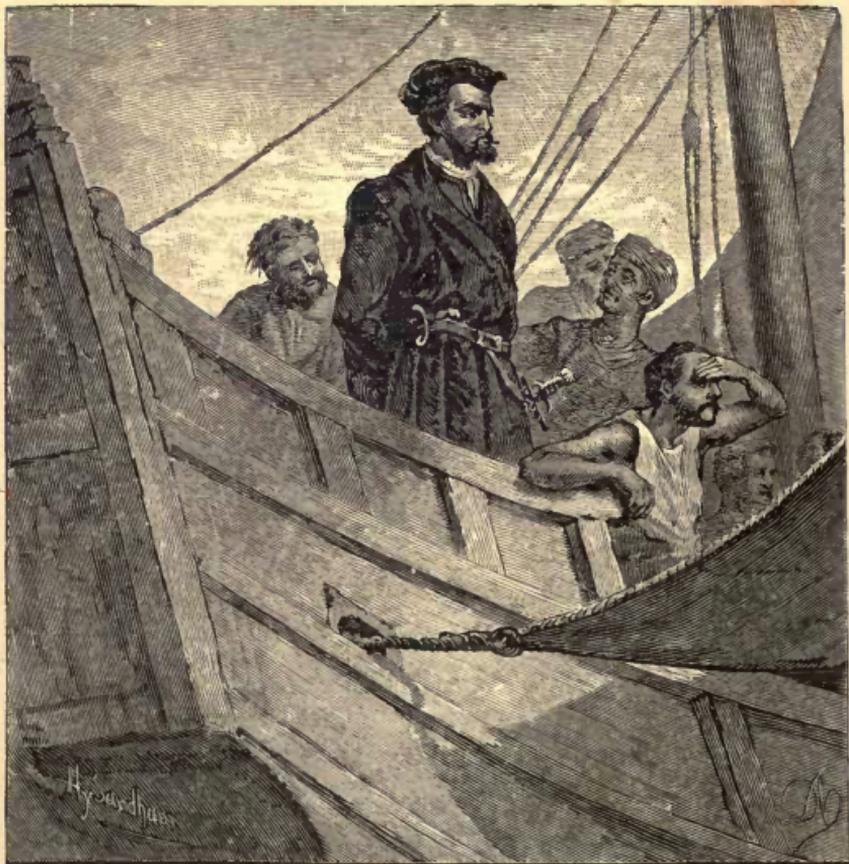




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TORIES OF
NEW FRANCE

A. M. MACHAR



JACQUES CARTIER ENTERING THE ST. LAWRENCE. Frontis

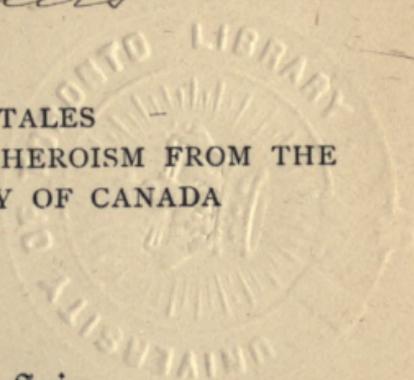
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BEING TALES
OF ADVENTURE AND HEROISM FROM THE
EARLY HISTORY OF CANADA



In Two Series

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FIRST SERIES BY
AGNES MAULE MACHAR

SECOND SERIES BY
THOMAS G. MARQUIS

BOSTON
D. LOTHROP COMPANY
WASHINGTON STREET OPPOSITE BROMFIELD



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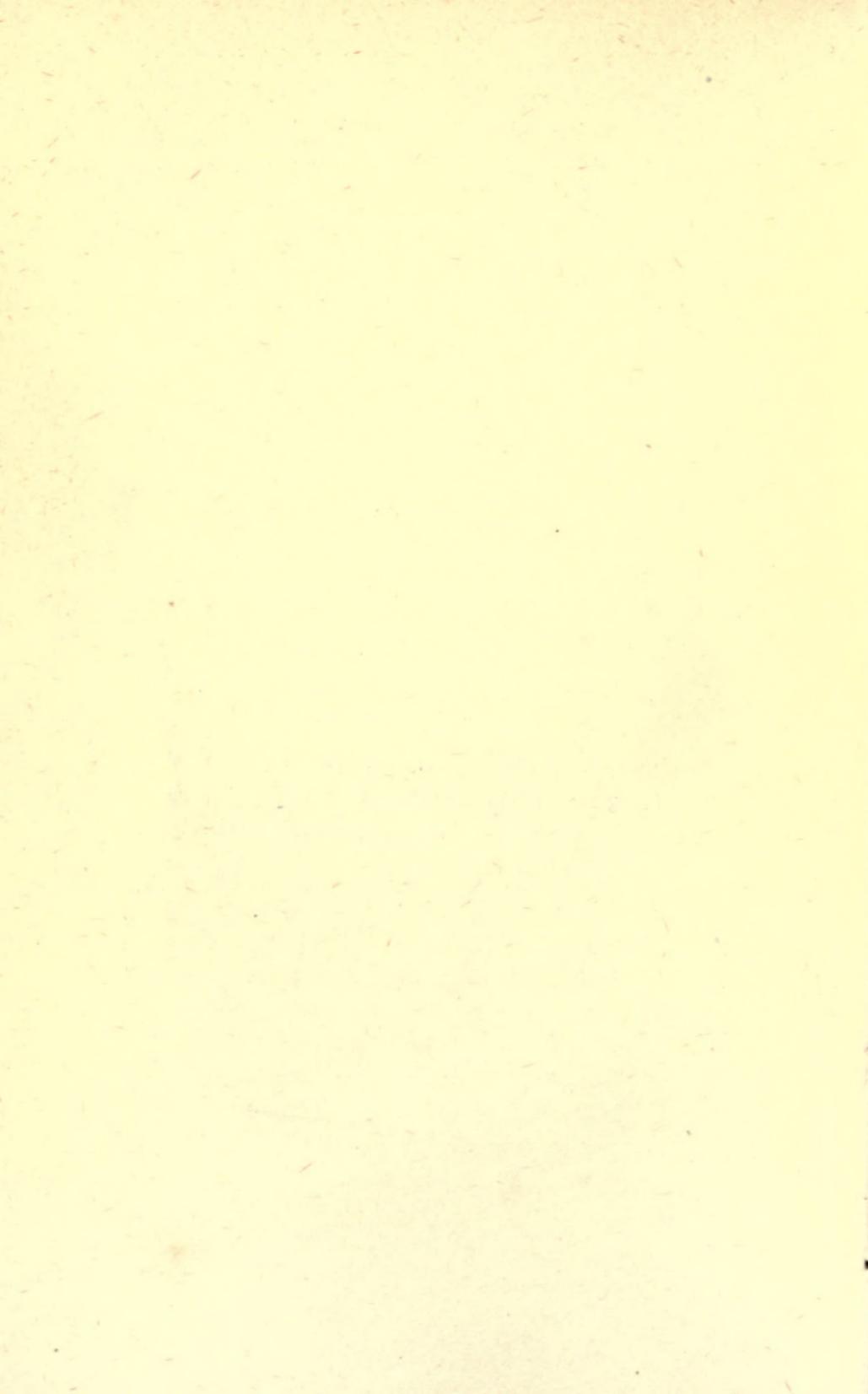
TO THE

REV. GEORGE MONRO GRANT, D. D.,
Principal of Queen's University, Kingston,

AND TO

PROFESSOR C. G. D. ROBERTS, M. A.,
of King's College, Windsor.

*Canadians who, by tongue and pen, have done honour
to their native land, these brief stories from her
early history are respectfully inscribed.*



P R E F A C E .

THE seventeenth century may be called the heroic age of Canada. The infant colony had to struggle for existence against pitiless enemies and forces of nature strange and well-nigh insurmountable. The struggle brought out a race of heroes whose names no one in the Old or New World should willingly let die. Champlain, Maisonneuve, Daulac, La Salle remind us of Arthur's Knights of the Round Table. Le Jeune, Jogues, Brébeuf, Lallemand consecrated the colony by lives of noblest endeavor and heroic death. Their memories belong to the Church universal. Their names are worthy of a place in any martyrology.

The object of this volume is to make the past of Canada better known, to those at least who have not leisure or opportunity to study the glowing pages of Parkman. Writers who follow him must consult his works. But few have the time to read through ten or twelve volumes about one period in the history of Canada. These stories deal with the time in question through episodes round which cluster all the most interesting details. The voyages of Jacques Cartier, the colonizing of Acadie, Quebec and Montreal, the wars with the Iroquois, the story of the Jesuit missions, the adventures of La Salle, the tale of Evangeline and the last siege of Quebec — so crowded with incident — include the chief points of interest in early Canadian history.

For convenience these stories have been divided into two series. The first deals with the founding of the

colony; the second with the efforts to extend it, as New France, over well-nigh the whole continent. The first series, as well as the story of La Salle in the second, is from the pen of a writer well known in Canada by the *nom de plume* of "Fidelis." Her writings are always instinct with patriotic emotion and moral purpose. The second series, with the one exception referred to, is by Mr. T. G. Marquis, a young Canadian writer who appropriately begins his literary career with these stories of his native land.

GEORGE MONRO GRANT.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON, CANADA.

March, 1888.

LIST OF GOVERNORS OF NEW FRANCE.

1608 — 1759.

Samuel de Champlain.
M. De Montmagny.
M. D'Aillebout.
M. De Lauzon.
M. D'Argeuson.
M. D'Avaugour.
M. De Mézy.
M. De Courcelles.
M. De Frontenac.
M. De La Barre.
M. De Denonville.
M. De Callières.
M. De Vaudreuil.
M. De Longueuil.
M. De Beauharnois.
M. De La Galissonière.
M. De La Jônquière.
M. De Duquesne.
M. De Vaudreuil-Cavagnal.

DATES OF LEADING EVENTS
MENTIONED IN THE FOLLOWING STORIES.

- 1492. Discovery of America by Columbus.
- 1535. Cartier's entrance into the St. Lawrence.
- 1540. De Roberval's colonizing expedition.
- 1598. Expedition of Marquis de la Roche.
- 1605. Founding of Port Royal by De Monts.
- 1613. Destruction of Port Royal by Argall.
- 1608. Champlain founded Quebec.
- 1609. Champlain's first brush with the Iroquois.
- 1629. First siege of Quebec by Kirke.
- 1632. Arrival of Jesuits at Quebec.
- 1635. Death of Champlain.
- 1639. Landing of hospital nuns.
- 1642. Founding of Ville Marie de Montreal.
- 1649. Massacre of the Hurons.
- 1673. Founding of Fort Frontenac.
- 1690. Second siege of Quebec.
- 1759. Great siege of Quebec.

AUTHORS' PREFACE

FOR CANADIANS.

CANADA, though a young country, inherits a history peculiarly rich in heroic memories. The national character should be correspondingly rich, deriving, as she does, her origin from two nations, whose characteristic qualities are well fitted to balance and supplement each other—the brilliant chivalric dash and idealism of the French pioneers who were her first settlers, and the strong, sober judgment and practical enterprise of the Anglo-Saxons who followed up their first fragmentary attempts at colonization. On both sides of her ancestry, she can look back to a noble past, bright with heroic endurance, and rich in gallant deeds wrought by the sons of both nations on her virgin soil. Champlain and La Salle, Daulac and Brock, Brébeuf and Macdowall, Wolfe and Montcalm—Canada can claim them all! For, in the greater name of Canada, are merged to-day “New France” and “British North America.” And in the simple name of *Canadian* we may well merge the more partial designations of “Anglo-Saxon” and “Franco-Canadian;” for “Norman and Saxon and Celt are we.” It is then our true “national policy” to mould, out of our diverse material, a national character enriched by the best traits of the races from which we spring, enriched also by the bilingual character of our composite origin. On the gradual and peaceful fusion of differing elements into a harmonious whole, must depend the future welfare of Canada. To promote, among English-speaking Canadians, a wider and more familiar knowledge of the heroic past inherited through their French fellow countrymen—that past which Parkman has so eloquently told and Fréchette has so nobly sung—is one aim of these “Stories of New France.”

Kingston, Ontario, October, 1889.

NOTE.

(Inserted by authors' request.)

For the orthography used in this volume, in cases where the English and American usage differ, the publishers only are responsible.

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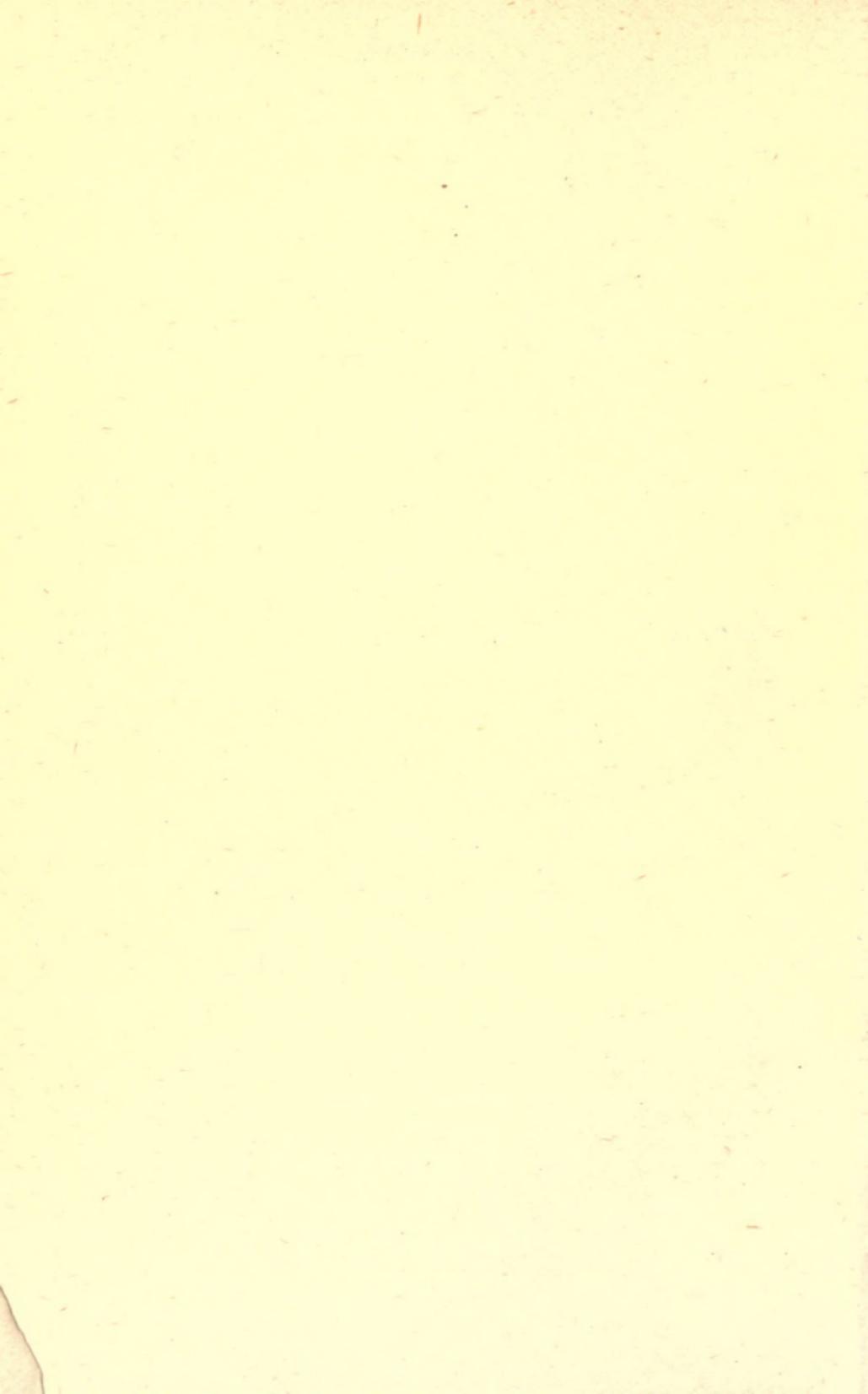
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STORIES OF NEW FRANCE.

CHAPTER I.

HOW NEW FRANCE WAS FOUND.

FOR thousands of years, as we all know, the Eastern Hemisphere was supposed, by those who lived on it, to constitute the whole world. The earth itself was supposed to be a flat expanse of land, with one great ocean washing the shores of Europe, Asia and Africa. Probably in ancient times ships from Eastern Asia were sometimes driven by winds to the American coast ; and thus may have begun some of the races, such as the old Mound Builders, vestiges of whose works are still found in the Western States, as the only record of their existence in the long ago. Whence came the Indians who so long made the continent of North America one great hunting-ground, we cannot tell. We only know that the first European explorers found these red-men leading, amid the trackless forests, the same wild, wandering life still followed by their posterity. They moved about from place to place, putting up and taking down their light wigwams, paddling their canoes across rivers and lakes, hunting the deer, the beaver and the otter — gaining their rude, irregular subsistence much as do the young ravens ; and, like

them, often hungry, yet seldom altogether lacking the food with which the Great Father of all had provided the forest and the stream.*

From these, too, they procured clothing as well as food. They smoked the skins of the deer for shirts and leggings, and the thick fur coats of the bear and the buffalo, the otter and beaver supplied warm garments for the bitter winter days, and soft rugs to spread on their rude couches to serve for both mattress and blankets. In warm weather, as a substitute for clothing, they painted themselves gaily in bright colors, for holiday and warlike display.

