THE REAL CANADIAN

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BY

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"Two Russian Reformers," etc.

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CHAPTER I.

THE EVOLUTION OF CANADA.

IT seems only the other day that English people were rubbing their eyes in happy bewilderment over the Elections in Canada. In this country the question of reciprocity appeared to be one of economics pure and simple, but the result of the Canadian Election seemed to involve a question of something else. It did involve a question of something else. The ordinary Canadian voter did not cast a bread and butter vote at that Election. Rightly or wrongly, wisely or unwisely, he was thinking of something wholly different. And whether for good or for evil, his vote was historic in, perhaps, a far deeper sense, than he himself realised.

But here, in England, it did dawn upon many that this hard people of the North, who have been called so often the Scotsmen of America, were actually clinging to a tradition, instead of seeking for an increase in prosperity. Undoubtedly, something alien from economics, something suggestive of the soul of a people, vibrated through the humdrum, matter-of-fact medium of the ballot-box. Whether it was or was not an economically shrewd

decision, time alone can prove. But its generosity interested the British people, who are unaccustomed to associate sentiment with tariffs, or to deem it possible that the average citizen of the Empire can feel any emotion about the flag of England beyond the facile thrill of the music hall.

Facts, even those of sentiment, are facts, and it might be not uninteresting to examine, link by link, the long chain of cause and effect which has led through Canadian history to this momentous and spontaneous decision. It was given, it must be remembered, by the representatives of those two great European races who fought desperately for the mastership of Canada. It was given by the fellow-countrymen of both Wolfe and Montcalm. For, at this cross-roads of the Dominion's history, French Canada has definitely associated herself with the national verdict against any economic change that might indirectly tend to sever the Dominion from the British connection.

Now, whatever might have been the ultimate result, the average Canadian undoubtedly detected immediate commercial benefit in the nearer market. But he rejected deliberately that benefit. English and French Canadians alike rejected what they must have believed to be for their own personal advantage. In order to understand this seemingly enigmatic decision, one must glance back at other momentous decisions in the stern traditions of this new nation. Of what breed are they, who, in this twentieth century can so overwhelmingly reject what seems to be their financial interest for the sake of an idea? What is the origin of this almost romantic devotion

to an ideal on the part of the hardest and most practical people on this planet? Its origin lies in the roots of Canadian history. For, this is not the first time that Canadians have turned their backs upon what seemed to be the easy and pleasant road. And French Canada has elected to follow the same trail. It is no idle boast, the familiar saying, that the last shot fired in defence of the British Empire, will be from a French Canadian rifle.

The two once hostile races have evolved a unanimous nation. And this fashioning of a nation, not in mediæval times, but, so to speak, under the full glare of newspaper modernity, is one of the most remarkable events in modern history. Side by side, the two races have been shaped and modified and strengthened by that implacable environment in which only the fittest, in an actual and to a certain extent, pre-commercial sense, may hope to survive. This environment has traced its lines of national experience upon Anglo-Saxon and Latin alike. Neither is exactly a Briton, or a Frenchman, as we recognise them on this side of the Atlantic. But this exile of generations has, in each case, intensified rather than weakened the stamp of race. The citizen of Ontario belongs to the British type as truly as any son of Devon or Kent. The Island's inheritance is his; her traditions are his; her responsibilities are becoming his. But he has undoubtedly borne, again in the pre-commercial sense, a far fiercer and more elemental pressure of environment than his brothers of these islands. Elemental nature has confronted him, unveiled and undisguised, from the beginning. For generation

after generation he has been compelled to rely only upon himself. If the people of Great Britain are the individualists of Europe, the English-speaking Canadians may be considered the individualists of the British Empire. The seeds of degeneracy and effeminacy are sterile in that unpolluted air. The men of the North have found their natural homes in the environment of the North. Not only natural surroundings but heredity also have made them what they are. Quite recently, Lord Grey, who knows Canada so well, explained this Canadian virility by certain most significant figures: "Whereas 77 per cent. of the emigrants to the United States are, it seems, drawn from southern and eastern Europe, and only 23 per cent. from the north; no less than 71 per cent. of Canadian immigrants came from the British Isles and northern Europe, and only 29 per cent. from the south."

But the spirit of Canada—the dominating spirit of the Dominion—may be said to have expressed itself long before these immigrations. On September 16th, 1620, bound vaguely for some point on the shore of the Hudson, there sailed an apparently unimportant little vessel, that brought from Southampton Water to the New World a magnificent idea, wholly foreign to the annals of emperors and kings. The exiles on the "Mayflower" had been driven from country to country, but never for a moment did they lose their fidelity to the land of their birth. Even on board, the "Pilgrim Fathers" were brutally treated, and their captain, Jones by name, was probably acting treacherously when he headed the vessel for the point of Cape Cod. It seemed to some

of them that there would be an end of all authority as soon as they landed, and this view was perfectly natural. The Virginia Company could confer no rights whatever in New England, because it possessed none. The King of England had merely a general claim and no actual authority over this territory. Far from having had any power delegated to them, the Pilgrims had not even been authorised to enter the country. It is no wonder that some of these poor people imagined that on landing each one of them must be a law unto himself. For, whatever rights the Pilgrims might have claimed, would become null and void as soon as they landed beyond the limits of the Virginia Company. Loyal as they were to the sovereignty of James I., no shadow of protection could come to them from him. From the moment that they landed north of 41 deg. north latitude, it seemed that they must become mere straggling units on a desolate unknown coast.

But there were leaders of men on board the "Mayflower," and by a stroke of moral genius, an unorganised group of wanderers was transformed in the ship's cabin into a commonwealth. There had been nothing like it since the beginning of history. "The Swiss Republic," writes Goodwin, "was an aristocracy of birth, the Dutch Republic an aristocracy of wealth. Our English yeomen and artisans could not have founded the one or the other; but the twelve leaders who were distinguished among their fellows by the then significant title of 'master' would have been commended by the best English and Continental sentiment of their day if they had claimed official and social superiority. Their nobility

showed itself in anticipating the day when 'just and equal laws' adopted and administered by the people, should govern great nations." It is of the descendants of these exiles that the great Chatham exclaimed: "Three millions of people, the genuine descendants of a valiant and pious ancestry, driven to those deserts by the narrow maxims of superstitious tyranny, cannot be conquered." The American of to-day seems to have travelled a very long way from the profound simplicity of that ship's cabin charter of liberty. The American people, expanding in a thousand directions, adjusting themselves to new views and new needs, are no longer permeated by the New England spirit. Something of that spirit, however, has unquestionably survived in the Dominion of Canada.

And the spirit of the "Mayflower," with the same direct simplicity and the same incalculable steadfastness of intention, was to express itself historically at another crisis in the development of the New World. Time had passed, and the Stuarts had yielded place to the House of Hanover without any change in the Mother-country's attitude towards her exiled children. The colonists determined to become a nation. The historic quarrel needs no new comment, explanation, apology, or apologia. The prestige of the winning cause swept over the whole world like flame. The War of Independence became one of national life, and it was the living national spirit of a people that wrung the famous sentence from the lips of Chatham. Victory permeated the whole atmosphere of national life. It was a period of triumphant exaltation, the exaltation of youth and justice and victory. The people as a

whole acclaimed the appeal to arms, and history has not reversed the decision.

But on the Continent of America there survived something yet deeper, sterner and more tenacious in its persistence, even than the national spirit of independence. And, as though the very spirit of the "Mayflower" cabin, after having been lulled during a long interval of tranquillity, had leaped into sudden life in the moment of danger, a little group of people clung with dogged loyalty to George III. A little group of people turned their backs upon the winning cause that must assuredly bring to its followers the spoils of war. Unquestioningly, faithfully, the United Empire Loyalists adhered to those traditions of their race, which to them were as the very life-blood in their veins.

Consider their position in a country already lashed and spurred into the rage of war. At the time they appeared sullen traitors, who were deserting their country in the hour of her supreme need. At the time, they appeared gloomy fanatics, who clung stupidly to a threadbare fetish. At the time, they appeared ignorant people, who were incapable of grasping the meaning of that magnificent inheritance which the young America was claiming by right of justice and force of arms. But in the face of this overwhelming public opinion, in the teeth of this national conviction, and in spite of every shape and form of obloquy and insult, the United Empire Loyalists abandoned the winning cause. For the sake of an ideal they forsook their country and their homes. For the sake of an ideal they faced the unknown wilderness to the North in the same spirit that the

little handful of people on board the "Mayflower" had faced the menace of a desolate and homeless coast. Once more the icy terrors of the unknown haunted the trail of a band of English-bred exiles, who had remained faithful to an English King thousands of miles away. And they were orderly and disciplined in their exodus. The spirit of the "Mayflower's" cabin renewed itself in them. The ideas of self-government, self-control and self-respect remained with them. The scorn of their fellow-countrymen, the insults of old friends, the loss of their possessions, all these things weighed as nothing in the balance against that uncalculated and incalculable tradition that bound the island-blood for ever to the island-flag. "You cannot conquer America," exclaimed the great Chatham, but there was something in America in those bygone days even more unconquerable than the American spirit of revolt.

Nothing could break the United Empire Loyalists, and they would not bend. And so, in imagination, one follows these descendants of exiles, who have so sternly renewed the tradition of exile. They pierced their way northward into the vague unknown beyond their frontier with the same steadfastness that the Pilgrim Fathers had shown in the exploration of Cape Cod. But, even in imagination, it is difficult to re-construct the Canadian wilderness of those days, the wilderness which seemed to be the natural heritage of the Red Indian hunter. And before considering the moulding pressure of this environment upon the Red Indian, we must, first of all, glance at the settlement of another European race in what is now the Dominion of Canada.

The migration of the United Empire Loyalists formed the basis of the settlement of the Province of Ontario. In a yet more actual sense, the migration of French peasants in the reign of Louis XIV. had formed a nucleus of the settlement of the Province of Quebec. The representatives of each race, while becoming Canadians, have remained in many ways respectively more British and more French than their kinsmen beside the Thames and beside the Seine. For, just as the typically British-bred inhabitants of Ontario retain, perhaps more tenaciously than the British themselves, the old bull-dog instincts of the race, so the Frenchmen on the banks of the St. Lawrence has clung lovingly to old customs and old habits of thought long since abandoned in France. Often extremely hostile to the French point of view, in matters of religion and politics, the French Canadian has preserved in his transplanted home the old faith of his forefathers, the old gaiety and frugal contentment.

The environment of Canada, receiving a British stock of a special kind, tempered like the finest steel, tried, proved, experienced through the oppression of men, and the still more remorseless pressure of nature, had yet further moulded and shaped them to an almost unequalled potentiality for resistance. The isolated law-makers in the cabin of the "Mayflower" divined that they were the founders of a nation. The United Empire Loyalists, following grimly the lonely trail of exile, also divined that they were no mere band of forsaken immigrants. With them there had entered the wilderness of the North, something of the very life-

blood of that imperial race, whose instinct it is to control the lonely frontiers of the earth. They came to Ontario, not to rid themselves of an old burden, but rather to unite themselves still closer to the British flag, even in the bitter hour of its defeat. With these traditions, it is no wonder that it is superfluous to speak of Canadian loyalty in the Province of Ontario.

Under wholly dissimilar conditions of origin the results are, in many respects, curiously similar in the Province of Quebec. The Frenchman is by nature neither pilgrim nor wanderer. To him, the pleasant land of France is all sufficing. He loves the actual earth of France, as the English love the prestige of England. Torn from France, these regretful French settlers on what Voltaire with such idle flippancy called *quelques arpents de neige* transferred their earth-love to the soil of New France. To no small extent their descendants are the same in their attitude to-day.

The man of Ontario has a radius of imagination which extends to the farthest frontier of the Empire; the man of Quebec remains first and last a French Canadian of a French-speaking Province. The Dominion of Canada was the natural and inevitable result of the one tendency; the concentrated nationality of one Province, was the equally inevitable result of the other. Each representative, however, is Canadian. The inhabitant of Quebec is as loyal to the British connection as the inhabitant of Ontario. That flag protects everything that is most sacred to him and his. He does not aspire to that almost derisive freedom of thought, which makes

the Parisian almost an object of dread to him. Frugal as he is, he knows nothing of that sinister parsimony which threatens so seriously the birth-rate of France. The French Canadian has been, and remains, a devout adherent to the Roman Catholic faith. He is also essentially a Pater-familias, and one who revels in a long list of sons and daughters. In these two most important respects, he is the very antithesis of the modern Frenchman. And though the French Canadian still feels a certain loving pride in "*La Mère des armes, des arts, et des loix*" he knows well that it is not the tricolor, but the Union Jack which defends him from the alien innovations that he abhors.

Uprooted from France, the French Canadian took deep root in the new soil, clinging with strange tenacity to a way of looking at things that has long been obsolete beside the Seine. England has allowed him to remain a Frenchman of Old France in the New World and that, he firmly believes, is a privilege that would have been denied to him by the Republic of France. It follows then, in logic and in fact, that the French Canadian of the twentieth century, from motives of enlightened self-interest, is as loyal to the British Flag as the descendants of those devoted people who abandoned everything they had in the world for its sake.

But the people who were first moulded by the stern environment of Canada were neither French nor British, but Red Indians, and in order to realise the evolution of Canada as a nation, we must at least glance at the great Dominion as it existed long before Louis XIV. permitted French emigrants

to people New France. Moreover, in this composite Canadian spirit, to which alien nationalities have, *without amalgamating*, contributed their energy, their daring, and their tenacity, there has always survived a sub-stratum of that silent endurance which made the Red man master, after his own fashion, of the primeval wilderness.

In the course then, of this enquiry, we shall glance back at the country as it appeared in 1534, to Jacques Cartier. The Breton sailor had discovered the future Dominion and it remained for a French King to colonize it in the French fashion. That fashion was at once, patriarchal and aristocratic, and the French seigneur continued to live by the St. Lawrence, much as he had lived by the Rhône or the Garonne. France, in brief, endeavoured to re-produce her own civilization, absolutely unmodified by the changed conditions of the New World. Such an experiment was, in the larger sense, bound to fail. It was not only the gallant Wolfe who conquered the equally gallant Montcalm; it was the principle of elastic progress that triumphed over a stereotyped régime.

British rule in Canada, meant the open door for all, in the widest possible sense. It meant, without violence, and without rhetoric, the principle of democracy combined with the unity of empire, and under it an influx of different nationalities was bound to pour into the virgin territories of the West. The transplanted New England spirit co-operated, again *without amalgamation*, with this new Western spirit, which must always be taken into account in any enquiry concerning the individuality

of Canada as a nation. For, to-day the Dominion is becoming a crucible for the testing of the various Continental races in very much the same sense that the United States was once a crucible. Here, under modern conditions—economic pressure added to the increased pressure of environment—Teuton, Latin and Slav meet once more in the old international struggle for existence. And this spirit of the West is of importance in any composite picture of Canadian nationality, for, in it, most of all, the life germs of future development are to be found. We shall glance then, at the varied expressions of racial life-force in Canada, to which some of the best stocks in the whole world have contributed, and from all these conflicting, opposing and alien forces, we shall arrive at something at least approximate to a resultant—an estimate of the Canadian people as a whole, regarded, as they must always be regarded as a powerful and self-conscious nation.

This resultant, however, will not be found in any type of amalgamated nationalities. The modern Canadian is a distinct type, but he is not a fusion, for example, of English and French stocks. Similarly, the French Canadian is a distinct type from the Frenchman, and yet he is but little modified by Anglo-Saxon influence. Each is Canadian; each has contributed to the Canadian spirit; each has conformed to the fierce testing of environment, which has weeded out the weak of every nationality from the Dominion of Canada.

CHAPTER II.

HUGUENOTS IN FLORIDA.

LATIN and Teuton alike, through the centuries, have approached the Red Indian as instructors. The French have wished to win his soul from eternal punishment and the English have regarded him, with a greater attention to the affairs of this world, in the light of "the white man's burden." But from the beginning of these invasions from the Old World, the Indian undoubtedly adhered to his own point of view.

In 1744, at the Treaty of Lancaster, between the Five Nations and Virginia, the white Commissioners informed the Red man that their Government was willing to educate a certain number of Indian youths at Williamsburg. The Iroquois spokesman expressed his appreciation of the proposal but maintained that the white man's education, of which his race was not without experience, impaired the native Iroquois virility: "Several of our young people were formerly brought up at the colleges of the Northern provinces, they were instructed in all your sciences, but when they came back to us they were bad runners, ignorant of every means of living in the woods, unable to bear either cold or hunger, knew neither how to build a cabin, take a deer, or kill an enemy, spoke our language imperfectly, were, therefore, neither fit for hunters, warriors or councillors; they were totally good for nothing. We are not, however, the less obliged by your kind offer, though we decline accepting it, and to show our grateful sense of it, if

the gentlemen of Virginia send us a dozen of their sons we will take great care of their education, instruct them in all we know *and make men of them.*"

A generation or so later, the famous Mohawk, Thayendanegea, expressed admirably the national point of view, which, although the Red Indian's position has become extremely modified by paternal government, survives even to this day. The Indian, in short, through his great Chiefs from Hiawatha to Pontiac, and from Pontiac to that eloquent daughter of a Mohawk Chief, Miss Pauline Johnson, has been singularly faithful to his early aspirations.

There have been innumerable theories as to the origin of the American Indians, and the Red man's early history is almost as mysterious as that of the gipsy. But in Canada, at least, they became a highly specialised fixed type, and they left upon Canadian history a permanent impress, which is too often ignored by globe-trotters, who see in the Dominion a brand new country, ripe for this or that latest phase of exploitation. The Indian and, in particular, the Iroquois, is a veritable Canadian, and even a cursory glance at the history of Canada shows that he was accustomed to teach as well as to learn from the white invader. Whatever else he was, or was not, he was undubitably a product of the Canadian environment, and in him also, there breathed the spirit of Canada.

Quite recently, a brilliant Frenchman, casting a *coup d'oeil* over our modern civilisation, detected as its most significant quality a certain stoicism, from which is engendered the very closest self-observation. Over and over again that stoicism has been severely

tested, and when it has responded with unemotional fortitude, every one of us has realised gratefully that the chain of the centuries still bears. In the cosmopolitan outlook of to-day, the intellectual curiosity and imaginative power of the Athenian have yielded place to that Roman *virtus* which meant so much more and so much less than virtue. That, rather than the genius of the Greek, remains the ideal, and it is of that man thinks to-day, when he asks himself, whether in him also the brute may not be stirring faintly. We who have gone so far forward, have none the less reverted for inspiration to that one significant quality by which every world-race has been tested through the centuries. It was, to no small extent, the religion of the Roman, and it was no less the religion of the Five Nations.

The Iroquois had his faults. He was inhumanly cruel, treacherous, incapable of progress as Europeans understand it. But so far as this one quality is concerned, the Iroquois could enter proudly the Valhalla of any race on earth. The Iroquois bound, burnt, tortured his enemy, and jeered at his sufferings which he prolonged for his own enjoyment. And as the life-blood oozed at last slowly away, the Iroquois, if his victim had shown no flicker of cowardice, would devour his heart, so as to receive new courage. And then, when his own turn came and he was bound, gagged and lacerated by mocking torturers, he would face them scornfully through the long hours, and it was his proud tradition that his last gasp of breath should be used not in an appeal for mercy, but only to lash his enemies to yet further futile cruelty by his faint dying insults.

The Iroquois was what Parkman has called him, "the Indian of Indians." He was the most adaptable of all the native races to environment and with his eight clans, each claiming descent from a common mother, and each conspicuous by distinctive toten, he conquered in turn all his rivals, including the milder and more tractable Huron.

Among the Indians, a clanship was a development of the family, and their government was exercised solely by Councils. Hunting and war were here discussed in minute detail; and scattered through the intricate history of the Dominion, we find the long conclaves of the Five Nations as they hesitate as to which of the white races it would be wisest to scalp during the approaching season of war.

Licentious in morals, the Indian, and particularly the Iroquois, clung tenaciously to all the rites, usages and festivals of his race. Even in their greatest days, the Iroquois numbered scarcely more than 12,000 people, and they increased, after the ancient Roman custom, their tribal family by adoption. Thus, when they had glutted their almost insatiable appetite for torture and death, they permitted what was left of their prisoners of war to become members of one or other of the Iroquois families. The hunting-ground, the war-path, the council, the feast, these things the Indian knew and loved, and for him they were surrounded by an atmosphere of fetish worship little less concrete and material than his own terrible proclivities. For the abstract he cared nothing, but he loved the trail of the forest, the long languor of the lakes, so easily stirred to storm, the rage of the war-path and the carouse of

the wigwam. Such as he was, the wilds of Canada had fashioned him through the centuries, and the Iroquois was the finished product of this nomadic civilization. It was the Iroquois who held the balance between the two great rival races who fought for Canada. It was the Iroquois who perfected Indian warfare, and both the French and the English were in turn compelled to learn the secret of those forest onrushes, against which Braddock and so many other gallant Europeans charged so hopelessly.

But neither the French nor the English were the first foreign race encountered by the Indians in the New World. One hundred and thirty-two years before Marquette's discovery of the Mississippi, the Spaniards had made their way to the great river, and had vaguely claimed as Spanish Florida a territory extending from the Gulf of Mexico and the River of Palms to the Polar Sea.

More intensely, even than France, Spain stood for the Latin idea of conquest and colonization. In his own person, Philip II. interpreted all those arrogant dreams of booty and aggrandisement that had lured so many Spanish adventurers into the Red man's hunting-ground. One single idea dominated the Spain of Philip II., the idea of ecclesiastical authority. In France this was not quite the case, for through that country there vibrated the protest of the Huguenots, among whom were to be found Montmorency, Condé, Navarre and, above all, Gaspar de Coligny. To that great soldier an appeal on behalf of the French Protestants was made by Nicolas Durand de Villegagnon, a Knight of Malta.

The result was that two vessels left Havre on July 12th, 1555, and Villegagnon entered the harbour of Rio de Janeiro, then called Gannabara, early in November. Huts and earth-works were at once erected, and with the curious certainty of limitless dominion that has always been shown by Latin explorers, this handful of adventurers upon the mere fringe of Brazil gave the name of Antarctic France to the whole continent; while their one possession on it, the little fort, was called Coligny.

Fort Coligny at Rio Janeiro, planted by French Protestants in 1555, is typical of French colonization in the New World up to the time of Montcalm's death on the Heights of Abraham. It is true that Villegagnon welcomed to the fort, not the followers of Loyola, but the disciples of Calvin, and that for him the autocracy of Rome was superseded by the dogma of Geneva. None the less, the attempt at colonization was essentially French. The isolated colonists were all possessed by the idea of holding a fort rather than building homes for themselves in the wilderness. They were dependent upon France from the beginning, and only too soon, half-starved and desperate, a band of ministers were waiting for a vessel to convey them back to their own country. Villegagnon himself sailed for France soon afterwards, leaving his unhappy Colony to its fate, and before the end of 1558, Fort Coligny, with Gannabara, was captured by the Portuguese in spite of the supposed protection of the French flag for Antarctic France.

The second Huguenot expedition under Jean Ribaut, of Dieppe, which sailed from Havre on

February 18th, 1562, was equally unfortunate. In the wilds of Florida a haven was found and called Port Royal, and a fort established in due course, which was named Charlesfort, after that son of Catherine de Medici who was to inaugurate the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Then, after leaving thirty men to garrison a country in which there was no white man, from Mexico to the Arctic Circles, Ribaut, in his turn, sailed for France.

The Indians, who had feared and hated the Spaniards, were inclined to like the French Huguenots, just as years afterwards the Red men of Quebec were inclined to like the French Jesuits. Ribaut had given strict orders that they should be well treated, and the French fraternised with them quite easily. Nothing, indeed, illustrates better the French attitude towards the Indians in the New World than this second Huguenot expedition of 1562.

Chiefs, warriors and squaws welcomed them gladly, but they could not long regard them as veritable "Children of the Sun." The Indians had been prepared to revere them, but they found that impossible, and were content to regard them as friends amply endowed with their own weaknesses. But French prestige undoubtedly declined in Florida just as it was afterwards to decline in Quebec, and the garrison of Port Royal were soon driven to build a vessel in order to escape with their lives.

The following year, however, René de Laudonnière commanded another expedition, mainly Huguenot, which anchored off the River of May, now the St. John's. The Indians received the new comers with delight and Satouriona, a famous Chief,

accepted the French leader at once as a brother in arms, who would aid him against his inveterate rival, Outina. This situation is to repeat itself through French Canadian history. Pleasure loving, taking naturally to the life of the woods, understanding with quick facility the Indian point of view, the newly landed Frenchman lent his sword gaily to the unknown cause of this unknown potentate. Once more a fort is erected, and once more it receives a name associated with Charles IX.

This fort, however, was on such an imposing scale, that it was only the assurance of Laudonnière that he would help him against Outina, that lulled his suspicions of it.

And now on a small scale we find the whole tendency of French diplomacy with the Indians already evident. Three rival potentates, Satouriona, Outina and Potanou claimed the attention of the Frenchman. Each represented a rival confederacy and each did his best to secure the esteem of Fort Caroline. Plots and conspiracies grew naturally in this atmosphere. A mutiny broke out, but was promptly quelled, though the Colony was soon reduced to a state of semi-starvation. In spite of their treaty with Satouriona, the French had helped Outina and they arrested that potentate in order to compel the Indians to give them supplies, but this ransom came in slowly and Outina himself warned them of their grave peril. A little later a ship was sighted and the French wondered whether she was from their enemies in Spain or from Coligny, just as long afterwards in Quebec they were to wonder again and again if a ship on the unshadowed

waters of the St. Lawrence were flying the flag of England or that of old France. This ship was sailed by Sir John Hawkins, and he offered Laudonnière a free passage for himself and his men to their own country. The French commander declined the courtesy, whereupon Hawkins offered to sell one of his smaller ships and accepted the cannon of Fort Caroline in lieu of purchase money. After a friendly farewell, Hawkins sailed away and, just as the French were in the very act of departure, Jean Ribaut arrived with seven ships and the colony was saved for the time being. But as Ribaut's flag-ship anchored in the quiet night, there floated lazily through the darkness a large, grim vessel flying the flag of Spain. General Pedro Menendez, the veritable hound of Spain, had anchored near the mouth of the River of May, and had sighted gloatingly the little squadron of Jean Ribaut. But before the pious Spaniard entered upon his work a short parleying ensued between him and the French during which a most significant question was "Are you Catholics or Lutherans"? A chorus of voices answered "Lutherans of the New Religion." Whereupon the General of the Spanish Fleet uttered the warning of Spain: "At daybreak I shall board your ships, and if I find there any Catholic, he shall be well treated, but every heretic shall die." The Huguenots answered with insult, and the Spaniard attacked them there and then, but the French escaped in the darkness and Menendez was left free to turn his attention to Fort Caroline. He took formal possession of the territory, and setting gangs of negros to work with pick and shovel, he laid the

foundation of the oldest town in the United States —St. Augustine.

Fort Caroline, stripped of its cannon, was practically defenceless and although the Spaniards were themselves almost at the last extremity they had no difficulty in capturing it. The massacre that followed was worthy of the Iroquois, and Menendez is said to have hanged many of his prisoners on trees and to have placed this inscription over them: "I do this, not as to Frenchmen, but as to Lutherans." On September 25th, 1565, the broken remnant of the French garrison set sail for their own country. In the meantime, Jean Ribaut's ships, which had been prevented by a storm from attacking the Spaniards, were endeavouring to reach Fort Caroline. The Adelantado, however, sighted the fires of the ship-wrecked men, many of whom were searching the shore for shell-fish to appease their hunger. Menendez put on the clothes of a sailor and rowed out to investigate their condition. By a Frenchman who was swimming out to meet him he was imformed that all were followers of Jean Ribaut and Lutheran.

Menendez informed the French that their fort had been taken, and that the garrison had been destroyed. He then told the French Captain that he would befriend all Catholics, but that he was commissioned to wage deadly war against all of the new sect. But he concluded with this subtle suggestion of mercy: "If you will give up your arms and banners, and place yourselves at my mercy you may do so, and I will act towards you as God shall give me grace. Do as you will, for other than this you can have neither truce nor friendship with me."

The French were compelled to yield and Menendez took their officers aside and told them that owing to their numbers it was necessary for them to enter the Spanish camp with their hands tied. And so, as the different parties landed from the French ships, each man was given food, and after that his hands were tied behind his back. Menendez walked in front until he came to a very quiet place where he halted. He explained his reason to the Sovereign of his country: "I had their hands tied behind their backs and themselves put to the sword. It appeared to me that, by thus chastising them, God, our Lord, and your Majesty were served! whereby in future this evil sect will leave us more free to plant the gospel in these parts."

Spanish piety had fulfilled at least one of its missions in the New World and Phillip II. thoroughly endorsed the exploit of his representative. It is no wonder that the Indians, who were themselves a "murder-loving race," were occasionally awed by the superior butchery of Spain. This last atrocity, however, was to be followed by the flashing vengeance of Dominique de Gourgues. Whether this proud Gascon was or was not a Huguenot is uncertain, but he had tasted the mercy of the Spaniards as a galley slave chained to the oar. Captured by the Turks he had continued as a galley slave, until at last the Maltese Knights made him free to seek out his old enemies once more. He it was who avenged the massacre of Fort Caroline and Spanish prisoners were led to the very trees upon which Menendez had placed that inscription, "Not as to the Frenchmen, but as to Lutherans." Gourgues had them hanged

on those trees and over them was nailed an inscription, "Not as to Spaniards, but as to traitors, robbers and murderers."

But Gourgues was merely an emissary of vengeance. He understood colonization in the Anglo-Saxon sense even less than any of the Huguenot leaders. The Indians, and the Indians alone, remained the natural inhabitants of that vague territory stretching from Mexico to the Pole, which was so lightly claimed for the flag of this or that European king. So far as the Indian had been capable of liking any foreign people he had liked the French, and this attitude was to be repeated down the centuries in the harder countries of the North. These two Latin peoples, different in so many ways had been alike in this; they had been gold-hunters and explorers as opposed to colonists and builders of homes. French sympathy, French gallantry, the hardihood of French curiosity never really overcame this inalienable attitude of the Latin temperament. Again and again at different crises of Canadian history one imagines that New France is about to be welded together under the *fleur de lys* in the same sense that the Province of Quebec has been welded under the English flag. But again and again the whole structure seems to crumble before our eyes and the skeletons of great empires become only repetitions on a larger scale of Fort Coligny, Charlesfort and Fort Caroline. The theory of religious intolerance persisted and Louis XIV. was quite willing to pursue in New England a policy, but little less infamous than that of Phillip II. in Florida.

Again and again, religion accepts the homage of

massacre, and prayer is offered as a substitute for labour. And again and again, the diplomacy of the Old World fails to support the desperate struggles of the New. Even this French avenger met with a cold reception from the King of France, who truckled ignobly to the Spaniards. Gourgues, indeed, might have died in debt and obscurity had not Queen Elizabeth invited him to enter her service, after which his Sovereign restored him to favour. Finally, Don Antonio offered him the command of his fleet in his war against Phillip II. for the Crown of Portugal. Delighted at the chance of once more fighting the Spaniards Gourgues accepted eagerly and was on his way to meet the Portuguese prince when he died at Tours. Menendez, too, died suddenly, and rumour, in all probability false, has claimed that he committed suicide.

In any case, his work was accomplished. The French Huguenot had been beaten from the West, always with the assistance, active or passive, of the King of France. It remained for him to endeavour to establish himself in the North, but here again he was to be foiled by stubborn opposition at home. In the opinion of many, the history of North America would have been wholly different, if the Huguenots had been allowed to establish themselves in New France. It may be so, but these early adventures on the Coast of Florida suggest that religion has but little to do with the form and manner of French colonization, though it undoubtedly affects the colonists' evolution no less than his compatriots' at home. For the Huguenots, in their good points and in their bad, in their brilliant qualities and in

their weaknesses, were, first and last, essentially Frenchmen. And through the centuries in this New World their initial failure in colonisation was but too surely to be repeated by their compatriots of another faith.

The Frenchman was at all times willing to fight and to explore, to meet the Indian on equal terms, and even occasionally to compete with him, feathered and naked, in the howling warfare of his forests. He took to the woods as a young Viking took to the sea, and he became a trader, less from love of gain than from the joy of life as a *coureur de bois.* And as the generations succeeded, and he passed from a Frenchman to a French Canadian, he certainly adapted himself admirably, in the concentrated Latin way, to that stern environment of which up till then, the Iroquois was undoubtedly the most finished masterpiece.

Contact with Europeans in Florida had but little influence on the Red man who, however, respected the Spaniard for his murderous kinship with himself, while he liked the Frenchman for his national amiability. England was only too eager to slip in between these Latin rivals for the Western Hemisphere, and as time passed, the Indians of Canada were to respect the English, while at the same time persisting in their curious, unbought sympathy for the sons of France. The Huguenot excursions into Florida, indeed, foreshadow the coming history of British North America. But as yet the Indians, and the Indians alone, guarded in their haphazard way the fortunes of the wilderness that was to become the Dominion of Canada.

CHAPTER III.

THE ENGLISH VISIT ACADIA.

YET only five years after the discovery of Columbus, John Cabot, probably Genoese by birth, and certainly Venetian by citizenship, had discovered the coast of British North America, and with his son had penetrated the following year, on his second voyage, as far south as Spanish Florida. The Bristol ships had been on the old quest for a passage to Cathay, but as they had failed in that, and had brought back neither gold nor silver nor spices, but little interest was taken in their discovery, though on these voyages rested England's historic claim to Canada. France's first claim to North America was based on the expedition of the Florentine, Giovanni da Verrazano in 1524, though Breton sailors were to be found on the coast of Cape Breton at least twenty years before that date. Both these claims, however, were more or less nebulous, and the real discoverer of Canada was, unquestionably, Jacques Cartier, of St. Malo, who, in 1534, went boldly in search of Cabot's "new found isle." Cartier, passing through the Straits of Belleisle, believed himself to be on the veritable route for Cathay, but as the weather was bad, the expedition returned to France, bringing as specimens of the new country two young Indians whom the French had treacherously trapped.

The following year Cartier, duly commissioned by Francis I., set out to claim the north of America,

heedless of that preposterous Bull by which Alexander VI. had consigned the whole continent to the Spaniards. The Indians of the North received Cartier in much the same spirit of kindly curiosity that the Indians of the South were to receive Ribaut. The entrapped Indians were on board and were employed as pilots. Their kinsmen naturally questioned them about their adventures in the Old World, after which the great Chief, Donnacona, received Cartier much as Satouriona was to receive René de Laudonnière. Then came harangues and feastings, from which Cartier at length escaped to make explorations further up the river. He was soon in sight of Quebec, which was then a mere nest of wigwams called Stadaconé and owned by Donnacona, whose kingdom extended as far as the Isle des Coudres. Next came the kingdom Canada, which extended to the Island of Montreal, on which stood the village of Hochelaga. Cartier spent a day or two at the Isle des Coudres some fifty miles below Quebec, and here he partook of hazel nuts which he found "as large and better tasting than those of France, though a little harder."

The Indians urged their visitors not to push on to Montreal, and when they had failed to dissuade them, they tried to frighten them by despatching to the French ships three of their notorious devils, with black faces and long horns and arrayed in black and white dogskins. In the long conclave that followed, the Indians maintained that their god, Coudouagny, wished to warn the French against ascending the Great River, and that if they persisted in that course he would assuredly send down upon them snow and

tempest and drifting ice. But the Breton leader laughed at such threats, and early in the autumn arrived at the site of Montreal. Here, once more, he was received with curiosity rather than hostility, and the comedy between Indians and Frenchmen was played joyfully enough.

Cartier returned to Quebec and found that the Indians were still friendly, and, in spite of the hard winter, came every day to the little fort which had been erected by the French, plunging through the snow, "hardy as many beasts." Scurvy set in among the French and very soon twenty-five of the little band were dead, and only three or four in good health. Cartier nailed an image of the Virgin to a tree, and the exiles kneeling before it in the snow sang psalms and litanies. Meanwhile, the French leader had become suspicious of the Red men, and he allowed none of them to approach the fort. By chance, however, he met an Indian from whom he received a remedy for scurvy, which acted like magic and saved the remnant of the garrison. Cartier now determined to return to France, and to bring with him once more specimens of the New World. For this purpose he lured Donnacona and some of his chiefs into the fort, and on July 15th, 1536, sailed gaily back with them to St. Malo.

From the standpoint of colonization, the expedition had been negative, but it none the less roused the enthusiasm of the Sieur de Roberval, a noble of Picardy, who was only too pleased to accept the various parchment titles granted to him by his king in addition to equipment for five vessels, of which Cartier was Captain-General. Cartier was allowed to

search the prisons to find crews for his ships and colonists for this French Canada in which he had already endured so much. But Spanish jealousy was quickly roused, for Spain acknowledged only Portugal as her partner in the New World. None the less, Jacques Cartier put joyfully to sea on May 23rd, 1541, in spite of the fact that Donnacona and the other chiefs had all died within a year or two of landing in France. On arrival, he admitted the death of Donnacona, but told the Indians that the other chiefs had married in France, where they were received as seigneurs. He then sailed up the St. Lawrence and anchored at the mouth of the River Cape Rouge, near which the French found quartz crystals which they believed to be diamonds. The inevitable task of building forts was at once commenced, and when they were finished Cartier advanced to the rapids above Montreal, leaving the Vicomte de Beaupré in command of Charlesbourg-Rayal, of whose pretensions the Indians were already suspicious. Roberval himself had been detained in France, and it was not until April, 1542, that he sailed from Rochelle with his two hundred colonists.

