earnestness and true worth of our pastor as on this occasion, for he presumed not to imagine that our prayers would turn aside the immutable decrees of a wise God, but to prepare us to endure with a right Christian spirit suffering and trials, if such were to be our portion.

After that sermon I retracted all that I had thought in my mind against this man's religion, for I doubted not but that he would stand to his words in any time of need, as indeed it afterward proved, for during our painful march to Canada he thought not of himself but was ever ready to console any whose state perchance was not so pitiable as his own.

About this time Mistress Williams fell sick, and in a foreboding of death she called me to her bedside, and bade me take special charge of little Eunice after her demise. But in spite of these misgivings she shortly recovered her health though not perfectly: and, seeing her once more about the house and useful and cheerful, as was her wont, we for the time forgot her forebodings, though we had sad cause to dwell upon them afterward.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE DEERFIELD MASSACRE AND MARCH TO CANADA.

THEN came the night of the 28th of February in this memorable year of 1704, and I awaked from a sound sleep with a sense of danger at my heart, and I felt that I was again taken of the vapours, or rather that the spirits were about me, for in my ears there sounded a fearsome, whispering voice, which said unto me "Fly!" three times, with so great urgency that, gathering together my garments, and fastening strings and hooks as I went, I was driven by the spirit to depart the house with all speed by the kitchen doore into the orchard; which I had scarcely attained when I saw the village to be full of Indians, of soldiers, of lights and noyse, and understood the town to be under a surprise of the salvages and of the French. This fearsome sight filled me with such a phrenzy of terror that I fled across the meadow to the river-bank, and might have come off scot-free had not the perfidy of my cowardice come upon me with such a sense of shame and unfaithfulness to duty as I never felt before or since.

For I remembered my promise to Mistress Williams, to be a true and faithful guardian to little Eunice, and here was I at the first danger escaped without so much as striving to save her. Whereupon I was fain to retrace my steps; but when I reached the house I



THE DEERFIELD MASSACRE.



found it all a flame and no one in it but the negro wench Parthena, more faithful than I, lying dead across the doorway, with Jerusha, the murdered babe, beside her. I ran into Eunice's room, and, not finding her, carried thence her camlet cloak and little shoes, which she had left behind, and then, seeing that the Indians and French were leading captives to the Sheldon house, I ran thither, making sure that I should find there the friends whom I had deserted.

But surely the sights as I went were very awful, and like to craze me with terror; for here lay one murdered man, and all the way were pools and splashes of blood on the white snow, glaringly lit up by the light of the blazing houses. I had not run far before I felt myself followed, and stayed by a strong hand upon my arm, and, turning, I saw a Frenchman in the garb of a trappeur with coat and pointed cap, called a tuque, and leggings made all of grey blanket. This manner of dress was so strange to me that I stood frozen with fear till the soldier led me into neighbor Sheldon's house, where I found my friends with others of the towns-people guarded as captives. Then I to little Eunice and put on her cloak and shoes, and to Mistress Williams and craved her forgiveness, who was very pale, her lips moving in prayer continually. And presently a brother of the commander, the young Lieutenant Hertel de Chamblée, was led in wounded in the arm from the attack on the Stebbins house. For at house of Benoni Stebbins were quartered one or two soldiers, and thither at the first onset resorted several of the bravest men of the town, and as they were attacked later than the northerly part of the town,

they managed to prepare themselves and to make good their defence, though the entire French army gathered about it. So that they saved not only themselves but the houses to the south of them and inflicted no little damage on the enemy. One of our own townswomen, kind-hearted Mrs. Catlin, seeing that no one cared for the wounded lieutenant, herself bound up his wound, and received the reward of her own freedom for this kindness, for De Chamblée spoke to his brother concerning her, and would in no wise permit of her being carried away captive.

Then began the cruel march, 300 miles, to Canada. We were separated and given to different masters, Little Eunice being left with me, but Mistress Williams, my kind, good friend, I saw no more. Some days after her husband told me she had been slain by the tomahawk, and she was not the only one who thus suffered. Many a tender woman sank exhausted, and was slain by her captors—as I think now in truest mercy, for a quick release was surely better than lingering agony. They were strange men, these salvages, cruel and blood-thirsty as demons at times, and yet with touches of grace, for, though wearied and burdened, some of them bore cheerfully the little children upon their backs, and wrapped them at night in their thin blankets; yea, and denied themselves even the bit of moose-flesh which was their scanty provender, rather than that one of the little ones should suffer. I could scarce believe mine own eyes in this, but I saw it again and again. Eunice's master was a medicine man, half leech and half conjurer, and in spite of his war paint and feathers, I recognized him for a so called friendly

Indian whom I had seen in Deerfield, to whom I had often given tankards of cider and maple sugar, of both of which he was greedily fond. When I thought of the kindness which he had received at the hands of Mistress Williams, and how the good lady now lay murdered by these ruthless creatures, such a loathing came over me that I would not allow him to touch Eunice, but carried her myself upon my back, until they gave me a sledge or toboggan, whereon I bestowed her with packs of camp equipage given me to train, with the help of a little currish dog, who, like myself, pulled much better than his size would warrant. The Indians had numbers of these dogs, and the one given to us was friendly, and licked the hands and face of Eunice, and put forth good effort at the ropes, so that we kept up with the company.

The commander of the army, the Sieur Hertel de Rouville, came also and talked with me, and I said within myself:—Here is a man who believes he is right, and whom neither demon nor angel can move, for he planted his foot as who should say, “I am master, and disobey me who dares?” Yet were the Indians a continual grievance unto him, and I heard him say to his brothers that much of the honor and glory of this exploit would be tarnished because of them; “for,” quoth he, “they have killed women and children, contrary to my orders, and have broken their word having promised to make war *à la française*. They are bad soldiers with no discipline whatever, who never do what I want them to do, and always abandon me when I need them, and the cruelty inseparable from their nature is not creditable to our arms.”

The commander of the expedition had four brothers with him, all of them well-conditioned young Frenchmen, good soldiers, and gallant gentlemen. Contrary to the English custom their family name is spoken first, for there was the Captain Hertel de Rouville, Hertel de Beaulac, Hertel de St. Louis, Hertel de Cournoyer and Hertel de Chamblée. And of all these I liked best Hertel de Chamblée, for a truer gentleman, be he French or English, I think never lived.

For when he saw my pitiful case, how I was nearly starved with the cold, he girt his blanket coat about me, and himself wore a furred skin like unto the Indians. He taught me also how to use my snowshoes, with which I was very clumsy, and, although one of his arms was still disabled from his wound, he took the rope of Eunice's sledge from my hand, and trained it for me; and he sang gay little *chansons*, which, though we knew not the meaning of the words, heartened us with their joyousness. The child Eunice liked him, and she thrived in spite of our privations, and would pet the little dog who aided in drawing her sledge, and drive and chastise Hertel de Chamblée with a stick as though he were her horse. And at night he would make a little hut for us two, of boughs and skins, and himself sitting by the fire at the opening would keep guard over us. Often have I wakened to see him there seated beside the crimson embers, or standing tall and dark in the white light of the stars, with the slant purple shadows lying on the snow. And I have felt safe in the midst of those painted savages, for his guardianship was more like that of a friend than of a captor.





THE MARCH TO CANADA.



I had another friend among our enemies, for we had marched but a day or two when I noticed a tall man in a black habit in the company, whose visage seemed familiar to me, and, studying his countenance, I perceived that he was the spy who had spent the night in Deerfield, and with whom I had had converse concerning the Catholic religion. He went about touching the foreheads of all the children with the sign of the cross, and said to the captain, "Is it not a precious thought that with this touch I change them from devils to angels." He baptized all such grown people as were struck down by the Indians, before they died. He recognized me also, and came and spoke kindly to me, and asked me whose was the child whom I trained upon the sledge. And when I told him he looked attentively on her and said, "Through her we may reach the stony heart of her father. I have had many arguments with him, and have found him a most pestiferous and obstinate heretic, but this child is a precious gift to our holy church."

Often after this I observed him talking with Parson Williams, and I marked how each labored to convert the other to his faith, and many times thereafter I have been sore perplexed because of this thing, for I knew Parson Williams to be a true and godly man, as I afterward found the Jesuit to be, and in my weakness of mind and inability to solve their differences, I have wondered if in Heaven they might not find that each was partly right and partly wrong and there laugh at their efforts to compass each other's conversion on the way to Canada.

When we came to the junction of the White River

with the Connecticut, up which we had been travelling, there was a dividance of the party, the French soldiers continuing on up the Connecticut and the Indians and the captives turning to the left up the White. But Hertel de Chamblée bade me be of good cheer; "for," said he, "I will meet you at the garrison of Chamblée, whither we are all bound, and which is named, as I am, for a gallant young officer of the Carignan regiment to whom my mother was betrothed before ever she met my father, but who died even while she was coming out from France to marry him. We will meet," said he, "there, and the name which was ill-omened to my mother shall bring us joy, for thence I will take you to my own home."

He then called a young Indian, scarcely more than a boy, and bade him train the sledge and me to sit thereon with Eunice, for my feet were sore. The Indian's name was Amrusus, and he took a great liking to little Eunice, making playthings for her with the bones of the animals we ate, some of which he tied together as a rattle, with sinews. He was good to me also, wrapping my feet in skins, and from that time we had no lack of food, for he was a good hunter and brought down several wild geese with his bow and arrow. Also he was a famous runner, and I have seen him outrun a rabbit, catching the beast by its hind legs, knock its head against a tree, and bring it to us. And when he found that this distressed Eunice he brought her one alive, which she would have kept as a pet but it presently escaped.

And now the scenery became very beautiful, for we passed down the French River (Winooski) and sighted

many fair mountains, among others Le Lion Couchant (now called Camel's Hump), so named by Champlain, and so we came at last to the lake called by the French La Mer des Iroquois (Lake Champlain), down which we set away for Canada.

When our doleful little procession crept into the fort of Chamblée, I was destined to be cruelly disappointed ; for though Hertel de Chamblée was there awaiting our arrival, and many kind-hearted French settlers had hastily congregated to do us kindness, and some were ransomed from their Indian masters, yet, when Whistling Serpent, Eunice's master, was offered a good French gun for little Eunice, he refused, and when De Chamblée would have claimed me Father Meriel, for so I now knew my tall friend in the black robe to be called, said that if I could reconcile it to my conscience to go with him, I was free to do so. This he said, knowing well what my answer would be, for when we first came near the French settlement the sight of these civilized houses and a church, woke in me such a longing to be taken in and cared for, as I had seen other of our captives, and to leave the society of these barbarians, that I spoke of this to Father Meriel, telling him how Eunice's father and brothers and sisters had been separated from her, the Indians now breaking up into bands and getting home without any order but as each listed. Father Meriel saw the love I had for the child Eunice, and promised me that if I wished, I should never be separated from her, but might live with her in the Indian village where he was priest. Rather, I besought, may she not go with me to the home of Hertel de Chamblée, but this he would not in any sort allow. "Thou must

choose between the child and the French," quoth he, "for the Whistling Serpent has taken such a liking for her that he will in no wise allow her to be separated from him. And whereas I had at first intended that thou, who, as a baptized Catholic, art not a captive, shouldst be placed under the care of our good sisters, and educated in everything which becomes a woman, as well as in the most holy faith, still, for a time, it may be best that thou shouldst be serviceable to the child."

Then I understood that it was expected of me that I should become a bondswoman to a savage for the sake of the child, and yet when I knew that she could not come with me, I did not hesitate. Whistling Serpent made known to Father Meriel his willingness that I should remain with the child. "His squaw will treat you kindly," said Father Meriel, "for she is a good Catholic and comes regularly to confession, but I doubt if the child, without you, would have been an acceptable present; though, with you to tend it, and to aid her besides, the case is different."

These words strengthened my resolution, for I saw that I had been in danger of forgetting my sacred duty and bounden promise to Mistress Williams. And so though in our frequent camps I could now easily have run away to the homes of the French settlers, and they would doubtless have befriended me, I gave up all hope of this, and, clasping the child's hand in mine, I said that I cared not what became of me, but as the fear of death and captivity had not availed to separate us, so neither should a false mirage of friendship and comfort.

Now, this was in no way to the liking of Hertel de Chamblée, but he was obliged to submit for that time, though he swore roundly that he would yet find me, and move heaven and earth but he would ransom us both from the Indians.

And so with much grief we parted, he giving me the ring which had once betrothed his mother to the officer for whom he was afterward named. The posy within this ring was *Devoir et Amour*. And I marked how even the old Frenchman had placed *duty* before *love*. I placed this ill-fated ring upon the rosary next my heart lest the salvages should take it from me, and I wear it there to this day.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE INDIAN VILLAGE.

A rude and unshapely chapel stands,  
Built up in that wild by unskilled hands,  
Yet the traveller knows it a place of prayer,  
For the holy sign of the cross is there ;  
And should he chance at that place to be  
Of a Sabbath morn, or some hallowed day,  
When prayers are made and masses said,  
Some for the living and some for the dead,  
Well might that traveller start to see  
The tall, dark forms that take their way  
From the birch canoe on the river shore  
And the forest paths, to that chapel door,  
And marvel to mark the naked knees  
And the dusky foreheads bending there,  
While in coarse white vesture over these,  
In blessing or in prayer,  
Stretching abroad his thin, pale hands,  
Like a shrouded ghost the Jesuit stands.

WHITTIER.

A THAW having now set in, the Indians paddled down the Sorel (now the Richelieu) River.

I was full of sad thoughts, and of pity for De Chamblée, and of more pity for myself ; but Eunice clung to me with such tender trustfulness that I did not regret my choice, and her childish prattle did much to beguile my sadness. She never tired of pointing out the châteaux on the seigniories, or great estates in the possession of a single lord who lives in his fortified house or rude castle, and receives the rental of his lands from the habitants or settlers. I saw many grand houses built of rough stone and squared timber, some-



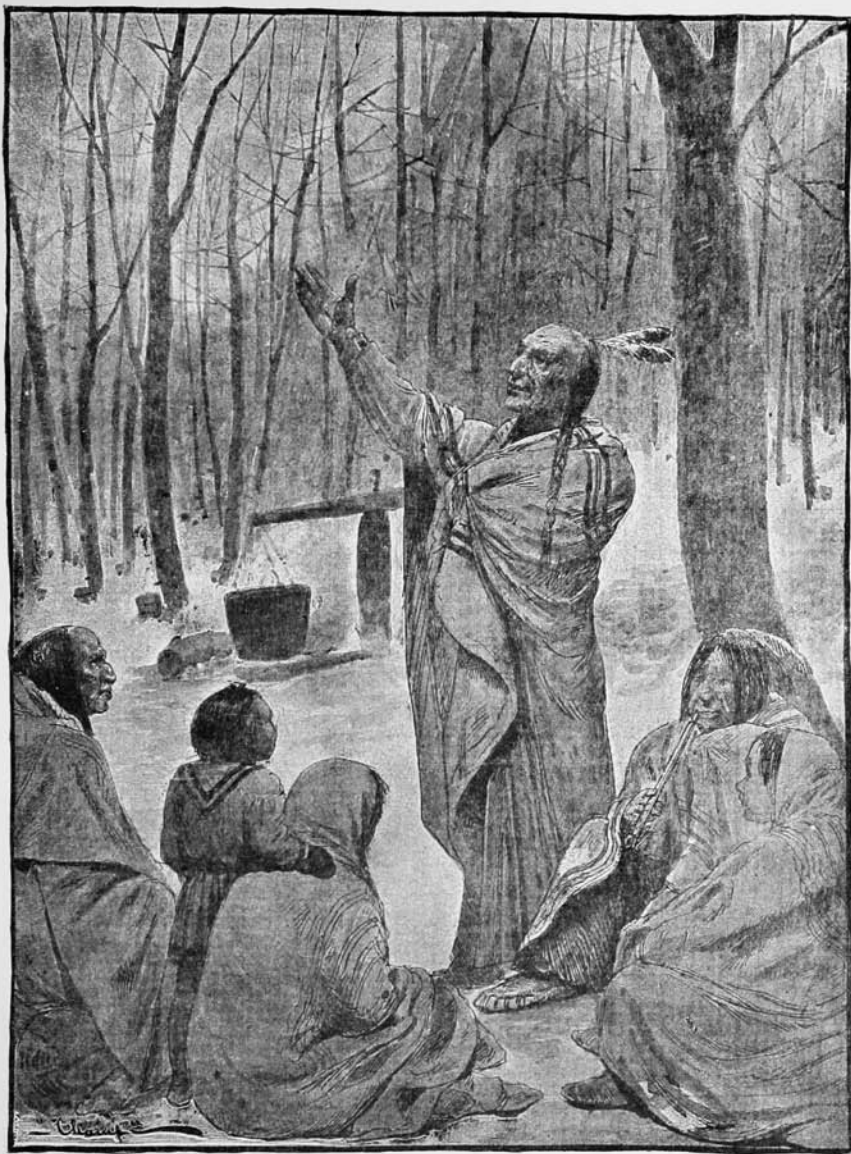
times bastioned and flanked with towers which again were capped with peaked roofs like unto extinguishers. Father Meriel told me that these were built after the fashion of the châteaux of Normandy. He pointed out the seigniories of certain officers of the Carignan regiment



THE PRIEST'S HOUSE.

whom the king had made barons. — Sorel, named for the commander of the Carignan regiment, who built the old Fort Richelieu here in 1663 to check the incursions of the Iroquois, and, as we turned into the St. Lawrence, Contrecoeur, Verchères, Varennes, Longueuil, and other high sounding names. We passed also many little churches bearing crosses on the roofs, or planted before

their doors, with Indian villages about them; St. Matthias, St. Hilaire, St. Hyacinthe, St. Denis, St. Antoine, and St. Ours, and the missions were as attractive by reason of their peacefulness as the grander homes of the noblesse, which, with their loop holes and moats and walls, seemed to tell of constant expectation of attack. And so at last we passed by the city of Mount Royal (Montreal) which was first named Ville Marie, but we halted not here, continuing our course up the river as far as the rapids, where, on the right bank, is the Indian village of Caughnawaga. Here is a priest's house of logs, and a church with a very solemn and sweet-toned bell, which was rung for joy at our coming, the Indian women marching out to meet their husbands, and kneeling on the bank of the river to receive the benediction of Father Meriel. The wife of Whistling Serpent, a wrinkled crone of uncleanly appearance, was not delighted at the coming of little Eunice; but Father Meriel took her aside and labored with her, and though I could not understand all that was said, I made out that she was bidden take good charge of her, for the child was of great consequence to his designs, I wondering much what these designs might be. We were therefore given a small lodge to ourselves, with wolf-skins and bear-skins whereon to sleep, and plenty good victuals, fish broiled upon the coals, and corn cake, so that Eunice, who had grown thin during our long march, soon heartened and fattened in a way that was good to see. She disported herself also with the Indian children, and soon learned all their games and their language more quickly than I. The spring coming on apace, we had many diver-



STORIES AT THE SUGAR CAMP.



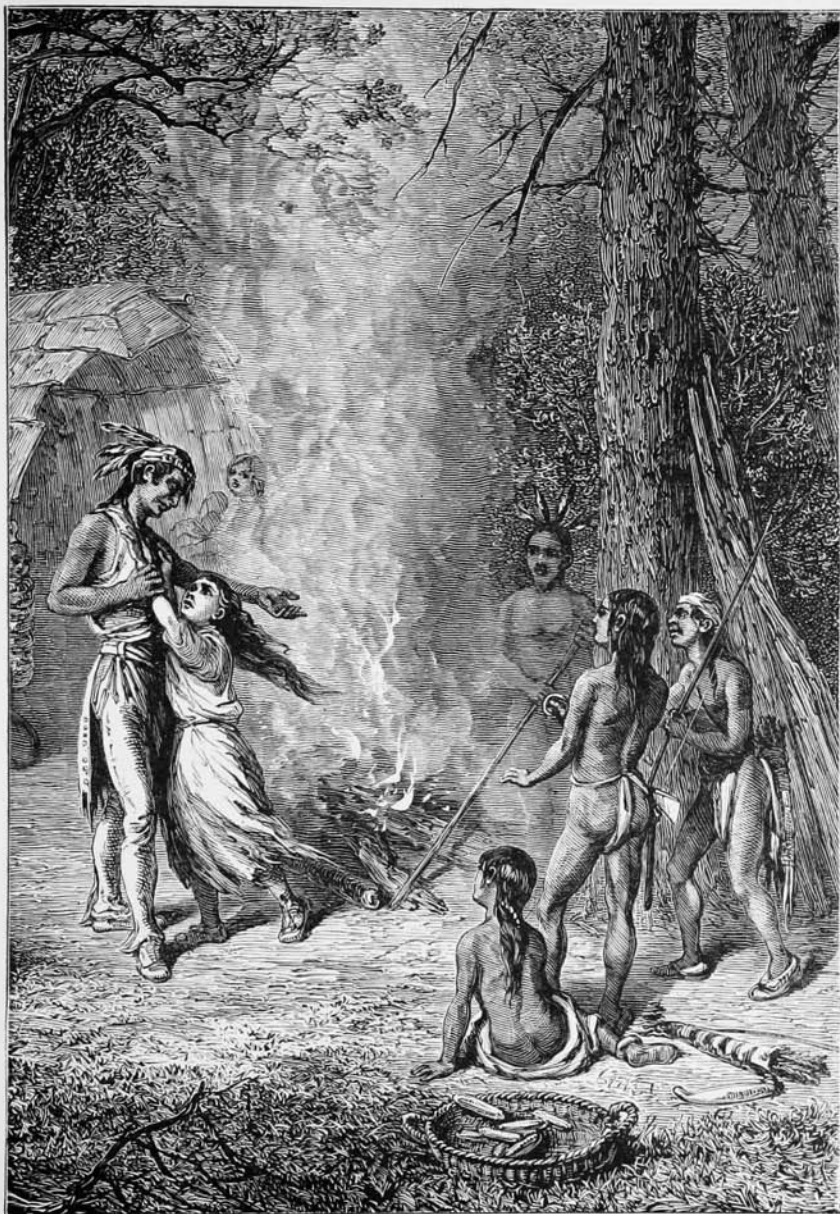
tisements, such as watching the Indians play at La Crosse, in which Amrusus was always a victor, and shooting the rapids in their birchen canoes. I remember, however, with greatest pleasure a certain going into the woods for the making of maple sugar, in which, indeed, I had always taken delight in Deerfield, for Parson Williams owned a plantation of maples, to which it was our wont in the season to resort, dwelling in booths and camps. Now, among these Indians the manner of the sugar camp was not unlike that to which I had been accustomed. The sugar also was so savory that Eunice was like to sicken herself with a surfeit of it. We sewed it in packages, with wrappings of birch bark embroidered with the quills of porcupine stained many gay colors, which packages the wife of Whistling Serpent afterward carried to Mount Royal and bartered for merchandise; but when I asked to go with her she would in no wise permit it. And this, I think, because she feared lest I should run away. While we were at the sugar camp one evening, Whistling Serpent asked me if I remembered how Parson Williams used to give him sugar in exchange for the catechism; for it was his wont with others to come and sit on the settle by the kitchen fire, where Parson Williams would catechise them, and to encourage them would give them sugar and cider liberally to drink. It so happened that one night this unrulie creature had drunk too much, and after we were all in bed he returned and made a great riot at the door. Whereupon the Parson thrust his head out of an upper window and demanded wherefore he made such an unseemly uproar; and the rogue replied by giving the

answer to the question in the catechism which he had last learned, which chanced to be "What is the misery of that estate whereinto man fell?" But his befuddled tongue so mixed up "wrath and curse," "death" and "hell forever,"—on which last clause he did most noisily dwell,—that our good Parson, shocked by his blasphemy, for so he deemed it, inquired most sternly what he meant by such godless clamor. "Mean!" retorted the Whistling Serpent, "I mean *cider*." But for this conduct he got none ever afterward, and it was perchance for this reason that he went away and joined with our enemies, though it may be that he was from the first but a false-hearted spy.

Nevertheless, he was not a hard master, and while we were at the sugar camp, as we sat around the great kettle in which the sap was boiling, he would tell us many diverting histories, so that while we listened, often we would forget our duties, and the sap would boil over and put out the fire. There was one story of the Great Head which rode upon the hurricane, and ate up men and wigwams, which I doubted not was derived from the great clouds or thunder-heads, which indeed I have seen take many fantastic shapes.

I liked best the histories of the little pigmies who were always striving to do good to those in need, and who protected the noble game animals when they were hunted in mere wantonness of sport, or for their skins only.

The pigmies understood the language of the birds, and this idea pleased Eunice greatly; and when, a little later, the robins, the blackbirds, the orioles, bluebirds, woodpeckers, and chatterers came almost all together,



EUNICE APPEALS TO AMRUSUS.





she was forever talking with them, and held stoutly that they not only understood her but that she knew whereof they sang.

Of all these tales, Eunice cared most for those relating to animals. There was one of how the Bear lost his tail, which she made us repeat until we were tired.

“The Bear,” said the Whistling Serpent, “is a good-natured, friendly animal, but very stupid. He met one day a cunning fox laden with fish which he had stolen from some Indian fisherman.

“‘How did you obtain these fish?’ asked the Bear.

“‘Down on the river,’ replied the fox, ‘you will find an air-hole in the ice. It was there that I fished them out with my tail.’

“The Bear trustfully waddled down to the hole and sat there patiently until his fine bushy tail was frozen off, and this is why the bears are tailless to this day.”

He told us, too, that the chipmunk obtained the black stripes on his back from a scratch of the Bear’s claws; and how the Bear, pursued by hunters, mounted at last into the skies, pursued by the first hunter with his bow, by the second with his kettle, and by the third who has loitered far behind to gather sticks, so sure were they all of being able to kill their game. But this they were not able to do, for the Great Spirit changed them all to stars. Only in the autumn the foremost hunter was allowed to wound the bear; and then his blood, streaming down, dyed all the forests red.

At night, when the stars came out, Amrusus showed us the Bear and the three hunters in the heavens, and

by looking often at these constellations and considering the story, I came to see these figures more plainly than the ones which Parson Williams had pointed out to me.

Amrusus was always our friend, and when the Indian boys would plague or vex Eunice, she had but to run to him and tell her grievance and he would protect her and chastise them, for he was a strong youth and well grown for his age.

After we had completed our sugaring, the wife of Whistling Serpent took us with her to the fields, where we aided her in planting the corn, Eunice acting as a little scarecrow, and running up and down right merrily with a great rattle belonging to the medicine man whereby he was accustomed to conjure rain; the squaw encouraged us by telling us how we should enjoy the roasting ears and how she would boil succotash for us in baskets braided of the corn husks. I remember that the skies were often mottled at this season, which the medicine man said betokened much corn. From the corn-planting we returned home by way of a great beaver dam, and truly I was much interested to see the way these knowing creatures disported themselves in the water and built their lodges. Amrusus had traps here, where he caught beaver and other small animals, for there was much trade between the Coureurs des bois and the Indians in peltries. But Eunice was of a tender heart, and it afflicted her that any of the little beasties of the wood should have mischief devised against them. Nevertheless, Amrusus secretly brought me skins, out of which I made a little coat and hood for Eunice against the coming winter.

When we arrived again at the village, Father Meriel



BEAVER.



had us all to the church for the learning and reciting of the catechism.

