

THE PERDU

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THE PERDU



The Perdu and Keswick Isles above Fredericton

Canto 1

Brightly falls the sunlight on the meadows,
On the Isles of Keswick, softly falling,
Bidding men forget the sombre shadows
Stories of a day for aye appalling.

Green, dark green, the grass upon the islands,
Silver are the streams between them gleaming,
Fairy like the trees of vale and highlands,
And each homestead is a jewel seeming.

Crimson, green and gold, the maple flameth.
Gold and russet mark the birch and beeches.
Beauty every where all fancy shameth
When October her cool hand out reaches.

‘Neath the bank the squirrels red are loping
From the trees the butternuts unbidden.
See, upon the green sward they are dropping,
By the dark Perdu, e’en now half hidden.

Here the black duck floats upon the water,
Bathing, feeding, only half watch keeping,
Fearing man no more than questing otter,
All the open country plainly sleeping.

Here the moose can seen in man confiding,
All the Summer open fields his palace.
Peace and happiness seem here abiding,
All unknown is anger, hatred, malice.

Canto 2

Once these meadows were a forest sightly,
Giant elms, and butternut, and maple,
Grasses long, high ferns, and grape vines mighty.
Here were all things to the country staple.

Once, O dark Perdu, wert thou well hidden;
Only seen by those who came close to thee.
Only sought by those who came when bidden;
Strangers might thee find 3a trap set duly.

Once these waters almost reached the river,
Where St. John emerges on the valley,
Arching trees did never thee let shiver.
Thou wert safe from wind and river’s sally.

Lo, this dark Perdu, this stream surprising,
Once so deep and cruel, and now so lowly,
Fed by springs; From springs it has its rising,
Flowing into Keswick, circling slowly.

Here the savage made his humble dwelling
In the summer, as he fished and hunted.
Here in Spring he came, his bark compelling,
Knowing where the birch would not be stunted,

Here the Frenchman, his life evading,
Fished and hunted, made himself half savage;
Joined the savage in their cruel raiding,
Shared with them the profits of their ravage

Canto 3

In the Calendar by Christians faved
Dated sixteen hundred, nine and eighty,
France held Acadie, and never wavered
In her wish to hold, with purpose weighty.

To the land came many valiant Frenchmen
Seeking wealth and change, and bold adventure.
All to France were faithful, loyal henchmen,
Honoured her command and feared her censure.

On the St. John river firmly planted
were The D'Amours four, by France exalted,
Charged to open up the regions granted,
And to hold for France, how e'er assaulted.

On a tributary, down the river,
Bernard dwelt, in peaceful isolation;
But above, exulting in their giver
Louis, Mathieu, Rene, held their station.

Stormy were the days in which they flourished.
Europe was astir, and in confusion.
There was war. The nations, badly nourished,
Dreamed of wealth, and coveted illusion.

Spain and Portugal, France, Britain, others,
Fought together in a fashion frantic,
All forgetting they were really brothers
Seeking foothold in a land gigantic.

Canto 4

Louis D'Amours at the Jemseg lived
with his wife, good Margaret, the kindly,
And two daughters young, all truly neighbored,
By the savage loved and trusted blindly.

Mathieu near the Oromocto living,
Had for wife, Louise, a lady fearless,
Margaret's fair sister, her strength giving
Her home, and to her country peerless.

Known were these, and loved by those who knew
them,
First of farmers were they on the river.
Envied? Yes. but none have cause to rue them,
Loved because each was a royal giver.

Rene D'Amours, with ambition swelling,
Lived below the Keswick's mouth, and plotted
To enrich his wife and children dwelling
In the goodly land to him allotted.

Brave was he and hardy, quiet never,
Trading with the savage, farming little;
Hoping to be rich, he laboured ever
With a selfish eye and conscience brittle.

Rum and Whisky love the savage dearly;
Their rich furs were they content to barter
Err the draught which moved their minds so queerly,
Each became a chief, but bold, smarter.

Canto 5

In that day there lived a matron, Mary,
Wife to Rene's tenant, Martin Dailly
Never was a fabled nymph or fairy
who did face the wilderness more gaily.

By the dark Perdu dwelt they together
In a little cottage by their clearing,
With their children, thinking not of weather,
Hope and courage dry by day them cheering.

From the savage learned she how to handle
Skillfully her bark canoe, the speedy;
Learned to make the light soft deer skin sandal,
Taught herself to find trout, great and greedy.

All the art of easy forest living
Learned she in her humble forest dwelling.
Satisfied with little, always giving,
She knew happiness beyond all telling,

Hunting, fishing, with the savage trading
Martin Dailly for his home provided.
Wise was he, all enemies evading,
We will live in peace he had decided.

There is room for all, was e'er his saying.
Use the savage fairly, help each other;
Not with fighting, not with hate surveying,
Can we live with him who is our brother.

Canto 6

Dear was Martin to the savage round him,
Generous and kind and patient ever,
Brave and true and honest, aye they found him
Brotherhood professing, failing never.

He would meet the savage at the village,
In the forest, in the hunting season,
Buying furs and trading, not for pillage
Giving ever all he could in reason.

Rum and whiskey he would never offer,
Taking advantage of man's weakness.
Scornfully he answered ever scoffer,
Keeping his true course in Christian meekness.

Martin sought not wealth but just a living,
Made himself a garden, kept some cattle.
Helped the needy with his cheerful giving,
Listened and said nothing to men's tattle.

Of ambition he was sick and tired.
He had seen and known enough of fighting.
Brotherhood and peace he now desired;
He would spend his life the evil fighting.

Martin hoped for peace, was this illusion?
Vanity and greed were running riot.
France at home, abroad, was in confusion
Acadie alone, Could she have quiet?

Canto 7

In the Spring were countless wings a whirling,
Lordly geese, that sought the northern sedges,
Where the ocean waves were ever curling,
Breaking on the jutting capes and ledges.

Came the ducks of many hues and sizes,
Filling ponds and lakes, all open water.
Came the pigeons, seeking other prizes,
In the groves of beech they loved to potter.

Came the hawks, the osprey, and the eagle,
Hunting cut the weak and the unwary,
Proud and strung and insolently regal,
Swift to seize, and off their prize to carry.

Came the singers filling hill and valley
Noisy blackbirds, junco, many sparrows,
Swift and swallows, to their Summer rally,
Countless others, like a cloud of arrows.

From each pond and puddle came a chorus,
Pipings loud and shrill and strangely cheering.
From each nook and corner, from ground porous,
Life was seen in many forms appearing.

All the rivers, all the streams were swarming;
Smelt and herring, shad and bass, and sturgeon,
Trout and salmon, with the waters warming,
Multitudinous in waters virgin.

Canto 8

Spring her wand waves, all the scene the changes.
Catkins deck the alders, and the willows.
White the Billberries upon the ranges.
Sweet arbutus glow on mossy pillows.

Elm and maple everywhere are blooming.
Buds on every bush and tree are swelling.
Soon, the white birch stands in green uplooming.
Poplar, tamarack, their health are telling.

In a thrice the beech thrusts forth her finger,
All the trees with hands the ways are screening.
Flowers everywhere appear and linger,
Finding, giving, joy amid their greening.

Here and there a giant bass-wood fragrant,
Waves its censurs to the gentle breezes;
And the wild bee, vigilantly vagrant,
Darting on the nectar, her fill seizes.

Humming birds with scarlet breasts flash forward,
Darting to and fro to greet each flower;
So a dragon fly darts swiftly shoreward
In swift grace, unconscious of its power.

O the Spring to every creature crieth
In a voice melodious, endearing,
Swiftly Summer comes and swiftly fileth;
Faithfully go forward, nothing fearing.

Canto 9

Out upon the dark Perdu sped Mary,
In the morning with her children faring,
And to spy upon the red deer wary,
And the fawns, shy, with their mother daring.

First to see the moose that came a drinking,
Pausing mid the reeds to browse and wallow;
Or the heron stand with eye unblinking,
Watching for the fish he hoped to swallow.

They might see a black bear near the water
Hoping for a moose calf, watching, stealthy,
They might see a mink, mayhap an otter.
Certainly a duck with her brood healthy.

By the clay brook's mouth might one fish ever.
Here the trout were plentiful and lusty;
Here was fisher unrewarded never.
Here a hook might dull, but not grow rusty.

Everywhere was life, and that abounding.
All the creatures found a joy In living.
Birds in thousands filled the trees surrounding,
Each his song of sweetest praise out giving.

It was joy to breathe the air of morning,
And to speed the bark along all steady,
Fearing nothing, every danger scorning,
Life was full and all its prospects heady.

Canto 10

Forests virgin covered hill and valley,
Spruce, pine, hemlock, lofty heads up rearing.
Cedars great that no man yet did tally,
Hard woods countless, far and wide appearing.

In the forest roamed the children playing,
Fearless, free, regardless of the weather
Seeing, learning, some new fate assaying,
Mary's task was keeping them together.

They would watch the timid rabbit feeding,
Or the robin busy with her nesting,
Watch the porcupine go by unheeding,
Or the eager squirrels restless questing.

Racing through the woods, now seeking cherries,
Climbing in the trees, and swinging gaily,
Plucking rich, rare blooms, or luscious berries,
Summer offered pleasures changing daily.

Autumn Mary loved when nuts were falling,
When the leaves their flaming hues were showing,
When in early morning deer were calling,
And each hill and vale with life was glowing.

Then the air grew dark with birds migrating;
On the dark Perdu the ducks paused, resting,
Honking geese flew by their long lines taking,
Countless youthful wings their strength were testing.