On entering the harbour of St. John, the new Viceroy discovered to his amazement the ships of Cartier, who had already broken up his Colony in New France. Roberval ordered him to return to it, but the captain-general escaped with his vessels in the night bringing back with him to France his Cap Rouge diamonds and some specimens of sham gold. Probably exasperated at having been given a subordinate position, the great explorer had aban-

doned Canada for good, and was content to end his days near St. Malo in obscurity.

Deserted by his partner in the enterprise, the Viceroy sailed northward towards the desolate Isle of Demons, which lies north of Newfoundland. And now from out of this confusion of adventure there leaps suddenly into history one of those heroines of New France, who, from time to time, so graciously and so courageously light up these early annals of the wilderness. Among the Viceroy's party was his niece, Marguerite, and a gentleman, who had embarked on the expedition through love of her. The intrigue became only too obvious and her uncle, enraged by it, landed Marguerite on the haunted island with her old Norman nurse, gave them four arquebuses and left them to madness or death. The girl's lover, however, managed to secure ammunition and two more guns and leaping into the sea joined the forlorn pair. The story passes into legend. A child is born to Marguerite, and in the terrors of the incessant storm, angels and fiends are heard struggling for two human souls in this Island of Demons. Her lover died and very soon her child followed and after him the old Norman nurse. Marguerite was alone on the Isle of Demons. There were bears on the island as well as fiends and she killed no less than three of them, "all as white as an egg." After two years and five months of such desolation, a chance fishing craft approached the island and brought Marguerite back to her native land.

As for the Viceroy, he sailed on to Cap Rouge and with him were huddled together under a common roof, officers and nobles, soldiers and convicts,

labourers and artisans together with such women and children as had been brought out to share the dangers and privations of Cartier's deserted Colony. Famine came only too soon, and after famine, disease. Quarrels broke out and the whipping-post was soon found necessary. Roberval was as merciless to his subjects as he had been to his niece, and even the Indians are said to have been moved to pity by the plight of the little Colony. The end of Colony and Viceroy alike is shrouded in mystery, but there can be little doubt that Roberval died in France, and that the Colony dwindled away leaving to the wilderness and the Indians France's one foothold in an Empire of parchment.

Time passed, and another French noble took up the colonization of Canada. In his turn, the Marquis de la Roche accepted sonorous titles to an unmapped waste. In his turn, he was allowed to ransack the prisons of France so as to man the one small vessel which was to bring the Catholic religion to the Red Indians of Canada. In 1598, he landed with forty convicts on Sable Island off Nova Scotia after which, in the traditional French way, he began to explore with the most reliable of his followers. A gale caught him suddenly and swept him back across the Atlantic, while the isolated convicts waited despairingly, exactly as other bands of French exiles had waited and were to wait, for the return of their leaders. La Roche reached France in safety and the unfortunate convicts were eventually brought home and summoned to the presence of Henry IV. Clothed in shaggy skins and wearing long beards they stood before the monarch "like river gods of old times."

But they had brought valuable furs with them of which the pilot who had conducted them home had already seen fit to relieve them. The King ordered that they should be restored and granted them a bounty so that the convicts were in a position to carry on the fur-trade for themselves. But La Roche died in misery and poverty.

And now, Pontgravé, a St. Malo merchant, in conjunction with one Chauvin, a captain of the marine, received a patent to colonize Canada and an expedition, for once devoid of the idea of either religion or glory, left France for the difficult shores of Canada. These people wished to make money out of the fur-trade and a group of huts and storehouses were built at Tadoussac, at the mouth of the Saguenay, where sixteen men were left to collect the anticipated harvest of furs. Of these, before the first winter had passed, many were dead and the rest, wandering through the woods, were saved from starvation only by the Red man's charity.

Pontgravé, however, was fortunate enough to be joined by a man who summed up in his own person all the most daring and energetic qualities of the French temperament. This was no less a person than Samuel de Champlain, a captain of the French navy, who had seen much active service, and who was at once the most daring of explorers and the most zealous of Catholic gentlemen. Chauvin was now dead, but the Governor of Dieppe, Aymar de Chastes, that veteran who had been so faithful to the King, was anxious to devote his last years to advancing the flag of France and the Cross of Christ in those solitudes that had already swallowed up so

many ardent lives. He obtained from the French King a patent to make another attempt at establishing the fur-trade at Tadoussac, and Pontgravé was chosen to accompany the expedition on account of his knowledge of the country. Just at this time Champlain happened to return from the West Indies and met his old friend, de Chastes, who immediately induced him to join in the enterprise. Pontegravé and Champlain started forthwith from Honfleur only to find Tadoussac utterly deserted. They sailed past Quebec to the site of Montreal but the Hochelaga that Cartier had visited had quite disappeared, and only a few Algonquins were to be found in that once thriving Indian settlement. The explorers returned to France where they learnt the sad news that the old Governor of Dieppe was dead.

Heedless of the fate of Roberval and De La Roche, yet another gentleman of France, Pierre du Guast, Sieur de Monts, a gentleman-in-ordinary of the King's Chamber, light-heartedly accepted the lieutenant-generalship of Acadia with the monopoly of the fur-trade. The old company of de Chastes, however was preserved, and with it the inestimable services of Champlain. The usual elastic commission allowed De Monts to collect for his expedition idlers and vagabonds and, if he willed it, thugs and thieves. But among these ill-assorted immigrants was the indefatigable Baron de Poutrincourt, who was so typical of what one may call the worldly side of early French colonization. For the rest, though Huguenot ministers rubbed unwilling elbows with Catholic priests, and though De Monts was himself a follower of Calvin, this expedition, like

so many others, sailed under the protecting banner of the Church of Rome. We have now emerged into definite Canadian history. All the interests are represented in this expedition, and represented by French gentlemen who are admirably typical of the French at their best. We have De Monts, the Viceroy, holding this little corner of the great wilderness with all the centralized arrogance of a French King at Versailles. We have Poutrincourt embodying French gaiety and love of pleasure, but always careful of secular interests, and defending the rights of the fur-trade as tactfully as he can against the claims of the Church. And finally, we have the very heart of French history in Canada in Samuel Champlain, that tireless explorer to whom adventure was as wine and who so easily renewed that spell which for some reason or other the French noble, from the very first, had been able to throw over the Red Indian.

The expedition sailed on April 7th, 1604, and they were hardly out of the Harbour of Havre de Grâce before trouble ensued: "I have seen," notes Champlain, "our curé and the minister fall to with their fists on questions of faith. I cannot say which had the more pluck, or which hit the harder, but I know that the minister sometime complained to the Sieur de Monts that he had been beaten. This was their way of settling points of controversy. I leave you to judge if it was a pleasant thing to see."

Pontgravé had remained in France, but was to follow shortly with stores, but De Monts had already been to the St. Lawrence with Chauvin and he now sought what he hoped would be a milder region to

the South. The Bay of Fundy was explored and duly christened by the Viceroy La Baye Françoise, after which they entered Annapolis Harbour. Baron de Poutrincourt was delighted with the coast and asked De Monts for a grant of the whole place. The Viceroy acquiesced, the modest grant was made and dutifully christened Port Royal. Meanwhile, Champlain, too, was exploring and he happened upon an islet near the mouth of La Rivière des Etechemins, which he christened St. Croix, a name which the river still bears. Forthwith, with that too swift French magic, the inoffensive little island becomes a colony, a colony which begins with a battery at one end and the rudiments of a fort at the other.

In years to come, Frenchmen and Englishmen alike were to experience the sensation of being lost in primeval forests, and already from this little colony a priest named Nicholas Aubray, late of Paris, had been straying for sixteen days and living as best he could on berries. The explorers met him by chance and took him back to St. Croix, where he was received as a man brought back from the dead.

De Monts quickly established himself in the island which soon possessed workshops, storehouses, lodgings for gentlemen, and above all, barracks for Swiss soldiers. Oddly enough, a garden was attempted under the immediate supervision of Champlain, but nothing would grow in St. Croix and a cemetery was found to be a much more useful addition. Poutrincourt sailed for France with the intention of returning as soon as possible to take possession of his domain of Port Royal and De Monts

remained at St. Croix with his band of seventy-eight transplanted Frenchmen among whom scurvy was soon raging so severely that thirty-five were dead before the Spring. Their fate, indeed, would have been that of La Roche's convicts had not Pongravé anchored at their island with forty men. The Viceroy had now had enough of St. Croix, and in company with Champlain and several other gentlemen, he started on another voyage of discovery but as their provisions fell out before finding a suitable location they returned to the island. The Viceroy determined to go back to Port Royal and they crossed the Bay of Fundy bringing with them all their stores and even sections of their modest buildings. The forest was cleared about Port Royal and quickly enough the transferred colony began to demonstrate organised life in the wilderness. But only too soon the Viceroy was compelled to return to France as his enemies were plotting against him and his company. Champlain and others willingly volunteered for another winter in New France and Pontgravé was left in command of the colony.

On the other side of the Atlantic, De Monts and Poutrincourt were fortunate enough to rouse the zeal of Marc Lescarbot, Avocat en parlement, who was afterwards to write the history of Port Royal. His co-operation was most useful for the position was becoming more and more difficult for the returned adventurers. They were harassed by perpetual intrigues against their monopoly. They were suspected by the Church of Rome of lukewarmness in their efforts to convert the Indians.

They were sailing from La Rochelle, the capital of Calvinism, and the personnel of the expedition was one of the most riotous that had ever sailed even for New France. The very name of their ship was unlucky, and the date of sailing was the thirteenth of the month. In spite of all these difficulties the "Jonas" sailed on May 13th, 1606. Poutrincourt and Lescarbot were in command as the Viceroy had been forced to remain behind. On July 27th, they reached Port Royal in safety and found there a colony of two Frenchmen.

It was the old, old story. There had been no tidings from France, no word of the Viceroy, and so Pontgravé had had ships built and had gone in search of any French vessels that might happen to be at some isolated fishing station. But the arrival of the "Jonas" meant the re-building of the Colony, and the French quickly recovered their spirits. Poutrincourt regaled them with a hogshead of wine, and the return of Pontgravé with his vessels still further delighted them. But now, as always, it was impossible for the leaders to settle down in the Colony. Pontgravé, stimulated by the chance of capturing contraband fur-traders on the way, set sail for France. Poutrincourt and Champlain embarked in a roughly-built vessel on a voyage of exploration, during which they advanced as far as the south-east coast of Massachusetts, and coasted along Cape Cod, where only a few years later the Pilgrim Fathers were to encamp so doggedly. At Chatham Harbour the French had a brush with the Indians, on which Lescarbot, who had been left in charge of Port Royal, comments quite in the New

England manner: "Thus did thirty-five thousand Midianites fly before Gideon and his three hundred." They failed to find a favourable site for a new Colony, and, after many adventures and perils and the loss of many of their party, returned to Port Royal. Pontgravé's son had lost a hand through the bursting of his gun, and many of the survivors were either sick or wounded. "I will not," comments Lescarbot, "compare their perils to those of Ulysses, nor yet of Æneas, lest thereby I should sully our holy enterprise with things impure."

The historian of the Colony had been gardening at Port Royal, and as all the priests had died of scurvy at St. Croix, he had tried to take the part of one on Sundays. His only society had been that of soldiers and mechanics, and he was naturally pleased to see the explorers and to share with them the quite bountiful supplies from Old France. Poutrincourt now founded the characteristic "Ordre de Bon-Temps," of which each of the fifteen principal people in the Colony served in turn as Grand Master day by day. Poutrincourt's dinners were excellent, and the members of this illustrious Order met always at his table. "And," says the good Lescarbot, "whatever our gourmands at home may think, we found as good cheer at Port Royal as they at their Rue aux Ours in Paris, and that, too, at a cheaper rate."

And then, all of a sudden, while the Colony was really enjoying itself for once, a gentleman named Chevalier arrived from St. Malo with the news that the monopoly of De Monts had been rescinded. But this was not all; the Dutch, it seemed, had entered the St. Lawrence and had reaped a rich harvest of

furs while the French had been regaling themselves with supplies from France. Chevalier was hospitably entertained in spite of his bad news and in spite of the fact that he and his crew had eaten all the hams, fruit and other delicacies that De Monts had despatched to his friends. Chevalier excused this rapacity on the ground that he and his crew believed that they would find no French colonist alive at Port Royal. The Colony had to be abandoned, but Poutrincourt, in virtue of his grant from the Viceroy, determined to assert his claim at the first favourable opportunity. In the meantime there was plenty to do, and an aged Indian chief named Membertou was unusually active in begging for things, ranging from bread and beans to a barrel of wine. Membertou was a typical Indian friend of the French, a reproduction, as it were, of Satouriona, and rumour had it that he intended to capture Port Royal before he died.

Lescarbot regretfully paid farewell to his garden and his other perhaps less ambitious experiments in agriculture, but Poutrincourt and Champlain decided to wait for the harvest. Before returning to his own country, however, the historian of Port Royal had a little glimpse of French cod-fishing in those early days. Arriving at a harbour on the south coast of Nova Scotia, he fell in with an old Basque named Savalet, who for more than forty years had been carrying cod-fish across the Atlantic. Savalet was constantly annoyed by Indians, who would board his vessel from their canoes and steal his cod-fish from before his very eyes. The "Jonas" was now well stored with fish, and towards the end of August

Poutrincourt and Champlain rowed in an open boat from Port Royal and joined Lescarbot. A few days afterwards they set sail, and arrived at St. Malo early in October.

Thus closed the early history of French Acadia. After a fashion, there had been an attempt to establish an agricultural colony in the New World, and no other Europeans had as yet attempted anything of the kind. But the French at Port Royal had had no deep desire to make for themselves permanent homes in the wilderness. Their leaders showed always the qualities of gay French gentlemen who were willing at any moment to risk their lives from no particular sense of duty, but as a mere matter of course. They were the kind of people who "greet the unknown with a cheer," but they become only too quickly bored with the known. Their followers, stragglers of another class, were almost as devoid as their leaders of the sentiment for making homes in the Teutonic sense. They liked adventure, and if they were well paid for it, so much the better. And hogsheads of wine and plentiful supplies from France —these things, too, they liked if only they could last! But the French had already accomplished a difficult feat, as usual with no sense of duty and with no sense of difficulty; they had made the Indians like them. The Red men, who had no love for the Dutch or English, and who loathed the Spaniards, were almost broken-hearted when the French were compelled to withdraw from Port Royal.

Poutrincourt was successful in establishing his claim to the interrupted Colony of Port Royal, but the Jesuits had now commenced to turn their atten-

tion towards Acadia, and the founder of "L'Ordre de Bon-Temps," who was a good Catholic, but no Jesuit, soon found himself in difficulties. He was afraid that the Jesuit would invade his little kingdom and he had no wish to take out with him the Jesuit Father, Pierre Biard, who had been assigned to him. On the other hand, he dared not offer a point blank refusal to the Jesuits and so he settled the matter by leaving Biard behind at Bordeaux and returning by himself, in February, 1610, to Port Royal, where most of the buildings were standing unimpaired and where Membertou welcomed him joyfully. Poutrincourt was now anxious to prove to France that Jesuits were unnecessary to Port Royal and so he began to take the conversion of the Indians very seriously and La Flèche, the priest with him at Port Royal, set faithfully to work. Membertou's attitude was admirably polite. At the alleged age of 110, the old Chief confessed his sins, assumed the name of Henri after the King and permitted his Squaw to be called Marie after the Queen. The good priest was delighted with his success, but Membertou proposed to add to the twenty-one proselytes by waging war against all Indians who refused the New Faith.

Biencourt, Poutrincourt's son, soon afterwards sailed for France with a formal register of the baptisms of Port Royal, but was met with the heart-breaking news, that the knife of Ravaillac had severed every hope of religious tolerance in France. With the assassination of Henry IV. came the ascendancy of Marie de Medici and, through her, the ascendancy of the Order of Jesus, which had so powerful an influence on the moulding of French

Canada. A lady of honour, Antoinette de Pons, Marquise de Guercheville, was especially zealous in the proselytising of Acadia and she was ably seconded in this enterprise by the Queen herself and by that sagacious mischief-maker, Henriette d'Entragues, Marquise de Verneuil. This Jesuit combination was much too strong for poor Biencourt, and he was forced to take Biard to Port Royal, and with him another Jesuit, Father Massé.

The two Jesuit priests repaired to Dieppe but now a new conflict of interests became apparent. Two Huguenot merchants had become partners in this trans-Atlantic venture, and they strongly objected to the intrusion of the Jesuits. Biard at once communicated with his Superior, who, in his turn, communicated with the protectress of the mission. The powerful and subtle machinery was thus set to work and the priest was soon enabled, in the name of the "Province of France of the Order of Jesus," to buy out the two merchants. The Jesuits by this means became partners in the ownership of Acadia and Biard advanced further money to be expended on the the ship's equipment. Towards the end of January, 1611, this incongruously-assorted party sailed after having commenced a bargain for Acadia, which was very soon to be completed by a transfer to Madame de Guerchville of all claims in Acadia in addition to which the youthful Louis XIII. gave her a new grant of all claims in North America from the St. Lawrence to Florida. Madame de Guerchville and her Jesuits became, by these careless pen-strokes, at least nominal proprietors of the greater part of the United States of America as well as of

British Canada. Poutrincourt's ambitions were confined to a mere seigneurie in Acadia.

In the meantime, matters became unsettled in Port Royal, where Poutrincourt and Biard quarrelled almost at once. Poutrincourt put his own attitude in plain language, and it might have been well for the fortunes of New France if thay had had any real weight: "Father, I know my duty, and I beg you will leave me to do it. I, with my sword, have hopes of Paradise as well as you with your breviary. Show me my path to Heaven. I will show you yours on earth."

Poutrincourt sailed for France, leaving Biencourt in charge of the Colony, and the younger generation in its turn plunged into quarrels. Pontgravé's son had established a trading-hut on the St. John and Biencourt captured the whole party and then sailed on to levy tribute on some traders who were wintering at St. Croix. The expedition, like so many others, was almost fruitless, and when they returned to Port Royal they found Massé in a state of semi-starvation, and Membertou, who had grown a French beard, dying in Biard's bed. The old Chief had learnt to say the Lord's Prayer, on which he made this characteristic comment: "But if I ask for nothing but bread, I shall have no fish or moose-meat." In spite of his desire to rest with his ancestors, he was persuaded by the two Jesuits to consent to being buried in consecrated earth.

Biard was learning the Indian language with zeal, and this group of Frenchmen tried gallantly to adapt themselves to an environment that seemed able to shake them off like last year's snow. They, with

Champlain on the St. Lawrence, a few desolate Englishmen on James' River, and a few odd Dutch fur-traders at the mouth of the Hudson, constituted the European advance guard in these grim regions in which only the Indian was at home. But Port Royal continued at least to exist and while its inhabitants were waiting, as usual, for a vessel from France, they were only half pleased when it brought them, not only provisions, but a Jesuit lay-brother, Gilbert du Thet. Already there had commenced that long internal feud which was to ruffle even the clerical quietude of New France. Some wished to make Acadia a mission, while others regarded it as a trading-post. The son of the converted Membertou advised Biencourt to settle the matter then and there, by putting to death these mutinous clerics who had embarked on the ship with the intention of returning to France. Biencourt, however, merely ordered them back to the Fort and the Jesuits sullenly obeyed, but refused to say mass or perform any religious duty for three months. At last Biard became seemingly less obstinate, and having obtained permission from Poutrincourt that Du Thet should sail for France, wrote to the owner of Port Royal in high praise of his son.

Poutrincourt was only too anxious to help Biencourt, but the Jesuit's grip was already closing upon Acadia, and their "Mayflower" left Honfleur on March 12th, 1613, under the command of Saussaye, a courtier, who understood and appreciated the feminine atmosphere of this system of colonization. Biencourt and his followers were exploring the woods, when the Jesuit ship reached Port

Royal, and Saussaye, taking the two priests on board, went on towards the Penobscot in search of adventure. Entering Frenchman's Bay, they threaded their way through that island world and anchored on the east side of Mount Desert from which signal smoke of Indians could be seen curling up in the distance. And very soon the Indians were clamouring to them to visit their wigwams, and Biard was invited to baptize their Chief, Asticou. He was alleged to be dying, but Biard found him to be merely suffering from a cold in the head. Disappointed in his mission, the Jesuit none the less reported favourably on Mount Desert which was decreed to become a French Colony just as St. Croix had been nine years before. The Cross was planted first as a matter of course, but after this ceremony, Saussaye urged that crops should immediately be sown. The rest, however, insisted that houses and fortifications should take precedence, and while they were disputing in this remote island, a portent, only too significant of the whole history of the New World, hove into sight.

All the world knows the story of that famous Indian princess, Pocahontas, who lived to marry a gentleman named Rolfe. It was in the spring of this very year, that Samuel Argall had sailed up the Potomac to abduct her, and fresh from this worthy exploit, he was now engaged in cod-fishing in the vicinity of Mount Desert. Canoes, filled with Indians, soon visited him and from certain unwonted bows and flourishes, Argall shrewdly suspected the presence of the French, who alone could have introduced such politeness into such solitude. The

Indians repeated the word "Norman," a word which meant "Frenchman" to them, and Argall assured them that the Normans were all his friends. As the Indians had no wish whatever to injure the French, they were pleased at this and told Argall that the Normans were few in numbers and quite without defences. Argall gave them presents and sailed away to pay his respects to the new French Colony.

Argall attacked without ceremony, and Saussaye appears to have lost his head in this, the opening engagement of that historic conflict between the French and English in the New World. La Motte, however, his lieutenant, the Jesuit, Du Thet, an ensign, and a sergeant, together with a few other brave men, embarked on the vessel and made as stout a resistance as they could, but were soon boarded by the enemy, who landed without further opposition at Mount Desert.

The English found the buildings deserted and all the French baggage lying about the tents. Argall gave orders that the trunks should be seized and the locks unpicked. He then took from them the Royal Letters and Commissions, after which he replaced everything else and closed the trunks. The following morning Saussaye, who had been lurking in the woods, surrendered and Argall demanded from him the Commissions of his King. Saussaye, searched his trunks, but without finding the Royal signature; whereupon the "gentleman of noble courage," as Biard calls him, denounced the French as mere pirates, after which he sent fifteen of them adrift in an open boat, the Jesuit, Massé, and Saussaye himself being among their number. This

unfortunate party was joined by the pilot and his crew, who had all escaped, and together they crossed the Bay of Fundy and arrived at last on the southern coast of Nova Scotia, where they fell in with two French trading-vessels which took them, half-starved and exhausted as they were, to France.

Other prisoners, including Biard, were taken to Jamestown to confront Sir Thomas Dale. The Governor of Virginia threatened to hang them all, and doubtless would have executed his threat, had not Argall produced the stolen Commissions in order to save their lives. But Sir Thomas Dale was still enraged at what he considered an act of piracy on the part of the French, a point of view which was not exactly warranted by the facts.

The first Stuart King had granted, after the regal fashion of those days, the whole of North America from the thirty-fourth to the forty-fifth Degree of Latitude to two companies, that of London, and that of Plymouth. By this grant, Virginia was made the property of the Company of London, while Maine and Acadia together with the adjacent territories, were handed over to the Company of Plymouth. Obviously then, whatever might be the general and rather indefinite English claim, Virginia had no Sovereign Rights over this vague territory. Sir Thomas Dale was thus compelled to fall back upon the discovery of Cabot as a pretext for the profitable business of avenging piracy. He saw plenty of booty in the present enterprise and Argall was despatched on an errand after his own heart. The English Cross was planted in Mount Desert instead of the French Cross, and all the defences on

the island were destroyed. Argall then made his way to St. Croix, and torn down the inoffensive remains of De Monts' buildings, after which he swept joyfully over the Bay of Fundy to finish his work. Biencourt was away, and there was plenty of booty for his father had sent aid during the summer. There were stores of good things in the magazines; cattle, horses and hogs abounded in the fields. Argall's men did their work thoroughly. The buildings were systematically plundered, and all the animals either killed or removed. Then, what was left of Port Royal was reduced to ashes. "And may it please the Lord," says the Jesuit Biard, who was by no means displeased, "that the sins therein committed, may likewise be comsumed in that burning." Port Royal was no more, and Argall and his men went in search of the reapers, who fled on their approach. Biard then approached them in the hope of persuading them to serve under the powerful English visitor. The answer to this suggestion is said to have been, "Begone, or I will split your head with this hatchet." Biard, indeed, was little loved by either side, but he was safer in the English ship than among the ruins of Port Royal.

They had scarcely re-embarked, when Biencourt and his followers returned and a parley ensued between him and Argall. Biencourt demanded the surrender of Biard, frankly admitting that he wished to hang the Jesuit. Argall refused and sailed away with his prisoner who was, after many wanderings, landed at Pembroke in Wales, and despatched thence to Calais.

French rule in Acadia seemed to be over for ever,

and when Poutrincourt visited Port Royal in the spring of the next year he found nothing but ashes in the Fort, while his intrepid son was sustaining life as best he could in the forest with a few forlorn followers. Only a year later Poutrincourt was fortunate enough to die in action at the age of fifty-seven. He was killed at Méry in the Old World after having exhausted so much energy and vitality in the New. The whole life of Poutrincourt, as indeed of many other leaders of New France, seems to reproduce the parabola of French fortune and misfortune in the New World. One after the other, they were to hurl themselves at almost impossible tasks, to triumph for a little, to outlive their hopes and to die without seeing any sign of the harvest which they had sown, as it were, with their very life-blood.

But his son, Biencourt, clung doggedly to his shadowy claim to Acadia, and the Jesuits decided that for the present at least, New England was not a field for them. The real "Mayflower" was to carry another flag to those desolate shores. In the meantime, Champlain clung to Quebec. This foothold, at least, remained to France, but as yet the whole policy of Jesuit colonization had failed miserably. The Indian liked the Frenchman and was not unwilling to be baptised by him, while he hated the Englishman but little less than the Spaniard. But as yet the French had failed utterly to assert authority over the Indian inhabitants of Canada. They had not learned from the Indians as they were afterwards to learn. The long duel between France and England, however, was already faintly foreshadowed by the savage marauding visits of Samuel Argall, of Virginia.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FATHER OF NEW FRANCE.

IN the meantime, the no less isolated tragedy of Quebec, had been unfolding itself with even more persistent tenacity. Although De Monts had yielded his Viceroyalty in Acadia to Poutrincourt, he had not abandoned his vague ambition to colonise New France, and in the spring of 1608, two ships were equipped by him, one under the command of the elder Pontgravé and the other under that of Champlain. Pontgravé made for Tadoussac where he found the Basques busily trading with the Indians. A conflict ensued as a matter of course, and on his arrival a little later, Champlain found Pontgravé wounded after having had his vessel boarded and his cannon captured. A peace was then patched up between the French and the Basques, and Pontgravé applied his energies to the fur-trade, while Champlain set sail for Quebec.

He who had been so well called the Father of New France is now at its capital. The restless soul of Champlain, eager for the faith of the Indians, eager for unknown danger, eager for the most remote recess of the primeval forests, so willing to glide down any river, to pass through any encampment of war-whooping cannibals, in short, to tear from Canada the very heart of her virgin mystery, this soul of Champlain, all-embracing and all-adventuring, was the inspiration of a whole line of coming Frenchmen.

What any individual could do, he and his followers would dare. But a great Colony is not, and has never been, the result of individual effort on the part of one or more explorers of genius.

It has been claimed that the knife of Ravaillac altered the destiny of the American continent. It has been claimed that had Huguenots, under Henry IV., instead of Jesuits, under Marie de Medici, settled in New France, there would have been, instead of the Dominion of Canada, as it is to-day, a great French Empire. Had this been the case, the fortunes of the United States would undoubtedly have been profoundly modified, if not wholly changed. But as a matter of fact, Huguenot colonization was tested on the fringe of Florida, and it showed at once the good, and the bad qualities of French colonization, which are the good and the bad qualities of the French temperament. Hugnenots in Florida and Catholics in Acadia assailed the wilderness with equal gallantry, but were equally dependent upon the mother-country and equally hampered by her varying moods, now of patronage, and now of utter indifference. Even their good qualities, their gaiety in adversity, their unwhipped courage, their spontaneous ability to fraternise at once with the Indians, were against them in the work-a-day routine of colony-building. Above all, they loved the mother-country too well to become colonists in the New England sense.

But these French qualities have undoubedly meant much in the history of Canada and now, on the threshold of this definite and permanent French

occupation, it would be well to ask ourselves why the ambitious schemes of Champlain and his followers were bound to fail, and why the centralised and concentrated province was bound to succeed, even under an alien flag, perhaps even through its protection.

So long as French gentlemen, with a medley of hurriedly hired adventurers, Huguenot or Catholic, were equipped, by one means or other, for expeditions beyond the ocean, they came as explorers, as teachers of Christianity, and as fur-traders, but they never renounced the thought of returning to France. Constantly beaten from the New World, they returned like waves, only to fall back again like waves. In no single instance under the Fleur de Lys, either in Florida or in Acadia or in Quebec, or by Hudson's Bay or in Louisiana have the French ever attempted that doggedly pious transference of home life which the "Mayflower," under equally atrocious conditions, established in New England. French successes followed each other in brilliant sequence, but their failures came with equal rapidity and the germ of each failure was in the success that it followed. The French, in short, with their love of adventure for its own sake, and their, perhaps, too quick assimilation of the Indian nature, dissipated their energies in a hundred directions, hurled themselves against an environment instead of adapting themselves to it, though they were more naturally adaptable than their rivals, fought the Indians, or baptised them with equal readiness but depended all the time for the means of subsistence, not on New, but on Old France.

But when once French Canadians instead of Frenchmen had their habitation by the St. Lawrence, a new type of being showed itself. Torn from France, the French Canadian had not lost the earth-love of France, or that sense of home which, so peculiarly French, is by some odd kink in the Anglo-Saxon comprehension denied to the French people. The French Canadian from the beginning loved Quebec, was the willing slave of the Church which had brought him to Quebec, and would willingly have devoted his energies to colonising the Province in the centralised and comparatively unambitious French manner, had not other forces drawn him away.

There were such long lines of French knight-errants in the New World from Villegagnon to Dominique de Gourgues, from Poutrincourt to La Salle, from Champlain to Frontenac, and such long lines of heroic Jesuit explorers, that a large and ever-growing section of the French Canadians took to the woods and the streams as naturally as birds take wing to southern lands. They fell, roughly, into two groups, one of which, as *conreurs de bois*, veritable outlaws of the woods, fought the battles of the fur-trade, and, afterwards, the battles of New France. The other group comprised the Donnés, those intrepid servitors of the Jesuit Fathers, who accompanied them on their remote and dangerous missions. All of these helped in the exploration of a vast unknown country, and the *coureurs de bois* became experts in those Indian methods of war, which so astonished the British regulars under Braddock. But the French Canadians, whether on

exploration or war-raid, Christian mission or diplomatic errand, always returned gladly to their home by the St. Lawrence. That was their country, and beyond that, even in the later days of Frontenac, were only frontier posts and passes to be taken and re-taken according to the chances of war. This system of holding the western passes and establishing the necessary lines of communication drew the very life-blood from a naturally prolific Colony, and as soon as that strain was relaxed, Quebec expanded naturally and easily into a strong and self-centred Province.

The stay-at-home population of Quebec, Montreal and Three Rivers were contented enough under the protection of the Church and the supervision of the Seigneur, thus continuing a tradition that was to become soon enough obsolete beside the Seine. So far, then, as this splendid French energy was really useful to the world, its object was accomplished by Champlain and La Salle, and many other wanderers including several honourable and heroic Jesuit Fathers. But for the concentrated, centralised—one cannot repeat these words too often—outlook of the French Canadian, a Province rather than a continent, was all that was even wanted and that is precisely what he retains so tenaciously at the present moment.

Champlain's work, then, was not in vain, when he watched that crude erection of wooden buildings rising in what is now the lower town of Quebec. Of course, there was a garden, almost at once; in French Canadian history, a garden is the one side of agriculture rarely neglected. Then came another

side of French enterprise, still more rarely neglected, conspiracy. Champlain dealt with it promptly, and a conspirator's body swung from a gibbet as a warning to traitors on the Heights of Abraham, while Pontgravé took his three accomplices back to France for punishment in the galleys. Champlain was now left to hold Quebec with twenty-eight men, and a band of Montagnais Indians built their huts around this isolated group of Frenchmen. A little later some famished Indians crossed the river on rafts of ice, the squaws carrying their children, and reached Quebec on the verge of starvation. Food was given them at once, but not content with this they devoured a dead dog, frozen in the snow, which had been left as a bait for foxes. The French were disgusted and horrified at this state of things, but soon learned that it was quite usual among the Algonquins of Acadia and the lower St. Lawrence during the winter, as all these hunting tribes refused obstinately to till the soil. In the Spring a sail boat came with Marais, Pontgravé's son-in-law, on board. His father-in-law had returned to Tadoussac, and a little later a meeting between the two leaders followed, at which it was agreed that Pontgravé should take charge of Quebec, while Champlain went, as did La Salle some seventy years later, in quest of the phantom route to China.

And now, Champlain in Quebec was lured, as Laudonnière in Spanish Florida had been lured, by an Indian Chief to fight his battles. The enemy in this case was the most dangerous tribe of Indians on the continent, the Iroquois or Five Nations, whose palisaded villages sprawled arrogantly over what is

to-day the State of New York. The Father of New France delighted, quite in Laudonnière's manner, in the notion of joining a war-party of the Hurons. It was an adventure after his own heart, but it was also one of extreme political importance, for it definitely ranged the French on the side of the weaker Indian party. Marais and La Routte, the pilot, together with eleven followers of Pontgravé, accompanied the Father of New France on this lightly-accepted but dangerous adventure.

Steel-clad among these naked savages, the Frenchmen flashed like gods who had deigned to take the war-path with these yelling and whooping Red men. But the French never kept up the tension of awe, and there were soon quarrels and bickerings around them, while fishing and hunting excursions and long garrulous feasts still further delayed this most typical enterprise, which again and again in after years was to be repeated on a larger scale. The French had supplied their allies with axes of steel, and they were very quick in constructing defences of birch-bark, open on the river side, where their canoes lay waiting. On the war-trail itself they were not wholly without strategy, or, at least, caution. Scouts always preceded them, but except for this one precaution they had no other guard, but slept soundly, heedless of any terror of the scalping knife. But they were most careful to have the opinion of their oracle, the medicine-man, and Champlain, bored by his antics, was compelled to watch him as dripping with perspiration, he convulsively appealed to the Great Spirit.

After this, the canoes started once more passing in

view of mile after mile of island country, from Isle La Motte to the Grand Isle, and Champlain glided tranquilly into the lake which bears his name. Nearer and nearer lay their dangerous goal, those high rocks where Fort Ticonderoga was afterwards reared only to be fought over again and again in the turmoil of Canadian history. The expedition was making for the River Hudson, but near Crown Point they fell in with a flotilla of Iroquois. All through that night the Iroquois and Hurons abused each other sarcastically, in Champlain's words: "much like the besieged and besiegers in a beleaguered town." In the morning an encounter took place, and the French leader noted at once the steady advance of the enemy. His allies clamoured for him, and opened their ranks gladly to let him pass. The Frenchman advanced to the front with levelled arquebus, and for the first time the Iroquois were brought in contact with the new magic of death. A chief fell dead, and the Montagnais, Huron and Algonquin allies yelped in hideous delight. The Iroquois continued to fire their feeble arrows, but another gun-shot on their flank scattered them terror-stricken through the forest.

There followed a scene of horror which was to be only too often re-enacted in the war-path annals of Canada. A fire was lit and a captive Iroquois was bound to a tree close to it, while around him the Hurons danced with fire-brands. "Let me send a bullet through his heart," urged Champlain, but they had torn the scalp from the living head of the Iroquois before the French leader gave him the bullet of mercy. Champlain loathed these scenes of

torture which were, among the Indians, the reward of battle. Long afterwards, French officers, equally disgusted, were compelled at least to connive at the infamies of their allies, which they were powerless to suppress. But when the English were associated with the Indians they put down torture with a strong hand, and their allies in surprise asked them "Why they did not turn their heads away as the French did?" The women were equally ferocious and even more ingenious in cruelty. After this particular engagement the squaws at Tadoussac swam naked to the canoes to receive the heads of the dead Iroquois, which they hung triumphantly around their necks.

On their side, the Iroquois gave torture to the conquered and expected it from the conquerors. They were the most formidable tribes of all, and now for good or for evil, Champlain had taken sides against them. His allies were delighted; the Montagnais undertook to guide him to Hudson Bay, and the Hurons promised to show him the copper mines on the shores of their great lakes. In return for these favours, they asked from him only one thing—to use again his magic arquebus against the common foe. Champlain was willing enough for this, and in the Spring of 1610, he set out for the mouth of the Richelieu to meet his allies, and in the battle that followed, French arquebuses wrought havoc once more among the Iroquois. Scenes of torture and cannibalism celebrated the occasion, but the allies were careful to keep a few of the captives for the amusement of their women and young girls.