Now, truly, it was the catechism in Deerfield which was the greatest plague of my life, and when I knew that there was now another one to be learned, and it longer and if possible more difficult than that which I already knew, I was not greatly pleased, and, being of an obstinate disposition, I gave the good Father much trouble concerning this thing. Also I liked not going to confession and repeating my sins and secret thoughts to another, and I began to have doubts at this time whether the Catholic religion were really the one I sought.

Thus it came about that Father Meriel, who at the first had favored my coming to dwell with Eunice, began to question the wholesomeness of my influence over her. I thought I saw that my own soul was of far less importance to him than hers, and that he regarded me only as a means for her conversion. This angered me for a time; and, while I loved Eunice none the less, and was gentle and dutiful to her, yet to Father Meriel I became contumacious, refusing to come to confession, and paddling and fishing upon the river when the bell was ringing for mass. I had another reason for sorrow at this time beside my religious troubles, for in all these months I had heard no word from Hertel de Chamblée, who had promised to rescue both Eunice and myself from the Indians, and I doubted not but that he had clean forgot us; and because it seemed to me that this manner of life, away from all civilized people, was not long to be endured, and because I saw no escape from it, I became well nigh reckless, not caring whether I lived or died.

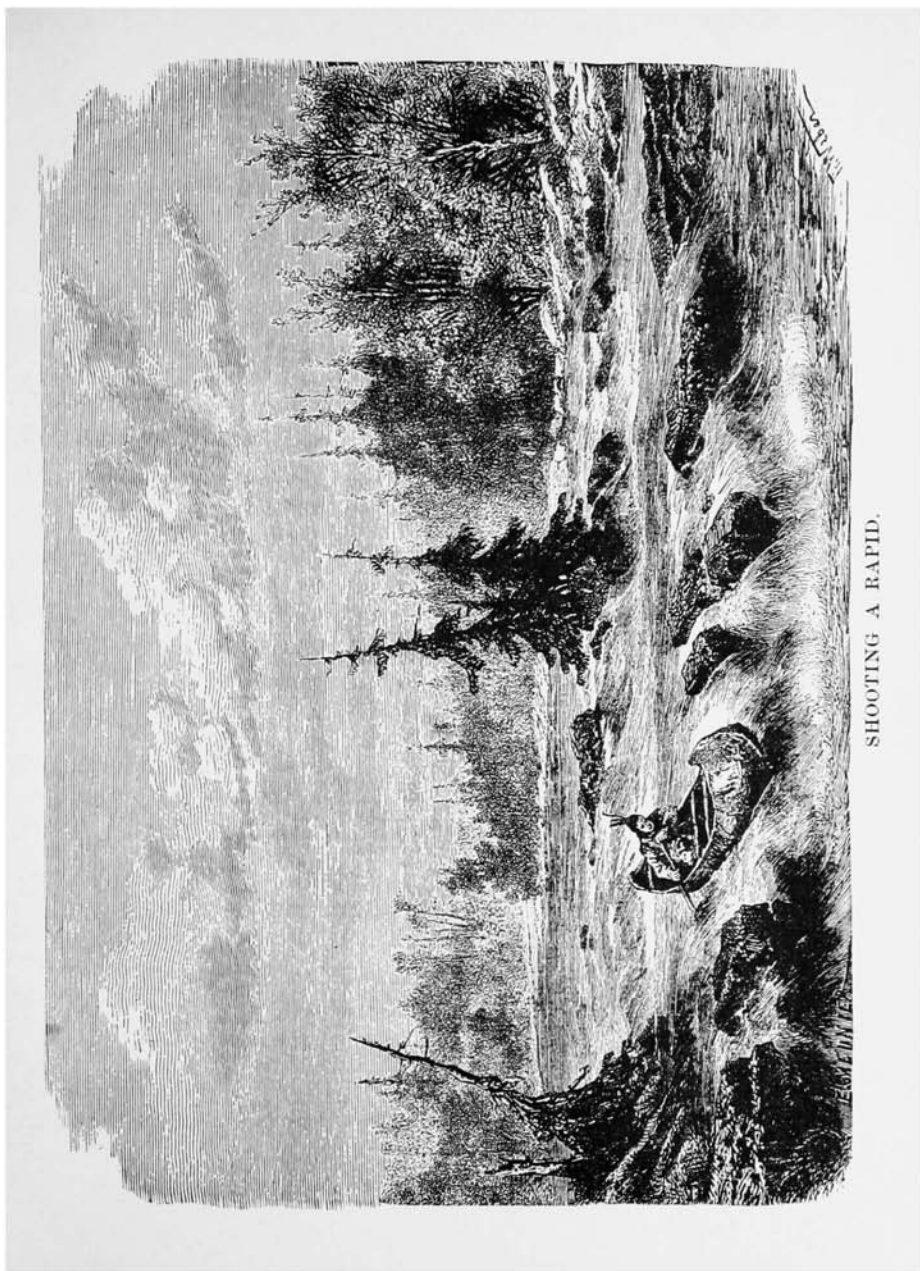
and there was nothing which I would not dare, even shooting the rapids with the hardiest. The river was to me, at this period of unrest, almost a companion ; for there was something in its perturbed spirit akin to my own, and I loved to take a canoe, and, paddling hard against the current, make my way up for miles, or throw my arms with its tossing spray, and shout and call in answer to the roar of the rapids. I was often thrown into the water, but I learned to dive and swim, so that save once, when I was almost drowned, having beat my head against a rock, I took no harm. I have said that I loved to answer its noise, and there was one part of the river, some way distant from the rapids, where the dashing of the waves sounded like a confused song, for it beat with a regular rhyming, for which I was ever striving to find words. And when I was in a happy mood it seemed to sing one of the little chansons with which De Chamblée had heartened us on our pilgrimage : —

“ Dansons, rions,  
Sans nulle souci;  
Douleur fuyant,  
Et peine aussi.”

But oftener the words were not so gay and seemed rather to sob : —

“ Pleurons, crions,  
Peine et souci;  
Joie nous fuyant,  
L'amour aussi.”

One day as I was sporting on the river, I noticed the putting forth of several small boats from the contrary shore, and as they came nearer, I perceived that they



SHOOTING A RAPID.





were manned by French soldiers. A sudden surmise that De Chamblée might be among their number seized my heart and held it as though in a gauntleted hand. I drew my canoe upon the shore where I knew they would land, and sat down upon it. As I watched I made out a standard bearing the fleur-de-lis, by which I knew that his Excellency the Governor was on board, and I soon discerned him sitting in the stern, brave in powdered wig and brocade, but, as the faces of the soldiers became more distinct, I perceived with sorrow that De Chamblée was not among them. Then of a sudden I recognized a tall figure standing in the other boat, gazing with much anxiety toward the village, and at the Indian children who now began to collect on the shore. It was Parson Williams, though sadly worn and thin, as though by anxiety of mind. As soon as he had landed he gave me his blessing and asked after Eunice, but before I had time to answer aught saving that she was in good health, Father Meriel came down to meet the party, and led them away with him to his own house, bidding me roughly to be gone. Then I to little Eunice and told her that her father was come, and washed and dressed her in her bravest, for I doubted not that she would be summoned to see him; which shortly came to pass, for Amrusus came in looking very lowering, saying that he was sent to fetch her to the priest's house. Though I was not bidden, I went along with them, trusting that I would be suffered to enter, but Father Meriel shut the door in our faces, taking Eunice within. Then Amrusus sat down upon the door-step with his elbows on his knees and his head between his hands, and I saw that tears were rolling

down his face. But I comforted him, saying that I knew well that Father Meriel would not suffer Parson Williams to carry away his child. And thus we waited until I saw Father Meriel and the Governor walking in the garden at the back of the house, and I ran crouching around, and, lying beneath the hedge, listened to their converse.

His excellency was of the opinion that Eunice should be given to her father, and offered himself to pay a heavy ransom for her, even an hundred pieces of eight. But Father Meriel told the governor that the children of this heretic priest were not as ordinary captives, that he had his eye on all of them and was determined that none of them should return to their home until converted to the Roman Catholic faith. "Then," quoth he, "they may go as soon as you please, for they will be missionaries for the faith among the highest circles of New England." He added that "he believed that nothing would be so great a thorn in their father's side or so great a triumph to our religion than the conversion of these children, and that he had great hopes of Samuel, whom the Governor had himself ransomed from the Indians and placed in school at Mount Royal, and of Esther, who had been placed on account of her lameness in the hospital of St. Joseph, and was tended by the holy sisters, the followers of Mademoiselle Mance. "But," said he, "all my efforts for these children are paralyzed by the fear that they may be returned before that conversion is accomplished, for they are in the city and easily to be found, while their father imposes on your sympathies and those of the French. But the lad Stephen and this child Eunice

I have bestowed more safely and inaccessibly among the Indians, and I would rather that they should remain there all their lives than that they should be rendered up to the losing of their souls."

With that they turned about and went into the house, and I heard no more. Presently the Governor and Parson Williams came out by the front door. Father Meriel accompanying them, and the guard closed about them, whether in ceremony to his excellency, or because the Parson was their prisoner, I was not sure. And though I and many of the Deerfield captives followed them to the boats as near as we were permitted to come, and some cried out that their pastor should speak to them, Father Meriel would not allow it. However, he made shift to call back to them that he had seen their kindred in the city and that they were well.

My heart was strongly moved for the poor man at this time, for I had never seen him so melancholy. Even when we were first captivated and were suffering all the horrors of the march, his own wife and other tender women being slain from day to day, he kept up better courage, and was more evidently sustained by Divine Providence; but now despair and anguish showed themselves upon his countenance with a grief which seemed too deep for tears. Seeing him in so sorry a case, and being thus greatly tendered in mind for one who had been my friend and benefactor, in the confusion of embarking, I slipped to his side, and, taking his hand, promised him that I would devote my life to the task of returning Eunice to her friends, and this promise, so hastily made, I never afterward forgot

or wavered from, though it cost me many sore labours and trials.

This was but a tribulated time for all of us, for when I returned to the lodge, I found the Whistling Serpent and his wife come back from gathering strawberries, they having hasted home because some had told them that the English had come with a great ransom for Eunice. Our mistress was in a great chafe when she found that Father Meriel had sent Eunice's father away, for she had never been well pleased at her coming, and had only kept her in hope of the moneys which she trusted at some time to receive for her pains.

Now, therefore, she began to set tasks upon Eunice more than the child could have endured but that I hasted through my own, and did them for her. It was pitiful to see the child labouring with her bead work and sobbing as though her heart would break, "I want my papa. I want my papa."

And when I asked her what he had said to her, she told me how he had bade her remember her catechism, and not desert the religion of her kindred. "And now you must hear me say it, good Submit, for now I do not believe I even know, 'How doth God execute his decrees?'"

And when I had catechised her I found that she had indeed forgotten all, for to the question "What rule hath God given to direct us how we may glorify and enjoy him?" she replied, "Pride, covetousness, lust, wrath, gluttony, envy, sloth," being the seven deadly sins of her Romish catechism, and when I had explained this and asked her "What is sin?" expecting the old answer, which was wont to roll so glibly from

her tongue—"Any want of conformity unto—or transgression of the law of God"—she astonished me by confidently replying, "Baptism, confirmation, holy eucharist, penance, extreme unction, holy orders, and matrimony," which, though it might have contented her father well, for he counted the sacraments of our church but as sins, seemed to me such a confusion of the two catechisms as tended not to edifying.

Eunice, when she found that she had clean forgot her early teaching, fell to bemoaning her fate still more, crying bitterly, "I want to go home, I want to go home."

This cry brought to my mind what I had heard in the garden, and I told her that if it was indeed true that she desired to return to her native land the thing was not hopeless, but could be accomplished best by conforming to the wishes of Father Meriel, as he had said that she should go so soon as she was converted to the Catholic church. I told her also not to distress herself about her father's catechism, for that could be learned again after her return, but to apply herself to the learning of Father Meriel's, that she might pleasure him the more. But the poor child was evidently in a strait betwixt two opinions, and when she found that I would not aid her in hearing the old catechism (for this seemed to me unprofitable to her desire of return) she sought out the Whistling Serpent, and coaxed him to teach her such portions as he had learned at her father's fireside. But he could in no wise remember aught except the words which had roused the anger of the Parson on the night that he made requisition for cider. It was to me exceeding pitiful to see Eunice

repeating to herself "wrath and curse, wrath and curse"; and yet such was the association of love for her father and of obedience toward God that she wrapped up with the repeating of these words, that they lost their proper signification, and brought to her soul all the consolation of a spiritual act, and I have no doubt were accepted as such.

## CHAPTER V.

### OLD MONTREAL.

AND now came a change in fortunes, great and unexpected, which chanced in this wise.

One day as I sate by the river making a pair of moccasins for Eunice, for her little shoes were now worn out, I saw one of the same boats which had come on the visit of the Governor, manned by soldiers and drawing near. But instead of his excellency there sat in the stern a lady of gentle demeanor richly habited. She disembarked near me, and curiosity nailed me to the spot, though never in my life have I felt such a sense of the meanness of my attire. Every rent and patch seeming to clamor with a loud voice for observation. The lady came near, and inquired of me most sweetly in the French tongue if I could lead her to the dwelling of Father Meriel.

As this was some distance, I had time to mark the beauty of her countenance, the gems she wore, and the elegance of her manners; and I must have stared like one bewitched, for neither before nor since have I seen one more queenly. For, indeed, Marguérite de Vaudreuil, the wife of the Governor, was of the old noblesse of France, and gentle both in spirit and race.

Very lovingly she bespoke me, telling me her name, and how she had come to ransom little Eunice Williams out of pity for the misery of the child's

father. Now, when I saw her engaging manner, it seemed to me that Father Meriel could in no wise resist it, and that she would not fail of her quest. So I led her to the priest's house, and they conversed long together, and I brought Eunice and waited before the door as before. At last they came out, and the lady looked very grave and sorrowful. She came to us and put her hand on Eunice's head and said, "So this is the little girl; how pretty she is!" And she gave her some bonbons from a silver box that she wore at her chatelaine, saying: "You will know me again, my child, when I come for you?" And she asked us both how we would like to go to Montreal (for so the French call Mount Royal) and live with her. And I said I would like it well; but Eunice made answer that she would rather go to her own home, — for the memory of her father was still fresh in her mind. Then the lady turned and said to me that this might not be, at least not for a long time. "But," said she aside to me, "the father of the child is going soon to Quebec, and when he has gone Father Meriel has promised that you shall both come to Montreal to my house. So wait with good hope, for I shall surely send for you." Father Meriel joined us at this point in our discourse, and said that as the Governor's lady had a desire to take me with her he cared not how soon I went, as he feared that I caused Eunice to be homesick by reminding her of her home. But when Madame de Vaudreuil asked if I would go with her, I replied that I would wait until such time as Eunice could go too.

After her departure I was happier, and yet more impatient, for instead of striving to content myself

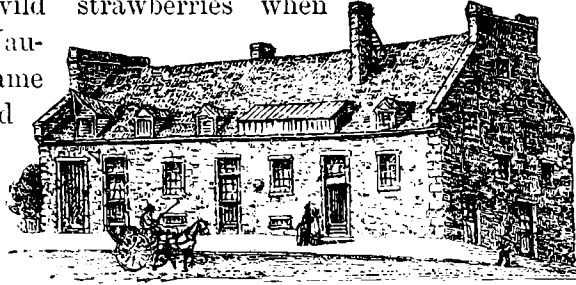




THE MARCHIONESS DE VAUDREUIL.

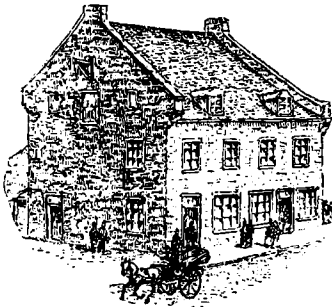


with the manner of life of the Indians, I continually pictured to myself the blessedness of life among people of liberal minds and courteous manners. We were picking wild strawberries when Madame Vaudreuil came to us, and Whistling Serpent, his wife, and Amrusus were all away



RESIDENCE OF A PROMINENT FAMILY.

gathering swamp cranberries, when a messenger came to fetch Eunice and me to the Governor's.



OLD HOUSE, VICTORIA SQUARE.

Father Meriel went along with us and I shall never forget my first entry into Montreal. The Governor's coach, a ponderous affair bedight with much gilding and having the arms of France with his own family escutcheon upon its panels, waited for us on the opposite side of the river.

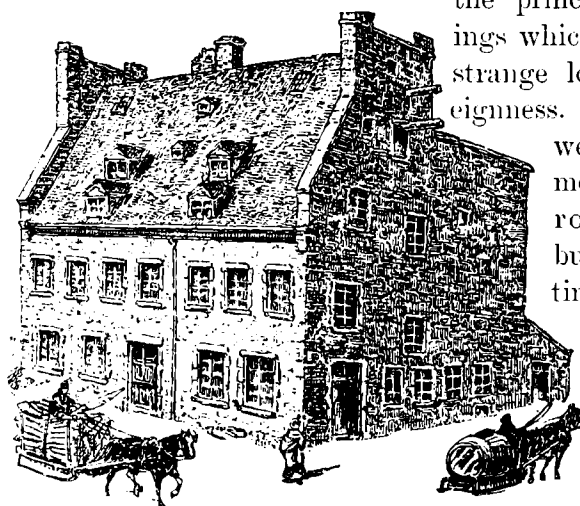
so that stepping from the birch-bark canoe into so much sumptuousness I seemed suddenly by that act to have exchanged the wild Indian life for one of courts. Before we reached the city we passed plantations of fruit trees with stately country houses, the finest being that of Louis Hector de Callière, former Governor of

the city, — a villa in the style of France. Then we came to the wind mill and then to the moat and wall which we entered by a gate above which the French ensign was flying. As we rattled within the walls and over the cobble stones of the city streets I kept my eyes well about me, and Father Meriel pointed out

the principal buildings which had all a strange look of foreignness. The houses

were for the most part of rough stone built in continuous rows

so I saw no gardens or yards. The stores opened upon the street and a great gate



RESIDENCE OF ONE OF THE OLD FRENCH NOBLESSE.

or grille by the side of the store led through a sort of tunnel to an inner court, where were stairways leading to green wooden galleries on which opened the dwelling rooms. I had opportunity afterward to see that these court yards were often set with plants in tubs and were made gay with bird cages and bright colors, but from the streets these houses had but a forbidding aspect. The roofs were made steep to shed the snow and were plentifully beset with little dormer windows. In the middle of Notre Dame Street

stood the parish church by the Grande Place, into which a number of streets emptied. The larger buildings were all religious houses. The seminary of St. Sulpice for the priests, the Hôtel Dieu, and the convent and school of the congregation of the Infant Jesus with its two grey towers of which I was to know more later on. And so we halted at last at the Hôtel de Vaudreuil, which was not an inn but the palace of the Governor. And here on the staircase we were met by the Governor's lady, whom I was now taught to call Madame La Marquise, who embraced us tenderly and drew us to her own private boudoir. She was glad to see Eunice looking so fat and hearty, for she had thrived of late, being exceeding fond of hominy and honey, which the Indians had in plenty. She sent her own maid to dress us in French garments which she had provided beforehand for us, but Eunice's were too small, so that we were forced to lace her gown in the back and to cover the opening with a kerchief. When we were dressed and my hair arranged upon my head with pins, cushions, and powder, she led us into the library, and there presented us to the Governor. He wore a great curled wig and was taking snuff from an enamelled box set with brilliants, the cover of which he let fall in astonishment at our appearance. "*N'est ce pas qu'elle est gentile cette petite sauragesse ?*" said Madame. But the governor scarcely eyed Eunice, but kept his gaze fixed upon me.

"*Elle a l'air d'une princesse,*" he said, and Madame, much pleased, said that very soon she would have the child rechristened Marguérite, for she was indeed a pearl. Then for the first time I noticed a young priest

in the apartment — Brother Eustache, who was the Governor's secretary. He was seated aside with Father Meriel, who now rose, clasped his hand, and, giving the Marchioness his blessing, took his departure. I do not know why, perchance it was because he seldom spoke, but Brother Eustache seemed to me to be always listening, and that while he seldom looked you straight in the face, or at first glance seemed to be paying any attention to what was going on.

Madame the Marchioness deputed him after we had eaten to take us to see Eunice's brothers and sister Esther, who were in the city. Warham, the little boy of five, dwelt with a French woman, who was very fond of him, for after she had ransomed him from the Indians they having repented and returned offering her a man who was a weaver in exchange who might have profited her greatly by his toil, she refused to part with him, and yet she said that she had promised Parson Williams when he was in the city that whenever he was free to return to his home Warham should go with him. It was pitiful to see how the two children looked at one another, not remembering that they were brother and sister, and when after a time they made acquaintance their talk was not of their home at Deerfield but of toys and trifles. The woman gave us some *confiture* or preserves of cherries, and bade us come again to see her, and Brother Eustache asked Warham if he had yet learned to repeat the Ave Maria, for which he had promised to give him a roll of *pain d'épice* or spiced gingerbread.

Thence we went to the hospital, and the nuns permitted Esther to take us out to the cloister garden

and show us the doves. She hobbled about in quite a lively way upon her little crutch, and very glad to see her little sister, and very hopeful and happy, the cause of which presently came out when we thought ourselves alone, for she showed me a letter which she had from her father, who was now at Quebec, which said that Capt. John Livingston of Albany and Deacon Sheldon of Deerfield were coming to Canada on a mission of ransoming the captives, and he trusted that we would all be shortly returned. It was then that I first suspected Brother Eustache of listening, for turning I saw that he had come out quite noiselessly and was standing near us, his gaze fixed upon the pigeon-house.

From thence we went to the school where Samuel was studying, and Brother Eustache got leave for him to come a few moments to the door. He was very sad, and burst into tears at the sight of us. He said that Father Meriel had just left him, having compelled him to write a letter of his own dictating, informing his father that he had turned to the Catholic faith. He wept much, and surely it distressed me to see so sweet a youth in such a plight, and it seemed to me at the time that Father Meriel had exceeded his office, so wise was I in my own conceit. I could not help admiring Samuel also, for, gentle as he was and obedient, yet he was determined that he would never yield in heart. "They beat me," he said, "and cause me to cross myself and to kneel in the idol house ; but while I pray, and they fancy that I am repeating their mummeries, I am beseeching God to deliver me out of this horrible pit." He said that "his schoolmaster had told him

that his patron, the Governor, was the richest man in Canada, and that he would make him his heir, if he would become a Catholic, and send him to France for an education, by which he might be fitted for some high position at court." All of which he would none of. He begged me to write to his father that the letter which he had just sent was not of his composing, for he feared that it would grieve his heart. I went away from these children very thoughtful, for it seemed to me that they had shewed real heroism in not deserting the religion of their father, and once more I questioned my own state, and I feared that I could call myself neither Protestant nor Romanist, for I had not the strong conviction and bold fortitude of the one, nor the unquestioning submission and obedience of the other, and for the time my soul was in darkness, yet from this mist of contrary opinions I called unto God, saying in my heart, "Doubtless thou art my Father, though Abraham be ignorant of me and Israel acknowledge me not."

Having comforted Samuel as well as I could, we returned to the Hôtel de Vaudreuil in time for dinner, which was in a grand salon plentifully lighted by wax candles set in girandoles, and in candlesticks with branching arms of silver and of flowered porcelain. The Marchioness de Vaudreuil was very prettily tricked out in brocade and lace, her petticoats extended by a hoop, her hair built up very high and surmounted with a high quilling of rich lace spread fan-wise, giving her stately head a saucy air. She wore very long gloves, which she drew off at table, and her complexion was set off with patches. The Marquis Governor wore a

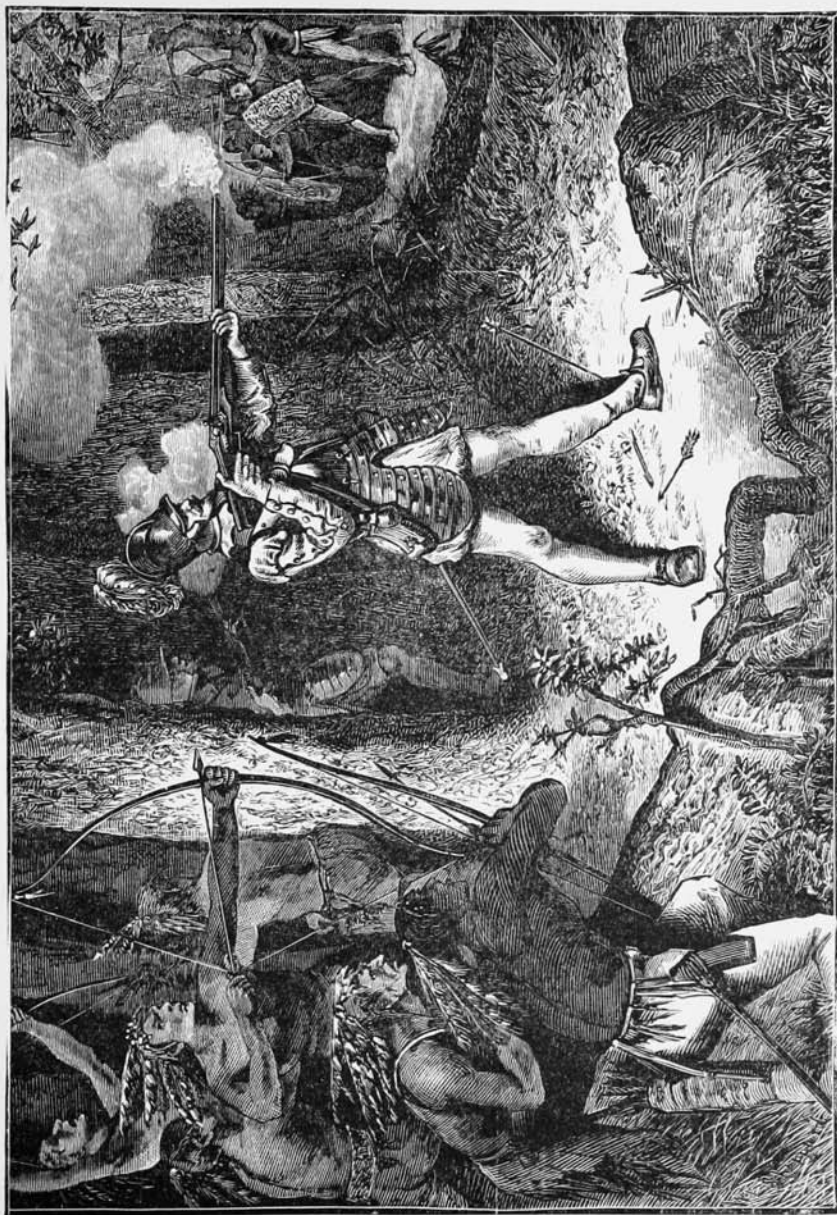


coat which reminded me of Joseph's of many colors; it was of sky-blue brocade heavily embroidered with gold, with a sash of heliotrope silk, and great bows of cherry-colored satin, which matched in color his long silk hose. He wore his rapier, and a double row of Holland lace about his great sleeves. The furniture of the room was white gilded, the chairs upholstered in silk. There were two great mirrors set in the wall, which multiplied the table, making it seem that we dined in a banqueting hall with a great company. There were console tables beneath the mirrors; also gilded and white, bearing great vases of flowers. There were a number of officers at table, guests of the Governor, among whom I presently recognized Hertel de Rouville, the commander of the expedition against Deerfield; but he knew me not, for which I was grateful, for I cherished a bitterness against his brother. Monsieur de Champigny, the Intendant, was present also with his wife, though aged, yet with a charming vivacity of spirit, and great diamonds in her ears which, sparkle as they might, could not attain the brilliancy of her eyes. The Chevalier de Ramesay came in late, and there was much talk of his new hôtel, which he had just finished building, in the Place d'Armes, the most fashionable part of the city. The Marquis de Vaudreuil praised it for its style of architecture, which was more like that of France than this block-house way of building, suitable only for a frontier post amongst the salvages. The Chevalier intended to give a ball in his château on the following night, and had bespoke the attendance of the Governor's family. He boasted that he should have present representatives of all the

French noblesse in Canada ; for not only would Counts d'Eschambault, de Beaujeu and de Contrecoeur be present, but he had had answers of acceptance from all the seigniories, and when in Quebec, whither he had gone with Parson Williams, he had invited all the persons of quality of that city ; so that it was like to be an occasion of great fashion and distinction. He spoke of Parson Williams in a way that showed he bore great respect, and said that the cruelties of that expedition against Deerfield were not to the credit of New France. Whereat Hertel de Rouville defended himself warmly, asking what could be done with a band of salvages who became intoxicated at the sight of blood, and were as hard to manage as a pack of ravening wolves. "I have sometimes thought," quoth the Governor, "that Champlain made a mistake in leaguings with them at the first, in fighting their battles, and pledging them to take our part ; for first it drew us into wars with the Iroquois, who are a powerful nation, and these Mohawks, which are our allies, are but an untrustworthy and insignificant lot ; so that both in their wars and ours we have in all cases held but the losing side of the bargain."