Canto 11

Winter for the children was all pleasure.
With it came the ice, -the ice for skating;
Later came the snow in ample measure
Bringing joys sublime past all debating.

Rolling blocks of snow to build snow houses,
Modelling some man or other creature,
Playing stunts that all the blood arouses,
These were but the least of winter's features.

Mary loved to sew beside the fire,
While her husband read, or told some story
Best she loved to form their little choir,
Singing song, and hymns long old and hoary.

It was one such night in late December,
When there came a neighbour, much excited.
Mary stirred the fire's dying embers.
And all listened as the man recited.

He had come from far away Meductic,
Bringing news from their allies, the savage.
Not his art but truth of a tale seductic
Made them listen to his tale of ravage.

He had seen the English captives beaten,
Boys they were, and tortured! He wept seeing.
He had feared they might indeed be eaten!
He had left them, feeling as one fleeing.

Canto 12

This the story told them by the neighbour,
For revenge, the savage fell on Dover.
They had taken it with craft and labour
Blood and ashes shewed when all was over.

Pemiquid they took and other places,
Killing, scalping, burning, in their rages;
Of their wrath they sought to leave deep traces
Such as might remain bit other ages.

All they did they viewed as a beginning.
They would drive the English to the ocean.
France was backing them, and France was winning.
France would know her loyal sons devotion.

All along the river, French and savage
Thought of war alone and spoke little.
Spoke of blood, of plunder, and of ravage.
They would slay their foe possess his cattle.

Martin heard the tale with anger rising
Could not all men see where this was leading?
England was not weak, and such devising
Would leave Acadie all torn end bleeding.

True, too true my friend, thus spoke the neighbour,
We are but the sheep. Behold the shepherd
Bids the flock do this and they must labour.
It may be our shepherd is a leopard.

Canto 13

In Quebec, indeed great plots were forming,
Frontenac was conscious of his weakness;
All his hope yes in successful storming
Of New England homes-not formed for meekness.

Emissaries sought the St. John river,
Stirring up the savage with deep cunning,
Let them trust their king, a faithful giver,
Who would well reward their faithful running.

But with Spring the English troops were moving.
Striking quietly, captured they Port Royal,
Thus their pride and thirst for vengeance soothing.
Led they back to Boston their troops loyal.

By the dark Perdu were fond hearts burning.
French and savage knew there would be action
When stout Villebon, from Port Royal turning
Sought the St. John with his warlike faction.

What could Martin do? And what could Mary?
With deep grief they sensed the coming trouble.
They could not refuse their load to carry
Which St. Joseph's fort at once did double.

Days of blood and pestilence succeeded,
Wolf like o'er New England roamed the savage.
Their ferocity alone was needed
Acadia herself to yield to ravage.

Canto 14

Spake the Daillys with good Father Simon,
What had he to say to this bloodletting?
Baptized he their Rene, Roy and Lyman,
Violence was not of his begetting.

Love and peace had been his preaching ever.
Could no way be found to stop this Pillage?
Murder and rapine would peace bring never,
Who could offer hope to any village?

Father Simon gazed upon them sadly,
Friends, said he, we need to be a praying.
All have sinned. The world is living madly,
For dominion France is now assaying.

Greedy are our leaders. Each one wishes
Wealth and fame and power. No one careth
For his neighbour. Only loaves and fishes
Seeketh men, and for such things mall soareth,

But, said Mary, Where will be the ending?
Should we not have peace with our near neighbour?
Could we hope at length by our ways mending
Peace to have, and safety, for our labour?

Friends, said Father Simon, you see clearly;
But we must obey our lawful leaders.
We are not our own, but servants merely;
All Who serve not are of evil, breeders.

Canto 15

Father Simon on went, speaking slowly;
Deep emotion in each word and motion,
All his form revealing spirit lowly,
“It is seldom wise to stir up faction.

France and England woefully are warring.
We will blame- Does it really matter?
Truly both, but How? Yet in the scoring
Broken hearts will be, and friends will scatter.

To a savage people I am pleader;
And all Frenchmen know me as their brother.
Only in the Spirit am I leader.
I do urge men, Love ye one another.

To their battles go I, ever sadly,
Not to urge, No! To restrain their madness.
Peace and kindness o’er I welcome gladly,
Kindness is an antidote to badness.

Shall I follow my poor heart refusing,
When my country bids me do my duty?
I do win my flock, my country choosing,
Thus I gain my chance to teach them Beauty.

Acadie is sure to face great trials.
In the blood that flows I see this nearing.
God will pour upon us all his vials,
That he may us win from all our veering.

Canto 16

Tears adown the Father’s face were streaming,
As he spoke to those his friends In sorrow,
Knowing well that they too had their dreaming,
Waiting for an ever nearing morrow.

There was silence then till gentle Mary,
Thinking of that tale told by a neighbour,
which the passing years could never bury,
Of the captives asked him with much labour.

Father Simon’s face at once did lighten.
Both the boys are well and Giles is near you.
Louis D’Amours bought him. This will brighten
All his future. This I know will please you.

So he told them all he knew about him,
Of the capture, of his painful coming,
Of the love he won. How none could flout him.
With his own love up the story summing.

O, said Mary, speaking with emotion
Think of Rene such a trial facing!
May some prayer, some act of pure devotion
Purify the earth, such wrongs effacing.

For a time the Father with them chatted,
Then with blessings rose, and left them weeping.
He had shewn them how he fears combatted,
They refreshed stood forth, their own hearts keeping.

Canto 17

In the early Spring when snows were melting,
French and savage to the maples wended,
With soft fallen snow each other pelting
In the early morn, or as day ended.

In the Spring they white birch bark collected.
Vessels did they make, prepared for tapping;
Placing these beneath the trees selected,
As they tapped each tree, with axes rapping.

In great vats the sap they boiled down daily,
Making syrup sweet, and often candy.
Making sugar leaves, and joking gaily
At some clumsy move, or some fete handy.

It was smart to see the savage gather
For the candy and the sugar making.
Children with the sweet their faces lather,
Each and every one all he wished taking.

When the days were fine the snows would soften
And at night would freeze, a crust forming.
On that surface came they running often
Gathering the sap, the great task storming.

On the sharp hard crust went they all sliding,
Old and young with joy in moon light gleaming,
Frenchmen, savage, all together riding,
Brothers were they all in more than seeming.

Canto 18

Martin, Mary, and their sons went camping
By a pool where salmon lay collected.
When the mists of eve the earth were damping
Came they, with the tack they had selected.

First a net by Mary's fingers woven:
This they took and skilfully it weighted.
Gently this athwart the stream was hoven;
Soon the pool was swept, the net full freighted.

What a scramble then for silver prizes!
Shouts and exclamations! O the clamour:
Fish, strong fish, fish of many sizes,
On the sandy beach did fiercely hammer.

Martin smiled to see the boys so eager.
Mary laughed when Lyman got a tumble
Wrestling fiercely, with no effort meagre,
With a giant he had thought to humble.

With full laughter and much kindly teasing,
All the fish were garnered for the curing,
Smoked and dried for winter's use, thus easing
Fear of want, in winters long enduring.

Every Summer had they such an outing
Martin knew well all the better places.
He would find these in his frequent scouting,
For the freshets oft a pool effaces.

Canto 19

All the Land was just a shining glory!
Flames of colour every leaf did brighten;
But to men had come the dreaded story
Of a peril beauty could not brighten.

Viliebon heard and he of once did strengthen
Fort St. Joseph; bade all men be ready;
Let each know, if he his life would lengthen
He must now be strong, in battle steady.

Church has come to burn our homes and village.
He is England's answer to our raidings
Costing them a thousand lives and pillage;
Deeds not words bring England's strong upbraidings.

Church has burned Chignecto. He will spare not.
He, with Hawthorne are upon the river.
There is nought the English soldier dare not.
Men, be strong. we will our lives deliver.

Naught heard Martin in till the cannon speaking,
To his cottage brought the news of danger.
To his corner none had come him seeking,
It was hopeless seeking such a ranger.

What we feared has come, said Mary, paling
Yes, said Martin, This is England speaking;
But they come too late, this river sailing,
They will fail in that which they are seeking.

Canto 20

They are fighting still, said Mary, dumbly,
When the morning brought the noise of battle.
Tight lipped Martin answered her but glumly,
What we hear is but a noisy rattle.

They must leave. The river now is freezing.
I surmise last night the fight did settle.
For their men the prospect is not pleasing,
And be sure, our men are on their mettle.

Us, they cannot catch, said Rene swelling.
Don't be sure, said Roy. Can they? Say, father.
No my son, said. Martin; but no telling
When these men return the land to bother.

Will the men come back? said little Lyman.
Yes, my little son, but do not worry.
No, said Lyman, I'll tell father Simon.
He'll not let them. He will make them scurry.

All the guns are silent! Are we beaten?
No, my Mary. They have now departed.
I will seek the fort when we have eaten;
Put your fears away, and be stout hearted.

All the land was just a shining glory
But on Martin's soul a cloud was resting.
He the land beheld all red and gory,
England's forces all the land investing.

Canto 21

There were boastings great among the savage.
When their enemy sailed down the river.
They were ready now for further ravage;
But the French could not repress a shiver.

Down the flood was seen the marks of fire,
From the river's mouth all guns were taken.
France knew well the enemy's desire,
Wise men saw the foe fresh efforts making.

At the river's mouth a fort France builded
With St. Joseph's guns the stronghold manning.
For a time the hopes of France it guided,
But new eyes condemned, the future scanning.