Champlain was now the hero of the allied Hurons and Montagnais, but the French Colony was still in a precarious state, and De Monts' affairs in France were becoming worse and worse. Champlain was forced to cross the Atlantic, leaving his lieutenant, Du Parc, in command. The following Spring, however, he returned with a whole horde of adventurers, hungry for spoil and eager to establish a new Colony, animated, perhaps, by a more worldly spirit than the others, but none the less founded on the familiar French lines. Traders flooded Montreal. The Hurons soon followed, and the chaffering and haggling over beaver skins began with a new zest. The Huron chiefs, suspicious of these strangers, retained their confidence in Champlain. "Come to our county," they pleaded, "buy our beaver, build a fort, teach us the true faith, do what you will, but do not bring this crowd with you." Champlain tried to re-assure them, but they very soon betook themselves to the other side of the rapids, where they were visited by the great French leader.

A few months later the indefatigable Champlain was discussing Canadian affairs with De Monts near Rochelle, and on his way back to Paris, his horse fell on him, and he was very nearly killed. Determined to secure important patronage for New France, he interested no less a person than Charles of Bourbon, Comte de Soissons, who became Viceroy, with the title of lieutenant-general for the King. The Comte delegated his powers to Champlain, who thus acquired complete control of the fur-trade in Quebec and its vicinity. The Comte de Soissons, however, died suddenly, and the Protectorship of

Canada passed to Henry of Bourbon, father of the great Condé.

Champlain was now dominant in New France but he was too restless to confine himself to the practical and prosaic problems of settling a new country. His dreams were still of the northern route to China, and homes for French settlers seemed, to this ardent churchman, wholly insignificant compared with the salvation of Indian souls. Religion and adventure alike lured the French to those forest encampments and already a young Frenchman had wintered among the Indians and had returned to tell of his experiences.

Fired by this example, Nicolas de Vignan went up the Ottawa in one of the Algonquin canoes and appeared suddenly in Paris in 1612 with the kind of story that was sure to appeal to the imagination of the Old World. He had found, it seemed, a great lake, at the sources of the Ottawa, had crossed it and then descended a river flowing northwards. This river, he maintained, reached the shore of a sea and there he had found, as convincing evidence of his adventure, the wreck of an English vessel, whose crew had been slaughtered by the Indians. Moreover, De Vignan assured the Parisians that this phantom water-way was within seventeen days of Montreal by canoe.

Important people at the French Court greedily accepted this story, which seemed to be confirmed by the rumour of a recent English wreck in the Northern seas. Champlain determined to test its truth, and early in 1613, he advanced in canoes up the Ottawa with De Vignan accompanied by three

other Frenchmen and an Indian. It seemed to him now that he was at last definitely on the way to the Spice Islands of the East and the wealth of the Indies, whereas he was really on the way to the scarcely less mysterious depths of the Canadian forest. Above the Rapids of Calumet, between the forks of the divided river, lies the Isle des Allumettes, where was a settlement of the ancestors of our modern Ottawas. These Indians watched the advancing canoes in bewildered amazement. Then Nibachis, their Chief, proffered the Calumet of Peace and spoke words which may be accepted as the Indian estimate of Samuel Champlain : " These white men must have fallen from the clouds. How else could they have reached us through the woods and rapids, which even we find it hard to pass ? "

The Indians escorted the expedition past the head of Lake Coulange and thence through mysterious trails to the huts of a Chief named Tessouat who thought that he was dreaming as he looked at the white strangers. Champlain visited a cemetery in a neighbouring Island and noted with astonishment that these savages who cared seemingly so little for the living, were punctilious in preserving the prestige of the dead. Tessouat gave a feast in honour of Champlain, and these forest feasts to the white wanderers became almost as traditional as service on the war-path. Pounded maize mixed with unsalted scraps of fish and sombre morsels of meat formed the first course which was followed by broiled fish and flesh accompanied by a kettle of cold water. After the dinner the sqaws filled and lighted the pipes and then noiselessly withdrew. The two

leaders smoked in silence for an hour, and then Champlain asked for four canoes and eight men to accompany him to the Northern Lake of the Nipissings. But the old Chief distrusted the Nipissings as a race well versed in spells, but useless in service of war and only too prone to kill by stealth those who trusted them as allies. Champlain persisted in his request, which was at last granted. He then went out to visit the fields and noted the novelty of French peas, struggling gallantly among the crops of pumpkins and beans. But when he returned, Tessouat had already changed his mind, whereupon Champlain asked him for only two canoes. The Indian begged him to desist and reminded him of rocks and cataracts and above all, of the infamy of the Nipissings. Champlain urged in reply, that as De Vignan had already made the journey, it could not be so terrible as Tessouat sought to describe it. Then the phantom route to China dissolved once more into the smoke of the wigwam. For the old Chief answered, that De Vignan knew very well, that he had lived with him, Tessouat, night and morning, and had never in his life approached the country of the Nipissings. De Vignan was unmasked and the disgusted French leader returned to Montreal where Du Parc and his followers had been spending their time in hunting.

Disheartened, as he was, by this imposture, Champlain crossed the ocean again in the interests of New France. This time he found friends among the Récollet Friars and as he was always more anxious about the soul of the Indian than the fur of the beaver, he appealed for a mission, and funds for this

purpose were duly subscribed by the States General. Four Friars were named for this historic enterprise—Denis Jamet, Jean Dolbeau, Joseph le Carron and Pacifique du Plessis. "They packed their Church ornaments, and we our luggage," says Champlain. There was no delay and the Odysseus of New France arrived at Quebec with his heroic mendicants in the Spring of 1615, and mass celebrated this latest phase in colonization. The Colony was now split up into missions, the Hurons being assigned to Le Carron, and the Montagnais to Dolbeau, while Jamet and Du Plessis remained for the present in Quebec.

Champlain had now satisfied his spiritual aspirations and he could turn his attention to his natural inclinations. The allies were clamouring for war against the Iroquois and Champlain and Pontgravé agreed that war they should have. The system was definitely established. French priests were to baptize the Indians and save their souls. French soldiers were to fight the battles of the converts, and French traders were to supply them with material necessities. The Colony, as a whole, continued in practice and in theory to draw its life-blood from France, and so long as its interests were served by an intelligence such as Champlain, all went comparatively well, but it required such men as he to stimulate the wandering imagination of the Parisians. He, on both sides of the Atlantic, was the very soul of this great French Christian trading-mission. And very soon with ten Indians he was on his way up the Ottawa in the track of Father Joseph le Carron, who had already left for his newly established mission. The journey was no light task.

"It would be hard to tell you," writes the Father, "how tired I was with paddling all day, with all my strength among the Indians; wading the rivers, a hundred times and more, through the mud and over the sharp rocks that cut my feet; carrying the canoe and luggage through the woods to avoid the rapids and frightful cataracts; and half-starved all the while, for we had nothing to eat but a little *sagamite*, a sort of porridge of water and pounded maize, of which they gave us a very small allowance every morning and night. But I must needs tell you what abundant consolation I found under all my troubles; for when one sees so many infidels needing nothing but a drop of water to make them children of God, he feels an inexpressible ardour to labour for their conversion, and sacrifice to it his repose and his life."

Neither Champlain nor his interpreter, Etienne Brulé, thought anything of these hardships and as they stood on the shore of Lake Nipissing, they were only too impatient to glide onward in search of the unknown. Once more the canoes were launched and they paddled through islands until they reached a village of the Nipissings, an Algonquin band whom the Jesuits were afterwards to call, "the Sorcerers." Champlain feasted with them for two days, after which he floated away from them into the solitude of the French River. Days of utter loneliness followed, and then a band of Indians, yelling from the shore, told them that the Great Lake of the Hurons was actually in sight. To Champlain and Brulé the cry of Lake Huron was almost as significant as that of "The Sea! The

Sea!" to the Greeks. Here, was one of the great pivots of the new mission and here lay the stronghold of their allies against the still unknown and not sufficiently dreaded Iroquois. Champlain had prolonged his journey of 1613, not to the phantom Northern passage, but to the heart of the Huron country. Le Carron was already established at Carhagouha, where Champlain visited him. Twelve Frenchmen had followed the missionary and with Champlain and his little party they formed together a congregation for the first mass ever pronounced in the land of the Hurons.

That mass was in the deepest sense historic, for in the Huron mission the most devoted efforts of the French priest were to be unweariedly expended without hope or thought of material reward. It was at once the frontier outpost of French Christianity and the target of Iroquois hate. And even to-day, something of those interwoven memories seems to lurk in the forests and islands of the Northern shore of the Georgian Bay. Here, at least, the old-time genius of Canada seems still to brood as though the little comparatively modern towns were powerless to break the spell of history. It is true that a few straggling Indians and half-breeds scarcely suggest the high hopes of the Hurons when Champlain came first to their great inland sea. It is true that the small, more than half-French towns hardly justify the great ambition of Champlain to found a French Empire, whose living heart was to remain ever a Catholic mission. But the spirit of environment in the natural places is still curiously the same. Now, as in the days of Champlain, nature is

infinitely stronger than man in this part of the Lake of the Hurons. In these recesses of the wilderness the little flag-flying steamers pass as incongruous intruders, forgotton as the puffs of their own smoke, lost in the tranquillity that broods everywhere, in this place, whose spirit no tourists will ever subdue. Particularly at night in the open, one catches the spirit of Canadian history among these islands, veritably haunted by the genius of Champlain, the devotion of the early Jesuit, and the avenging madness of the Iroquois. On the deck of some old sailing boat, having escaped from some neighbouring island at the ever punctual onrush of mosquitoes, hearing from time to time the whip o'wheel's chance answer to the laughter of the loom, watching perhaps those mysterious northern lights that seem to add a fantastic glamour to the shadowed islands, one recalls, almost in spite of oneself, a hint of the old-time spirit of the place. Under these conditions, at nightfall, it is easy enough to reconstruct in fancy the flotillas of Indians passing noiselessly by ghostly islands, easy enough to visualize those first Frenchmen, who plunged, veritably like gods, into the Red man's fastnesses. And here, even to-day, a French mission persists in the district of this well-nigh obliterated race, and the Red man in his heart is not so very different from those who shouted their welcome to Champlain. Talk to the Indian who paddles you to the best fishing places, undertakes the duty of portages, lights your fire, cooks for you, lies to you about fish that were never seen, and furred things that have long ceased to rustle in these woods. Talk to him when he is tired of these

things, and listen to him when he is really talking to himself. Then you will realise that at heart he is still one of the tameless things of these invaded solitudes that are still the sanctuary of so much unknown "wood magic."

You may hire him for peaceful occupations, but in his heart he is restive as the furred fugitives that stir at night among the pines, and like theirs, his day, as he would have it, seems passing always. And for the next generation, it will be yet harder to live the Red man's unbought life. He knows that what is best for his son and his son's son, is to live in the open, to shoot, to fish, to traverse at will the distances of his lakes. Books, in his soul, he even now half fears as symbols of that pale life which will rob him of his innermost secret of earth-love, without ever imparting to him their own. But in these quiet places, and in his scattered reserves, the Indian clings to the natural life. Gone for him, the glamour of the war-path, the ecstacy of scalps, the anticipation of the hunting ground, the coma of primeval feasts. Gone for him that first wonder at the white man who, while saving his soul, knew how to remain his friend. Gone for him, the manitou, and all the old rites of his materialistic faith. But still, like the needle to the north, the Indian responds to the lure of lake and rapid and island, as though here, and not in his respectable little ramshackle villages, must be ever his roofless home. The paternal government of England has most wisely left him, as far as possible, to his own inclinations and in the vast stretch of country around Lake Huron, there is still scope for at least a mirage of the old Indian life. Modified

environment throughout the Dominion may be said to have raised the Indian to a level of bonused agricultural independence, may be said to have housed him, fed him and clothed him, and educated him without stupidly trying to transform a fixed type.

Their industries and their agricultural pursuits have been alike protected and the surviving Red men have no cause whatever to complain of the observation of the proclamation of 1763 by which they were guaranteed justice and protection in the hunting grounds of the great country, which they could never make their own. But the Indian's day of hunter and warrior and fur-trader on a wholly independent scale was over from the moment that Samuel Champlain penetrated into the remote fastnesses of Canada.

This expedition to Lake Huron was of great significance, not only from the standpoint of Christian missions, but from the standpoint of French policy in Canada. Champlain was received as the champion of the Hurons and after endless feasting, speech-making and fanfarades of Indian joy, he was allowed to enter their capital, which was situated on the site of that pleasant little town on Lake Simcoe, Orillia. This modern town, with its concessions to the highest standard of comfort, certainly seems to have wholly forgotten the uproar of squaws and children that greeted Champlain nearly three hundred years ago. Warriors poured in from every direction and the news came that the Eries would join the Hurons with five hundred warriors. Brulé, one of the most intrepid pioneers in all the long annals of French

gallantry in Canada, was despatched with twelve Indians to meet them. It was a dangerous mission for the party had to pass the dreaded borders of the Iroquois country.

Champlain remained with the Huron fleet, which passed over Lake Simcoe, entered the River Talbot, and then, after portaging to Balsam Lake, made its way over the sources of the Trent. On the way they indulged themselves in a deer hunt and Champlain delighted in an interlude of sport as keenly as Xeonphon in the Anabasis. Incidentally, an Indian was accidentally shot, but as he was not killed, bounty to himself and his clamouring friends, more than atoned for his injuries. The canoes then swept out from the mouth of the Trent over Lake Ontario and landed within the confines of New York. Piercing the forest, they crossed Lake Oneida, and another four days' march brought them well within the zone of war. Huron scouts now succeeded in capturing a fishing party, consisting of eleven men, women and children. So proud were the Hurons of this small exploit that a Chief celebrated it at once by cutting off the finger of a woman prisoner, but when Champlain angrily protested against further torture, the allies yielded.

But he was unable to discipline them in battle. They attacked the Iroquois in noisy confusion and were repulsed until the arquebuses drove back the enemy to the town of the Onondagas, a rather effectively palisaded village of far greater pretentions than the ordinary fortified village of the Hurons. In the assault that followed, the French leader was wounded, but continued to spur on his allies, who, however,

wished to wait for the five hundred Eries. As these reinforcements did not arrive, the Hurons insisted, after a few more useless skirmishes, on retreat, and the wounded were placed in baskets on the backs of warriors, "bundled in a heap," in Champlain's words, "doubled and strapped together after such a fashion that one could move no more than an infant in swaddling clothes. . . . . I lost all patience, and as soon as I could bear my weight I got out of this prison, or to speak plainly, out of hell."

The Hurons blamed the "man with the iron breast" for their own failure, and he was compelled to winter with them and to accept the doubtful hospitality of their Chief, Darontal. It was not until 1618, that he met at Saut St. Louis, Etienne Brulé, and he, too, had a typical tale to tell of adventures among the Indians. He had been captured by the Iroquois, tied to a tree and burned with firebrands. During this torment, an Indian asked him what he was wearing at his breast, and thrust out a hand to grasp the Frenchman's Agnus Dei. "If you touch it," said Brulé, "you and your race will die." The Indian defied the threat and Brulé pointed to the dark clouds, already threatening a storm, and warned the Iroquois that they expressed the anger of the Frenchman's God. The storm broke and the torturers fled, after which a Chief, who had all along been well-disposed towards the Frenchman, returned to release him. He then made his way back to the friendly Hurons and joined one of their yearly expeditions to Montreal. Such stories as these, became afterwards only too familiar, and every Jesuit priest, who ventured into these wild

places knew well that he was facing the slow, cunning torments of the Iroquois' hatred.

The Hurons, it must be remembered, were almost equally cruel and quite as treacherous, and Brulé was to meet death at their hands seventeen years later near Penetanguishine. Champlain's own glory was now dimmed among the Hurons, but his personalty soon forced them to admire and respect him even after defeat. He had many adventures among them, and once he was lost for days in the forest, after which Darontal would never allow him to be in the woods alone. At last he was able to make his way towards Quebec, but a serious quarrel was in process between the Algonquins and Hurons, and he was delayed at the Lake of the Nipissings, where, however, he was successful in settling the dispute. After this the indefatigable wanderer returned to Quebec for a brief spell of rest. The permanent inhabitants of this town, mainly fur-traders and friars, consisted of rather less than sixty people, who were, as a rule, ill-disposed towards each other. The situation was still most discouraging, but Champlain clung to Quebec and worked for the Colony in France.

In 1620, he brought out his young wife to Quebec. She, much to his horror, had a leaning towards the Huguenots, but he succeeded in converting her, and on her return to France Madame Champlain desired to become a nun. Her husband would not permit this, but they were virtually separated, and on his death, his widow fulfilled her ambition and became an Ursuline nun.

Such already was the influence of Quebec, and

it was to become more and more permeated by ecclesiasticism. The Jesuits determined to capture Canada, and in 1625, the Récollets, doubtless owing to diplomatic pressure, invited the followers of Loyola to help them in the Canadian mission. The same year, as the Jesuits were without houses in Quebec and so had been compelled to accept the hospitality of the Récollets, Father Noirot and Father De la Nouë arrived with twenty labourers to build a permanent habitation for their Order. Needless to say, from that instant, the hopes of Protestantism in New France were at an end. The Huguenots were rigorously excluded from the Heights of Abraham, but other enemies of the Faith could not be dealt with so easily. In 1628, the inhabitants of Quebec, who were on the verge of starvation, expected a squadron of transports from Dieppe. Almost at the same time an English squadron was on its way to the same destination. War had broken out between England and France, and very soon those Scottish Frenchmen, the brothers Kirk, who had been expelled from New France as Huguenots, were to wreak a terrible vengeance. The Kirks had offered their services to the English fleet; the French fleet was beaten and Quebec surrendered. After all his labours, his heroic energy, his unflinching persistence against difficulties in the Old World and in the New, Champlain found himself a prisoner in the hands of Thomas Kirk, who seems to have treated him courteously and even to have gone on shore with him to shoot larks.

But the Father of New France had not yet done with the New World. A little later, he interviewed

the French Ambassador in London, and it was through his agency that the Colony was restored to the French. The transfer was made on July 5th, 1632, when Emery de Caen anchored off Quebec with a commission to take the place under the protection of the French flag, to hold for one year a monopoly of the fur-trade, and, after the expiration of that period, to hand it over to that almost bankrupt syndicate, The Hundred Associates of New France.

The next year, Champlain received from Cardinal Richelieu a new commission to command in Quebec on behalf of the Company. But the fur-trade, like every other material interest, was already in the background throughout New France. Even before the death of Champlain, the Jesuits, and the Jesuits alone, were masters in Canada. The great leader died in 1635, and he may be accepted as perhaps the most wonderful expression on the new continent of that restless French daring, which in history is found to be so often united with the deepest and humblest devotion to the authority of Rome. Others were to centralise French dominance in the New World; others were to develop the mercantile side of French Canada; others were to woo the Indians into a systemised fold of the Catholic Church. But Champlain, in the restless largeness and bounty of his nature, included in a single personality all the three types which were to mean so much to French Canada.

The Father of New France had stood for Old France with all the proud fidelity of Count Frontenac. The restless explorer had exhibited the same demonic energy that persued La Salle down

the Mississippi. Moreover, Samuel Champlain, without for a moment losing sight of the claims of the Indian soul, had been mindful of the secular interests of the trader. By nature, a governor, a soldier, an explorer, and a loyal Christian without fanaticism, he exemplified at their best those winning and amiable qualities of supremacy that made the Indian, who feared the very shadow of the Spaniard, greet the Frenchman as a personal friend. Moreover, it was Champlain's championship of the Hurons in their death-grapple with the Iroquois that shaped, for good or evil, the whole policy of the French in Canada. He had become, at least for his allies, the Indian's Father, the real Onontio, as Frontenac was afterwards to style himself, and with his coming, the Red man's independent day in Canada had closed for ever.

CHAPTER V.

THE EARLY JESUITS.

THE Huguenots had now been beaten back from Canada quite as efficiently as they had been beaten back from Florida, and as though this were not a sufficient misfortune to a Colony so much in need of secular energy, the less concentrated and less fanatical Récollet Friars were to be supplanted by the followers of Loyola. It was at once the task and the delight of the Jesuits, not only to convert the Red Indian, but to knead and mould the whole life of that New France which clung so despairingly to an environment with which as yet, it seemed to be wholly unable to cope. Like their sisters in France, Canadian women were to become zealous in the interests of the mission. Madame Hébert, the widow of the first settler in Canada, worked devotedly for Father Le Jeune, Superior of the Residence of Quebec, and his brother Jesuits. The missionaries had no easy task before them in this desolate country, whose few isolated forts bore witness to recent devastation. But their hearts and souls were dedicated to converting the Red man and the Superior commenced by learning with great difficulty an Indian language.

There were six Jesuits in the Refectory, and even in this small number the types are varied. For the Jesuits were Frenchmen, and some of them reproduced, as it were, in spite of themselves, precisely those qualities that had contributed so much to the

exploits of the French adventurers who had preceded them. The last four Jesuits, Brébeuf, Massé, Daniel and Devost, had come to Quebec when Champlain took command after the evacuation of the English. These priests were for one reason or another, either by temperament or from a sense of duty, wanderers and explorers, and even the Superior determined to accompany a roving expedition of the Montagnais in the hope of baptising converts and mastering the language of the people. It is the familiar story of French Christianity across the ocean. The cultivated French Jesuit, isolated among twenty Indian hunters, watches them, studies them and endures all hardships with that half ironical stoicism which is his national birthright. One of the Indians flung the contents of a boiling kettle into his brother's face. "He was never so well washed in his life," comments the Superior, "he lost all the skin of his face and breast. Would to God his heart had changed also"! The Indian howling with pain, sought at once a hatchet to kill Le Jeune who had to pass that night in the woods. "Though my bed," he notes, "had not been made up since the creation of the world, it was not hard enough to prevent me from sleeping." He continued on the expedition as though nothing had happened, and the old grievances—cold, heat, smoke and dogs —blending easily with the perpetual squalor of squatting savages, were occasionally illumined by Indian jugglery. Hunger was at hand and priest and sorcerer were rivals in wishing for game. The intrepid Jesuit has set down a bill of fare for Christmas Eve which sheds an interesting side-light on

home life in the forest. "The Lord gave us for our supper a porcupine, large as a sucking pig, and also a rabbit. It was much, it is true, for eighteen, nineteen persons, but the Holy Virgin and St. Joseph, her glorious spouse, were not so well treated on this very day in the stable of Bethlehem."

These Algonquins lived by fishing and hunting, and there was a period before the Spring, as the French had already discovered, when semi-starvation was expected. After five months' wandering, the hunting party made their way to the banks of the St. Lawrence, and a well-known Indian hunter conveyed the Jesuit in his canoe to Quebec. On the way the canoe narrowly escaped being crushed by floating ice, and the Superior was thankful to arrive alive at the Convent on the St. Charles at three o'clock in the morning. Le Jeune had made but little impression upon the Algonquins, but his zeal for the Faith was quite unabated. He was inclined to be more hopeful in regard to the Hurons, to which mission he dispatched Brébeuf, Daniel and Devost. Jean de Brébeuf, sprung from a noble Norman family, has been well called by Parkman, "the Ajax of the mission." This magnificent follower of Loyola, tall and strong, delighting in physical danger, willing to assert his bodily strength in the cure of souls, was exactly the type that could and would have followed Champlain or La Salle through any and every adventure.

It is not within the scope of this sketch to attempt re-telling the Odyssey of the French Jesuits in Canada. But one must glance at the life-work of a few of these priests, because it con-

tributed in no small degree, not only to the evolution of the Red Indian, but to the evolution of the French Canadian. The Jesuit's grip is a by-word for tenacity and his enemies have always regarded it as inseparable from political intrigue. Not without good reason has he been driven from country to country, and rarely has he left any land without having placed upon it the impress of his convoluted mentality. But in these early days of Canada, the duplicity of the Jesuit was subordinate to nobler qualities. These French priests faced unflinchingly, in the name of the Cross, perils before which the imagination recoils. And whereas some of them did these things in the spirit of martyrs, others did them, in spite of themselves, in the spirit of that unconquerable French manhood which met the Iroquois torturer on his own ground and bade him do his very worst.

That was perhaps the sort of man to appeal best to the Indians and Jean de Brébeuf was emphatically the type. Brébeuf knew well that inlet named Thunder Bay, and had preached and baptised for three years at Toanché, the very place where Etienne Brulé had been quite recently murdered. Brébeuf was received joyously and as the other French Jesuits arrived in turn the Huron mission became, in 1634, the year before Champlain's death, a great centre of French activity. And here once more, the Indians, almost automatically, seemed to go through the too familiar stages, first of childish friendliness, then of festive familiarity and finally of fierce menace. Jesuit influence could not prevent the torture of prisoners, and Huron treachery continued to be

quite as significant as that of the dreaded Iroquois. One case may be cited as illustrating a volume of such annals. A small band of Iroquois were taken in ambush by some Hurons, who killed many of them and captured the rest. Of these prisoners one was led in triumph to a Huron village where he was surprised to find himself well treated and even offered food. In accordance with custom, he was then assigned to a Huron warrior, who had lost a near relative in a recent battle. This Huron spoke kindly to the already lacerated prisoner: "My nephew, when I heard that you were coming, I was very glad, thinking that you would remain with me to take the place of him I have lost. But now that I see your condition and your hands crushed and torn so that you will never use them, I change my mind. Therefore take courage, and prepare to die to-night like a brave man." The Iroquois asked quietly what should be the form of his death and was told that it would be by fire, to which he replied, "It is well." After this, a sister of the Huron who had been killed, and in whose place the prisoner was supposed to have been adopted, gave food to the condemned man, brought him a pipe and fanned him tenderly. A little later, he gave the famous Indian banquet of death at which he addressed his hostile guests: "My brothers, I am about to die. Do your worst to me. I do not fear torture or death."

And now in the midst of all this mockery of kindness, a gleam of strange compassion showed itself among the Huron captors, and a woman asked the French priests if it would not be right to kill the captive so as to save him from the flames of Huron

justice. But the Jesuits were thinking of other things. They approached the isolated warrior, who listened to them attentively and at the eleventh hour received the rite of Christian baptism. But more than this, the Jesuits were powerless to do. The Iroquois was burnt slowly to death, every means being taken to prolong his consciousness to the very last. And as they gloated over this festival of atrocity, they paid him compliments and, when all was over, devoured parts of his charred body. Years went by and Jean Brébeuf himself had to face a fate even more horrible.

In 1649, after that battle at St. Louis in which the Iroquois had taken such savage vengeance on the Indian allies of the French, he and Gabriel Lalemant, another heroic Jesuit missionary, were captured. Stripped naked and bound, the priests were led to St. Ignace, which had been captured from the Hurons. To the very last Brébeuf was anxious, not for himself but for the captive Hurons of his mission. Bound to the stake and powerless as he was, the Frenchman urged the Hurons to bear everything, telling them that they would receive the sure reward of Heaven. The Iroquois scorched him slowly from head to foot, but Brébeuf thundered out that these cat-like assassins would burn for eternity for daring to persecute the worshippers of the Christian God. And he continued to speak to them, though every subtlety of Iroquois torture was only too well known to him. Then they cut off his lower lip, and a red hot iron was rammed down his throat. Brébeuf looked them scornfully in the eyes. Nothing that even the Iroquois could invent seemed likely to

break his spirit, and they led out Lalemant so that Brébeuf might witness the torture of his weaker brother priest. Lalemant was horror-struck at the condition of Brébeuf, and exclaimed, "We are made a spectacle to the world, to angels, and to men." He then threw himself at the feet of Jean de Brébeuf; whereupon the Iroquois dragged him to a stake, covered him with bark and set fire to it. A collar of red-hot hatchets was then placed round the neck of Brébeuf, who bore the ordeal unflinchingly. Boiling water was poured over his head, as they shouted, "We baptise you that you may be happy in heaven; for nobody can be saved without a good baptism." Brébeuf stood motionless. The cold courage of the Christian maddened yet further these madmen, who began to cut strips of flesh from his body which they devoured before his living eyes. Apostate Hurons from his own missions, however, were allowed to utter the last mockery. "You told us," they yelled, "that, the more one suffers on earth, the happier he is in heaven. We wish to make you happy; we torment you because we love you and you ought to thank us for it." At last they scalped him and before he was actually dead, they opened his breast and vied with one another in drinking what seemed to them to be the veritable blood of courage. A chief then devoured the unconquerable heart of Jean de Brébeuf, Jesuit priest and stainless gentleman of France.

It is well, in judging the followers of Loyola, to remember such types as these, and France was rich in them. The French Jesuit of the seventeenth century, cut off from every human protection and

consolation, taught the Iroquois eye to eye that he had nothing to learn from him in the scornful endurance of pain. Men, like Brébeuf, would have been valuable soldiers in any army, but the Jesuits produced another type, less physically robust but quite as spiritually intrepid. Such was Gabriel Lalemant, who was despatched with a hatchet shortly after Brébeuf's death, and such was Charles Garnier, who in 1639, accompanied Isaac Jogues, on a peculiarly dangerous mission to the Tobacco Nation. Garnier met death unflinchingly at the hands of the Iroquois and maintained to the very last the high tradition of his calling. But it is in the life of Jogues, a veritable Odysseus of the savage wilderness, that we have, as it were, a synthesis of the two great types of French priest.

Born at Orlean in 1607, Jogues was a man of thirty-five when, in a Huron canoe that glided slowly along the Lake of St. Peter, he and his party were attacked by the Iroquois. A scholar of a meditative disposition, Jogues possessed at the same time, great physical endurance and agility, and he might have escaped on this occasion but for his anxiety on behalf of Goupil, a faithful *donné* of the mission, who was afterwards tortured to death. Jogues became a slave of the Iroquois, and we have a picture of him half-starved and carrying firewood for the Iroquois like a squaw, irritating them by his humility, but denouncing them always sternly when they dared to gibe at his God. When going to trade with the Dutch, the Iroquois brought Jogues with them to Fort Orange, where he was fortunate enough to meet Van Curler, who offered him a

passage to France. Jogues astonished him by asking for time to consider the matter, and to consult his God as to whether it was right to leave the Iroquois, while there remained a chance of saving a single soul. Finally, however, he decided that remaining with his captors was equivalent to suicide, and he escaped, eventually reaching France in a terrible condition. Destitute, half-famished, his body scarred, his hands lacerated, the unfortunate man made his way to the Jesuit College at Rennes, where he was at last allowed to see the Father Rector, who, on learning that he came from Canada, enquired about Father Jogues. "I knew him very well," came the answer. "The Iroquois have taken him," continued the Rector, "Is he dead? Have they murdered him"? "No," exclaimed the wanderer falling on his knees, "He is alive and at liberty and I am he."

Only priests suffering from no physical deformity were allowed to say mass, and Jogues bore so many marks of the knives and the teeth of the Iroquois that he required a special dispensation from the Pope before he could be allowed to resume his loved privilege. The dispensation was obtained, and the following Spring Jogues sailed for Canada.

The Mohawks made peace with the French in 1645, but, in spite of this, certain members of the Five Nations refused to recognise the treaty, and, as though he had not suffered enough, Father Isaac Jogues was chosen to return to this merciless people. The Mohawks were divided in their reception, but, on the whole, his embassy was successful, and he returned to consult the Governor of Quebec,

after leaving behind him a small box in which he kept a few simple and necessary personal belongings. When he returned to the Indian village, he found that the sorcerers had persuaded many of the Indians that this box was inhabited by an evil spirit, who would send down upon the Mohawks plague and misery and sudden death. The village was now divided into two clamouring parties, those who wished for the death of Jogues, and those who desired to show him mercy. He was murdered suddenly on his way to attend a feast to which he had received an invitation. He was just bending his head to enter the lodge, when an Iroquois struck at him with a hatchet, which another Iroquois sought to intercept by his outstretched arm. The hatchet cut through the interposing arm and pierced Jogues' brain, after which his head was hacked off by the murderer. Lalande, an assistant in the mission, who had already been tortured by the Iroquois, was killed shortly afterwards, and the bodies of the two Frenchmen were flung contemptuously into the Mohawk River.

Such were the sacrifices to Jesuit zeal and faith. The Superior at Quebec was satisfied with the interest taken in the mission in France, and delighted with Champlain's successor, Charles Huault de Montmagny, the new governor, who was a Knight of Malta, and came to Canada accompanied by a large band of officers and gentlemen. Seeing a crucifix planted on the path in front of him, the newly-arrived governor fell on his knees and the whole company of nobles and soldiers, sailors and priests, followed his example.

By the same boat had arrived numerous letters from nuns and priests, courtiers and soldiers and princesses, all showing the deep interest that France continued to feel for Canada as a mission. Religion as a motif was now unrivalled. The Island of Montreal had belonged to the former President of the Hundred Associates, but two religious enthusiasts, Jerome le Royer de la Dauversière and Jean Jacques Olier, succeeded in having it purchased for a religious community. Part of the money was subscribed by devout French ladies, many of whom became zealous members of the Association of Montreal.

Typical of these enthusiasts was Mademoiselle Jeanne Mance, a lady of good family, who, inspired by religious enthusiasm, came out to Canada in the same ship as the new military governor, Paul de Chomedey, Sieur de Maisonneuve. These two zealots were the only Associates who had embarked. Even Olier, Dauversière, and the Baron de Fancamp, one of the most enthusiastic of the subscribers for the island, had remained in their own country. Quebec's famous rival was henceforth to be known to the world as Villemarie de Montreal, under the immediate patronage of Christ, St. Joseph and the Virgin. There was to be a seminary consecrated to Christ, a hospital to St. Joseph, and a college to the Virgin. Marguerite Bourgeois, who was attached as *externe* to the Sisters of the congregation of Troyes, was responsible for this last endowment, and the instruction of children in New Canada is ever associated with this gentle and practical enthusiast, who, without being a visionary, shared so gracefully the visions of New France.

The religious enthusiasts in France were well satisfied with these pious settlements on the St. Lawrence. Priests and soldiers protecting the privileges of priests, nuns and their associates, novices who had taken the oath of chastity, sailors connecting the New World with the Old, donnés attached to the mission, all these formed a population most gratifying to the dreams of the Catholic Church. Externally, however, it showed already the signs of difficulty and confusion. Quebec seems to have been jealous of Montreal from her birth and Montmagny saw in the new governor a menace to his own prestige. He urged that the site of Montreal was a dangerous one and that it should be exchanged for the Island of Orleans. Maisonneuve would not listen to the suggestion "I have not come here," he protested, "to deliberate but to act. It is my duty and my honour to found a Colony at Montreal; and I would go, if every tree were an Iroquois"!

In the meantime, the new arrivals found accommodation difficult at Quebec. Fortunately, they received hospitality from a certain M. Puiseaux, who lived at a place called St. Michel some little distance from Quebec. Here Maisonneuve kept his men occupied in building boats and in other work connected with the future Colony. His fête day was celebrated on January 25th, 1642, and the muskets and cannon that greeted it produced discord in Quebec. Montmagny, indeed, was so angry that he had Jean Gory, the principal originator of the festivities, arrested. On his release Maisonneuve gave him a feast, and shaking hands with him before all his followers said: "Jean Gory, you have been put in irons for me, you

had the pain and I the affront. For that I add ten crowns to your wages." He turned to the others and continued: "My boys, though Jean Gory has been misused, you must not lose heart for that, but drink all of you, to the health of the man in irons. When we are once at Montreal, we shall be our own masters, and can fire our cannon when we please."

In this spirit the new Colony was inaugurated and the rivalry may be said to have lasted to the end of French dominance in Canada. But the religious atmosphere of Montreal under Maisonneuve was not a whit less absorbing than that of Quebec under Montmagny. What that atmosphere was in the earlier half of the seventeenth century may be gathered from these sentiments of Jesuit priests: "In the climate of New France, one learns perfectly to seek only God, to have no desire but God, no purpose but for God." And in words yet more ecstatic: "To live in New France, is in truth to live in the bosom of God." Le Jeune asked for nothing better than such conditions "If," he exclaims, "anyone of those, who die in this country goes to perdition, I think he will be doubly guilty." But the position of both Colonies, from the standpoint of external affairs, was perilous in the extreme, and the distance between them was too great for mutual aid to be rendered promptly in time of need. The Iroquois had become the implacable enemies of the French, and Maisonneuve set out to fight them with all the careless courage of Champlain. On one occasion, during a sortie, he might have been easily killed had not the Iroquois concentrated all their attention on securing the

body of a Chief, whom the governor of Montreal had shot dead.

But internally, the situation was even more precarious. The soldier and the priest, equally gallant, equally disinterested, were also equally disinclined for the routine of those ordinary and practical labours, which are the only sure foundation of a Colony. The traditions of New France were wholly hostile to organic settlement. Montreal, no less than Quebec, became a mission guarded by French soldiers and its avowed aim was to plant a Cross in the wilderness rather than to extend European civilization slowly and steadfastly through productive labour. Even the representatives of the worldly side of French colonization, the fur-traders, had no such idea as this. They wished to make money out of beaver skins, and they produced the type of *coureur de bois* as inevitably as the Jesuits produced the type of *donné*. All of these were more or less wanderers, either by inclination or from a sense of duty, and the stay-at-home Canadians were immersed in a transplanted feudalism.

Land was given to officers, who became seigneurs, and the private soldiers and settlers who farmed it became imperceptibly the type known as the habitant of our own day. Thus, from the very dawn of French colonization, the French Canadian breathed an atmosphere of almost fanatical religion, centralisation and restriction. It was unnecessary to deny to him the liberty of thought, because the idea of such liberty had never entered his head. His battles were never to be those of Voltaire and Rousseau, but he was perplexed by certain concrete difficulties

of speculation: was it right that the Jesuits should sell brandy to the Indians as a counter attraction to the plentiful rum of the English? How far, if at all, was it legitimate for the Jesuits to support themselves by the increments of the fur-trade?