Monsieur de Champigny, the Intendant, now took up the discourse, railing against the Indians, who, he said, had better have all been killed by Champlain, for they were great beggars and had extraordinarily destroyed the chase of the deer and the beaver upon the island, besides impoverishing the treasury by the ransom of their captives.

But at this the Governor smote upon the table with the handle of his knife, crying, "Sir, you do not under-



CHAMPLAIN FIGHTING THE BATTLE OF THE INDIANS.



stand me. I find no fault with Champlain for having made peace with the Indians, but for not making more peace. War is but savagery ; and when he drew them into our battles and took part in theirs, he lowered France to their level. I tell you the Jesuit Missionaries are the only men who have dealt rightly with the Indians, some of whom have as good dispositions as ourselves." And then he told us of the treaty which had been made with the Iroquois four years previous, and not with the Iroquois alone, but with all the Indian tribes of the country, for there were present representatives of the Abenakis, the Hurons, Ottawas, Miamis, Algonquins, Ponteuatamis, Outagamis, Leapers, and Illinois, every tribe from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Mississippi. An enclosure was built in the form of an amphitheatre, under the walls of Mount Royal, with benches, upon which sat these hundreds of Indians. The former Governor occupied a raised seat, and read the treaty, to which the thirty-eight deputies affixed their marks. Then the *Te Deum* was chanted, and salvos of artillery fired, after which there was served a great banquet. He said that he was struck by the eloquence and the sense displayed by the chiefs ; that *Le Rat*, a Huron Chief, was so impressed that he fainted in the midst of his peace speech and died the next morning at the *Hôtel Dieu*.

" Ah ! " said the Governor, sighing, " if our master in France would but allow the colonies to remain at peace, we might soon pacify the salvages, but how can we blame them if they practise the lessons which we teach ? "

" These sentiments, sir," replied *De Rouville*, " seem to me suitable rather to priests than to soldiers."

"Nay," said the Marquis, "I have proved my right to the name of a soldier. I entered the corps of Mousquetaires when but fourteen and did some hard fighting through several campaigns in Flanders. I came out to this wilderness in 1687, with eight hundred bad men, whom it was necessary at first to exercise in war, lest they should prey upon one another, but by degrees I subdued them to the arts of peace, and now, as Governor, I should have a right to lay aside the garb of a soldier and study what may be the true interests of my country, but instead of this I am forced to carry out the plans of my master and send out bands of Indians for the harrying of our neighbors. De Montigny has distinguished himself at Pascommuch, but Captain de Beaucours has failed in his enterprise owing to the cowardliness of these same Indians." Then he commended De Rouville for his bravery and hardihood, which he said was becoming in a young man and a defender of France, and bade Brother Eustache read from the copy of the letter which he had writ to the King in France concerning this exploit. This letter, which I copied down afterwards, ran as follows : —

"APRIL 3, 1704.

"MONSEIGNEUR : — I profit by this occasion to render account to you of what has taken place since the departure of the Seine. Neutrality still prevails with the Iroquois and if it only depended upon me, it would prevail always. . . .

"The Abenakis sent me word during the winter that the English had killed many of their people during the autumn, and they demanded my help. I sent this winter a party of 200 men, as many French as Indians, commanded by Sieur de Rouville, non-commissioned lieutenant, who acquitted himself very worthily. They carried away prisoners and I do not know the number of

the killed. He is an officer who merits, Monseigneur, that you should have the kindness to think of his advancement. Since the war commenced in this country against the English, he has never failed in any particular. He commanded the expedition of last autumn, with Monsieur di Beaubassin. He was wounded at this one and had with him four of his brothers.

“(Signed)

PHILIPPE RIGAUD DE VAUDREUIL.”

Hertel de Rouville was much gratified by the reading of this letter, the more that Governor assured him that the letter had been long sent and he expected daily an answer from his Majesty, which the Minister of the Marine had already hinted to him would be most satisfactory to the Hertels. So the young man took his leave much pleased, saying to the Chevalier Ramesay that his mother and sister, with four brothers, would be present at his ball on the following evening. This one remark, so let fall, pleased me more than anything which I had heard; for the Marchioness de Vaudreuil had said to me that I should accompany her to this ball, and that her maid should make over one of her dresses for me on the morrow. So I retired to rest and slept sweetly in a little chamber under the roof, having two dormer windows of different sizes. Both Eunice and myself were covered in by a great “pouff” of silk, stuffed with the down of the eider-duck, exceeding light and warm so that we seemed to be reposing on clouds. And my heart was light also, for albeit I thought I had not forgiven the neglect of Hertel de Chamblée, I kept repeating to myself: “On the morrow I shall see him; on the morrow I shall see him.”

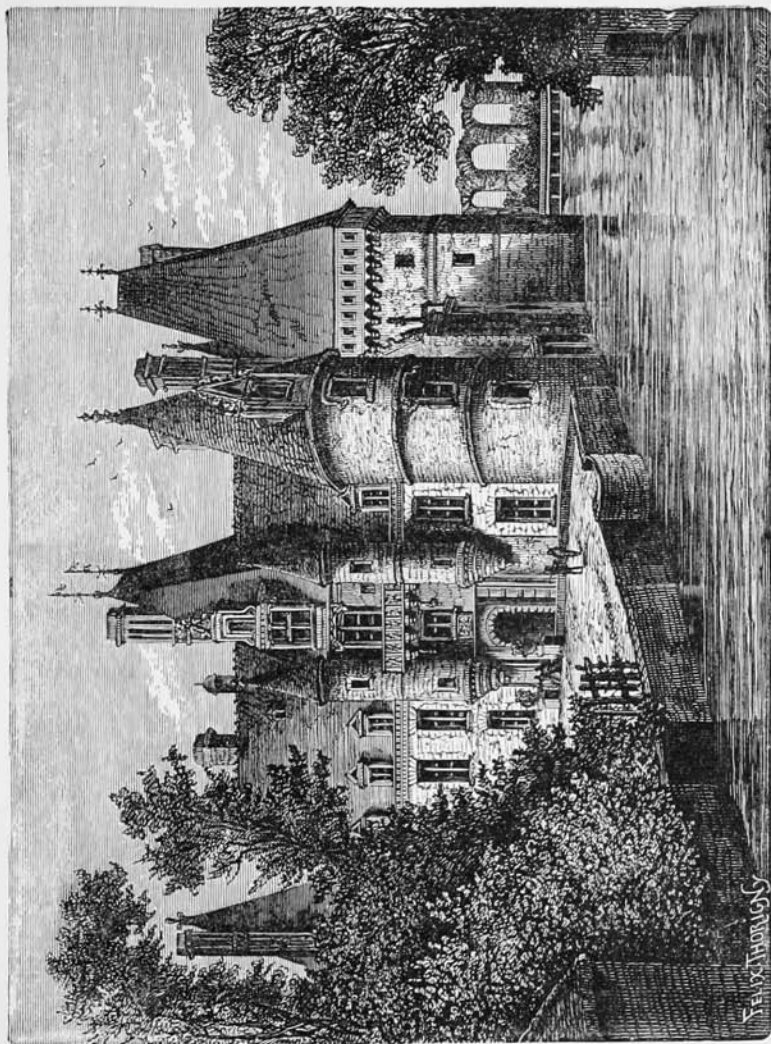
## CHAPTER VI.

### SOME FRENCH SOCIETY.

THE next morning was given to preparations for the ball, the Marchioness bringing out a beautiful silk gown of the color of peach-blossoms, over shot with silver stripes, which gown she had worn at a soirée of Madame de Maintenon's at her château at Chartres. And Madame de Champigny lent me a curious necklace formed of gold thorns, to which was attached a tiny reliquary, left her by the will of Count Frontenac, containing one of the thorns from the crown of our Saviour. This dolorous and sacred object it seemed to me unmeet to wear to a ball, but, seeing that Madame would be offended if I did not accept her kindness, I allowed her to fasten it about my throat, she lamenting the whiles that, by reason of age and a double chin, the thorns were no longer a comfortable adornment for her own person.

The Marchioness and Madame fell to talking about Madame de Maintenon, and drew so many engaging pictures of her soirées at her château that I felt a great curiosity and desire to see France. Nevertheless I was more interested in one family in New France, and I presently drew her with questions concerning Hertel de Rouville to talk of his parents, for I dared not ask honestly and openly of Hertel de Chamblée. Then said Madame the Marchioness, "I knew Madame





CHÂTEAU DE MAINTENON



Hertel as Marguérite Josephite Tavenay, or ever she came to Canada. She was a native of Bourges, a town noted for the beauty of its houses and estates maintained by its citizens, and she came to France following Madame de la Peltrie, being affianced at the time to the Sieur de Chamblée."

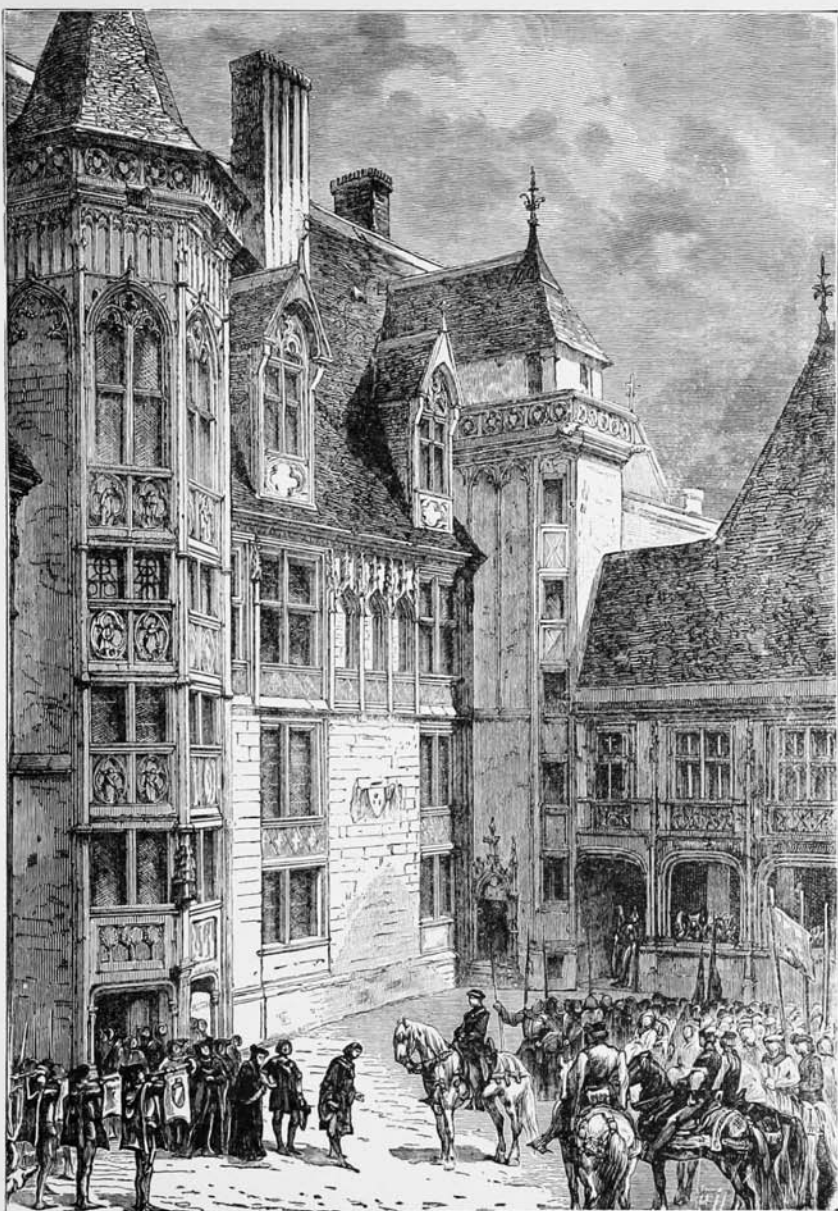
"Who was Madame de la Peltrie?" I asked, interrupting the story because I did not care to show the interest which I felt therein.

"Ah! there is also a romance," said the Marchioness. "She was the heiress of a wealthy but churlish father. When the Jesuit Le Jeune wrote to France: "Alas, is there no charitable and virtuous lady who will come to this country to gather up the blood of Christ by teaching his word to the little Indian girls?" her heart responded, "Here am I, Lord; send me." But her father's heart was set on her making a worldly marriage, and he would not allow her to go. So determined was he, and so fearful that she might thwart him by becoming a nun after his death, that he insisted on seeing her settled in life while he was left alive. "Choose whom you will from your suitors, I care not who, so long as he is an honest gentleman; only marry, and that in haste, or I will disinherit you." In this dilemma she applied to her confessor, asking if it were her duty to relinquish her fortune, and become a nun in defiance of her father. He did not think so.

This fortune," said he, "will be the means of doing much good for the church as you yourself. Let us be patient, and win it also." He accordingly devised the winning stratagem. He knew a young man of good family who had privately made a vow to devote him-

self to the church, and he persuaded him to marry, or rather to go through a sham marriage, which should deceive the father, for they were to live separate lives though under the same roof, and to all outward seeming a happily wedded couple. The ruse succeeded, and after the death of the father, when Madame de la Peltrie had secured her fortune, the two separated and took in public the vows they had long secretly practised, he shutting himself up in a monastery, and she came out to Canada to found the convent of the Ursulines at Quebec. Other noble ladies accompanied or followed her. Jeanne Mance and Marguérite Bourgeoys came to Montreal. "But," said I, "think you, dear Madame, that it was right thus to befool her father?" The Marchioness looked at me with round eyes. "It is not for us to decide in such matters," she said, "and surely we should be thankful that we have but to obey our spiritual guides, for in commanding it is possible to err, in obeying never."

Then she went on to speak of Marguérite Bourgeoys, and how she had founded the school of the Infant Jesus in Montreal for Indian girls, and it had proved to be so good that the French were also glad to send their daughters thereto. "And," said the Marchioness, "she did another good service to the state in this wise; for at that time there were many men come to Canada of bold, adventurous spirit, but few women, and because they were not married nor had any fixed homes, these men wandered from post to post, and became wild Coureurs de bois, some of them taking to themselves Indian wives, and becoming themselves Indians by adoption. For indeed the Indian women,



A HOUSE IN BOURGES.



especially of the Mohawk and Hurons, were comely and gentle, and the Frenchmen were well disposed toward them, as this scrap from an old song may testify."

"*Brave et gentile est la Huronne  
Quand au village on peut la voir ;  
Perles au col, mante mignonne,  
Et le cœur dans un grand œil noir.*"

"Now our wise king saw to what extent these disorders would grow if unchecked, and he sent out each year to the care of Sœur Bourgeoys a number of young and honest girls to be married to the colonists. The king gave each, as a dowry, a certain grant of land, with a house thereon, and she was maintained at his expense at the convent school for eight months, during which time it was expected that the Mother of Angels would provide her with a husband, which, indeed, generally so fell out, for laws were made unfavorable to unmarried men. Bachelors were not allowed to hunt, fish, or trade, so that there was little left which they could do, and in consequence the marriage bells were kept chiming from angelus to vespers. The girls came out by hundreds, not from the peasantry alone and the middle classes, but many poor nobles who were over plentifully endowed with daughters accepted

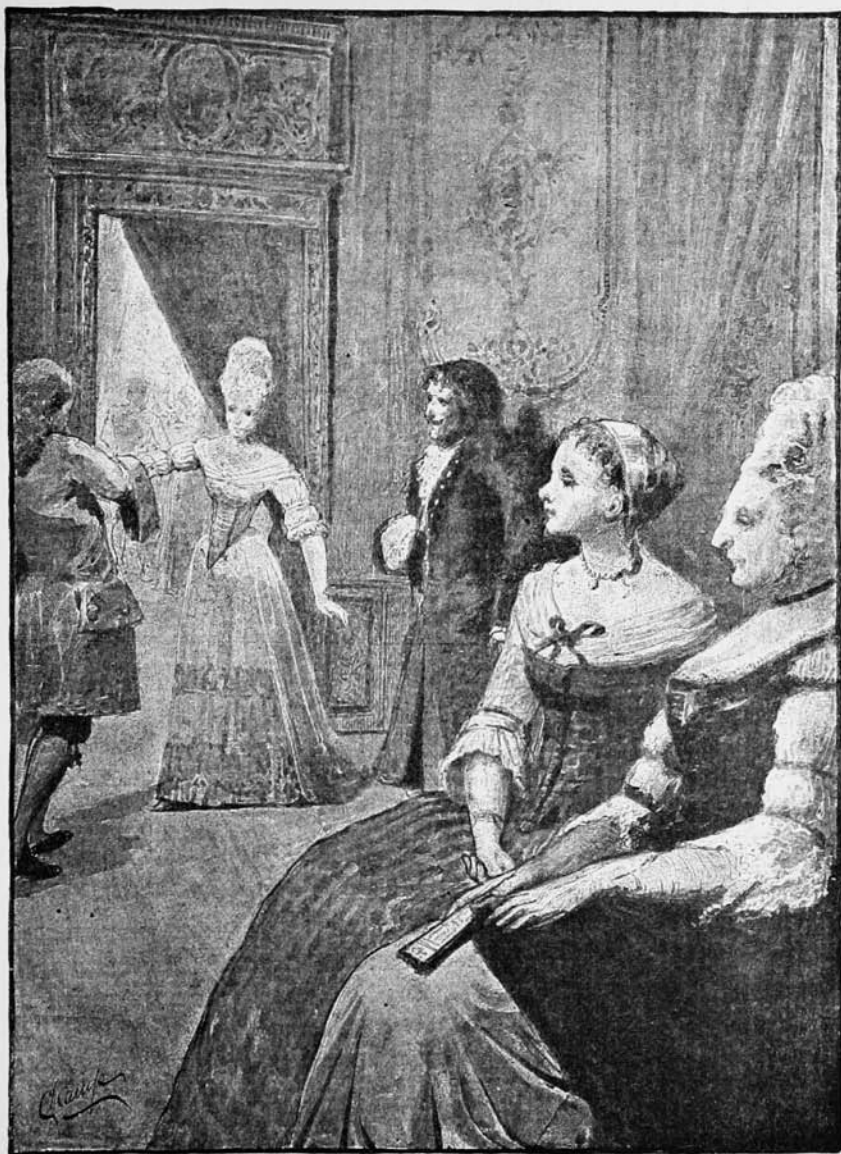


A WARD OF SŒUR BOURGEOYS.

the dowry of the king, and, as care was taken to marry the girls of good quality to scions of noble houses, the noblesse of France did not suffer by this arrangement, and our seigniories were held by new offshoots from the best stock. It was so that Mademoiselle Tavenay found her husband, for, though she was betrothed before her coming, yet, her lover having died, she took refuge with Sœur Bourgeoys for a time, being doubtful in mind whether to become a nun and devote her life to the teaching of Indian children, or to return on the next ship to her home, when it so happened that François Hertel, who had been held a long time as prisoner by the Iroquois, and, indeed, had been given up as dead, escaped from his imprisonment and returned, to the joy of his mother and of all Montreal. And, albeit he had lost several fingers by torture, yet he was so brave and handsome of feature, that when he, hearing of her sad case, presently paid court to her, she without hesitation placed her fair hand within his mutilated one, and became his wife. And surely she is a gentle dame, noble in all but name, and he as gentle and devout of heart as he is brave and indomitable in spirit. They have had fifteen children, of whom ten are sons, and eight of these are soldiers.

“ You have seen some of them on your march hither. De Rouville is possibly the most talented in military affairs, but De Chamblée is the wealthiest, for on him his mother has settled the seigniorship which she had received by the will of her first affianced. They are, however, all young men of promise, and I am glad that the family is coming up from the Hertel Seigniorship to attend the ball to-night. I shall strive to keep





THE BALL AT THE HÔTEL DE RAMESAY.



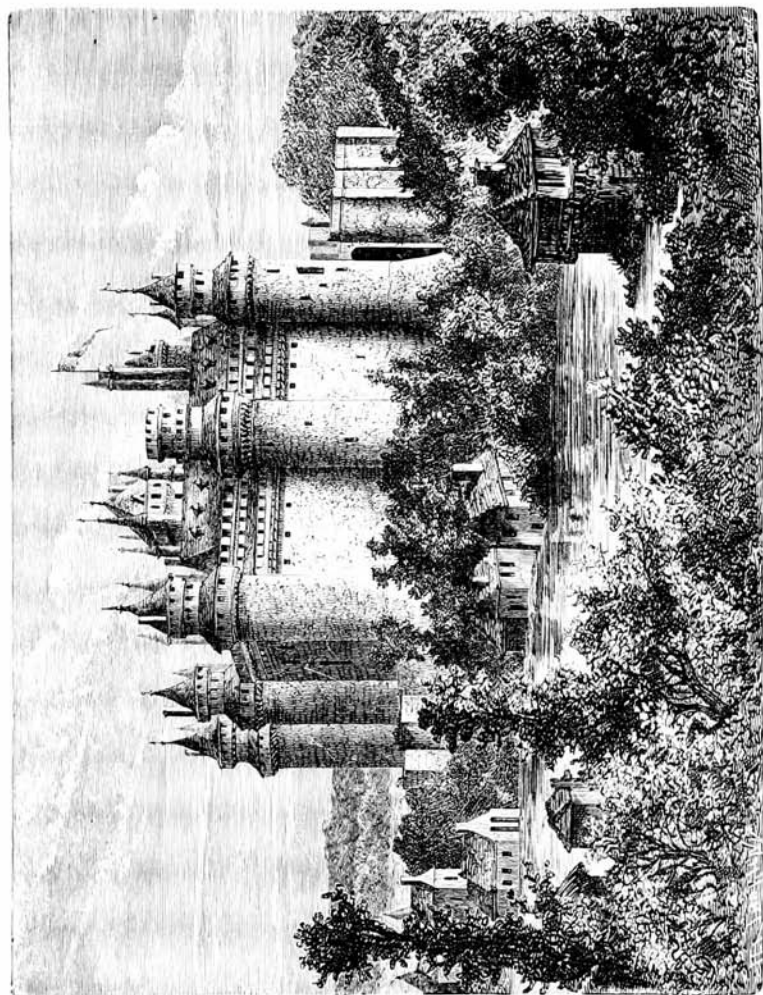
Madame Hertel with me over Sunday, when I intend to have little Marguérite (for so it pleased her to call Eunice) Christianly christened."

Now, albeit I had looked forward with so high anticipation to the ball at the Château de Ramesay, I did not receive therefrom the gratification which I had expected, for, though the assembly was more brilliant than anything which I could have imagined, the furnishings of the salons being sent from Paris and all a blaze of gold and gilding, and the dresses of the ladies of great beauty and elegance, and all very merry with curious divertissements of dancing such as I had never seen, still was I lonely and sad, my head aching also from having my hair dressed by a barber, and, never having learned to dance, I retired into a window and there sat under cover of Madame Champigny's furbelows, and watched the minuet. "We must have you taught to dance," quoth she, "for the Abbé Meunier rightly said that 'a young man who could not dance should go to battle and lose a leg with all possible expedition, as he would then have a palpable excuse for his awkwardness.' And if it is so necessary a part of a gentleman's education, what must it be for a maid, whose proper business in life it is to be charming."

With that, I replied that this was a business to which, so far from having taken it in hand, I had never given a thought.

"Your blushes belie your words," said Madame. But I thought not on what I spake, for suddenly I was ware that Hertel de Chamblée was footing it opposite with a lovely young girl dressed all in white with, roses in her hair, which was dressed very high, and at her

bosom, which was dressed low, and so beautiful a creature was she that I could not keep my eyes from wandering back to her, though I marked how pale was De Chamblée, his own black hair plentifully bepowdered. (though he wore no wig,) which he had a trick of throwing back with a shake of his head, casting deep shadows over his eyes and in the hollows of his cheeks. Madame de Champigny saw that I noticed him, and said that it was rumored that he was under a despair by reason of some affair of gallantry, "which," quoth she, "is unlikely enough, seeing that he is a sturdy fellow and hath undergone privations of war more difficult to bear than a maiden's caprice." At once I figured to myself that it was for his fair partner, and it seemed to me that she was more familiar and loving-wise with him than the other ladies with their companions, anon striking him playfully with her fan and chatting with him in the pauses of the dance as though she strove to rouse him from his melancholy. So miserable was I that after the dance was over and he came to speak to Madame de Champigny I turned about, looking out into the night, and so, though he stood within reach of my hand, he did not know me. Then presently they danced the gavotte; and this spinning dance, with the noise of the viallins, the virginals, and other instruments, so turned my head that I was like to faint. And after that young Charles Le Moine was presented to me, whose father Madame de Champigny told me was building a great château, with four towers for his four sons, by the river, modelled in some sort after the Château de Montier in France. This young man did me the honor to say



CHATEAU DE MONTIER.



very gallant things the whiles he took me down to the banquet, where were great salmon as long as a man, with roasts of wild fowl and venison, and pies of meats, and sweets, and cakes very curiously made in forms of arbors, and sugar statues, with such abundance of wine of Burgundy and liqueurs as I have never seen before nor since. And my escort, having imbibed very plentifully of them, began to tell me of the tower which was building for him, and to urge that I should see it, saying that if I were so well satisfied with it as he with me the said tower need not be long without a lady. To escape from the addresses of this young galliard, I slipped away from the banqueting hall, and in so doing chanced to see what did put the finishing touch to my discomfiture, for Hertel de Chamblée took leave of his former partner in the dance in an ante-room, and I chanced to enter the apartment just as he imprinted upon her forehead a very tender and lover-like kiss, after the which he departed very suddenly, and of all that happened thereafter I retain but a very confused notion, until Madame la Marquise, deeming me wearied, sent me home in her coach, when I crept to bed beside of little Eunice and there cried myself to sleep.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE PLOT DEEPENS.