At Port Royal were the great guns mounted.
From St. John the troops of France were taken.
Former efforts now as nothing counted,
All are river was a place forsaken.

Many years the ships of France had brightened
This brave land for savage and for Frenchman
When they came the eyes of all were lightened
With gifts of France for all her henchmen

Silence fell where once rose joy and gladness
French and savage now must seek Port Royal
In the savage heart there came a sadness,
For to France he was devoutly loyal.

Canto 22

Mary saw her neighbours from them rowing;
Some Quebec sought, and Port Royal others.
With their household goods she saw them going,
Leaving thus alone their savage brothers.

Came the children asking, Are we going?
Must we go? Say, is there any danger?
Mary answered, her own heart relieving,
We will ask your father. He's a ranger.

Father, must we go? the boys came pressing,
Seeing Martin from the hunt returning.
Martin smiled, the eager boys addressing,
Tell me now, for what change are you yearning?

Stay here, father, Don't you want to, mother?
Yes, said Mary, if your father's willing.
Fear you not the wilderness will smother
You and I, and all, thus slowly killing?

Will you not be lonely with us only,
Not a woman near except the savage?
Have no fear, for I will not be lonely,
Never will the savage our home ravage.

They are kind to all who treat them kindly.
Children are they, loving children, truly.
Where they live, we can. We choose not blindly.
Thus the question soon was settled duly.

Canto 23

Slept the Isles of Keswick, silence reigning,
As it once had reigned in former ages.
Rose the forests, their old haunts regaining,
Blotting out the newly written pages.

Only by the dark Perdu, reclining,
Stood unchanged the house of Martin Dailly,
With its fresh green vines, about it twining,
And around fair flowers blooming gaily.

Close at hand had Martin made a garden,
Planting, peas and beans, corn, wheat, and barley,
In a soft dry soil that did not harden
As would field of clay, wet, heavy, marly.

This did Mary tend, the children siding,
Stirring the soil and ever weeding,
Knowing well the Summer would be fading,
And in Winter much they would be needing.

Hay was there in plenty for the cutting,
In the forest meadows growing thickly,
Where the limbs of mighty oak were jutting,
Saying, this is mine, Come not here quickly.

Fishing, hunting, trading, trapping ever,
Martin gathered furs with which to barter
At Port Royal, as soon as Spring would sever
Winter's cords, which made of earth a martyr.

Canto 24

It was Mary taught the children letters,
How to read and write and sum up quickly,
Lest maturity find them in fetters.
Lips in conscious ignorance move thickly.

Were they lonely? In their shining faces
Happiness complete was written plainly.
In their home united all the graces.
Greatest of all joys is living sanely.

They were not alone. They had each other.
Soon, they knew, the woods would echo voices,
Old and new which naught vain would scatter;
Young and old, rejecting, making choices.

For such time they hastened to make ready.
They would know the woods and all about them,
With the savage held their friendship steady.
They would live so none they knew could doubt them.

Martin taught his boys himself to fellow,
Through the pathless forests, nothing fearing.
Taught he them to know each hill and hollow,
E'er among them, safely their course steering.

Winters, Summers, both excitement gave them;
Every day was filled with endless doing.
From ennui no one had need to save them;
Always some new task they were pursuing.

Canto 25

Soon the eager boys could share the hunting.
All the brooks they knew, and likely places.
They could imitate the moose, his call, his grunting.
And each creature which the forest graces.

In the Spring went Martin, his furs selling
In Port Royal buying things he needed
For his humble household, for his dwelling,
All the wishes of his home he heeded.

Not alone made he that journey weary,
Crossing Fundy's waste of rolling waters,
Shrouded by its fog, cold, dark, and dreary.
With him went the sons of savage daughters.

With him too went Frenchmen, hardy rangers,
Homeless in the land they loved to wander.
Loved they well the forest with its dangers,
Loved they too, their earnings here to squander.

In a fleet of bark canoes they paddled
Through the gut, and o'er the flood unhurried;
Nor did any Frenchmen think them addled
As they saw them coming in unhurried

Martin spoke with some who had been neighbours.
Found that many to Grand Pre had wandered.
They were all engaged In other labours.
None were free, but all new problems pondered.

Canto 26

Bold Rene and Roy went laughing, playing.
Through the forest thinking not of danger,
When a great she bear arose displaying
Teeth and claws against the careless strangers.

All unarmed they faced the savage creature,
Daring not to run lest She o'er take them.
On each face fear whitened every feature,
But their hope of life did not forsake them.

With a switch Rene did check her rushes,
Backing slowly, he and Roy retreated.
As a hawk the woods to silence hushes.
So this creature all their sport deleted.

Growling fiercely, her great arms uplifted.
Pressed she onward, slowly them pursuing
Switching, watching, with high courage gifted,
Slowly backed the boys, their steps reviewing.

To the clearing came the strange procession.
Here the bear as if uneasy halted
While the boys of courage made possession,
But, at length, to safety quickly vaulted.

Well, said Roy, that bear must be a mother.
Had she wished to kill, she could have, truly.
Said Rene, Yes. When I meet another
Let me have a gun, for comfort purely.

Canto 27

Bold Rene and Roy, one day found sleeping
Little baby bears without their mother,
These they seized, and planed for their safe keeping.
What will Father say? they asked each other.

Near the house they placed the little creatures,
In a place secure, where all could see them.
They would love them; they would be their teachers,
Not a bear but well might wish to be them.

Thus they spoke, and counsel took together,
What to give the babes, restless ever.
How to guard them 'gainst all change of weather,
How to keep them safe, yet hurt them never.

Mary smiled to see the boys excited,
Were you not afraid to meet their mother?
She was nowhere near, cried they delighted,
Had she come we would have helped each other.

Lyman saw the cubs with growing favor,
Will you keep them, boys? and will you name them?
Answered they in tones that did not waver,
Keep them? Name them? Surely, we will tame them.

But for all their careful planning,
Coming was the little creatures mother.
In the morning just a ruin scanning,
Stood the boys, then, laughed each to the other.

Canto 28

On the dark Perdu sat Martin, telling
Of Port Royal and of friends he found there.
Telling wife and sons in tones compelling,
Glad am I that we too are not bound there.

Louis D'Amours saw I, broken, lonely,
Missing sore his wife, sweet gentle lady;
He has nothing save his daughters only,
Dreams he ever of the Jemseg shady.

Grieves he for the St. John, and her sorrow.
And for France, so noble, so mistaken,
The present, and the nearing morrow,
Lest he see all Acadie forsaken.

Bright Louise, his daughters two doth mother;
With her own five sons she will them care for.
She can. do this better than another.
There are few of women who will dare more.

All the D'Amours are a people broken.
Rene D'Amours with the troops is moving.
All have lost, but what this doth betoken
For our Acadie, time will be proving.

All our friends are through the country scattered;
They should all have stayed upon the river,
That the French ships come not does not matter
We will trust in God, life's gracious giver.

Up the dark Perdu a bark came speeding,
Driven by a stately savage, questing
For the home of Martin, naught else heeding,
Eagle eyed alert, and never resting.

In the boat Louise sat, silent, thinking,
With her son beside her, eager, watching,
While the trees flowed by, their great arms linking,
And their giant bowls the green sward blotching.

Brave Louise had come old France obeying,
To instruct and lead all loyal Frenchmen,
Interview the savage, them arraying
On the side of France as faithful henchmen.

Disappointment met her as she travelled
Up the mighty river seeking rangers,
Seeking savage by the beaches grovelled,
Braving storms, toils and all forest dangers.

Gone the French; the savage too had vanished.
All the land was desolate and, lonely,
As it one the people all had banished,
Leaving forests, lakes, and rivers only.

This is Martin's place. So spake the savage,
Bring his canoe beside a giant
Relic of some storm, or Winter's ravage,
But enduring still, bulking defiant.

Canto 30

Mary met Louise in silent wonder;
Welcomed her at once and bade her enter;
Gave her seat, their humble roof-tree under,
And attention to her words did center.

In the name of France do I come seeking,
Friends for France, in every hill and valley,
Lest from wounds her life blood slowly leaking,
She grow weak and yield to sudden sally.

Once this river many warriors furnished,
And the men of France made England tremble.
Shone our purpose like a sceptre burnished.
It was joy to see our men assemble.

For a time the French have now departed,
And I find the savage too are scattered.
All is now as when France first here started.
Our old hopes, in fragments lie all shattered.

France must hold the St. John river valley.
We must keep the savage for our nation.
I seek one who will their forces rally,
Joining hand to hand, station to station.

You have now a husband, wise and stable.
Well he knows the savage, and they love him;
Grown, your oldest sons, men strong and able;
Each reward may win from those above him.

Canto 31

Burned the heart of Mary as she listened.
What was this the Madam Freneuse wanted?
In her eyes the unshed tear drops glistened,
For the widow who her pride this vaunted.

Eight long years had passed since cannon sounded
England's wrath at Nashwaak Mathieu's slaying.
Did Louise not know that wrath was grounded
In the savage wars, French plot surveying?

Years of peace had followed since the savage
Ceased to threaten each New England village.
It was ravage paved the way to ravage,
Gave up forts and towns, and homes to pillage.

Did Louise consider What she asked for?
Would she give New England homes to slaughter?
Her demands were simple but they masked more
Than the service due from France's daughter.

What would Martin say, if he could hear her?
He would know her plea both false and shocking.
He was kind and brave. He would not fear her,
Though he knew her plans his world set rocking.

Would she dare to give Louise an answer?
Dare refuse her country's proposition?
Well she knew those plans would be a cancer,
Eating, wasting all in their condition.