Even the amusements of the French Canadians were intimately associated with religion, and their holidays were the fête days of their saints. The origin of the drama is historically religious and the French Canadian, celebrating the Dauphin's birthday, found it perfectly natural to witness, in a dramatic performance, an Algonquin-speaking Frenchman being hunted by fiends into hell because of his unbelief. Religious processions were always very popular and the Indians frequently took part in them. In one such procession six Indians were leaders, dressed for the occasion in scarlet velvet coats dashed with gold, which had been sent them by the King of France. After these the converts walked two by two and then came the famous foundress of the Ursuline convent with Indian children dressed in French frocks. Next came the governor himself and after him, the whole French population of Quebec with the exception of the gunners at the fort who, however, saluted the Cross and banner with volleys of cannon. After the procession the Indian converts were feasted by the governor and the Jesuits.

Of this pious, but non-productive civilization, the Ursulines, Marie de St. Bernard, Madame de la Peltrie, and other devoted women became at once as it were, the inspiration and the symbol: "Alas!" had written Father le Jeune in the early days of his mission, "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?" A Huron seminary for Indian boys at Quebec had been one of the earliest works of the Jesuits, and now Madame de la Peltrie, a widow of noble birth, reading this appeal in France, determined to be herself the virtuous and charitable lady who would teach Christianity to little Indian girls. Her zeal for Canada, illustrates the emotional interest taken in the New World by so many French ladies of the period. She wished to start at once for Canada, but her father objected and insisted on her marrying again. Madame de la Peltrie infused guile into piety and planned a marriage in name only, somewhat similar to that of the famous mathematician, Sonya Kovalevsky. In the French lady's case, however, the perspective husband, M. de Bernières, had himself taken an oath of chastity and had scruples about even an apparent violation of its sanctity. A sham marriage, none the less, was celebrated, and after endless difficulties with her relatives the enthusiastic lady made her way to the Ursuline Convent at Tours where it was arranged that she should be the foundress of that Order in Quebec and that Marie de St. Bernard, a delicate and distinguished young girl, should accompany her. She was chosen first and after her Marie Guyard, known as Marie de l'Incarnation, and on May 4th, 1639, all three devotees, with another Ursuline, sailed from Dieppe to Canada.

But against these forces of religious conviction and deep moral sincerity the Iroquois shouted more and more stridently their barbaric challenge. Except for

Quebec, Three Rivers, Montreal, and the insignificant Fort of Richelieu, the Iroquois, and not the French, were masters: "I had as lief," writes a French priest, "be beset by goblins as by Iroquois. The one are about as invisible as the other. Our people on the Richelieu and at Montreal are kept in a closer confinement than ever were monks or nuns in our smallest convents in France." And while the French were thus miserably hemmed in, their Indian allies were undergoing a process of extermination. "Where eight years ago," writes the same Father, "one would see a hundred wigwams, one now sees scarcely five or six. A Chief who once had eight hundred warriors has now but thirty or forty; and in place of fleets of three or four hundred canoes we see less than a tenth of that number." The most ferocious cruelty, comparable only with the death-scene of Jean de Brébeuf, had now free play. The Indian allies, indeed, were being tortured into extinction by this prowling warfare, and the French were powerless to save them. None the less, early in 1614, an Italian Jesuit, named Joseph Bressani, was ordered by his Superior to visit the Hurons. Six young Huron converts and a French boy went with him. They left Three Rivers while there was ice in the river and on the third day of their voyage in canoes they were overtaken by a snowstorm. A little later the Iroquois were upon them and three months later Bressani wrote to the General of the Jesuits at Rome from the heart of the Iroquois country: "I do not know if your Paternity will recognize the hand-writing of one whom you once knew very well. The letter is soiled and ill-written, because the writer

has only one finger of his right hand left entire, and cannot prevent the blood from his wounds, which are still open, from staining the paper. His ink is gunpowder mixed with water and his table is the earth." Horrible details follow and night after night the Italian priest was handed over to the Iroquois children, who would thrust at him with sharpened sticks as they bade him sing or dance to their hideous pleasure. The French boy, who had accompanied him, was tortured in his presence. Of his own state Bressani observes impassively, "I could not have believed that a man was so hard to kill." Like Jogues, he was saved by the generosity of the Dutch, reached France alive, and a few months later returned to Canada to face the tortures of the Iroquois once more.

Such were the warnings that Father de Nouë must have had in his mind when, at the age of sixty-three, accompanied by two soldiers and a Huron, he set out from Three Rivers in January, 1646, to reach the French fort on the Richelieu. The old priest walked eighteen miles over the snow before night with ease, but the soldiers, unaccustomed to snow shoes, were greatly fatigued and so the next morning, he started for the Fort by himself, leaving behind his blanket, and promising to send men to help his companions in drawing their sledges. He started with six prunes in his pocket and his rosary and was fortunate in meeting no Iroquois, but was found a day or two later frozen to death in the snow. He has been called the first martyr of this Jesuit mission, but in these early days at least, the whole lives of the Jesuit priests were those of martyrs.

But these gentle heroes had not implanted the seeds of their own mercy in either Huron or Algonquin. The allies tortured the Iroquois, and their "caresses" were just as ingenious as those of the common enemy. The Algonquins, moreover, possessed in Piskaret, a Chief whose ferocity even the Iroquois respected. His exploits, indeed, were occasionally worthy of the Mohawks in their moments of fiercest inspiration. The wife of an Algonquin convert, named Jeanne Baptiste, also gave evidence of a hardihood and intrepidness that compare with any of the proudest traditions of the Iroquois. Marie had been a prisoner at Onondaga, and when she was led a captive to one of the Mohawk towns, she was recognised by some of the Onondagas who chanced to be there. They helped her to escape to Onondaga. On the way they told her to hide in the woods and wait for their return, but at last, terrified by the yells and laughter of one of her countrymen, who was being burnt to death, she fled, and made her way to Onondaga across the snow. Close to the grim fastness of the Iroquois she halted. Lurking in a thicket and fearing the torture that might only too surely be the only hospitality of Onondaga, she tried to hang herself by her girdle, which she tied to a branch of a tree. The girdle broke, and once more she attempted suicide in the same way. The girdle broke again, and this time she believed that the Christian God willed that she should live. Alone, without food, she made her way vaguely towards Canada, found by accident a bark canoe belonging to some Iroquois hunters, reached the St. Lawrence, killed deer on

the way with a hatchet, and paddled to Montreal after a journey of some two months' duration with a store of venison and eggs on board.

There were many such escapes, but the deaths by butchery were incomparably more numerous, and the Father Superior knew well that the triumph of his Order was not, at present, for this world. "Do not imagine," he writes, "that the rage of the Iroquois and the loss of many Chistians and many catechumens, can bring to nought the mystery of the Cross of Jesus Christ, and the efficacy of His blood. We shall die; we shall be captured, burned, butchered: be it so. Those who die in their beds do not always die the best death. I see none of our company cast down. On the contrary, they ask leave to go up to the Hurons, and some of them protest that the fires of the Iroquois are one of their motives for the journey." Their whole creed was one of danger, and any torture was to be faced if only the water of baptism might be sprinkled, even by stealth, upon some dying savage. On the surface, their heroism, their steadfastness, their compassion accomplished little, but they undoubtedly converted some hundreds of Red men, and undoubtedly they, at least, tended to modify the savagery of the Indians.

Their missions, as time passed, assumed occasionally a political character. And as early as 1646 Gabriel Druilletes left Sillery to visit the English settlement in Maine. Four years afterwards he visited Boston, partly as an agent of his Abenaqui converts, and partly as an envoy of the Quebec Government. The French Jesuit was struck at

once by the difference between the colonization of the Puritans and that of his own country. New England seemed to him to be prosperous and powerful, but it was in vain that he pleaded for aid from New Englanders against the Iroquois; for not even free trade with Canada was considered worth the price.

In the French Colony new burdens had been added. The Company of the Hundred Associates had transferred their monopoly of the fur-trade and, incidentally, their debts, to the French Colony. In 1645 the inhabitants found themselves compelled to furnish means of defence, to attract emigrants, to support missions, and to pay a thousand pounds of beaver per annum to the Company, which retained the seigneurial rights. Two years later a Council was formed and invested with absolute power, legislative, judicial and executive. It was composed of three people—the Governor-General, the Superior of the Jesuits and the Governor of Montreal. Later on this Council was re-organised, so as to include three of the principal inhabitants of the Colony which had become a Corporation of Merchants ruled by the Governor and Council. The Superior of the Jesuits, however, retained his influence, and no breath of political liberty was permitted to disturb the French Canadians.

But the Colony was crushed by taxation, and the French King was forced to send troops to save it from annihilation. The Jesuit-controlled Trading Company sometimes hesitated between the acquisition of beaver skins and the salvation of souls, but their enemy remained steadfast and undivided in

aim. The Iroquois determined to obliterate the Hurons and the Algonquins in spite of the French. Only a few years afterwards, indeed, they took a number of Huron prisoners under the very guns of the French in Quebec, who did not fire on them for fear of the vengeance that they knew would follow upon the Jesuits who were then in the country of the enemy. The Hurons having been almost obliterated, the Iroquois turned their fury upon the Neutrals, after which they began to exterminate the Eries.

The Iroquois, in short, had stultified the whole policy of Champlain. The fur-trade had been dwarfed, and the Colonies of New England had been given breathing space to gain strength along the Atlantic coast. Champlain's dream of converted Indians, inspired by Jesuit priests and commanded by French officers, had already faded. In 1663 the whole population of the country was only two thousand, of whom the vast majority were settled at Quebec, Montreal and Three Rivers. More than ever, they depended for means of subsistence upon the ships of France, and at last Colbert advised the youthful Louis XIV. to assume royal command of Canada and make of New France a royal Province Under this system the Colony, instead of becoming. gradually independent, was drawn closer to the mother-land. Instead of a meed of self-government, a more accentuated, paternal authority was imposed upon them. And when, on the 30th of June, 1665, the Marquis de Tracy introduced into Quebec the glitter of a new régime, it was in all essentials merely the intensified reflection of the old.

CHAPTER VI.

EMIGRATION AND MATRIMONY.

But prior to the landing of Tracy, there had been troubles in Quebec, other than the fear of the Iroquois and the menace of starvation. The Jesuits, heroic in the outposts of the wilderness, became insupportably ambitious in Quebec. They had ousted the Récollets, and when in 1657, the religious founders of Montreal were forced to ask the seminary of St. Sulpice to relieve them of its burdens, the Jesuits anticipated a new rivalry. The conveyance of the island was not made until some years later, but four Sulpicians came out at once to take charge of the Colony, and very soon expressed their desire for a Canadian bishop, bringing forward a candidate of their own Order, the Abbe Queylus.

For thirty years the Jesuits had represented the Church in Canada, and they naturally opposed Queylus, choosing in his stead the very incarnation of French Jesuitism in Canada—Francois Xavier de Laval-Montmorency, who was not, however, a Jesuit since no one of that Order could be a bishop. The Jesuits had wished for a bishop, who placed papal supremacy before all other autocracies, and in the famous Laval, they found a man after their own heart. The Ultra Montaines and the Jesuits were now at war with the Gallicans and the Sulpicians, thus adding the ingredient of ecclesiastical hatred to the old rivalry between Quebec and Montreal

The new bishop arrived at Quebec at the age of thirty-six. His dream for French Canada was as definite and as ambitious in its own way as that of the Father of New France. He took the high hand at once, and Queylus was twice shipped back to France, after which that intrepid ecclesiastic returned to Canada as a missionary. But Laval, besides fighting ecclesiastical opponents and maintaining ecclesiastical authority, set himself from the first to remedy a concrete evil. Amid all the confusion of war-parties, hunting-parties, explorations and journeys to far off missions, there had grown up a trade with the Indians that was detrimental to the prestige of the Holy Church. Whereas the English provided the Indians with rum, the French gave them brandy and when the Red man hesitated in his Councils as to which of the white races he should choose as his ally, the choice between rum and brandy was very far from a neglible quantity. Laval attacked this scandal, not only in the Colony but also in France, where he complained of the governor, Baron Dubois d'Avaugour, who was soon afterwards recalled. Laval was the veritable dictator of French Canada and the Sieur de Mésy was sent out as the new governor at his request. Mésy himself could not cope with him, but if the bishop was implacable to his public enemies, he was both generous and charitable in private. His ambition was never personal, but always for the Church. He might easily have acquired great wealth but money meant nothing to him except for the religious uses that he could make of it. He encouraged education and did much for the seminaries which, associated with the

modern University of Laval, perpetuate his name in the ancient capital of Canada.

But his whole weight and authority was against self-government as English Colonies have interpreted it all over the world. His principles were as nearly as possible those of the Jesuits themselves, and in a sermon, preached in the Church of Notre Dame at Montreal in 1872, a modern Jesuit preacher categorically defined them in words that might have been used by Laval himself. "The supremacy and infallibility of the Pope; the independence and liberty of the church; the *subordination and submission of the state to the church;* in case of conflict between them, the church to decide, the state to submit: for whoever follows and defends these principles, life and a blessing: for whoever rejects and combats them, death and a curse."

No word need be added to this, for it sums up the church point of view in New France, a point of view which produced noble martyrs, but feeble colonists, a point of view, which, had it expanded without check or hindrance, would have made of Canada, not the Dominion, but at the very best, the Province of Quebec. The bishop triumphed over Mésy, just as he had triumphed in turn over Queylus and Avaugour and in 1664, the Sieur de Courcelles, was duly appointed first governor under the new régime while Jean Baptiste Talon was made Intendant. This duplicate system of government was to add greatly to the internal confusion of Canada.

The Marquis de Tracy had been appointed lieutenant-general, and to him had been entrusted full powers to enquire into the actual state of the newly

formed Royal Province. He brought with him the famous Carignan-Salières Regiment and many young French nobles, so that at least something of Versailles hovered about those enduring Heights of Abraham. Within a few weeks no less than two thousand people followed, including the new governor, Courcelles himself. Even Mother Juchereau, who has chronicled from time to time her New World aspirations, was almost ecstatic at the opening of the new régime: "At length," she writes, "our joy was completed by the arrival of two vessels with Monsieur de Courcelles, our governor: Monsieur Talon, our intendant, and the last companies of the regiment of Carignan."

The governor, on his side, "had a superb train, and M. Talon, who naturally loves glory, forgot nothing which could do honour to the King." From the standpoint of the church nothing could be more satisfactory. The lieutenant-general's piety made an excellent impression: "It is a ravishing thing, to see how marvellously exact is Monsieur de Tracy, at all these holy ceremonies, where he is always the first to come, for he would not lose a single moment of them. He has been seen in church for six hours together, without once going out."

Actual royalty was now represented in New France and a famous regiment of French regulars was prepared to defend the Cross. A crusade was at once declared against the Iroquois in the persons of the Mohawks and Oneidas, who were still threatening. Courcelles, subordinate though he was to Tracy, could not conceal his eagerness for war, and very soon lieutenant-general and governor

were on the road to meet the Mohawks. A chaplain on this expedition, Dollier de Casson, a priest of great strength, seems to have continued physically and spiritually the splendid tradition of Jean de Brébeuf. He was always quite as willing to save lives as he was to save souls, and his light-heartedness and kindliness made him a favourite everywhere. The Indians understood him. On one occasion, an Algonquin interrupted him while engaged at his prayers, whereupon the former officer under the great Turenne, knocked the savage down with his clenched fist to the approval of his brother Red men. Dollier de Casson was the veritable type of those French priests who united the courage of the martyr to the more practical manliness of the soldier. After having chastised the Iroquois, Tracy and his French nobles returned to France. Courcelles and Talon were now left to govern Canada in Quebec in conjunction with Colbert in Paris.

The intendant was appointed for the purpose of keeping the governor in check and reporting to Colbert anything that seemed worth reporting. Talon, at least, was not likely to consider anything too insignificant, and he constantly complained of Courcelles' successor, the famous Count Frontenac, who became governor for the first time in 1672. Frontenac had the real interests of the Colony at heart in spite of the strangling system of which he was the representative, and from the first he paid attention to the most important question of population.

For some time past the Sulpicians had been sending out young girls to supply wives for the

inhabitants of Montreal. Talon, the intendant, asked Colbert in 1667, for young ladies as wives for the officers: "They send us eighty-four girls from Dieppe and twenty-five from Rochelle; among them are fifteen or twenty of pretty good birth; several of them are really *demoiselles* and tolerably well brought up." Sometimes there were complaints of hardships on the way out. "I shall do what I can to soothe their discontent," says Talon, "for if they write to their correspondents at home how ill they have been treated, it would be an obstacle to your plan of sending us next year a number of select young ladies."

Count Frontenac complains of the insufficiency of the supply of peasant girls. "If a hundred and fifty girls and as many servants," he writes to Colbert in the year of his arrival, "had been sent out this year they would all have found husbands and masters within a month." The mocking La Hontan has left a vivid sketch of this system of marriage by emigration, which is by no means without advocates in the present century: "There was wherewith to content the most fantastical in these three harems; for here were to be seen the tall, and the short, the blond and the brown, the plump and the lean; everybody, in short, found a shoe to fit him. At the end of a fortnight not one was left. I am told the plumpest were taken first, because it was thought that being less active, they were more likely to keep at home, and that they could resist the winter cold better. Those who wanted a wife applied to the directresses, to whom they were obliged to make known their possessions and means of livelihood before taking

from one of the three classes the girl whom they found most to their liking." Priest and notary concluded between them the business of marriage, and the following day a present was made to each couple by the governor. This present consisted of an ox, a pair of swine, a cow, a couple of fowls, two barrels of salted meat and eleven crowns in hard cash.

Allowing for much vivacity of presentation in La Hontan's sketch, it is easy to see that under this paternal system, the officer of the Old France became imperceptibly the seigneur of the New, and that in this by no means harsh feudalism, the clearing of waste spaces took the place of military service. From the beginning, piety and emigration had been only too intimately connected and each had been protected by military prestige. Brides and bachelors had been, so to speak, governed into matrimony, and bounties had rewarded marriage. The French Canadians of the XVIIth century were a hardy people innured to the environment of Canada, but in public and private life they were treated as children. Absolutism breathed forth its edicts on every side, and even the heroism and self-sacrifice of the early Jesuit Fathers had culminated in the arbitrary dictatorship of Laval.

But the old gay spirit of France, the spirit of Samuel Champlain, was not dead, but had renewed itself in Count Frontenac, while the petty squabbling mercenary side of Canadian enterprise may be said to have found full expression in M. Talon, the intendant. In the background now, as always priests, soldiers and nuns were the most imposing figures.

The French Canadian was now entering the path from which he was never to stray very far. The type was becoming as fixed as that New England type which had fashioned itself so quietly beside the Atlantic coast. Is it any wonder that with these traditions of constant martyrdom in a savage country, in which the only protection was the isolated priest-ridden fort, the French Canadian remains devout, no matter how indifferent the Frenchman by the Seine may be? Is it any wonder that the French Canadian is conservative in the inner sense, however the Gaul by the Seine may still be "eager for new things"? Cut off from France, isolated for generation after generation in this atmosphere of pious repression, the French Canadian has ever been repelled by the too glittering facets of the new. By no means devoid of the artistic inheritance of France, he has been moulded less by books, culture and art, than by the axe, the rifle and the canoe. And even in the early days he was the father of many children. "A poor man," says a devout lady of this period, "will have eight children or more, who run about in winter with bare heads and feet, and a little jacket on their backs, live on nothing but bread and eels and on that grow fat and stout." This is the more remarkable, for even in those days, the families of Old France were meagre. Moreover, emigrants of both sexes found the climate healthy, and, on the authority of Dollier de Casson, it was very much more so for the female than the male. All the intendants, from Talon onwards, were astonished at the fecundity and longevity of the French Canadian women.

Thus the habitant continued to survive. Sometimes he was the vassal of the seigneur, but often he held his patch of earth directly from the crown. It is now more than half a century since this feudal tenure was abolished but in his frugality, his simplicity and his gaiety, the habitant of Quebec has changed but little from his forefathers in the days of Frontenac. In those days, the seigneurs had no voice whatever in the government of the country and even their judicial authority was strictly limited. As for the habitant, though he was without the conception of political liberty, he was by no means so crushed as the French peasant of his day, and he instinctively scorned and avoided the very word "peasant." He was the Sancho Panza to that Don Quixote of New France, the *gentilhomme*, whose position was often the more deplorable of the two. "It is pitiful," writes an intendant in the latter half of the seventeenth century, "to see their children, of which they have great numbers, passing all summer with nothing on them but a shirt, and their wives and daughters working in the fields." But it is the governor Denonville who gives the worst pictures of the material ills of the French Canadian noblesse. "Two days ago," he says to the French minister, "Monsieur de Saint-Ours, a gentleman of Dauphiny, came to me to ask leave to go back to France in search of bread. He says that he will put his ten children into the charge of any one who will give them a living, and that he himself will go into the army again. His wife and he are in despair; and yet they do what they can. I have seen two of his

girls reaping grain and holding the plough. Other families are in the same condition. They come to me with tears in their eyes. All our married officers are beggars, and I entreat you to send them aid." In the same letter the governor hints that if some assistance is not given to the children, their fathers will seek the assistance of the English.

The sons of New France, rebellious against the iron traditions of Laval, unoccupied by any civic duty, uninspired by any sense of responsibility, turned inevitably to the forest for livelihood and excitement. Here they shock off the all-pervading guardianship of governors, councils, intendants and priests, and became *coureurs de bois*. Drunkards and debauchés as they often were, these forest bandits produced great leaders, such as De Lhut, and it was through their Indian system of warfare that the French were able to resist the English for so long. They were also explorers and in them, equally with the Jesuit priest, and the more conventional type of French gentleman, the love of adventure for its own sake persisted. But in this, as in so many other respects, New France was victimised by her virtues. It is, obviously, an evil thing for a growing Colony that the best part of its manhood should take periodically to the life of the woods, and reports from French Canada complain with good reason of this habit of going to the Indians for trade instead of making the Indians visit the French settlements. A French Father, after dilating upon the mischief done to families by these migrations continues : " But it is less as regards the body than as regards the soul, that this traffic of the

French among the savages is infinitely hurtful. It carries them far away from churches, separates them from priests and nuns, and severs them from all instruction, all exercise of religion, and all spiritual aid. It sends them into places wild and almost inaccessible, through a thousand perils by land and water to carry on by base, abject, and shameful means, a trade which would much better be carried on at Montreal."

The laborious, unromantic duty of tilling the soil, was, naturally enough, only too often disdained for the dangerous lure of the woods. Tavern-keepers refused to till their own ground, and endeavoured to keep the habitant from tilling his. Beggars and vagabonds swarmed in this new country, and in Quebec, Montreal and Three Rivers, the alms-house held its own even with the church. Idleness prolonged poverty and the French love of the elegant in life was not, in the French Canadian, accompanied by any tendency towards French thrift. Before the end of the seventeenth century, labourers were so scarce, that many slaves were introduced into the country. Fortunately, however, this miserable system never prospered.

The French Canadian was admitted, even by La Hontan, to possess a force of character distinct from that of the Frenchman: "They are vigorous, enterprising, and indefatigable, and need nothing but education. They are presumptuous and full of self-conceit, regard themselves as above all the nations of the earth and unfortunately, have not the veneration for their parents that they ought to have. The women are generally pretty; few of them are

brunettes; many of them are discreet, and a good number are lazy. They are fond to the last degree of dress and show, and each tries to outdo the rest in the art of 'catching a husband.'"

Half a century later, an intendant was to sum up the Canadians in very much the same terms: "They are all attached to religion, and criminals are rare. They are volatile, and think too well of themselves, which prevents their succeeding as they might in farming and trade. They have not the rude rustic air of our French peasants. If they are put on their honour and governed with justice, they are tractable enough; but their natural disposition is indocile."

To the very end of French rule, the type remained practically unmodified. Bougainville, the famous navigator, found the habitant undoubtedly superior to the French peasant and observed of him impartially: "He is loud, boastful, mendacious, obliging, civil and honest; indefatigable in hunting, travelling and bush-ranging, but lazy in tilling the soil." Some time before this, the traveller, Charlevoix, writing to the Duchesse de Lesdiguières, gives this interesting contrast between the stock that was to people Ontario and the Maritime Provinces and the stock that still flourishes in Quebec: "In New England and the other British Colonies, there reigns an opulence by which the people seem not to know how to profit; while in New France poverty is hidden under an air of ease which appears entirely natural. The English colonist keeps as much and spends as little as possible; the French colonist enjoys what he has got, and often makes a display of what he has not

got. The one labours for his heirs, the other leaves them to get on as they can, like himself."

Both types were formed definitely long before the end of the seventeenth century and each has continued and developed on its original lines. The Province of Ontario represents a more expansive conception of life than the Province of Quebec, but French Canada still clings faithfully to her own. It is almost impossible to absorb and assimilate the French Canadian. Even the United States, that absorber of all European nationalities, has failed to make the French Canadian emigrant, a work-a-day American citizen. Such as they are, the French Canadians have clung to their individual niche in the world of history. Under Frontenac, the roots of French Canadian life strengthened. From the larger standpoint of imperial colonization, these roots were implanted in a feebly protected soil. But at least, they were organic, and they have persisted to this day. There has been, indeed, but one theory of French colonization at work in the New World from Villegagnon, the Huguenot in Florida, to the Catholic Montcalm on those lost Heights of Abraham.

CHAPRER VII.

EXPLORATION.

EXPLORATION had held its own in seventeenth century New France, and Jesuit influence had continued to foster it. Picture after picture comes to us of the French-bred ecclesiastic, braving tranquilly the terrors of the scalping knife, half-suffocated in the wigwam, sleeping thankfully in the open and from time to time polishing those long "rélations" in which so much of the history of early Canada shapes itself. It is not surprising then, that Jacques Marquette, the Jesuit missionary, was chosen to accompany Louis Jolliet in his search for the Mississippi.

Jolliet himself had received the tonsure when a boy in his teens, but had abandoned the priesthood to become a fur-trader. Talon, the intendant, probably at the instance of the Jesuits, selected him for the famous expedition of 1673. The old duel of interests, between the fur-trader and the missionary, was ignored and the two Frenchmen paddled contentedly down the river which they knew to be that of their search, encountering cat-fish and spade-fish and watching the buffaloes grazing on the banks on either side. And then, after days spent in utter solitude, they plunge in among the Illinois Indians, by whom they are feasted and complimented, but

implored not to descend the Mississippi any further. But heedless of all warnings they paddle on for hundreds of miles, until, on nearing the mouth of the Arkansas, they are greeted with the ominous war-whoop of strange Indians. But they escape and after endless adventures, return to their own country. Jolliet, after paddling over 2,500 miles, speaks in a letter to Frontenac of his final misfortune quite close to Montreal: "I had escaped every peril from the Indians; I had passed forty-two rapids, and was on the point of disembarking, full of joy at the success of so long and difficult an enterprise, when my canoe capsized after all the danger seemed over. I lost two men, and my box of papers, within sight of the first French settlements, which I had left almost two years before. Nothing remains to me but my life, and the ardent desire to employ it on any service which you may please to direct."

Marquette the saintly, was a genuine successor of Garnier and Lalemant. He undertook another difficult journey a little later, from the effects of which he never recovered. He died on the western shore of Lake Michigan, and his remains were carried by some Ottawas, who had learned to love him, to the Mission Chapel of St. Ignace, under the floor of which they were buried. Marquette had been faithful to his tradition, but French Canada was never for long without the tempestuous energy of a more restless, though not more intrepid, type.

Champlain was to live again and again in French Canadian history, but never more fiercely than in the heart of René Robert Cavelier, Sieur de la Salle. As early as 1669, this explorer, with the Sulpician

priests, Dollier de Casson and Galinée, had met Jolliet in the western confines of Ontario. The priests had made their way to the Sault, but La Salle had continued to explore by himself. Doubt overshadows these early explorations of La Salle in search of the northern passage. His fruitless efforts were laughed at, and his seigniory was nicknamed "La Chine." It was claimed, however, even in the early days, that he "reached the Illinois, or some other affluent of the Mississippi, but made no report and made no claim, having failed to reach the great river."

But Count Frontenac found in La Salle a man after his own heart, and made him a grant of Fort Frontenac, which had been built in 1673 on the site of Kingston on Lake Ontario. In 1678, accompanied by Father Hennepin and an Italian officer named Henry de Tonty, who possessed all the resourceful gallantry of Champlain's interpreter, Etienne Brulé, he explored the Niagara district, and built near Cayuga Creek, the first vessel that ever floated on a Canadian lake. In honour of the heraldic device on Frontenac's coat of arms, she was christened the "Griffin." On her way from Green Bay to Niagara with a cargo of furs, this vessel was lost, but La Salle's energy continued undiminished, and he built Fort Crèvecoeur in the district now forming the State of Illinois. This post on the Illinois river was as unfortunate as the "Griffin" herself, for it was demolished by some of La Salle's followers during a temporary absence of the gallant Tonty, who had been left in charge. All this time, Frenchmen under La Salle's orders had been far

from idle. Father Hennepin, Michel Accaut and Du Gay had reached the upper waters of the Mississippi, where they had been captured by some wandering Sioux. Father Hennepin was adopted by an old chief, and when wandering near the Falls of St. Anthony, was fortunate enough to meet the famous *coureur de bois*, Du Lhut, who understood the Sioux country better than any Frenchman alive. Under his guidance, the father reached the French outpost at the Straits of Mackinic. In his "Description de la Louisiane," printed in 1683, Hennepin made no claim to have reached the Gulf of the Mississippi, but in an enlarged edition of the same work, which appeared fourteen years later, he did make specifically that preposterous boast.

In the meantime, on February 6th, 1682, La Salle, with Tonty and a Récollet priest named Membré, started in canoes down the Mississippi. Membré, like Hennepin, was a Fleming, and during his mission work at Fort Crèvecoeur he had had the greatest difficulty in subdueing his temperamental disgust for the Indians. Day after day, as Jolliet and Marquette had drifted before them, explorer and priest passed down the great river, the solitude of which was, from time to time, broken by the threatening outcries of Indians. But when they landed at a town of the Kappa tribe of the Arkansas, they met with an excellent reception. "The whole village," says Membré to his superior, "came down to the shore to meet us, except the women, who had run off. I cannot tell you the civility and kindness we received from these barbarians, who brought us poles to make huts, supplied us with firewood during the

three days we were among them, and took turns in feasting us. But, my reverend father, this gives no idea of the good qualities of these savages, who are gay, civil and free-hearted. The young men, though the most alert and spirited we had seen, are, nevertheless, so modest that not one of them would take the liberty to enter our hut, but all stood quietly at the door. They are so well formed that we were in admiration at their beauty. We did not lose the value of a pin while we were among them."

The familiar sequence of feasting and dancing came in due course, after which La Salle and Tonty marched into the centre of the village and solemnly claimed this vast undefined area for the King of France. Eleven years before, Daumont de Saint-Lusson had gone through a somewhat similar ceremony in the Huron country, and had proclaimed with a sword in one hand and a sod of earth in the other that "in the name of the Most High, Mighty and Redoubted Monarch, Louis Fourteenth of that name, Most Christian King of France and of Navarre," he took possession of "Sainte Marie du Saut, as also of Lakes Huron and Superior, the Island of Manatoulin, and all countries, rivers, lakes and streams contiguous and adjacent thereunto: both those which have been discovered and those which may be discovered hereafter, in all their length and breadth, bounded on the one side by the seas of the North and of the West and on the other by the South Sea." The bewildered Indians had howled out their acquiescence in this renewal of the high hopes of Champlain and Nicolas Perrott, the interpreter, who was afterwards accused of poisoning

La Salle, himself, had taken part in the quite futile ceremony.

In exactly the same spirit, La Salle, with his lieutenant, Henri de Tonty, now acquired nominally enormous possessions in the New World for France. But in the very hour of triumph, the great explorer was struck down by illness, and he was forced to send Tonty forward to Michillimackinic from which place he was to despatch the joyful news to Canada, and then returned to the Illinois. The new Dominion was called Louisiana and La Salle was lying helpless at Fort Prudhomme, which had been called after Pierre Prudhomme, a hunter, who had strayed into the forest and had been brought back to camp half-famished a little earlier in the expedition. The following September La Salle joined Tonty at Michillimackinic, and the next month he wrote to a friend in France : " Though my discovery is made and I have descended the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico, I cannot send you this year either an account of my journey or a map. On the way back I was attacked by a deadly disease which kept me in danger of my life for forty days and left me so weak that I could think of nothing for four months after. I have hardly strength enough now to write my letters and the season is so far advanced that I cannot detain a single day this canoe which I send expressly to carry them." La Salle was anxious to enlist French interest in a Colony of French and Indians on the Illinois, which would be at once a defence against the Iroquois and a trading-post for the western tribes. But his illness prevented him from going to France, and so Tonty was ordered to commence

the Colony at once. Fort St. Louis rose proudly and soon afterwards La Salle received the commission from his King to found Colonies in Louisiana.

Two years later, in 1864, La Salle went on another expedition and through extraordinary ill-fortune passed the mouth of the Mississippi without recognising it. On this occasion he made the first French settlements near Matagorda Bay in what is now the State of Texas. Once more we witness that fatal parabola of French achievement in the New World. Once more splendid energy is rewarded by only the most pale success. The little Colony was thrown on its own resources and whatever energy the inexhaustible La Salle might have poured into it was cut off by his assassination at the hands of Duhaut and Liotot, two of his own men. Towards the end, La Salle seems to have divined something of his fate, and Joutel, born like La Salle himself at Rouen, has left in his history of the last expedition, this curious note on the great explorer's last night on earth : " That evening, while we were talking about what could have happened to the absent men, he seemed to have a presentiment of what was to take place. He asked me if I had heard of any machinations against them, or if I had noticed any bad design on the part of Duhaut and the rest. I answered that I had heard nothing except that they sometimes complained of being found fault with so often ; and that this was all I knew, besides which, as they were persuaded that I was in his interest, they would not have told me of any bad design they might have. We were very uneasy all the rest of the evening."

The career of La Salle seems to sum up the triumph and the failure of French achievement in the New World. The too familiar sequence had been once more completed. First, a restless adventure, contending against almost unthinkable odds, establishes for the arms of France an undefined and undefended claim. Then D'Iberville, the actual founder of Louisiana, inherits the fruit of all this insatiable energy, takes up the claim but fails to secure for the new Colony those unostentatious foundations upon which Anglo-Saxon commonwealths have been slowly and surely evolved. French Colonies rose with the meter-like audacity of their founders and passed almost as swiftly. Neither the explorers nor their followers were naturally colonists. Their very genius for adventure on the one hand and their unstable love of excitement on the other, were against leader and follower alike. La Salle could but continue the restless tradition of Champlain in Champlain's own manner. France had produced many Don Quixotes in this New World and for that matter Sancho Panzas also. But even Sancho, it must be remembered, was a governor and not a Colonist!

It was always the same, and the brilliant flaw was not so much in the individual as in the Latin system, itself the product of the Latin temperament. Canada depended always upon France, and dependence upon France meant only too often dependence upon the capricious cupidity of this or that mistress of a French King. The real value of Canada was never realized in France and enthusiasm for the country was only roused when emigration was

regarded in the light of a crusade for the Catholic Faith. Again, the very strongest individualities who performed almost superhuman feats in the service of Canada never asserted themselves against either the authority of paternal royalty or against the authority of the Church. France gave such men as Champlain and Frontenac and La Salle to Canada, but she never sent to her the equivalents of Hampden and Pym.

The French might have taken one of two definite courses in the New World. They might have permanently settled Quebec, Montreal, and Three Rivers, strengthened Acadia and then slowly extended their sphere of influence by natural increase of population and by immigration until they possessed, not vague and almost defenceless claims, but an organically settled Colony. On the other hand, the French might have fought whole-heartedly for dominion in the New World against the English and the English colonists. As a matter of fact, France took neither one course nor the other. But in spite of her own remissness it remained from first to last her fixed policy, even under such an able and large-minded governor as Frontenac, to stamp out that instinct towards self-government without which a Colony, however bonused and protected, must surely perish. Moreover, the French Government, either directly or through its representatives in Quebec, only too often impeded, rather than assisted, the exploits of brilliant Frenchmen.

La Salle himself was harassed by the interference of Frontenac's successor, La Barre. The fur-trade had now become a great temptation to French

governors and even the Jesuits took an interest in it. La Salle, of course, represented monopolies, and there was naturally a conflict of interests. But the great explorer, like so many other adventurers in the fur-trade, was in spirit the very reverse of commercial. His instinct was to found a great empire, rather than to develop the fur-trade, and had he and his compeers been less ambitious, it is probable that they would have been of more permanent value to their country.

But the thought of utility can never compress or confine such individualities as La Salle. Their lives burn out like fire. They conquer like fire, but none can retain their conquests. From century to century they re-emerge, always dominant, always tameless, always leaders of men, and always obeying only the law of their own consuming energy. Even in our own century, we can find a counterpart of the great La Salle. Sprung from that old transplanted French stock, with the love of adventure stirring in his blood as sap stirs in the trees in spring, Commander Peary, that idealist of action, recalls in his own deathless and ruthless tenacity, the explorer of the Mississippi, who was, perhaps, the most brilliant link of all in the chain of great Frenchmen that leads back to the Father of New France.

CHAPTER VIII.

CORLAER VERSUS ONONTIO.