They had usually neither beards nor mustaches, but shaved their heads, leaving only one lock which they called a scalp-lock ; but, on warlike and festive occasions, they loved to adorn their heads with the feathers of bright plumaged birds. The kind of houses used for very short sojourns were what we usually call wigwams, built of strong saplings, planted in a circle, and united at the top, leaving a hole for a chimney above the fire in the middle : this framework being covered with sheets of birch bark and curtains of deerskin. Larger houses were built of rows of poles drawn together at the top, leaving a long slit between them to let the air in and the smoke out, and these would contain from two to six or seven families ; men, women, children and dogs. They slept on the ground, well covered with a layer

* Mr. Brooks in his "Story of the American Indian," asserts that the red-man had his beginnings on the American continent ; that the Mound Builders were but a more civilized branch of the earlier Indians ; that the red-men, before the days of white discovery, lived in large community houses instead of the traditional wigwams, and that they had no conception of the "Great Spirit." All this may be so. It is an interesting study that I leave to other American story-tellers to unravel.

of pine needles, for dryness and softness, or on light shelves of interlaced branches, laid along the sides of the wigwam, and serving for seats by day and beds at night. Under these they would lay their bags of provisions, while they hung their weapons and rude implements on the walls. As all the smoke could not escape through the opening above, the wigwams were often filled with it, but the hardy savages were accustomed to bear both smoke and cold without minding the inconvenience.

When not engaged in war, the occupation of the men was hunting for food. They used spears and arrows, pointed with the rudely cut flint heads that are still sometimes found and prized as curious relics. They fished with hooks cut out of bone, or with nets woven of twine, made by rolling hemp on their thighs. They cooked their fish and venison in earthen pots, which the squaws moulded out of clay. Their only crop was maize, pounded in wooden mortars, and used as pottage, flavored with scraps of meat or fish.

Their canoes, in which they would paddle swiftly for long distances along the great rivers and forest streams, were usually made of birch bark, taken off whole, and stretched on a light frame, the seams being daubed with pitch, like Moses' ark of bulrushes. When birches were scarce, they used elm bark, but this was neither so strong nor so light.

The various tribes were perpetually waging destructive wars with each other, their weapons being arrows, spears and rude axes, called tomahawks. They defended themselves with shields made of raw bison-hide, or of wood, covered with plaited thongs

of skin ; and sometimes wore breastplates and greaves made of twigs interwoven with cordage. Some of the tribes built little forts, to defend their villages, surrounded by double or triple rows of palisades made from trees felled by their stone axes with the aid of fire. The rows of palisades leaned against each other till they crossed near the top, and were lined with heavy sheets of bark ; while along the crossing of the palisades ran galleries on which men could stand and throw heavy stones at their foes, or pour streams of water down gutters, to put out the fires they might kindle below. They were very cunning and wary warriors, as well as very cruel, and delighted in torturing the captives they took in battle, whom they sometimes also devoured. After killing an enemy, they would take off his scalp with their tomahawks, and carry it home as a trophy, priding themselves on the number of these grim spoils which they could carry back to their villages.

The Indians were divided into many tribes, and these again into great families or clans, each of which took its name from some plant or animal, which became its totem or crest. Each clan had its chief or sachem, obeyed by all ; and these chiefs were wont to meet in council to decide on all important matters that concerned the tribe. Each clan had, also, its "medicine man," or sorcerer, who had almost as much power as the chief, and who, besides professing to cure the sick, performed many strange and superstitious rites, and was often supposed to be able to foretell future events.

* The women did all the hard and menial work — hewing wood and drawing water, as well as cooking

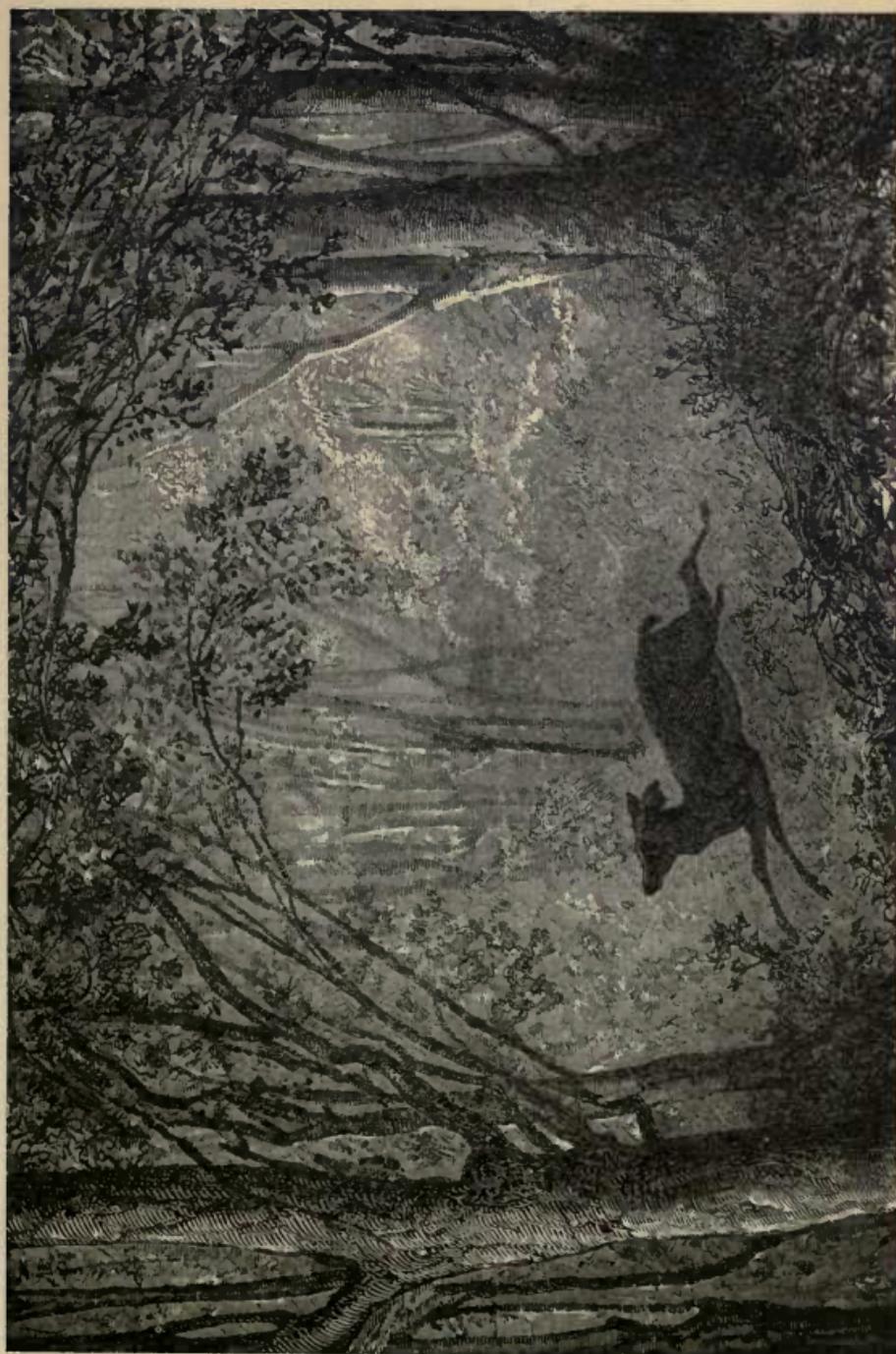
the food and making the clothing of deerskin and furs. When the men had killed their game, they usually left it for the women to carry home, thinking such work beneath their own dignity.

For money they used long white and purple beads, made out of shells, which they called wampum. This they valued very much, and used it also as a record of all important transactions; a string of wampum being always given by one party to the other, as a seal is attached to lawyers' parchments. These strings were kept as a sort of history, and it was the duty of one old man in the tribe to be keeper of the wampum — that is, to take care of the various strings, and remember and interpret what they signified.

The Indians had many superstitions about spiritual beings. They thought that not only animals and plants, but rivers, rocks and cataracts had their indwelling spirits, which must be treated with respect. They were anxious, therefore, to propitiate even the animals they hunted, and would sometimes address an apology to a wounded bear. Even the fishing-nets were propitiated by curious ceremonies, and every evening some one was appointed to address the fish, begging them to take courage and be caught, and promising that due respect shall be shown to their bones. But, besides all these lower spirits, the Indians believed, also, in higher beings called Manitous, sometimes invisible, and sometimes taking the forms of animals or human beings; sometimes even of stones. Each Indian as he grew up, was supposed to have one of these spirits for his guardian Manitou, and always wore some emblem of it, which was believed to act as a charm. This, of course,

became a sort of fetich or image-worship. They believed too, vaguely, in a chief Manitou or Great Spirit, the ruler of all. And one tribe believed also in a Divine Messenger named Hiawatha, who once made his abode on earth, to be the teacher and the friend of man. Thus for many ages these savage tribes lived on in the great forests, fighting, hunting, fishing — ignorant of even the existence of the powerful white race that was soon coming to take possession of their land.

About four hundred years ago, the people of Europe were just waking up to realize that the great mass of land containing Europe, Asia and Africa did not make up the whole of our round world, and adventurous spirits were dreaming of what might be beyond. Some six hundred years earlier, indeed, the old Norse "sea kings," as they were well named, in the course of their roving over the blue waves had discovered Iceland and settled a colony there, which became the Icelandic people. In course of time a colony went to settle in Greenland, which may be called a bit of the New World. And about the end of the tenth century, a band of Norsemen from Greenland sailed southward until they came to a fertile country where masses of wild grapevines grew luxuriantly among the great forest trees, covered with clusters of ripe grapes. They filled their ships with grapes, and wood hewn from the trees, and steered homeward. Afterwards came other parties, led by a brave man named Lief, who lived there for years, delighted with the beauty of the country, the fertility of the soil, the abundant grapes, the salmon caught in the rivers and sea, and the greater equality



INDIAN HUNTING-GROUNDS.

of the days and nights, so unequal in their own northern land.

But they eventually got into trouble with the "Skraelings," as they called the Indians. Lief's brother, Thorwald the Viking, was killed, and though his widow Freydis was very brave, they all seem to have returned at last to cold and barren Greenland. One little boy, called Snorri, who afterwards became a bishop, was the first white child born in that great unexplored continent, which we now call America. The "land of vines and grapes," which the Norse explorers called Vinland, is supposed by some to have been Rhode Island, but it may just as probably have been Nova Scotia, where wild grapes grow plentifully and the climate is much milder than that of Greenland. The Icelanders, who kept up frequent intercourse with Greenland, had many stories of this far-off beautiful land of vines, which they told to the Spanish and English sailors who came to Iceland on trading voyages, and in this way there grew up a strong desire to explore these strange unknown countries to westward of the great sea. Moreover, as it was supposed that there was but one great continent and one great ocean, people thought that if they only sailed far enough to the west they would find out a short way to the rich countries of India, Japan and Cathay, from which came silks and gold and pearls and other coveted treasures. Kings as well as mariners, therefore, were eager to find out the shortest route to the east, as well as to look for countries still unexplored.

But it was chiefly from France — lying just opposite to Canada on the other side of the sea — that the

first explorers reached it. Even before the famous voyage of Columbus, a French sea captain, Cousin of Dieppe, driven westward by winds and currents, is said to have come within sight of an unknown land and of the mouth of a great river. But instead of pressing on, he sailed back to France, and so missed securing for his country and himself the honor of the discovery of America. One of his sailors, however, a Spaniard, Pinzon of Palos, being discharged for mutiny, went to Spain, and told what he had seen to a man who had long been dreaming of some unknown land beyond the western ocean. And when Columbus at last set out on his great voyage of discovery, this Pinzon is said to have gone with him as a guide.

Two brave French seamen, Denis of Honfleur, and Aubert of Dieppe, explored the Gulf of St. Lawrence very early in the sixteenth century, and soon after that, another Frenchman, the Abbé de Léry, tried to settle Sable Island, leaving there some cattle which lived and multiplied — their descendants being found there long afterward. Meantime the Venetian merchant, John Cabot, was sent by the English king, Henry the Seventh, to cruise about the world and take possession in the king's name, of all the land they should discover. Five years after the voyage of Columbus, he and his three sons sailed to the west and reached the coast of Labrador, which they described as a cold and barren country, where there were many white bears. They were the first Europeans, after the Norsemen, to reach the mainland of North America. For this Cabot was greatly honored in England, where he was

called the "Great Admiral," and was followed by admiring crowds as he went about magnificently attired. One of his sons, named Sebastian Cabot, afterwards made other voyages. He sailed for six thousand miles along the American coast, going as far south as Maryland, and also exploring Hudson's Bay. He was called the "Great Seaman," and passionately loved the sea. It has been said of him, "He gave England a continent, and his burial place was unknown." Thus it happened that the first great discoverers of America were Italians, who explored it for the benefit of other countries, although the discoverer of Florida was Ponce de Leon, a Spaniard, who took possession of it for Spain.

John Verrazano was the next Italian voyager who reached the coast of America. He lived in France and wished to please King Francis both by securing for him also a part of this New World, and by finding out a short passage to China and Cathay. He did not succeed in this object, but in exploring the coast of North America, from North Carolina to Newfoundland, he found what was better, a great and fertile country which was to afford room for millions from the over-crowded New World to live and labor, as well as the increased supply of food that our greater world needs to-day. Verrazano and his friends were at first quite friendly with the painted and feathered savages they met. Sometimes, however, the French did not treat the Indians fairly, and then began trouble which stirred up evil passions on both sides, and never entirely ceased. When Verrazano returned to France, his news was received joyfully by the merchants of Lyons, who hoped to find in

America a new opening for trade. But France was in trouble; her king was a captive, and Verazano had to give up his plan of returning to found a colony and establish a mission. Whether he was killed by Indians, as some say, or met the tragic fate of a pirate, as is affirmed by others, we do not know, but he died without seeing any fruit of his labor in this first great survey of the American continent.

But, notwithstanding Spain's proud claim to the possession of the whole Western hemisphere, it was France, nevertheless, that first made any real attempt to colonize North America. This was natural enough, under the circumstances. The white cliffs of Western France seem to stretch far out into the waste of waters, as if vainly trying to reach that opposite shore from which, tradition says, some shock of nature had once rent them asunder. The mist-wrapped rocks of Newfoundland, "where sailors gang to fish for cod," had been familiar to the hardy Basque and Breton and Norman fishermen almost as early as (some scholars assert even before) the first voyage of Columbus, and had taken its name of *Baccalaos*, from the Basque word for codfish. As early as 517, a fleet of some fifty French, Spanish and Portuguese vessels were busily engaged at catching these fish and taking them back in their ships for the Lenten fare of the people at home. And strange stories these mariners brought, too, of these wild, rugged shores; of rocks lashed perpetually by the white surf, and inhabited only by the walrus, the bear, the seal and the screaming sea-fowl; and of others more fearful still, fretted by the strong sea waves and veiled in mist, from whence

could be heard the wailing cries of troubled spirits, at which the terrified mariner would cross himself and repeat words of Scripture for a charm. These tales, together with Verrazano's report, greatly strengthened the desire of the hardy Norman mariners, as well as of some French nobles, to penetrate farther into these mysterious regions and discover what they really contained. It was Brittany and Normandy, therefore, that sent the first explorers and settlers to Canada, and the great Dominion, thus, through both England and France, traces a double line of descent from the strong old Norman stock.

CHAPTER II.

THE STORY OF JACQUES CARTIER.

THE bright spring sunshine lighted up the gray walls and battlements of the rugged old seaport town of St. Malo, on the coast of Brittany, when two little ships slowly glided away from its harbor bound on a long and adventurous voyage. They were manned by a hundred and twenty men, and their commander was Jacques Cartier, a captain specially chosen by King Francis. The king hoped that he would be able to discover the coveted short route to China and Cathay, and possibly to discover the gold and silver of which the French had heard in South America. He expected also that Cartier would open up new channels for trade and secure the possession of part, at least, of the great new continent, to which, as he truly said, France had as good a right as Spain and Portugal, who wanted to have it all to themselves.

The little expedition sailed across the wide Atlantic reaching Cape Bonavista in Newfoundland about the middle of May. From thence, passing on to the Isle of Birds, as the Portuguese had called it on account of the multitude of birds there, they arrived at the Strait of Belle Isle, and, after some detention through bad weather, they explored the cold and sterile shores of Labrador and Newfoundland.

Cartier thought that this barren and uninviting land might be taken for the country assigned to Cain; and considered one acre of the Magdalen Islands, which he reached next, as worth the whole of Newfoundland. He had much to tell of the birds he found there, as well as "beasts as large as oxen and possessing great tusks like elephants," which when he approached leaped suddenly into the sea. He described, too, the beautiful trees and delicious fruits, as well as the wild corn, blossoming peas (vetches), currants, strawberries, roses and sweet-smelling herbs.