I AM minded now of a verse of Scripture which was a favorite of Mistress Williams, viz. : — “ Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh with the morning.” For on the morrow, as I rose heavily and went down to the court-yard with eyes red with weeping, there waited for me a great and joyful surprise. For there standing by the great Luxembourg rose-bush stood the very young woman who had given me so much pain the night before, and Madame la Marquise, who stood beside her, holding her hand, called to me, saying: “ Come, my dear Submit ; I have here a companion for you, whom you needs must love.”

“ Mademoiselle Hortense Hertel, the youngest sister of Sieur Hertel de Rouville, whom you have such sad cause to know,” and the young girl, holding out her hands in the most engaging manner, exclaimed: “ My brother has unwillingly wrought you much grief ; you must let me willingly make what reparation I can.”

And I, thinking only of Hertel de Chamblée, who was also her brother, cried out that I had received naught but kindness from her race, and, far from having anything to forgive, had much for which to be grateful.

Then Hortense, pulling me into the light, asked suddenly if my name were Submit Dare, and, when she knew that this was true, was like to smother me with



kisses. "Ah!" said she, "it is of you that my brother De Chamblée has raved in his delirium; have you not heard how for several months he has lain ill with a fever, the effect of his wound and the hardships of the march, so that word even went forth that he was dead."

When I heard this, I reproached myself for the many unkind thoughts I had entertained concerning him, and still more so as Hortense told me that he was hardly recovered, and that, though he was but shakily on his legs, yet he had insisted on going in search of me, and that they had great pother in inducing him to tarry over one night and take her to the ball. He had left it early that he might be up betimes in the morning, and he was now two hours on his way toward the Indian village. "There," quoth she, "Father Meriel will tell him of your whereabouts, and we will shortly see him returned. Ah! dear Marchioness, how glad am I that you insisted on our staying over night, for now I have met one most dear to my brother, whom you must consent that we carry back with us to the seigniory."

The Marchioness de Vaudreuil was much entertained, and called it all a merry romance, "which," said she, "should be written out in a poem or a play by one who had skill thereto." Then went we gladly in to breakfast, and after that we betook ourselves to the parish church to the christening of little Eunice, whereby she took upon herself the new name of Marguérite. And this was accomplished with great pomp and ceremony by the bishop, many priests assisting, all tricked out in embroidered vestments of cloth-of-gold with a train of altar boys in red petticoats overset with lace, carrying banners, swinging censers, and chanting

the mass with such gleesomeness as I have only heard when the thrushes and orioles pour out their hearts for joyance of the spring. They were aided also by the same performers who had played at the Château de Ramesay, who now sat in the choir and blew upon the wind instruments like to burst their cheeks. But what pleased me most was the song of the nuns, who, unseen, sang the words which Father Meriel had quoted when first I met him : —

“ *Ex ore infantium et lactantium perfecisti laudem propter inimicos tuos.*”

Did they think Parson Williams “inimicus”? I know not ; but Samuel and Esther, who were present, wept throughout the ceremony, as though they thought their sister were being delivered over to Satan.

As we walked back from the ceremony in procession to the Governor's house, methought I saw in the crowd that gaped on us the face of the Whistling Serpent, with an expression of slyness and cunning thereon which I had never marked before ; but when I looked again I was certain that I had but fancied it, for, though there were a group of Indians on the steps of one of the houses, they were none whom I had ever seen before.

So we to dinner and the newly christened Margéurite was allowed, contrary to custom, to take her place at table, where toasts were made in her honor. Madame Hertel too took great interest in her and besought the Governor that she and I might be permitted to visit at the Hertel Château. But the Marchioness thought not best, saying that she had now adopted Margéurite for her own, and that while she was glad for me to go and

take some cheer with my newly found friends, she could not bear to let Marguérite go out of her sight.

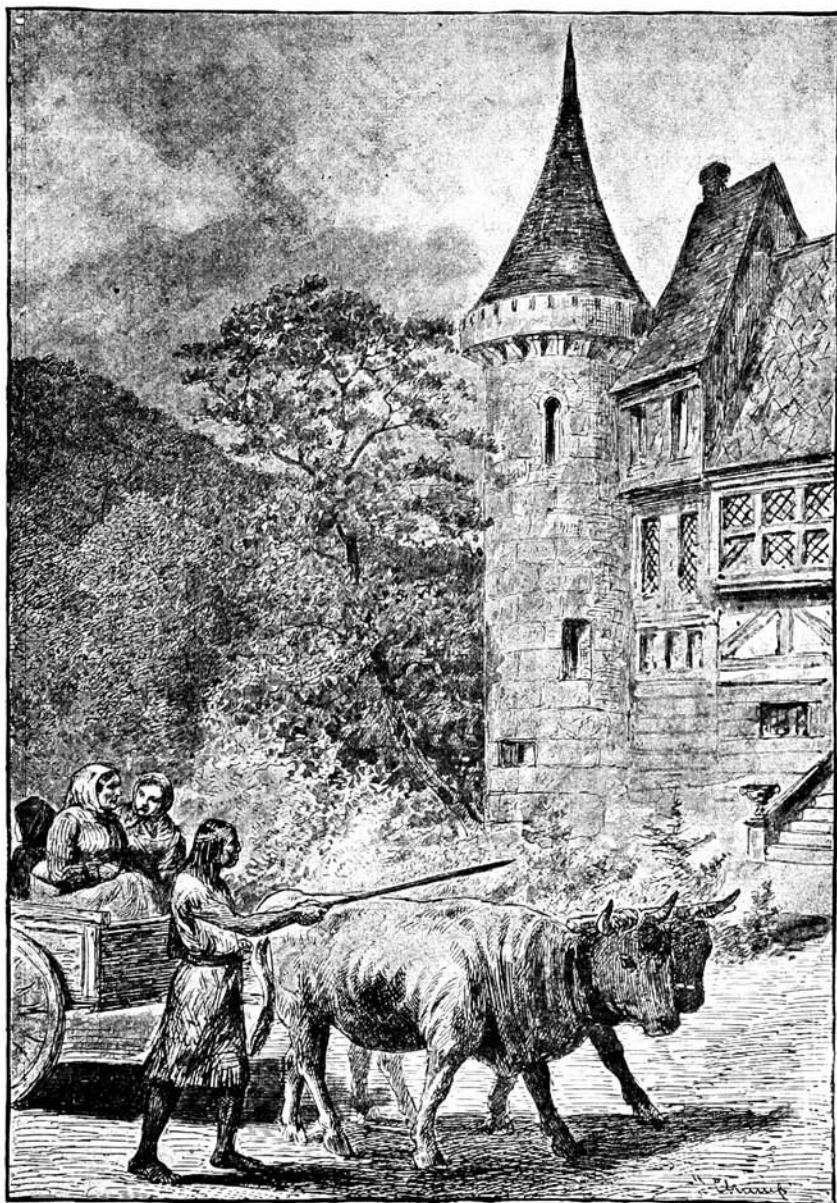
And this was what chanced with all who knew Eunice, for, save the wife of the Whistling Serpent (who was of so grasping a disposition that she would have sold her own husband had any one offered aught for him), there was none who did not feel themselves so warmly engaged to her that they would have parted with their own hearts rather than willingly have given her up. At this time also I felt a great unwillingness at leaving her, but as it was as I deemed but for a few days, I embraced her again and again, and departed with Madame Hertel and Hortense.

Part of the way we retraced the journey which I had made in the early spring, when I was brought by the Indians a prisoner to Canada, for we descended the St. Lawrence, rowed by two of the brothers, as far as the Sorel, and Hortense showed me the dwellings of many of the noblesse, the fortified château of the Baron Longœuil, built of stone with four great towers, and the seigniory of the Le Moines. But now the trees, instead of being bare of leaves, were all aflame with crimson and yellow, minding me of Whistling Serpent's legend of the wounded bear that stained the trees each autumn with its blood. And so at last we came to the Hertel seigniory, which lay along the Sorel. At a little landing we found a rude cart to which were fastened two great, sleek, cream-colored oxen, guided by an Indian serving-man, for horses were rare in Canada, save in the cities, and it was thus that Madame Hertel and her daughters rode about from place to place on their great estate. The bottom of

the cart was spread with hay so that we sate very comfortably, while the great wheels, made of a single section of a log, lumbered and creaked in a way that caused Hortense to thrust her fingers into her pretty ears. When I asked Madame why the serving-man did not oil the axles, she said that the screaming was a great safe-guard against wolves, and truly I think that any wolf of well conditioned mind would have filled his ears with sand, and have fled from the sound to the most inaccessible forests.

The château when we came thereto was built upon rising ground, of rough lime-stone and logs surmounted with high pitched roofs with a wrought iron gironette or weather-cock upon the topmost tourelle, which was shaped like an extinguisher. The gate to the château also was of hammered scroll-work, there being upon the estate a blacksmith well up in his craft, whom the Sieur had employed in the building of his house, with an engineer who had learned something of the manner of the fortification of Vauban, in France. The Sieur Hertel stood at the door waiting for us, for the screeching of the wheels had announced our approach, and we went with him into a great hall, whose huge stone chimney was roughly carved with heraldic designs, for Madame Hertel had come of a noble family. The room was, however, bare of other ornament than that of a hunting lodge, the antlers of moose and elk being arranged as gun-racks, and snow-shoes and bows and arrows as trophies upon the rough walls.

A number of dogges sprang upon her as we entered, and nearly pulled her down with their clumsy caresses, for they were kindly intentioned and seemed to be kept



THE HERTEL CHÂTEAU.



rather as pets than wardens. When Madame had explained who I was, the *Sieur* embraced me in a fatherly way, and then trooping into the room the two younger sons, he presented me to them as their new sister. I liked the good *Sieur Hertel* from the first, for he had a more kindly face than I had expected in an old soldier. Madame Hertel then led me to her boudoir, up a winding staircase. This was a small room, hung round with tapestry, which she said she had worked when a young girl in the convent at Bourges. Here, too, was a carved chest brought from France containing linen, and, hanging against the wall, a *bénitier* for holy water of old faience.

But I noticed none of these things, for seated at a small flax wheel was Marie Françoise, the oldest daughter of the house, who had not come to Montreal to attend the ball. for even at this time her mind was fixed on spiritual things. The whirr of her wheel had caused her not to notice the noise occasioned by our coming. She ceased spinning and received us with much sweetness; and the gay and childlike manners of Hortense were to me more charming, for in spite of her kindness her sister seemed always rapt and distraught, as though she regarded not what passed about her. Hortense sang the same songs which her brother had sung. She carried me away with her to visit the barns and the huts of the habitants. We went nutting with the boys, and sometimes fished and rowed about upon the river. Here I showed her what I had learned at the Indian village, and taught her to swim nearly as well as myself. She was her father's favorite, and had been taught to fire a gun at a mark and to bring down

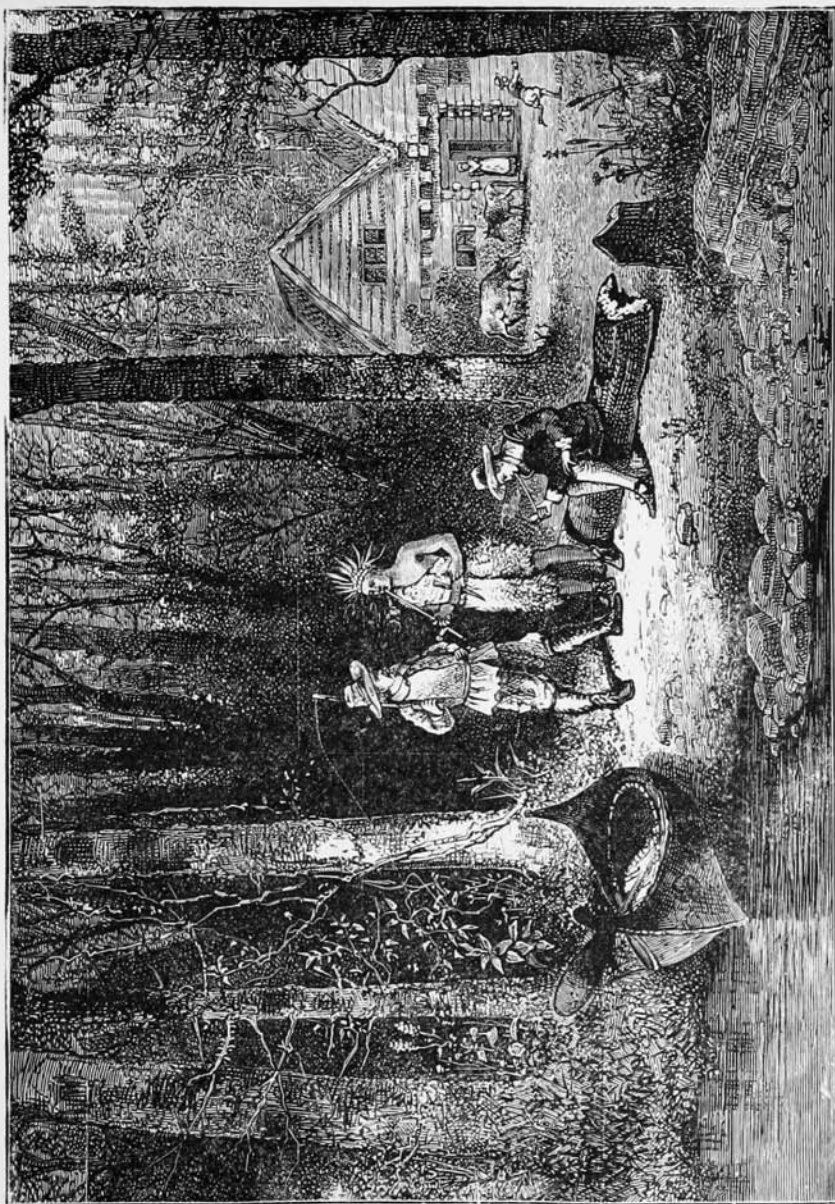
a bird in full flight. Marie loved quieter occupations. It was she who ordered the garden where the rose-bushes Gloire de Dijon and Triomphe de Luxembourg grew stiffly on tall pruned stalks and blossomed in their season like bouquets fastened to staves, while the fruit-trees were trained like vines against the south wall of the château.

I had thought to visit but a few days with the Hertels, but the gaudy leaves fell from the maples and fierce winds whistled through their boughs, while fiercer flames sang over the tree-trunks in the great hall chimney. Each day I spoke of going back to Eunice and the Marchioness de Vaudreuil, and each day the Hertels besought me: "Stay a little longer; De Chamblée will surely return to-morrow, and he will be sorely disappointed to find you gone."

And now, as we sate about the fire at our needle-work, I learned to know Marie Françoise better and liked her well.

One evening when it chanced the Sieur was absent I told them what the Marchioness had told me concerning his captivity among the Iroquois. Madame Hertel shuddered. "It was a frightful experience, and Fanchon likes not that we make reference to it. When he was first taken by the Iroquois they tried his temper by torture, burning off his finger in a heated calumet and cutting off a thumb. Finding that he bore all with heroism, an old woman who had lost a son in battle and according to their custom had a right to one of the captives, adopted him; but though he was thus saved from death the cruel slavery which he underwent from her was hardly better." Fanchon





SETTLER'S HOME ON THE SOREL.



was of a deeply religious nature, and he had a noble mother, whom he devotedly loved and by whom he was tenderly beloved. She was a gentlewoman of the old régime — stately, stern, and she bore up wonderfully under these misfortunes. I saw her when I first came to Canada while the fate of her son was yet doubtful ; we were pointed out to each other as the two most woeful women in New France, and we were drawn to each other by our sorrows. At the time it seemed to me that my heart was buried with my first beloved, and my future was blasted.

“ But one day while I sate with Madame Hertel, Fanchon’s confessor brought in a letter which he had received from the poor fellow. It was this: —

“ MY REVEREND FATHER: — The day that you left Three Rivers I was taken by four Iroquois.

“ ‘ The reason that I have not killed myself to escape my misery is that I feared I was not prepared. O My Father, if I could have the happiness to confess to you. I pray you to pity my poor mother, who must be greatly afflicted. You know, my Father, the love she has for me. We are here three Frenchmen who may be saved if you come to us. I recommend myself to your prayers and particularly to the holy sacrifice of the mass, begging you to say one for me. Kiss for me the hands of my poor mother, and console her.

“ ‘ Bless the hand which writes you, which has had one finger burned in a calumet, that it may be an offering to the majesty of God, whom I have offended. The other hand has had the thumb cut off, but do not tell it to my poor mother.

“ ‘ Yours,

F. HERTEL.

“ When the priest had finished reading the letter, Madame ma belle-mère that was to be sate calm and smiling, with a proud light in her eyes. It was I who

was sobbing for pity of the poor prisoner. As for his mother, she uttered but this prayer: — ‘I thank thee, Mother of Sorrows, that thou hast found me worthy to suffer as thou didst in the torture of a noble son.’

“Not long after this, she received this letter, which interested me still more in the captive: —

“MY DEAR AND GREATLY HONORED MOTHER: — I know well that my captivity must have greatly afflicted you. I ask your pardon for ever having disobeyed you. Your prayers and those of M. de St. Quentin and of my sisters have given me life. I hope to see you again during the winter. I beg you to ask the good brothers of Notre Dame to pray to God and to the Holy Virgin for me, for you, my dear mother, and for all my sisters.

“‘It is your poor

FANCHON.’

“These letters *ma belle-mère* gave me at her death, and they are my most precious possession. You know the rest: how Fanchon came back the idol of Canada, and how, greatly to my surprise, he offered me the hand and heart which had shown themselves so brave to endure, and which I have found as tender and gentle as they are brave. He knows how to sympathize with you, my poor Submit, for he well knows the horrors of Indian captivity.”

Not long after this, just as I had decided that I could not reconcile it with my conscience to bide longer away from Eunice, Hertel de Chamblée came home. There was loud rejoicing from his parents, brothers, and sisters, but when he took my hand I knew by the grave look in his eyes that he bore ill news. “I am glad to see you here, *ma mie*,” he said, simply. “My mother, will you not ask her for me to be one of us?”

Madame Hertel took my hand before the entire

family, and placed it in that of her son. "You will be my daughter," she said, "and in this your new home you will forget all your sorrows." And the *Sieur Hertel* shouted, "Bring up the oldest cask of Cognac, and let us drink to the betrothal." But I, looking at him more earnestly and striving to penetrate the mystery in his eyes, replied, "I will be your wife, dear *De Chamblée*; but first I must go back to *Madame de Vaudreuil*, and see how little *Eunice* fares, and entreat her, if possible, to let her return with me."

Then *De Chamblée's* face became sadder, and he held my hands more firmly. "Be brave, my poor child," he said; "for I have heavy news for you."

"Is *Eunice* dead?" I cried, though meseemed the words strangled me as I spoke them.

"Nay," he replied; "but the Indians have stolen her away from the Governor's house, and, though earnest search has been made, for it was for this that I have tarried so long, yet can she not be found."

Then, of a sudden, I said that this was no work of the Indians, but of *Father Meriel*. "For," said I, "he fears that she may be ransomed if she is left at the Governor's house, for both he and his lady are kindly disposed toward *Parson Williams*, and there was a rumor that an embassy was soon to come to treat of the return of the captives." And I remembered how *Brother Eustache* had heard this when *Esther Williams* told it me in the *Hôtel Dieu*, and doubtless had reported the same to *Father Meriel*. "The Jesuits are all spies and plotters," I said. "This is the work of *Father Meriel* and not of *Whistling Serpent*, whose wife would gladly return *Eunice* to her country, or

would give her to the Governor for a few coins and a handful of beads."

"I fear that what you say is but a confirmation of my words," said De Chamblée, "for Father Meriel was of the opinion that Whistling Serpent and his wife found that the child was to be taken away from them and no return made, and that, eager to obtain the ransom for her, they have carried her away to Albany. One thing is certain: Father Meriel is not responsible for the act, for he is as vexed thereby as man could be, and joined me in searching for the child, with great good-will; but Whistling Serpent and his wife had vanished from Caughnawaga, and the Indians would only tell us that they had gone hunting moose, and perchance they knew no better. The Governor's wife also has been to much expense in this matter, but without better success; and she would not write you for fear of causing you sorrow, and in the daily hope that she might have better news."

Then indeed I upbraided myself for having left Eunice for a moment out of my watch and care; and such anguish of mind took hold on me as was like to craze me, so that I could not hear the others when they strove to comfort me, saying that all was for the best, and the child was doubtless now safe at home, for the Indians had many dealings with Capt. John Schuyler, to whose house in Shinctady (old spelling) they had clearly taken her to be exchanged for her weight in Dutch rum.

But now there came over me a shivering and a trembling together with a mist of darkness, and I knew myself to be taken again of the vapours, for all their

words sounded hollow and far away to me, though I was ware that they put me to bed, and that Madame Hertel said that I was ill from too generous feeding after starvation, and must be blooded, and Hortense lifted my hand and said, "See how wan and wasted she is; you can almost look through the little hands; it were a pity to let one drop of blood." And the Sieur Hertel said, "She is burning with fever. This comes from living too much by the river in mists and swamps. Fetch the Jesuit powder and strong cordials." Marie Françoise set leeches to my temples, declaring that the trouble was of my brain, and was for cutting my hair and blistering me; but this De Chamblée would not allow. "You are all wrong," he cried. "The trouble is of the heart, and she will die with longing for the child, for we cannot help her." Then suddenly my spirit drifted away from them, and I was making again the weary journey through the drifting snow. I was tired, so tired, and terribly cold, but as I shivered and moaned, I thanked De Chamblée for his aid, and talked to Eunice, as they told me afterward, so that their kind eyes were full of tears. Then my delirium changed, and I lay quiet, but heard voices talking far away, Father Mèriel and the Whistling Serpent, and they spake about Eunice.

"My wife wants money," said the Indian; "the child is a burden to her."

"I will give you more for keeping her," replied the Jesuit, "than they who desire her person. Even as much more as her soul is worth more than her body."

Then I heard the chink of gold pieces as they were counted out, and the Whistling Serpent grunted his

satisfaction. "Now, go!" said Father Meriel, "and hide yourselves, and let not the maid be found. Stain her brown with walnut-juice, call her your own daughter, and live with the Macquas at St. Francis, and see to it that you treat the child kindly, for she is yours but for a time, and I shall know if you beat or misuse her, for I have messengers and spies that you know not of, who do my bidding."

Then I was ware of a shape, misty, indistinct, but lowering and ominous, which grew and grew like a thunder-cloud, and Father Meriel said, "This is my messenger: he will fly swiftly through the air, will see all you do, and bring me word again." Then the Whistling Serpent cried with fear, "It is the Great Head, who rides upon the hurricane, and I cannot escape him."

After that, it seemed to me that the Great Head brooded over my bedside, and that Father Meriel sat in the chamber talking with it. And the Head asked, "Shall this marriage take place? will you wed this noblest scion of this brave house to a heretic maid?" And Father Meriel's dispassionate, cold voice replied, "We must not be too hasty. She is a baptized child, and has seemed very near the fold, but she has not fully yielded her obstinate will. It was for that reason that I separated her from the child Eunice."

"Perhaps," said the Head, "she has been led to this home, that her full conversion may be accomplished through love."

"You shall watch over her," replied Father Meriel. "My zeal for proselyting is not so great as to admit to the church any not fully prepared. When you judge



that our young petitioner is touched by grace, I would advise her retirement for a short time into a religious house, there to receive more complete instructions, and as a catechumen to pass through certain preparatory and penitential exercises, which can be more conveniently conducted there than even in the most wholesome and devout atmosphere of this most Christian home."

Then the sights faded and the talking ceased, and I lay for a time lapped in a blessed sense of quiet, from which I slowly awaked to a sense that all this was but a confused and fantastic dream. Marie Françoise sat beside me, knitting. She smiled when she saw that I was conscious, and brought me a refreshing draught.

"You look happier as well as better," she said.

"Surely," said I, "now that I know that Eunice is safe from harm, I can rest more quietly."

"How do you know this?" she asked.

"Has not Father Meriel been, and have you not talked of her and of me, in this chamber?"

But Marie shook her head with a look of blank surprise.

"Then," said I, "'twas but the phantasmagoria of a heated brain. Nevertheless, I do believe that Eunice is under the guardianship of Father Meriel."

"If that is true, she is quite safe," replied Marie, "for what a mind he has, Mère de Dieu! what a mind! The man is fit for the generalship of the Society of Jesus."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### NOËL AT THE CHATEAU, AND THE SCHOOL OF THE INFANT JESUS.

FROM that time I began rapidly to mend.

And now it was Christmas-tide, and the joy bells jingled incessantly from the little church of St. Hyacinthe. Great fires flared and waved in the hall chimney. The habitants brought their presents of chickens and eggs, and carried away gifts — little packages of tea and snuff — from the mistress of the château. There were processions of children bearing torches at night, and a little miracle play at the mission, with a waxen Infant Jesus in a tiny straw-thatched hut; and Father Hilaire, the parish priest, came to beg the young ladies of the château to take part, — Marie as the Blessed Virgin, and Hortense and myself as angels.

De Chamblée, who had been obliged to join his command, was home on leave again with all the other soldier brothers, and there was much feasting and jolity. The great ovens of the château were hot for a week, and the pantry overflowed with good things. On Christmas day the table was adorned with a roast peacock, its plumage deftly fastened to the cover of the dish; and there was also a venison pasty, a boar's head, a salmon so enormous that no platter could be found to hold it, and it was brought in on a five-foot cedarn plank, bedecked with parsley which Madame had



TOBOGGANING AND SNOWSHOEING.



grown all winter in a window box. From the cellar was brought a basket of Champagne of gooseberries, a very frothing and dancing wine, made by Madame herself, the year of her marriage, in imitation of that of Épernay. And holding a tall glass, she left her high seat and ran around the table, saluting every one, and demanding a toast to the betrothed. It was vexing to Madame Hertel that it was not our marriage instead of our betrothal which was thus celebrated; but it seemed best to me to wait until I should learn of a certainty the fate of Eunice. For I knew not but that the child might still need my ministrations, and I felt myself in no wise free to contract myself in such manner that I could not fly to her at any moment.

There was a confluence of guests with dancing in the evening, when old Pierre, the blacksmith, brought his viollin, and De Chamblée had brought with him a fifer of the garrison to add to the jovial din. I, privately instructed beforehand by Hortense, made shift to walk through the minuet, wearing a fine white dress of goffered muslin. Madame was brave in quilted petticoat with pelisse trimmed with fur of sables, and the *Sieur Hertel* in a great sleeved coat of green watered moyre, his wig having been sent to Montreal to be new curled by the Governor's barber. De Rouville and De Chamblée wore their new uniforms as captains, and Hortense spun in the gavotte now with one brother and now with the other, and it troubled me not as at the ball at the Château de Ramesay.

Mlle. Jeanne Dubois, with her mother, was visiting at the château at this time, to whom two years later Hertel de Rouville was married; there were also present cer-

tain of the brother officers of the Hertels, who paid court to Hortense. So that, with so many young people, there lacked not much out of door gayety and sports of skating and tobogganing with sledging and snow-shoeing, all plentifully seasoned with love-making. On the evening of St. Sylvester, the eve of the New Year, the waits went their rounds singing carols. And we maids, wakened from our sleep by the clear singing, gathered in Madame Hertel's boudoir to hear a very old carol, which I have thus lamely rendered into English : —

“ Good day, my Lord and Lady,  
This last day of the year,  
We come with song to aid ye  
To make and give good cheer.  
The larder is shut, the larder is lockit  
The chatelaine has the keys in her pocket.