IF La Salle summed up French enterprise and exploration, his staunch friend, Count Frontenac, summed up the theory of French centralisation in the actual domain of New France. He commenced his career as governor at the age of fifty-two and he was delighted with his capital. A Louis XIV. on a minute scale, Frontenac, determined that Quebec should be a little France, rather than a French mission. On October 23rd, 1672, he convoked the three estates of Canada, and extolled Louis XIV. with much tact in a church lent to him by the Jesuits of Quebec. He exhorted the priests to convert the Indians, the nobles to improve as well as to defend the Colony, the magistrates, merchants and colonists to perform their functions faithfully, and promised all classes the King's favour as a reward for faithful service.

Frontenac was soon at loggerheads with the Jesuits and also with his intendant, Duchesneau, and during his first period of office, he was a failure in Canada except in one respect. Count Frontenac knew how to deal with the Indians after the manner of Champlain. Without enraging them, he would address them not as "brothers" but merely as "children." Even the Iroquois considered him much the greatest of all the Onontios, as they called the

governors of Canada. He liked the Indians, and he liked the *coureurs de bois*, as long as they were not in the employ of his rivals in the fur-trade. The famous governor was a poor man, and the beaver's fur continued to be the material attraction of Canada. Duchesneau constantly accused his chief of illicit trade and at last, in 1681, Count Frontenac was recalled to France.

His successor, La Barre, an officer who had fought the English in the West Indies, was quite unable to hold his own in Canada, and powerless to cope with the Iroquois, who had become restless even under the strong hand of Frontenac, though he had gained the affection of their powerful Chief, Tegannisorens. La Barre was in despair. He complained that in all Canada there were only some two thousand men capable of bearing arms, that he had received only a hundred and fifty raw recruits the previous year from France, and that he required at least seven or eight hundred more French soldiers. "Recall me," he says in a despatch to the French King in 1684, "if you will not help me, for I cannot bear to see the country perish in my hands." It is the old, old cry of Canada across the Atlantic.

And already, there were other factors in this difficult equation besides the Iroquois. The Dutch Colony of New Netherland had become the British Colony of New York, and a certain Colonel Thomas Dongan had been made its governor by the proprietor of the Colony, the Duke of York, who was afterwards James II. of England. This Dongan was an ambitious officer who was quite determined that the Dutch and English colonists would have their share

in the fur-trade of the West, which had been so long regarded as a monopoly of French Canada. The Duke of York, himself, however, had explicitly warned him against offending the governor of New France and so it was necessary to act with caution.

Dongan understood the ways of the Iroquois, who year after year had plundered and ravaged the borders of Maryland and Virginia. It was the general belief of the English that these incessant hostilities were not without the connivance of the French Jesuits in the Iroquois villages. In 1684, the governer of Virginia, Lord Howard of Effingham, came to Albany to hold a Council with the Iroquois. The offending tribes, the Oneidas, Onondagos, and Cayugas, promised friendship for the English in the future. The traditional hatchet was buried and the Song of Peace was sung. This Council was of considerable importance, for the Mohawks attended it from the beginning and a little later the Senecas put in an appearance.

La Barre had already made a false move in this intricate game. The French governor had informed Dongan that as the Senecas and Cayugas had plundered certain French canoes and had attacked a French fort, he would have to punish them. In the same letter he urged that Dutch and English colonists should be prevented from supplying them with arms. Of course this despatch gave Dongan the opportunity to assert the claim of the English King as Sovereign over the Confederacy and as the Lord over all country south of the great lakes. Dongan made the very most of the opportunity to claim the Iroquois as ill-used British subjects. Charles Le Moyne, who

was greatly respected by the Iroquois, did all in his power for French interests. Iroquois sentiment may be estimated by this fragment of a letter from Father Lamberville to La Barre: "You cannot imagine Monsieur, with what joy the Senecas learned that you might possibly resolve on war. When they heard of the preparation at Fort Frontenac, they said that the French had a great mind to be stripped, roasted and eaten, and that they will see if their flesh, which they suppose to have a salt taste, by reason of the salt which we use with our food, be as good as that of their other enemies."

The position, with all its endlessly shifting possibilities, is now at least fairly indicated. The whole policy of Champlain has been openly reversed. British and French are playing, as at a game of chess, for the always doubtful alliance of the Iroquois, for whom the Onondaga orator, known to history as "Big Mouth," deprecated the notion of British ownership. "You say," he protested to the British envoy, "that we are subjects of the King of England and the Duke of York; but we say that we are brothers. We must take care of ourselves. The coat of arms which you have fastened to that post cannot defend us against Onontio. We tell you that we shall bind a covenant chain to our arm and to his. We shall take the Senecas by one hand and Onontio by the other, and their hatchet and his sword shall be thrown into deep water."

A little later La Barre feasted Big Mouth, with thirteen other deputies, on bread and wine and salmon trout. At the Council which followed, the Indian orator gave fearlessly his national attitude

towards the French governor at Quebec and the English governor at New York. The speech seems to sum up all the long series of French expeditions, all the sequence of wanderings, the sudden attacks, ambushes, surprises, chance meetings, councils, with those always doubtful accessories—the scalping knife and the pipe of peace. Now, in 1684, Big Mouth renews the old challenge of the forest to Onontio at Quebec and Corlaer at New York: "We are born free, we depend neither on Onontio nor on Corlaer. We have the right to go whithersoever we please, to take with us whomever we please, and buy and sell of whomever we please. If your allies are your slaves or your children, treat them like slaves or children and forbid them to deal with anybody but your Frenchmen."

La Barre's punitive expedition had ended in humiliation and Big Mouth's insolence was left unadmonished. That orator informed the French governor that his nation would fight to the death the Illinois who were the allies of the French. Furthermore, he insisted that the place of Council should be changed from Port Frontenac to La Famine in his own country. La Barre's peace with the Iroquois may be judged from these fragments of dictation. It was denounced all over Canada, the French governor was recalled, but Lamberville believed that his friend, La Barre, had acted wisely. He maintained that, had the French entered the Seneca country, they would have met with a horrible reception: "All the Iroquois were to collect together and fire only at the legs of your people, so as to master them, and burn them at their leisure,

and after having thinned their numbers by a hundred ambuscades in the woods and grass, to pursue you in your retreat even to Montreal and spread desolation around it."

La Barre was succeeded by the pious well-meaning Denonville, whose duty it became to undo the disgraceful treaty with the Iroquois, and to defend the Illinois. The English of New York, of Hudson's Bay, and of New England increased the difficulties of the situation for they had at last roused themselves to compete with the French in Canada for dominion of the West. Like Frontenac, Denonville was also a soldier of experience and had been a courtier in France. Like Frontenac, too, he believed absolutely in the central authority of the Mother-Country. But unlike Frontenac, he was a blind adherent of the Jesuits. Such as he was, he grasped quickly enough the true position of Canada. "If we have war," he wrote, "nothing can save the country but a miracle of God." The Iroquois were not alone in their hostility. Many of the Hurons of Michillimackinic were beginning to show symptoms by throwing in their lot with the English. "They like the manners of the French," comments Denonville, unconsciously summing up the essence of Indian relations with the two rival European races, "but they like the cheap goods of the English better."

In the meantime, Dongan was beginning to grasp the system by which a small population was able to hold so vast a territory and at the same time to evince great celerity in striking when the time came to strike. He saw the French established in the valley of the Illinois, on the lower Mississippi.

They wished to build a strong garrison town at its mouth. They held, after a fashion, the Great Lakes, and were well on their way to hold all the avenues of communication throughout the West. If ever the system should be definitely completed, the English Colonies, naturally capable of enormous expansion and development, would remain permanently hemmed in and confined to a mere strip along the ocean. But if the English conquered in the coming struggle, Dongan realised, the French in their turn would be hemmed in and confined strictly to the St. Lawrence. That was the issue between Denonville and Dongan. The population of New York was eighteen thousand, and that of Canada not much more than twelve thousand. New York's population as a whole, however, apart from the fur-traders, were indifferent to the issues at stake, and James II. had far too many troubles in England to give adequate support to his British Colonies across the Atlantic. On the other hand, Louis XIV. was powerful at home and quite prepared to pursue a strong policy abroad, at all events for the time being. Denonville was ordered to punish the Iroquois, support his allies, checkmate Dongan, and fight him if he dared to show himself in French Territory. Dongan would have been delighted to receive similar orders from his King, but, unsupported as he was by the home Government, he had to fall back on intrigue, in which, to do him justice, he had little to learn from the Jesuits themselves. And so the bickerings and irritations and subterfuges of diplomacy continued with wearisome pertinacity and as yet no blow was struck on either side.

And now we see, clearly defined, what one may call the two Canadas. The one by the St. Lawrence consisted of a pious and home-loving population, on the whole frugal and hardy, unquestioningly subordinate to king and church, and, for all their tendency towards truculence, easily manipulated by the followers of Loyola. But that other Canada is already something different, something even antagonistic. It has pushed over the Great Lakes, over the Illinois and the Mississippi in its claim of a continent that it cannot even fringe with population. But in this Canada also, the French priest had played his indomitable rôle, shirking no hardship, receding from no menace, unconquered by distance, and unawed even by the annals of Jesuits' sufferings. But French regulars and French priests could not by themselves have effected these inroads through the wilderness, that were in their way, by no means to be despised. Another type was required, and French Canada supplied it only too willingly in the *coureur de bois*. This type of bush ranger seems to have had more than the average defects of his qualities, at a time when such defects were most sorely embarrassing to French interests in this greater Canada, that has become already so distinct from New France by the St. Lawrence. "In spite of the King's edicts," wrote Denonville in 1686, "the *coureurs de bois* have carried a hundred barrels of brandy to Michillimackinac in a single year; and their libertinism and debauchery have gone to such an extremity that it is a wonder the Indians have not massacred them all to save themselves from their violence and recover their wives and daughters

from them. This, Monseigneur, joined to our failure in the last war has drawn upon us such contempt among all the tribes that there is but one way to regain our credit, which is to humble the Iroquois by our unaided strength without asking the help of our Indian allies."

A buccaneering exploit in Hudson's Bay, in which the French were successful, attracted English attention definitely towards those too long neglected British interests in the New World. War was in the air, and Dongan succeeded in humbling the Iroquois sufficiently to treat with him, and they at last deigned to call him "father" instead of merely "brother." Dongan, however, could not promise them troops, but, ignoring a quite recent treaty, he furnished them with ammunition. At the same time, this astute Irishman urged them to recall the war-parties, recently despatched against the Illinois so that they might be prepared to meet the militia that Denonville was at last mustering. In the meantime, two Jesuit priests, the brothers Lamberville, remained at their posts in the country of the Iroquois. The younger, however, was sent with letters to the French governor, but the elder was left to face alone the vengeance of the Iroquois. What that vengeance would probably be, is suggested, only too vividly, by the treatment meted out by Christian converts to a party of Iroquois, who were entrapped by treachery and who were not members of the tribes against whom the French expedition was proceeding. Each of these Iroquois captives had been tied to a post, "in such a way," notes La Hontan, who accompanies the expedition,

"that he could neither sleep, nor drive off the mosquitoes." After this, the Christian converts of the French burned the fingers of these unfortunate beings in their pipe bowls, while the Iroquois sang disdainfully their death songs. Lamberville, however, was not held answerable for this act of cruelty and treachery, but, through an unexpected magnanimity on the part of the Iroquois, was, actually allowed to escape.

In this expedition against the Senecas, the *coureurs de bois* displayed qualities invaluable for a type of warfare upon which the fate of the continent was eventually to be decided. It was mainly through them that Denonville was victorious. The results were satisfactory to Canada. The French had not only invaded the Senecas but had captured English traders on the Lakes and had built a fort at Niagara. These successes were followed by a furious correspondence between the rival governors, in the course of which, Dongan ridiculed the French claims to the Territory of the Five Nations. The dispute was transferred to London and argued between the French Ambassador and the English Commissioners who had been appointed to adjust the matter. Soon afterwards Dongan was recalled but his successor, Sir Edmund Andros, continued to claim the Iroquois as dutiful subjects of the English King.

The French position had become perilous once more. Again and again Denonville implored his King to send him sufficient troops to punish the Iroquois: "They hold the French in the deepest contempt; and unless they are completely humbled

within two years, his Majesty will have no Colony left in Canada." Big Mouth was not inactive while English and French diplomacy continued to rage. That crafty statesman of the woods realised that it was for the Iroquois to avoid becoming the tools of either French or English. He wished to play one against the other, and with this intention he and his attendant warriors deigned to meet the bewildered and baffled Onontio at Montreal.

But Big mouth was not the only articulate Indian at this crisis of Canadian history. The Rat, a Huron Chief, of whom the ironical La Hontan observed in all seriousness, "he was a gallant man, if ever there was one," was determined that there should be no peace between the French and the Iroquois. Through his trickery in attacking with his warriors an Iroquois war-party, and, at the same time, saying mendaciously that he was doing it in the name of the French Governor, the Rat was enabled to announce at Fort Frontenac, with no uncertain voice, "I have killed the peace: we shall see how the governor will get out of this business."

There had now been a case of real treachery and one of fictitious treachery on the side of the French, and the Iroquois were not the people to overlook such incidents. There followed, only too swiftly, a vengeance that Parkman has called, "The most frightful massacre in Canadian history." Early in August, 1689, on the night of a storm, it swept that outlet of the St. Lawrence above Montreal which is called Lake St. Louis. During this storm, fifteen hundred Iroquois crossed the lake and landed at La Chine, yelled their war-whoop of vengeance, burned

the houses and slaughtered men, women and children alike. After this massacre, quite near the three stockade forts, Rémy, Roland and La Présentation, all of which were garrisoned, the unpunished murderers gorged themselves with brandy and withdrew to the woods, where that brave French officer, Subercase, would have afterwards pursued them had he not been stopped on the verge of the forest with positive orders from the governor to act solely on the defensive. Subercase was forced to obey, though, as the Indians were suffering from the results of their orgy, he might have been successful; whereas, by the following day, they had recovered and almost annihilated a detachment of eighty troops from Fort Rémy in full view of Fort Roland.

Montreal was helpless. The Iroquois held the open country, plundering, scalping and pillaging at their will. At last, weary of these unopposed depredations, they embarked on Lake St. Louis, uttering ninety yells to assure the French that ninety captives were to taste their hospitality. The number was really a hundred and twenty, and some two hundred had been killed in La Chine. As they passed under the French forts, these terrible savages shouted derisively, "Onontio, you deceived us, and now we have deceived you." And very soon across the lake scenes of torture and cannibalism gleefully commenced. From the stricken La Chine, the families and friends of these hopeless prisoners could see the firebrands playing about the naked flesh of those most dear to them. But many of the prisoners were not killed that night, but were distributed

among the Iroquois villages to supply those treats of torment which were a recognised Indian institution.

Onontio had indeed been deceived, and all the time Corlaer was waiting grimly for his moment. Denonville had been right when he asserted that nothing but a miracle could save New France. That miracle, by the irony of circumstances, was accomplished by his own re-call, and by the re-appointment of Count Frontenac, who returned as Governor of Canada in his seventieth year.

Frontenac's plan of campaign was definite from the first. New York was to be conquered by a thousand regulars and six hundred Canadian militia, after which the Iroquois, no longer supplied with arms and ammunition from the English, would be dealt with faithfully by the French. A little later New England would be compelled to meet French Canada. English and Dutch Protestants, so Louis XIV. ordained, were to be driven out of New York, which was to be re-settled in accordance with the principles of Catholic France. It was a logical, precise programme, and Louis XIV. had paid but little attention in it to the desperate resistence that these English and Dutch farmers would most certainly have made.

In the same ship that brought out Count Frontenac, there happened to be some Iroquois captives, who were now being sent back to Canada in freedom at the request of the former governor. Among these was the chief Cayuga, and Frontenac made a friend of him on the voyage, and even lodged him at his own château on arrival. Cayuga sent an embassy to

Onondaga, telling the Iroquois that the great Onontio had returned, and advising them to listen to him if they had any desire for life. Gifts of wampum and long speeches followed, and at last the messengers returned with a demand from the Iroquois that all prisoners should be sent back to them. "You are not to think," the message concluded, "because we return you an answer, that we have laid down the tomahawk. Our warriors will continue the war till you send our countrymen back to us." It must be noted, in view of this firmness of attitude, that as soon as the messenger from Canada had sounded the glory of Onontio, a messenger from Albany had sung the praises of Corlaer, and that at this very Council it had been proposed to form an Union of all the tribes of the Great Lakes in conjunction with the Iroquois and the English, a triple alliance which would have ended the dominance of French Canada.

It was now necessary for Frontenac to strike at once and to show that in truth the real Onontio had replaced his pallid reflection in Quebec. At all costs the tribes of the Lakes were to be prevented from seceding from French influence and so Nicolas Perrot, the voyageur, was sent on an embassy to the rebels of Michillimackinac, who were urged not to allow the brandy of the English to lure them into the kettles of the Iroquois. On his way to Michillimachinac, Perrot succeeded in routing a band of Iroquois and captured one of their number. At this crisis the isolated Indian unit became a person of incalculable significance, concerning whose fate the Ottawas and Hurons were divided. The Ottawas

claimed that he should be killed but the Hurons protested stoutly in his favour for the sake of propitiating the Iroquois. French interests obviously demanded his death, and a Jesuit missionary is said to have warned the Indians that if they did not "put the Iroquois into the kettle" the French would keep him in their own custody. The unfortunate captive was tortured for a short time and then, as he failed to show the usual scorn of pain, shot dead.

French diplomacy, reduced to such subterfuges of ferocity, was unsustained by any notable feat of arms. New York had not been conquered; the expedition, indeed, had been made impossible through unavoidable delay. A definite blow at English power became more and more imperative, and Frontenac formed three war-parties, one at Montreal, one at Three Rivers, and one at Quebec, the objectives of which were respectively, Albany, the borders of New Hampshire and the borders of Maine. Iroquois converts, who had long ago been persuaded to settle in Canada took part in these expeditions, but the backbone of all three was supplied by the *coureurs de bois* under the leadership of officers of the Canadian noblesse. On reaching the Hudson, the Montreal war-party found the road to Albany impassable and made their way towards Schenectady on the borders of New York.

The inhabitants of this outpost settlement were all Dutch, and this chance incident in Frontenac's early campaign throws a side-light upon the devastating misery that Louis XIV.'s glorious policy endeavoured to bring upon the settlers in the New World. Here, on a small scale, the horrible ambition was made

good. The war-whoop sounded while the villagers were in their beds. "No pen," says Schuyler, "can write, and no tongue express, the cruelties that were committed." And again: "The women, big with child, and the children thrown into the flames, and their heads dashed to pieces against doors and windows."

The little village had been in the throes of dissension before this murderous onslaught. The villagers had threatened to kill their chief magistrate, John Sander Glen, who very soon was in a position to repay their animosity. Glen had in old days saved the lives of many French prisoners captured by the Mohawks, and Iberville now told him that not only he and his family, but all his kindred should be protected. Glen was then brought up to a crowd of prisoners from which he asked for so many lives, that the French Indians angrily observed that the whole population of the village seemed to be his relatives. By the middle of the day Schenectady had been reduced to ashes, after which the French and their allies withdrew, leaving behind them, in comparative mercy, sixty old men, women and children.

In this miserable episode, one may read not merely an isolated assault, but a whole period of lurking menace. The borderers might expect at any moment the war-whoop and the tomahawk in their homes. And now French and Indians, openly, hand in hand, were striking at one outpost after another. The somewhat similar French victory over the English fort at Casco Bay is another typical incident, but one is glad to know that the Puritan commander, Captain Sylvanus Davis, was afterwards well treated

by the French in spite of the violation of their promise to grant good quarter. On the whole, all three war-parties had been successful, but on his side, Corlaer had not had his last word with Onontio. But curiously enough, it was the Iroquois who first proposed that there should be a combined attack of the different Colonies upon French Canada. Montreal was to be assailed by land, and Quebec by sea. In the meantime, Sir William Phipps sailed suddenly into the harbour of Port Royal.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DRAMA OF ACADIA.

PORT Royal had had many vicissitudes since its devastation by Samuel Argall in 1613. Two years later, Poutrincourt had died in the service of the French King at the siege of Meri on the Upper Siene. His son, Biencourt, clung desperately to Acadia in despite of the fact that his home and those of his companions were mere charred ruins on the banks of the Annapolis. Acadian history began with the ambition to found a great family and it continued on the same lines. Long before an American poet had touched the world by an idealised picture, this strange wilderness had been at once the playground and the battlefield of rival families as tempestuous as the Montagues and Capulet. But Acadia appealed to personal ambition in Great Britain as well as in France. Every effort had been made to prevent the restoration of Quebec and Port Royal to France, and Charles I. definitely renewed a Charter which his father had granted to Sir William Alexander, securing to that learned and ambitious Scot, a section of Acadia now known as Nova Scotia. But the Treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye, signed in 1632, restored Acadia, as well as Quebec, definitely to France.

But long before this settlement of kings, French gentlemen, quite on their own responsibility, sought to revive the prestige of the French flag in Acadia. Among these were conspicuous, Claude de la Tour

and his son, Charles, who had come with Poutrincourt to Port Royal in 1610. The La Tours shared all the dangers and difficulties of Biencourt and, as time passed, Claude de la Tour established a trading post at the mouth of the Penobscot, an objective in Canadian history which was now under one flag and now under another, according to the chances of a more or less clandestine warfare. The little Colony on the Annapolis consisted of rude huts, but there was also a fort of logs near Cape Sable called Port Louis. Before his death in 1623, Biencourt had made over all his rights, claims and possessions in Acadia to his old friend, Charles de la Tour, who after 1623, took command of Fort St. Louis. Three years later, his father was driven out of the settlement on the Penobscot by Plymouth traders and that fort remained in the hands of the English for years. In 1627 Claude La Tour sailed to France to enlist the sympathies of the French King for Acadia.

On his side, Sir. William Alexander had wholly failed to colonize Nova Scotia, and the French remained there without any attempt being made to expel them until it was suspected that the French King would assert the claims of the younger La Tour. His father had arrived in France at an opportune time, for the foundation of Richelieu's company of the Hundred Associates had drawn attention to Canada. Charles La Tour was to be appointed King's Lieutenant in Acadia and men and supplies were despatched in a squadron under the command of that Claude de Roquemont, who, in the summer of 1628, was captured by the indefatigable Admiral Kirk. Claude La Tour himself was on board

one of the prizes and was taken as a prisoner to London, where he made himself very popular and won the affections of a maid of honour. Alexander saw at once how useful his rival might be and made overtures to him, through which Claude La Tour was induced to swear allegiance to the English King and to accept on behalf of himself and his son, large grants of land, and baronetcies in Nova Scotia. An English expedition with new colonists was leaving England in 1630 and Claude La Tour joined it with the expressed intention of urging his son to throw in his lot with the Scotch Colony and accept the English flag.

The Scotch poet and his adherents, in spite of the Treaty of Susa, signed on April 24th, 1629, claimed that Acadia was English by right of Cabot's discovery, and that no formal claim to Acadia had been advanced since Argall's destruction of the settlement. Moreover, they urged, the Treaty of Susa could not effect conquests that had been made after its ratification. But as Charles La Tour refused to listen to his father, and would not abandon his fort at Cape Sable, Alexander's vessels were forced to repair to the Scotch settlement on the Annapolis. Claude La Tour went with them and remained with them until he was persuaded by his son to join him at Fort St. Louis, where news from France had come to the effect that the French King had set his heart on the restoration of Port Royal as well as Quebec. A new French fort was built on the river St. John and Charles La Tour's appointment as Lieutenant-Governor of Fort Louis and other dependencies, gave a much needed stimulus to French interests in Acadia.

After the Treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye, however, Isaac de Launoy de Razilly, a personal friend of Richelieu and a Knight of Malta, became governor of all Acadia and again the system of French colonization is vividly illustrated. For, though the new governor brought with him a certain number of artisans and farmers, swarms of Capucine friars accompanied him. And from the first "all Acadia" bore the indelible impress of the protection of the Catholic Church and the patronage of the French King. With Razilly came also Charles de Menou, Chevalier D'Aunay, who became the new governor's deputy, and was, from the first, an object of jealousy to Charles La Tour, who had, not unnaturally, expected to be the head of the Colony himself.

Razilly received Port Royal from the hands of Captain Forester who was then in command. The fort was destroyed and most of the Scotch emigrants left Acadia. Those of them who remained behind intermarried with the French colonists.

Razilly died in 1635 and D'Aunay asserted his right, as the deputy of his late chief, to take command of the Colony. After obtaining from the brother of the late governor, Claude de Razilly, all his rights in Acadia he moved the seat of government from La Hève on the shore of Nova Scotia, where Razilly had made his original settlement, to Port Royal. Here he built a fort on the site of the town of Annapolis and here he roused the deadly enmity of Charles La Tour.

Charles La Tour was an object of suspicion at the French Court, because his father had been a Huguenot and had become too easily a friend of

England. As a matter of fact, Charles La Tour was no Huguenot, but merely an unenthusiastic Catholic. D'Aunay, on the other hand, was a traditionally loyal servant of the Church and now, as always, throughout the whole history of French colonization in the New World, religious zealots came forward to adjust political difficulties. Once more it was a case of Frenchmen against Frenchmen in the annals of New France. Once more it was a case of the intrigues of friars in the Colony and the manipulated influence of the French Government at home. It was not in the blood of Charles La Tour to be thwarted by such a combination. In 1640 he took the law into his own hands and attacked Port Royal, with the result that he and his young bride, who had only just come out from France, were taken prisoners. The Capucine friars persuaded D'Aunay to set them free on the understanding that La Tour should renounce all hostilities for the future. The dispute was then referred to France where the verdict went against Charles La Tour. His commission was cancelled and his rival received permission, not only to seize all the property of the unfortunate La Tour, but also his person, on the ground that he had flatly refused to obey the royal command. La Tour had so refused, alleging that the royal command had been gained through false representations. He retreated with his gallant wife to Fort La Tour on the St. John, where, with a handful of Frenchmen and Indians, he set D'Aunay at defiance.

In his extremity La Tour now appealed to the Government of Massachusetts, and some merchants

of that Colony provided him with seventy men and four armed vessels. As soon as D'Aunay heard of these re-inforcements he retreated westward, leaving his fortified mill to be destroyed and a pinace containing a quantity of furs to be divided between the New Englanders and La Tour. Madame La Tour was now in France and she sent word to her husband that D'Aunay was returning with a force sufficient to annihilate him. Again he appealed to Boston, but the authorities consented to do nothing more than remonstrate with the French governor.

And now once more a Canadian heroine lights up these scenes of endless conflict. Madame La Tour having failed to accomplish anything for her husband in France, sailed from London to Boston. The vessel was searched by D'Aunay off Cape Sable and the gallant woman remained concealed in the hold all the time. After this, on her arrival at Boston, she brought an action against the master for not having come immediately to Fort La Tour as he had contracted. Madame La Tour secured a judgment of £2,000 in her favour, but as an immediate settlement seemed impossible, the intrepid Frenchwoman seized the ship's goods and used them as security for the hire of three ships with which she set out to help her husband. All this time D'Aunay's envoy, a certain Marie, had been remonstrating with the Massachusetts Government, and a treaty of friendship was eventually patched up between the New England Colony and the Governor of Acadia.

Left master of the situation, D'Aunay promptly attacked La Tour's fort on the St. John. La Tour

was away, but his intrepid wife made a determined resistance and would doubtless have beaten back the besiegers had not a traitor informed D'Aunay of the real weakness of the garrison. D'Aunay offered Madame La Tour a pledge that he would spare the lives of her men, and on these terms she surrendered the fort. But D'Aunay is said to have hanged every one of the garrison except one man, who took the part of hangman. It is even said that the heroic Madame La Tour was compelled to wait with a rope round her neck and watch the murder of her brave troops, for whose sake alone she had surrendered. A few weeks later she died a prisoner, leaving behind her yet one more tradition of magnificent womanhood to Canada. After this D'Aunay captured jewels, plate and furniture from his enemy who was for a time reduced to bankruptcy. The next few years of his life are surrounded by mystery. His rival, however, was accidentally drowned in 1650, and three years later La Tour married his widow in order, in the words of the contract, "to secure the peace and tranquillity of the country, and concord and union between the two families."

But peace could not last very long in Acadia, so often regarded as the ideal home of peace. Very soon a creditor of D'Aunay, Le Borgne by name, endeavoured to take possession of D'Aunay's property. He was also desirous of assuming his debtor's position in Acadia, and he managed to capture a successful trader, named Nicholas Denys, who, after a brief imprisonment at Port Royal, now occupied by Le Borgne, was allowed to proceed to France. Denys employed his time in seeking

redress for wrongful imprisonment, and when he next crossed the Atlantic, it was as the first Governor of Cape Breton. These internal dissentions paved the way for external interference. The English turned their attention to the French in Acadia. Le Borgne at Port Royal and La Tour at his fort on the St. John, were alike compelled to surrender and in 1654, the whole of Acadia passed once more into the grip of England. La Tour, like his father, now turned to the English, and Cromwell granted him letters patent, dated August 9, 1656, whereby the whole territory of Acadia was granted to Sir Charles La Tour, Sir Thomas Temple and William Crowne, all mines and minerals being reserved for the English Government. La Tour's rights in Arcadia were subsequently purchased by Temple, and D'Aunay's rival died in 1666, at the age of seventy-four. The very next year Acadia, by the Treaty of Breda, was ceded to France and Temple found himself on the verge of ruin.

Louis XIV's great blow had never been struck and Frontenac's border warfare was of a nature to provoke retaliation. A Congress of the English Colonies was held at New York and Acadia was dealt with vigorously. When Phipps received the surrender of Meneval, governor of Port Royal, it is said that stipulations were made that the troops should be sent either to their own country or to Quebec, and that private property should in all cases be respected. Excuses, however, were made to plunder the defenceless French, and Meneval himself was stripped of everything he possessed. The recent history of the Colony had continued on too familiar

lines. After the Treaty of Breda, the Chevalier de Grand Fontaine had held command in Acadia and had brought with him from France the customary handful of new settlers. There had followed in turn, as military governors, Chambly, Marson, La Valliére and a too well known person named Perrot, who had been deprived of his governorship of Montreal. He, in 1687, had given place to Meneval, who in his turn yielded place to that determined New Englander, Sir William Phips.

Acadia, it must be remembered, included not only the present Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, but also the larger part of Maine. De Monts, Poutrincourt, Biencourt, the La Tours and D'Aunay had striven and stormed and passed, but at least one strong personality had had close relations with the Indians during the latter half of the seventeenth century in Acadia, without troubling himself over the broils of his compatriots. The Baron de Saint-Castin had come with the Carignan regiment to Canada in 1665, and had at first settled on the Richelieu, after which he migrated to Penobscot Bay. Here he married the daughter of an Indian Chief, Madocawando, famous as being the scourge of the New Englanders. After leading an active life, during which he had amassed a fortune, the Baron left his half Indian son in command of the trading-post of Saint-Castin and returned to France in 1671. No one in the whole country had had such influence over the Abenakis as the Baron. Less intractable than the Iroquois, these Indians were comparatively easily converted. Not only those who had been induced to enter the mission villages of Canada, but

even those who continued to lurk in their native forests, became servants of the Catholic Church and consequently firm allies of the French.

For the rest, the old system had been followed in Acadia. Huge grants of land had been made to distinguished individuals, who had made no practical use of them. A successful mission had been established and, as in Canada, there were three definite settlements, namely Port Royal, Beaubassin and the Basin of Minas. Even after the Treaty of Breda, Acadia had not been systematically developed. The French Court gave orders that it should be joined to Quebec by lines of military posts, but that was never done, and the Acadians turned more and more, not to their compatriots in Quebec, but to their New England neighbours, who, however, constantly encroached upon their fishing. Meneval frequently protested against the arrogance of the New Englanders, but they undoubtedly imbued the Acadians with a faint knowledge of political freedom. The Huguenots, too, had not been totally excluded from the lesser French Colony and some of them had even fraternised with the Puritans of Boston. The bishop of Quebec, indeed, was alarmed at such symptoms. "This is dangerous," he writes to the King, "I pray your Majesty to put an end to these disorders."

The Abenakis were to the Acadians, what the Iroquois were to the people of Quebec. It was as important for Meneval that the Abenakis and the "Bostonnais" should be at enmity, as it was to Frontenac, that the British and Iroquois should remain sworn foes. These tribes were also important to

Canada, for they held all the northern passes through the wilderness. Consequently, when Villebon, a native Canadian of good birth, came to Acadia as governor in 1691, he loaded the Abenakis with gifts. The pass-word for Indian and Frenchman alike became "War against the English." Port Royal was at once re-occupied without opposition, whereupon the settlers who had remained under the British flag, renounced their allegiance to the English King and renewed their fealty to France. Many small actions took place; the most significant of which was the French attack at Oyster Bay which was followed by a massacre, detestable even in the annals of border warfare. Villieu, who was in command of the allies, perceived that the Indians were dissatisfied with their orgy of blood and were going in search of fresh victims. "They mean," he noted in his diary, "to divide into bands of four or five, and knock people in the head by surprise, which cannot fail to produce a good effect." The governor of Acadia himself admitted the value of this infamous butchery: "This stroke, is of great advantage, because it breaks off all talk of peace between our Indians and the English. The English are in despair, for not even infants in cradles were spared."

The British Colonies were not united in this war against Canada. More developed as Colonies, more politically progressive, they were as yet without the swift striking power of New France. And so, at first, they were unable to cope with these savage contingents of allies who rushed through the wilderness, fell like wolves upon some isolated village, massacred its inhabitants, and then with-

drew in triumph to the forests. The Acadians might easily have been made to pay dearly for their raids, but beyond a little pillaging and considerable interference with their fishing rights, they had no cause of complaint against the New Englanders, whom they victimised by these excursions of murder. It was truly a detestable system of warfare that was carried on both in Canada and Acadia. But it was, at the same time, a system which demanded that adaptability to environment which was the supreme secret of forest fighting. The *coureur de bois*, revelling in a life in which he became little better than a painted savage, learned from the Indian all his skill, his endurance and his pitiless courage. These wasps, barren and solely militant, raided joyfully the productive New England bees.

The contest between the British and the French had, of course, four main objectives. But Hudson's Bay, Newfoundland and Acadia were, from the beginning, side-issues. What was vital to Canada, was control of the communications through the West, for by this alone, could her destructive striking power be maintained, and by this alone could she continue her monopoly of the fur-trade. Towards the end of the seventeenth century, Canada possessed a population, but, as Parkman has pointed out, it consisted not of emigrants like the Huguenots, who were willing to leave their country, but of unprogressive French peasants, who had been literally dragged away from France. It is difficult to believe, however, that the Huguenots would have become other than Frenchmen in Canada. In all probability, had they been allowed to settle, they

would have colonized on known French lines, and would have succeeded and failed on these lines, and these alone.

Be this as it may, early in the struggle, in which up to this, Old, as opposed to New, England had taken no active part, Onontio had certain advantages over his rival, Corlaer. He was supplied with necessaries from the mother-country. There was, at least, comparative unity among his followers. They had had long experience of an unmapped country. They possessed a natural affinity with the Indians, and they had the inestimable advantage of being governed by Count Frontenac, a real Onontio, before whom even the Iroquois trembled. But Corlaer was rousing himself to learn. Slowly he was to grasp the system of the French, and as slowly to fasten on it and to destroy it. He, too, was to form huge war-parties, striking simultaneously at different objectives. He, too, was to learn at firsthand from the Indians, and to produce in the ranger a very formidable rival of the *coureur de bois*. And as soon as his lesson was mastered, the French fell back before him, until, on the Heights of Abraham, a new flag was to defend permanently an idea of liberty, which was to become the common precious inheritance of the two races

CHAPTER X.

WASHINGTON AND BRADDOCK.

SIR WILLIAM PHIPS had taken Port Royal in May, 1690. In October of the same year he despatched an envoy, who was conducted blindfolded into the presence of Count Frontenac, in the fortress of Quebec, below which Phips had cast anchor. The envoy read the letter demanding an instant surrender of the fortress, but Frontenac gave him a defiant answer, and though another attempt was made to capture Quebec, the New England admiral was soon forced to retire to Boston.

Another action in which the French were partially successful was that at La Prairie, in which a combination of Canadians, Hurons and Iroquois under Varennes fought a drawn battle with a force of Mohawks, Dutch and English led by Major Schuyler. But the Iroquois were by no means the united friends of the French. And only two years later Madelaine, the fourteen-year-old daughter of the seigneur of Verchères, situated some ten miles from Montreal, was to defend her father's fort against a band of this dreaded enemy. Her garrison consisted of six people, one of whom was an old man and two mere boys. For a whole week, by day and by night, this heroic demoiselle animated the defence, spurred the dwindling courage of the soldiers, and, in her own words, "put so bold a face on it, that they had more to fear than we."

Very soon the Mohawks themselves were humbled, trade with the Indians was revived, and Count Frontenac was hailed all over Canada as "the father of the people, the preserver of the country." A little later the English settlements in Newfoundland were ruined, after which the trading-posts at Hudson's Bay were re-captured by the French. Count Frontenac seemed to be playing a winning game. French arms were victorious in three of the main issues, and it seemed more than probable that Quebec and the communications of the West could be held indefinitely. In 1696, the tireless old man left Montreal at the head of over two thousand men to teach the Onondagas what he intended to be their last lesson. Frontenac was in his element. Here for him was the genuine spell of Canada. As long as there was life in his body, he would love these swarming Indian canoes, the bateaux of regulars with Callières at their head, Canadians led by Ramesay, and other regulars and Indians under the command of the Chevalier de Vaudreuil, all organized and equipped and animated by his own gusto. The old Count would have taken the portages on foot like the rest, but the Indians carried him in his canoe, singing and yelling through the forest to their heart's delight.