Cartier thought the waves were very heavy and strong among these islands. This made him think that there was probably an opening between Newfoundland and Cape Breton, and he began to look for a passage by which he might sail westward into the heart of the country. As the sailors rowed their boats close in shore, coasting along bays and inlets, they could sometimes see the naked savages moving about on the beach, or paddling their light birch canoes; after a time they managed to hold some intercourse and traffic with them, by means of signs and little gifts of hatchets, knives, beads and toys, often having as many as fifty canoes about them. The Indians were delighted to exchange their fish for the knives and hatchets which they coveted so much, and a red cap for their chief sent them away overjoyed.

Cartier tried in vain all the little inlets and rivers opening out of the Bay of Chaleurs (heats), to which he gave this name because he found there both the weather and the water so warm. Failing to find any passage like that by which he had entered the Gulf,

he sailed east and northward along the coast of Gaspé Bay. Here he landed and set up a large wooden cross, thirty feet high, carved with three *fleurs-de-lis*, and bearing the inscription in French, "Long live the King of France!" By this means he formally took possession of the land for the King of France.

In order to impress the savages the more, the French knelt around the cross, and made signs, by pointing to the sky, to show that it was connected with the salvation of man. This done, Cartier and his men returned to their ships and were visited afterwards by many of the Indians, including the chief, his brother and three sons. The chief showed them, by expressive signs, that he did not like their setting up the cross on his territory without his permission, but when they had induced him to enter their ships and look at the hatchets and knives that the white men had for trading, Cartier easily persuaded him that the cross had been set up merely as a beacon to point the way to the harbor.

Cartier treated the chief hospitably, expressing a great desire to make friends with his people, and promising to return, bringing many useful articles made of iron to exchange for furs. Two of the chief's sons were persuaded to accompany him to France, putting on with great satisfaction the new clothes that Cartier gave them, and throwing the old ones to their friends, who came out to take leave of them, bringing farewell gifts of fish in their canoes. Then, with good will expressed on all sides, the French captain sailed away exhorting the Indians to respect the cross he had set up on the shore.

Head winds and storms prevented Cartier from making any further discoveries on this voyage. He just missed finding his way into the St. Lawrence at Anticosti, supposing, without full examination, that the gulf there was a great bay. When he arrived at home in September, his account of his adventures was eagerly listened to. The two young Indians he had brought with him were objects of great interest to the Bretons and were taught to speak French, so that they might answer the questions which were asked on all sides. Cartier received great honors for his discoveries, and many people in France were most anxious that he should make a second voyage in order to extend them.

In spite of opposition they succeeded in organizing another and a better equipped expedition than the first. Great preparations were made during the winter, and, on a bright spring day — May 16, 1535 — all St. Malo was astir to see the great religious ceremonial which celebrated the departure of the little fleet. Down in the bay rode at anchor La Grande Hermine, a large-sized ship for those days, with the two smaller vessels which were to complete the flotilla. In these were to go, besides the crews, several members of the French *noblesse*. And in the old cathedral were assembled the officers and men to hear mass and to receive absolution and the paternal blessing of the bishop on their perilous enterprise; while the Breton wives, mothers and maidens, in their picturesque costumes, looked on in mingled pride and anxiety. Three days later the flotilla set sail for the setting sun.

Scarcely, however, had they lost sight of the

Breton cliffs when the ships were scattered by a violent storm. It was July before they were collected at the Strait of Belle Isle, from whence they coasted along the bleak shore of Labrador till they entered a small bay opposite the Isle of Anticosti. It was the fête of St. Lawrence when they entered the gulf, and Cartier bestowed that name on the bay, from whence it afterwards extended to the whole gulf and thence to the noble river, then called by Cartier the River of Hochelaga. The St. Lawrence therefore keeps in its name a record of the very day when Cartier's expedition first floated on its waters, after its long tossing on a stormy sea.

Piloted by the young Indians who had accompanied Cartier to France, the French ships sailed up the great unknown river, on which no white wings save those of the sea-gulls had ever appeared before. The mariners gazed with admiring interest at the grand, somber, pine-clad hills that seemed to guard the approach, and at the gloomy gorge of the dark Saguenay, with huge rugged rocks and dense forests. They landed on a long, low island which they called the *Ile aux Coudres* on account of the delicious filberts they found there.

Passing up what is now called St. Paul's Bay and on under the frowning headland of Cape Tourmente, they dropped anchor at last on the lea of "a fair island" crowned with rich woods and festooned with wild vines and such abundant clusters of grapes that Cartier gave it the name of the Isle of Bacchus. We know it as the beautiful Island of Orleans, whose purple mass divides the river below the rock of Quebec.

According to their young Indian guides, the country they were now sailing through was divided into three territories. The first took its name from the Saguenay, beginning at Anticosti and ending with the *Ile aux Coudres*. The second extending thence to Hochelaga, the present site of Montreal, was called *Kanata*, a Mohawk word signifying a village or cluster of huts. This name, slightly changed into Canada, has widened its significance, until, reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, it includes half a continent. The third territory, Hochelaga, was the largest, richest and most populous of the three, which of course formed only a small part of the country now called Canada.

As the ships approached the shore and cast anchor, the Indians could be seen watching them with great interest and wonder; though doubtless they had heard rumors before, of these wonderful winged canoes and pale-faced visitors. At first they seemed disposed to fly, but Cartier sent ashore his two young Indian pilots. Doubtless they had many wonderful stories to tell their people — stories which must have seemed to them like tales from another world. Very soon curiosity overcame fear, and the red men's birch canoes were seen swarming about the ships, loaded with presents of maize, fruits and fish, in return for which Cartier gave them the gifts they prized so much.

Cartier's two young Indians could now speak French pretty well, and acted as interpreters between their countrymen and these strange visitors. The Indians eagerly examined the winged canoes, climbed into the rigging, and gazed in astonishment at the

faces and clothes of the Frenchmen. Next day their old chief Donnacona came in state to visit Cartier, attended by a train of twelve canoes, full of Indians in paint and feathers, with tomahawks and bows and arrows. He left ten of his canoes at a safe distance, and approaching the ships with the other two he began a long oration, inquiring whether the strangers had come for peace or war. With the help of his interpreters, Cartier succeeded in reassuring him, and invited him into his cabin, where he regaled him before they parted, the old chief kissing Cartier's arm and placing it round his own neck, as the greatest mark of respect he could show him.

Cartier, of course, was eager to press on up the magnificent river, which seemed to beckon him to follow its windings. But first he must find a convenient harbor for his ships. He sailed on till he reached the mouth of a little river flowing into a "goodly and pleasant sound," making a sheltered haven at a point which still seems the fitting portal of the fair Dominion of Canada. Here the river became a mile-wide strait. On one side were the wooded heights of Point Lévis; on the other, rising grand and sheer from the river, the great brown rock of Cape Diamond, thrusting rugged scarped cliffs through its fringe of stately trees out into the dark river below. As the Frenchmen looked up at these rocky ramparts towering above the little Indian "village" that clung to their sides, as if for protection, they must have felt that here was a natural site for a commanding fortress. And, indeed, Quebec was destined, through centuries of struggle, to be the key to the possession of Canada.

Cartier moored his ships in the little river, which he called the St. Croix — now the St. Charles — and Donnacona came with a train of five hundred Indians to welcome him. Cartier, in his turn, landed to visit Stadacona, as the cluster of wigwams was called. Here the French captain and his friends were received with great joy and cordiality by the inhabitants, who were delighted to have the opportunity of a nearer view, and entertained them with their Indian songs and dances — the men and boys screeching out welcome, and the squaws dancing knee-deep in the water. Cartier's gifts of gay-colored beads redoubled their hilarity, and their joyous though discordant songs followed the departing French as they rowed out to the ships.

But Cartier had heard that miles away up the mighty river lay a large Indian town called Hochelega, the capital of a great country. Thither he wished to proceed, with his two young Indian guides as interpreters. But Donnacona and the Indians seemed jealous of the strangers going farther into their country, and tried a curious device for keeping them back.

One morning the Frenchmen saw, from their ships lying at anchor in the St. Croix, a canoe containing three strange figures, clothed in black and white dog-skins, with black faces and long horns. One of these, gazing straight before him, uttered a long harangue in the Indian tongue, as they passed the ships. Then as they were paddling towards the shore, they all fell flat down in the canoe.

The Indians on shore rushed down, screaming, to their aid, and carried them off to the woods, where

an earnest debate seemed to follow; after which the Indian guides came to the shore, looking so dismayed that Cartier shouted to them, asking what was the matter. They replied that their god Coudouagny had sent to warn the French against ascending the great river further, as this would bring them into danger and disaster from storms and snow and drifting ice. Cartier only replied — smiling, no doubt, at the simple device — that Coudouagny was a fool; that he could not hurt Christians, and that they could tell this to the messengers.

The Indians seemed much delighted at his courage, dancing on the beach to show their satisfaction. Cartier, however, desired to impress them still farther with the Frenchman's power, and had a dozen of his cannon loaded with bullets and fired into the woods. As the Indians heard the thunder of the great guns reverberating for the first time from the hills and rocks which were destined often to hear them again, and saw the destroying rain of bullets crashing through the trees, they were overpowered with amazement and terror, and fled howling and shrieking far into the forest.

Cartier now laid up his two larger ships in the St. Charles, and in his smallest vessel, the *Hermillon*, he set sail again on the noble river. The September sunshine lay soft and golden on the yellowing forest, as the little bark floated slowly on between the high wooded shores. Cartier marked all the features of the scenery with keen eye and eager observation; the broad windings of the river, the strange luxuriant foliage and clinging grapevines that stretched their clustered festoons from



FALLS OF MONTMORENCY, NEAR QUEBEC.

tree to tree, the immense flocks of water-fowl they startled as they passed, the bright plumage of the golden oriole, the scarlet soldier-bird and the woodpecker, and the novel notes of the blackbird, robin and whip-poor-will, in which last the imaginative Frenchmen tried to believe that they heard the voice of the nightingale once more.

The galleon grounded in Lake St. Peter, and from thence the party proceeded in small boats, between lower and tamer banks, till, on the second of October, they approached the beautiful forest-crowned slopes of the hill below which lay the renowned Hochelaga. As they drew near Indians thronged the shore, dancing, singing, and shouting their rude welcome, offering ready gifts of fish and maize, in return for which they joyfully received beads and knives. As the early autumn dusk drew on bonfires blazed up, and they could see the savages performing their wild dances in token of rejoicing.

In the early dawn of the third of October Cartier landed with his men, including the French nobles who accompanied him, in all the splendor of full dress and martial accouterments. The early morning air was sharp and clear, the ground crisp with hoar-frost, the leaves fast turning to crimson and gold, and the falling acorns were strewn along their forest path.

They were met on the way by an Indian chief — “one of the principal lords of the said city,” as the old story calls him — followed by a numerous train. They were received with the usual grave courtesy of the red man, and seated by a fire which had been kindled for their comfort. The chief made them a

long address in his own language, and received, with much satisfaction, the gifts of hatchets, knives and a crucifix, which he was asked to kiss, in token of respect. Marching on a little farther through the forest, they came out on the cleared fields of yellow, rustling maize that encircled the Indian town, of which nothing could be seen, at first, but the protecting palisades. These were three rows deep, after the fashion already described, with rude defensive fortifications and ammunition of stones. They inclosed about fifty large oblong huts, made of sapling poles and roofed with bark, each containing several families and several fires—some of them being divided into several rooms surrounding the central one, which contained the social fire, each family having also its own fire. These fifty houses held about a thousand or fifteen hundred inhabitants, so that Hochelaga was at least a respectable village.

In the middle of it was an open square, about a stone's-throw in width, and here Cartier and his companions held a conference with the inhabitants, who swarmed out of their huts—men, women and children—to survey and touch the mysterious strangers, so unlike anything they had ever before seen or imagined. The women crowded about their visitors in admiration, even touching their beards and moustaches, and holding up their children that they might be touched by these wonderful beings. The men, who were smooth-faced themselves, thought the beards and moustaches very ugly, but they could not resist the impression made by their imposing air, manner and dress.

But the "braves" called the village to order, sent

the women and children indoors, and squatted round the French in rows, as if they were going to look at a play. Then the squaws brought mats of plaited rushes and laid them on the ground for the strangers, after which the ruling chief, a helpless, paralyzed old man, was carried out on a deer-skin, and laid down at Cartier's feet. A red fillet worked in porcupine quills, was the only thing that relieved his generally squalid appearance, and betokened his chieftainship. He could not make a dignified oration, like Donnacona; he could only point to his powerless and shrivelled limbs, silently imploring from the white strangers the touch in which Indian superstition supposed a mysterious healing power to lie. Cartier willingly fulfilled the request, though we are not told whether it did any good; and the grateful old man gave him his red fillet in token of his thanks. A throng of sick, lame, infirm and blind people then crowded about the French captain to share the healing touch.

Sorely puzzled what to do, Cartier had recourse to the sign of the Cross, pronouncing over his patients a portion of St. John's Gospel, with a prayer not only for the healing of their bodies, but of their miserable souls as well. Then he read to them from his French Testament, which was probably interpreted to them, the story of the death of Christ, to which they listened with grave attention. After that there came what they understood much better—the distribution of gifts; knives and hatchets for the men, gay strings of beads for the women, and for the children little pewter figures, for which they scrambled in glee. Then the trumpeters gave a

blast from their trumpets that at once amazed and delighted their hosts, after which they bade them a cordial farewell, filing out of the village gates through a crowd of hospitable squaws, who urgently pressed upon their departing visitors fish, beans, corn and other novel food, all of which their guests courteously declined.

Before departing, however, Cartier and his friends ascended the beautiful hill above the village. Delighted with the magnificent view of broad river and boundless forest and distant cloudlike mountain, he called the hill *Mont Royal*—Montreal. This name it has preserved ever since and as this we know the great busy city that has arisen at its base. As Cartier gazed wistfully over the unbroken masses of autumn-dyed forests that stretched away unbroken to the Gulf of Mexico, the Indians who had guided him told him wonderful tales of the length and breadth of this great river of Hochelaga, of the vast inland seas that lay beyond it, and of another mighty river still farther south, that wound down through softer climes into the land of perpetual summer. About the gold and silver that he most desired to hear of, they could tell him only that copper was to be found up the river Saguenay below Quebec.

Cartier would gladly have pressed on up the enticing river that lay before him, past the foaming rapids whose snowy crests he could see flashing to westward, but he had no means of doing so, and the season was growing late. So, turning his back on the "Royal Mountain" on which he planted a cross in token of claiming possession for "His most Christian Majesty," he and his companions began to

retrace their way to the ships and men they had left on the *St. Charles*. On the way he found some Indians less friendly than those of Hochelaga. He and his party were surprised while bivouacking on shore, and, but for the intrepid conduct of his English boatswain, might all have been massacred.

At *Stadacona* Cartier was again kindly received by *Donnacona* and the Indians, who had now laid up a store of provisions for the long winter. His men had built a palisaded fort round their ships, and after his recent experience, Cartier thought it well to be wary in dealing with the savages, whose friendliness might not last, and so strengthened the little fort with some of the guns from his ships.

But now the face of the country was changed indeed. The winds howled through the leafless forest, great masses of ice began to drift down the *St. Lawrence*, and soon a solid bridge of ice was formed across the mile-wide strait. As the snows and keen frosts shut the Frenchmen up in their narrow quarters, all they had ever formerly known of winter was mild, compared with what they now experienced. Their ships, though not burned, like those of the ancient Greeks, were frozen in, and kept them prisoners till spring. Heavy snow-storms blocked up the shore, and the river became a dead white expanse of firm, snow-sheeted ice. Their ships, as well as the forest pines, glittered in a panoply of dazzling snow and sparkling ice, the hulls deep buried in snowdrifts, the masts, spars and cordage encased in glittering ice and gleaming with fringes of hanging icicles, while the bulwarks were crusted with four feet of icy mail.

The shivering Frenchmen, accustomed to the sunny mildness of Southern France, and unprovided with warm clothing, clung to the protection of their ships and tried to keep themselves warm beside their fires. The Indians occasionally visited them, coming, as Cartier says in his journal, "like so many beasts, wading, half-naked, in the snow," showing powers of endurance which the "pale-faces" must have thought wonderful. The savages, on the whole, seem to have treated them kindly and shared with them their winter stores.

But a worse foe than cold now attacked the unfortunate explorers. The terrible scurvy broke out among them, and spread until out of the whole band of a hundred and ten, only three or four healthy men were left to wait on the sick. The poor sufferers lay in hopeless misery—no doubt thinking sadly of fair France and the homes and friends they might never see again. Twenty-six died before April, and the survivors, too weak to break through the ice-bound soil, buried the dead in the snow-drifts till spring should return. Their case grew more and more hopeless. Prayers to the Saints seemed fruitless, and on the very day of a solemn procession in honor of the Virgin, a fresh victim died. Still Cartier did not lose his faith in God, who, as he said, "looked down in pity upon us and sent to us a knowledge of the means of cure," in an unexpected way.