“ In charity, my Lady,  
Arise and give good cheer,  
All in the woods so shady  
The birds are singing clear.  
Give them the crumbs, give us the cake  
Unlock your store for Marie's sake.

‘ Oh ! would you know, sweet maiden,  
The songs the birds sing clear ?  
They tell a heart love-laden  
And one who loves you dear.  
Guard well your heart, keep it well lockit;  
For love is a knave with false keys in his pocket.

“ Ah ! now you blush, my Lady,  
And haste to spread your cheer.  
To bribe the birds we'll aid ye;  
Your secret none shall hear.  
Give them the crumbs when next you bake,  
And the singer a slice of the wedding cake !”

“ These are no wandering minstrels,” said Marie.

“ Nay,” replied Jeanne Dubois, “ he with the black



THE CAROL.





vizard is your brother De Rouville." And I had at the first note recognized a voice which I had often heard on snowy nights, when the stars glistened and the shadows lay purple on the drifts, and which now sang, as it seemed, for me only :—

"Espérons, rions,  
Sans nulle souci;  
La nuit est fuyant  
Le jour est ici."

De Chamblée and I had come to a full understanding on the night of the Miracle Play. It was when we were going home across the meadows, and he was helping me with my snow-shoes, as in our first acquaintance.

"They say," said he, "that on Christmas eve the oxen kneel in the stables worshipping the Christ child. It might be interesting to steal around by the courtyard, and see if Botolph and Géant, the two good Breton steers, are kneeling at their prayers. We have many pretty fancies about Christmas. Another is that the star light on this night reaches the very centre of the earth, and all the diamonds flash back a welcome to them; lucky is the wight who is awake to see their greeting. Your eyes are shining like gems, *ma mie*; has the star light opened your heart? O when will you be more conformable to your own sweet name. Submit?—for, surely, a more wilful maid never vexed her lover."

"I will marry you, sweetheart," I made answer, "when I know of a surety that it is well with the child."

"And how can you know that?" he asked; "for my

own part, I do assure you that I am certain that Whistling Serpent has taken her to Albany and returned her to her own people."

"That does seem possible," I replied, "and I could believe it but for a dream which I have had, which makes me think that she is still in the guardianship of Father Meriel."

"Prithee, love, dream more merrily," he said. But, seeing that I was grave, he asked again, — "How can you know? I would go once more in search, but I must join my regiment in a few days, and you must not again adventure yourself among those salvages."

"I have thought it all over," I made answer. "Here I am out of the way of all tidings, but if I were at Montreal I might hear both through the commissioners which are expected to treat concerning the exchange of captives, who might tell if she were indeed returned, and from the Indians, who do on occasion visit the city, from whom I may discover whether she is still in hiding among them. Let me, then, to Madame de Vaudreuil, who is well affectioned toward me and will aid me in the forwarding of this matter."

"Your reasoning is good," said De Chamblée, "and it is in Montreal that you should bide. But I can not bear that my affianced bride should be the beneficiary of even so good a friend as the Marchioness; but, since my sister Marie is going to the school of the Infant Jesus, will it not be better that you accompany her thither, and there study such things as may become a gentlewoman."

As he spoke, a sudden cloud drifted across the moon; and I shuddered, for it seemed to me that this was the

Great Head, the familiar of Father Meriel, and I marvelled to see how exactly his plans were being carried out concerning me. "Why do you wish me to go to the school of the Infant Jesus?" I asked.

"Do not be wilful," he said, "or misunderstand me. I chiefly wish it because I do not think you fully understand or are in sympathy with our holy faith, and the good sisters have a better knack of explaining it than a rough soldier like myself."

"And why do you wish me to be more of a Catholic?"

"Because," — and he hesitated, — "my parents are very devout, and I fear it would grieve them if they knew some of your doubts."

Then, though he had striven to hide it from me, I knew that the Hertels would never consent to the marriage of their son with a heretic. And I wondered if I were a heretic, and if I ought to talk concerning my religious troubles to Madame Hertel; but when I spoke of this to De Chamblée he besought me not to do so, but to carry them to the sisters, which indeed seemed the wisest thing to do.

And so it came about that early in January I returned to Montreal and entered with Marie Françoise the school of the Infant Jesus. It was a plain square building with stone towers.\*

Here Marie learned to make artificial flowers and lace and to draw after a sort in colors. Her achievements were looked upon by her family as triumphs of art, and

\* These venerable towers which formed a part of this building still stand on the priest's farm in the suburbs of Montreal. One of these towers was devoted to the school for Indian and French girls; the other was the habitation of the sisters.

by me also until I saw more excellent work in France. But it was the religious life itself rather than these accomplishments, which were mere outgrowths, which were of interest to me. The peace of the cloisters, the hours of meditation exercised a soothing influence on my perturbed spirit, while the decoration of the altars, the celebration of church festivals beginning with the tolling of the convent bell for midnight mass, and the chanting of the choristers of the *Veni Creator*, when the nuns' voices were assisted by a viallin, a bass viol, and a German flute, from the Governor's musicians, the *Te Deum*, and the celebration of the mass, with the processions of May Day, and the other ceremonials of the Roman Church, exercised I know not what charm upon my repressed fancy. Even the meagre formalities of the mission chapel had seemed, after the barrenness of a Puritan meeting-house, a very heaven of grace and beauty.

All this was borne in upon my mind by degrees, for when I first came to the school I had but one thought and one desire — Eunice. I sought Madame Vaudreuil, and found her sorrowing. “For,” said she, “I now know in some faint measure how her father must be devoured with anxiety concerning her. There are now come to Montreal three men to treat concerning of the captives, and surely if Eunice were with me, much as I dote upon the child, I should have no heart but to let her go. I have besought my husband, and, although he is not satisfied with the terms which these men bring, he has consented that Esther Williams, who has recovered of her lameness but is pining with homesickness, shall return with them.”

I met the ambassadors the next day at the Governor's. They were Deacon John Sheldon and John Wells, of Deerfield, whom I knew well, and Captain Livingston, of Albany. They had endured much in tramping over the frozen country for our rescue — camping at night as we had done, all under great privation of food and danger of surprise by Indians, together with the painfulness of the march and the bitter cold; and they were much disheartened because they were unable to effect their design, being only allowed to take back Mr. Sheldon's daughter Hannah, Esther Williams, and three others. They said that up to the time of their leaving nothing had been heard of Eunice, and Captain Livingston promised to let me know if she was brought in to Albany. They departed soon after, attended by a guard which the Governor sent for their protection, and by Captain Courtémanche, *dit* Jolicœur, who had orders to proceed to Boston with dispatches and powers to treat with Governor Dudley. I had great hopes of this embassy, for Captain Courtemanche was a most chivalrous man and kindly affected toward the prisoners. My dream had lost its hold upon me, and I was now inclined to believe, the rather because I so greatly desired it, that Eunice was safe with her friends. And so, as there was nothing to do but to await the workings of Providence, I gave myself up to the occupations and influences of the school.

There lived at this time at the convent a singular recluse named Jeanne Le Ber, who immured herself voluntarily in a cell behind the altar of the church of the congregation, as I have read Philip II. of Spain spent his last days behind that of the Escorial. Here,

through a grated window, she could see the elevation of the Host at mass, and here she passed her time retired from the world and her family, in prayer and in the embroidery of clerical vestments.

It was my duty to wait upon this holy anchoritess, to bring her her food and the materials for her work. In return she gave me much spiritual converse, and it was to her that I poured out my misgivings. I told her how the confessional frightened me, how hard it was for me to lay bare my heart to any but God, that there came to me oftentimes thoughts so sad, fears and doubts, regrets and self-reproach, which I would not have any human being share. Then said she, "Think, when uttering all thy grief at the confessional, how the priest is indeed nothing but an instrument, as it were, an ear-trumpet, and thou art truly disburdening thy heart to God." Then Satan put it into my heart to ask if the All-Powerful were deaf that he had need of such a human mechanism to aid his hearing. But I said nothing, for suddenly there flashed upon my mind the words, "Behold the Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save, neither his ear heavy that it cannot hear!"

And so it happened often that her converse with me fell out to my heartening, but not precisely in the way that she would have had it, for I learned of this to take my troubles directly to God. Again, when I told her that it seemed to my understanding that obedience was the first article of the Roman faith, and I liked not overmuch that word, she bade me read the following from the "Imitation of Christ," by one Thomas à Kempis:—

“Learn thou quickly to submit thyself to thy superior. There is no worse enemy, nor one more troublesome to the soul, than thou art unto thyself. Because thou still lovest thyself inordinately thou art afraid to resign thyself wholly to the will of others. And yet what great matter is it if thou, who art but dust and nothing, subject thyself to a man for God’s sake? O dust, learn to be obedient. Learn to humble thyself, thou dust and clay. Consider the fruit of these labors the end near at hand, for thou shalt always have thy will in Heaven.”

I mused much over this; and, though I could never bring myself to accept the first part utterly, yet the assurance that I should always have my own will in Heaven was a source of great satisfaction to me.

The Mother Superior, who knew well that idleness is the mother of sin and unhappiness, left me not too much time to brood over my thoughts, but kept me busy with many duties. The one which I liked most was the decoration of the altars with flowers, and I learned soon both what flowers were seasonable to each feast, and which were sacred to our Lady, and which to the martyrs and saints, so that I had, as it were, an almanack of flowers. I gathered the first wild flowers, the tiny, pinkish “*perce-neige*,” the glorious snowy trilliums and violets for Easter; rushes for Palm Sunday; window flowers and wax lilies for the Annunciation, and because there were no natural roses in the cold climate of Canada for May Day, Marie Françoise brought me a bushel or more of the most finely tinted paper ones, with which we garlanded the candlesticks. On Whit Sunday we had branches of apple, pear, and plum blos-

soms from the orchards; on the festival of the Immaculate Conception, white roses; on that of St. Ignatius Loyola, red ones; and at the feast of the Assumption, lilies from the cloister gardens, with cardinal flowers and many other wild flowers.\*

It was just about the time of the Feast of the Assumption that Captain Courtemanche returned from his expedition. He had fallen sick while in Boston, and Governor Dudley had sent him back by sea in a brigantine, attended by his own son, young William Dudley. There was a great council of the Iroquois at Montreal, such as the Governor had once described to me, and the Marquis de Vaudreuil invited Mr. Dudley to attend it and to listen to the peace speeches. This council was held as usual in the open air, and the inhabitants from all the country round, both Indian and French, swarmed in to see it. De Chamblée was in the city with his company, and I was right glad of the opportunity to see him, though he was moody and

\* Adelaide Procter carries out this idea most charmingly :—

“ O in May how we honored our Lady,  
 Her own month of flowers —  
 . . . . .  
 “ And we know when the Purification,  
 Her first feast, comes round,  
 The early spring flowers to greet it  
 Just opening are found;  
 And pure white and spotless the snow-drop  
 Will pierce the dark ground.  
 . . . . .  
 “ And in August her glorious Assumption,  
 What feast was so bright;  
 What clusters of virginal lilies,  
 So pure and so white!  
 Why, the incense could scarce overpower  
 Their perfume that night.”





"AS HE SAT IN THE SNOW BY HIS CAMP FIRE."



impatient, chafing because I would not at that time consent to our marriage, for he said that never faithful heart was so abused as his, and that it was the thought of me alone which had kept the blood warm in his veins, and so hindered him from freezing as he sat in the snow by his scanty camp-fire. And at last he got from me a promise that if I saw nothing to be gained by further delay, and with sundry other provisos, I would marry him on a year from that day. With this he was fain to be content, for I was more anxious than ever because of Eunice, for De Chamblée had seen Mr. Dudley, and he had heard concerning Eunice that it was now certain that she had not been returned. He said that he had seen much of Parson Williams at Captain Courtemanche's house at Quebec, that he was most anxious to have all his children redeemed, and that Stephen, who had been hidden away among the Indians, was now with him, and that he was most anxious that both he and Samuel should go back with Mr. Dudley, as he feared lest they should be made Jesuits. Now, the Governor had a great desire to send Samuel to France, and educate him as his own son, but, finding how grieved at heart his father was, he gave up this design, paid forty crowns for the ransoming of Stephen, and let both lads go, with nine others, which I am very certain he would not have done had Father Meriel been in Quebec. I have never seen such delight in any human creature's face as did manifest itself in Samuel's when he was told that he had license to depart, and indeed I believe he would have died with sorrow if he had been hindered further. While I sat at the Peace Council I noticed among some friendly Macquas a face

which seemed familiar to me, being that of a youth who rolled his eyes and smiled continually, and after I had considered him I saw that it was Amrusus, but so grown that I did not at first recognize him. So when he could find opportunity he came to me, and I asked him if he had seen aught of the Whistling Serpent or of Eunice, and he said that he had sought them with great earnestness, but could not find them, that they were not at Caughnawaga, nor had they come that spring to the plantation of maples, where it was their wont to make sugar. Then I told him that I had had a dream by which I thought that they were at St. Francis, and that Father Meriel knew this, and I begged him to find her for me, which he promised very heartily to do, and to bring me word again.

There was also a shy but eager look in the youth's face, which told me that I had fallen upon the right messenger, and which told me more plainly than words that there was no privation which he would not endure or difficulties which he could not overcome to arrive at his object.

## CHAPTER IX.

### WEDDING BELLS, AND MINES AND COUNTER MINES.

THEN passed a long time wherein I heard nothing from my spy, or from any one else, concerning the matter dearest to my heart. The next spring there was an exchange of captives, and upwards of forty English were sent home, but, as I learned from the Governor, Eunice was not among them.

It so happened that at this time there came to our school, from the convent of the Ursulines at Quebec, a young English girl of something less than my own age, named Mary Ann Davis, of Salem, who had been carried captive of the Abenakis nine years before. When we came to make inquiry into the matter we found that we had known each other in our childhood, and she remembered my mother distinctly, and how she was feared of her as a witch. This girl had been converted to the Roman Catholic faith and baptized by Father Sebastian Rale, who had brought her to Quebec. It was her steadfast desire to become a nun, and her constant delight was in the teaching of little Indian children. "I had two daughters of a certain chief-tainess under my charge at Norridgwock," she said, "and they learned their catechism readily, but they were snatched from their mother and carried to Boston by the English."

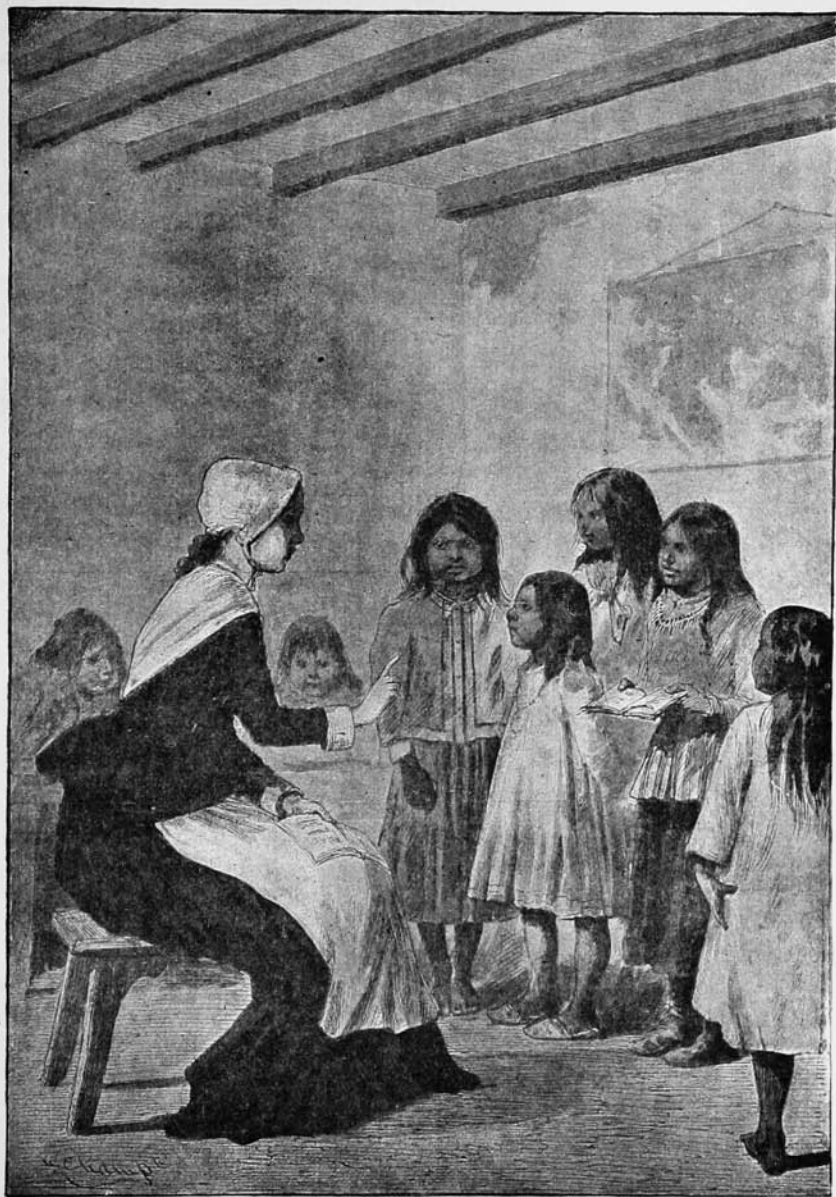
When I had considered the matter, I told her that I

believed they were the children of whom the Rev. Cotton Mather had spoken, and that if they were desirous of obtaining them I believed that if she could see Mr. Mather in Boston, as now there were treaties concerning the exchange of captives, perchance their exchange could be effected for that of Eunice. This she promised to write to Father Rale; "for," said she, "their mother is well nigh crazed with grief, and will do anything for their release."

This captive maid showed such zeal for the souls of the Indian children that she infected me with the same. "What nobler life could you lead," she would ask, "than to spend it for the good of the very Indians who inflicted such a cruel wrong upon you? Does not this fire your ambition to be able so closely to imitate the example of Jesus Christ, and to obey his word, 'Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which spitefully use you'?"

Accordingly, I made trial of her advice and gave up my office as Sacristan and the decoration of the altars to work entirely in the mission school. Mary taught here, for she had studied several dialects of the Indian tongue, and was particularly quick in Abenakis and Algonquin, while I spoke only Mohawk, and that lamely; but, following her example, I found more of true happiness than I had heretofore experienced.

In the evening the Mother Superior would tell us stories of the martyr Jesuits who had freely given their lives for the Indians. Father Jogues, killed by the Iroquois; De Noue, frozen to death; Daniel, shot; Lalemant and Brebœuf, burned; Garnier, tortured to death, and I grew to admire the unswerving heroism



TEACHING THE LITTLE INDIAN CHILDREN.



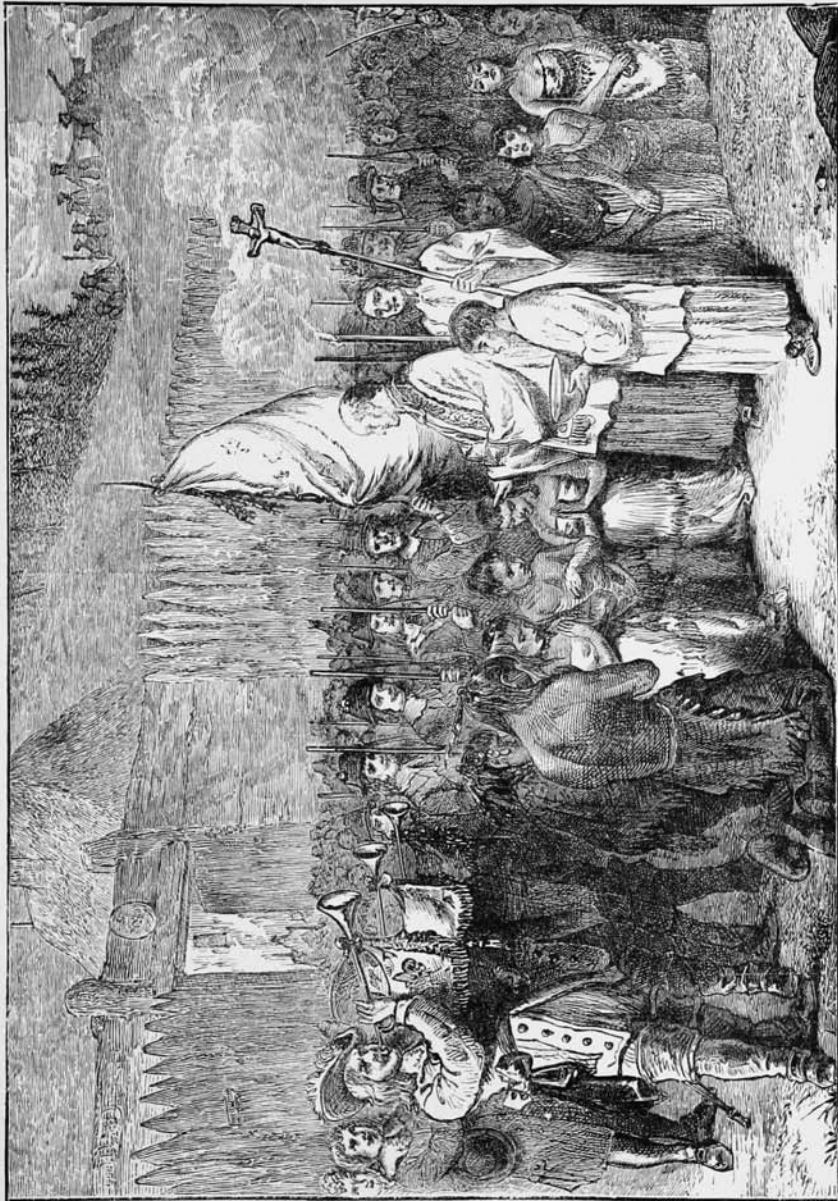


of these men, and even more the unfaltering faith; for, said I, it were easy to be a martyr could one but believe soundly; but though I still kept my faith in God, and found much in the convent school favorable to a religious life, I could not yield my soul to all of the dogmas of the Roman church. But one thing was certain, I was finding peace from my doubts in work, and I had lighted on a verse of Scripture also which was a great comfort to me, namely, Acts x. 35: "In every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of him." So, therefore, I resigned myself as a child of the church, and the less I puzzled my brain, and the more I labored, leaving the result with God, the happier I became, for there were many things which with all honesty I believed and could teach the children for their bettering, and these I taught them, namely, to love God and all goodness, to be truthful, honest, clean, brave, and kind one to another; and I told them of Christ, and bade them take him for an example, but not greatly of the saints. Sometimes when I spoke of the sufferings of our Lord I have seen the eyes of the children kindle and their fists clench, and they would say, as did the chief Therouet, "Oh! had I been there I would have scalped them all." This was to the nuns an evident sign of salvation, but to me of the remains of a depraved heart, such as frequently beat in my own bosom.

Upwards of a dozen of our scholars were baptized that season, and the Governor sent a train band of soldiers, with his own trumpeters, to assist at the spectacle, which took place in a public place, much people witnessing.

Now, when Marie Françoise saw the great interest I was taking in the work, and heard Mary Ann Davis say that I eclipsed her in zeal and would make a better nun than herself, she took alarm and wrote to her family that they were like to lose me. So that the next vacation which I spent at the château there was great pother concerning me, and Madame Hertel and the Sieur were for hastening our marriage. De Chamblée also came home and added his importunity to theirs, saying that he would have cut off his hand rather than have sent me to the convent had he known to what extent my conversion was like to grow.

It was the summer now of 1707, and one great argument which De Chamblée brought in favor of our marriage at this time, the year which I had demanded being fully expired, was that Deacon Sheldon was come again to Canada—as was said, to arrange for captives, but as the Governor thought as a spy, for he had heard of an expedition fitting out in New England against Canada. Accordingly, it was deemed best to send him back to Boston by way of Albany under an escort of six French soldiers, which De Chamblée was selected to command. “And now,” said De Chamblée, “if you have any drawings toward your home, I will beseech the Governor for leave to take you with me as my wife to visit your former home, if so it please you, but if not, as a returned captive free to remain, for I am not willing any longer to bear this delay and putting off of my desire, for it seems to me that you love me not and that the care you feel for Eunice and the little Indian children is but a feint to gain time until you can be exchanged and be rid of me. And surely if



BAPTISM OF INDIANS.



Eunice were not either exchanged or dead we would have heard from her ere this. So now choose what you will, for you shall not remain in Canada longer save as my wife, for I am not able to endure the sight of you."

So I told him that I had no wish ever to return, for I loved him with my whole heart, and, since it seemed that I could accomplish no good by waiting, I would wait no longer but marry him when he would. With that he took me in his arms with a cry of joy, and, Madame Hertel and her daughters coming in, it was arranged that the wedding should be before his departure on this expedition, to make all sure. "For," said he, "fortune has played me so many tricks that I know not what may happen."

But Madame Hertel would not hear to my going with him, which would be a rough journey and unsuitable for a woman. "The rather," quoth she, "make your wedding journey on my son's return to France, for there are matters there which need our attention. The king has promised to reward the service which our family has done him, but as yet has done nothing; but if Submit were there she could but increase our influence with Madame de Maintenon, who is so interested in the conversion of colonists. Yes, you must go to France, and that as speedily as may be."

When Madame de Vaudreuil heard of this, she would have us up to be married from her house in the parish church of Montreal. So this was presently accomplished, to the great joy of the Hertels and to the bliss of my dear love and myself — a bliss which seemed like to break our hearts, for we were not able to believe our own blessedness, and I think De Chamblée had from

the first a haunting feeling of trouble to come, while I felt that in some fashion I had deserted my mission, which was to be a guardian to Eunice, but on this point my husband reassured me, saying that now she would have two guardians instead of one, and that he would hold himself at all times devoted to her service. So we were married, and the ring which I had worn so long upon my heart was placed upon my finger by the priest, and the nuns from the convent sang, contrary to their custom, at our wedding. On the morrow, De Chamblée was to depart on his expedition, and it was arranged that I was to wait his return at the château, but that evening something occurred which greatly changed our plans. For as we stood in the court-yard by the rose-trees and I pointed out to him the stars with their Indian names as I had learned them, Madame Hertel sent word to us that an Indian youth was in the ante-room who had desire to speak with me. So, when we were come in, we found it to be Amrusus, who caught my hand and that of De Chamblée, saying, "I have found her." And when we had questioned him further he said that my dream was true, for Eunice had been kept at St. Francis, in hiding, by the orders of Father Meriel, but that Whistling Serpent had been hunting to the southward by the Mer des Iroquois, and had met certain Indians who were spies of Captain Schuyler's, who had offered him a pretty Indian girl in exchange for Eunice, but that he durst not accept their offer, for, said he, "if I part with her to the English, Father Meriel will shut the gates of heaven against me." "But," said Amrusus, "the wife of Whistling Serpent is so avaricious that I fear me they will yet

sell her, if not to the English, then perhaps to the Coureurs des Bois, who lead a wild life at the Detroits and at Michilmacinack, for they would give a good price for her, for she is grown a very pretty girl."

Then I looked at my husband with anguish, saying, "Have I left the child in such a strait as this?"