Canto 32

Thus thought Mary, as she listened duly
To such pleading in her country's favour,
Knowing well how foolish it was, truly,
Born of pride which ignorance did flavour.

Madam, Mary asked are you now saying,
France would stir the savage to fresh slaughter?
France would have us lead them, burning slaying,
Through New England's coasts, her sons and daughters?

Yes, Louise replied, France seeks dominion.
We can win the West by prudent dealing.
Keep New England home. The best opinion
Holds we thus can win, their just fate sealing.

What does England seek, save trade and money?
We would save the savage, now and ever.
England says "A land of milk and honey"
we, "The savage save. Forget them never."

God is with the French. Let us be stirring.
You and yours can do much for his glory.
Let naught stay your hand, your vision blurring,
We shall write a rich and moving story.

On Louise the eyes of Mary rested;
Hushed and eager was the forceful speaker.
None could doubt her heart was here invested,
She was no time server, no self seeker.

Canto 33

Madam, Mary said, eight years have vanished
Since the English on this river ventured;
From the river France, herself has banished,
But peace came when none his neighbour censured.

England' came when we her sons ill treated.
Not this river want they but peace only.
Had they wished; our cause they had deleted
In the years when France the land left lonely.

Said Louise. The west doth hold our future.
Acadie is ours though they dispute this.
When the west is ours, none will us butcher.
England weaken will. None can dispute this.

You believe, we France can service render
By fomenting war on England's farmers?
Certainly, Her men must defend her.
They, too late, will see you false alarmers.

Madam Freneuse, peace, not war is needed,
Slaughter e'er was found to nourish slaughter,
If the words of Christ by men were heeded
Praise would flow from all earth's sons and daughters.

Said Louise, As dreamers you are speaking.
War is war. And war we must face duly.
Peace will come when all for peace are seeking.
Fight we must if France we would help truly.

Canto 34

Madam Freneuse, Martin is a ranger;
My three sons were born within the forest;
In this land not one is found a stranger.
All love peace, -the peace which thou abhorrest.

France we love, but her we serve not blindly.
We are not asleep. Our eyes see clearly.
France and England both should act more kindly;
Not a man should love his country merely.

Wisdom calls for peace and gentle living.
England is not weak, we practise folly
In defying her in insults giving.
Love and goodness make men kind and jolly.

France and England well could live together;
In a land so vast, why all this fighting?
Seek for peace. in calm and stormy weather,
Look for peace, in fancy e'er it sighting.
Pray for peace; we need not pray for ever.
God will peace give, only for the asking.
Love will he deny to nations never.
His forbearance, matchless love is masking.

Know you not that if your plan we heeded
England straight way would command this river?
She comes not because force is not needed.
Frightfulness with arrows fill her quiver.

Canto 35

I will listen to your talk no longer.
You are traitors. France you do dishonour.
Such as you cling ever to the stronger.
France is shamed by what you put upon her.

Madam Freneuse, wait my husband's coming.
He will talk with you and listen gladly.
You are angry my poor thoughts up summing.
Spoken have I hastily and sadly.

Share with us our bread, and at our table,
You will know the love we bear our fellows.
Nothing will explain, for he is able,
Why the love of peace our spirit mellows.

I have talked too long with you already.
From the wife I have the household's measure.
Proud, rebellious all, high handed, heady.
Caring not for France but your own pleasure.

From the house Louise swept in her passion.
Mary saw her go with rising pity.
Felt her heart swell with sincere compassion.
England had destroyed her dream built city.

Robbed of home and husband, brooding ever,
For revenge she lived, her life a token.
Her five sons, herself, prepared to sever
From all good, so England might be broken.

Canto 36

To her household of Louise, spake Mary,
Faithfully recounting all the story.
Well done, mother, cried the sons, less wary
Than their father in wise counsels hoary.

Slowly, Martin spoke, we must not trifle.
This is weighty. France has spoken, truly.
It was France our settlement did stifle,
If she would, she could restore it duly.

France to day was making us an offer.
That she sought our help has fateful meaning.
Rich rewards lie in her golden coffer,
Many men grew rich upon it leaning.

Father cried the sons, Do you blame mother?
Would you have us do what France demanded?
No my sons, said he you, or another.
Not though France had this same thing commanded.

I an grateful for your mothers speaking.
I an proud that you do now defend her.
With blood guiltless has the earth been reeking
Would that France might from old curses bend her.

Time will tell what plans are now in motion.
We may hear no more of this day's meeting.
We will be prepared to take our potion,
Ready life to face with cheerful greeting.

Canto 37

Once in Winter Lymen cried excited,
Get the guns! A moose has crossed the clearing.
Then the faces of the household lighted,
Welcome words were these in all their hearing.

Hot upon the trail the brothers hurried
Each with gun in hand. but Martin carried
Nought except a knife, and all unflurried
Followed after, and for nothing tarried.

Long the chase proved the pathway winding.
Martin took a straight course, fondly hoping
Time to save and labour too, by finding
If the moose had sought a certain sloping.

Down a steep bank slipped he swiftly sliding
To the bottom, as a stone when falling,
Landing where the moose lay in close hiding,
For both moose and man a chance appalling.

Sprang the moose to gain Its feet, affrighted.
Sprang the man upon its broad back, seeking
Safety for the moment. He alighted
E'er the 'moose could strike him, his life seeking.

Martin knew his danger and struck quickly,
Bending o'er the mighty spinal column,
Knew no more until he staggered sickly
To his feet, dumb in that moment solemn.

Canto 38

Acadie was free from bears ferocious
Cats, bears, wolves, there were, but these were
harmless.

Tales that flout this fact atrocious
Yet when cornered not one beast is harmless.

Bold Rene and Roy were one day working.
Both had axes and one gun they carried,
When a black bear, in the forest lurking,
Chanced upon them, as they talked, and tarried.

Quickly Roy snatched up the gun and fired,
Wounding bruin, filling her with terror.
Raging, charging, like a thing inspired
Flung she at him and he knew his error.

At the first assault the gun was broken.
Bold Rene attacked, his axe she parried,
Flung afar, e'er yet a word was spoken.
Seized she him and to the ground had carried,

But her back Roy smote with blows terrific,
Causing her to rear, to wheel, embrace him.
Smote her now Rene, no wise pacific.
Smashed his wrist, yet smote. She turned to face him,

wheeling round with great claws frantic, pawing;
But upon her feet the blows descended
Till she sank in death, and ceased her clawing.
Weak and torn the brothers homeward wended.

Canto 39

By the dark Perdu all-life-was glowing.
Friends again returned, nearby were dwelling.
Youth with youth met, in their faces showing
Love and hope were found in fond hearts dwelling.

Madelene, the lovely, St. Roy's daughter,
Up the dark Perdu one day came rowing
When Rene beheld, and straightway sought her,
All his heart on her at once bestowing.

Madelene beheld a graceful hero.
Felt her pulses leap as if to greet him,
Blushed to think his pulse might stand at zero,
And all coy, she timidly did greet his.

Glad were they to find they were near neighbours.
Glad were they to know they were not strangers.
Each could understand the others labours.
They were both alike children of rangers.

From that day they often met together,
In each other's home, sometimes out rowing.
Long before the snow brought Winter weather,
Love by both was owned, and hearts were glowing.

At the Yuletide quietly they married.
In a little cottage they were settled.
Mary's heart was glad that near they tarried.
All was peace and not a neighbour nettled.

Canto 40

Mary, lovely Madelene's fair sister,
Met with Roy, his friend was from that meeting.
Once while playing games he stooped and kissed her,
Love was born then, in that playful greeting.

Mary was sixteen, Roy two years older.
They could meet at will. No need to worry;
But the years bring change age growth bolder,
And the time comes age doth bid men hurry.

Mary found that someone else did choose her,
Someone in a hurry, seeking daily;
Roy was in despair lest he should lose her,
For the artful Mary tensed him gaily.

Hard it was to meet in former fashion,
Always there was one to block his courting;
But suspense did only feed Roy's passion;
He her heart must know, farewell all sporting.

Mary well knew what was Roy's desire.
She was not to blame, nor wished to tease him,
In his nearness found her heart on fire,
Blushed to think how much she wished to please him.

Trials have an end. Thick clouds are parted.
Soon the two were wed and both contented,
Roy and Mary on life's sea were started.
There was peace when faith and love consented.

Canto 41

Loneliness we, all unknown to Lyman
Till he saw his brothers married, leaving,
Dancing gaily to the strains of Hymen,
Felt he then a pain akin to grieving.

Sweet Marie not far away was living.
She was lonely too, her girl friends losing.
Lyman and Marie, each comfort giving,
Found themselves somehow each other choosing.

Soon as lovers all the neighbours knew them,
And the earth rang with their joy and gladness.
All who knew them sang, only to view them.
Nothing savoured in such youth of sadness.

Married they, within the homestead dwelling,
Mary in Marie a helper finding,
And Marie in Mary joy compelling.
All were happy in that contract binding.

How the heart of age and youth rejoices
Age renews its strength in youthful laughter.
Age up leapeth, hearing children's voices,
Dreaming dreams of generations after.

O the joy of life; The grace of beauty!
Lovely is the earth and all things on it.
They do know, who follow love and duty.
Human life is heaven's royal sonnet.

Canto 42

Peacefully the years passed on the river.
Friends returning, filled all hearts with gladness.
War raged elsewhere, but here none did shiver,
Only when Port Royal fell came sadness.

England won Port Royal, -held it tightly.
Hoped to win the Frenchmen in her blindness.
On the river every face shone brightly,
Some for love of peace, and all for kindness.