He had been so much afraid lest the Indians should take advantage of their weak state to attack them that he had ordered his men to make all the noise they could with sticks and stones, so that they

might be supposed well and hard at work. But one of these poor savages was made the means of saving them. One of their young guides, called Doregaya, who had himself been suffering from scurvy and had recovered, told Cartier of the remedy which had cured him—a decoction from an evergreen called Ameda, supposed to have been the spruce fir. The sick men eagerly tried it, and drank it in such quantities, that in six days they had boiled down a tree as large as a French oak; and very soon all the invalids were restored to health, courage and hope.

But at last the great snow-drifts melted away under the warm spring sunshine, the ice slowly broke up, and the blue water, sparkling in the sunshine, gladdened the eyes of the imprisoned French. Cartier and his men joyfully prepared for departure; but in leaving the country he committed a base and ungrateful act of treachery. During the winter he had heard strange stories from the Indians, of a region where gold and rubies might be found, of a white race like his own, of another able to exist without food, and of still another created with but one leg.

Cartier wanted to take home some trophies of his enterprise, and to have his strange stories confirmed. And as the chief, Donnacona, had traveled far and professed to have seen many wonders, Cartier conceived the wicked project of carrying off by force Donnacona and some of his braves. So, having decoyed them on board his ships he set sail with them, first attaching the French flag to a great cross which he had set up on the shore. This cruel and false act, done under the shadow of the sacred emblem,

was a foul stain on the honor of the brave explorer, and, like most such actions, brought its just recompense in future disaster.

It was five years before Cartier again saw the shores of the New World. France was distracted by wars abroad and religious persecutions at home, and the project of a third expedition met with little favor. The terrors of the severe winter, the death of so many of the exploring party, and the lack of success in finding gold and silver, caused much opposition to the expenditure of more money — and perhaps of life — in what seemed a fruitless undertaking. But there were some who saw the advantage of opening a large fur trade with the savages, and who urged that Spain and Portugal should not be allowed to have all the spoils of the New World to themselves.

At last a great French noble, the *Sieur de Roberval*, asked the king to make him governor of all the newly discovered countries, with the right of raising a band of volunteers to found a colony; one of the objects of which was stated to be the conversion of the Indians, as "men without knowledge of God or use of reason." Yet Cartier, who was made commander of the expedition, was allowed to take many of his "colonists" out of the French prisons. As the same error was frequently repeated in the French attempts to colonize Canada, it is not surprising that the French trappers and half-breeds should often have been a wild and lawless race.

The Spanish emperor, who claimed all the country between the Gulf of Mexico and the North Pole, under the name of Florida, made all the opposition

he could to the execution of this project. But at last the little squadron of five ships lay ready to start, under the old port of St. Malo, awaiting the arrival of some artillery from Roberval. Tired of his weary waiting, Cartier set sail, leaving Roberval to follow. Again the squadron was dispersed by storms, and again the ships were reunited at Newfoundland. As Roberval's vessels were not yet to be seen, Cartier once more entered the Gulf, passed the great, somber, pine-clad hills, the dark gorge of the Saguenay, the snowy sheet of Montmorency, and the rich woods of the Isle of Orleans, and again cast anchor under the grand rock of Quebec. The Stadacona Indians came quickly out in their canoes, anxious to see again the faces of their long-absent friends. Alas! all had died in France — probably of homesickness. Cartier was afraid to tell the truth, so he said that Donnacona was dead, but that the others had married grand ladies in France, and lived there in state, like great lords. The Indians said little, but they probably disbelieved the story, for they showed themselves averse to further intercourse with the French and to their settlement among them.

Finding that this was the case at Stadacona, Cartier sailed some nine miles farther up the St. Lawrence to Cap Rouge, a reddish headland where the high bank of the river divides to let a little river run out through a green, sheltered glade. Here the party landed, explored the wooded heights and the shady lea, picked up sparkling quartz crystals which they took for diamonds, found a slate quarry, some glittering yellow dust which to them was gold but

which was probably sand mixed with mica, and slender shining scales of the mica alone.

They rested from their toil in the August heat under the shade of the great forest trees and interlacing grape-vines, and decided to plant their colony on the heights of Cap Rouge. All were soon busily at work clearing the forest and sowing turnip seed, building forts and making roads; while Cartier, leaving the Vicomte de Beaupré in command, went on with two boats to explore the river above Hoche-laga. But the bright flashing rapids he had seen from Mont Royal proved an impassable barrier, so he returned to Charlebourg Royal, as they had grandly named the settlement, to find that there was no news yet of Roberval, and that the Indians still kept aloof.

Once deceived, they would not trust the Frenchmen again. A cold, dreary winter followed, with justly estranged Indians around them and bitter cold chilling their blood and depressing their spirits in this lonely and savage spot. And as soon as spring returned, the disheartened "colonists" hastened to set sail and return to France.

On their way back they passed a fleet of fifteen fishing vessels lying at anchor in the harbor of St. John's, Newfoundland, among which Cartier suddenly descried the long-expected ships of Roberval. Unforeseen obstacles had delayed him, and as he had supposed that by this time the colony was fully established, his surprise and anger were great when he found it on its way homeward. He ordered Cartier to turn back. But Cartier seemed to have had enough of the projected colony, and, under

cover of the darkness, he escaped with his vessels, leaving Roberval to pursue his way and found his colony alone.

Cartier had nothing, this time, to show, save his quartz diamonds, scales of mica and yellow dust. However, he received a patent of nobility for his discoveries, and seems to have settled down quietly in his little manor-house near St. Malo. Some say that he made a fourth voyage to Canada to bring back the luckless colonists of Roberval. He was, on the whole, a brave and gallant explorer, and his name must always be honored as the discoverer of Canada. Both name and fame would have been brighter but for that cruel act of treachery to his Indian friends, which so seriously interfered with the success of the attempted colony and which was wiped out in after years only by some of the best blood of France. So true is it that

“The evil that men do lives after them.”

CHAPTER III.

THE STORY OF MARGUERITE DE ROBERVAL.

THE Sieur de Roberval, whom King Francis the First had appointed Viceroy of Canada, was one of the most powerful of the French *noblesse*. He had great estates in Picardy and lived in state in his castle there, ruling his vassals like a king. Indeed, Francis, who highly esteemed him for his brave and faithful service, used to call him the "little king of Vimeu." He was a very stern and determined man, and could treat very cruelly any one who resisted his will.

He had warmly taken up the project of founding a colony and a fur trade in the New World, and aspired to become ruler of these great unexplored lands discovered by Cartier. The king granted his request, and authorized him to establish a colony in Canada, as the new country was now called, making him, at the same time, viceroy of all the French possessions in the New World. He also received many high-sounding titles, taken from the names of the lands he was to rule. He was styled Lord of Nor-embega, Viceroy and Lieutenant-General in Canada, Hochelaga, Saguenay, Newfoundland, Belle Isle, Carpunt, Labrador, the Great Bay and Baccalaos. "The Great Bay" was the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Belle Isle and Carpunt meant the straits and islands

between Labrador and Newfoundland; Baccalaos, or "the Codfish country," was the name given to Newfoundland itself; and Norembega comprised part of what are now called Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Maine. Roberval also received money enough to buy and equip the five vessels which Cartier commanded. With these and his colonists, who were chiefly, as has been said, convicts from French prisons, Roberval proposed to settle the country, and to convert the Indians to the knowledge of the true God.

In Roberval's French castle had grown up his young niece, Marguerite de Roberval. She had been brought up like most French girls of her time—educated in a quiet convent, from whence she came to take her place in her uncle's little court, and her share in all the gayeties and festivities usual in the homes of the French *noblesse*. She was a brave, high-spirited girl, delighting to join in the gay hunting parties of the time, and able to shoulder and use an arquebuse, as their guns were called, almost as well as a cavalier. When Roberval at last was able to follow Cartier with his own party, he took with him the fair Marguerite, who was doubtless a favorite with him on account of her courage and daring.

But among the young cavaliers of Picardy there was one who loved Marguerite, and whom Marguerite loved in return. For some reason, perhaps because he was too poor to marry, this young cavalier dared not ask Roberval to give him Marguerite for his wife; but when he found that she must accompany her uncle across the sea he resolved to go too, and for love of her, volunteered to join the viceroy's

expedition. They set sail, accordingly, but during the long voyage Roberval discovered the lovers' secret, and was so enraged with both for deceiving him, that he devised for his niece a terrible punishment.

Near the shore of Newfoundland was a solitary island, called the Isle of Demons, because it was said to be haunted by evil spirits, whose despairing moans could be heard through the wailing of the wind and the surging of the waves on the rock-bound shore. The sailor, in passing it, would cross himself and mutter a prayer for help as he listened to the unearthly sounds. On this wild and lonely isle Roberval, refusing to listen to prayers and intercessions, landed poor Marguerite with the old nurse who accompanied her, and with four guns, as a means of defense from their enemies and of procuring necessary food.

When Marguerite's lover saw her thus abandoned on that desolate shore, he threw himself into the sea, burdened with his own two guns and some ammunition, and, being a strong swimmer, safely reached the shore. After this rough marriage the lovers were left to their own resources, amid the wild solitude of a savage nature. It was a strange way for a young couple to begin housekeeping. With sinking hearts they watched the white sails of Roberval's ships disappear below the horizon, vainly hoping that the stern viceroy might relent and return. But they hoped in vain, and these involuntary settlers had to make the best of the situation. Happily it was summer time, though the summer is never very warm in those northern latitudes. The days were

long, and wild fowl were abundant, while bears and other wild animals might occasionally be shot. Marguerite and her lover contrived in this way to procure food, as well as to secure a supply of skins for warm clothing, when the winter winds should blow furiously about the bleak island.

They built such a shelter as they could frame of poles and interwoven branches, for they could not tell how long they might be left in their exile ; and this was the first European family home of which we know in Canada. Perhaps, when the first shock was over, Marguerite and her husband would be able to laugh over their adventures, and their little devices to make their life more comfortable ; even to sing snatches of the gay simple songs of France, as together they wove the boughs into a wall for their dwelling, or prepared the game they shot for their table, or made the skins into clothes and blankets. But the wildness and the solitude must have told heavily on their spirits, and at night, when the storm howled about them, the old stories of the demons supposed to haunt the island would recur to their minds and make them tremble with superstitious fears. And when bears and other wild animals, driven by hunger, came crashing through the brushwood and tried to tear down the frail shelter, even the brave Marguerite would shudder and grow pale, and cling closer to the lover for whose sake she had been cast out into this savage wilderness. And she would pray for heavenly succor from these unseen enemies, whether fiends or wild beasts, and ever some guarding protection seemed to interpose, and their poor little dwelling was left uninjured.

After a time a little child was born to Marguerite in this lonely abode. The wild wailing winds sang the mournful cradle-song of the poor little baby, often drowning the lullabies its mother tried to sing, for Marguerite kept up a brave heart through all the terrors of this dreadful solitude. But her husband seems to have possessed less power of endurance. The utter loneliness, the absence of all social pleasures or stimulus to effort told severely on the health and spirits of the poor young cavalier. The pain of seeing Marguerite deprived of all the comforts and enjoyments to which she had been accustomed, and battling for her life and the life of her babe in this savage wilderness, weighed heavily on his heart.

By degrees the poor young man, heart-broken and despairing, gave way to the depressing influences that surrounded him, and became an easy prey to disease. Marguerite, ere long, had to look her last on his cold insensibl^e form, and to feel that her only human stay was taken from her. Soon the baby followed its father, and, after a time, the old nurse, too, sickened and died, in this wild, inhospitable land. Then Marguerite, having buried with her own hands husband, baby, nurse, was left utterly alone. Still the poor girl, sad and solitary as she was, lived on, and tried to keep up a brave heart, procuring food with her gun, and replacing her worn-out clothing from the skins of the beasts she shot, till she must have looked like a female Robinson Crusoe. She still kept up the hope of possible rescue, and spent many an hour in watching the lonely expanse of sea, to espy, perchance, some distant sailing vessel which

might float down with its white wings and carry her off from her sea-girt prison.

Sometimes, in the dark stormy nights that were so frequent, Marguerite, overpowered by the utter solitude, and impressed with a dread of supernatural enemies, would imagine that she heard fiendish laughter, and that malignant spirits were pursuing her with savage fury. At such times she would murmur a prayer for protection, putting her trust in Heaven alone. When the foes were only wild animals, such as bears or wolves, she could meet them with mortal weapons, and brought down with her gun three large white bears at least, as trophies of her skill. When the bitter winter winds raved about the island, and the keen cold penetrated every crevice of the poor shelter, Marguerite would pile upon her fire all the wood she could collect, and, wrapping herself in her fur blankets, would sink exhausted into a troubled sleep. Thus she would lose a little of the sense of present misery and desolation in dreams of sunny France and the old baronial home in Picardy, and the woods through which she had been wont to ride in free and careless happiness with gallant cavaliers at hand ready to fulfill her lightest wish. It must have been a strange awakening from such dreams to find herself alone in what was literally a howling wilderness.

Still she watched all day long for the welcome gleam of a distant sail. Two summers had thus passed away in her sea-girt prison, and the third winter was already upon her when, at last, as she scanned the horizon with an almost hopeless gaze, a sail appeared in the distance. Sails had sometimes

done this before, always to disappear again, and leave her in the sickness of hope deferred. But she hastily heaped upon her fire all the fuel she could collect, so that the curling column of smoke might be the more distinctly visible.

The sail was that of a fishing bark; it drew nearer and nearer. The crew were startled at seeing the smoke rising from these lonely rocks, and began to think it a trick of the fiends to lure them to the haunted shore for their destruction. They crossed themselves, and muttered prayers for help, but though afraid to approach the island, curiosity was stronger than fear, and as they cautiously came nearer they could discern a female figure in strange attire, making eager signals from the shore. When at last they reached it, they found Marguerite all but fainting from the sudden joy of almost despaired-of rescue. Scarcely could she explain to them who she was, and how she came thither. The lonely weather-beaten exile was sadly changed from the bright, lively French maiden who had been landed there to meet so cruel a fate. It was wonderful that she should have lived to tell her strange story. The rough sailors pitied her, and did all they could for her comfort; and when they returned to France they took her with them; so that, at last, after nearly three years of absence and imprisonment, Marguerite saw her native land and home again. Kind friends greeted her. They tried to console her and blot out the memory of all she had suffered during those lonely years on the Isle of Demons.

A great traveler named Thevet, who was a friend of M. de Roberval, saw Marguerite in France and

heard from herself the whole story of her strange adventures when it had become to her almost like the memory of a troubled dream. But so long as she lived no doubt she had many strange stories to relate of her life on the haunted island.

In the meantime, Marguerite's stern uncle was not faring very well in carrying out his own plans. After leaving his niece in her island prison, M. de Roberval pursued his course up the St. Lawrence, and reached the heights of Cap Rouge, where Cartier had spent the previous winter, and where his two forts were standing deserted in the wilderness. The viceroy was a stern disciplinarian, and under his imperious command all his motley crew were soon hard at work — officers, soldiers, artisans, and even the women and children. Their united labor soon raised a formidable though rudely finished castle on the bold height overlooking the St. Lawrence in front, and the Cap Rouge river on the right. It had two towers, two great halls, a big kitchen and sleeping apartments for the whole colony, as well as workshops, cellars, and even two mills turned by water.

But unfortunately food was very scanty or almost entirely lacking, and when the stores they brought with them were exhausted, there was no means of replenishing them. Very soon there was no grain to crush in the mill, no bread to bake in the oven. Two of the ships had already sailed for France before they had discovered their impoverished condition, and even had they known in time, the ships could not have returned before winter.

The time of severe cold drew on, and found the

colonists half starving. They made what shift they could to support life: bought all the fish the Indians could supply, and even dug up roots and boiled them in whale oil. To add to their misery, the terrible scurvy carried off a third of the colony before spring; and wretchedness and starvation naturally nourished quarrels and discontent. The miserable and undisciplined colonists became sullen, mutinous and disorderly, and Roberval sternly met disorder with swift and severe punishment. For slight thefts, starving men were hanged or kept in irons, and quarrels were punished at the whipping-post. Discontented or mutinous soldiers were promptly hanged as an example; six of the viceroy's own favorites being thus executed in one day. Other offenders were shot, while others were banished, like Marguerite, to a desert island, or kept prisoners in chains. Even the jealous and suspicious Indians were touched by the miseries of these unhappy colonists.

After two unsuccessful expeditions—the one to search for gold and precious stones in the country of the Saguenay, and the other to explore the coast of Newfoundland, with the object of discovering the coveted short passage to the East Indies—Roberval was by no means sorry to have a good excuse for giving up his ill-fated enterprise.

King Francis, who relied much on Roberval's abilities and courage, sent Cartier, it is said, to bring him back to France, and, disgusted with his experience of his viceroyalty, he willingly returned. Some say that, in after years, he tried to re-establish himself in his American kingdom, but lost his life in the attempt. It is more probable that, as others tell us,

he was assassinated at Paris, in a time of trouble and disorder, his own violent nature thus meeting a violent and premature end. But the colony he attempted to found turned out, under his auspices, a miserable and ignominious failure.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MARQUIS DE LA ROCHE AND HIS FORTY THIEVES.