Thus they reached that terrible Lake Onondaga which is associated with so many memories of torture and death. And now we come to a point in Canadian history which almost suggests the artificial interference of a conscious dramatist at work upon this limitless stage of forest and lake and river. The Iroquois were being broken by the French for the

last time. And yet, by what is called chance, an Iroquois was to utter to Onontio, in terrible fearlessness, the undying message of his race. This captured straggler was nearly blind, and eighty years old. The Count would have spared him gladly, but the Indians from the Christian missions insisted upon tying him to a stake and torturing him even as the Iroquois tortured. But nothing could wring a cry of yielding from his lips, and at last one of them gave him the merciful stab of death. "I thank you," said the dying Iroquois, "but you ought to have finished as you begun, and killed me by fire. Learn from me, you dogs of Frenchmen, how to endure pain; and you dogs of dogs, their Indian allies, think of what you will do when you are burned like me."

Nobody understood such a message better than Count Frontenac, and no race assimilated both the good and evil of the Iroquois more surely than that breed of Frenchman who became French Canadians in the sense of Champlain, of La Salle and of Poutrincourt, to name only a few of those French leaders, who revelled in the rustling terrors of the forest as the Vikings revelled in the terrors of the sea. And when Oneida was destroyed, and when at last the Iroquois realised once and for ever, so far as the French régime is concerned, that Onontio could still strike to the death, Frontenac, in the spirit of Big Mouth and many another Red lord of crafty council, boasted to Louis of his conquests over these, the most dreaded of all the Iroquois: "By unexpected good fortune, the Onondagas, who pass for masters of the other Iroquois, and the terror of

all the Indians of this country, fell into a sort of bewilderment, which could only have come from on High ; and were so terrified to see me march against them in person, and cover their lakes and rivers with nearly four hundred sail that, without availing themselves of passes where a hundred men might easily hold four thousand in check, they did not dare to lay a single ambuscade, but, after waiting till I was five leagues from their fort, they set it on fire with all their dwellings, and fled, with their families, twenty leagues into the depths of the forest."

In reality, the expedition had been a failure, in so far as the Iroquois had fled and only an old man of eighty had paid to the French arms the long debt of the Iroquois. But for all that, the Count had taught them the much needed lesson that Corlaer was powerless to defend them from the just judgment of Onontio. Peace was refused to them, except on the difficult terms of absolute humility, and they had not been pardoned when, in November, 1698, the dearly loved Count Frontenac died, after having given, beyond shadow of doubt, a fresh lease of life to French Canada Only a year before his death, the Treaty of Ryswick had established peace between England and France, but there still remained matters of deep grievance between the new governor of New York, the Earl of Bellemont, and Count Frontenac, who, in the very grip of death, handed to Schuyler a last challenge to English supremacy.

At the death of Count Frontenac, the strategic position of the French was excellent. The system still held good. The passes of the West were still

maintained by their forts. French military lines of communication linked the Gulf of Mexico to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. In the side-issues of the struggle, they had been almost equally successful and for all this they had to thank the return of Count Frontanac. Another man, however, was wanted to perform another miracle, for the weakness of New France lay in the core of French colonization. These isolated forts and remote settlements were at no time organic communities. They were but repetitions of those perilous adventures in Florida, and to the transplanted French Canadian, whether of Quebec or of Acadia, meant as little as, for example, the occupation of Manchuria meant or means to the Russian people. But in Quebec, Montreal, the Three Rivers and in Acadia there were real Colonies that had survived the difficulties of environment. Here French men and women, torn unwillingly from their loved France, had concentrated all their earth-love upon the soil of the New World. Submissive to Church rule, inured to hardship, habituated to forest war, these people formed a population passionately attached to an environment which had long ago accepted them as its children. The Frenchman in these settlements had become Canadian almost in the sense that the Indian was Canadian and his inheritance was equally precious to him. How that inheritance was torn from him in one case and preserved for him in another, is by no means the inexplicable problem that it has been often made to appear. But beyond these French Colonies, that is to say beyond the Province of Quebec and Acadia, all the rest of the vast claims of

France meant to the French Canadian, either a political, a commercial or a religious adventure.

Difficulties with the Indians had followed the Count's death, but in 1701, representatives of the Indian tribes of the West, together with those of the Abernakis and the Iroquois, assembled at Montreal where the Calumet of peace was smoked, a Treaty signed and the fur-trade set free from its long interruptions. The next year, however, the war of the Spanish Succession broke out and Louis XIV. was once more in conflict with England, a fact which was immediately signalled by raids of French Canadian and Indian war-parties who recommenced the pillaging and burning of New England homes. Counter attacks were naturally made on the comparatively accessible Acadia, and several attempts were made to capture Port Royal. And then slowly, the definite idea of finally conquering Canada, reshaped itself in New England minds, and in 1710, Colonel Nicholson captured Port Royal, which from that day became known as Annapolis Royal.

The next year, a British fleet under Sir Hovenden Walker, made an abortive attack on Quebec, and this failure may be said to have postponed for half a century the evil day that was so surely to come. In the meantime, the claims of gallant French adventurers on the map of the New World were most imposing. Into the valleys of the Illinois, the French pioneers pushed boldly. Perrot, with Le Sueur, held the region around the upper Mississippi, and Iberville, the founder, and Bienville, the father of Louisiana, had formed isolated Colonies on the great river. Here, too, was La Salle's old comrade, the

incomparable Henry de Tonty, who had left his fort on the Illinois in order to join them. By the time that the Treaty of Utrecht was signed, Louisiana had become a separate government. Almost all the Indian tribes of the West had become tranquil, and only the Sioux, the Sauks and the Foxes dared to show open hostility to French interests.

By the Treaty of Utrecht, France definitely lost Acadia, Hudson's Bay, and, except so far as related to certain French fishing rights, Newfoundland. Morever, this Treaty acknowledged the Five Nations to be under British propection and guaranteed them from French interference. For the next fifty years or so, however, there were constant disputes as to the boundaries of Acadia on the one hand and those of the Five Nations on the other. Baulked in so many directions on the soil of the New World, Louis XIV. turned his attention to Cape Breton, that guardian island of the valley of the St. Lawrence. It had been almost forgotten in France, though sailors from all over the world had found their way into its harbours. It was called Ile Royale and in 1720, the French commenced to construct on its eastern coast the fortifications of Louisbourg after a design of the famous engineer, Vauban.

England was now in possession of Acadia, but so long as the French held Cape Breton and the sympathy of their compatriots in Acadia, to whom the Indians were strangely faithful, the New Englanders saw plainly that their neighbours could still be dangerous. The old intrigues continued. French priests worked indefatigably among the Acadians and Indians, assuring them that very soon France

would again be mistress throughout that large, indefinite territory. The Abernakis continued their monstrous raids, scalping and pillaging, as though the grip of England had not fastened upon them. It was the fixed policy of Vaudreuil and other governors to stimulate this sleepless hostility of the Abernakis and so prevent an English settlement of Northern New England, where the river Kennebec leads easily to the St. Lawrence in the vicinity of Quebec. Nova Scotia, indeed, was isolated and the Indians prowled destructively round the insignificant fort at Annapolis. At last New England struck back, and the Abernakis were punished in a way that they never forgot. But still New England believed, not without reason, that her borders would always be insecure so long as Louisbourg and not the English Fort at Annapolis remained the guarantee of peace and order.

In the meantime, European history had been shaping the destiny of Canada. Walpole's War with Spain in 1739 was followed by the War of the Austrian Succession. England was now the ally of Austria and France of Spain. The rather dubious victory of Dettingen was followed two years later by the defeat of Fontenoy which gave renewed hope to France. It was this declaration of war that at once stimulated the governor of Canada to strike at the British outposts in Nova Scotia, but though Canseau was easily captured, Colonel Mascarene, governor of Nova Scotia, was successful in his gallant defence of Annapolis Royal. On their side, early in 1745, the New Englanders prepared resolutely to attack Louisbourg.

At this crisis, it is necessary to examine the situation in America as a whole. Huddled together between the ocean and the mountains, the expanding English Colonies possessed in the middle of the eighteenth century a population of one million, one hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants exclusive of Acadia, which was British only in name. On the other hand, France with all the old Latin pomp claimed America from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains, and from Mexico and Florida to the North Pole, allowing an incidental claim to the English of the mere fringe of Hudson's Bay. All this indefinite territory boasted the flag of France, and to its development, guardianship and colonization the French contributed a population of rather more than eighty thousand white men. But in spite of this disparity in population, and in spite of the diffusion of her strength over so vast an area, France still retained a striking power in the New World, which she was only too willing to use. Her regulars fought in Canada with all their old *élan*, and the native Canadians understood Canadians warfare as well as their Indian instructors. There was no division among the French. Their very defects as colonists had in them veritable virtues of necessity. They obeyed as one man, the French governor sent to them by a French King. They obeyed as one man the will of the Church. They had no voice whatever to add discord to their country's war policy, and they asked for none.

On the other hand, the thirteen British Colonies, all sharing the privileges of British Government and British law, were always at loggerheads as to the

best means of united action. The four Northern Colonies, however, known as New England, were agreed absolutely upon the necessity of war with Canada. French policy had excluded the Huguenots from New France, but the countrymen of Edwards and Franklin were now knocking peremptorily at the door. The expedition against Louisbourg was completely successful under the leadership of Colonel Pepperel, and the inhabitants of the fortress were transported to France. Inspired by this victory Governor Shirley, of Massachusetts, proposed that an expedition should be sent against Montreal by Lake Champlain, while the English fleet was striking once more at Quebec. But this admirable policy was checkmated by the domineering imcompetence of the Duke of Newcastle, who, notwithstanding his former promise, now refused to co-operate. And while they were discussing another plan of campaign in the western Lake of Champlain, news reached them that a French fleet was on its way to re-capture Cape Breton and Acadia and strike at Boston.

This French fleet, like its successor the following year, was to fail, but in spite of her two unsuccessful efforts to re-capture Louisbourg, there was still hope for France. The two great passes to the West, Niagara and the fork of the Ohio were in the possession of the French. It was by no means impossible for them to obtain the whole-hearted support of the Five Nations, and French adventurers willingly embarked on a series of intrigues. Chief among these was Chalbert de Joncaire, but he found himself pitted against a certain Colonel

William Johnson, who was to play no mean part in the annals of a struggle that was now nearing its end. Johnson understood the Indians, but he had to complain very soon to his governor of certain "confounded wicked things the French had infused into the Indians' heads; among the rest that the English were determined, the first opportunity, to destroy them all. I assure your Excellency I had hard work to beat these and several other cursed villainous things told them by the French, out of their heads." French methods of diplomacy with the Indians continued to be much the same, and the Jesuits saw in the end the justification of the means.

And, as though all these difficulties were not enough, British diplomacy had once more impeded the enterprise of British colonists. The Treaty of Aix la Chapelle in 1748 had restored Cape Breton to France, and the French began at once to construct forts to control all the approaches to Cape Breton from the St. Lawrence. Celeron de Bienville, who had been sent in the summer of 1749 to vindicate French rights in the valley of the Ohio, found the Indians dangerously lured by English traders who were welcomed in Indian villages: "Each, great or small, has one or more English traders and each of these has hired men to carry his furs. Behold then, the English well advanced upon our lands, and what is worse, under the protection of a crowd of savages whom they have drawn over to them, and whose number increases daily." This rivalry of trade was as merciless as the most bloodthirsty war, and in 1750 Johnson wrote to Governor Clinton: "If the

French go on so, there is no man safe in his own house; for I can at any time get an Indian to kill any man for a small matter. Their going on in that manner is worse than open war."

Meanwhile in Quebec itself, a state of official corruption was in progress by which the whole Colony was to be eventually ruined. The Colonial Minister in France went to so far as to warn Governor Duquesne that "His Majesty suspects your advisers of interested views," while Duquesne himself remarks in a letter to the Minister: "There are so many rascals in this country that one is for ever the butt of their attacks." With speculation at headquarters and methods of assassination in the frontier parts, Canada was beginning to rot from within as well as to show signs of incompetence to cope with the pressure without. In Acadia, too, French methods were crafty and indirect. Le Loutre in April, 1750, had compelled the French population of Beaubassin to migrate to the French side of the river by burning their houses with his own hand. This was the first forcible movement of Acadians and it must be noted that the compulsion came from the French, though even in the first half of the eighteenth century the Acadians, under the English flag, were too close to their compatriots under the French flag to accept the rôle of the French Canadians of to-day.

An interminable dispute about boundaries followed the Treaty of Aix la Chapelle. The English now claimed, not unreasonably, that they were the unquestioned possessors of what the French had claimed prior to the treaty. Heedless of the

anticipated wrangle of words the French prepared resolutely, at a time when England and France were at peace, to hold the passes of the West. An expedition advanced to occupy the Ohio early in 1753, and the Canadians, rather than the regulars, distinguished themselves on this occasion. They bore almost gleefully, the hardships of this long march and surmounted the innumerable difficulties of conveying enormous quantities of baggage over the long portages. The expedition appealed to the imagination of the Indians and even the Iroquois entered the French camp and volunteered to help in carrying the baggage. But disease and scurvy were ravaging the Canadians, and while three hundred were kept to garrison Fort Presqu'ile and Fort Le Boeuf, the rest were despatched to Montreal. Towards the end of the Autumn Legardeur de Saint-Pierre took command at Fort Le Boeuf and two months later, a youth, attended by a small party of white men and Indians, handed him a letter from Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia.

It was apparently an insignificant incident, but the youth's name happened to be George Washington. He, the Adjutant-General of the Virginia Militia, had been chosen to bear this protest against Canada's invasion of British territory and to demand an immediate withdrawal from Lake Erie and the Ohio. Day after day the little party had followed the trailer's path through rain and snow, until they had reached an English trading-house, at the point where French Creek joins the Alleghany. This trading-house had been seized by the French, who had turned it into a military outpost of which Joncaire

was in command, with two subalterns. The officers treated their visitors with hospitality, invited them to supper, and even spoke their minds to them. "They told me," says Washington, "that it was their absolute design to take possession of the Ohio, and by G—, they would do it; for that although they were sensible the English could raise two men for their one, yet they knew their motions were too slow and dilatory to prevent any small undertaking of theirs." It was then, with a firsthand knowledge of French intentions that George Washington presented Governor Dinwiddie's letter to Saint-Pierre, who seemed to him "an elderly gentleman with much the air of a soldier."

The commander of Fort Le Boeuf despatched Dinwiddie's letter to the Marquis Duquesne and French efforts to win over the Indians and to strengthen their own position at the passes was stimulated rather than checked by this British embassy. Washington, on the other hand, received little support from the Colonies. In a period of nominal peace, the English were forced to surrender a fort that they were constructing at the forks of the Ohio on the site of Pittsburg. The French demolished it, rebuilt it on a larger scale and called it Fort Duquesne. This last insult seemed to Washington the signal for action. Backed by the indefatigable Dinwiddie, he determined on immediate reprisals in spite of the dilatoriness of the Assembly, by which he had so long been hampered. An insignificant skirmish followed in which Coulon de Jumonville, the young officer in command of the French, was killed. The French pretended to consider his death a murder,

and Parkman has claimed that it was this skirmish that "began the war that set the world on fire."

Already the differentiation between the French Canadian and the Frenchman had been made plain by the test of war. The even more important differentiation between the British colonial and the Englishman was very soon to come into equally clear perspective. The Duke of Cumberland at this time represented the military brain of England, and he appointed Major-General Braddock to take charge of the troops in the New World. Walpole, who has illustrated the brutality of Braddock by spiteful anecdotes, admits that he was "still intrepid and capable." The same mocking critic has called him with little felicity "a very Iroquois in disposition." At all events, Braddock crossed the Atlantic to strike, and to strike after the French and Iroquois manner, with four simultaneous blows. Somehow or other, unconfused by the Duke of Cumberland, this typical British General had really grasped the only possible strategy to be applied to Canada. Braddock himself, with two British regiments were to take Fort Duquesne; two provincial regiments under the King's pay were to seize Niagara; provincial regiments, consisting of troops from New England, New York and New Jersey, were to march on Crown Point; other provincial troops were completely to reduce Acadia. Shirley was to command the Niagara expedition, while Colonel William Johnson, who was as well versed in Indian warfare as any Canadian, was to take charge of the advance on Crown Point. The Acadian subjection was entrusted to Lieutenant-Colonel Monckton.

It must be remembered that this vigorous action was taken in a time of profound peace, that Crown Point had been in French possession for about twenty-five and Niagara for seventy-five years. William Shirley, Governor of Massachusetts, however, knew well that the French had no cause for complaint, and withdrew joyfully to New England, as soon as the Council was over, to prepare for these three expeditions, one of which he was to command in person. In the meantime, Braddock's personality began to grate on the provincials. He wished them to be as much like regulars as possible. He considered it the provincial soldier's duty to imitate the British soldier. He spoke his views openly, just as they came into his blurred head, and his attitude towards his companions in arms was, if he had only known it, of far more vital importance to the history of the world, than the success or failure of these four combined and simultaneous blows. "He looks upon the country," says Washington, "as void of honour or honesty. We have frequent disputes on this head, which are maintained with warmth on both sides, especially on his, as he is incapable of arguing without it or giving up any point he asserts, be it ever so incompatible with reason or common sense."

General Braddock, in short, for all his gallantry and sense of duty, helped to deepen the gulf between the Englishman and the Colonial, which might have been bridged by the use of a little conciliatory tact. And he did this at the very moment when his country was determined to crush that French Canada, whose shadow beyond question kept the New England Colonies submissively dependent on

England. Moreover, the British general was incapable of exercising that good-humoured authority over the Indians of which Count Frontenac had known the secret. "He looked upon us as dogs," said a famous chief, "and would never hear anything that we said to him." And though Braddock understood the kind of strategy that was necessary, he knew less than nothing of the tactics that should be employed. An opposing expedition of Indians and French set out from Fort Duquesne to initiate him in this new warfare, whose intricacies he was never allowed to master.

The Battle on the Monongahela was to illustrate fatally well that terrible and invisible warfare by which the Iroquois had become what he was. The Indians and French fought from a forest against the English in the open with the inevitable result. The Indians were particularly ferocious, and at a signal from Beaujeu, the Canadian commander, sounded their war-whoop. In spite of this unexpected sound, Gage's advance column wheeled steadily into line and commenced so unwavering a fire, that the Canadians retreated. Beaujeu himself was killed, and Dumas, who was left in command, believed that the battle was lost. Braddock had now pushed forward with the main body of troops. He arrived at the very moment that Gage's column was falling back before the invisible fire of the Indians. Advancing and retreating troops became intermingled, and all alike were a target in the open for a concealed and pitiless fire. The Virginians, however, who had accompanied Braddock, understood the situation, and were fighting like the

Indians behind trees to the amazed disgust of the British general. Some of the regulars tried to imitate their example, but Braddock struck them with his sword and compelled them to maintain their position. In spite of everything, the Virginians might have saved the situation, had not Braddock ordered them with oaths and curses to form into a British line. Braddock did not understand, but so far as personal gallantry went, his death was in accordance with the best traditions of his race. Gasping and bleeding, the dying Englishman watched his army reduced to a wild mob. Nothing could save the day now, "And when," observes Washington, "we endeavoured to rally them, it was with as much success as if we had attempted to stop the wild bears of the mountains."

A New England prisoner at Fort Duquesne has supplied the last comment on this disaster: "About sundown I beheld a small party coming in with about a dozen prisoners, stripped naked, with their hands tied behind their backs, and their faces and part of their bodies blacked; these prisoners they burned to death on the bank of Alleghany River, opposite the fort. I stood on the fort wall until I beheld them begin to burn one of these men; they had tied him to a stake and kept touching him with firebrands, red-hot irons, etc., and he screaming in the most doleful manner; the Indians in the meantime yelling like infernal spirits. As this scene appeared too shocking for me to behold, I retired to my lodgings both sore and sorry. When I came into my lodgings I saw Russel's 'Seven Sermons,' which they had brought from the field of battle, which a Frenchman

made a present to me." The Indians had won a battle for the French through Indian warfare, and they celebrated their victory in the Indian way.

Thus, so far as the British regulars were concerned, ended the first phase of this preliminary struggle. Fort Niagara was reinforced and Shirley abandoned his project of attack. General Johnson, however, won the Battle of Lake George in which the French commander, Baron Dieskau, was wounded. Dieskau was so hated by the Mohawks for the loss that he had inflicted on them that it required all Johnson's influence to protect his prisoner's scalp. While they were disputing about him, Dieskau asked what they wanted, to which William Johnson replied, "What do they want? To burn you, by God, eat you and smoke you in their pipes, in revenge for three or four of their chiefs that were killed. But, never fear; you shall be safe with me, or else they shall kill us both." The victory of Lake George was of doubtful value, and of all four expeditions only one was permanently successful.

CHAPTER XI.

THE EXPULSION OF THE ACADIANS.

LET us admit it at once, Evangeline is not the only symbol of Acadia. There was another symbolic figure in that unhappy country, the priest, Le Loutre, who worked, as only the French priest knew how to work, against British interests. Le Loutre told the Acadians that help would come to them from their compatriots. The Governor of Quebec, indeed, had officially urged the priest to incite the Acadians by every means in his power against their conquerers. At the same time, the French had grudged them regiments for adequate defence, and when Fort Beauséjour became Fort Cumberland, the English were forced to make up their minds definitely as to what must be done with the Acadians. The position of the conquerors was one of extreme difficulty. For when the New England troops, who had enlisted for only one year, returned to their own country, it would be almost impossible to hold a foreign and hostile population so long as there was any hope of its own flag flying once more in Acadia. Shirley understood the situation and he believed that Monckton's victory was useless so long as the native population were allowed to remain in their own homes.

"These dangerous neutrals" were unquestionably simple people, who might have lived contentedly enough, freed from taxation as they had lived before under the British Government. They might have

continued to breed their cattle, sheep, hogs and horses and brew the spruce beer of which they were so fond, quite easily under the flag of England. Under that flag, they might have continued to enjoy their outbursts of litigation, and they might have been left wholly unmolested in their relations with their good friend, the *Curé*. It seemed possible, in short, that Acadians might live contentedly as citizens of the British Empire, as inhabitants of the Province of Quebec were so soon afterwards to live. Several Acadian families, indeed, after following the French flag to Cape Breton, had returned to Halifax, had been re-instated in their old homes, and had even taken the oath of allegiance to the British Crown.

Few, however, of the Acadians followed the example of these returned emigrants. Placed between the French of Canada and the French of Cape Breton, the Acadians shrank from an oath of allegiance, which was as necessary from the standpoint of the English as it was detestable from their own. Credulous and superstitious as they were, the oath seemed to them less an act of political necessity than one of religious apostacy.

On their side, the New Englanders had an old quarrel against the simple people of Acadia. They knew, and Governor Lawrence of Nova Scotia knew, who it was who supplied Louisbourg with provisions, who it was who helped to build the French forts, who it was who sympathised surruptitiously with every raid of the Abenakis and their Canadian allies. To the New Englanders, then, it seemed that the time had come for a final settlement of an

old grievance, which, in their opinion, would never end, so long as Acadians lived in Acadia. And so it came about, that Governor Lawrence of Nova Scotia, following the advice of Shirley and the other representatives of New England, determined that unless the Acadians took the oath of allegiance, they must leave their homes. Much as they loved these homes, it had been instilled into them from childhood that such an oath meant ranging themselves on the side of the declared enemies of God and their King. "If the Acadians are miserable," wrote a French officer to a missionary, "remember that the priests are the cause of it." At all events, the oath was refused and the horrible duty of expatriation was carried out with as little cruelty as possible.

The Acadians were busy at their harvest, and in all probability they did not realise even now what their refusal of the oath meant. Colonel Winslow left his camp at Fort Cumberland on August 14th, 1755, to perform his share of the distasteful task. The Acadians were ordered to assemble in a church at Grandpré. They came on Sunday between lines of armed troops. In the centre of the church was a table at which stood the New England colonel and one or two subalterns. The peasants' sun-tanned faces stared incredulously as Winslow "delivered them by intrepreters, the King's orders" which were plain enough: "The peremptory orders of His Majesty are that all the French inhabitants of these districts be removed; and through His Majesty's goodness I am directed to allow you the liberty of carrying with you your money, and as many of your household goods as you can take without over-

loading the vessels you go in. I shall do everything in my power that all these goods be secured to you, and that you be not molested in carrying them away, and also that whole families shall go in the same vessel, so that this removal, which I am sensible must give you a great deal of trouble, may be made as easy as His Majesty's service will admit; and I hope that in whatever parts of the world your lot may fall, you may be faithful subjects and a peaceable and happy people."

Winslow then declared them to be the King's prisoners, but twenty of their number each day were permitted to visit their homes, while the rest were held answerable for their return. They were allowed exercise in the open air, and were treated as humanely as discipline permitted. Meanwhile, five vessels from Boston were in readiness to receive them, and it was decided that they should embark by fifties, for which purpose they were drawn up in ranks of six deep. There were a hundred and forty-one young unmarried men among them, and they were placed together on the left under a special guard. These youths, in spite of Winslow's previous explanation, believed that they were to be separated from their families, and they refused to embark. Soldiers with fixed bayonets advanced to meet this protest, and Winslow, seizing their leader, ordered him to advance. "He obeyed; and the rest followed, though slowly, and went off praying, singing and crying, being met by the women and children all the way (which is a mile and a half) with great lamentation, upon their knees praying." A hundred of the married men followed the first

party and "the ice being broken" there was but little further difficulty.

The necessary transports, however, had not arrived, but at last, after weeks of delay, seven of them appeared, three of which were sent by Winslow to Murray, who wrote joyfully in response: "Thank God, the transports are come at last. So soon as I have shipped off my rascals, I will come down and settle matters with you and enjoy ourselves a little." The embarkation of the families had now commenced and provision was made that they should remain together. "But even now," notes Winslow. "I could not persuade the people I was in earnest." The first embarkation was carried on October 8, 1755: "Began to embark the inhabitants, who went off very solentarily (sic) and unwillingly, the women in great distress, carrying their children in their arms; others carrying their decrepit parents in their carts, with all their goods, moving in great confusion, and appeared a scene of woe and distress." Winslow did what he could for the exiles, and a soldier was punished with thirty lashes for stealing chickens from them. So far as Winslow personally was concerned, every effort was made "that an end may be put to distressing distressed people."

By the beginning of November, though many of the Acadians had escaped to the woods, Winslow was able to report having sent off 1,510 exiles in nine vessels. The remaining six hundred in his district were not embarked until December, but Murray had finished his share in the work of expatriation through the district of Fort Edward and with the close of the same month, the district

of Annapolis had been bereft of 1664 people. Monckton, however, in the district about Fort Cumberland was only successful in capturing about one thousand. The whole number of exiles thus forcibly removed was about six thousand. After the embarkations what remained of their houses and barns was burnt to the ground, and Acadia, except for the scattered fugitives in the woods, was as blank and desolate as any one of those abandoned French forts in the earliest days of Canada. Many of those who had escaped made their way to Quebec, but most of them continued to support life as best they could in the forest.

Of the exiles, one band overpowered the crew, took possession of the vessel, ran her ashore at the mouth of the St. John and made their escape. The rest were scattered among the different colonies from Massachusetts to Georgia. The transports were provided with letters from Governor Lawrence asking the Governor of each province to receive them, but in spite of this, their lot was always a hard one. It is to be noticed, however, that those who escaped to Canada met with the sorriest fate of all. "They are dying by wholesale," notes Bougainville, "Their past and present misery, joined to the rapacity of the Canadians, who seek only to squeeze out of them all the money they can and then refuse them the help so dearly bought, are the cause of this mortality . . . . . A citizen of Quebec was in debt to one of the partners of the Great Company (Government officials leagued for plunder). He had no means of paying. They gave him a great number of Acadians to board and lodge

He starved them with hunger and cold, got out of them what money they had, and paid the extortioner. *Quels pays* ! *Quels moeurs.*"

Some of the exiles wandered down to Louisiana where their descendants are flourishing to this day. Others, after years of hardship, returned to Acadia and their descendants are living peaceably and happily in the Maritime Provinces of the Dominion. Some found refuge in Virginia, others in England, and at least a few wandered helplessly and hopelessly to France. Whatever its cruelty, the expatriation was not undertaken from motives of plunder. The Massachusetts soldiers, to whom the vacated lands were offered, declined them, and it was not until years afterwards that people of British stock began to make their homes in this bereft country. The expatriation was harsh, but it was not undertaken in the spirit of any hurried vengeance, but because it seemed to be the one solitary means of ending an intolerable state of affairs. So long as the Acadians believed that the French might return as masters, so long would this state of things have continued and neither Shirley, nor Lawrence nor Monckton could then have foreseen how soon French dominance in Canada was to pass away. The expatriation had no real parallel with that sinister enterprise of Louis XIV., by which New England homes were to be devastated if their inhabitants refused to bow down to the Catholic faith. Merciless as it was, this wholesale embarkation of Acadians ended definitely one chapter in the long struggle for mastery in Canada, but the cause did not seem to be wholly lost to French arms.

CHAPTER XII.

MASSACRE.

THE real conflict commenced in 1756. The European struggle between Catholic and Protestant having spread to the New World, the Marquis de Montcalm crossed the ocean with two modest battalions. His aide de camp, Bougainville, who became afterwards a celebrated navigator, was much impressed by the spirit of the troops. "What a nation is ours!" he exclaims, "Happy he who commands it, and commands it worthily!" The Chevalier de Lévis was second in command to Montcalm, who was delighted with his efficiency and promptness, and, on his side, Lévis had the highest opinion of his Chief. The Governor of New France, however, the Marquis de Vaudreuil, a Canadian *sang pur*, was inclined to disparage the new military commander in particular and the services of the French regulars in general. His point of view is particularly interesting, because it gives the French Canadian attitude towards the French.

Montcalm on his side, looked with suspicion on the French-Canadian militia: "I have used them with good effect, though not in places exposed to the enemy's fire. They know neither discipline nor subordination, and think themselves in all respects the first nation on earth." On the whole, however, Montcalm was well satisfied with his reception; "The

Indians are delighted with me, the Canadians are pleased with me; their officers esteem and fear me, and would be glad if the French troops and their general could be dispensed with; and so should I." Vaudreuil had quite different views, and he complained frequently that the Canadians were not sufficiently respected by Montcalm.

We have come now to a turning point, not merely in the war between England and France, but in the evolution of the real Canadian, English and French. Vaudreuil, a typical Canadian, whose genuine zeal and devotion to his country must never be overlooked, was as great a contrast to the Marquis de Montcalm, as Washington was to Braddock. And the Canadian militia were already experiencing exactly the same kind of heartburnings and jealousy towards the French regulars, that the New England provincials were experiencing towards the British regulars. On each side, the regulars maintained the prestige of unquestioned seniority, but on each side the militia understood best the nature of the country and the nature of the warfare by which they were being tested side by side with regular troops from the Mother-land. The auxiliary troops of New France and New England alike had been taught by the Indians the necessity of wood-craft, the necessity for cover and the hundred and one secrets of this highly specialised warfare of which the Iroquois was the past master. But the Canadian militia had had a longer and sterner training than the British provincials, and it was not until their methods were met by similar methods on the part of the New England Rangers, of which Robert Rogers was so

famous a master, that their Indian-like and murderous dexterity could be parried.

The gallant Braddook had been replaced after his death by Earl Loudon, who determined to attack the French on Lake Champlain, and also to capture Louisbourg. But his campaign proved disastrous. The English forts at Oswego, which threatened French control on Lake Ontario, were captured by Montcalm, and Loudon, hearing that Louisbourg had been reinforced by the French, retired abruptly to England in 1757, after having many of his vessels disabled in a storm off Cape Breton. This seemed the very acme of disaster for only the same year the French captured Fort William Henry, and the English had been greatly impressed by the failure at Oswego. "Oswego has changed masters," a New Englander had noted in the hour of disaster, "and I think we may justly fear that the whole of our country will soon follow, uuless a merciful God prevent, and awake a sinful people to repentance and reformation."

The intrepid Colonel Munro had been forced to surrender Fort William Henry, at the head of Lake George, owing to the fact that General Webb had not marched to his relief with reinforcements. Its surrender was all the greater disaster because of the horrible massacre that followed. Before he signed the capitulation, Montcalm had called his Indian Chiefs to a Council, and they had promised him to restrain their young warriors from murder. Thus assured of protection the British garrison then left the fort and joined their comrades in an entrenched camp, which was included in the terms of surrender.

The scene which followed proves only too clearly that the Indian spirit remained much as it had always been. The Indians rushed through the embrasures in search of plunder and rum. After this, having butchered all the sick, they turned their attention to the entrenched camp, though Montcalm did everything in his power to keep them away. "We shall be but too happy," wrote Bougainville, "if we can prevent a massacre. Detestable position! of which nobody who has not been in it can have any idea, and which makes victory itself a sorrow to the victors. The Marquis spared no efforts to prevent the rapacity of the savages and I must say it, of certain persons associated with them, from resulting in something worse than plunder. At last, at nine o'clock in the evening, order seemed restored. The Marquis even induced the Indians to promise that, besides the escort agreed upon in the capitulation, two Chiefs for each tribe should accompany the English on their way to Fort Edward." Bougainville was despatched by Montcalm to Montreal and so he was spared the sight of what followed.

The Indians seized the baggage of the English, snatched their caps and coats, and tomahawked them if they refused to part with them. Rum had added a new rage to their madness and suddenly the war-whoop sounded and the nameless, infamous massacre commenced. "Kill me, but spare the English, who are under my protection," shouted Montcalm, and with his own hands, he dragged a young English officer from the clutches of an Indian. But the last gleam of discipline had fled at the sound of that war-whoop. The exact number of deaths is unknown,

but at least six or seven hundred people were carried off, stripped and ill-treated by the Indians.

The next morning the allies of the French started for Montreal with two hundred prisoners, leaving the dead to explain this rum-maddened warfare, which was now renewing itself openly under the French flag, but which had been only too familiar to generations of quiet New England settlers. The French tore down the fort and burnt the corpses of which they were ashamed. It was an Indian, rather than a French victory, and this devastating fire, fed by corpses, was only too symbolic of the old warfare through which France had asserted her destructive vitality in the New World. The massacre was, of course, in no way due to that typical French gentleman, who would so willingly have given his own life to avert it. But there were incidents connected with it, which proved that even now, at the eleventh hour, the French could not control their Indian allies in the way that the colder and more disdainful English were afterwards to control them. French history, in short, in the New World, in spite of the evolution of the French Canadian, had changed as little as Indian history itself.

Only the following year, after the capture of Fort Frontenac, the French in their turn were in danger of massacre. The Oneidas begged Colonel Bradstreet on that occasion to follow the French example and allow them to scalp their enemies, while he turned his head away. Bradstreet, however, refused sternly, directly or indirectly, to countenance massacre, and the French prisoners were saved. Again, after the surrender of Niagara, there was a special stipulation

that the French should be guarded from the Indians, so that a repetition of the massacre of Fort William Henry might not be made to the damage of the French. On this occasion William Johnson had the greatest difficulty in curbing the rage of his Indian allies and in the same year, 1759, as though officially acknowledging British superiority in this respect, the dying Montcalm, always heedless of himself, wrote to Brigadier Townsend : " Monsieur, the humanity of the English sets my mind at peace concerning the fate of the French prisoners and the Canadians. Feel towards them as they caused me to feel. Do not let them perceive that they have changed masters. Be their protector as I have been their father."

As for the unfortunate prisoners who were led away after the massacre of Fort William Henry, their predicament can only be realised by those who have studied the perils of the early Jesuit priests. Vaudreuil rebuked the Indians for having broken the capitulation, whereupon the heathen allies answered that it was the mission Indians who had first raised the war-whoop. Afterwards a few of the prisoners were purchased from them at the price of two kegs of brandy a head. Inevitably, this form of purchase was dearly paid for by the survivors. Once more, the Indians became drunk with spirits as well as fury. Bougainville at Montreal expected that the governor would have taken strong action. " I thought," he writes, " that the governor would have told them they should have neither provisions nor presents till all the English were given up ; that he himself would have gone to their huts and taken the

prisoners from them; and that the inhabitants would be forbidden, under the severest penalties, from selling or giving them brandy. I saw the contrary; and my soul shuddered at the sights my eyes beheld. On the fifteenth at two o'clock, in the presence of the whole town, they killed one of the prisoners, put him into the kettle and forced his wretched countrymen to eat of him." Mothers, it is said, were compelled to eat the flesh of their own children. The very corpses in the graveyard at Fort William Henry were dug up for the sake of scalps. But as many of these were the remains of people who had died from small-pox, a posthumous vengeance was taken upon the savages, many of whom caught the disease and died from it.

French Christians had laboured steadfastly for the Indians without any better result than this. And French military leaders clung to their alliance only for the sake of their ferocity. But men of British blood, were already learning to cope with this ferocity and to conquer it at close quarters. They, in their turn, were learning the last lessons of the Canadian environment. Neither Indian nor Frenchman could excel in forest craft or hardihood the Rangers of Rogers. And even in the earliest days of French adventure, there have been few parallels to the endurance of Captain Pringle and Lieutenant Roche, those two volunteers who, without hatchets, blankets or overcoats, and led by a guide who had lost his wits, wandered for days through the forest, living upon juniper berries and the inside of bark torn from trees. In his delirium, the guide pictured swarming Indians and finally sat down in the snow to die, while the

young officers, almost dead themselves, kept the blood in their veins moving by walking round and round a tree. The next morning, they saw Ticonderoga near which Rogers had been so recently defeated. They waved a white handkerchief and some French officers, dashing out in time, saved them from the hospitality of the Indians. This fort on Lake George was to become one of the great objectives in a campaign, which was now much nearer to its close than either the English or French imagined.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ENGLISH AT QUEBEC.