Acadie was England's, -won in battle.
By a treaty France her claims there ended,
Hoping thus to stop all foolish prattle
Until broken hearts and homes were mended.

England in a firm but gracious manner
Asked allegiance from her vanquished foeman
Who preferred to live beneath her banner.
Offered all the rights of native yeomen.

Then the French upon the St. John waters,
Martin and his sons and all their neighbours,
Sought Port Royal, and for wives and daughters
Took the oath, thus ending fears and labours.

Peacefully the years passed on the river,
Happy and contented all were living.
Empty, useless, hung the warrior's quiver.
Love, not blows, the mighty men were giving,

Canto 43

But the leaders of the French down hearted,
Sought excuse to claim this pleasant river
From which they by treaty had been parted.
Questioned they the wisdom of the giver.

Acadie was England's. None disputed.
But the larger portion France claimed boldly.
False the claim was, easily refuted,
And the English viewed the question coldly.

Louisburg upon the Isle France builded.
Made it strong with mighty show of power.
All the hopes of France thereby she guilded,
And the war like waited for the hour

France and England claimed the St. John river;
And the French came, ever flocking thither.
Signs of war were seen stout hearts did quiver,
But the rose of peace was slow to wither.

For the savage France a chapel builded
Gave bell to please the savage people.
Hope and joy their every prospect guilded
As Meductic's bell rang from her steeple.

England wished for peace, and watching waited,
Conscious of strength, and quite unflurried.
She could wait, and she would not, be baited.
She would fight but it would be unhurried.

Canto 44

Fifty years had peace remained unbroken
On the great St. John, on Mary's river.
Mary old had grown, and Martin broken
E're their souls returned to God, life's giver.

Humble was their home, their standing lowly;
But the joy of life they tasted fully.
They were simple hearted, honest wholly,
And their days and years dragged not out dully.

Like two pearls were they on bed of ocean,
Fairest of the fair by earth begotten,
Hidden from all sight, swayed with earth's motion,
Never known to earth, so not forgotten.

Like two lilies they, e'er blooming sweetly,
Though no eye beholds, no hand doth raise them.
Like two kingly birds, e'er dressing neatly,
Though none seek them out, and no tongue praise them.

Like an odour sweet, which from earth rises,
Though none knoweth how, nor whist the meaning
So such lives as theirs the earth surprises,
And the world is blessed beyond all seeming.

By the dark Perdu under the willow
Dust has turned to dust, with earth is mingled.
Here the playful lamb maketh its pillow.
Free the common place nothing is singled.

Canto 45

By the dark Perdu a younger Mary
Lighted up the old home near the water.
Bright she was and all her movements airy.
Full of grace was Lyman's youngest daughter.

At her work she song, her great joy shewing
At the thought of Jean, her ardent lover.
From Grand Pre came he, with zeal o'er flowing
In behalf of France, this youthful rover.

Louisburg, and Beausejour he knew well.
Acadie he saw to France returning.
France awake was, and her foes would do well
To beware her wrath, and anger burning.

At Quebec defence was now preparing.
With her allies, France the foe would ravage.
Soon the foe at ruin would be staring.
Straining in their leases were the savage.

Many French were dwelling on these waters,
Claiming lands which France herself had granted.
They had with them wives sons and daughters;
For their priest's France, the mighty panted.

England knew her weakness on the river,
That was why she had not action taken.
Raiding savage always made her shiver.
They would soon again her fears awaken.

Canto 46

Mary peace had known, but of war, nothing.
France she loved, but England never hated.
How now could she know Jean was but frothing?
Yet his strong words on her spirit grated.

All her kindred with his words were troubled;
Worried with the self same talk from others.
And e'er long their fears were more than doubled
With a word that stunned the ears of mothers.

War had come! Port Royal saw it raging
Savage men for France in fury striking.
England fought as men with wolves engaging,
Being deeds contrary to her liking.

Bounties were offered for a savage,
Dead or living it did little matter.
Sons of men who did New England ravage
Bold New England's sons must surely shatter.

Though Port Royal stood the savage failed not.
Trophies from the field of fight they carried
Back to friends to show them they had quailed not,
That all counter efforts they had parried.

Up and down the river hearts were burning.
Youth impatient, full of hope and eager;
Age with fear, a crises near discerning,
Knowing well the force of France too meagre.

Canto 47

Louisburg, for France a naval station
With a name for strength that was alarming,
Raised its head to honour that great nation,
When New England came against her arming.

Louisburg was strong but discontentment
Robbed her arm of strength, her heart of boldness.
Wages long overdue roused fierce resentment,
Filled the restless soldiers heart with coldness.

Consternation feigned at the arrival
Of New England's fleet within the harbour,
And too late the soldiers knew revival.
England was already in their harbour.

Landed was she e'er a gun was fired.
Naval stores she got, and a position
Near the fort prepared- all she desired
Everything at hand In good condition.

Yet the fortress was not quickly taken.
For a month it held out stoutly fighting,
Till the soldiers strength was wholly shaken.
Then the fortress fell, the French hope blighting,

Consternation reigned upon the river,
When the warlike knew their hope was broken.
Came the word as dart strikes through the liver
Bringing death of which it is the token.

Canto 48

At Grand Pre an English force lay sleeping.
It was Winter and no force was near them.
Walls could not afford them safer keeping
Than the snow and ice about did rear them.

But a French force, through the forest marching,
Over rivers, plains, and mountains snow bound,
'Neath great trees, with mighty limbs o'er arching,
Reached Grand Pre at length, and there the foe found.

Hundred died that night of fearful slaughter
Fighting bravely in their night clothes only,
And the snow drank blood as ink a blotter,
While the living looked on shocked and lonely.

War is hell and man a very devil
Who will stir up war for wealth or power.
Sinks he far below a wild beast's level,
And the flows of hell about him lower.

Black his sin, but there is one sin blacker,
To behold a wrong without resentment,
To hold back from right, to be a slacker,
And in selfish ease to seek contentment.

Brilliant was that French stroke. Yet how fearful
the necessity that gave it being
Being at it again the eye grows tearful.
How it dims and alters all our seeing!

Canto 49

On the St. John river men were sighing
At the fall of Louisburg, the mighty
Hopeless were they, many women crying,
All hysterical the war-like, flighty

Great the efforts France made to recover
Louisburg, as buttress to her power.
Trice a fleet she raised, but to discover
How impatient man is in Gods hour.

Then a truce came, Louisburg restoring;
And the war-like rose again all smiling;
But the wise smiled not, each eye discerning
False such hopes were, their fond hearts beguiling.

Jean was jubilant and Mary wondered,
As the French did fortify the river.
All her people felt the French had blundered,
And the chill of doom made them shiver.

Not by war, but by peace only could they
Win for France the Acadia they wished for;
Force could not prevail; but by force, would they
Lose forever all they now did fish for.

O for priests like Lyard and like Simon;
War like priests would be the lands undoing
Thus thought Roy, Rene, and faithful Lyman;
And their friends, the war-like party viewing.

Canto 50

All New England raged when France was given
Louisburg, again their homes to threaten.
Through their souls a purpose strong was driven,
Acadie must cease foes to abetten.

Take the oath or leave the land, thus spoke they.
And the helpless French were seized and taken
Far away to other lands, to make way
For a race in England's cause unshaken.

O the tears, the pain, the hopeless sorrow,
Of that fatal day for those thus stricken!
From their loss no comfort could they borrow.
Every prospect did their spirit sicken.

On the St. John river there was quiet.
Here there was dispute as to possession.
This was not the time to raise a riot;
England was prepared to make concession.

To the St. John river many wended,
Fleeing from, old homes and seeking shelter.
Here they hoped to find their fortunes mended.
And escape at last from war's red welter.

But such hopes for them were quickly shattered;
France e'er long saw Louisburg retaken;
Quebec also fell, her people scattered,
And loved Acadie from her hands shaken.

Canto 51

Woe! O woe, to those who flee from slaughter,
Smoking homes, and ravaged fields and cattle?
Woe to him with son, to him with daughters
Woe! O woe, to all who flee in battle!

From these lands the French at length were driven.
Justly, or unjustly, what man knoweth.
All we surely know is they were riven
From these lands which other hands now soweth.

Some to France were sent, some up the river;
Some among the savage made their dwelling.
Some sought plots remote, where reeds did quiver;
And the beaver poplar trees were felling.

Gone the lover Jean, and gone is Mary;
Gone is every noble hearted Dailly.
Gone are all who in this spot did tarry;
But the birds still sing in Springtime gaily.

Gone the greed and strife, the heat and passion;
Gone the fear which drives the brain to madness.
Here has come true pity and compassion,
And the wish to heal the whole world's sadness.

By the old Perdu stand I now gazing
Over meadows green, the shining river,
Over Kingsclear, where the sun blazing,
Dreaming- dreams, but praising God, life's giver.

Historical Background

In the 17th century the old rivals England and France established settlements in the New World. England to the south and France to the north. Acadia lay in a boundary zone, between the English and French colonies, and it was never left in peace for long. The English colonies of New England were closer to Acadia than to any other French settlements. In peacetime the English came to trade, and in war they came to conquer. Over a period of roughly 70 years, four major wars would be fought between these powers.

King William's War, 1689–97, a war between the English and French in North America. It took its name from William III of England and was the American phase of the War of the Grand Alliance in Europe. The war began when Governor Andros of Massachusetts attacked the French trading post at Penobscot. In retaliation the French encouraged by Frontenac governor of New France encouraged the local tribes to take revenge. In June of 1689 the natives attacked Dover (New Hampshire) killing 23 defenders and taking 29 prisoners. In August the important post at Pemaquid, midway between the Kennebec and Penobscot rivers, was taken and the adjoining settlement destroyed. A large number of St. John river Indians participated in this exploit. Among their prisoners was a lad named John Gyles.