MORE than half a century had passed away, after the wretched winter at Cap Rouge and the return of Roberval, before any new attempt was made to colonize Canada. During all that time, the old primeval forest was left to its original inhabitants — the wild creatures who roamed the wilderness or swam in the stream, and the scarcely less wild Indians who hunted them. The young braves who had danced round Cartier at Stadacena and Hochelaga, had become old men or had passed away. Many a time, doubtless, had they told by the camp-fire, in the long winter evenings, the story of the great white-winged canoes which had once come so far up their beautiful river, carrying the imposing but deceitful “pale-faces” who had sojourned among them for a space, and had then disappeared into the unseen and mysterious region from whence they had come.

France, indeed, had, in the meantime, been absorbed and distracted by matters which these poor Indians could have little understood. There came a long and sharp struggle with Spain and Austria, and a religious war of extermination against French Protestants in the name of the religion of love and peace. This had reached its climax in the Massacre of St.

Bartholomew. Four kings had in turn succeeded Francis the First on the French throne: Henry the Second, Henry the Third, Charles the Ninth, and Henry the Fourth.

During all this time, however, the New World was not forgotten. The great and good Admiral Coligny, who, along with many of the best and bravest sons of France, fell in that frightful massacre, had hoped to find for the French Protestants in this New World, what the Pilgrim Fathers found in it later; "freedom to worship God" according to their consciences. A Huguenot colony was indeed planted in Florida, only to suffer at the hands of the cruel and bigoted Spaniards, who massacred in cold blood hundreds of French Protestants.

All Frenchmen, however, had not forsaken Canada. The Norman, Basque and Breton fishermen were still busily plying along its northern coasts their rugged but profitable occupation of codfishing and whaling; and in one year as many as a hundred and fifty French fishing-vessels visited the coast of Newfoundland alone. They did not, however, confine themselves to fishing, but found that it was still more profitable to secure the skins of seals and bisons, or to trade with the Indians for bear and beaver skins, as they coasted along the Gulf. Cartier's nephews, who were engaged in this sort of traffic, tried to get from the king the right to monopolize it for twelve years. But the merchants of St. Malo raised such an outcry about it that, after granting it, the king had to take it back; only, however, to give it to a stronger applicant.

This was a Breton noble, the Marquis de la Roche,

another powerful favorite of the king. He took up Roberval's unsuccessful project, and, like him, was declared Lieutenant-General of Canada, Hochelaga, Newfoundland, Labrador and all adjoining countries, with much pompous declaration as to the absolute powers conferred on him. He was authorized to seize and impress, in any French port, any ships and sailors that he needed, to make and enforce laws, build towns, forts and castles, and grant seigniories, counties and baronies. Like Roberval, the new viceroy collected most of his emigrants from the criminals and desperadoes of the French prisons; and packed his motley company in a ship so small that the passengers could lean over the side and wash their hands in the water.

As the expedition neared the Acadian coast, it passed by Sable Island, a bare and desolate strip of sand — as its name implies — then about four miles long and two broad, though now a good deal smaller, owing to the sinking of the land. Inside the shifting sand-hills along the shore, a fresh-water lake keeps green a grassy valley where wild roses and lilies mingle with the turf and cranberry vines, and blueberry bushes are tangled with the rank watergrasses. The heavy Atlantic surges dashed monotonously over the sandy shore, and a wreck stranded on the beach heightened the dreariness of an island still called the graveyard of the Atlantic. Here the Marquis de la Roche bethought himself of landing his forty convicts, guarded by the restless waves, until he should have explored the Gulf and chosen a site for a colony, intending then to return and remove them to their new home.

The "Forty Thieves" thus left where desertion was out of the question, were at first well enough content with their new life of liberty and idleness. After the dungeons, the chain and the lash, it must have been pleasant to roam over the sandy hillocks and grassy lea, under the open sky, exploring their little domain. They gathered the wild fruit that grew in the little inland valley, and found browsing there some wild cattle, descendants of those which had been left there eighty years before by the French Baron de L ry. From there they supplied themselves with food, while they watched for the first sight of the returning sails. They built for themselves a rude shelter with the loose timbers of the wreck on the shore, and they killed seals and trapped wild foxes, the skins of which supplied them with warm garments for the cold winter weather.

Time passed on, and still no sail appeared on the horizon. The Canadian Crusoes began to feel themselves deserted and to lose hopes of release. As the weather grew colder and the storms wilder, they had to huddle together in their hut in order to keep from perishing with cold, for they had no fuel, and no means of lighting fires. If they could have lived peaceably together, they need not have been utterly miserable. But, as the old Latin proverb says, people "do not change their hearts in changing their place," and these turbulent spirits exemplified its truth. Quarrels arose, and were too readily settled by the knife. As they had no fires to cook with, they had to eat their food raw, which perhaps helped to make them more savage. As year after year passed away, and no welcome sail came to their

release, their hearts grew sick from hope deferred, until what with violence and disease the "Forty Thieves" had dwindled down to only twelve.

The viceroy, however, had never intended to abandon them to this long and dreary exile. Storms had driven his frail bark far out of her course, and forced the marquis at last to return to France. He would willingly have gone back at once to relieve the men on Sable Island, but a great duke who had usurped the sovereignty of Brittany, threw him into prison, where for years he himself languished, unable to do anything to relieve the exiles whose fate weighed heavily on his mind. At last, however, he found an opportunity of representing their situation to King Henry, who sent out a Norman pilot called Chedotel, to find out what had become of them. So that, when the exiles had nearly lost hope of release, their watching eyes were unexpectedly gladdened by the sight of an approaching sail, bearing the flag of France; and very soon the overjoyed survivors of the "Forty Thieves," in their uncouth guise and savage garb, were eagerly greeting their deliverers. Their first experience of civilized life was, however, by no means a pleasant one. For, poor as the exiles seemed to be, they had some valuable property which they had gained in an honest way. They had saved the skins of the animals they had killed, until they possessed a valuable store of furs; and as they displayed them to the admiring eyes of the sailors, the greed of Chedotel was excited, and he meanly robbed the men he had been sent to rescue. But the king, who had been much interested in their fate, desired to see them in the savage guise in which they had

been found. They were accordingly brought to court and ushered into the royal presence, looking, as an old writer tells us, "like river-gods of yore ; for, from head to foot, they were clothed in shaggy skins, and beards of prodigious length hung from their swarthy faces." When Henry found out how they had been robbed, he compelled Chedotel to restore their treasure, and gave them fifty crowns apiece to set them up in the fur trade. Some of them returned to Sable Island to pursue this occupation, and the site of their rude settlement still bears the name of "French Gardens."

As for the poor Marquis de la Roche, his ruined hopes and long imprisonment broke his heart and sent him to a premature grave ; another unsuccessful and disappointed colonist.

But the attractions of the fur trade outweighed all the dangers and difficulties in the way. The Sieur de Pontgravé, a rich merchant of St. Malo, was the next to attempt to secure a settlement in Canada. With the assistance of a captain of marine, named Chauvin, a royal patent was secured, on condition that a colony should be planted, which, however, these adventurers cared little to do, their only object being gain. They did not ascend the St. Lawrence to Cap Rouge or Quebec, but turned aside into the rocky mouth of the Saguenay, and fixed their headquarters in a rugged nook, hemmed in by savage rocks tufted with fir and birch, which still bears the name of Tadousac. Its primitive little church, still known as the oldest in North America, was probably built about this time, in the midst of the little cluster of huts and storehouses

which sprang up to shelter the men who were left to winter there and to collect the much-desired furs. The cold winter was no kinder to them than to their predecessors. By springtime some were dead; the rest lived a wandering life in the woods, trusting for food to the charity of the Indians.

After a third failure to plant a colony, it seems strange that any one should have been found to try again. But it seemed as if the pent-up life of the Old World must find a way of pouring itself into the New. Not only had Spain planted her colonies there, but the first faint foreshadowing of New England was beginning to appear. Great Britain had sent out a colonizing expedition as early as 1579, but the jealous Spaniards had forced it to return without result. Another attempted settlement in Newfoundland came to an untimely end, as did also the endeavor of the brave, unfortunate Sir Walter Raleigh to found a permanent colony in Florida, and another similar effort in Virginia. The time of the "men of the Mayflower" was yet to come.

On the death of Chauvin, M. de Pontgravé, still undiscouraged, found a new colleague in M. de Chastes, Governor of Dieppe, a brave old soldier and devout Catholic. He was easily persuaded that it would be the crowning glory of a gallant career to plant the cross and the lily together in Canada, and to spread Christianity and civilization together over a savage and heathen continent. He went all the way to court to beg a patent from Henry the Fourth, to whom he had once done a great service, and declared himself "resolved to proceed to New France in person and dedicate the rest of his days to

the service of God and his king." Pontgravé, however, who cared much more for the profits of the fur-trade than he did for a colony or a mission, persuaded De Chastes to form a trading company in order to meet the expense of a colony. Men of rank and merchants of Rouen joined the new company, and Pontgravé was sent out to survey the country for a fitting site. Along with him went a young captain of brave heart and tireless energy, who had already won his spurs in Brittany, fighting for his king against the usurping duke. It was he who was to be, for long years to come, the leader and the life of New France — Samuel de Champlain.

CHAPTER V.

THE STORY OF ST. CROIX.

WHEN De Chastes, the good old Governor of Dieppe, went to court to beg from King Henry his patent of authority in Canada, he found there young Samuel de Champlain, a great favorite with the king, on account of his brave deeds in Brittany. His adventurous spirit had already led him to make a hazardous voyage of discovery to the West Indies; and notwithstanding the determination of the jealous Spaniards to keep out foreigners on pain of death, he managed to visit Panama and the principal islands, and to penetrate as far as the city of Mexico. He brought back with him a journal of his travels, illustrated with colored sketches of his own, and this, with his own lively narrative of the things he had seen, excited great interest at court. De Chastes was delighted with the young captain, whom he felt to be the very man he needed to help him in his enterprise, and begged him to accept a post in his new company. This the eager explorer, securing the king's consent, was delighted to do. Champlain was soon ready to start with Pontgravé on a preliminary exploring tour in two small vessels which — small as they seemed — carried in them the hope of the New France, soon to arise in the wilderness.

As they passed through the straits of Belle Isle and

sailed up the Gulf, Champlain's quick, observant eye noted all he saw, with an attention that stood him in good stead in after years. The great shaggy hills, wooded from base to summit, unfolded themselves in a long succession of grand curves, as the Gulf narrowed into the river — filling him with admiration, and a desire to go up and possess this goodly land. He noted the lonely little niche among the rugged, fir-tufted rocks that guard the mouth of the somber Saguenay — the site of the abandoned settlement of Tadousac. Passing by the Ile aux Coudres and the Island of Orleans, Champlain's eye marked with keen interest the commanding rock of Quebec, his future fortress, and the Gibraltar of Canada.

Sailing onward still between more gently sloping shores and leaving behind them the grand vista of mountain summits that encompass Quebec, they followed the winding river till they reached the spot where, sixty-eight years before, Cartier had found the Indian town of Hochelaga, lying at the foot of Mont Royal. The beautiful hill and its glorious view of forest, river and mountain were unaltered; but the Indian village had disappeared. By ravages of war or pestilence, the earlier Mohawk population had been swept away, and only a few wandering Algonquins, of different race and lineage, were now to be seen. Like Cartier, Champlain tried to force his way up the white flashing rapids of Lachine; but their resistless sweep was too much for paddle and pole and even for Champlain's determination; and the attempt had to be given up. His Indian assistants, to console him, drew on the deck of his ship a rude map of the upper portion of the great river, with the

rapids and islands, and the chain of sea-like lakes at its eastern extremity. They gave him, too, some confused description of the grand cataracts of Niagara, mentioned for the first time in his great map as a "very high rapid, in descending which many kinds of fish are stunned."

Champlain, unsatisfied, was obliged to return to France, preparing on the way a chart and narrative of his voyage and observations, for the benefit of the king and De Chastes, the patron of the enterprise. But the good old governor, who desired to devote his last days to the conversion of the Indians, had died during his absence. King Henry, however, was much interested in the story, and ere long a new aspirant appeared for the honor of founding the colony. This was the *Sieur de Monts*, a Huguenot gentleman, holding a high position at Court. He received the title of Lieutenant-General in Acadie, with vice-regal powers and a monopoly of the fur-traffic in the large region then first called by that name, including a large part of Canada and the Northern United States.

The fur-traders of Normandy were naturally discontented at losing the privileges which they had previously enjoyed; but De Monts wisely removed their jealousy by making them his partners in the enterprise. And so, in spite of the opposition of the king's minister, Sully, who had little faith in the settlement of such a savage wilderness, the expedition was organized, including some of the chief merchants of St. Malo, Rouen, Dieppe and Rochelle. Four large ships were fitted out, two of them as a coast-guard, to seize all other trading vessels, while the

other two were to carry the colonists to their new home.

Unhappily, M. de Monts — able, experienced and patriotic as he was — continued to act on the mistaken plan of taking emigrants by force from the vagabonds and criminals of the community. But he had also eager and chivalrous volunteers of the noble blood of France, impelled either by love of adventure or the desire to restore fortunes ruined by the civil wars. Some, too, were glad of the chance of escaping from the increasing pressure of royal power, so intolerable to the proud and haughty barons of that age.

One of these, the Baron de Poutrincourt, was a leading spirit in the expedition, inspired by Champlain's glowing description, and anxious to settle with his family in a country where royal prerogative seemed as yet unknown. There were also, among the emigrants, skilled artisans, and Huguenot ministers as well as Roman Catholic priests. The former were not to be allowed to act as missionaries to the Indians, for though De Monts was himself a Protestant, he could not procure for his fellow Protestants toleration in America any more than in France, except on the condition that they should not try to make converts. Notwithstanding this, however, the priests and ministers had many keen discussions during the voyage, in which all occasionally lost their temper.

M. de Monts, dreading the severe winters of which he had heard so much, steered his ships farther south, along the shore of Acadia, where it is now called Nova Scotia — a land rich in minerals and fur-

bearing animals. In a bay near Cape La Hève, De Monts found and confiscated a French trader, pursuing the fur-traffic, probably in ignorance of the proclamation which made it illegal. The name of its captain, Rossignol, was given to the bay, now Liverpool Harbor. Another bay took the name of Port Mouton, from a poor sheep that leaped overboard there, while they were waiting for Pontgravé's store-ship. It appeared at last, laden with the spoils of four more fur-traders, and supplying the other ships, passed on to Tadousac to procure more furs from the Indians.

As the expedition rounded Cape Sable and entered a bay afterwards called St. Mary's Bay, a party landed to explore the neighborhood. One of the party was a priest, called Nicholas Aubry, who strolled a little way off by himself through the primeval forest where everything was so new and interesting. It was a warm day in June, and the priest, who was tired and thirsty after his long ramble, stopped to drink from a clear stream, flowing invitingly through the tangled woods. When he overtook his companions he found he had forgotten to pick up the sword which he carried and had laid down on the grass. Going back to look for it, he lost his way in the confusing and trackless wood. In vain he tried to find his way out, and in vain his alarmed comrades sought and called him. The woods rang with his name, trumpets were blown and cannon fired from the ship; but all in vain. As often befalls wanderers in the woods, the lost man wandered farther away in the wrong direction. His comrades gave up the search and departed, even suspecting foul play on the part of

a Huguenot fellow-passenger, whose vehement denials could not remove this horrible suspicion.

The ships sailed away at last to explore the great Bay of Fundy ; while the poor priest was left an unwilling hermit — to wander disconsolate through the forest mazes, living on such wild fruits as he could find, “his drink the crystal rill,” and his bed — not a bad one in June — a couch of soft moss under some overshadowing oak or hemlock.

His comrades almost forgot him in the interest of coasting along the shores of the yellow Bay of Fundy, called by M. de Monts *La Baie Française*. Entering a small inlet, they suddenly found themselves in a beautiful and spacious harbor, lined with green, forest-clad slopes and watered by winding rivers that broke out into snowy waterfalls as they found their way into the sea. The Baron de Poutrincourt was charmed with the sylvan beauty of the scene, and at once obtained from De Monts a grant of the place, which he called Port Royal, intending it to be his future home.

It seems strange that De Monts did not himself at once fix on this inviting site for his colony. But, like many another adventurer, he went farther and fared worse. Not wishing to risk wintering without defense among unknown Indians, they sailed along the shore of New Brunswick, discovered and named the river St. John, and ended their cruise amid the numberless islands of Passamaquoddy Bay. In the center of its curve a broad river flowed quietly out among rocks and shoals from low wooded banks. Champlain gave the name of St. Croix to it and to an islet just within its mouth. On this they deter-

mined to plant their colony, close to what is now the boundary between Canada and the United States. It was a long narrow island, some ten acres in extent — its grassy covering springing from a barren and sandy soil, with a fringe of straggling bushes and stunted cedars. This bleak and uninviting site was too hastily chosen ; simply because it commanded the river and could be easily fortified.

All hands were soon at work, except a small party who went back to St. Mary's Bay, in search of gold and silver. As they neared the shore, they noticed a small black object set up on a pole. It turned out to be the hat of the lost priest, whom they soon discovered, starved and emaciated, after sixteen days of solitude and involuntary fast.