THE English, foiled at so many points on the indefinite frontier, could not know how things were going in the heart of Canada. They could not know that the dominant personality, so far as internal affairs were concerned, was not the type of Frontenac on the one hand or of Laval on the other. And it was neither the courageous Montcalm, nor the well-meaning Vaudreuil who really represented French Quebec in the hour of her decline. The real representative was the intendent, François Bigot, who, "born in the bosom of the magistracy" as he was, understood all the arteries of Canadian life, and understood them only for his own profit. It was not difficult for this predatory man of pleasure, who loved not only money but what money bought, to batten upon eighteenth century Quebec. It was not difficult to make the intendant's palace a centre of hospitality on the one hand, and a sinking fund of the nation's resources on the other. For, while French regulars and Canadian militia alike were fighting desperately to maintain the passes to the West, Bigot, at home in Quebec, could still gamble in safety and recoup his losses, not only with money wrung from the inarticulate and unrepresented Canadians, but also from the careless Court of

Versailles. Quebec, under Bigot, became a by-word for peculation among the least censorious. The French Minister, inured as he was to the peccadilloes of the King's servants in Canada, was beginning to write plainly to François Bigot, and this fragment may be said to light up the whole life of Quebec in the middle of the eighteenth century: "How could it happen that the small-pox among the Indians cost the King a million francs? What does this expense mean? Who is answerable for it? Is it the officers who command the posts, or is it the store-keepers? You give no particulars. What has become of the immense quantity of provisions sent to Canada last year? I am forced to conclude that the King's stores are set down as consumed from the moment they arrive, and then sold to his Majesty at exorbitant prices. Thus the King buys stores in France and then buys them again in Canada. I no longer wonder at the immense fortunes made in the Colony."

Under this system, Bigot and his miserable favourites, were permitted to gnaw at the very roots of national life, at a time when that life was threatened seriously by a foreign enemy. Frederick the Great had won the Battle of Prague, had been beaten at Colin, but had emerged victorious from Rosbach. The Seven Years' War had left Prussia triumphant, but her English ally almost enfeebled. German troops had been brought over to defend the soil of England. Minorca had been lost, and at last the English people, whose instinct has over and over again proved so profoundly true, called out for William Pitt, in spite of the fact that he was hated

by the King, and opposed by the Duke of Cumberland. After endless disputes Pitt became Secretary of State, while the Duke of Newcastle was made First Lord of the Treasury. "I will borrow the Duke's majorities to carry on the Government," said Pitt, and he also said, "I am sure that I can save this country, and that nobody else can." The great Commoner was not only capable of enthusiasm himself, but was able to arouse it in others. "Nobody," observed Colonel Barré, "ever entered his closet who did not come out of it a braver man." The watchful Frederick of Prussia observed: "England has long been in labour, and at last she has brought forth a man." But the position, when Pitt took office, was gloomy as Chesterfield well knew when he wrote: "Whoever is in, whoever is out, I am sure we are undone at home and abroad: at home by our increasing debt and expenses; abroad by our ill-luck and incapacity. We are no longer a nation."

Pitt turned his attention immediately to Canada. Loudon was re-called and a definite plan of campaign was inaugurated, which included three simultaneous expeditions. The first, led by Amherst, was directed against Louisbourg; the second, led by Abercromby, in conjunction with Brigadier Lord Howe, was against Ticonderoga; while to General Forbes was assigned the task of reducing Fort Duquesne. Under Amherst were three brigadiers, Whitmore, Lawrence and Wolfe. This last was a man after Pitt's own heart, and he became at once the life of the siege of Louisbourg, while on the French side Madame Drucour, the governor's wife, revived the heroic

tradition of Madame La Tour. Day by day this French lady took her place on the ramparts and fired three cannon with her own hands to rouse the courage of the troops. On the surrender of the fortress, the English general acknowledged her courage by granting every favour asked by the heroic wife of the governor of Louisbourg.

In Wolfe's opinion the capture of Louisbourg should have been followed immediately by an attack on Quebec. Already, this man of daring genius had grasped the nature of the enemy : " An offensive and daring kind of war will awe the Indians and ruin the French. Blockhouses and a trembling defensive encourage the meanest scoundrel to attack us. If you attempt to cut up New France by the roots, I will come with pleasure to assist."

The same year Abercromby pitched his tent by that Lake George, which is so rich in memories of Canadian warfare. It had been the intention of Pitt that the real command of this most important expedition should be in the hands of Lord Howe, whom Wolfe had called "the noblest Englishman that has appeared in my time, and the best soldier in the British Army," while in the estimation of Pitt himself, he was " a character of ancient times ; and a complete model of military virtue." The personality of this English officer was the very antithesis to that of Braddock. Lord Howe did not disdain to learn the new warfare and adapt himself to the new environment. He became a pupil of Rogers and it was not in his nature to affront provincial prejudice. On the contrary, he sought from the first to conciliate it, and he was quick to

detect what was invaluable in the provincial spirit. Everybody was animated by his soldierly force of character, and everybody endeavoured to follow his Spartan example. All useless baggage and encumbrances of every kind were discarded. Howe expected his officers to share the hardships of the private soldier as he shared them. He was killed in a forest skirmish, in which the English loss, except for him, was insignificant. "In Lord Howe," says a contemporary, "the soul of General Abercromby's army seemed to expire."

But his loss was confined neither to the immediate predicament of the troops, not to the immediate entanglements of the campaign. There can be little doubt but that this new type of Englishman would have been of incalculable service in the New World, if only he had survived the fall of Quebec. Lord Howe possessed that sympathy which, without effort, bridged over the deepening gulf between the Englishman and the provincial. Had his influence been brought to bear on the dispute between England and the United States, had Commissioners of his selection been deputed to investigate the results of official stupidity, a great chapter of world-history might have been, if not actually changed, at all events, profoundly modified. Men, like Lord Howe, apart altogether from their military services, were of inestimable value at this particular time in the New World. He, and men like him, might have changed the whole attitude of the provincials. As it was, they were becoming more and more inclined to view their British brothers in arms, with a far deeper antagonism than the Canadian militia felt for the

French regulars. For years under their system of self-help and self-reliance, the American Colonies had felt the chain between them and the old country, sometimes as non-existent, and sometimes merely as a wearisome drag. One thing, and one thing alone bound them to Great Britain, and that was a strong and aggressive French Canada. That strong and aggressive French Canada was now in the very act of being broken and it was a calamity, in view of subsequent events, that the English should have lost, not only Wolfe at the capture of Quebec, but Lord Howe at this miserable little skirmish at Ticonderoga. After his death, the expedition proved a complete failure and Montcalm was able to write to his wife: "Without Indians, almost without Canadians or colony troops—I had only four hundred —alone with Lévis and Bourlamaque and the troops of the line, thirty-one hundred fighting men, I have beaten an army of twenty-five thousand."

As the campaign went on, the sense of superiority on the part of the British, more and more irritated the provincials and this irritation was by no means confined to the officers, though the discipline remained peremptory. The wooden horse and the whipping post were constantly in evidence, and one soft-hearted provincial officer avoided seeing the punishment, observing: "the cries were satisfactory to me, without the sight of the strokes."

In his expedition against Fort Duquesne, General Forbes found the provincials undisciplined, but he had a strong desire to adapt himself to the changed environment and to take warning by the fate of Braddock. "I have been long," he wrote to Bouquet,

the distinguished Swiss officer who had won his confidence, "in your opinion of equipping numbers of our men like the savages and I fancy Colonel Burd of Virginia has most of his best people equipped in that manner. In this country we must learn the art of war from enemy Indians, or anybody else who has seen it carried on here." Acting through Sir William Johnson, Forbes was successful in making the Indians waver in their fidelity to the French. Swayed as they were, between Joncaire on the one side and Johnson on the other, the Indians appreciated more than ever the comparative cheapness of English goods. The customary presents from the French had been recently withheld, many of them having been captured by British cruisers and many of them kept by rapacious officials. But at this juncture, another influence besides that of gain, was at work among the Indians. For generations Jesuit priests had risked death by torture for the sake of their religion, but even in their long annals of courage, there are few episodes to equal the mission of the Moravian brother, Christian Frederick Post, to the hostile tribes. This gallant man had married a converted squaw, and when he reached the Delaware town of Kushkushkee, some distance to the north of Fort Duquesne, he was well received by three Chiefs who then conducted him to Beaver Creek. But here he met with exactly the kind of reception that so often had awaited Jourgues and other Jesuit martyrs. Brandishing their knives over him, his hosts insisted that he should visit Fort Duquesne, so that the Indians of that place might hear his proposals for an alliance with the British. In vain

he protested against this dangerous proposal. He was conducted forcibly to the fort, and the French immediately demanded that he should be handed over to them, and, on their demand being refused, offered a large reward for his scalp. It is no wonder that his equivocal friends warned him to keep very close to the camp fire. A Council, however, decided that since their brothers of Pennsylvania desired peace, they would accept it, so long as the wampum belt was sent to them in the name of all the Provinces and not of Pennsylvania alone. His mission thus successfully accomplished, Post returned only to be despatched by the Governor of Pennsylvania on a second mission of peace, almost equally dangerous. In this also he was successful and the Delawares, Shawanoes and Mingoes became at least the nominal friends of the English.

The illness of Forbes, the heavy rains, the impassibility of the roads, the scarcity of horses, all these things delayed the advance of the English upon Fort Duquesne. When they at last arrived at the place, which the English general named then and there Pittsburg, in honour of the great Minister, the French had already decamped, but not before they had blown up their fortifications, and burnt their storehouses and barracks. Another British success was the capture of Fort Frontenac, which controlled Lake Ontario, by Lieutenant Colonel Bradstreet. Montcalm already detected the beginning of the end and on the eve of the Fall of Fort Duquesne, he gives in a letter to his third officer, the Chevalier de Bourlamaque, this impression of hopeless confusion: "Mutiny among the Canadians, who want to come

home; the officers busy with making money and stealing like mandarins. Their commander sets the example, and will come back with three or four hundred thousand francs; the pettiest ensign, who does not gamble, will have ten, twelve, or fifteen thousand. The Indians don't like Ligneris, who is drunk every day. Forgive the confusion of this letter; I have not slept all night with thinking of the robberies and mismanagement and folly. *Pauvre Roi, pauvre France, cara patria* !"

Once more, nothing but a miracle could save New France, and this time, at least, there was to be no such miracle. For in April 1759, the joyful news reached the garrison at Fort Cumberland, that they were to embark immediately for Louisbourg to take part in an expedition up the St. Lawrence under the command of Major General Wolfe. A review of the troops was held at Louisbourg, and when a British officer apologised for the ignorance of his men in regard to certain new exercises, Wolfe gave the kind of reply that pleased the provincial officers: "Poh, poh !—new exercise—new fiddlestick. If they are otherwise well disciplined, and will fight, that's all I shall require of them." In spite of his weak physique, Wolfe had always trained himself in the same Spartan discipline that had tempered the high courage of Lord Howe. "Don't trouble yourself," he wrote once to his mother, "about my room or my bedclothes; too much care and delicacy at this time would enervate me and complete the destruction of a tottering constitution. Such as it is, it must serve me now, and I'll make the best of it while it holds." The Duke of Newcastle was naturally deeply dis-

tressed by the advance of a man like this, whose only claim seemed to be that of naked merit. He told George II. that in his opinion, Wolfe was mad. "Mad is he?" grunted the King, "Then I hope he will bite some others of my generals."

Wolfe had only about nine thousand men for the Quebec expedition, and there more than sixteen thousand troops, including the Indians, opposed to him. But inside Quebec, there was little hope of victory, though the French clung to the idea that the invaders might be wrecked, as another British fleet had been wrecked some fifty years before. As usual military opinion was divided. Vaudreuil was in favour of attacking the enemy on landing, but Montcalm was resolved on holding the fortress until the English were compelled to withdraw by the pressure of winter. Bougainville had carefully examined the defences, and he considered that, by entrenchments, Quebec might easily be defended by four thousand, instead of by sixteen thousand troops. In the meantime, Amherst was marching on Ticonderoga and at any moment, Montcalm's forces might be weakened by the withdrawal of considerable detachments to oppose the English General in the event of his capturing the fort and penetrating into the country.

The English occupied Point Lévis, from which their guns played easily upon the Canadian capital, and in a single day, eighteen houses and the Cathedral were in flames. The British rangers were invaluable for penetrating into the forest and they had now established their claim to meet the Canadians on their own ground. This was no small boast, for it

was admitted by connoisseurs that, "a Canadian in the woods is worth three disciplined soldiers, as a soldier in a plain is worth three Canadians." But now, the morale of the Canadians was bad. "The Canadians," says a French chronicler of the day, "showed their disgust every day, and deserted at every opportunity in spite of the means taken to prevent them.....The people were intimidated, seeing all our army kept in one body and solely on the defensive; while the English, though far less numerous, divided their forces and undertook various bold enterprises without meeting resistance." In spite of this state of things, however, the French were successful in compelling the British to avacuate the Heights of Montmorenci which they had occupied, a slight success which caused Vaudreuil to exclaim to Bourlamaque in a letter: "I have no more anxiety about Quebec. M. Wolfe, I can assure you, will make no progress."

But Vaudreuil was quite wrong. Externally and internally, the French position was bad. Bourlamaque was compelled to leave Ticonderoga and take up a position at Isle-aux-Noix, leaving Hébécourt to hold the abandoned fort as long as he could. That officer fulfilled his mission, only escaping with his soldiers after blowing up the fort. Crown Point was taken and when Brigadier Prideaux had succeeded in capturing Fort Niagara, the whole net-work of passes upon which French supremacy entirely depended, had been virtually destroyed at the moment that Wolfe was striking at the heart of Canada. The English had grasped the French system and had broken it in detail. It remained for Montcalm, not to save

French Canada, but to defend, at the very most, a French Province by the St. Lawrence.

In this last venture for the flag of France, the Canadian militia were out of their element. Montcalm had no wish to trust them with the battle so coveted by Vaudreuil, and the English commander regarded them lightly. "The Marquis de Montcalm," he wrote to his sister, "is at the head of a great number of bad soldiers, and I am at the head of a small number of good ones, that wish for nothing so much as to fight him; but the wary old fellow avoids an action, doubtful of the behaviour of his army. People must be of the profession to understand the disadvantages and difficulties we labour under, arising from the uncommon natural strength of the country." The French commander on his side was as watchful as a hawk, and in a communication to Vaudreuil, he observed of the very spot where Wolfe was destined to land, "I swear to you, that a hundred men posted there, would stop their whole army." But the Canadians were not animated by the spirit of Montcalm in the same sense that the English were animated by the spirit of Wolfe. The British troops had the most absolute confidence in their officers, "Nay," comments a sergeant of the 58th regiment, "how could it be otherwise, being at the heels of gentlemen whose whole thirst, equal with their general, was for glory? We had seen them tried and always found them sterling. We knew that they would stand by us to the last extremity."

There could be no doubt about the issue in the long run, but the hazard of Wolfe's final exploit hung

from time to time upon a hair. His wrist was shattered as he led the Louisbourg Grenadiers ; the next instant he was shot again, and the third shot lodged in his breast. Only a short time before he had been repeating the line "The paths of glory lead but to the grave," and now, as they rushed up to enquire if he wished for a surgeon, he could just gasp out, "There is no need, it is all up with me." The next moment he heard the words, "They run, see how they run!" "Who run?" asked the dying man. "The enemy, sir, egad, they give way everywhere!" "Go, one of you," directed Wolfe, "to Colonel Burton, tell him to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River, to cut off their retreat from the bridge." He turned on his side, muttering contentedly, "Now, God be praised, I will die in peace."

Only too soon afterwards, equally traditional, equally devoid of the slightest hint of anxiety for his personal safety, Monsieur le Marquis de Montcalm caught the shrill cry of women exclaiming, "O, mon Dieu! mon Dieu! le Marquis est tué." Scrupulously polite, the dying man murmured consolingly, "Ce n'est rien, ce n'est rein ; ne vous affligez pas pour moi mes bonnes amies."

The conflict between France and England in the New World was really over, but neither country had cause for shame. With curiously dramatic fitness, the qualities of each race at its best had been exemplified in the two leaders, who had met their death on the field. All that was gallant, gay, courageous in the old French spirit that had lured so many advanturers across the ocean, flowered in the

heart of this French Marquis, who was the last to take up the rôle of Samuel Champlain. Already he knew well that the day of France was over, that the miracle would never happen, and that there remained for him, M. le Marquis de Montcalm, only to die as became his family and his race. On the other hand, the dying English leader had spoken in those last heroic words, not for the past, but for the future. Inexhaustible energy survived in the souls of those pursuing soldiers, who would be animated by his own tradition long after the ebbing life-blood had stilled for ever. The dying Wolfe spoke for the larger hope of a new and nobler cause. The English flag above the Heights of Abraham protected something altogether beyond the zone of British commercial interests. It protected the cause of liberty, the cause of human progress and it was unswervingly to guarantee the peculiarly concentrated conditions of the French Canadians who, under it, developed a real province, instead of exhausting themselves in a merely nominal empire. Their position was not that of the Acadians some years before. The passes of the West had been demolished, and they realised that no help could come from France.

The arrival of Vaudreuil after the battle and his attempts to rally the beaten army were of little use, though he showed vigour and patriotism and did what he could to resist the inevitable capitulation. Montcalm was dying and Brigadier Senezergues, his second in command, had been also fatally wounded in this battle which had brought death, not only to Wolfe, but to the equally gallant Monckton. Canadians were deserting in all directions, and the militia

refused to resist any further. The white flag yielded formally to the British flag, and Old and New England alike breathed thankfully, though perhaps from quite different points of view.

George Townshend had succeeded Monckton, but after the capitulation he returned to England, leaving James Murray in command. The position of the English was still not without danger, for Vaudreuil and Lévis were determined to re-take Quebec, and the following year the Canadians more than redeemed themselves in the battle of Sainte-Foy. Here they fought, not only with their usual skill in the woods, but also with valour in the open and the temerity of Murray was not far from undoing the work of Wolfe.

The English were now the besieged and both sides looked out for ships. It was the old question —which would arrive first? It was the English frigate Lowestoft and she brought news that a British squadron would be in Quebec in a few days. The French vessels were beaten by the English squadron and all hope of re-capturing Quebec was abandoned. As for the English at home, they had considered the matter settled long ago. "Who the deuce," asks Horace Walpole, "was thinking of Quebec? America was like a book one has read and done with; but here we are on a sudden reading our book backwards."

But even now, Vaudreuil and Lévis continued their efforts until the triple advance of Murray, Amherst and Haviland led to the capitulation of Montreal, which, in its turn, wrung the final admission of failure from the Duc de Choiseul: "Since we do

not know how to make war, we must make peace." That shrewd French statesman warned Stanley, whom Pitt had sent to negotiate with him, that the English Colonies " would not fail to shake off their dependence the moment Canada should be ceded." Canada, however, was definitely ceded by the Peace of Paris. This was signed on February 10th, 1763, and only ten years afterwards, the people of Boston boarded the tea ships of the East India Company and threw their cargoes overboard.

CHAPTER XIV.

RE-CONSTRUCTION.

GLANCING back at the long chain of cause and effect, which led to the transference of Canada from France to England, it is difficult to imagine any other result. At its very best French influence had held the Canadians in leading strings. Frontenac and Laval, the one the representative of secular government, and the other the representative of clerical government, were at one in this respect; each of them denied to the Canadian people, even theoretically, the national stimulus of a voice in their own affairs. The average Canadian might be a servant of the King or a child of the Church; a *coureur de bois*, or a *donné*; a trader or a habitant, but he might never become, under this system of amiable despotism, a free citizen in a free country.

The English Colonies in America, disunited as they were, had from the very beginning breathed an atmosphere of liberty. The war against Canada taught them not merely the craft of Indian warfare, but the more permanent lesson of unity. Slowly they had grasped the system by which a handful of Frenchmen had been able to control a vast continent. Slowly they had set themselves to strike simultaneously at the hydra-heads and though, out of the ten engagements on a large scale, the French had been victorious at Monongahela, Oswego, Fort William Henry, Montmorenci and Sainte-Foy, the

British had fastened upon their system and beaten them back in spite of their swifter striking power and more rapid capacity for concentration. But so far as Canada is concerned, the British had beaten the French, only by learning from them the lessons that they themselves had learned from the Red Indians.

Englishman and New Englander alike had been schooled by this environment whose finished product was the Iroquois at his best. Englishman and New Englander alike had pressed on through every imaginable phase of hardship to the different arteries of the French, until at last they were able to strike at the core of the system, and Montcalm stood at bay behind the ramparts of Quebec. No miracle had saved New France, even from herself. She was wounded from within ; she was wounded by her intendant, Bigot, and all the other parasites, who were feeding upon her life-blood. She was wounded through the ignorance and superstition of those who most loyally served her. In short, the old was inevitably giving way to the new, and Wolfe's soldiers entered Quebec not as mere conquerors, but as the real bearers of the torch of Liberty.

But now comes an apparent aberration from the logic of history. How did it come about that the French Canadian, who had been associated with defeat, became a good citizen under the British flag, when the New Englander who had been associated with victory lost no time in seeking to thrust aside that flag? This can be explained only by minute attention to cause and effect. The French Canadian, during this war, had learned to be

jealous of the French regulars, much as the Provincials had learned to be jealous of the English. He had become unconsciously a Canadian, as distinct from a Frenchman, just as the Provincial had become a New Englander as distinct from an Englishman. The new types were equally fixed and permanent then as they are now. But the Canadian might easily have continued under the flag of France, and, if left even partially to his own devices through some long spell of forgetfulness on the part of the French Government, during which no ambitious explorers led him beyond his western passes, he might, conceivably, have populated the Province that was essentially his on very much the same lines that he has populated it under the English flag. But he would have been in all probability far more backward politically and, by reason of his innate antipathy to the principles of the Revolution, far less contented. As it was, the French were no longer masters of Canada. There was no hope of those relieving squadrons that haunted so persistently the Acadians. There was no Le Loutre in Quebec to fan the dying embers of resistance. Canada was lost to the French, but Quebec remained for the French Canadian. That was the proposition, which the French Canadians were not slow to accept, and the flag of England has guaranteed it in the letter and in the spirit.

But the New Englander's position was wholly different. He was already a citizen of what he believed to be no mean country. England was further away for him than France was for the Canadian. The Canadian was jealous of the

Frenchman, but in the Provincial's attitude towards the Englishman there was something besides jealousy. The war had taught him unity. It had also taught him that he was potentially the Englishman's equal in the field, but that the Englishman's ingrained sense of superiority would never allow him to recognise the fact. These people had loved England, but the brusquerie and surface coldness of the English temperament undoubtedly modified their feeling towards the individual Englishman. The Canadian War had added the hall-mark of self-confidence, and the Peace of Paris had opened up new vistas of ambition. Long before the Declaration of Independence, the American Colonies had been individually, some more and some less, independent of the mother-country. One thing, however, left them dependent upon her always in the last resort. This was the overshadowing menace of New France. And now, side by side with their cousins from England, they had stamped out this devastating fire. The Continent of North America would now be free from these mad war-parties, this ravaging border warfare, this un-European scourge of forest raids. A new restlessness entered the soul of the New Englander. George III. and his ministers, who misunderstood a situation which the French Choiseul had so quickly analysed, favoured them with a policy in the manner of Braddock, rather than of Lord Howe. The result belongs to the history of another country, but in what was afterwards to become the Dominion of Canada, Englishmen and Frenchmen alike began slowly and patiently the task of re-construction.

At first the country was under a military régime, the districts of Quebec, Montreal and Three Rivers being governed by military chiefs. The French Canadians settled down into comparative tranquillity, but the English were soon in difficulties with the Indians, and the famous rebellion of Pontiac broke out. This was the last outburst on a large scale of the Indians, and it began with an act of treachery. Invited to a conference at Detroit, Pontiac and his attendant warriors filed off the tops of the barrels of their muskets, so that they might be concealed under their garments. Pontiac had arranged to give a signal, when the time came, for an armed party to take possession of the fort. But Major Gladwin, who commanded at Detroit, is said to have been warned by a young Indian girl, who was his mistress, and Pontiac and his party found the garrison fully armed and prepared to cope with any act of treachery. He left it foiled of his purpose and returned to attack it with all his forces, but without success. If Indian fidelity saved one English fort, Indian treachery surrendered another to the enemy.

Holmes, who commanded at Fort Miami, was also the lover of an Indian girl, who told him that a squaw, lying ill in a wigwam, desired to speak to him. On his way to the wigwam, he was shot dead. Yet another episode of treachery is not without interest, as lighting up the last flickering drama of Indian achievement. Captain Etherington was deceived at Michillimackinac by a band of Sacs and Ojibways, by whom he was invited to witness a game of Lacrosse. While the game was in progress,

the gate of the fort was left open and groups of officers and soldiers stood watching outside. They were so engrossed in the game, that they did not notice the numerous blanket-covered squaws, who kept passing them, on their way to and from the fort. Nor were they startled, even when, in the excitement of the game, the ball was driven straight towards the pickets, and followed tumultuously by the crafty savages. But in the next few seconds Lacrosse had passed into something else. The Indians had seized their weapons from the waiting squaws; several soldiers and an officer were killed and Etherington and the rest of the garrison captured. Etherington eventually escaped, but not before he had been over and over again on the very verge of death.

At last Virginia and Pensylvania roused themselves to come wholeheartedly to the rescue, and Colonel Bouquet punished the Indians severely at Bushey Run. A year afterwards, the same intrepid officer appeared on the banks of the Muskingkum and struck terror into the hearts of the Delawares, Shawenoes and Mingoes. The result was one of the strangest episodes in Colonial history, for prisoners snatched long ago from the frontier settlements, were now brought back to kinsmen who had long regarded them as dead. Among them were young women who had married, after the Indian fashion, young warriors whom they had learned to love devotedly. Children were found to have grown up in complete oblivion of their mothers. One girl, in particular, had utterly forgotten her childhood, but when her mother sang a once-familiar song, it all

returned to her in a rush of memory. Peace after this was soon established throughout the west, and the flag of England flew over every fort, that had flown the flag of France. Before the winter of 1765 out of the whole claim of France in North America, only a little strip on the southern coast of Newfoundland was left.

Long before the end of this Indian war, George III. had proclaimed the existence of four distinct Governments in the New World: Quebec, East Florida, West Florida, and Grenada. Each of the four governors, was enabled by this proclamation of 1763 to convoke assemblies, enact laws with the consent of the Councils and the people's representatives, and establish courts of justice. It was necessary that members of these Assemblies should take oaths of allegiance and supremacy and should make a declaration against the doctrine of Transubstantiation. The French Canadians were naturally averse to these tests and for this reason no Assembly was held and the Government of Quebec remained solely in the hands of General Murray, the Governor General, who was assisted by an Executive Council, consisting of officials and certain leading residents. For the next eleven years the Province was disturbed by differences between the "Old subjects" as the English were called and the "New," or French Canadians. But so far as the Indians were concerned the proclamation of 1763, definitely guaranteed them their hunting grounds, and it was then laid down that lands could not be alienated from them except at an Assembly summoned for that purpose by the Governor of the district, where the

lands in question were situated. This contract has been kept vigilantly as Sir J. G. Bourinot, in his "Canada," notes: "One hundred and ten years later, an interesting spectacle was witnessed in the great Northwest Territory of Canada. The Lieutenant-Governor of the new province of Manitoba, constituted in 1870 out of the prairie lands of that rich region, met in council the representatives of the Indian tribes, and solemnly entered into treaties with them for the transfer to Canada of immense tracts of prairie lands where we may now see wide stretches of fields of nodding grain."

The Province of Quebec had been outlined by the Proclamation of 1763, but its boundaries were considerably extended by the passing of the Quebec Act in 1774. The Province now met the frontiers of New England and Pensylvania, New York Province, the Ohio and the left bank of the Mississippi on one side, while on the other it stretched to the Hudson's Bay Territory. Labrador, Anticosti and the Magdalen Islands which had all been annexed to Newfoundland by the Proclamation of 1763, now became extensions of Quebec. But the importance of the Act to the Province was by no means confined to extension of territory, though that seriously annoyed the English Colonies which it sought once more to confine between the Alleghany Mountains and the Atlantic coast. The Quebec Act deliberately substituted for English Law in Quebec, the laws and customs of the French Canadians. For this large-minded and tolerant attitude, Canada has much to thank Sir Guy Carleton, afterwards Lord Dorchester. He had followed General Murray as

Governor-General of Canada, and it was mainly through his influence that the Quebec Act passed into Law.

This Act absolved all Roman Catholics from the abhorred Test Oath, and insisted only on the necessary Oath of Allegiance. Roman Catholics were guaranteed freedom in the observation of their religion, while their clergy were permitted to enjoy all their "accustomed dues and rights" at the hands of their followers. A Governor and a legislative Council appointed by the Crown were in sole charge of the Province. Controversial matters reverting to property and civil rights were to be settled according to French Civil procedure, but English law held good in all criminal cases. Of the twenty-three members forming the Legislative Council, eight were Roman Catholics and the Debates were carried on behind closed doors in both English and French, while the ordinances upon which the Council was agreed were drawn up in both languages. Two years later Sir Guy Carleton summoned an advisory Privy Council, which consisted of five members. Scarcely had this tolerant and beneficent Act come into operation, when the Thirteen Colonies proclaimed themselves "Free and Independent States."

That was on July 4th, 1776, but already on April 1, 1775, "embattled farmers" had commenced in concord at Lexington those volleys which were to be "heard round the world." Within a few weeks of this, the Green Mountain Boys, Ethan, Allan, and Seth Warner were in possession of those endlessly disputed objectives, Crown Point and Ticonderoga. There were at this time, only some eight hundred

regular troops in Canada, and the loyalty of many of the British residents was doubtful, while the great majority of the French Canadians were indifferent. In vain Sir Guy Carleton had warned the British Government; this crisis found him isolated and with no hope of adequate support. General Montgomery in the Autumn of 1775 captured the forts of Chambly and St. John's and a few days afterwards occupied Montreal. Carleton had been compelled to evacuate the sister town and had fallen back upon Quebec which contained about eighteen hundred regular Militia troops. In the meantime, General Benedict Arnold had succeeded in penetrating to Quebec and was waiting for the arrival of Montgomery with fifteen hundred troops before commencing the siege in earnest.

Carleton held out gallantly and during the attack made on the last day of the year, Montgomery and his two aides-de-camp were among the slain. Arnold was wounded and had to delegate the force under his command to Captain Morgan. This officer succeeded in gaining a footing in some houses in a street called Sault-au-Matelot, but his party was soon afterwards surrounded by Carleton's troops and many hundreds of them were compelled to surrounder. All through the winter, in spite of the ravages of small-pox and frost, Arnold continued the siege until, in the spring, General Wooster superseded him. This General had brought re-inforcements, but the arrival of an English frigate compelled him to abandon the siege and retire on Montreal. A little later the forts that had been taken on the Richelieu were re-taken by the English, and Arnold's Fleet

on Lake Champlain was destroyed, after which the Americans evacuated Crown Point, but not before they had partially destroyed it.

It was a disaster to England when this great Governor-General of Canada was superseded by Burgoyne, who was beaten at Saratoga, and whose army became prisoners of war. The alliance between France and the revolted States followed. Men, money and ships poured in from the former lords of Canada, and still the French Canadians made no sign. Still they remained wholly indifferent to a struggle, with the underlying general ideas of which they were in no way concerned. Voltaire and Rousseau, Diderot and D'Alembert had spoken to them as little as had Benjamin Franklin. The ideas that had filtered from Parisian salons to the remotest hamlets of France, had never penetrated to these new subjects of George III. And when Cornwallis was beaten on October 19th, 1781, and the last hope of ultimate British success had faded, the French Canadians refused to make the slightest effort to associate themselves with the winning cause. The Colonies had made the strongest appeals to them, without in the least understanding the real nature of the people with whom they were dealing. They protested, for example, against the Roman Catholic predilections of the Quebec Act in which the people of Quebec read their own Charter of Liberty.

The conquest of Quebec had paved the way for that action which was consummated in the genius of Washington. France, beaten on the Heights of Abraham retaliated in the American War. Every-

thing seemed to suggest that the French Canadians would seize the opportunity of allying themselves with the French and shaking off in the moment of least resistance, the yoke of England. But when the Treaty acknowledging the independence of the English Colonies was signed in 1783, the French Canadian population of Quebec remained, without any shadow of compulsion, the faithful subjects of the English King.

And across the frontier, among the revolted Colonies themselves, there were other most faithful subjects. During this war and after the final victory of the newly-formed United States, thousands of United Empire Loyalists sacrificed everything they had in the world to an ideal, not of conquest, but of apparent defeat. Their position was in many respects harder even than that of the Puritan founders of New England. They came to Canada, stripped of wealth and even of necessities. They began again, utterly without resources, the hard training of the wilderness. Everything had been confiscated and many of them left their homes under a decree of perpetual banishment. Before the evacuation of New York, in September, 1783, we are told that "upwards of twelve thousand men, women and children embarked at the city, at Long and Staten Islands, for Nova Scotia and the Bahamas." These exiles knew nothing of those roseate pictures which have since coloured Acadia with all the beauty and quietude of Arcady. To them Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Upper Canada did not appear in the very least favourable places for homes, but merely remote solitudes,

through which they carried inviolate the flag that had been torn from their own country. In Nova Scotia itself they founded the town of Shelburn, which was soon to boast a population of about ten thousand people. Most of these, however, were unable to cope with the rough conditions of these pioneer days, and settled in less difficult parts of Nova Scotia, in Cape Breton and along the delightful valley of the St. John, where they formed the Province of New Brunswick.

Others poured into Ontario, settled in the neighbourhood of Kingston, found their way to the Bay of Quinté on the Niagara River, and made homes for themselves near their former enemies, the French settlers of the Detroit. Most of these immigrants were officers and soldiers and many of them had occupied most responsible positions in their forsaken country. But these officers, divines, judges and landed proprietors now lived by lake or river in log huts, until the rising generation, reared in the wilderness, conquered the environment in peace, as the Iroquois had conquered it in war. But before this stage had been reached, it was necessary for the Government to provide the pioneers with the barest necessities of life as well as with farming implements. Seasons of privation, almost similar to those among the hunting Indians, were experienced, and in the period known as "the Year of Famine" many hundreds of the pioneers in Upper Canada were forced to eat roots and the buds of trees to sustain life. Their ancestors had faced the hardships of pioneers, but the long tranquillity and prosperity of New England homes had obliterated all memories of

man's conflict with elemental nature. These people had to win back these memories and in days when pigeons and fish formed the main food and maple sugar the chief luxury, it is not strange that the maple leaf of the Canadian forest became the national emblem. But life persisted, and the new generation re-learned the natural lessons of the Indian, understood the craft of woods, the trail of the bush, the toil of the long portages, the lore of lake and river, by which great distances had to be passed now, as in the days of Samuel Champlain.

And so they survived, these people of a stock, bred from the very best of British blood and bone. The log hut gave place to the sun-dried brick house, gardens and orchards pierced their way through the clearings, wheat fields flourished, and love and youth renewed themselves with all the superb vitality of this country, which is so kindly to those who front her steadfastly. The descendants of such people as these need no insignia of external honour. The gravestones of the pioneers are witnesses to the fact of their devotion. They have not been exploited either for gain or for vanity. What is theirs has been wrung, against desperate odds, from a wilderness which they have transformed into a land of plenty. They have given it names, famous throughout Canada, but they have done something more than this. The United Empire Loyalists have given to what is too lightly called a New Country, a deep and inalienable tradition of loyalty to death in the hour of defeat. For lesser things than these, men of these islands have been taught to expect titles. One little distinction has been conceded to these people. "Those loyalists,"

writes Sir J. G. Bourinot, "including the children of both sexes, who joined the cause of Great Britain before the Treaty of Peace in 1783, were allowed the distinction of having after their name the letters *U.E.* to preserve the memory of their fidelity to a United Empire. A Canadian of these modern days, who traces his descent from such a source, is as proud of his lineage as if he were a Derby or a Talbot of Malahide or inheritor of other noble names famous in the annals of the English peerage."

Among those faithful to the English flag must be mentioned the famous Mohawk Chief, Thayendanegea, familiar all over Canada by the name of Joseph Brant. After the war, he and his tribe accepted from the British Government, large reserves on the Bay of Quinté, as well as on the Grand River. The city and county of Brantford and the township of Tyendinaga, a corruption of his name, prove the Indian's place in these annals of difficult loyalty. The first church built in Ontario was that of the Mohawks, and the descendants of the most ferocious of all the Iroquois tribes have preserved a Communion Service, presented to them in 1710 by Queen Anne.

The history of Canada now begins to develop on constitutional lines that had been a dead letter to the people of New France. Provincial governments were established in the newly settled provinces and by 1792, there were provincial governments in control of Upper and Lower Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. The population was then about a quarter of a million, of which a hundred and forty thousand were French Canadians

The Constitutional Act of 1791, had created the two Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada and placed the French in the majority in one Province and the English in another. This Act introduced formally those constitutional privileges of freedom, which the coming of the United Empire Loyalists had brought with them as the one part of their inheritance, of which they could never be deprived.