Terror spread throughout the northern English colonies. In 1690, seeking revenge on the French, whom they regarded as the instigators of this savage warfare, the New Englanders fitted out an expedition under Sir William Phips, captured Port Royal and took Menneval, the governor, prisoner. His brother Villebon, succeeded to the command, abandoned Port Royal and undertook to re-establish a post at the mouth of the Jemseg on the St. John river.

For the first two years of his rule Villebon used the Fort at Jemseg as his capital. In 1696 Villebon abandoned the fort at Jemseg and moved up the river to Nashwaak which was then the headquarters of Acadia. There he built Fort St. Joseph, which appears in contemporary documents as Fort Nachouac. The fort was established with a garrison of one hundred men. It had been chosen because it was near the principal Indian villages, and so far from the mouth of the St. John river that it could not be easily attacked by the English of Boston.

After the capture of Port Royal, the English prepared a combined land and sea attack on Quebec, hoping to capture French Canada. When their army of 2,000 was scattered by the French, the fleet turned back. Both sides continued to make border raids, but without significant results.

In the autumn of 1696. An expedition was fitted out at Boston under the command of Col. Benjamin Church who had been a commander in the Indian war of 1675, generally known as King Phillip's war. Church had about five hundred men with him and they were embarked in open sloops and boats. They ravaged the coast of Acadia from Passamaquoddy to the head of the Bay of Fundy, and were on their way back to Boston when they were met by a reinforcement of two hundred men in three vessels under Col. Hathorne, one of the Massachusetts Council. Hathorne, who now took the chief command, and had orders to besiege and capture Fort Nashwaak, and the expedition returned to the St. John for that purpose, and ascended the river. Villebon was attacked in his fort on the 18th of October, but after cannonading it for two days the English retired. Villebon was ably assisted in the defence of his fort by two of the d'Amours brothers, Matthieu and Rene, who arrived on the evening before the English appeared, with ten Frenchmen, their servants and retainers.

October 18 the British troops arrived opposite the fort, landed three canons and assembled earthworks on the south bank of the Nashwaak Riverr. There was a fierce exchange of fire for two days, with the advantage going to the better sited French guns. The New Englanders were defeated, having suffered 8 killed and 17 wounded. The French lost one killed and two wounded.

When the morning of third day dawned the British camp was deserted. Soon after, scouts, reported that they found the New Englanders embarked in four vessels and were seen going down the river with a fair wind. On their return towards the mouth of the river the invaders burned the house and barns of Mathieu d'Amours sieur de Freneuse. In the siege of his fort Villebon lost only one man killed and two wounded while the English loss is said to have been eight soldiers killed and five officers and twelve soldiers wounded.

The Treaty of Ryswick in 1697 returned Port Royal to the French. With the beginning of Queen Anne's War three years later, fighting was resumed.

In 1698, Governor Villebon removed his garrison from Fort Nashwaak to the old fort at the mouth of the river, on the Carleton side of the harbor, which had been originally built by Latour. Villebon died there in the summer of 1700 and his successor Brouillan, who arrived at St. John in the summer of the following year, resolved to abandon the fort there and remove the military establishment to Port Royal. This was immediately done, and as a consequence the settlers on the St. John were left without protection. As the war between France and England was renewed in the spring of 1702, these unfortunate people had no resource but to abandon their properties on the St. John and remove to Port Royal.

Queen Anne's War, 1702–13, the American phase of the War of the Spanish Succession fought in Europe, 1701–14. The main conflict in America was between the French and British colonies. It resulted in Great Britain getting Acadia (Nova Scotia) from France and in French recognition of British claims to the Hudson Bay area and Newfoundland.

The greatest concentration of fighting was in New England and Acadia. Many New England settlements were ravaged from time to time by Indians allied with the French. The English counter attacked against French possessions north of the British colonies. Campaigns against Acadia in 1704 and in 1707 met with failure. However, Port Royal, the capital of Acadia, was captured by British colonial forces in 1710 and later renamed Annapolis Royal.

In an attempt to capture both Quebec and Montreal a massive attack by land and sea on French-held Canada was planned in 1711. Troops were sent from England to help. The effort was abandoned after accidents in the St. Lawrence River caused heavy losses of ships and men. The war ended in 1713 with the settlement called the Peace of Utrecht.

By the treaty of Utrecht, "all Nova Scotia, or Acadia, within its ancient boundaries," was ceded to the Queen of Great Britain. It was not clear what the ancient boundaries actually were. The British claimed, as indeed the French had formerly done, that Acadia included the territory north of the Bay of Fundy as far west as the Kennebec river; but the French would not now admit that it included anything more than the peninsula of Nova Scotia. The French king, Louis XIV, obtained certain guarantees for his subjects in Acadia. It was provided that 'they may have liberty to remove themselves within a year to any other place with all their movable effects'; and that 'those who are willing to remain therein and to be subject to the kingdom of Britain are to enjoy the free exercise of their religion.' After a long interval of peace from the time of the treaty of Utrecht in 1713, war was declared between France and England in 1744. The war that ensued is known as "King George's," or the "Five Years" war.

King George's War, 1744–48, a war between England and France in eastern Canada. The war, named after George II of England, was the American campaign of the War of the Austrian Succession. The first event was an unsuccessful attack by the French on Annapolis Royal (Port Royal) Nova Scotia, which the British had acquired in 1713.

The British then decided to attack Louisbourg, a strongly armed French fort on Cape Breton Island covering the entrance to the St. Lawrence River. An army of 4,000 citizen-militia, raised in New England, besieged Louisbourg while a British fleet blockaded it. After a two-month siege the fort surrendered in June, 1745.

In June 1746 a fleet of French vessels sailed from La Rochelle intent on recapturing Louisbourg. The governor of Quebec also sent a strong detachment of 'fighting Canadians' under Rameszay to assist in the intended siege. The fleet was forced to return to France and the Rameszay's men were recalled to Quebec. William Shirley, the governor of Massachusetts, who exercised supervision over the affairs of Nova Scotia, saw in this a real menace to British power in the colony. In the autumn of 1746, he raised a thousand New Englanders and dispatched them to Annapolis. Of these only four hundred and seventy, under Colonel Arthur Noble of Massachusetts, arrived at their destination. In December, however, Noble's New Englanders, with a few soldiers from the Annapolis garrison, set out to rid Acadia of the Canadians; eventually they reached the village of Grand Pre in the district of Minas. Here the soldiers were quartered in the houses of the Acadians for the winter. Noble had decided to postpone the movement against Rameszay's position on the isthmus until spring. It would be impossible, he thought, to make the march through the snow.

When Rameszay's force posted on the narrow neck of land at Chignecto learned of Noble's position at Grand Pre than they resolved to surprise him by a forced march and an attack by night. Friendly Acadians warned the British of the intended surprise; but the over-confident Noble dismissed the idea. The snow in many places was "twelve to sixteen feet deep," and no party, even of Canadians, thought Noble, could possibly make a hundred miles of forest in such a winter. One midnight, early in February, Noble's men in Grand Pre found themselves surrounded. After a fierce fight in which Colonel Noble and sixty English were killed, and seventy more wounded, Captain Benjamin Goldthwaite, who had assumed the command, surrendered. The enemies then, to all appearances, became the best of friends. The victorious Canadians sat down to eat and drink with the defeated New Englanders, who made, says Beaujeu, one of the Canadian officers, "many compliments on our polite manners and our skill in making war." The English prisoners were allowed to return to Annapolis with the honours of war, while their sick and wounded were cared for by the victors.

French fleets sent out in 1746 and 1747 failed to retake Louisbourg. Under the terms of the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, England returned the fort to the French in exchange for the return of Madras in India.

French and Indian War, (1754-63), so named because Indian tribes fought as allies of the French. It was the American phase of a general struggle known in Europe as the Seven Years' War, and a struggle between France and Great Britain for control of North America. The climax was the Battle of Quebec (1759) by which Britain gained control of Canada.

Fort Beausejour was one of several French forts erected after King George's War (1748) to strengthen the French position in North America against the British. Also in Acadia, Fort Menagouèche was built to the west of the mouth of the St. John River (1748), further up the river they re-occupied Fort Nerepis (1749), and Louisbourg was rebuilt (1749),

On June 4, 1755 a force of British regulars and New England militia attacked Fort Beauséjour from nearby Fort Lawrence. The British-led force took control of Fort Beauséjour by June 16, 1755, after which they changed its name to Fort Cumberland.

After the fall of Fort Beausejour (1755), the first wave of the expulsion of the Acadians began in the region of Chignecto. Under the direction of Colonel Robert Monckton, on August 10, Lieutenant-Colonel John Winslow seized four hundred unsuspecting men who were at Fort Cumberland (formerly Fort Beausejour). He also imprisoned 86 Acadians within Fort Lawrence.

Eight days after Acadians were imprisoned at Chignecto, Lieutenant Colonel John Winslow arrived in Grand-Pré with 315 troops on August 18, 1755. Winslow took up headquarters in the church. The 418 Acadian males (age 10 and older) of the area were ordered inside the church Saint-Charles-des-Mines on September 5, where they were unexpectedly imprisoned for five weeks. Winslow informed them that all but their personal goods were to be forfeited to the Crown and that they and their families were to be deported as soon as ships arrived to take them away. On October 13, more than 2000 Acadians had been loaded on to five transports. Upon leaving, Winslow began burning the Acadian villages to prevent their return. He recorded that he burned 276 barns, 255 homes, 11 mills and one mass house in the villages surrounding Grand Pré.