"Nay," said he, "nor will I so leave her; when I gave myself to you and you accepted me, it was that I might work your wishes more completely and not be a hindrance unto them. I will have conference with the Governor, and if it appear that it is Father Meriel who stops her return, then, love, we must return her in despite of Father Meriel. And first, as the Governor will never permit of her being sold to the Coureurs des Bois, we will advertise him of this danger, and, if possible, have her brought to Montreal and placed under the care of Mary Ann Davis."

"Ah," said I, "I fear the Governor has no influence over Father Meriel; if I but knew who had authority over that man, I would seek that power, and move it if it were human."

"Then," said De Chamblée, "your question is very easy to answer: Madame de Maintenon can by a stroke of her finger command both church and state."

"Then," said I, "let me see Madame."

"We will talk further of this, *ma mie*," said my husband, gravely; "I had hoped to go with you to France, but since we needs must be separated, if you are brave enough to venture the voyage without me, and will wait for me with our friends in France, I see no reason why you should not be gone, being well assured that I will join you so soon as ever I can be relieved from service."

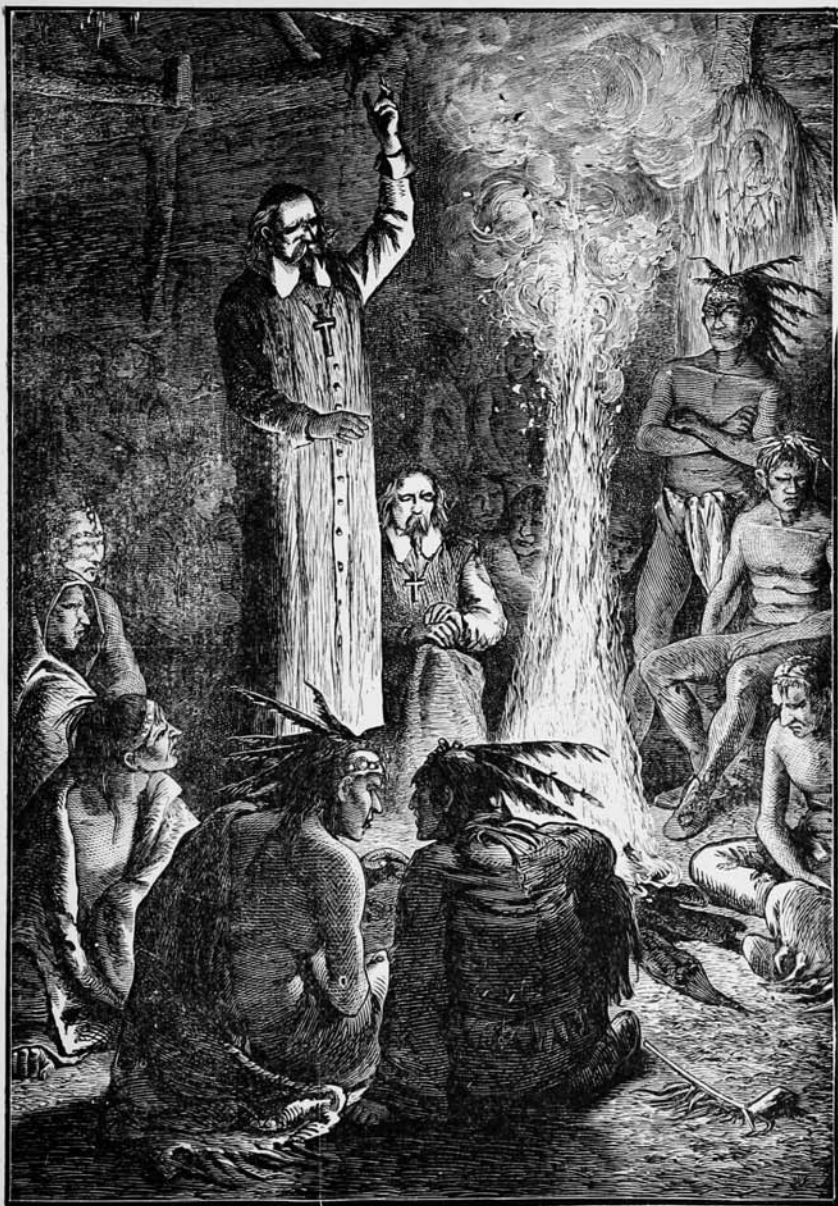
With that we entered the house, and, hearing voices in the Governor's library, I turned in thither, but I stood transfixed on the threshold without either the power of speech or motion, for there, his back toward me, standing sinister and dark and tall, and engaged in close converse with the Governor and Madame Hertel, was Father Meriel.

"And why," said he, "have you accomplished this marriage with such unseemly haste, and without asking my counsel in the matter. Be assured that you will bitterly regret this union. I tell you that she is but half converted, and will presently revert on occasion to the Calvinists."

These words pricked me and gave me a courage which I knew not that I possessed, for, coming boldly forward, I told Father Meriel right saucily that he alone stood in the way of my full conversion, for that I considered it a cruel and unchristian thing to keep Eunice thus from her family and in danger of a still more dreadful bondage, and I demanded that she should be instantly given up to my husband and to John Sheldon.

He heard me with such calmness and withal such a dignity of manner that my passion soon spent itself and I fell a-weeping. When Father Meriel answered it was with much kindness. "My child," he said, "think you that I do not feel for this child of an arch heretic the tenderest love of all, being a love for her soul? You are young to be admitted into the counsels of our holy and wise Mother Church, but, for the relief of your mind, I will tell you that it is my purpose to return Marguérite (for so you should call her) as soon





INSTRUCTING THE INDIANS.



as I am convinced that she is able to bear the importunities of her friends, and stand among them a faithful witness to the faith. This family is well connected : — the Schuylers of Albany, long our inveterate enemies, on the one hand, and the Dudleys and Mathers of Boston, who, on the other, have done us much harm, clamor for her release. In one of these directions she will probably marry and settle in life. Think what a glorious triumph it will be to our religion to have a Madame Mather refuting the pernicious dogmas of her husband's family and bringing up her children in the true faith, or a Madame Schuyler instituting, in secret at first, a new reformation among the pestiferous Hollanders, who were the objects of such tender solicitude on the part of that defender of the faith, Philip of Spain.

“ Is not this a glorious dream ; — worthy of toiling for, of plotting for, of suffering calumny and misrepresentation for — if need be, of dying for ? Fear not that I will let her slip from my fingers to be taken to Du Lhut and his dare-devils companions. Of those that have been given me I have lost none save where my own friends, with false tenderness, have rid them out of my hands.” Here the Governor quailed. And the Jesuit poured on his torrent of explanation : “ Samuel Williams was of a teachable disposition : he had already abjured his father's faith, but he needed more time to strengthen and ground him in the faith, and, now that he is sent home, I know that he will presently fall back, and that all my care will be lost. Stephen was more obstinate ; I saw in him the stuff of which we Jesuits are made — subtle, keen, immovable, devout, fearless. What a son of the church he would have made ! I hid

him away in the recesses of the forest, but even there he was tracked by that old fox, his father, and torn from the fold. But here my scheme is more deeply laid, and I will not be foiled. Only a few more years of waiting and she shall go back. Think not that any power can move me. You too are in my hands, and your soul is dear to me. Do you imagine that I have not watched you and kept you under my care for every instant since you left the Indian camp!" (I shuddered, for I knew now that my dream was true) — "that I have not planned your surroundings, chosen your friends. That I did not long ago foresee and approve this marriage. It is true that in my judgment it is premature; that you are not yet the wife which Hertel de Chamblée deserves, which it is possible for you to become. I know that in telling you all this I put an end to my influence over you. It is well, your nature needs other influences, and I yield you to them willingly, but never think that I shall cease to pray for your soul."

He ceased and, bowing, left the apartment. A cold perspiration had started over me; I had been half dead with fright with the sense of being held by an iron hand, but now I felt the grasp relax. He had said that I was free, that he should cease to watch me; and a sense of relief stole into my soul, which was most blessed. I scarcely felt my husband's arm as he led me away.

On the morrow my husband went forth upon his mission; but before he departed there was held a council of my friends, and it was judged best that, as Sister Placide of the school was to return immediately to

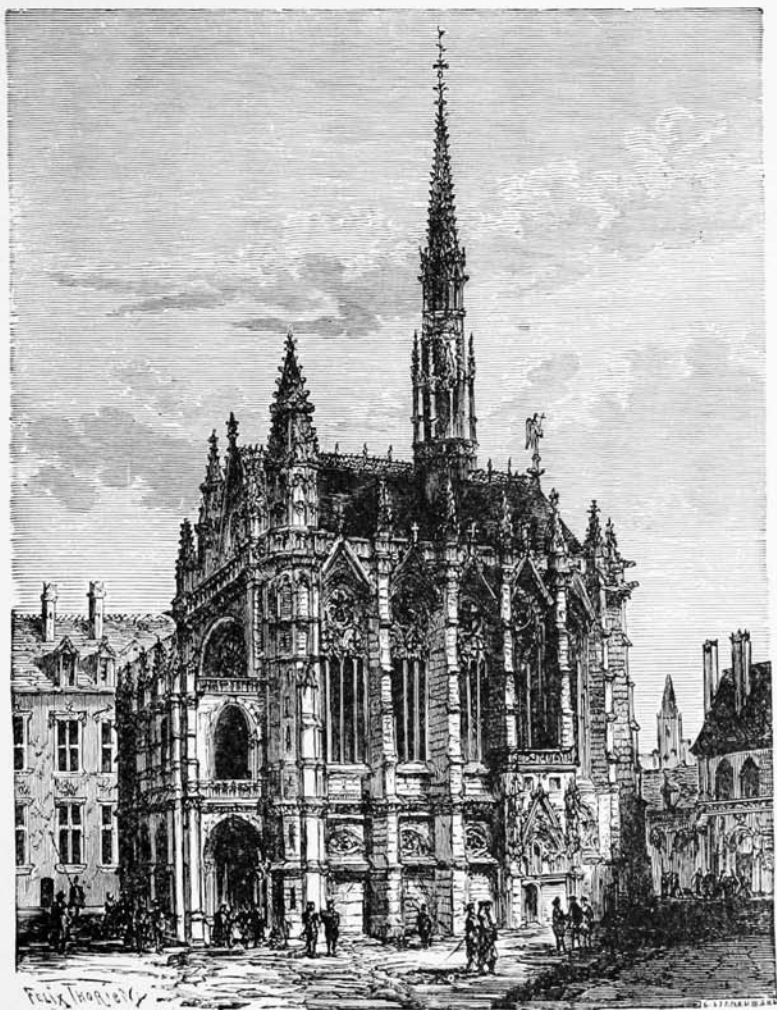
France on business of the Congregation, I should accompany her, to remain for a time at the *Maison des Nouvelles Converties* at Paris, and to visit the friends of the Hertels. And, though nothing was said thereof, I knew this to be the plan of Father Meriel concerning me, for he had remained late in close converse with Madame Hertel and the Governor. But whereas it was now my own desire to go to Paris, my husband agreeing thereto, for though we had faith in Father Meriel's earnestness, yet was I determined through Madame de Maintenon to endeavor to effect the deliverance of Eunice. So with tears, and yet with high hopes, for we knew not the trouble which was still to come upon us, my dear love and I bade each other farewell.

## CHAPTER X.

### LA BELLE FRANCE.

WE had a rapid passage of a little above six weeks in the Governor's supply ship, Sister Placide and I being the only women passengers. As it was August and September and the ship was freighted with peltries, we found it to our convenience to spend much of our time, both by night and day, on deck, the sailors hanging hamacs for us in convenient places. For a time I was so ill with "*mal de mer*," this being my first voyage, that I cared for little of what passed about me ; but after a time, the weather being calm, I recovered and found much to interest me in the working of the ship and in the wonders of the great deep. The sailors were for the most part Basques, who spoke a language different from the French which I had learned, and, as it seemed to me, much more difficult. Some of them, when not engaged with their duties, wrought a very curious net-work of knotted cords, which I learned also ; others carved curious devices on the teeth of whales. The captain, though rough in his demeanor to the men, and addicted to dreadful swearing, was yet gentle and respectful to Sister Placide and myself. — So that the days which we spent on ship-board were not altogether distasteful, though void of any great event either of pleasure or peril.

Arrived at length in Paris, Sister Placide took me



THE SAINTE CHAPELLE.





directly to the Maison des Nouvelles Converties, and here I rested from my voyage, and sent from this place the letters which I bore to the friends of the Vaudreuils and the Hertels. The one from which I counted most was addressed to the Countess de Frontenac, widow of a former Governor of Canada, and a relative of Madame de Maintenon. The kindred of the Hertels I knew to be at their farm in the country, and I expected no immediate tidings from them; but days lengthened to weeks and I heard naught from any one, and against my will I came to be considered as a pensionaire of the house — albeit I paid all my charges with regularity. I was not restricted in going and coming, and, now with one companion and again with another, I made my way about the city, visiting the shops and the churches, than which I had seen nothing in my life so magnificent. The Cathedral of Notre Dame had always a great effect upon my spirits, — its immensity, its repose, the beauty of its great rose window; and the grandeur of its music was as much beyond the meagre formalities of Canada as they had surpassed the barrenness of Puritan meeting-houses. The Sainte Chapelle was nearer to our house than Notre Dame, and here I often repaired. Its slender spire seemed always to me a lance pointing heavenward but ready at any moment to be lowered in the defence of the faith. Sometimes we walked along the quays and across the four bridges which span the river. It interested me to see as much as I could of that great castle, the Louvre, but I could never come very near, for, besides the river, it was defended on the one side by a moat fed by the Seine, and on the others by a strong wall and bastion. The

Court was at Versailles, and I had a great desire to go thither, but not until I could be properly presented. There were in the city as many as two Italian theatres and one French theatre, all of which I had also a great curiosity to attend but could find no one to go with me, for the sisters thought such divertisement sinful and begged me to wait until the acting of a church miracle play. Let it not be thought that I found my life dull, for there was in this house a library greater than any I had ever seen, and I fed upon it with the hunger of a famished animal. I read all of the writings of the great Bossuet, who had died but a few years before my coming, and as I read his controversies, written for the conversion of Protestants, though they seemed to me paradoxical, and I often lost the thread of his reasoning, and cannot now rightfully remember how he came at it, still, I thought that if so great a mind as his was convinced that he held the right of it, right he must be.

It was different with the writings of the Abbé Fénélon, Bishop of Cambrai, who was at one time tutor of the Duke of Burgundy, as well as the spiritual director of our house, and had won many Calvinists by his gentleness and moderation, and who was still held in great love and reverence by all its inmates. I read his work "On the Education of Girls," also his "Maxims of the Saints," and could in no wise understand why it had been condemned. I found in this community the same conflict of opinion which had troubled me in Canada; for here was Bossuet set over against Fénélon, and the works of a certain Madame Guyon, which seemed to me overflowing with the love of God, considered as

dangerous heresy by the Jesuits, while I heard of a new sect, the Jansenists, who opposed themselves to the Jesuits on many questions of outward observance and the doctrine of free-will. With that I pricked up my ears; for, thought I, I like not the Jesuits overmuch myself, and if there is a sect in the Catholic church opposed to them, that will I inquire into. I learned shortly that there was a lay community at Port Royal des Champs, near Versailles, founded by one of the Montmorencis for the reception of religious persons not minded to permanently take the veil, and presided over by Mother Angelica Arnauld, who had come under the displeasure of the Jesuits, and in a measure of the Court also, for Jansenism. Immediately I determined that to that house would I go, and as the Mother Superior had no authority over me, and Sister Placide was shortly to return to Canada, I determined that as soon as she had gone I would effect my removal, for I judged that she would not be favorable to the plan, and might carry reports to my friends in New France which would make for my prejudice.

About this time I had news that Madame de Frontenac, from whom I had expected so much, was dead. She had been a gay, proud woman who had lived with the ceremony of a princess in her small apartment in the arsenal, never attending court but compelling it to come to her. There had been trouble between her and her husband the count, and she would not live in Canada with him, but when he died he left command that his heart should be inclosed in a silver case and forwarded to her. There wanted not those who said that she refused to receive it, saying that it

had never been hers during life, and she had now no use for it. Be this as it may, I mourned sincerely when I heard of the death of Madame Frontenac, for now I saw no way of obtaining an audience with Madame de Maintenon. This desired privilege was, however, effected for me in a manner as surprising as it was favorable. There were in our house certain noble English ladies of the exiled House of Stuart, who were much interested in my history. They were never weary of hearing my experiences among the Indians, and one day, to pleasure them, I dressed myself in the habit of an Indian princess, consisting of garments of chamois dressed to an exquisite softness, and most cunningly embroidered with work of quills and beads, with bracelets and ornaments of silver, and a diadem of gaudily painted feathers. This habit had been a parting present from Madame de Vaudreuil, who fancied that I might forward my cause with it, by judiciously bestowing it where I thought best.

Having robed myself in this costume, I diverted the English ladies by acting before them many of the customs of the Indians, their medicine ceremonies, their harvest and war dances, and by telling them the legends of the Whistling Serpent. While we were in the midst of this entertainment came a knock at the door, and the portress announced Madame de Maintenon come to make a visit upon my friends. Whereupon they clamored that she should be introduced, giving out that I was a young *sauvagesse* who had been sent on from the house of the Infant Jesus in Montreal as a specimen of their work.

Almost immediately there entered a tall, high-car-



THE INDIAN DANCE BEFORE MADAME DE MAINTENON.



riaged, magnificent appearing woman whose glittering black eyes seemed to see to the depths of one's soul with a single glance, though they rested not long on any object. Her dark hair was dressed high, and she wore a black silk mantilla thrown over it in the Spanish fashion. She moved in a slow and stately manner, and her train, which was of black satin, came rustling over the floor with a whispering sound which added to my nervousness, for I was like to die with dread lest I should not improve to the best advantage this opportunity so unexpectedly thrust upon me. Having taken her seat in the best fauteuil in the room, and having made her compliments to her friends, I was requested in my title of *sauvagesse* to continue my entertainment, which I accordingly did — singing and making speeches in Mohawk and telling my legends of the Great Head, the Bear, and the Pigmies, in broken French such as I had heard used by the Indians. When I had finished, Madame, who was greatly diverted, drew me to her and questioned me concerning religious matters, whether I could repeat the Ave Maria and were indeed truly converted. So, judging that my pleasantry had gone far enough, I threw off all disguise and confessed myself a white maiden who had learned all this by captivity among the Indians. Madame was now still more interested, but not yet fully enlightened, for she fancied that I was a French maid who had been captivated by the Iroquois, and spoke in round terms of the cruelty of such treatment. But when I told her that I was English and had been snatched away by the salvages, indeed, but by French orders, she was at first confused and knew not what to answer. Finally, she

asked me if I desired to return to my family, saying that she would endeavor to effect my ransom. She was greatly astonished when I assured her that I was happy in my present condition, having embraced the holy Catholic faith and being wedded to a brave French soldier, Hertel de Chamblée, of a family who had long signally served the king. "Then," quoth she, "wherefore are you come to France? It is doubtless to beg some other favor."

But, seeing her brows contract and her glance fixed suspiciously on me, I judged this not the best time to proffer my supplication, and replied that I had indeed a favor to ask. which was that she would accept as a curiosity the habit I wore, which was that of a princess, together with several rolls of sable and martin's skins, which would very prettily border and line a mantle.

Madame, having seen the furs, was graciously pleased to accept them, but bade me keep my Indian disguise, saying that she preferred to see me in it, and would send for me shortly to amuse the king and a few of the ladies of the court on the occasion of one of their excursions to Marly, which was the king's rural pleasure-house, where he was accustomed to repose himself from the affairs of state.

The ladies of the House of Stuart congratulated me on the favor I was in, but, having waited some days without receiving the summons which I anticipated, I began to understand that the favor of the high is fickle, and to reproach myself for not having made all speed to open my business when I had opportunity.

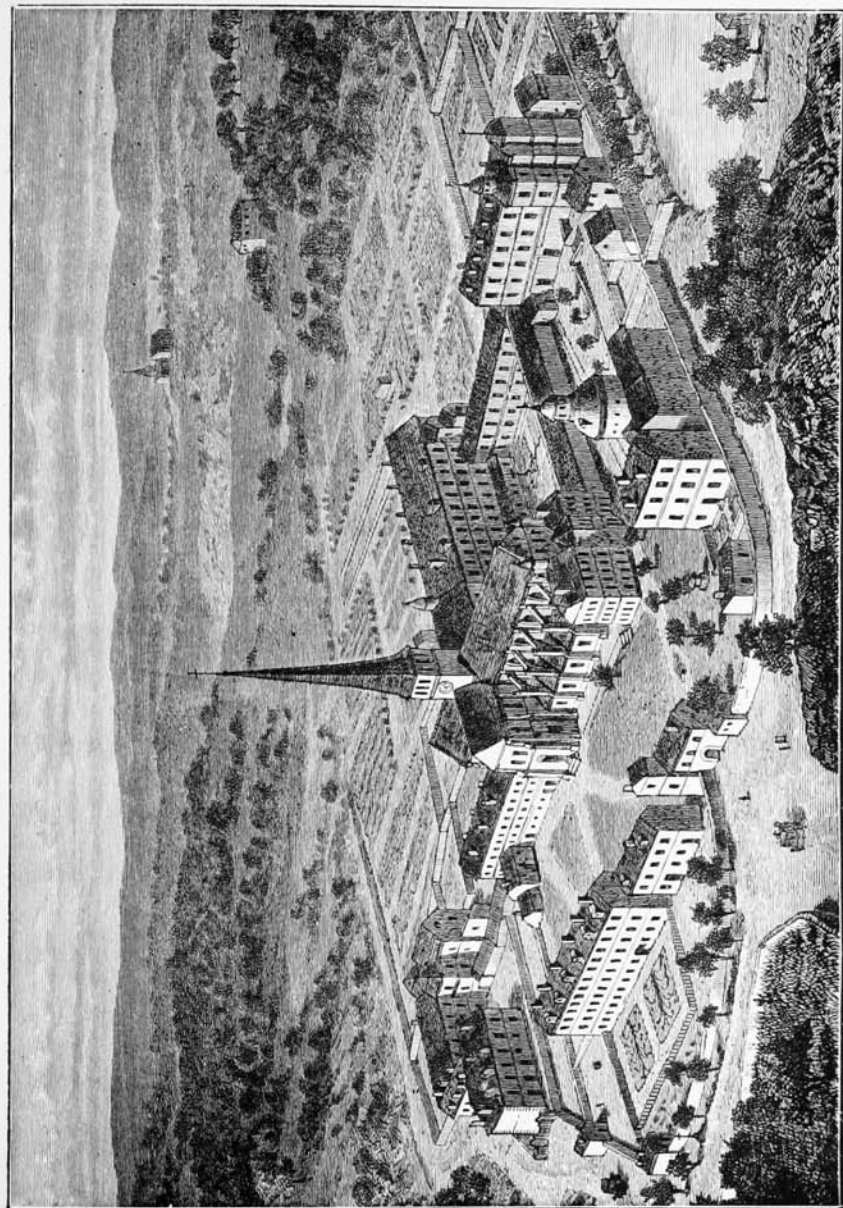
Toward the end of the winter there came to me a



letter from a cousin of the *Sieur Hertel*, who lived near Blois, inviting me to visit her, and thither I went, travelling by diligence. I found them kindly people, living on a fine piece of property belonging to the *Prince de Condé*, but not situated so as to aid me in my enterprise in any fashion. There was but one circumstance which happened during my visit which made it seem to me a truly fortunate thing that I had come, and this was that while visiting with the family some friends in Blois, I met the same *Madame Guyon* in whose book I had been interested, who seemed to me to have very illumined ideas concerning the spiritual life. Religion with her was a very simple thing, being the mere love of God. I gained some precious thoughts from her, which have enabled me since to retire from perplexing doctrines, and to rest my soul in a contemplation of God's goodness to me and in a lively affection for Him.

While at Blois I received a letter from my dear love, telling me how he had sped in his mission to New England, how entertained in Albany by *Col. Schuyler*, and taken to New York to attend the *Lord Cornbury*, and how, according to his instructions, he had informed himself of all that was passing and had found many secret indications of hostility to the French. From New York the party had taken carriages to New London, where they had been housed by *Mr. Winthrop*, and had thence proceeded to Boston, where he delivered his dispatches to the Governor, but where he found no opportunity of doing anything for *Eunice*, the attitude of the State being unfriendly to the exchange of prisoners. "I greatly fear, *ma mie*," he wrote, "that we have not yet seen the end of this unnatural war, for I

am not allowed a furlough for a sufficient length of time to go out to France to meet you, and other of the officers who have desired their dismissal have not received it, the army being held well together as though in expectation of further hostilities. You are in a position to know the attitude of his majesty to the House of Stuart, and whether there is any likelihood of James III.'s succeeding to the English throne. God grant it be accomplished without bloodshed. I am glad to hear that you have met Madame de Maintenon. Keep your eyes well open, and write to us by each opportunity, for as the wind sets at Versailles it will blow in Canada. I pray you, return to us as soon as your mission is accomplished, for I foresee no possibility of coming to fetch you. If possible, I hope that the return of the Governor's supply ship, which takes this to you, may bring you to me, for otherwise I must wait a long and indefinite time, and I fear lest in the meantime active service may compel me from home. Nevertheless, *ma mie*, consider me not, but use your own time, for surely the child Eunice never needed your care more than now, for I have seen Du Lhut lately; he is grown the wildest of the *Coueurs des Bois*, and he told me that he saw Eunice at Caughnawaga last winter and had been taken by a very flaming desire to purchase her, as she is now well grown and comely. He offered the Whistling Serpent his boat's load of powder for her, but he refused; his wife said that had it been cognac they would have accepted. Du Lhut will make another trial. I beseech you, do your possible at once. Father Meriel has heard through *Sœur Placide* of the favor you are in with Madame de Main-



ABBEY OF PORT ROYAL.



tenon, and fears you. The saints grant you success and a speedy return to one whose heart pants for you.

.. DE CHAMBLÉE."

This letter plunged me in deeper gloom than ever. Now that I knew that my design was evident to Father Meriel, I began to fancy that even here I might be encompassed by his power. I feared that a letter from Madame de Maintenon to me might have been intercepted at the Maison des Nouvelles Converties, and as while I was there I was continually imagining myself spied upon by the sisters, on my return to Paris I betook myself not to my old quarters but to the religious house of Port Royal des Champs. The Abbess, Mother Louise de Ste. Anastase, received me most kindly and heard my story. "But," said she, "my daughter, you have come to prop a falling house; take heed that you be not overwhelmed in its downfall."

I could see that she was much troubled in mind; she was of a great age and of a sweet and heavenly expression of countenance. The community which I now entered was much larger than the one which I had left. There was a printing house and bindery connected therewith, wherein many books were made. There was also a hospital for the poor, instituted by Mother Angelica Arnauld, the former abbess, a most saintly woman, who had died a few years previous. It was a grief of mind to me that I came too late to know her. Besides being an expert surgeon she was an artist in waxwork, having established a studio in the convent for the instruction of young ladies in modelling, which still remained, and where I learned to make images of

the saints and flowers from the Sœur Françoise Anges de St. Marthe. The community was rich in *obediencies* or well stocked store-rooms. Obediencies for linen, for preserved fruits, for drugs, for clothing, for household stores, for wine, for books, and every imaginable necessity.