Up to the time of their arrival, British institutions had not been introduced into Quebec. The history of that Province, like the history of France up to the Revolution, and to no small extent, after the Revolution, had been one of clerical and political absolutism, lit up from time to time by the episodes of brilliant adventurers. Owing to the tolerant administration of Carleton, the defeated French Canadians had been left secure in their religion, but in spite of this great concession there was, inevitably, a certain amount of racial antagonism between the old and new subjects. In the history of the New World, it is only too plain that the Anglo Saxon is careless about hiding the defects of his virtues. Something resembling closely an English oligarchy was established in Quebec, and the strain was at first, not only racial, as between British and French Canadians, but also political, as between theories of aristocratic and democratic government. But British dominion in Canada secured the triumph of democracy in its largest sense, and to this triumph of democracy the backward French Canadians, who had been so long stultified by amiable absolutism, very eagerly contributed. The foundation of this transferred British liberty was laid and preserved by the United

Empire Loyalists, and it is through them, directly and indirectly, that both the French Province of Quebec, and the English provinces are what they are to-day.

To the man of Ontario, the man of Quebec has long been a fixed quantity. He knows that though his ideals are different, his aims are on the whole identical. The lessons of history have been bitten into, both in very different fashion, but with results that are almost ironically similar. Quebec that had been so recently defeated by Wolfe, refused the blandishments of the revolting Colonies; the United Empire Loyalists withdrew from them, definitely dissociating themselves from their victory. To-day, Quebec would passionately resent annexation, because of its dreaded interference with all those rights, customs and institutions, which have so veritably preserved an Old France in the New Dominion. Ontario, on the other hand, stands for the Dominion of Canada, for a growing and expanding country, which, as time passes, must assuredly claim its voice in the management of Imperial affairs. But both Provinces, now, as in 1783, accept without question and without compulsion, the flag of England, as though the three thousand five hundred miles that separate the Dominion from Great Britain were non-existent. The allegiance to that flag, the devotion to that flag, without a hint of what is called jingoism, but as the first article of a national faith—this is the dominant factor in that Canadian spirit, which may be said to express the two alien temperaments of the French Canadian and the descendant of the United Empire Loyalists.

The pre-railway days may be said to have utterly passed in Canada. The pioneer has no longer the old isolation to face. The railway creates communities as by magic, and a new spirit has gone out to the West, which is as different from the old fur-trading joy of the woods as is, for example, the town of Orillia, from that little Indian village, which entertained the Father of New France. But the modern spirit of the West is wholly in tune with the spirit of the Dominion as a whole. Old energies revive under new names, and the lure of adventure, and the call of immense distances cannot wholly be silenced by the shriek of a railway engine. Canada's sons are still pioneers, still adventurers at heart, and respond as keenly to the call of the West as any of the pioneers in the hard early days of Canada, when *coureurs de bois* rushed to the trading-posts, thinking lightly of scalps or any lurking danger of lake or wood.

CHAPTER XV.

THE NORTH-WEST.

THE machinery of constitutional government in Canada, set in motion in 1792, owed much to the administrative power of Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe. It was under this régime that Toronto, then called York, became the capital of Upper Canada. On the site of what is now a great and prosperous city, the French Fort Rouillé had been built by that capable French Governor, La Gallissonnière ; in those days it was considered wholly subordinate to the all-important Fort Niagara. Scarcely beyond the confines of the city, it is possible, on a clear day, to see the spray of the Falls across the Lake. Niagara still dominates the imagination of the world, but in these commercial days it is difficult to see in it, as those early Frenchmen did, the strategic key of the West. A new progress has arisen, altogether beyond the range of any system of Western Passes, and the highly civilised "Queen City of the West," may be accepted as its gracious symbol. The city, like the province, owed much to Governor Simcoe, and the present Young and Dundas streets were opened up by him.

Racial animosity was non-existent in Ontario, or Upper Canada as it was then called, but the official class, composed for the most part of the United Empire Loyalists, inevitably came into contact with

the rest of the colonists. Such complications, however, were of but little importance in either Upper or Lower Canada, and the country was soon to be tested by a common cause which found it loyal and united to a man.

Students of international law have varied opinions as to the right or wrong of Great Britain's action in the case of the American cruiser "Chesapeake" upon which her frigate, the "Leopard," fired off the coast of Chesapeake Bay. The "Leopard," not only fired into the cruiser, but captured several men who were said to be deserters from a British Man of War. This high-handed action demanded and received an apology, but after this, Great Britain did everything in her power to hamper American trade in the course of her struggle against Napoleon. Apart from this, there was much bitterness in the West of America against England because, in defiance of the Treaty in 1783, she had continued for thirteen years to occupy certain western posts and territories. The excuse for this occupation was not only fostered by the desire to retain the control of the fur-trade, but was at least excused by the vindictive treatment of the United Empire Loyalists and by the non-payment of certain debts due to English creditors. In any case, there was bitter ill-feeling in the United States, and on the 18th of June, 1812, the formal declaration of war was issued by Congress.

Canadians, English or French, knew nothing of that long series of complications, which led from Pitt's policy against Napoleon to the sudden invasion of Canadian soil. Doubtless, the Americans once more expected sympathisers in Canada and a certain

Willcocks, who was not altogether without supporters, had led them to believe that they could take Canada with the consent of the Canadians. They did not take Canada, but they took Willcocks, who died fighting against his own country, quite unheeded by the gallant troops and militia who, under General Brock, forced General Hull to capitulate. This capitulation of the invading general left the territory of Michigan 2,500 troops, and vast quantities of ammunition and provisions to the British. The same year gave them the victory of Queenstown Heights, at which General Brock and his aide de camp, Colonel McDonnell, were killed. Early the following year a large American force was beaten at Frenchtown, but in the summer the American army was strong enough to hold the Niagara frontier from Fort Erie to Fort George. Sir George Prevost, the new commander-in-chief of the Canadian forces, retreated from Seckett's Harbour, though, in the absence of the American fleet, the post was one that might easily have been captured.

But these minor disasters seemed insignificant in the light of Colonel Harvey's triumph at Stoney Creek. With a small detachment of troops, this officer had attacked by night a strong American force under the command of Brigadier Chandler Winder, who was taken prisoner with about a hundred of his men. The approach of Admiral Yeo's fleet in this moment of disaster, compelled the Americans to abandon Port Erie and the other frontier posts and fall back on Fort George.

It was in this year that a Canadian heroine, worthy of a place beside Madelaine de Verchères, enters

Canadian history. A surprise attack was to be made upon the Canadian outposts at Twelve Mile Creek, now the pleasant town of St. Catherine's, and at a farm known as De Ceu's where a Lieutenant named FitzGibbon was stationed with a picket of thirty men. James Secord, a Canadian militiaman, had heard of this proposed attack, but as he had been wounded severely in the Battle of Queenstown Heights, it was impossible for him to warn FitzGibbon. His wife, Laura, then undertook this dangerous duty, and started at daybreak on her journey of twenty miles through forest, at any point of which American stragglers or Indians might seize her. After walking all day, the brave woman burst in upon an Indian encampment, where she was received with the traditional yells, after which she was conducted to the officer in command. FitzGibbon, thus forewarned, made his preparations and the Americans were tricked into surrendering to a force which they believed to be much larger than it was.

But the defeat of the English on Lake Erie gave the control of that lake and the State of Michigan back to the Americans. General Proctor, moreover, was defeated near the Indian village of Moraviantown by General Harrison, who had also defeated in the North-West that steadfast ally of the Canadians, the Indian Chief, Tecumseh. But very soon the war looked more hopeful for Canada. The Americans received a repulse at Chrystler's Farm, and the American general, Hampton, was foiled with singular sagacity close to the junction of the Chateauguay and Outarde rivers. Here some nine hundred French Canadians with a few British

officers, including Colonel McDonnell, had employed a method of warfare which recalls the joyous expeditions of Frontenac. A body of three hundred French Canadian Voltigeurs and Fencibles formed the front line of defence. These soon gave way before the attack of four thousand Americans, but their Colonel, Salaberry, ordered his bugler to sound his instrument while they two alone held their ground. In the meantime, Colonel McDonnell ordered all his buglers to play while the troops scattered through the woods, which soon rang with bugle calls and shouts and Indian yells. The whole forest seemed to vibrate with savage hidden life, and the Americans, believing that an attack was threatening them on all sides, retreated ingloriously before a force of less than a quarter of their number.

The following year was crowned with success in the Niagara country, and on the 25th July, English regulars and Canadian militia, under the leadership of General Drummond, fought and won the last great battle of the war, the memorable and stubborn Battle of Lundy's Lane. Prevost, however, was defeated on Lake Champlain and retreated to Montreal instead of capturing Plattsburg. The American navy had more than one victory during this war, but the British frigate "Shannon," under Captain Broke, was victorious, as all the world knows, in her historic quarter of an hour's duel with the "Chesapeake," under Captain Lawrence. The English were defeated at New Orleans, but a fortnight before this action, peace had been declared on December 24th, 1814, by the Treaty of Ghent. So far as territory was concerned, Canada was

none the richer for the war, though Great Britain had swept over the seaboard of Maine and had held the important pass to the North-West, that so often appears as an objective in early Canadian history—Michillimackinac. The peace gave her none of these possessions, but it gave her confidence, after the test of war, in her own children. English, French and Indians alike had responded eagerly in the hour of danger. All petty animosities had been silenced, all small antagonisms forgotten. Brock, McDonnell, Salaberry, Tecumseh — Englishmen, Canadians, British and French, Indians—all fashioned by the country of great distances—had united in defending the soil of Canada with one heart, mind and soul.

The war over, the old difficulties in Lower Canada re-commenced, and we find the Canadian Governor, Lord Durham, writing in 1839: "I found two nations warring in the bosom of a single State; I found a struggle not of principles but of races." In the Maritime Provinces, too, the same critic was to find: "Representative government coupled with an irresponsible executive, the same abuse of the powers of the representative bodies, and the same constant interference of the imperial administration in matters which should be left wholly to provincial governments." But in the Maritime Provinces there was not the slightest feeling against the British connection and no open disturbance took place. In Upper Canada an oligarchy had formed what was called a "family compact," a phrase that faintly suggests the remote days of Poutrincourt's "*Ordre de Bon-Temps.*" This so-called "compact" was

bound less by blood than by mutual interest, and the oligarchy controlling it divided much of the public land among themselves and their supporters. There was no organised opposition, however, to this compact until 1820, when Robert Gourlay, a Scotchman, exposed the whole system of land-monopoly. He was tried twice for libelling the Government, and was acquitted on both occasions. He was then accused of being a seditious and dangerous person under the terms of the Alien Act of 1804, and this time he was thrown into prison for several months, and emerged from it a ruined and broken man. The treatment of Gourlay, who was in himself a person of very little importance, undoubtedly roused extreme opposition to the governing Tories throughout Upper Canada.

The "family compact," however, continued to hold its own in Upper Canada until the rebellion of W. Lion Mackenzie. This hot-headed Scot might have been comparatively inocuous, but for the want of tact and the want of competence of the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Francis Bond Head. In the Election of 1836 Sir Francis gave all his personal support to the "family compact," thus infuriating not only the Extremists, but the Moderate members of the Reform Party. Mackenzie made up his mind to accomplish with the bayonet, what he had failed to accomplish with the ballot-box. Simultaneously with this movement, Louis J. Papineau, in Lower Canada, had determined to establish a Republic on the banks of the St. Lawrence. It was to be *une nation canadienne*, and Papineau was in communication with his brother rebels of the Upper Province.

But the movement met with little response, and was easily crushed by Sir John Colborne. The insurgents fought bravely at St. Denis, but Papineau soon hurried across the frontier. At St. Charles, Wilfred Nelson, the Canadian Reformer, and an American named Thomas Storow Brown led the rebels, but were beaten back by the regular troops. The most unfortunate incident in this outbreak was the murder of Lieutenant Weir, a young officer who was carrying despatches for General Colborne at the time of his capture by Nelson. Nelson placed the prisoner in the charge of some rebel habitants, who soon afterwards butchered him. Colborne himself meted out punishment to the rebels, and the rebellion was finally stamped out of Lower Canada.

In the meantime, Mackenzie and his fellow-conspirator, Dr. John Rolph, might have effected a successful movement in Upper Canada, had they acted with promptness and energy. The Lieutenant-Governor had sent all the troops to the French Province and Toronto might easily have been captured by the rebels, had not the proposed President of the coming Republic, Dr. Rolph himself, deliberately delayed until loyal troops from Hamilton came to the rescue of the Lieutenant-Governor. Rolph had by that time crossed the frontier and Mackenzie followed him. The unforgiving Scot, however, continued his work by instigating bands of ruffians to raid the Canadian frontier. These marauders caused trouble, but were easily beaten back and their incursions soon killed whatever little sympathy might have been extended to the original movement of the rebels. Sir Francis Bond Head

was in due course succeeded by Sir George Arthur. The Americans had by this time arrived at the conclusion that these raids in a time of peace were contrary to the amity of nations. Consequently, a number of Americans who had taken part in these incursions into Canada in 1838 were executed, and the episode closed, but not before it had broken up the "family compact" scheme of government.

So far as Quebec was concerned, the rebellion in Lower Canada caused the constitution of that province to be suspended. A special council was formed to carry out the duties of a provisional government, and Lord Durham came out to Canada as Governor-General, as well as High Commissioner, empowered to adjust all difficulties and grievances. Lord Durham remained six months in the country and punished severely, but justly, many of the rebels by an ordinance and without any form of trial whatsoever. For this he was unfairly censured in England, where it could not be understood that such an ordinance was more merciful than a court-martial, and that an ordinary trial by jury was quite useless at such a time. But only a few months afterwards, when Sir John Colborne became Governor-General of Canada, the correctness of his judgment was proved. Robert Nelson, a brother of Wilfred Nelson who was then in exile, headed another rebellion, which Colborne once more put down with a stern hand. It was now time to deal rigorously with these marauding rebels and twelve men were executed. But a jury would not return a verdict of "guilty" against the murderers of Weir or even against the murderers of Chartrand, a French

Canadian volunteer, who had also been captured and slaughtered with even greater brutality.

This rebellion seemed to crown the policy, originated in 1791, with nothing but failure and disaster. Separated, the two races had apparently failed to evolve into peaceful and progressive provincials. It remained for one race to endeavour to amalgamate the other. The two Provinces were now given equal representation in a single legislature, and French was placed in a position subordinate to that of the English language. But at the same time local self-government was not restricted but on the contrary extended by the Union Act of 1840, which may be said to have closed a by no means insignificant period of Canadian history.

Large numbers of immigrants had entered both Upper and Lower Canada after the close of the war of 1812 and by 1840 Canada's population was over a million, of whom, rather more than four hundred and fifty thousands were French Canadians. These new subjects were then, as now, prolific, but they were still extremely backward. The influence of Laval still weighed on the Province of Quebec, where the higher education was limited to the Quebec Seminary and a few colleges under the direct control of the Roman Catholic Church. The habitants were for the most part without schools of any kind, and the greater part of them were as illiterate as when, in 1774, the Americans failed to interest them by allusions to "the immortal Montesquieu." But already in Upper Canada there were excellent schools, including the well-known Upper Canada College. Still, the education of the population as a

whole, seems to have been neglected even in Upper Canada, for in 1838, out of a population of four hundred thousand, only twenty-four thousand children were to be found at school.

The Union Act of 1840, conceded the great principle, so long ignored both by capable French and capable English governors, that the Ministry advising the titular head of the Colony should have the confidence of the representatives of the people. From the first arrival of Frontenac to the coming of Lord Durham, the last persons consulted in relation to the welfare of Canada, were the representatives of the Canadians. Lord Durham pointed out the evil consequences of this long régime of suppression and Mr. Pourlett Thomson, as Governor-General, was empowered to carry on the Government of the United Provinces "in accordance with the well understood wishes and interests of the people." Responsible government was now at least outlined in words; it remained for it to be translated into action. During the early years, both in the Canadas and Nova Scotia, the spirit of representative government was still more than partially suppressed, and when in 1847, Lord Durham's son-in-law, Lord Elgin, became Governor-General, it was found necessary to instruct him emphatically, "to act generally upon the advice of his executive council, and to receive as members of that body, those persons who might be pointed out to him as entitled to do so by their possessing the confidence of the assembly." By the following year, Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick may be said to have attained to actual self-government, and three years

later, Prince Edward Island enjoyed the same privilege.

It was time that this concession should be translated into terms of reality. So far as French Canada is concerned, the habitant had been happy enough in the old days of Frontenac and Laval, when political freedom was as alien from him as rebellion against his Church. But since the coming of the United Empire Loyalists, and the introduction of the principles of progressive liberty, the French Canadian had become singularly zealous for these ideals. He was not a revolutionary in the sense of Robespierre. Marat and Camille Desmoulins. He knew nothing of the dreams of Mirabeau and Danton. He abhorred the people who would proclaim the goddess of Reason against the authority of the Church. But he might conceivably have followed with no little excitement and considerable tenacity a higher Papineau, who was really capable of founding a new *Nation canadienne* upon his loved river. No such leader had been forthcoming, and his rebellion had been associated not with the heroic stand of French Christain patriots but rather with the raids of the aliens beyond the frontier, who were, he well knew, the enemies of everything he held most sacred.

The period following the Act of 1840 witnessed the splendid development of the Province of Ontario. It also witnessed the building up of the important commercial marine of Nova Scotia. Railways, too, had developed, and population had increased enormously. But there had been no amalgamation whatever between the two races. Far from sup-

pressing the French Canadians, the Act of 1840 had acted in their favour ; as equality of representation naturally strengthened the position of the more prolific race. At last, an elective, legislative council had been conceded and very soon it acquired complete control of taxation and supplies. The claims of the seigniors were purchased and the clergy reserves disposed of, for public purposes. In each case the interests of seignior and cleric were amply protected. French Canada had developed after her own fashion on the lines of British political freedom and the people of Quebec resisted steadily the just claims of Ontario to larger representation. That Province had increased enormously in wealth as well as in population, and it was she who had born the brunt of the incursions from beyond the frontier.

The war between the northern and Southern States had aroused great bitterness in America against Great Britain. Both North and South, for different reasons, resented the attitude of England and in 1866 a number of Irishmen crossed the frontier to avenge the wrongs of their country upon the homes of Ontario. An action was fought at Ridgway, in the course of which many Canadians were killed. The authorities of the United States had made no effort whatever to check these raids but after the action near Ridgeway, a few of the raiders were arrested, whereupon the House of Representatives at once requested the President "to cause the prosecutions, instituted at the United States Courts against the Fenians, to be discontinued if compatible." Yet one more faint echo of old

French-Indian days came in 1870, this time on the Lower Canadian frontier. It was repulsed easily and the authorities of the United States on their side acted correctly enough.

War, or the semblance of war, now as always, taught the Canadians the great lesson of cohesion. The idea of confederation had already been inaugurated in 1864, and three years later, by the British North America Act, Canada became a Confederation of Provinces—Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, while provision for entering the Union was made for Prince Edward Island, British Columbia, Rupert's Land, the Great Northwest and Newfoundland. The naked trading-post had at last become the Dominion of Lord Dufferin's glowing impression: "The historical territories of the Canadas—the eastern sea-boards of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Labrador—the Laurentian lakes and valleys, corn lands and pastures, though themselves more extensive than half a dozen European kingdoms, were but the vestibules and antechambers to that, till than undreamt of dominion whose illimitable dimensions alike confound the arithmetic of the surveyor and the verification of the explorer."

Up till this year, 1867, the Northwest had meant nothing beyond the continuation of that historic fur-trade, which recalls the names of so many gallant French adventurers. The Hudson's Bay Company was composed of Englishmen and Scotchmen who hated each other, while the Canadian Company consisted of French Canadians. The rivalry between these Companies needs no comment,

but towards the end of the eighteenth century, Canadian merchants had established the Northwest Company, which was a formidable rival of both the English and French Companies. The Northwest Company had pushed its outposts into Rupert's Land by the Ottawa River and the Great Lakes. They had made their way into the then unknown Saskatchewan and Athabascan districts through the valley of the Columbia into that beautiful province which takes its name from the river. They had discovered the Mackenzie River which takes its name from a member of their Company. It was not until some time afterwards, however, that a trader named Simon Fraser gave his name to that other famous river, while David Thomson, surveyor of the Northwest Company discovered the river that bears the same name. In short, all the energy and romance of early French exploration had been continued in these far districts of which La Salle had known nothing. Once again, an isolated outpost marks the locality of a great Colony to be. Lonely adventurers wait patiently for supplies from Hudson's Bay, in exactly the same spirit of courageous hopefulness that exiles, on the first starved trading-posts of New France, had waited for provisions in French ships. The history of these fur-traders was to no small extent the early history of the Province of Quebec; it was no less the early history of the Northwest. The descendants of English and French, as rude settlements sprang into being, lived always apart. Their parishes, schools and churches were different. And side by side with the French Canadian there continued those half-breeds or Métis

who were the veritable continuations of the *coureurs de bois* under English rule.

In 1869, the Canadian Government determined to acquire the Territory of the North-west and by their rather precipitate action brought themselves into conflict with the old vested interests of the fur-traders, English, French and Indian. The result belongs to the history of our own times. An insurrection took place, headed by Louis Riel, a typical Métis. An expedition early in 1870 followed the old trail of the fur-traders from Thunder Bay to Winnipeg. No action, however, was fought, for Riel had escaped to the United States. A formal transfer had already been made, and a new province of Manitoba had come into existence. Furthermore, the great stretches of territory beyond the prairie province were now divided into the six districts which have become of incalculable importance in the future development of Canada. But Alberta, Assiniboia, Athabasca, Keewatin and Saskatchewan did not exhaust the possibilities of the North-west and in 1896, four additional districts were added—Franklin, Mackenzie, Yukon and Ungava.

But some years before this, while the Canadian Pacific Railway was developing its invincible argument for civilization, the old order endeavoured to assert their vague undefined claims against the ruthless pressure of progress. The Métis had pushed out of Manitoba into the South Saskatchewan district and at Duck Lake, St. Laurent and Batoche had persisted in the life that he understood. Here, he would hunt and fish and even cultivate lazily odd morsels of ground, trying to make himself believe

that there was yet room for him in this vast continent of which he felt himself so intimately a part. The Métis knew that the buffalo was disappearing from the face of the earth, that game of every kind was becoming less plentiful, that the white people who wished to till were pressing towards him on those sinister iron rails, before which all wild life, almost superstitiously, retreats. The Métis knew that these things should not be. It seemed to him that Ottawa was to blame, that Ottawa had failed to understand the old Canadian in its forethought for the new. Another rising, similar to that on the Red River of 1869, followed. Another Métis, a trader named Dumont, now joined Louis Riel and the rebels met with a slight success at Duck Lake in the spring of 1885. This insignificant victory went to the Indians' heads like wine, and as though by magic, we are transplanted from the nineteenth century to the Canada of Count Frontenac. The Indian tribes in Saskatchewan became restless at once. Poundmaker, Big Bear, and several other Chiefs of the Cree Communities took at once to the war-path, and resumed the almost forgotten raids of history. Two missionairies were massacred at Frog Lake, and Battleford, the capital of the Territories, was seriously threatened But the Canadian Government responded very promptly and the Canadian Pacific Railway, which was then almost complete as far as Qu' Appelle, enabled four thousand Canadian troops under General Middleton to arrive at Fish Creek, some fifteen miles from Batoche, in less than a month. Here they encountered, on a small scale, the difficulties of Braddock, and Dumont and his insurgents, fighting from

rifle-pits, killed a number of the volunteers who were unable to punish a concealed enemy. But very soon afterwards at Batoche, the Canadians utterly routed the rebels. The victory of Batoche was followed by the punishment of Poundmaker at Cut-knife Creek. The movement had been crushed with the greatest efficiency, and the Indians realised once and for all that in railway days their old methods of war were hopelessly out of date.

As soon as the insurrection had been stamped out, Dumont made his escape, but Riel, after a fair trial, paid the death penalty at Regina. French Canadians were eager to have the sentence commuted, but the Canadians as a whole realized that these North-western districts were part and parcel of Canada, that the Dominion must be consolidated, and that its enemies must be punished without that dangerous sentimentality which breeds so much slaughter for the years to come. Once more, Canada had shown in prompt action her united striking power, and the monuments of those who had died for her at Fish Creek and Batoche linked Winnipeg closely to Ottawa and Toronto.

The old days of the fur-traders were, indeed, over for ever. Throughout this vast area, that magnificent body, the Northwest Mounted Police maintains order and discipline. The Indians, protected by treaties and statutes, continue on their large reserves just as they do in Ontario. They too, are content to be citizens of that great Federation which, three years after the inclusion of Manitoba, enrolled Prince Edward Island and British Columbia among its provinces. The expedition of 1885 will always be

remembered because it was a blow struck, not for a province, but for a Dominion. But Canada's destiny was to develop even beyond that and in the South African War, in the hour of imperial need, her sons were willingly to strike for that Empire of which Canada is becoming a more and more significant integral unit.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SPELL OF CANADA.

THE prosperity of modern Canada is a fact that requires no comment. It expands with every new Blue-Book and the older nations are still a little dazzled by it. For to them, Canada is a new country, and they ignore the links in that long chain of cause and effect, which has led at last to this apotheosis of material welfare. There have been many links, but the lesson has been always the same. Canadians have learned the art of survival from Canada. The little, half-frozen trading-post learned its lesson until it passed into an armed Christian mission. That too, learned the same lesson until it was transformed into a Royal Province. Religion, exploration and trade, all alike harassed by Indian warfare, all alike associated with the elemental forces of nature, had fashioned the Canadians from France. But they were to be confronted by the transplanted stock of another race, that had been tried by conditions almost equally implacable. The fight was one to the death, but the race, more capable of the larger self-government and more in sympathy with the ampler destiny of Canada as a whole, inevitably triumphed.

England was to make mistakes, as France had made them in her dealings with Canada, but with this difference; the Englishman was by nature a colonist and settler, while the Frenchman, if he emigrated at all, was naturally an adventurer and an

explorer. In the scheme of Canadian development, there was room for both. The Quebec Act guaranteed to French Canadians their religion, their province and their language, and the United Empire Loyalists brought to Canada the principles of the "Mayflower" cabin and the endurance of the early Pilgrim Fathers.

Of course, there was friction between the two races for a time. But first in the Revolutionary War, and afterwards in the War of 1812, the French Canadian stood the severest tests of loyalty. The rebellion of Papineau long afterwards deserves, after all, scarcely more comment than the rebellion of Mackenzie. Both the one and the other were mere symptoms of temporary indisposition, and the Indian outbreaks, from Pontiac to Riel, were equally protests of an ineffectual minority. All these outbreaks in fact, were insignificant in face of the determined progress of the Canadian nation. What is significant is, that since the capture of Quebec, Canadians have been able to learn from failure. There has been no repetition of disasters produced by repeated causes. Adversity has been followed always by closer union, by the consolidation of the province among the French Canadians, and by the linking together of the frontier portions of the Dominion among Canadians of British stock. And by reason of this intricate history of a people of two unamalgamated races, who have both been moulded by the same pressure of environment, the Dominion has become already more than half-conscious of a great destiny altogether beyond the range of colonial adventure. Canada is a highly sensitive nation, and its

construction is organic, as the author of "How Canada is Governed" notes, when he sums up the different layers of this complicated national edifice: "At the bottom of the edifice are those parishes, township, county and municipal institutions which are eminently favourable to popular freedom and local improvement. Then comes the more important provincial organization, divided into those executive and legislative and judicial authorities which are essential to the working of all constitutions. Next comes the central government, which assumes a national dignity and is included as a guarantee of protection, unity and security to the whole system. And above all is the imperial power—in other words, a sovereign who holds his exalted position, not by the caprice of a popular vote, but with all the guarantees of permanency, with which the British constitution surrounds the throne."

Canada does not repeat her mistakes. Can we say as much for ourselves in regard to Canada? One remembers how, in the days of Braddock, English soldiers ruffled the feelings of those who still loved England. In much the same unconscious manner, some young Englishmen of to-day, fresh from the University or the public school, enter the difficult and historic atmosphere of Canada perhaps too complacently. At least, they often convey the impression of being willing, not so much to learn from the Canadians, who have themselves learned in so hard a school, as to teach them, or even to set them an example. So absurd an attitude on the part of quite well-meaning but ignorant youths certainly tends to irritate a people with such stern

traditions as the Canadians, and they are apt to resent this naïve sense of superiority exactly as Braddock's provincials resented it in the regular troops. Now, as then, this characteristic English tendency may be only on the surface, but surface faults have had in the past the gravest consequences. Besides, it is bad for the individual young Englishman, who has so much to learn from a people that has been so long and silently trained in peace and war.

And when he has set aside all this surface pride in himself, the individual young Englishman will feel the spell of Canada, which is still the spell of the days of Frontenac. You have only to live in that country to feel the *continuation* of that vivid and tumultuous history. You have only to experience days and nights by the lakes to catch again the muffled paddle of the Indian and hear through the wind-swept pines, phantom savages war-whooping on the long portages. Canada, in short, has not been civilised out of her history. There, everything is on the grand scale, and no Canadian is conventionalised beyond the range of elemental forces. His pioneers are still close to him, and the spell of the pioneer days still lingers in his blood. That spell has found expression in Canadian poets, English, French and Indian alike. It lives for example, in Mr. Bliss Carman's "The Ships of St. John," with its memories of the early loyalists:

"Swing, you tides, up out of Fundy!
Blow, you white fogs, in from sea!
I was born to be your fellow;
You were bred to pilot me.

Loyalist, my fathers, builded
This gray port of the gray sea,
When the duty to ideals
Could not let well being be.

When the breadth of scarlet bunting,
Puts the wreath of maple on,
I must cheer, too—slip the moorings
With the ships of gray St. John."

Again, Dr. Louis Fréchette recalls longingly the ample distances traversed by the early explorers, Jolliet, Marquette, La Salle and Tonty :

" Plus de forêts sans fin : la vapeur les silonne !
L'astre des jours nouveaux sur tous les points rayonne ;
L'enfant de la nature est évangélisé
Le sor du laboreur fertilise la plaine ;
Et le surplus doré de sa gerbe trop pleine
Nourrit le vieux monde épuisé."

Finally, Miss Pauline Johnson, the daughter of a Mohawk Chief, has captured over and over again in English verse, the indefinable glamour of the Canadian lakes, the soft crunch of the paddle, the darting of shadows, the rustlings of primeval forests. In " Re-voyage " she utters the very message of Canadian summers :

" What of the days when we two dreamed together ?
Days marvellously fair,
As lightsome as a skyward-floating feather
Sailing in summer air.

Summer, summer, that comes drifting through
Fate's hand to me and you.
What of the days, my dear ? I sometimes wonder
If you, too, wish this sky

Could be the blue we sailed so softly under
In that sun-kissed July;
Sailed in the warm and yellow afternoon
With hearts in touch and tune.
Have you no longing to relieve the dreaming
Adrift in my canoe?"

And in "Shadow River" the same poet translates the atmosphere of the beautiful Muskoka in which are preserved so many memories of that far-off Canada which is yet so near:

"O! pathless world of seeming!
O! pathless life of mine whose deep ideal
Is more my own than ever was the real.
For others fame,
And love's red flame
And yellow gold: I only claim
The shadows and the dreaming."

The Canadian poets, too little known in England, have interpreted, each in their different fashion, the soul of Canada. Each has uttered something of the mystery of that environment which has made English, French and Indians alike, the children of Canada. It is the environment of the North and in railway days, as in pre-railway days, it is the men of the North who best respond to its call. The problem of modern Canada differs from that of the United States, and by no means wholly to the disadvantage to the Dominion. There is no Negro question in Canada, and the French Canadian nucleus forms, in the twentieth century, as in the eighteenth, the very strongest barrier against any sudden intrusion of alien ideas. The American chose his destiny in the hour of victory; the United

Empire Loyalist chose his in the hour of defeat. Each assuredly will abide by that well weighed choice. For the roots of history, in the New World as in the Old, are too deep and too intricately interwoven to be disturbed by any manipulations of verbal logic. Now, as in the early days of the United Empire Loyalists, Canada's instinct turns towards that flag which protects equally the Dominion as a whole and the Province of Quebec.

Canadians care little for general conversations on the ownership of Colonies, but they are quite familiar with the foreign point of view that, reduced to crude, bald terms, runs something like this : "You English took Colonies by the sword, and now you want to hold them by after-dinner speeches. If you want peace, it is only because you have obtained everything by war. You maintain that your Navy stands for the peace of the world, but it implies the guaranteed ownership of the best places in the world. In short, you are in the position of a man who, having dined well himself, explains to the hungry that it is quite easy to wait till breakfast." Such hungrily-logical people, by no means without representatives in our own islands, would dispose of India and Egypt as though the Indians and Egyptians were so many ninepins. They are of course wrong, but the application of similar doctrinaire verdicts to Canada is grotesque. But the Dominion is little troubled by those theorectic re-makings of the map of the World in smoking-rooms. She knows that the old stroke of the pen theory of National destiny is not so simple as it sounds. She is an example of the great modern thesis that you cannot

own Colonies, and when the theoretic people squabble about the ownership of great countries such as Canada, it is as though a separated pair of adults continued to wrangle over the custody of children, who have long grown up. But to defend this status, Canada knows equally well that she must be always prepared. She, no less than ourselves, shares the honour of protecting the common heritage She, like ourselves, has economic difficulties to grapple with, and in this New World as in the Old, the magically perfect balance between Capital and Labour remains only a dream. But in this virile country, there is hope always for those who have in their blood the right of adoption, and if she draws bountifully from our islands, she will, in her own good time, give back abundantly. Only there must be no mistake on our side. It is not a matter of party politics; it is not a matter of economics. It is becoming a matter of life and death for the existence of the British Empire as at present constituted. And, curiously enough, it is the very history of Canada that illustrates admirably the moral force of British rule. One race after another has established Colonies, only to wring from them the work of slaves. With all her errors, Great Britain alone has learned the great secret of colonization. The Dominion of Canada is herself the very best example of this truth. It is in the common interest, then, that Britain and Canada should draw nearer to each other at this new bend in the winding destiny of the great Colony.

It is a neglected truism, that the future of the World belongs to population. But Canada has not

only at least one section of her population which is enormously prolific, but she has also the power of attracting to her shores, the men and women of northern stock that she can most easily assimilate. She may look forward confidently to a large population of those most fit to survive in her environment. She will progress on that steady and straight road of progress, which has been her path through centuries. Over and over again in the past, she has refrained from doing at a crisis, what seemed to the doctrinaire to be the logical and inevitable thing to do. The result of the recent elections is perfectly explicable in the light of Canadian history, and unless we ourselves make an irretrievable error, Canada will continue her instinctive course. Canadians do not change their minds lightly. They are very slow to accept Greek gifts. They are nearer, as I have ventured to suggest, to their history, than we are to ours. Their ideals are always with them and something untameable in their blood has kept them wholly untainted by that fatigue, physical, mental and moral, which is the secret of pessimism.

Canada believes in her destiny, and she has earned the right to believe in it. The frozen trading-post has become the Dominion of Canada but that is not enough. From the very first, those groups of United Empire Loyalists who had made their way into the wildernesses of Ontario and Acadia carried with them, still fresh and inviolable, the secret of self-government that had been expounded to their ancestors in the obscure cabin of the "Mayflower." They did not spread through the West in the same spirit that French explorers and adventurers elabor-

ated their system of western forts. Always these descendants of British stock have maintained the home, the farm, the ranch. They have spread as colonists, husbanding their strength, instead of raiding like Indians through the forest, and diffusing their energy as the French Canadians under France had always done. But now a pause has come in the virile life of Canada. The work of federation, consolidation and expansion within the limits of the population has been accomplished. The enormous wealth of the country is no longer speculative ; the structure arrived at after such long contentions is of organic growth. What is to be the next step ?

The instinct of the British people, that once unerringly called for Pitt to save Canada, now calls for Canada to join us in defending to the death our common inheritance, our common existence. Canada knows well the vital necessity of a British fleet. She will not swerve from that destiny, accepted by her old and new subjects alike in 1775, and confirmed by her old and new subjects alike in 1812. Canada has never failed us. Shall we fail Canada ? Shall we repeat the errors, both of French and English history in relation to the Dominion ? Never was a time more propitious for the acceptance on equal terms of a new partner in imperial responsibility. In perfect unanimity with the French, we may well turn hopefully to that great Northern country, which has preserved an Old France, of which we, ourselves, are the foster-parents. Once more, Canada has given us a lead ; we shall be blind with the last blindness if we ignore it. Canada has learnt from her long vicissitudes, and her children are still un-

dazzled by the spoils of idleness. No destiny is too great for this manly race, and if we are ever to redeem past follies across the Atlantic, now is the time to accept Canada once and for ever as our Imperial helpmate. Now is the time, but who shall say how the dice of politics may yet juggle with the dream ? In any case, Canada is neither to be bought nor bound nor sold. She will persist on her proud road of achievement, and always they who have once felt her spell, will thankfully return to her. For the soul of Canada still permeates that mysterious environment, into which Jacques Cartier plunged so light-heartedly hundreds of years ago.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.

The writer of this sketch has perused more books on Canada than he could very easily name. So far, however, as "The Real Canadian" is concerned, he is indebted almost solely to those invaluable interpreters of Canadian history, Francis Parkman and Sir J. G. Bourinot.

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