In 1759 British and colonial soldiers under General James Wolfe decisively defeated at Quebec French forces under the Marquis de Montcalm de Saint-Vran. Montreal fell to General Amherst in 1760, and the French gave up Canada.

Cast of Characters

D' Amours Brothers

They were sons of Mathieu d'Amours, a native of Brittany who emigrated to Quebec and became a member of the Governor's Council in 1663. He was created a member of the Canadian Noblesse and used his power to promote the fortunes of his sons. They all received large grants of land in Acadia, and they all resided on the St. John River where they had very extensive possessions.

Louis d'Amours, who assumed the territorial name of Sieur des Chauffeurs, had a grant of the Richibucto and Buctouche Rivers, but he afterwards became possessed of the Jemseg seigniory which had been granted to Joibert.

Rene d'Amours, Sieur de Clignacourt, in 1684, obtained a grant of land on the River St. John from Medoctec to the Longue Sault, two leagues in depth on each side.

Mathieu d'Amours, Sieur de Freneuse, was granted the land along the River St. John between Gemisick and Nachouc, two leagues deep on each side of the river in the same year.

Bernard d'Amours, Sieur de Plenne received a grant of the Kennebecasis River " in 1695 with a league and a half on each side of the said river, by two leagues in depth, and the islands and islets adjacent."

Fontenac

(born May 22, 1622, Saint-Germain-en-Laye, near Paris, France — died Nov. 28, 1698, Quebec, New France) French courtier and governor of New France (1672 – 82, 1689 – 98). Despite a record of misgovernment, he encouraged exploration that led to the expansion of the French empire in Canada. He established fur-trading posts that brought him into conflict with the Montreal fur traders and later expanded the posts west. He engaged in disputes with the officials and clergy of New France. The Iroquois Confederacy, which had remained on good terms with the French until 1675, turned against the French, and the colony was left defenseless. Louis XIV recalled Frontenac in 1682. Reappointed when the French and Indian War started (1689), he distinguished himself by repulsing British attacks on Quebec.

Joseph Robineau de Villebon

(22 August 1655 – 5 July 1700), a governor of Acadia, was born in New France and received much of his education and military experience in France.

Robinau de Villebon's importance in history occurred after his return to New France about 1681 and his deployment to Acadia in about 1685 to assist governor François-Marie Perrot and, subsequently, governor Louis-Alexandre des Friches de Meneval. William Phips captured Port Royal, Acadia in the spring of 1690. Phips took prisoners including de Meneval to Boston.

Joseph Robineau re-established French rule in Acadia and was made governor there, a position he held until his death. He was able to maintain French rule in Acadia because of his military talents and his skill in dealing with the Indians. He benefited greatly from the support of Frontenac in his endeavors.

Father Simon

The first missionary at the Medoctec village, of whom we have any accurate information, was Father Simon, who has already been frequently mentioned in the extracts from John Gyles' narrative. He belonged to the order of the Recollets, founded early in the 13th century by St. Francis of Assisi. The missionaries of that order began their labors on the St. John as early as 1620; they came to Acadia from Aquitane. Father Simon was a man of activity and enterprise as well as of religious zeal. He did all that lay in his power to promote the ascendancy of his country-men in the land they loved to call "New France," but his influence with the Indians was always exercised on the side of humanity. On this point Gyles' testimony is conclusive. He says: "The priest of this river was of the order of St. Francis, a gentleman of a humane generous disposition. In his sermons he most severely reprehended the Indians for their barbarities to captives. He would often tell them that excepting their errors in religion the English were a better people than themselves."

We have no exact information as to the number of years Father Simon labored at Medoctec, but he died near the close of the century. Governor Villebon in December, 1698, wrote, "Father Simon is sick at Jemseg," and as his name does not again appear in the annals of that time it is probable that his sickness proved mortal.

John Gyles

(b. c. 1680 at Pemaquid, Maine - d. 1755 at Roxbury, Boston) was an interpreter and soldier, most known for his account of his experiences with the Malecite tribes of the Saint John River.

On 2 August, 1689 while labouring with his father Thomas near Fort Charles (Pemaquid), he was taken prisoner by Malecites in the raid of that year. His father was killed and only one brother escaped. John was conveyed up the Penobscot River, across portages to the Chiputneticook Lakes, and on to the confluence of the Médoctec River with the Saint John, ten miles below present-day Woodstock, New Brunswick

For six years Gyles was a slave to the Malecites. His fortunes greatly improved in the summer of 1695 when he was sold to Louis Damours de Chauffours. John hunted and traded for Damours and worked in his store. In October 1696, the English came up the Saint John River to attack Governor Joseph Robineau de Villebon's fort at the Nashwaak River. Damours was in France at the time, but Gyles helped to save his master's house from destruction. He posted on the door a statement, written by Damours' wife, that English captives had been treated kindly there. After the Treaty of Ryswick, Gyles was delivered to the captain of an English vessel at the mouth of the Saint John and sailed for Boston, where he arrived on 19 June 1698.

Gyles' knowledge of and fluency in the Indian dialects of Acadia made him invaluable to the governing authorities of New England when war broke out again in 1701. He served as an interpreter under many flags of truce, sailed with Major Benjamin Church in 1704, and fought with Colonel John March at Port-Royal in 1707. Most of his later life was given to military service and liaison with the Indians. In 1715 he helped construct Fort George at Brunswick; he remained to command the fort until 1725. He finished his military career as command-

er of the New England garrison on St. George's River.

He married his first wife, Ruth True, in 1703 and his second, Hannah Heath in 1722.

In 1736 Gyles published his memoirs of his adventures, *Memoirs of odd adventures, strange deliverances, etc. in the captivity of John Giles, Esq., commander of the garrison of Saint George River, in the district of Maine.* (Download at: http://www.archive.org/details/cihm_04396)

Benjamin Church

(1639–1718), A farmer in Plymouth Colony, Benjamin Church soldiered in three wars. The son of a veteran of the Pequot War, he served as a provincial captain during King Philip's War. He achieved a reputation as a skilled Indian fighter, a soldier who learned from the tactics of his foe and who refused to be bound by European style warfare. In King William's War in the 1690s, Church led expeditions against the Abenaki in Maine and the French in Acadia. In 1704, during Queen Anne's War, he commanded a Massachusetts invasion of Acadia, which failed in absence of naval assistance.

John Hathorne

(August 1641 – May 10, 1717) was a representative in the state assembly in 1683, assistant or councillor in 1684-1712, excepting during Sir Edmund Andros's administration. He served in the Indian and eastern wars as colonel, and was commander of the forces in the expedition of 1696 and the attack with Benjamin Church on Fort Naswaak. He is best known as an executor (often portrayed as a judge) in the Salem witch trials.

John was the great-great-grandfather of Nathaniel Hawthorne, author of, among other things, *The Scarlet Letter*, who changed his surname slightly, leading some to believe that he was trying to dissociate himself from his ancestor..

Louise – Madam Frenuse

Louise Guion, was the wife of Mathieu d'Amours and a sister of the wife of Louis d'Amours. Louise Guion, under the name of Madame Freneuse, occupies a large space in Acadian history, and for nearly ten years there was hardly a despatch or letter sent from Acadia to France which did not contain some reference to her.

After the capture of Port Royal by the English in 1710 she turned up as emissary of the French government, and the attempt which was made in the summer of 1711 by the French inhabitants and Indians to recapture that place was thought to be due to instructions she had brought from Canada. Major Paul Mascarene, an officer of the Annapolis garrison who afterwards became Lieutenant Governor of Nova Scotia, in his narrative of the events of 1710 and 1711 at Annapolis, has the following reference to Madame Freneuse :

About this time they dispatcht almost unknown to us the "priest" from Mam's to Canada with an Acco't as may be supposed, of all this and at the same time, a certain woman by name "Madam Freneuse," came from the other side of the Bay of Fundy in a Birch Canoo, with only an Indian and a young Lad, her son in the Coldest part of Winter. This woman as there is a great deal of Reason to believe was Sent by Ordrs from Canada, brought by Mr. St. Castine to keep the French in a Ferment and make them backward in supplying the Garrison with any necessary's and pry into and give an Accot of our Secrets, till occasion should offer of endeavouring to drive us out of the Country. In all this indeed She was but too lucky, tho she came with quite another story at first, she said that want of all manner of necessary's had put her to the Extremity of venturing all for all to cross the Bay at that unseasonable time of the year that the Indians of penobscot were entirely Starving, and that she was forc'd to come to try whether she could be admitted to live undr the new Govenmt she was upon this received Very Kindly by Sr. Chas. Hobby and had the Liberty she desired granted to her.

The Meductic Bell



The Indian church of St. John Baptist at Medoctec, erected in 1717 under the direction of Father Loyard, was the first on the River St. John--probably the first in New Brunswick. It received among other royal gifts a small bell, which for over fifty years could be heard in the depths of the forest calling the people to prayer. The church seems to have been such as would impress by its beauty and adornments the little flock over which Loyard exercised his kindly ministry. It is mentioned by one of the Jesuit fathers as a beautiful church (belle eglise), suitably adorned and furnished abundantly with holy vessels and ornaments of sufficient richness. In 1767, the bell and other articles from the chapel at Meductic were moved to the chapel at Aukpaque.