The exploring party, having found their lost comrade, instead of precious metal, returned with him to the busy settlers at St. Croix. There, nobles, artisans and sailors were busy, making the most of the late summer and autumn days. Before winter set in their buildings and defenses were completed. A fort, crowning a knoll at one end, and a battery set on a rock, at the other, provided against dangers that never arose in the short history of St. Croix.

Around the fort clustered the dwellings, store-houses, chapel, barracks and magazine, forming a square shaded by a solitary tree. The spacious mansion of De Monts was surmounted by an enormous roof, and behind it was a long gallery for use in bad weather. Champlain built his house himself, as did D'Orville, with the help of his servants. A great baking oven of burnt brick completed the establishment, which was of course surrounded by palisades.

Near the church was a cemetery, only too much needed during the dismal winter. This "Abitation de St Croix" may still be seen in Champlain's drawings, though every trace of building, except the old moss-grown foundations, has long since vanished.

The work of building finished, the Baron de Pout-rincourt sailed for France, to make preparations for settling in his new domain of Port Royal. After his departure, the population of St. Croix numbered seventy-nine men, including a number of cavaliers with the viceroy at their head, priests and Huguenot ministers, servants, laborers, artisans and soldiers.

It was a busy little community — the only European settlement in all the vast and savage continent north of the Spanish settlements. As the late and shortening sunshine of October faded away and the gloomy November days darkened over the somber mountains, the shivering Frenchmen began to feel the full force of the dreary and vigorous winter that had proved so fatal to every previous attempt to found a Canadian colony. If the cold was not quite so severe as on the St. Lawrence, the season was not less dismal. The rapid river became clogged with cakes of ice, shutting them out from all their supplies of wood and water, derived from the mainland. The leafless forests and the pine-clad mountains — wrapped in a dreary mantle of snow — looked bleak and desolate, when the bitter north winds swept down upon the islands, driving the whirling snow-drifts before them. The belt of cedars had been spared for the slight shelter it afforded, but still the keen, penetrating winds found easy entrance through the rudely-built dwellings, not half warmed by scanty

fires. Even cider and wine were served out frozen, and measured by the pound.

The long-continued suffering from cold had its natural effect, not only on the spirits, but on the constitutions of the settlers. The inevitable scourge of scurvy broke out, and carried off nearly half the colonists. The tree of healing, of which they had heard from the narrative of Jacques Cartier, was not to be found near St. Croix; at least they sought it in vain. Most of the survivors were reduced to the last stage of exhaustion; and despair and despondency reigned supreme in the hearts of the settlers, save only in the one dauntless breast of Champlain, while a camp of Indians on their island, as to whose friendliness they were uncertain, kept them in constant anxiety.

But with the lengthening days and cheering sights and sounds of returning spring, the diminished and forlorn band began to feel new hope and courage revive. When the snow had disappeared, and the cry of the wild fowl, the balmy breezes and budding vegetation began to herald the approaching summer to the eyes of the waiting company, they, weary of their long, lonely exile, anxiously scanned the horizon in search of the returning sails of Poutrincourt, bringing re-enforcements and succor. But the baron was meeting with unexpected difficulties at home, and it was the ship of Pontgravé, coming from Tadousac, that at last, on the sixteenth of June, gladdened their eyes and cast anchor in their harbor, with a re-enforcement of forty men.

Privation and suffering had, by this time, made the viceroy weary of St. Croix, and he lost no time in

setting out with Champlain on a voyage of discovery, anxious to find a more attractive and favorable site for the capital of his colony. The exploring party included, besides De Monts and Champlain, several gentlemen, twenty sailors and an Indian with his squaw. The expedition coasted among the rock-bound and indented shores of Maine where, fifteen years later, the "Men of the Mayflower" were to found New England.

They penetrated into the deep bays, and among the picturesque headlands and islands, landing daily, exchanging presents with the Indians, and examining the natural productions of the country; while Champlain observed, sketched, made charts, and took notes, describing with the closest accuracy all that he saw from the round, mat-covered wigwams of the Indians to the appearance and habits of the horse-shoe crab.

The Indians seem to have been much more numerous than when the Puritans, a few years later, landed at Plymouth, and they cultivated the art of agriculture to a considerable extent, for around their wigwams were patches of corn, beans, squashes, esculent roots and tobacco.

Champlain had been over part of the ground before, in the previous September, when he had visited and named Mount Desert, and entered the river Penobscot, then bearing the name of Norem-bega, in common with the whole surrounding region.

Passing southward along a coast now thickly dotted with favorite and fashionable watering places, the explorers extended their cruise beyond Cape Cod, into an inlet full of sand-bars, which they called

Cape Malabar. And here occurred the first collision of the white man with the Indians, with whom all their intercourse had previously been most peaceable. It arose out of a squabble, in which the Indians were the aggressors. One of them snatched a kettle from a sailor, going to bring water from a spring, and, as he pursued the thief, he fell, pierced with Indian arrows. The French at once fired from their vessel, and Champlain was nearly killed by the bursting of his own arquebuse, while the savages swiftly fled to the woods.

Thus the first blood was drawn, and the first shots fired of the long and bitter conflict between the red man and the white; while the incident showed the uncertain hold of peace and friendship with these wild and undisciplined tribes.

As August approached, the voyagers found their provisions failing, and returned to St. Croix, having found no site that altogether pleased their leader. But another winter at St. Croix was not to be thought of, and De Monts remembered the tranquil beauty of Port Royal, as Poutrincourt had called the domain granted to him, and now known as Annapolis Basin. Thither, accordingly, across the Bay of Fundy, was transported everything they could carry, including stores, utensils, and even portions of the buildings which had composed the "Abitation de St. Croix." The work of "clearing" the new site went vigorously on, and soon a new settlement arose in the forest, encircling the beautiful harbor. But still there was no sign of Poutrincourt's return and, ere long, the viceroy heard bad news from France of obstacles thrown in the way of his enterprise by

those who were aggrieved by the monopoly. In order to help Poutrincourt to overcome these difficulties, M. de Monts sailed for France, leaving Pontgravé to command at Port Royal, where Champlain and other undaunted spirits were resolved to dare another winter of peril and privation.

CHAPTER VI.

THE STORY OF PORT ROYAL.

IN the fair and sheltered haven of Port Royal, it did not take the colonists long to create a new home, partly built of the dismantled buildings of St. Croix, and somewhat on the same plan. The winter was milder here, but it did not pass without suffering, though less from cold than from lack of food. The settlers had only a hand-mill for grinding their corn, and bread was consequently scarce. De Monts was away in France, fighting for the colony against the indifference and prejudices of even its friends, and the active hostility of its enemies. Poutrincourt, despite urgent business in France, speedily returned to Canada, bringing with him his enthusiastic and poetic friend, Marc Lescarbot, who was said to be as well able to build up a colony as to write its history. He explained the impulse that led him to the New World in the true and noble words: "God awaketh us sometimes to stir us up to generous actions such as be these voyages." His active and vigorous mind and quick observation proved of great service in promoting the interests of the colony as well as in writing an interesting and poetical history of its career.

It was only, however, after many obstacles had been surmounted that Poutrincourt and Lescarbot

with their band of laborers and mechanics, were able to sail from Rochelle, in a ship bearing the rather curious name of the Jonas. De Monts remained in France for a time to do what he could there for the interests of the colony, as one of the complaints of its enemies was that nothing had yet been done for the conversion of the Indians. But the zeal for the Mission in New France had yet to be awakened.

The voyage was long and tedious ; it extended to two months by reason of the dense fogs that descended upon them as they neared land. Suddenly, however, the sun broke through the veil of mist, revealing to the delighted Lescarbot the fair face of the New World, bright in the July sunshine. He poetically described their first experiences, while a line of white breakers still lay between them and the shore : " While we followed on our course, there came from the land odors incomparable for sweetness, brought with a warm wind so abundantly that all the Orient parts could not produce greater abundance. We did stretch out our hands, as it were, to take them, so palpable were they, which I have admired a thousand times since."

Sailing into the calm harbor of Port Royal the Jonas soon reached the spot where, amid the deep green of the almost unbroken forest, were clustered the wooden buildings of the little colony. They saw no sign of human existence till an old Indian appeared cautiously paddling a birch canoe. Then a Frenchman, armed with his arquebuse, came down to the shore, and at the same moment a shot rang out from the little wooden fort. But the white flag at the mast reassured the two lonely Frenchmen who

were left on guard in the absence of their comrades, gone to look for French fishing vessels and secure supplies.

The long-imprisoned emigrants leaped on shore eager to explore the new land, and the lately silent settlement soon resounded with the merry voices and exuberant hilarity of the Frenchmen — rendered all the greater by a hogshhead of wine which M. Poutrincourt opened in the courtyard. Meantime one of Poutrincourt's boats, exploring the coast, met Pontgravé and his men, who returned at once to greet the new-comers.

Soon, however, the party again divided. Pontgravé sailed back to France in the ship *Jonas*, looking out for contraband fur-traders on the way. Poutrincourt started with Champlain on another voyage of discovery, which occupied two months. It proved very fruitless, and was at last cut short by the autumn gales. Unhappily, its chief incident was a collision with the Indians, who surprised the party by night and killed two out of five, who were encamped on the shore. The others fled to their tents under a shower of arrows from four hundred Indians, "bristling like porcupines," as Champlain's quaint pencil had sketched them. He and the other men, awaked by their cries, rushed to the rescue, charging and dispersing the yelling assailants. "So," as Lescarbot put it, "did thirty-five thousand Midianites fly before Gideon and his three hundred."

Lescarbot himself had, however, remained at Port Royal, where his activity, energy and bright, cheery spirit made him a most useful member of the colony, and beloved by all. He spurred the others on by ex-

ample as well as precept to cultivate the low meadows by the river, and to lay out gardens in which he would often work busily till late in the early summer moonlight. He set the colonists to construct a water-mill, in place of the primitive hand-mill, to make fire-bricks and a furnace for preparing pitch and turpentine from the pines and firs, to lay out roads in the forest and make charcoal for fuel. The astonished Indians as they looked on exclaimed, "How many things these Normans know!"

In order to cheer and welcome his returning comrades, he prepared for them a grand mythological reception; Neptune with his Titans issuing to meet them from the wooden gateway of Port Royal, and greeting the wanderers in verses written by Lescarbot. The rude wooden archway was gorgeously decorated for the occasion, with the arms of France, and the escutcheons of De Monts and Poutrincourt. Lescarbot's full report of the speeches made on the occasion is still in existence.

The winter that followed was a cheery one, with a very different record from that of the miserable winters previously spent by Frenchmen in Canada. The cavaliers shot game in abundance, so that the settlers had bounteous stores of provisions and a generous supply of wine. Their quarters were tolerably comfortable — a quadrangle of wooden buildings inclosing a wide court flanked by armed bastions made of palisades, and containing their large dining-hall and lodgings, kitchen forge and baking-oven, magazines and storehouses. From an arched gateway at one corner a short path led to the water.

In order to produce a little variety in their solitary

and monotonous life, as well as to secure a regular provision for their table, Champlain organized the famous Order of a Good Time (*Ordre du Bon Temps*). The knights were fifteen in number, and a Grand Master or Steward was appointed for each day, whose duty it was to provide for the table of the company. In order to do this creditably and add a new dish daily, the knights in turn worked energetically, supplying the board partly by their own exertions in hunting and fishing, partly by barter with the Indians. By this means the company fared sumptuously every day.

The bill of fare included moose-meat, caribou, deer, beaver, otter, hares, bears and wild cats, with ducks, geese, grouse and plover, as well as sturgeon, trout and other varieties of fish. As this bounteous provision was prepared by a French cook, under the steward's direction, the colonists, this winter at least, had no reason to find fault with their dietary. They dined at noon, with no little pomp and formality; the fifteen knights each carrying a dish filed into Poutrincourt's great dark-ceilinged dining-hall, the Grand Master at their head. The Indian chiefs were often their guests, and their humble but faithful Indian friends, male and female, sat on the floor, literally watching for the crumbs that fell from their master's table.

After the evening meal the knights assembled round the great blazing log-fire in the dining-hall, making the evening merry with talk and song and stories of past adventures till they forgot the falling snow, the keen cold, the wind that howled without. Each evening, too, the Grand Master of the day for-

mally resigned the staff of office to his successor. Such was the first social life of New France.

With good food and good spirits to keep them well, the scurvy touched the colony very lightly ; four men, however, sunk under the influence of the winter's cold. But with returning spring all was activity once more. Even before the winter was over, the knights took a six-mile tramp, to see if their autumn-sown corn were sprouting under the snow, and there, on a bright, balmy winter day, they picnicked gaily in January. But now fields and gardens were inclosed and soon building and carpentering went on with energy, and the nets of the fishers gathered in an abundance of herring and other fish. Lescarbott gardened indefatigably, writing his history in the intervals of toil, and even Poutrincourt went to the woods to collect turpentine and manufacture it into tar by a process of his own invention.

The colonists were much assisted by an old chief called Membertou, who became their staunch friend and ally. He was, unlike the Indians generally, bearded like a Frenchman, and was said to have been a cruel and treacherous warrior, notwithstanding his kindness to the French. But the busy life of the colony suddenly came to an unexpected close.

One fine spring morning, Membertou's keen eyes discovered a distant sail. The colonists hailed the sight gladly, supposing it to be the long-expected vessel of De Monts. But it was a bearer of bad news. The discontented traders who had been shut out of the fur-trade, had combined, by money and influence, to secure the withdrawal of De Monts' patent of monopoly. This was a death blow to the

colony, as the projects of the company would no longer bear the expense of it ; and Port Royal must be abandoned.

Notwithstanding this calamity, the cheery Frenchmen kept up their drooping spirits by arranging a loyal celebration of the birthday of the heir to the French throne, and by hospitably entertaining the Breton captain who had brought the bad news — a kindness little deserved, since this young captain of St. Malo, with his boat's crew, had appropriated to his own use a quantity of delicacies with which he had been entrusted by De Monts for his friends, excusing the dishonest act by the plea that they had not expected to find one of the colonists alive.

There was nothing for Poutrincourt to do but to prepare for leaving his Acadian domain, though with the firm intention of yet returning to it. No one showed more sorrow for the sad necessity than did the old chief Membertou, who had built a palisaded village near Port Royal, in order to be near his kind and generous friends. He wept at taking leave of the Frenchmen, who generously bestowed on the Indians ten hogsheads of meal and all the crops that stood ready for the sickle.

Lescarbot, before leaving, celebrated in verse a warlike expedition of Membertou and his Indians. He went first, leaving with a heavy heart the corn-fields and gardens he had redeemed from the wilderness. Poutrincourt remained to the last with Champlain, to see how the crops would turn out, following the rest of the expedition in an open boat to the rendezvous in the harbor of Canseau.

In October the whole of the little colony was o.

its way to France, Poutrincourt alone cherishing the determination to return to the place which he claimed as his own. Though coming to an untimely end, this colony had at least left memories of kindness and good-will with the Indians, who bitterly lamented the departure of their friends, and entreated them to hasten their expected return.

Nearly four years passed away, however, before the watching Indians espied the welcome gleam of Poutrincourt's returning sail. He had to find a wealthy ally in order to meet the necessary expenses, after the loss of his trading monopoly; and when this was done, he had to bear many other vexatious delays. The Jesuits were now very powerful at court, and very zealous about the work of converting the Indians. Poutrincourt was very unwilling to admit them into his colony, on account of their political views, and, though he could not keep them out, he managed at least to postpone the arrival of Père Biard, the chosen pioneer of the Mission. He himself set out in February, 1610, in a bark loaded with supplies for Port Royal, and after a long passage, once more entered the beautiful harbor, and received a joyful welcome from the aged chief, who was said to be nearly a hundred years old, and was gladdened by seeing his French friends once more before his eyes closed in death.

Poutrincourt desired to show the Jesuits that he too was in earnest in the Indian mission, and a priest whom he had brought, named La Flèche, at once began to instruct Membertou and his tribe. The old man was a willing pupil, and ere long he had confessed his sins and renounced the service of the

devil, whom, as he said, he had served for a hundred and ten years. He and his entire family — twenty-one in all — were baptized on the shore, in presence of the whole colony, while the *Te Deum* was chanted and a peal of cannon celebrated this first baptism in the Canadian wilderness. The new converts received the names of the royal family of France.

The fame of this event soon spread among the Indians, numbers of whom, attracted by this mysterious novelty, and anxious to gain favor with the French, came to the delighted priest to ask that they too might be baptized. Poutrincourt, well pleased with his success, drew up a register of the baptized and sent it by his son Biencourt to be shown to Henry the Fourth. But the king had just perished by the knife of Ravallac, and Marie de Medicis, the devoted ally of the Jesuits, was acting as regent. Young Biencourt showed her his list of baptisms; but he found that it was inevitable that two Jesuits, Père Biard and Père Enemond Massé — well-known names afterward — should return with him to Acadia, notwithstanding the opposition of two Huguenot merchants of Dieppe, Poutrincourt's partners in fitting out the vessel which was to carry out the materials for another colony. But a noble court lady, Madame de Guercheville, who was very zealous to promote the Canadian mission, raised money enough not only to buy out the Huguenot merchants, but also to lend Poutrincourt and his associates the money they needed in order to complete the enterprise.