Besides my work in the studio, the abbess assigned me duties in the sewing-room, quoting a saying of St. Francis of Sales which had been much in favor with Mother Angelica. "To be perfect there is no need to do singular things; what is needed is to do common things singularly well."

The nuns in this community had a mean opinion of Madame de Maintenon as being the tool of the Jesuits, while from all which I had previously heard I built many hopes upon her. She was herself in some sort an American, having been brought up in Martinique, in the West Indies, and a convert from Protestantism, being the grand-daughter of the writer D'Aubigné. Her conversion was not obtained without violent resistance, and it needed all the arguments of the wisest to convince her. I was sure that we had here two points in common, and as I heard more of her irreproachable character, her piety, and her great mental ability, so that the king deferred more to her counsels than to that of any of his ministers, it seemed to me little to the credit of the Grand Monarque that he had not caused her to be publicly crowned as queen, instead of giving her the dubious dignity of a private marriage. "'Tis doubtless because of her common birth," I was told by my English friends; "the king could not make her royal, by all the ceremonies in his power, while she could never be



MADAME DE MAINTENON AND THE DUCHESS OF BURGUNDY.





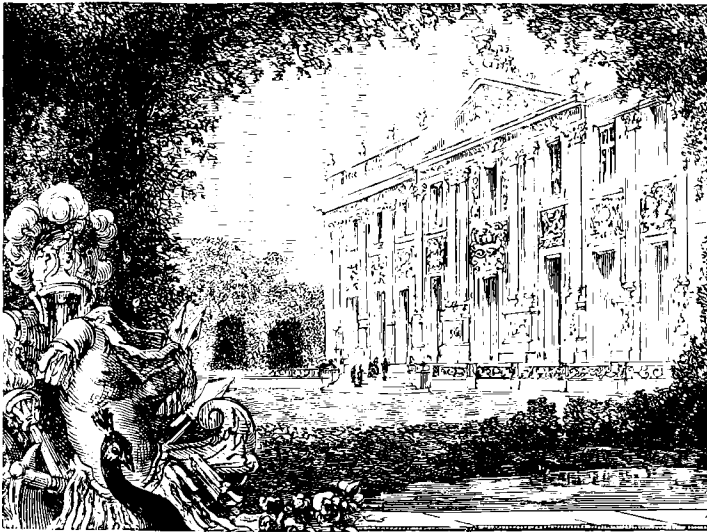
otherwise than honest, which is better than the birth-right and diadem of all the kingdoms of the world. Even now she has more power and is more respected than the king himself." I had not been in the house long ere I told Mother Ste. Anastase the source of my anxiety, how I was in haste to return to America, and how I dared not approach Madame, and, though she thought there was very little hope of my success, she was of the opinion that it was my duty to go forward. "The weak are more to be feared than the wicked," said she, "and if her cause fails without your having made trial, the blame thereof will lie at your door." Accordingly, with many prayers and tremblings, I sat me down and wrote out the story of little Eunice with the petition for her immediate return. While I was sealing this, one came to tell me that her highness Marie Adelaide of Savoy, the Duchess of Burgundy, desired to speak with me. With the letter in my pocket I descended to the parlor and found there a most charming and vivacious young person who said that she had come to fetch me in her carriage to Marly, where Madame de Maintenon had planned a fête for the amusement of the king. "I have wasted much time," she said, "in searching for you first at the *Maison des Nouvelles Converties*, and we must now make haste. I shall not tell Madame where I found you, for she has no great love for this Congregation, so say nothing of it yourself." This I would not promise, but I ran for my Indian costume and hastened away in her company : — she chatting so merrily all the while, and asking so many questions that I told her all the care which brooded at my heart, — even to the letter which I had

written. "Never fear!" said she; "I will intercede with Madame in your behalf, and she can deny me nothing." With that she slipped a purse into my hand, and bade me purchase therewith what I would for love of her, and not to forget her when returned to Canada, which truly I have not done nor am ever like to do.

## CHAPTER XI.

### MARLY AND VERSAILLES.

So presently we drove up the avenue to the pleasure palace of Marly. Twelve pavilions, united by colonnades in the Italian style, stood in the midst of a park

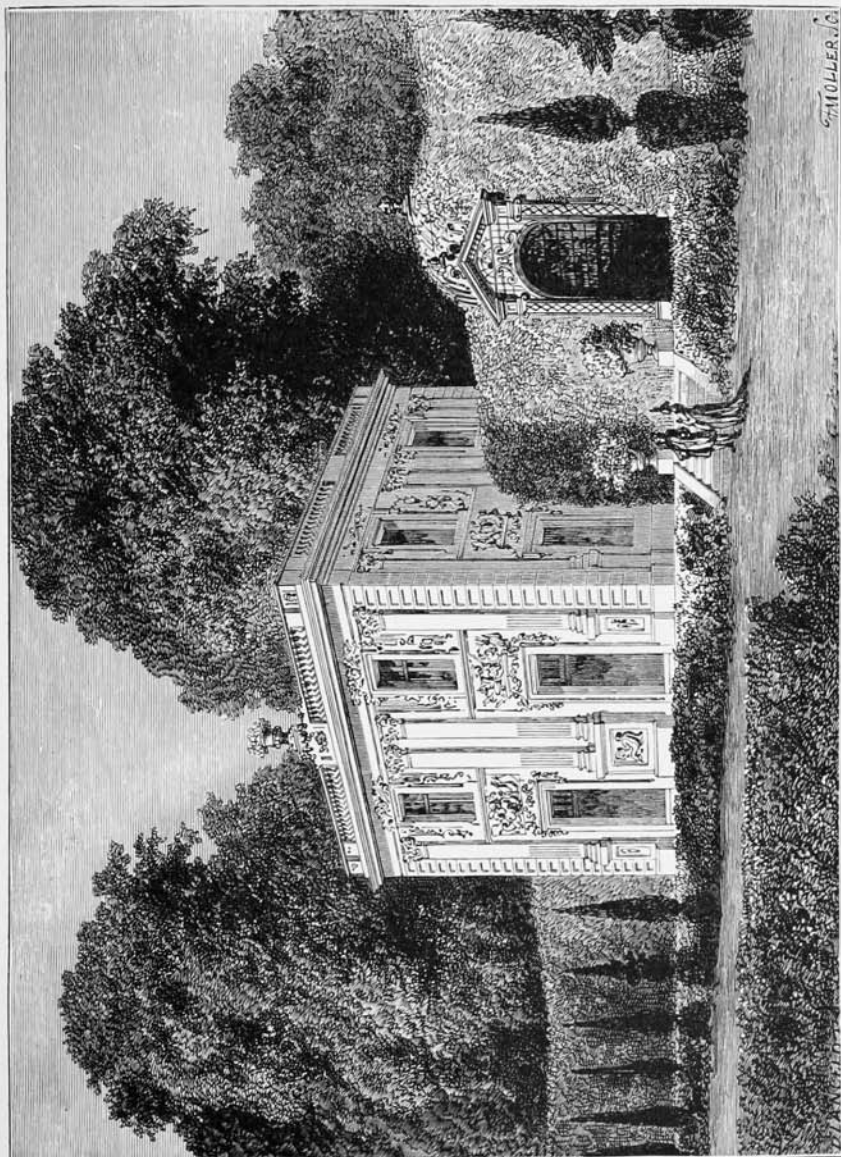


PALACE OF MARLY.

of velvet turf variegated with carp pools and by hedges of yews and other trees cut in fantastic shapes. There were terraces, and fountains, statues, and parterres of brilliant flowers, while stately peacocks swept their

brilliant trains like court ladies across the green sward or sunned themselves upon the marble balustrade. The duchess took me to a pavilion which had been turned for the nonce into a green-room. And here were ladies of rank, masquerading as nymphs and shepherdesses, waiting their turn to be called to the great hall in the Hermitage where the private theatricals were to take place. M. le Brun, who, the Duchess told me, was a great artist, was acting as stage manager. He looked at me with little favor. "So this is the *sauvagesse*," he cried; "what folly on the part of Madame to desire that I should spoil my classical play by the introduction of a monstrosity like that. Tut, tut! no spite! robe yourself and let me see what you can do — and that in haste, for the ballet have given two encores while we were waiting."

I can but confess that I was somewhat nettled by the ungracious remarks of this little man. I, however, decided to act so well that he should change his opinion of me. He had introduced me with some cleverness in his play as one of the Hesperides who had come to offer the empire of the western world to King Louis. In this character I could say what I chose in the Indian tongue, dance and use whatsoever antics or capers pleased me. I accordingly threw myself into my part with the greatest abandon, and, having finished my representation of savagery, it suddenly entered my head to sing the carol which I had learned at the Hertels', on the eve of St. Sylvester so long ago. As I began the old French song with a voice that trembled a little, every voice was hushed in the theatre. Even the flutter of fans and the *frou-frou* of satin ceased, and I knew that every



CHILLER

THE PAVILION AT MARLY.



eye was bent upon me. I knew, too, that I sang not with the voice of a trained singer, but with something of the pleading of a cold and hungry child who sees the gleam of the banquet lights through the thick rime of frost on the window-pane. An old gentleman sat opposite me in a fauteuil of ormolu. He had a thin, sharp face, with an aristocratic nose and imperious mouth, framed by a flowing curled wig. A great scarf of lace of Mechlin was tied under his chin, and he wore a yellow velvet coat with gold buttons, on the breast of which glistened a star set with diamonds. His cocked hat, with flowing plumes, lay on another fauteuil beside him, and a rapier was perpetually entangling itself with his shrunken but well gaitered shanks. He beat time for me as I sang, and from his grand bearing I knew him for the king. Madame de Maintenon sat beside him, and as I caught her eye I saw that she was smiling with a strange, far-away look in her eyes. Perhaps the French settlers at Martinique sang this song at Christmas in that green isle as well as among the snow-drifts of Canada.

I thought of the request I had to proffer, and threw all the wistfulness I could master into the last lines:—

“Give birds the crumbs when next you bake,  
And the singer a slice of your wedding cake.”

“How now, your Infallibility,” said the King to Madame de Maintenon, as I finished and the applause had died away; “we have not been over-generous of our wedding cake; shall we give the singer a slice?”

Madame bowed gravely, with a sidelong shot from her eye, as it seemed to me of malicious victory, at a

reverend-appearing old gentleman, who I was told later was the king's private confessor, the Jesuit Père La Chaise, who had labored ineffectually with the king to prevent his marrying the widow Scarron.

The Duchess of Burgundy, who had led me from the stage, at my recall, to accept from the king a nosegay which he took from the lapel of his coat to offer me, now whispered in my ear, "The letter! now is your time; quick! give him the letter." Thus encouraged, I dropped my best courtesy, and, whipping the letter from my pocket, I handed it to Madame de Maintenon, who smiled at me encouragingly, and, drawing me to her, said kindly, "That is right; I thought you would find something to ask either for yourself or for your husband's family. To-morrow we go back to Versailles; come to us at two in the afternoon. Ask for Bontemp, governor of the palace; give him 'Canada' as a password and he will show you to me. Farewell."

I was carried back to Port Royal in the Duchess of Burgundy's coach, full of hope and happiness. Mother Ste. Anastase listened with sympathy to my account of what had happened. "A messenger came for you shortly after you left," said she, "from the captain of the governor's supply ship. It drops down the Seine at midnight to-morrow night, and the captain wished to know whether you would take passage with him for Canada."

"That is as I receive an answer to-morrow," I replied.

"I judged so," replied Mother Ste. Anastase, "and I wrote the captain to wait for you until the last possible moment."



It was with difficulty that I could restrain my impatience during the next day. I packed my chest, but that was quickly done. I drove into Paris and bought, with the money the Duchess of Burgundy had given me, for Madame Hertel and for my two sisters-in-law, a dress pattern of flowered silk, from the new manufactories of Colbert; for Father Hertel I purchased an enamelled snuff-box; for my dear love a chain of gold, of fine links, of Italian workmanship, as though I could bind him the more firmly to me; for my brother De Rouville a pair of spurs; for Beaulac a pair of great gloves—and so on. For Eunice I had already wrought a set of linen, and quilted her a little satin petticoat. I packed, also, with great care a waxen Madonna, which I had made from a cast from that of an Italian master, for the chapel of the School of the Infant Jesus. When I had bestowed all these things, and there lacked yet several hours to my rendezvous at the palace, I took up a little book which Mother Ste. Anastase had given me as a farewell present. It was called the Spiritual Guide, writ by a Spanish or Italian priest called Miguel Molinos, and privately translated and printed in this convent. And knowing not how else to occupy my grievous time of waiting, I opened it and fell to reading certain golden thoughts on *patience*, of which at this time I had great need.

“God loves not,” wrote Molinos, “him who does most, nor who shows greatest affection, but who suffers most.” And again: “The fruit of true prayer consists not in enjoying the light nor in having knowledge. It only consists in enduring with patience.

“God wills not the sin of another, yet He wills His

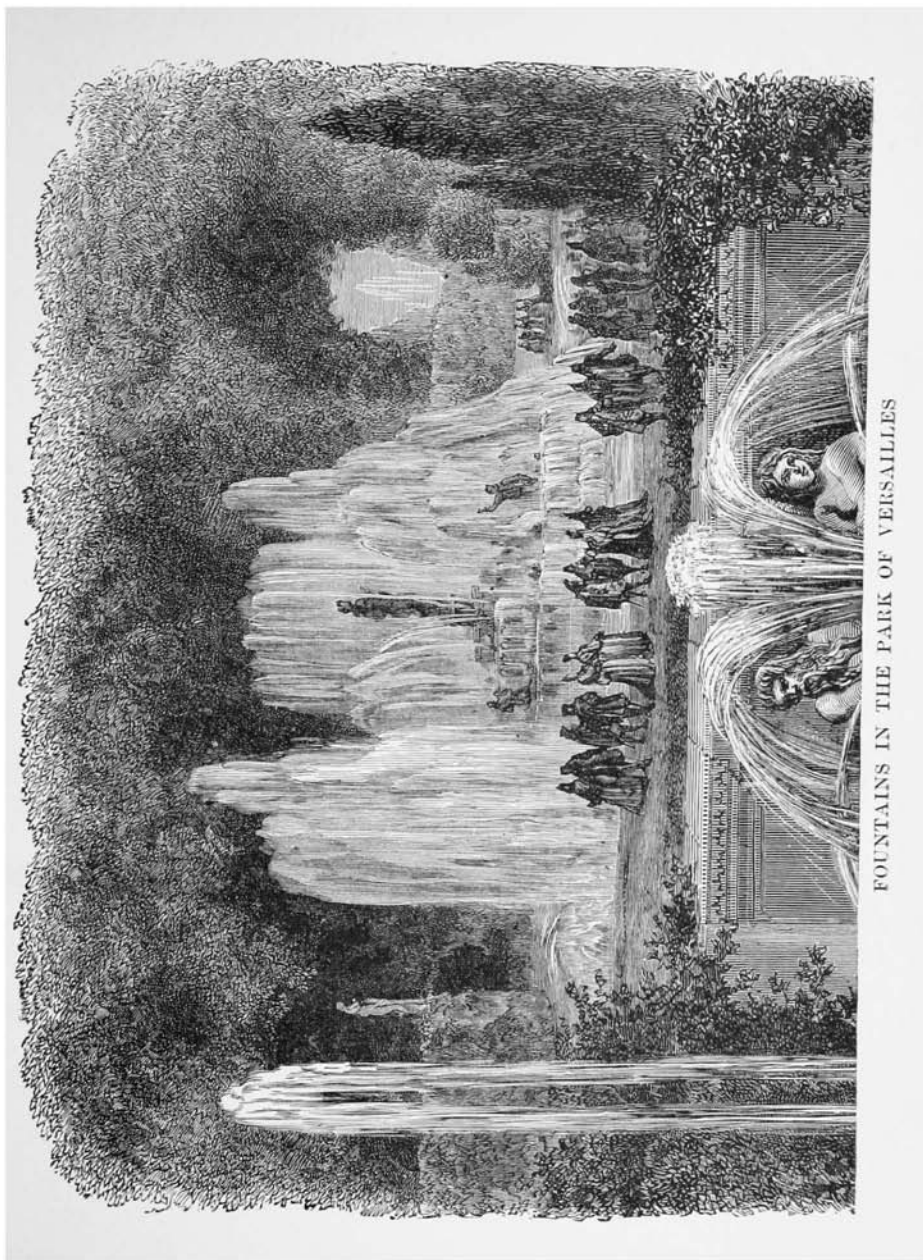
own effects in thee, and the trouble which accrues to thee from another's fault, that He may see thee improved by the benefit of patience.

"Finally, be of hope, suffer, be silent and patient, let nothing affright thee: all of it will have a time to end: God only is He that is unchangeable: patience brings a man everything."

With that I fell a-musing: surely, I believed that God ordered everything; then, he had ordered my captivity and that of Eunice, and if I was the tool which He had chosen with which to effect her deliverance, none could gainsay it — I had only to go forward and do my duty.

Must the key tremble and faint with fear or melt with excitement lest it should not be the instrument by which a certain door was to be opened. Nay, let the key remain cold and firm, — only careful that the metal fail not, and if it fit not the bolt, let it know that the Master Locksmith hath other instruments with which to work his will. Calmed by these thoughts, I noticed that it was now time for me to present myself like Esther before the king.

Mother Ste. Anastase caused me to be driven by an ancient servitor of the house in a still more ancient carriage which had been the private vehicle of Mother Angelica Arnauld, given her, when she grew too aged and heavy to walk about, by her neighbor the Duc de Luynes. This generous man had also made a present to the community, at a time when its affairs were much straitened, of his noble country-seat of Vaumurier, which adjoined Port Royal. The Dauphin, while hunting in the wood, came across the little



FOUNTAINS IN THE PARK OF VERSAILLES



château, and was so charmed with it that he besought the king to buy or lease it of the sisters. But Mother Angelica, learning that he wished it for a house of pleasure and wantonness, and fearful lest her simple refusal might not avail against some future command of the king, caused the beautiful and valuable edifice to be razed to its foundations. It is said that the king greatly admired her incorruptibility of purpose and decision of character. I have frequently walked among the ruins, and it seemed to me that the dismantled towers and lonely chimneys were a better monument to this noble woman's character than the grandest pile of masonry and statues of enduring bronze.

While I thought on these and many other things, the ancient *calèche* brought me across the marble court up to the great palace of Versailles. The fountains were playing without, and their great jets mounted into the air like geysers. Lords and ladies were walking in various directions, for Louis had collected about himself all the noblesse of France, and I had heard before how noble families, owning princely châteaux and palaces, were glad to leave them all, and crowd themselves into small apartments in the mansards of Versailles. When I asked the reason of this, I was told: "The court makes no one happy; it only prevents their being so elsewhere. So immense and wide-embracing are the great wings of the palace that, with all the throng of courtiers, the edifice looked lonely and vast. I entered the grille, or wrought-iron gate, crossed the marble court, and would have asked at the proper door for the governor of the palace. But

before I had time to utter a word, the Duchess of Burgundy appeared with that gentleman. She caught me by the arm and said: "Here is indeed a pretty coil, for Madame desires to pleasure you, but fears Père La Chaise, and Père La Chaise desires to pleasure Madame but has no leanings towards your cause, and the king cares not a crown piece either way. But cheer up; for the issue of it all will be that they will make up their quarrel amongst themselves by granting your petition." The governor of the palace then led me with him through various corridors, halls, and apartments, to the king's cabinet. As I went, I saw some gentlemen dining in an apartment by themselves, and was told by the governor that they were the great wits and poets of the kingdom. They seemed very merry over their wine, and, so far as I could judge, were not discussing literary matters. We were received presently in a moderate-sized room. The king sat at the table; at his right, the minister Ponchartrain, writing; at his left, Père La Chaise, astute, impenetrable. Madame de Maintenon sat a little apart, embroidering a piece of tapestry. After courtesying to the king, I went to her and kissed her hand. She directed me to stand by the table where the king sat, and I then noticed that he held my letter in his hand. "I have just read it, my child," he said, "and I am much touched by the story you tell. However, the matter is more difficult than you think, the English are at this moment actively engaged against us, I have just told M. Ponchartrain to write Vaudreuil to organize new expeditions to harass and harry them. It is, as you see, no time to exchange captives. The affair is further complicated in that you



MEN OF LETTERS ENTERTAINED AT VERSAILLES.





tell me that one of our faithful Jesuit missionaries, in whose zeal we repose the greatest confidence, is opposed to the maiden's return. In this perplexity, Madame — (turning to Madame de Maintenon) what course does your Solidity advise ?”

Madame balanced her head on one side, regarded her embroidery critically, and answered slowly : “ I have always favored every scheme for the conversion of Protestants. I have even suggested the removing of young Huguenot children from their parents, in order to bring them up more securely in the holy faith.” Here she paused, and my heart was in my throat as I realized that the fact that Madame was a converted Calvinist was counting rather against my cause than for it, for it rendered her afraid that any natural tenderness of heart might be mistaken for a relapse to her own faith. After a little pause, Madame continued with a sidelong glance at Père La Chaise, and in accents which remind me of lime-juice : “ I have ever held myself conform to the bidding of the church, and I beg your majesty in this matter to consult your spiritual adviser.”

Père la Chaise, thus appealed to, colored slightly, and bade me kindly tell him the entire story. He listened thoughtfully to my story, and that of Eunice, and how my mother had been slain by the Puritans, now and then asking a question ; and at the close, “ Your Majesty,” said he, “ need feel no dubiety of conscience in ordering that this maid be returned to her family.”

“ Then, Ponchartrain,” said the king, “ you may instruct Vaudreuil that it is our pleasure that this maiden be one of the first returned upon the next opportunity,

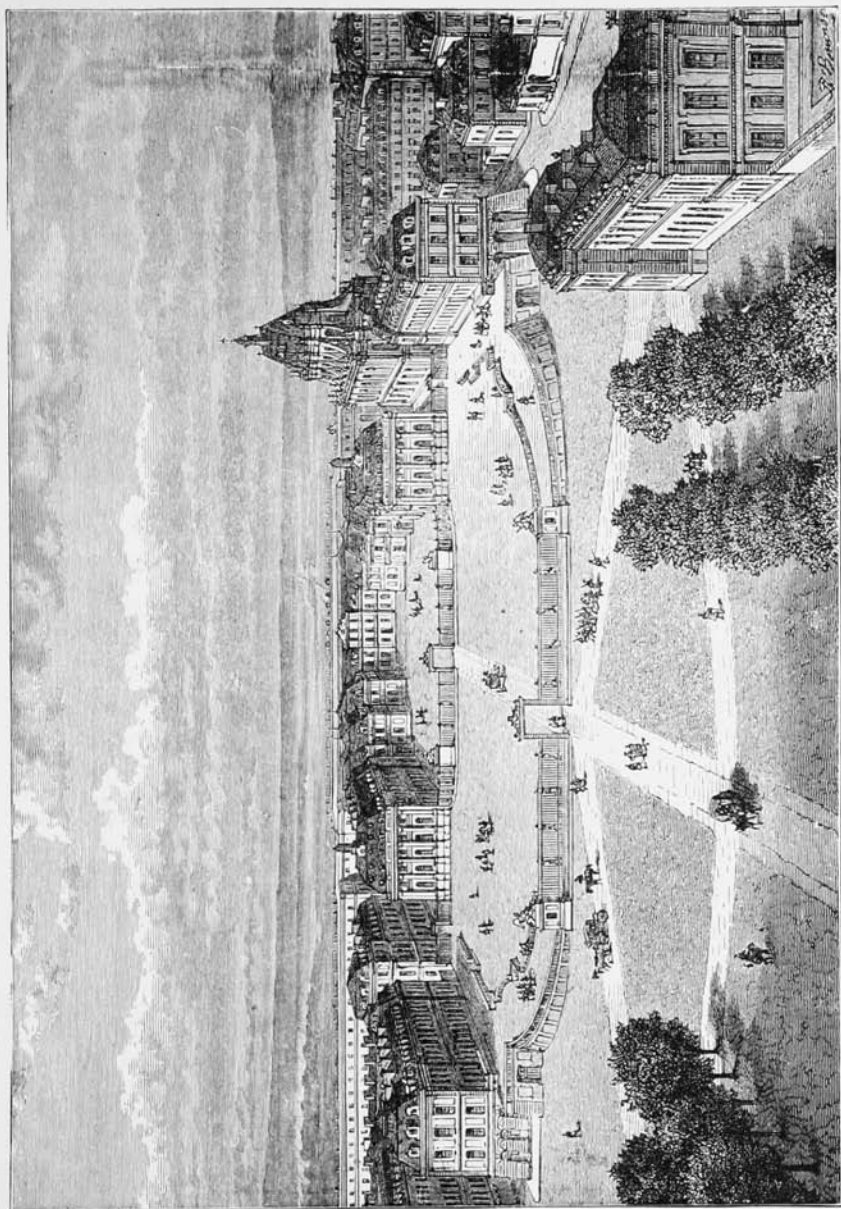
be it when and what it may. Does this satisfy you, my fair petitioner?"

"Please your majesty," I replied, trembling, "his excellency has already done his possible, but such is the fanaticism of Father Meriel that he will most cunningly subvert all the orders of the state, pretending that the Indians will not part with her."

The king grew very angry. "Think you that he will dispute MY authority?" he roared.

"Nay, your majesty, not dispute, but slip around it. 'Tis a good man at heart, or one who fancies himself so, and what he does is for the glory of God, as he judges. He is therefore all the more obstinate, and harder to govern."

"It were perhaps better, your grace," said Père la Chaise, "that this order should come from the church and not from the state. Leave it to me, and I will talk with the Provincial of Paris and others of our order who dine to-night at my country-house of Mont Louis. A message from his superiors will come with the force of a divine command to so faithful a servitor of the faith as Father Meriel. It is a great pity that there is no time to refer the matter to the general at Rome, though it is hardly necessary to report so small a matter to Tamburini. What the good missionary has planned was conceived in the true spirit of the company of Jesus; but there is danger of over-caution, and it is time his plan were put in execution. He shall receive from us the greeting, 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' and be bidden to haste the maid upon her missionary career among her heretic kinsfolk. I will myself see our general to-night, and communicate to him



VERSAILLES.



your majesty's desire ; and this daughter of the church shall be the bearer of the packet of instructions to the superior of our order in Canada." Madame de Maintenon now signed to me to take my leave, but —

"Please your reverence," I cried, "I will wait your message at any place most convenient to you, for the ship sails for Canada at midnight, and if I am not on board at that time I shall have a long and indefinite period of waiting for another vessel."

"In that case," said the priest, rising, "I must hasten. There is an auberge called the Pot d'Or, near the Pont Saint Michel, where the Canadian ship lies anchored, kept by a good woman, the Mère Babette. Take this note to her and there wait for me."

Murmuring my thanks, I withdrew, Madame de Maintenon saying, as I kissed her hand, "You have asked only for this little captive maid, but your husband deserves well of the king, and you shall hear from him further after your return to Canada."

As I drove out of the palace court, the sun was setting, and I saw the mansard roof outlined against a flaming sky, and much I wondered whether this were to me an augury of good or evil. Mother Ste. Anastase cheered me much, saying that I had thriven on my quest better than she had dared to hope ; and she herself went with me to the inn of Mother Babette, where I was to await Père la Chaise. To hasten the affair, she caused my chest to be placed on board the ship, with a hamper of provisions, with which her kindness had provided me, that there might be no unnecessary delay for it ; and she begged the captain to tarry for me, if possible, beyond the appointed time. Then she kissed me

farewell and gave me her blessing. As I looked for the last time at the calm sweet face, I little suspected all the trouble through which she would soon be called to pass for their faith. Even the habit of the convent was dearer to me than that of any other religious order, the dress of white woollen, with the scarlet cross upon the scapulary, and the black veil, adding alike a sense of retirement and dignity.