Coburn / Jewett and Related Family Members Who Served During the Intercolonial Wars

Four thousand and seventy troops were enlisted and assembled in Boston early in March, 1745 of which Massachusetts furnished three thousand two hundred and fifty men. We have no precise records of who these men were. Examination of local militia lists and other records reveals the names of some family members involved in the conflicts. (When known their relationship is given in relation to David Ezekiel Coburn, author of the *The Perdu*.)

The number of men who went from Rowley, in the expedition against Port Royal, is not known. In the expedition against Quebec, Rowley furnished one captain, one lieutenant, and thirty non-commissioned officers and privates. All their names cannot now be given. But the records, under date of May 6, 1691, show, that the town paid the following named persons, in bills of credit, the sums set against their respective names, for military services in Canada.

	£	s.	d.
To Samuel Platts, for Lieut. Platts . . .	13	1	2
" Joseph Scott, " Saml. Brown, ...	4	17	7
" Capt. Fisk, " Robert Clanin, , . .	4	12	7
Deacon Jowett ¹ for his son Ezekieil	5	0	3
Srgt Jowett for his son William Jewett	4	14	1

(¹ Deacon Ezeckiel Jewett is (x5) great-grandfather of David Ezekiel Coburn)

In Chelmsford:

Account of the Number of men now in pay Under Thomas Hinchman & where posted.

Vizt.

At Lancaster	Six men	6
At Groton	Six men	6
At Dunstable Town	Seven men	7
At Mr Tyng's Garrison	Six men	6
At Nath. Howards	Three men	3
At Edwd. Colburns ²	four- men	4
At Sergt Vamum's	four men	4
At Sam. Hunt's	Two men	2
At Chelmsford	four men	4
		42

Of wch number are out of pay, but most of them ready at a days Warning for service

78
120

Impressed at sundry times by Warr't. from the Governor & Council viz.

Sept. 10th. '91	21 men
Nov. 20	36 men
Feb 6	21 men
Jul 15 '92	42 men

In all 120

(²(x5) great-grandfather of David Ezekiel Coburn)

Rowley, no doubt, furnished her full share of men, but their number and names are not known. The records however show, that in 1706, men were out from Rowley.

The Rowley town records, show that **James Jewett** (*possibly the son of Francis Jewett, grandson of Maxmilian Jewett (x6) great-grandfather of David Ezekiel Coburn*) was killed by a cannon ball, **Moses Platts** (*(x2) great-uncle of husband of Henrietta Coburn half sister of David Ezekiel Coburn*) died of a wound, Moses Davis, Jr., John Platts, Humphrey Woodbury, Joseph Saunders, Samuel Smith, and Richard Harris, all died at Cape Breton, during the years 1745 and 1746. In 1754, Stephen Boynton was out under Captain John Lane. Lieutenant Benjamin Plumer, Sergeant Moses Richards, Sergeant Thomas Johnson, Privates, Nathaniel Getchell, Mark Creasey, Joseph Wallingford, Samuel Duty, and Jonathan Trask, were all out under Captain Nathan Adams, at the eastern frontier.

On November 19 1702, a bill was passed providing snowshoes for the men of the frontier towns at the charge of the Province. The Indians were more active and troublesome in the winter, and companies were organized for service upon the snow. William Tyng commanded the first Massachusetts company, and received for services from December 28 to January 25, 1703-4, £71.11.0, 25 shillings of which was paid to a "chyrurgion." The company brought back five scalps and received as bounty £200. A list of forty-four men in this company, who, in 1735, with sixteen others named, were the grantees of Tyngstown, which included the greater part of the present Manchester, N. H. The adjustment of the province line in 1741 voided this charter, and Massachusetts gave the grantees the township now Wilton, Maine. Among the men who were born or lived in Chelmsford are:

47. **Thomas Colburn** (*(x4) great-uncle of David Ezekiel Coburn*), son of Edward Colburn of Chelmsford, was born in 1674. He lived in Dunstable, where he died November 2, 1770. The committee of the General Court were instructed to admit six men who served under Capt. John Lovewell and were omitted in the grants of Pembroke, N. H., and Petersham, Mass. In the same connection there appears in the Massachusetts Archives the petition of Zaccheus Lovewell, Thomas Colburn, Peter Powers, Josiah Cummings, Henry Farwell, Jr., and Nicholas Crosby, alleging that they served against the Indian enemy under Captain Lovewell, either on his first or second march, and that all the other soldiers of Captain Lovewell's companies have been rewarded in grants of land. Thomas Colburn appears to have been the only one of the six petitioners who was made a grantee of Tyngstown.

48. **John Colburn**, (*John is 2nd cousin 4 times removed of David Ezekiel Coburn*) Dunstable, son of John and grandson of Edward Colburn, was born in Dunstable. John, the father died December 1, 1700, and John, the son, was the representative of his grandfather, **Edward Colburn** (*(x4) great-uncle of David Ezekiel Coburn*) of Chelmsford, who was killed in an ambuscade in King Philip's war.

1706. "A list of the Names of yr. Troopers which served vnder my comand to the releefe of Dunstable July the fourth seventeen hundred & six: Being seventy nine men two days with their sustenance." 28 names are given; including these of Chelmsford: Edward Spoldin, Samll. Chamberlin, Benone Periham, **John Colborn** (*2nd cousin 4 times removed of David Ezekiel Coburn*), James Button. [Lane papers.]

A Muster Roll of the Company in His Majesty's Service under the Command of Captain [1724?]: Jonathan Butterfield, Sergt., Dunstable; Joseph Richardson, Centinel; Joseph Bassow, Joseph Chamberlain, Wm. Chamberlain, Benj. Blochet, Timo. Spaulding, Wm. Spaulding, Zach. Spaulding (servant to John Davis), David Procter, John Hildrake, Joseph Reed, Nath. Emerson. Benj. Smith, Henry Farwell, Heny. Wright, Wm. Jeffs (serv't to John Spaulding), **Zach. Cobur, John Cobun, Thos. Coburn**, Jno. Peirce, John Wright, John Procter, Thos. Lane, Wm. Richardson, Thos. Chamberlain, Zach. Stevens, Wm. Gasson (servt to Benj. Robbins). [Massachusetts Archives, Vol. 91, pp. 66, 67.]

Chelmsford men under Capt. Eleazer Tyng of Dunstable from June 10 to Nov. 10, 1725:

Jona. Butterfield, Lieut.; Eph. Cory, Corp.; Henry Keyes, Corp.; Thos. Chamberlain, Jo. Chamberlain, John Bowers, Jona. Bowers, Aaron Hubbard, Alexander Kelsy, Josiah Cory, Robt. Miers, Jona. Spaulding, Benj. Blodget, Nathan Cross, Jabez Davis, John Usher, Benj. Chamberlain, Eph. Barrot, Saml. Adams, John Williams, Centinels; Robert Dickie, John Wright, John Kerkin, Samuel Lennox, John Kerkin, Tho. Bixby, Thomas Bixby, **Moses Colburn**, Ebr. Virgin.

[Massachusetts Archives, Vol. 91, p.193.]

Zacheus Blodgett in Capt. Hartwell's Company was killed by the Indians in 1748. His brother Oliver asked the Province Treasurer to pay the wages of Zacheus to **Capt. John Colburn** of Dracut.

[Massachusetts Archives, Vol. 73, p. 405.]

Thomas Stickney: (*x3*) *great-uncle of David Ezekiel Coburn*) Commanded the 'Speedwell' a transport vessel in the expedition against Cape Breton for His Majesty's garrison at Louisburg.

Jonathan Butterfields Co. in the intended Expedition against Canada, 1758:

Asa Merrill, Asa Kimball, Nehemiah Blogget, Isaac Warren, Oliver Wright, John Taylor, Junr, Jonathan Hildreth, John Mears, John Warren, Junr, Simeon Goold, Isaiah Corey, John Knowlton, Saml. Merrill, Danl. Foster, Benj. Chamberlain, Gideon Fletcher, James Haywood, Saml. Danforth, John WilHams, Robert Scott, Simeon Wood, Danl. Clough, **Caleb Coburn**, John Didson, Ebenezer Larrance, Moses Richardson, Ambrus Emery, Saml. Hawood, Ebenezer Kitterage, Robt. Gifhn, Charles McLayn, Jonas Farmer, David Bennet, John Rollings, Elathan Sawtell, Wm. Needham, Jesse French, Wm. Bowers, Charles Barron, Peter Procter, Junr, Peter Procter, Ezekiel Kemp, Amziah Hildreth, Zebadiah Kyes, Edw. Spaulding, Pellitiah Whitmore, Abijah Goold, Rice Knowlton, Andrew Foster, Thos. Byam, Jacob Spaulding, Junr., Samuel Fletcher, Joel Manning, Saml. McClure, Joel Parkhurst, Aron Chamberlin, **Zachariah Coburn**, Danl. Clement, Jonathan Jewett, James Sawyer, Benj. Kemp, Josiah Hubbart, Medad Combs, John Coary, Jonathan Larrance, Danl. Nuting, Simeon Green, James Sunders, Jun., Nicholas Sprake, Thos. Kitterage, Henry Foster, Josiah Johnson, Junr., Robt. Morrel, Benj. Bowers, Timo. Farley, Wm. Parry, John Chamberlain, John Adams, Joseph Walker, Timo. Read, Junr., Robt. Blod, Junr., Benj. Swallow, Joseph Parkhurst, Jonas Spaulding, Oliver Hall, Jona. French, Thos. Peckock, Ebenezer Fisk, Jun., Andrew Richardson, Jun., John Richardson, Stephen Wood, Saml. Crosby.

[Massachusetts Archives, Vol. 96, p. 134-5.]