Thus the two Jesuit Fathers gained the object of their desire. They set sail with young Biencourt, and after a very long voyage, and meeting many huge ice-

bergs, they reached at last the new and strange land in which they so desired to plant the Cross beside the Lily of France.

They did not find much to encourage them. Their provisions had not been so plentiful as when they had Champlain's energy and forethought to depend on. The half-famished colonists had been anxiously looking for the vessel in which they hoped to find the much-needed succor. But the voyagers, during four months at sea, had almost exhausted their own supplies. Troubles of various kinds sprang up, and a serious difference of opinion arose between Poutrincourt and Père Biard, in regard to the treatment of a son of Pontgravé who had committed a serious offense and then fled to the woods. The Jesuit thought the young man penitent, and plead so earnestly for his pardon that in time Poutrincourt granted it, though impatient at the interference.

The offender, however, soon got into trouble with Poutrincourt's son, Biencourt, whom his father, again sailing for France, left in charge at home. Biencourt had been made vice-admiral in the seas of New France, and he now set out with a boatful of armed followers to enforce his authority. He found young Du Pont Pontgravé, with a few followers, living in a trading-hut on the St. John River, within the region over which he claimed jurisdiction. He took possession of the hut in Du Pont's absence, and made a prisoner of his associate Merveille, who returned first, on the pretext that he was plotting resistance.

At last, through the intervention of Père Biard, who accompanied Biencourt, matters were adjusted

and the coasting party went on its way. Young Pontgravé and his friend entreated the Jesuits to remain with them ; but he refused to leave Biencourt to pursue his perilous voyage without him, promising that if possible he would return to spend the winter with them, and compose an Indian catechism with their help.

Meantime Biencourt and his party continued their voyage to the Kennebec, where they found some traders watering at St. Croix, and levied tribute on them. Père Biard did not lack opportunities for his missionary efforts, for the Indians crowded to the ship, partly for trading, partly out of curiosity to examine the vessel. Their numbers made Biencourt afraid lest they meant hostility, and but for Biard's presence on shore at the critical moment, he might have rashly hurried on a disastrous collision. The savages were not unfriendly, however, to strangers who treated them fairly, though they told the Jesuit how shamefully they had been used some years before by English traders who had set their dogs on them and driven them away with blows.

Late in the dreary November the coasting-party returned to Port Royal, where they found no one but Père Enemond Massé and a young French companion. They had been leading a hermit life, seeing no one but passing Indians, and occasionally some Frenchmen at work some leagues away. The old Sagamore, Henry Membertou, was there no longer, having passed away some time before. His death-bed had been faithfully attended by the Jesuit Fathers, who had persuaded him to forego his natural desire for burial beside his heathen forefathers ; so that he

might give, even in death, this evidence that he had fully accepted the Christian faith.

The white men sadly missed the old chief during the dreary winter that soon closed around them. There was no Lescarbot or Champlain to plan little festivities or "spectacles," no knightly *Ordre du Bon Temps* to provide good cheer for their table. Provisions ran very low, and they had to economize their stores by putting each man on a small daily allowance of bread, lard, beans, peas and prunes. Occasionally some one from Membertou's household would bring them a present of game, and then all would be gaiety and good cheer, and courage would return to the drooping hearts of the half-starved colony.

Père Biard, finding it impossible to fulfill his intention of spending the winter on the St. John, worked away by himself at his catechism, getting what help he could from the Indians about him; though these savages, when puzzled to give him words for ideas so new to them, would sometimes amuse themselves by leading him quite astray.

The winter wore slowly and drearily away, and the two Fathers did their best to console the disconsolate little colony. One Sunday evening in January, after reading the Scripture story of the marriage at Cana, M. Biard exhorted the company to be of good courage in faith and hope. After service he said to Biencourt, with a smile, "They have no wine;" and begged him to serve out the little that was left, as his heart told him succor would arrive before the month was over. The wine was served out, the rest of the party declaring that they would see whether the good Father

were a true prophet. Eight days later the expected ship from Poutrincourt arrived with a store of provisions sufficient for their present needs. It brought also another Jesuit, M. du Thet, a lay brother, no welcome sight to Biencourt. Madame de Guerchéville, the patroness of the Jesuits, had now persuaded Louis the Thirteenth to grant her for their use, the whole of North America, except only the domain of Port Royal which had been given to Poutrincourt and would not be taken from him.

Biencourt's discontent at this news, and the opposition of views and interests between him and the Jesuits made the social life at Port Royal stormy and unpleasant. The Jesuits wished to sail for France, and as Biencourt would not consent, they excommunicated him, and refused for three months to perform any religious office. At last a reconciliation was effected on condition that Du Thet should return to France. Biard and Massé spent the next few months among the Indians, endeavoring to learn their language.

Massé went with the family of Louis Membertou to the river St. John and shared for a time their wandering life. He and his young assistant were not, like the Indians, accustomed to privation, and the hardships they endured made them thin and weak. The good Father himself was prostrated by sickness, so that his Indian friends feared lest he should die and they should be suspected of having killed him. Père Biard grew so anxious at receiving no news of his friend, that he set out with Biencourt to look for him. He did not find him, however, and had just returned after a stormy and dangerous voyage, disap-

pointed and anxious, when, that same evening, he was gladdened by the arrival of the good Enemond Massé, safe and sound, and rejoicing over some apparent success among the Indians.

But the life of the Jesuits at Port Royal, as well as the existence of the little colony itself, was nearly at an end. The Jesuits in France, with their Lady Patroness, were now ready to take possession of their great territory of North America, and in the spring of 1613, a ship from Honfleur, bringing two more Jesuits, arrived at Port Royal, in Biencourt's absence, and carried off the Fathers Biard and Massé to find a new site for their Mission.

After exploring the coast for some distance they selected a site near Mount Desert, where they pitched their tents and planned houses and fields. But here they had to meet a new and unexpected obstacle. The King of France was not the only monarch who claimed all North America as his own. King James of England made the same claim, to the exclusion of all others. And against this powerful rival monopoly would not hold. Before the party had had time to break ground for building their houses, an armed vessel, with blood-red flags, bore down upon them "swifter than an arrow." It was the ship of Samuel Argall, one of the unscrupulous adventurers of the time. He was ready for any act of piracy and plunder; he had learned of the presence of the French there, by the French manner which the Indians had already caught from them.

There was no time to organize a defense. Sausseye, the cowardly French captain, fled to the woods, and after a slight resistance, in which Du Thet fell,

the French ship, tents and stores were seized by Argall. He also stole the Royal Commission out of the captain's trunks, and then denounced him as a robber and a pirate. Saussaye and Massé, with thirteen others, were turned adrift in an open boat, but were finally rescued by a French trading vessel, which carried them home. Père Biard and the other half of the little community were carried prisoners to Virginia and brought before the English governor, Sir Thomas Neale, who expressed great indignation at the intrusion of the French into what he was pleased to call "British territory." He forthwith ordered Argall to wipe out every trace of French settlement from a continent which England claimed as hers, by right of the discovery of Cabot.

Taking his own ship and that captured from Saussaye, Argall steered northward on an errand of still more sweeping destruction. He took with him Père Biard, apparently as a guide to Port Royal, though the Jesuit was chiefly anxious to find an opportunity of returning to France. Argall landed first at Mount Desert and levelled its unfinished defenses, then steered for St. Croix and did the same to all that remained of that deserted post.

He had lost so much time in searching for St. Croix, and in finding an Indian to guide them to it, that he now nearly gave up his designs on Port Royal, and Père Biard endeavored to induce him to do so. But unhappily he persevered, entered the beautiful harbor and descended upon the unsuspecting little colony. Some of the men were away with Biencourt on a visit to neighboring Indians, others were reaping the grain at some distance from the fort. There

was no attempt at resistance. The English seized all the stores, plundered the buildings, killed or carried off all the animals they found, and then burned the whole settlement to the ground. They then sought the reapers, destroyed the harvest also, and having thus completed the devastation, returned to their ships.

Biencourt and his men returned next day to find the work of years of toil and suffering laid in ruins. His indignation was naturally intense; and the interview between the two commanders was so stormy that one of the Indians rushed from the shelter of the woods, and in his broken French endeavored to reconcile these foes who seemed to him of one blood, forcing them both to laughter by the earnestness of his pleading gestures.

The heartless Argall speedily sailed for Virginia, leaving the homeless community of Port Royal unprotected from the approaching winter. They wandered through the forest, living on roots, lichens, buds of trees, and such help as their Indian friends could give them. The captured French ship with Père Biard on board, was turned out of its southward course by storms and was finally obliged to steer for England, where Père Biard was well treated by all he met — among them some English ecclesiastics — and from whence he soon found his way to his French home.

Baron Poutrincourt, ignorant of these events, returned in the following spring to Port Royal, to find his domain laid waste, his buildings in ashes, and his son, with the other settlers, wandering shelterless in the woods. Even he was at last driven to despair by

this calamity, and, losing heart and hope, he returned finally to France. There he fell, some years later, sword in hand, leading the royal forces into battle, a brave and gallant leader, who at least deserved the success he failed to grasp.

But though Port Royal as a colony was ruined, the French still kept a foothold in Acadia. Poutrincourt did not desert Port Royal, and the traders' huts at least kept the spot from returning to utter solitude. New France was by no means crushed in the ruins of Port Royal. But this high-handed act of destruction, committed in time of peace between the two great nations who were contending for the prize of the great continent, was but the beginning of a long and bitter conflict — the fruitful source of misery and death, until it ended at last with the ebbing lives of Montcalm and Wolfe on the blood-dyed Plains of Abraham.

CHAPTER VII.

THE STORY OF CHAMPLAIN.

IT might seem strange that during all the eventful and tragic career of Port Royal, the gallant Champlain had no further part or lot in its fortunes. But he had by no means given up the project that was so near his heart. Champlain was specially fitted by nature to be the leader of a colony in a new country. He was a born explorer and knight-errant; dauntless, romantic, sagacious, observant, and eager to discover all the unknown wonders that the New World could unfold. No danger could check his enthusiasm, and no hardship could exhaust his endurance.

As has been said, when the young soldier of thirty set out with Pontgravé on his exploring tour he had already won distinction on the field of battle, as well as through his voyage to the West Indies, Mexico and Panama, then under jealous Spanish rule. He first conceived the idea of a ship canal across the Isthmus of Panama, "whereby the voyage to the South Sea would be shortened by more than fifteen hundred leagues." Ease and inaction at home would have been intolerable, while the adventure and romance of the New World were tempting him abroad. But he had been strongly attracted to another part of that wide unoccupied land—to the shores of the

great hill-girt river which had first lured him inland from the sea.

De Monts, who had not given up his cherished project of founding a great colony, succeeded in securing from the king the renewal, for one year, of the monopoly so necessary to maintain the enterprise, and Champlain gladly undertook to aid him in carrying out his plan.

In the year after his departure from Port Royal he was again following the trading-vessel of Pontgravé up the St. Lawrence. Once more passing the lonely fir-clad hills, he reached the rugged nook of Tadousac, with the now deserted trading-post under its shadowing crags. Rounding the point at its entrance, called from its frequent storms the *Pointe de tous les Diables*, he there came upon Pontgravé's ship, engaged in a skirmish with a Basque trading-vessel which had been challenged there, and which had taken away his cannon.

Champlain's arrival turned the tables and brought the Basques to terms, and sent them to the more legitimate task of catching whales. He then went on his way, leaving the rocky bay and its cluster of wigwams belonging to the Montagnais Indians, who used to bring cargoes of furs in their bark canoes down the dark cañons of the deep and wild Saguenay, above which Cape Trinity then, as now, raised its wild, weather-beaten cliffs to the stars.

Champlain held on his course, passing the green island of Orleans and the white fall of Montmorency, till the bold promontory of Quebec rose above the winding river, here narrowed to a mile in width. This spot, at once commanding and picturesque, his

observant eye had long since chosen for his intended fortress.

There was no Indian village there. All was silent and deserted. The bare and lonely rock overlooked an unbroken solitude, where to-day the visitor's eye looks out upon piles of buildings and stately spires, rows of shipping and darting steamboats, upon a wide stretch of long cornfields and meadows, dotted with white cottages and gleaming villages clustered round their church steeples, sprinkled over the purple distance, while all around closes the vista of gray misty hills, which are the only unchanged features.

But the view of dark, unbroken forest, winding river and purple hills was a charming one even then ; and, here, in the shadow of the great rock, Champlain determined to found his settlement. The place was called, by the wandering Algonquins, Quebec or *Kebec* — a word meaning a strait — and Champlain kept the old name. It happens thus that the traveler who enters Canada by the St. Lawrence, finds in the names of the first three cities on his way, Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, memorials of the three races which have successively held the country in the order of their succession.

Champlain was not, at first, so ambitious as to plant his éyrie on the frowning height above, but set his men at once to clear away the walnut-trees that covered the strip of land at its foot. In a short time they had built a sort of wooden fortress, surrounded by a loop-holed gallery, and inclosing three buildings, ready for occupation. A tall dove-cote, like a belfry, rose from the courtyard, and a moat, with two or three primitive cannon, completed its defenses ;

a magazine being built close by. Champlain had his garden too, and enjoyed cultivating his roses as well as his vegetables, where now the Champlain Market presents its busy scene, and the little weather-beaten church of *Notre Dame des Victoires* still stands as a memorial of the early days of Quebec.

The only misadventure during the building of the fort was a conspiracy which had nearly cut short Champlain's career and the history of the settlement. The Spanish and Basque traders at Tadousac made use of a traitorous locksmith named Duval, to persuade most of the colonists to betray the settlements into their hands and murder the brave leader. But one of the men who was to assist Duval in the plot, becoming conscience-stricken, confessed the whole to Champlain, who with great readiness and presence of mind, succeeded in arresting the four ringleaders. The greater number of the men had been frightened into joining in the conspiracy, and were relieved at the discovery. Champlain generously pardoned them, but Duval was executed and the other ringleaders were sent to the French galleys.

In September, Pontgravé went to France with his load of furs, leaving Champlain with twenty-eight men to brave the terrors of the winter, so fatal to the parties of Cartier and Roberval. The cold did not seem quite so severe, possibly because Champlain and his men were better housed and fed. Yet nevertheless, out of the twenty-eight only eight survived till spring, the rest having fallen victims to the inevitable scurvy which had broken out toward the close of the winter. And of these eight, four were still suffering from this horrible malady.



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CAPE TRINITY, SAGUENAY RIVER.

There was little to break the monotony of the short winter days and long nights. Champlain sometimes amused himself by trapping foxes, and watching the hungry martens as they sought for fragments in the vicinity of the settlement.

Once a little excitement was caused by the appearance of a band of famished Algonquins who were collected on the opposite side of the river, which was choked up with cakes of drifted ice. It seemed a desperate venture to cross in such circumstances, but the poor creatures were starving and hoped to get food from the French strangers. Champlain with anxious eyes watched them launch their frail canoes, one after another, only to be crushed between the grinding masses of ice. However, even then their agility saved them. They all leaped upon a moving sheet of ice, the squaws — weak and emaciated as they were — carrying their children on their shoulders, a feat that excited Champlain's astonishment. Standing on this frail support they began to utter wails of despair, expecting inevitable destruction. But their strange raft was unexpectedly driven upon the shore, where, worn almost to skeletons, they came up to the fort to beg for food. Champlain willingly gave them all he could spare; but it was not easy to satisfy the poor creatures, who were so famished that they seized and ate even the frozen carcass of a dog that had been lying for months on the snow.

Before the winter was over, Champlain had another visit from Indians; this time a band of Montagnais who were living in huts near Quebec. The Indians were always much disturbed by dreams, and

these had been excited and terrified by nightmare visions of fearful encounters with their enemies, the Iroquois. Their superstitious dread drove them to come to the fort to beg shelter for the night. Champlain pitied their terror, but thought it more prudent to take only the women and children into the fort, while the men remained watching and shivering without.

At last, however, the dreary winter was over and gone, the snow gradually disappeared, and the soft breezes, the swelling buds and opening flowers cheered the drooping spirits of the eight survivors. Champlain's iron constitution, alone, had been proof against the frightful scurvy. With a band so enfeebled, there was nothing to be done but to wait for Pontgravé's return.

It was a welcome sight when, at last, a sail rounded the Isle of Orleans, bringing Pontgravé's son-in-law, with the news that he himself was at Tadousac. Thither Champlain hastened to meet him and discuss his intended voyage of discovery. It was his cherished hope to realize the dream of a short passage to India and China, and he desired as ardently to gain influence over the Indians and convert them to the true faith, which, he said, would be a nobler achievement than taking a continent. To these aims his life was devoted.

But to his exploring zeal there was a formidable barrier. These vast forests were infested by a ferocious Indian tribe called the Five Nations or Iroquois, warlike and powerful, whose tomahawks were ever ready for action, and to whom an explorer must almost certainly fall a victim, sooner or later.

The other tribes lived in constant terror of these fierce savages who knew neither fear nor pity. It seems, at first sight, strange that Champlain, so desirous of carrying the gospel of love to the Indian tribes, should himself have taken the first step toward beginning a deadly warfare. But he was a soldier to the core as well as a born explorer, and the path of discovery seemed to him a war-path as well.