"When the woes of life come upon me," I said to Mother Ste. Anastase, "I shall come back to dear Port Royal," little realizing that those woes were to fall in a little more than a year with crushing force upon the community, that the sisterhood was to be dispersed, and the convent itself left with hardly one stone upon another. I thought only of my own interests as I sat in the dimly lighted chamber, waiting for the coming of Père la Chaise. Now, I thought that without doubt Father Meriel had already written to his general a relation of all his plans in regard to Eunice; perchance they had not only been authorized but originated by his superior. What was I that I should attempt to arrest all this powerful and complicate machinery. In my anxiety I forgot all the comforting, quieting thoughts of Molinos. I pictured to myself a thousand contingencies. Perchance the Provincial was not in Paris, was ill, or unfavorable to Père la Chaise. As the time grew late, and I heard the city clocks chiming eleven, I began to fear that some accident had chanced to the royal confessor, and to fear that he might be delayed past the time of the sailing of the ship. Mère Babette came in to replace the candles, which were guttering in their sockets, to say that her nephew was waiting with his



DISPERSION OF THE COMMUNITY AT PORT ROYAL.





boat to take me out to the ship, and to know whether I would go in case his reverence did not arrive.

"Nay," I said, "I will remain here till he come or send me word." As we spoke the clock struck twelve, and I fell a-trembling. Mère Babette left the room, and in the silence that followed the striking of the clock, though so far away, I distinctly heard my husband call me. "Ma mie," he said, and three times, each time more faintly, the whispered word *Devoir*. I strained my ear to hear also the word *amour*, for I thought he meant to repeat the posy of our wedding ring, but each time there was no hint of love, only the word *Devoir*. I took this for a sign that I was not to desert my post, though longing to return to him, and I knelt by my chair and prayed while I waited.

Suddenly I heard a hasty step on the stair, and Père la Chaise entered panting. "Here is the packet," he gasped. "All is arranged; this paper puts the maid in your care until her return can be effected by the governor." I knelt for his blessing, but he waved me to the door. "Haste," he said, "I heard a gun as I drove down the street. I fear the ship has weighed anchor." I hurried into the boat, holding the lantern for Mère Babette's nephew, who rowed me out into the river. Père la Chaise drove away in one of the royal coaches, drawn by six horses, with outriders in gold-laced livery. The darkness shut the brilliant meteor out, and the river fog and wavering lights and reflections took its place. My heart was full of thankfulness and triumph. It seemed to me that it was turned into a chime of joy-bells, and all my brain rang with the clamor of their chiming.

Suddenly I was ware that my boatman was rowing undecidedly from side to side. "What is the matter?" I cried; "can you not find the ship?"

"She was here at sundown," he replied, "but she must have shifted her position and gone further down the river."

We drifted down a little way, examining the dark hulks as we glided near, and at last Mère Babette's nephew hailed a sailor on watch and demanded if he had seen the Euterpe. "She sailed two hours ago," replied the man.

Mère Babette's nephew repeated what he said, and then bent once more to his oars. I was so stunned by this afflicting news that I did not notice at first in what direction we were rowing; but after a time I asked him where he was going.

"Where, mistress, but back to my aunt's?"

"Is there no hope," I asked, "of overtaking the ship if we had another oarsman?"

The man shook his head. "The wind is in her favor, and with her canvas the king's galley itself couldn't catch her. It's no use, mistress; luck's against you this time."



UNDER THE DARK HULKS ON THE SEINE.



## CHAPTER XII.

### HOW MANY WELL LAID SCHEMES FAILED.

IT seemed to me, as I sat dazed and miserable in the bottom of the boat, that fortune had been against me all along. I tried to remember some of the words of Molinos in reference to patience, but my memory was as empty as my heart was full.

As we rowed near the shore, I saw all the river-bank glowing with torches and astir with moving figures launching a long boat. "It is the king's galley," said my boatman. "What mischief's afoot now?"

He helped me from the boat, and I walked lamely up the bank; for now that the excitement of hope had left me, I realized how tired I was, and I staggered along, neither seeing nor greatly caring where I went. In this state I ran against a gentleman, and as we craved each other's pardon, I saw that it was Monsieur Ponchartrain, whom I had seen in the king's apartment. As he was ware of me, he uttered a cry of surprise. "I thought you had sailed on the Euterpe," said he; "you seemed in such haste to depart when last I saw you."

Then I told him that I was indeed in haste, and how the ship had sailed without me. "A plague upon the captain!" he cried; "but lose no time, get you into the galley with me, for here are dispatches of the king to the governor, which he has also left behind; and if

the men row well, as we have the current to help us, we may yet overtake them."

The men made what speed they could, and about dawn we came in sight of the brigantine, and the minister signalling her by waving of flags, she lay to and we came alongside.

I do not think I was ever more happy than when I found myself safely hoisted on board; and when the sun rose, bade farewell to the good minister and to France, retiring to my berth and lulled to sleep by thumping of the waves against the ship's side. Kindly but rough hands they seemed to me, doing their best to push me on my journey. "Rock me on, good friends," I said. "I care not if ye are a trifle boisterous, so only ye cuff me in the right direction." And so talking to the waves, and they to me, I fell asleep.

Take it all in all, as I now remember it, this was a happy voyage; albeit I was a trifle impatient, not having learned the secret of true quiet, of being contented with present joy or resigned under present grief. At last we reached Canada, and on a clear morning in August arrived at Quebec. Here I learned the dolorous tidings that war had again broken out between the colonies, and that fully a month previous a large party of French and Indians had been sent out under the command of my brother-in-law, De Rouville, to harry the English, and that my husband had been ordered forth with them. This was heavy news for me, and I determined to go up to Montreal before returning to the Hertel seigniory, for at Montreal I would hear the latest news concerning the expedition.

At Montreal, therefore, I sought out my old friends,

the Vaudreuil, and told them how I had sped ; but the last news which the governor had heard from the army was not encouraging, for the Mohawks had deserted and come home, pretending that the kine-pox had broken out amongst them. But De Rouville had sent word back that he was better off without them than with, and had continued his journey. "And," said the governor, "we shall shortly welcome the party back with many captives."

I was saddened by these tidings, for I thought of my own doleful experience, and I determined to be near at hand to do what I could for the prisoners as they came in, and to make speed beforehand to finish my duty toward Eunice. The governor was astonished when he read the letters which I bore. "For," said he, "with my present instructions from Ponchartrain there is no possibility of sending the maid home at present. Yet these letters to Father Meriel plainly put the maid in your charge, and cannot be gainsaid by him." Accordingly, with the bishop of Montreal, who took the same view of the matter, I proceeded to Caughnawaga and found Father Meriel among his cauliflowers in the priest's garden. And having read the letter he gave it back to me with great sadness, saying, in a tone of grief which I knew to be unfeigned, "I would to heaven that it were in my power to deliver up the maid to you, but both for your schemes and my own it is now too late."

Then cried I, "Tell me not that she is carried away captive by the wild coureurs des bois, for if so be I shall charge you with the crime and the shame of it when we do both appear before the judgment-seat of God."

"Talk not so exceeding wildly," said the good bishop ;

but Father Meriel bowed humbly and said, "You shall hear all from her lips and learn whether I am to blame." With that he hastily put up his garden tools, and, leading us into the curé's parlor, with its little red curtains and the map of France, which I remembered so well, he departed hastily into the village.

Presently I saw him returning with a young Indian squaw, and the bishop rose and said that he would take a turn with Father Meriel outside; and the young woman entered shyly but eagerly, and threw her arms about me, and I knew that this was Eunice.

I trembled so that I scarcely dared speak to her; but when I saw her so happy and smiling, so handsome withal, so plump and well attired, though in the Indian fashion, I plucked up courage and asked her to tell me all that had befallen her.

She said that while she lived at St. Francis she was very unhappy, for the wife of the Whistling Serpent beat her, and caused her to labor beyond her strength. That once she ran away and would have come to Montreal in search of me, but they caught her again, and for a time kept her tied with a lariat of thongs in such a manner that she could not undo herself. Then they went deeper into the forest and they gave her more liberty. Here it was that they met with the spies of Colonel Schuyler, who attempted to buy her, and that her mistress would have consented thereto but the Whistling Serpent feared Father Meriel. After that they came back to the river for the fishing, and it was then that Du Lhut, the brigand of the woods, the wild *trappeur* and trader, saw her and desired to take her with him to his fort at the *détroit* of the lakes. But she was





EUNICE AND AMRUSUS.



feared of his wild manner and his wicked face, and went and hid herself. Then she said that Amrusus appeared in their camp, having also come to the river to fish; and, said Eunice, "You know not how good and kind he was." He stayed with them all summer, helping her much in her duties, and contriving so adroitly that even the wife of the Whistling Serpent thought well of him. But one day, when she had gone a little way inland with the wife of Whistling Serpent, to a swamp after ottocas or cranberries, as she was returning home, when she had reached the last trees before the little open space which stretched down to the lake, she heard an owl a little way behind her hooting in a peculiar manner, and as she had always been curious concerning the language of birds, she stopped and listened, when suddenly it seemed to her that the owl said, "Stop! Stop!" At first she was astonished and almost inclined to believe that the pigmies had given her the power of understanding the chatter of her dumb favorites. She listened more acutely, and the bird hooted warningly, "Du Lhut! Du Lhut!" The wife of Whistling Serpent called to her from a little in advance to hasten, for she saw a boat moored by their camping place, and there might be an opportunity for selling their cranberries. Again came the mysterious cry, "Loot! Loot!" and Eunice, calling that she would come in a moment, followed the sound a little way into the wood. There she saw Amrusus half concealed behind a tree. He beckoned to her and retreated further into the shadowy undergrowth. Eunice followed, and when at a little distance the young Indian told her that Du Lhut had come with a boat load of rum, which he had distributed

freely, that the Indians were now intoxicated, and while in that condition Whistling Serpent had signed a deed conveying Eunice to Du Lhut, in consideration for several casks of strong spirits. They only waited her arrival and that of the squaw to complete the sale. "When I heard that," said Eunice, "my knees knocked together with terror; but Amrusus bade me follow him, and we hurried away to the old sugar camp, where we hid some days. But even here we were in constant fear of discovery, and at length Amrusus said to me, 'There is but one way for you to escape the power of your old master and mistress. I will buy you of them and then you will belong to me.'"

Amrusus had laid up a great many skins from trapping at the beaver dam, and so one day he carried these to Montreal, exchanged them for rum, and with this propitiatory offering he sought the Whistling Serpent and his wife, and made his purchase. This the old Indian was the more ready to consent to as he had given up Eunice for lost, and had already had it out with Father Meriel. The rum, therefore, seemed to him to have dropped from the sky, and was so much clear gain.

Amrusus had another task to perform, which required even more courage; but he went bravely up to Father Meriel and asked him to marry them; and when the priest fumed and raged, he shrugged his shoulders and said it did not matter, for if he would not grant his benediction they would marry in Indian fashion without it. When Father Meriel saw that he was foiled, he bade Amrusus bring Eunice to the church on the following Sunday; and when he had questioned her and

learned that she was likewise steadfastly minded to marry Amrusus, he wedded them in due form, though not until he had unfolded to her his long cherished plan and she had obstinately refused to return to her own people.

“Your father will be greatly disappointed, Eunice,” I said when I had heard all this. “Yea,” she replied, “but he has married again, a strange woman, who would not love me, as Amrusus does, and I have forgot the old catechism, and my father would make me learn it again, and Father Meriel says if I did that I would lose my soul. I love my father still, and Amrusus says that some time we will go and see him; but we will not stay! Oh! no. I might lose my soul, and I might lose Amrusus and that would be worse!”

She looked up at me so shy, and yet so confident, so happy in her love for her young husband, that I had no heart to tell her how I had labored, and what great journeys I had undertaken, so unnecessarily for her sake. I only kissed her, and looked long and lovingly into her eyes, for my heart approved her choice, for I knew within myself how that nothing would now induce me to relinquish my own dear husband, and how for his sake I had said with Ruth, “Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.” So I told her of my own happiness and we parted, but ere I left the place Amrusus came in, and I saw how manly and handsome he was grown, and he told me secretly that he had gone out on the war party with my husband, not knowing whither they were bound, but they had met certain spies of Colonel Schuyler’s.

Indians friendly to the English, who had told them that Colonel Schuyler would make them presents if they would desert, and learning furthermore that it was another raid against the English, and not against their old enemies the Iroquois, as they had supposed, he had persuaded the other Indians, and they had feigned sickness and returned to their homes. "For," said he, "Eunice's kinsfolk are now my kinsfolk, and the hatchet is forever buried between us."

So ended my interview with Eunice. As I departed I saw Father Meriel again, and I marked his broken look. "You might have spared yourself your pains to circumvent me," he said; "I built great plans for her, the career of a saint, a martyr, but she was not worthy of it. *Mulier hominis confusio est.*"

After this I returned to the Hertel seigniory, and although my plans were frustrated as well as the priest's, yet was I content and willing to leave all in God's hands.

When I thought of that stern but devoted Puritan father sorrowing for his child, it seemed to me that Eunice was very wilful and ungrateful in refusing to return to her home. But anon when I considered the matter from her own point of view, and realized how dim the memory of that home and father had become in her mind; how her mother, whom alone she remembered with real fondness, was dead, and a stranger filled her place; how the deep and strong affection which her father really felt for her had never been expressed in ways which she could understand, while his severe aspect, his rigid rule, heavy tasks and punishments lived most vividly in her mem-



FATHER HERTEL.





ory, and his long prayers were recalled not for their fervency and the nearness to God in which he habitually lived, so that he talked with Him as one familiarly acquainted, but rather for the weariness of flesh which these extended communings often induced in hearers less spiritually minded, — when I considered these things, I marvelled not at her decision.

She remembered well the three long services in the cold meeting-house of a Sunday ; the discipline of Dame Barnard's school, the stents of needlework, the carding and spinning, churning, and other housewifely duties, with which every moment was filled. She had learned to love the sweet wild life of the woods, whose duties had been the rare pleasures of former times. The very camping-out had been the greatest delight of her brothers, with such sports as fishing, hunting, and trapping : while berrying, long walks in the woods, and canoe trips in summer, with tobogganning and the lusty out-of-door games of a Canadian winter, had instilled into her blood such a love for a free roving life as had changed her nature to that of a very gipsey or Arab of the desert. So I have seen some garden flowers forsake the orderly pleached beds in which they have been trained, and riot over hill-side pasture into the wood lot, so that I doubt not those who come after us will rank them as wild-flowers, until other herbalists, more nice of observation and inquiry, shall write against their names in their learned books the words " escaped from cultivation."

And now, having done all that I could do, I felt myself free to follow the instincts of my own heart, which led me straight to the rude château on the

Hertel seigniory. Here I found loving hearts and true waiting for me. Father Hertel, a little older, but straight and strong still; as active and skilful a trapeur as ever, and the natural fire of his spirit unabated. He was full of questions in regard to France, as were all the family. Madame Hertel was sweet and motherly as of yore, but much interested now in the approaching marriage of Hortense, and worried in mind for her sons, five of whom were gone on the raid. The younger boys were growing up sturdy and handsome, with brown skins and black eyes, agile arms and legs. Madame Hertel would look at them with fond pride, and say to her husband: "I have done my duty for France: have I not, *mon ami*?" Marie Françoise was more deeply religious than ever, and her parents had at last consented that she should join the Ursulines. "It will be lonely after my two girls leave me," said the Sieur Hertel, "but you will not desert us again, *ma belle fille*; now that they have made a good Catholic of you, even Father Meriel himself could not contrive a reason for parting us." And I promised to stay, and we all said how happy we would be when the boys came home.

And surely the place was very homelike, and I kissed the faces of the very oxen, good Botolph and Géant, for love of them.

I thought of how much my dear love had borne and suffered for me, of his great patience and helpfulness, and how he had put aside his own flaming love and unselfishly made himself only an instrument to help on the cause to which I had devoted myself. And the happy tears welled into my eyes as I said, "Now, please

God, he shall have his reward." One day they came : I saw them from my upper window marching up the long *allée* with their guns over their shoulders, De Rouville in advance, and the others following in a group, some distance down the leafy avenue ; but De Beau Lac, who was usually so full of fun and merriment, was silent and dejected, and they all marched like men who have sustained disaster and defeat. Never mind, I thought, Madame Hertel and I will not ask which side has won, so long as we have our boys again. So I leaned far out of the window, and shook a scarf gaily to De Rouville, who paused and saluted me gravely with great ceremony, as though I were a superior officer, and then without a word passed into the door to his mother, who was in the room beneath. I turned and flew down the staircase to meet my husband, who I doubted not was coming with the others. I met them at the door, De Beau Lac, who kissed me brother-like on the cheek but with no merry jest, and while he kissed me the others filed by with a grave and respectful salute such as De Rouville had given, but De Beau Lac lingered, and when the others had gone in I asked : " Where is De Chamblée ; did he stop at the landing or in Montreal ? " .

Then De Beau Lac fidgeted with his gun and asked, " Did not De Rouville tell you ? He promised to do so ; it was for that he came first," and suddenly I heard the noise of weeping within. Then a sudden fear clutched at my heart, but I would not give it credence, and I cried, " He was taken prisoner. You have left him behind." And De Beau Lac placed his gun carefully on the rack, and came and put his arm around

me, and when he had done this he said, "We left him behind, but he is not a prisoner."

It was the 29th August, 1708, that the attack was made upon Haverill. It was successful at first, and they had made a number of prisoners, but the townspeople rallied, and the French were beaten back, and De Chamblée and eight others were killed. Our men fought hard to bring away their bodies, but were obliged to leave them. I think that I would have died of my sorrow at this time but for the grief around me, for this was a sore blow to the *Sieur* and to *Madame Hertel*. It but quickened the resolve of *Marie Françoise* to become a nun, which she did under the name of *St. Exupere*, and after she had gone and *Hortense* married, their gentle mother drooped and died. Then I devoted himself to the *Sieur*, who shut his sorrow bravely in his heart, though this last trouble was more than he could bear. It was pitiful to see him stroke and pat his mutilated hand, as his wife would often do, saying to himself, "It did its best for France, but there is no one left now who cares." Then I would say, "I care, *Father Hertel*, and the king cares; he told me in France that you should be remembered for what you and your brave boys have done."

And he was remembered. Shortly after the death of the *Grand Monarque*, a paper came to the *Sieur* from the little King of France, the young *Louis XV.* *Father Hertel* saw the royal seal, and handed it to me to read to him, with hands that trembled with excitement as well as with age. It was a patent of nobility.

I read it slowly and distinctly from beginning to end:—

“Louis, by the grace of God King of France and Navarre, to all greeting.

“The services which François Hertel, lieutenant of our troops in Canada, has rendered to the king in different parts, against the savages, have induced us to bestow upon him marks of our satisfaction which shall endure to posterity. We do this the more willingly because the courage of the father is inherited by the children, of whom two have been killed in service, and the seven others who serve in Canada have always given proofs of bravery and good conduct. For this cause, and at the advice of our good uncle, Duc d’Orléans, Regent, full of power and royal authority, we have ennobled the said, and we do ennoble François Hertel as well as his children and descendants.

“Given at Paris in the year of grace 1716, and of our own reign the first.”

The Sieur listened with bowed head. At the close he said, “It has come late — late. If *she* could have known it, and my brave De Chamblée.” And I noticed that he stroked his maimed hand with the same little caressing motion. He roused himself after a time. “But I thank my sovereign,” he said, as though he had not paused; “it is a great honor, and De Rouville will bear it after me worthily.”

He died not long after, aged seventy-nine, and my duty was ended to the Hertels. I felt at first that I was alone in the world, but I remembered the peace that had come to my soul when, torn with distracting doubts, I had given up trying to solve the puzzle of con-

flicting dogmas, and had devoted myself to teaching the little Indian children. I determined to try the same course as a solace for my grief, and I went back to the School of the Infant Jesus, and asked for the old duties, which they gave me very readily. Here I have taught, and here I expect to teach for the remainder of my life. Very few incidents which would make readable tales come into my experience now, and yet my quiet routine is not devoid of interest. Once, about three years after I came back from France, I had a visitor, the Abenakis princess,\* who had travelled to Montreal to see if she could arrange for the exchange of Eunice for her two captive children. I improved this opportunity to visit the dear child once again, but she showed the Abenakis squaw the baby in her arms, and the woman saw that her quest was useless in this quarter, though her children were afterwards exchanged for four other captives. But one other attempt was made to win Eunice back. Col. John Schuyler himself came to Canada and held an interview with her to no purpose.

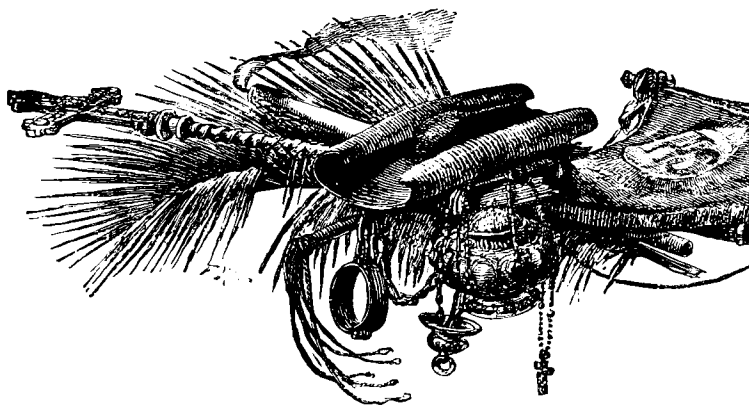
Since then I have taught two of Eunice's children ; they are bright and docile, and I love them, but not as I did their mother. Father Meriel does not seem to dread my teaching. He knows that I have lost much of my self-will, that life has taught us both, so toilsomely, not to be over-confident in our own schemes, but to wait in quietness and patience while God works out His own designs in our behalf, not presumptuously running before His providence, lest peradventure He leave us to pay our own charges.

I try to teach the children the lesson of peace and

\* See Notes.

good-will, so that as they grow older they shall not only refrain from warfare, but shall also respect the honest belief of those whose religion differs from their own, being persuaded that "in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him."

THE END.







## NOTES.

---

John Schuyler wrote the following report of this last attempt to persuade Eunice to return to her home which is preserved, where any may see it, in the State House in Boston :—

“A true and perfect memorial of my proceedings in behalf of Margaret Williams, now captive amongst the Indians at the fort of Caghonowaga in Canada, insisting upon her return, and to persuade her to go to her father and native country, it being upon the instant and urgent desire of her father, now minister at Deerfield in New England.

“I arrived from Albany at Montreal on ye 15th of April. Mons. de Vaudreuil, Governor-in-chief of Canada, was expected there every day from Quebeck ; upon which I thought proper not to mention anything touching the aforesaid captives untill his excellency should be here himself, who gave me all the encouragement I could imagine for her to go home ; he also permitted me to go to her at the fort. Moreover, he said that with all his heart he would give a hundred crowns out of his own pockett if that she might be persuaded to go to her native country.

“I went to the fort of Caghonowaga accompanied by one of the king’s officers with a French interpreter and another of the Indian language.

“I first spoke to her in English, which she could not understand, then through the interpreters, but could not get one word from her.

“Upon which I desired the priest to speak to her, and see if he could not prevail to go home. The priest made a long speech to her and endeavored to persuade her to go, but she continued *unpersuadable* to speak. I promised upon my word of honor if she would go only to see her father I would convey her to New England and give her assurance of liberty to return if she pleased. After this my earnest request and fair offer upon long solicitation, two Indian words, translated ‘*Maybe not,*’ were all we could get from her in two hours’ time. Upon this, my eyes being almost filled with tears, upon which her husband, seeing that I was so much concerned about her, replied that had her father not married again she would have gone to see him long ere this, but gave no further reason, and the time growing late and I being very sorrowful that I could not prevail upon, I took her by the hand and left her in the priest’s house.

“1713.

JOHN SCHUYLER.”

Miss Alice Baker, in her admirable monograph on Eunice Williams, gives the following letter from a French official, dated Jan. 26, 1711. It reads: —

“A squaw from the nation of the Abenakis is come in from Boston. She has a pass from your Governor. She goes about getting a little girl, a daughter of Mr. John Williams. The Lord Marquis of Vaudreuil helps as he can, but the business is very hard, because the girl belongs to Indians of another sort, and the master of the girl is now in Albany.

“You may tell the Governor the squaw cannot be in Boston at the time appointed, and she desires him not to be impatient for her return, and, meanwhile, to take good care of her papposes. The same Lord Chief Governor of Canada has assured me, in case she may not prevail with the Mahogs for Eunice Williams, he shall send home four English persons in his power for an exchange in the room of the two Indian children.”

But Eunice did return to visit her friends. Her brother,

the Rev. Stephen Williams, settled at Longmeadow, writes in his diary:—

“June 30, 1761. This day my sister Eunice, her husband, her daughter Katherine, and others, came hither from Canada.”

“July 1. I have an interpreter come from Sunderland, sent by Sister Williams of Deerfield; but I fear he does not understand ye language very well, but hope he will be somewhat serviceable.”

“July 4. My daughters Eunice and Martha are now with me upon ye joyfull, sorrowfull, occasion.”

“July 7. I had a sad discourse with my sister and her husband, and find they are not at all disposed to come and settle in ye country.” (The Legislature of Mass. offered a grant of land in case the family would remain.)

“July 10. This morning my poor sister and company left us. I think I have used ye best arguments I could to persuade her to tarry and to come and dwell with us. But at present they have been ineffectual. Yet when I took my leave of my sister and her daughter in the parlour they both shed tears and seemed affected. Oh! that God wd. touch their hearts and incline them to turn to their friends and to embrace ye religion of Jesus Christ.”

There was something in the wild rose that remembered the old precise garden with love, a yearning that her children might have the privileges which she had voluntarily relinquished. Her descendants visited New England repeatedly, and several of them were educated in Longmeadow. One Eleazer became a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, in many ways a remarkable man.

On the 23d of August, 1724, New England made a return for the hostilities of the French and Indians as barbarous as any which they had committed. A force of English surrounded the village of Norridgewock in Maine and killed the Jesuit missionary Father Sebastian Rale, already mentioned in this narrative, at the foot of the cross in front of

his chapel, with many of his Indian converts, some of whom strove to shield him with their bodies. Whittier, in his description of the scene, makes the priest, at the first onset, ask: —

“Where are thy warriors, Bomazeen,  
Where are De Rouville and Castine?”

But there was no defence. It was a massacre and not a fight.

“And where the house of prayer arose  
And the holy hymn at daylight’s close  
And the aged priest stood up to bless  
The children of the wilderness —  
There is naught save ashes, sodden and dank” —

The wrong rests with both sides, and none of us can judge or blame either while *Christian* nations engage in or approve of war.

Many other families in the old New England towns have legends as romantic as this. Our great-grandmother’s girls had as wayward and heroic hearts under their quaint gowns and as mischievous eyes and tempting lips within their prim bonnets, were just as sweet and just as true as the dear girls for whom this story has been written.