The Huron and Algonquin tribes, with which he had been on such friendly terms; pleaded with him, not in vain, to help them to overcome the strong foes they so much feared. And he naturally believed that if he could do them this service he would gain over them great influence which he could use to promote both his cherished projects. He had little idea, however, of the power and numbers of the savages whose enmity he so rashly provoked.

It was in the middle of May, 1609, that Champlain set out with a war party of Montagnais, bent on ascending, under their guidance, the *Rivière des Iroquois*, as the River Richelieu was then called. Before starting the Indians held their war-dance, with which they began all such expeditions. They lighted a huge camp fire, decked themselves in paint and feathers, brandished their war-clubs, lances and stone hatchets, while their discordant yells blended with the hollow boom of their drums and woke the echoes from the frowning cliff above.

The eager explorer soon found how little he could depend on the aid of his new allies. They encamped for two days on the way, and quarreled, the greater number going back in disgust to their homes. He found, too, that the ascent of the stream was barred

by rocky ledges, over which the white, surging rapids dashed with furious force. He was obliged to send home his own boat and men, keeping only two Frenchmen with him, while the Indian warriors carried their canoes through the tangled forest to the smooth stream above. Then they re-embarked and paddled on their way, stopping at night to entrench themselves behind a barricade, when the chief would instruct his followers how to form their ranks in battle, by setting up an army of sticks called by their respective names, each in the position to be taken before the enemy.

At last, however, Champlain had the satisfaction of entering the beautiful lake that still bears his name, and gazed with delight upon its bright expanse and its grand setting of mountain summits. Its shores were the hunting grounds of the fierce Iroquois, and the valley of New York State beyond it was dotted with the palisaded villages that formed their strongholds. To pass from Lake Champlain to Lake George and thence by portage to the Hudson, and attack the Mohawks in their home, was the plan of the Indian warriors, provided they did not meet the enemy on the way.

But at Crown Point, afterward noted in the warfare of the white man, this expedition of red men discovered at nightfall, through the dusk, a flotilla of the Iroquois canoes. Dark as it was the enemies recognized each other with savage war-cries. The Iroquois landed close by and labored all night, as Champlain could see, at the work of entrenching themselves behind a barricade, made of trees felled on the spot. Champlain's allies lashed their canoes

together with poles and danced and shouted till morning broke.

The three Frenchmen lay concealed, each in his canoe, till the critical moment approached. When the attacking canoes reached the shore and their owners landed, Champlain could see some two hundred tall, strong Indian warriors advancing from the forest to meet them, some of them wearing a primitive kind of armor made of interwoven twigs, or shields of wood and hide, while the chiefs could be distinguished by the tall plumes on their heads. As they approached the attacking Indians called for their gallant defender, who came forward before the astonished Iroquois in the imposing garb of a French soldier, and fired his arquebuse. As its report resounded two of the Iroquois warriors fell. The savages replied with a yell and showers of arrows, but shots in rapid succession soon broke their advance into a retreat, and they fled in terror and confusion.

The victory was complete, but the tortures inflicted by the Indians on their prisoners sickened the heart of Champlain, who remonstrated indignantly, but in vain. Then, satisfied with this successful skirmish, and probably fearing speedy vengeance, the party turned their canoes toward home. At the mouth of the Richelieu the expedition broke up, the Hurons and Algonquins steering for the Ottawa, while Champlain accompanied the Montagnais to Tadousac, where the squaws danced in glee to celebrate their victory, and swam out to the canoes to receive the heads of their slain enemies.

Champlain soon sailed for France with Pontgravé, and carried to King Henry a belt embroidered in

dyed porcupine quills, and two bright-plumaged Canadian birds as trophies of his adventures, while he entertained him with his lively account of them. De Monts was trying to secure the renewal of his monopoly, but, failing in this, he pluckily determined to go on without it.

Early in the following spring Champlain and Pontgravé sailed again for New France. As usual, they found greedy fur-traders busy at Tadousac and on the Saguenay, exhausting the supplies so much needed for the support of the colony.

Champlain had various schemes for exploring expeditions ready to carry into action. One of these was to go with the Hurons to see the great lakes and near them the copper mines, which they had promised to show him. They met, accordingly, at a rendezvous on the Richelieu. But while they were preparing for a dance and a feast, a canoe came, swiftly paddled toward them, bearing the news that a battle was going on in the forest between Algonquins and Iroquois. Champlain's Montagnais friends rushed to their canoes, taking Champlain with them, and on landing, they bounded off through the woods like hounds after their prey. Champlain and his friends pressed on through the forest jungle as best they might, stumbling over fallen trees and entangling vines, wading through swamps, persecuted by legions of mosquitoes, until at last they came within hail of their forgetful guides.

Champlain was wounded in the battle that followed ; but he fought on undaunted, assisted by some young Frenchmen from a fur-trader's ship in the neighborhood, and again won the day for his Indian allies.

Again the fiendish tortures began, and all Champlain could do was to save one prisoner from the ferocity of the victors.

The allies rejoiced that a heavy blow had been dealt to their enemies, and a great band of Hurons, who arrived next day, were terribly vexed that they had come too late for the fray. The tumultuous savages celebrated their success with songs and dances, and then set out for home in their canoes, decorated with ghastly scalps, without a thought of following up the blow they had struck. Neither did Champlain insist on their guiding him on to the great lakes he had set out to reach. For startling tidings from France seemed, for the time, to drive these projects from his mind.

Henry the Fourth had fallen beneath the dagger of Ravailac. This was sad news for the hopes of Quebec, sad news for those of Port Royal. Champlain must hasten home, to look after the interests of his colony. Regretfully he left once more his post at Quebec, with his fields and gardens and vineyard redeemed from the wilderness; and exchanged his forays with the wild warriors of the forest for unsuccessful pleadings at court, which were much less to his taste. He could not protect the interests of the colony on which he had spent so much labor, from the descent of swarms of fur-traders who bought up the skins which were all they cared about, and so exhausted the colony's only means of existence. When he returned, in the following spring, thirteen of them followed in his wake, ready to reap the profit of his labors.

Champlain, however, had learned that patience and

perseverance can do much toward success, and, undiscouraged, he chose a site for a new trading-post at the foot of the beautiful Mont Royal, where he thought he could establish a trade with the great tribes of the interior as they came down from the Ottawa. Not far from the place where had once stood the Indian town of Hochelaga, on a spot now covered by the massive stone warehouses of Montreal, he cleared a site for his trading-post, and built a wall of bricks of his own manufacture, to preserve it from damage by the "ice-shove" in the spring. He called it *Place Royale*. The hospital of the Gray Nuns occupies a part of the "Place."

At this appointed rendezvous a band of the Hurons were the first to arrive, paddling their canoes down the dashing surges of the Lachine rapids, then called the rapids of St. Louis. They invited Champlain to visit their country, buy their beavers, build a fort, teach them the true faith — do anything he liked ; only they begged him to keep the greedy fur-traders away. They disliked and distrusted them, thinking that they meant to plunder and kill them. Champlain did all he could to reassure them, and went to visit them at their camp on Lake St. Louis, from whence they conveyed him down the rapids in their canoes ; the third white man who ever descended the Lachine Rapids.

Once more visiting France to consult with M. De Monts, Champlain succeeded in finding a new and powerful patron for New France, in Henry of Bourbon, who became its protector. Champlain, however, continued to be the moving spring of its life. In order to secure his twofold aim of converting the

Indians, and finding a short passage to China, he needed the profits of the fur-trade, but he did not wish to keep these entirely to himself. He was willing to share them with the traders, and he now offered them a chance of joining the new company. The offer was accepted by the merchants of St. Malo and Rouen, but refused by those of Rochelle, who preferred to take the chances of unlawful trading.

Champlain remained in France until the spring of 1613, the year in which Port Royal was destroyed by Argall the Englishman. Of this, of course, he knew nothing at the time, and, fortunately for Quebec, the destroyer seems not to have heard of the little settlement under this lonely rock of the St. Lawrence.

While his friends in Acadia were meeting with such overwhelming misfortunes, Champlain was ascending the Ottawa on another exploring expedition, to which he was lured by the false report of a young Frenchman who had volunteered to winter with the Indians. This young man brought to France a wonderful story of having ascended a northern river from the interior, and having discovered the shore of the eastern sea. Champlain believed him, and hastened to Canada to follow up the welcome discovery. He, with four Frenchmen and two Indians, set out from Mont Royal in two small canoes, which they dragged with great labor up the foaming rapids near Carillon, and reached the calmer stream which sweeps on between high hills to the present capital of Canada. They lighted their camp-fires at night on the shore, passed the snowy cascade of the Rideau and drew up their canoes below the point

where the great caldron of the Chaudière sends up its clouds of boiling spray. Champlain's Indians did not fail to follow the usual Indian custom of throwing an offering of tobacco into the cataract to please its Manitou or guardian spirit.

Paddling on over Lake Chaudière—obliged to carry their canoes across a portage, where the silvery cascades of the Chats Rapids dashed down among wooded islets—then paddling up Lake Coulonge, they reached at last the settlement of the Ottawa chief Tessouat, with its maize fields and bark wigwams. Here the young Frenchman had spent the winter, and from this point he had set out upon his supposed discovery.

Tessouat hospitably made a feast for Champlain, at which the viands were broiled fish and meat, with a sort of brose made of maize and scraps of meat thrown in.

After the feast, when the pipes were being smoked, Champlain made his request for canoes and guides to follow up the journey of his informant. But he found, to his great vexation, that the young Frenchman's story was a lie, and that he had never gone farther than the settlement of Tessouat. Disappointed and disheartened, Champlain returned to Montreal, attended by a flotilla of Huron canoes; and, magnanimously leaving the deceiver unpunished, he sailed in a trading ship for France.

It was two years before he returned to Canada, bringing with him four Recollet friars, who had answered his appeal for aid in the Mission to New France. They chose a site for their home near the *Habitation* of Champlain, and said the first mass,

with the entire settlement kneeling around them, while a salute of cannon burst forth to honor the occasion. Two of the friars set out to join the Indians in their roving life, living in their filthy and smoky lodges and sharing their privations in the hope of winning them to the true faith. One of them, Le Caron, persevered in braving all the hardships of a winter among them, with this great end in view.

Meantime the Hurons and Algonquins were again begging Champlain for help against the Iroquois. This it seemed necessary to give them, in order to keep them united by a common fear, and under his own influence. They met at Montreal in a great council, and Champlain promised again to join them with his men, while they undertook to muster an army of twenty-five hundred men for the proposed raid on the Iroquois. But when he returned to join them, the whole body of Indians, impatient of the delay, had departed to their homes.

Disgusted with the childish caprice of his Indian allies, Champlain set out once more to explore the region of the Ottawa. He reached the limit of his former journey, and pressed onward, avoiding rapids by portages, paddling on the stream, or forcing his way through the wilderness, till he reached the shore of Lake Nipissing, the country of which he had heard so much. His two Indians had soon devoured all their provisions, and they were obliged then to subsist mainly on blueberries and wild raspberries. But he still kept his steady way westward until, paddling down French River, they came out on the great expanse of Lake Huron. Exploring its shores for a hundred miles, he left his canoes somewhere near

Thunder Bay, and followed an Indian trail through the forest till he met the welcome sight of the broad fields of maize and pumpkins that surrounded the palisaded villages and long bark lodges of the great Huron nation. At one of the largest and most populous of these, surrounded by a triple palisade, thirty-five feet high, he found the Franciscan friar, Le Caron. The missionary had made a little chapel of the bark lodge built for him by the Indians, and in this he taught all who would come to him, and on the arrival of Champlain and his men, he said mass in his bark chapel with much rejoicing.

Champlain soon continued his journey to the capital of the Hurons, Cahiagué, near Lake Simcoe, and then followed the devious chain of lakes and rivers till he came out at last on the shore of Lake Ontario. Crossing it to what is now the American shore, Champlain, with the Huron army which had followed him from Cahiagué, pursued their way into the country of the Iroquois.

An attack on one of their towns, well planned by Champlain, failed through the uncontrollable rashness and stupidity of the undisciplined Indians. Champlain was wounded, and the crestfallen Indians would not renew the attack, but retreated in despondency. They refused to escort Champlain to Quebec and he found himself obliged to spend the winter with them in the country northeast of the present city of Kingston. He joined his hosts in their deer-hunts, and once lost himself in the forests, in which he wandered shelterless for days and nights. He shared their marches through mud and slush, or on snow-shoes through the snow-clad forests. Finally,

he returned to Cahiagué, where the friar, Le Caron, was still working away in his difficult and solitary Mission. Taking him with him, Champlain began the long and circuitous journey homeward, settling a quarrel between the Indians before he left, and exhorting them to keep the peace among themselves, and the alliance with the French, and getting a promise from the Nipissings to guide him to that Northern Sea which he still hoped to reach.

In July, having been absent for a year, he returned to Quebec, accompanied by the chief Durantal, who had been his host. He had been reported dead, and was greeted by the little colony as one they had hardly expected to see again, and with a hospitality and warmth that made him almost forget his long wanderings in the wilderness, and all the toil and privations he had undergone.

This was the last of Champlain's long voyages of discovery. He had penetrated into the depths of the wilderness far beyond where any white man had gone before him, and yet in all his devious wanderings he had never come nearer finding that short passage to India, which had haunted his dreams. He seems to have begun to feel the futility of spending strength and energy on so fruitless a quest, and also the uselessness of wasting his time and risking his life in the skirmishing forays of the savages, which led to no result. He was growing older, too, and perhaps the adventurous forest life that had so fascinated him had somewhat lost its charm. At all events, he now applied his whole strength to fostering the struggling life of his little colony, whose growth was so weak and slow. There was, as yet, only the

first small cluster of buildings at the foot of the cliff, his own *Habitation*, the traders' warehouses and the rude dwelling and chapel of the Recollet friars. But now he built a small fort on the height, behind the present broad Terrace, and around it soon clustered a few buildings and gardens; among these the house and garden of the thrifty colonist, Hébert. The Recollets, too, some years later, built their permanent home of stone — *Notre Dame des Anges* on the winding St. Charles — a mile and a half distant from the fort.

Could Champlain have seen, as in a vision, the stately city that now crowns the promontory, and fills up all the intervening space, he would have taken heart indeed, and felt that his labor had not been in vain. But then the prospect was not hopeful. The population of the settlement numbered only fifty or sixty persons, and these were mainly fur-traders, with a few thriftless hangers-on. The traders were jealous of each other, and of Champlain, and religious dissensions increased the lack of harmony. Still Champlain labored for its advancement with undaunted devotion, going every year to France, to watch over its interests there.

In 1620 he brought his young and beautiful wife to her Canadian home, which, with buildings already falling into ruin, must have seemed cheerless indeed to a young and gentle lady reared in all the luxury of France. She took a warm interest, however, in the Indians, who were so impressed by her beauty and gentleness that they were ready to worship her as a divinity. She lived four years in Canada, finding her chief interest in teaching the squaws and

their children, but she at length followed her own strong desire to return to France, and spend the rest of her life in an Ursuline convent.

So things went on at Quebec, amid troubles from the emigrants, from the traders, and occasionally from the Indians. Even the Montagnais, forgetful of past kindnesses, attempted an attack on the colony, which was quickly frustrated; the Iroquois, with more excuse, assembled in threatening numbers, and even went so far as to make an unsuccessful assault on the Récollet convent, which had happily been fortified.

In 1625 three Jesuit Fathers arrived; the first of the noted order to reach Quebec, where it was long to play an important part. Champlain, three years later, began to re-build the fort, having with difficulty procured from the traders the means of doing so. Besides Quebec, there were now four trading stations: Quebec, Trois Rivières, Place Royale, and the first and most important of all, Tadousac, besides a pasture outpost at Cape Tourmente.

In 1627 the great Richelieu came to the aid of Champlain and New France, by forming the "Company of the Hundred Associates," having sovereign power over the whole of North America, included under the name of New France, with a perpetual monopoly of the fur-trade. The Associates were bound by their contract to increase, by emigration, the population of New France to four thousand persons, and to provide for their maintenance, and give them cleared land on which to settle. They were also to maintain exclusively the Roman Catholic form of religion, and the Huguenots were to be absolutely expelled from the colony. Champlain was one of the

Associates, and their capital amounted to three hundred thousand livres.

No sooner had this company been founded, however, than a similar calamity to that which had destroyed Port Royal, descended upon Quebec. England was as much opposed as ever to sharing with France the North American continent, and just as the famished inhabitants of Quebec were anxiously looking out for a fleet of transports which was to bring them much needed supplies, a fleet of six vessels, under David Kirke, a Dieppe Protestant in English employ, bore down toward Quebec. With dilapidated defenses and an almost empty magazine, resistance seemed hopeless. The French transports were taken by the English ships on their way, and the long-looked-for supplies were seized or sunk in the river. The conquering squadron then sailed home, leaving the colony to a winter of starvation. By spring they had exhausted everything left to them, and were forced to look for wild roots and acorns to satisfy their hunger.

Champlain even thought of making a raid on the Iroquois, to procure food. In July the English vessels returned, and a boat, with a flag of truce, was sent off to demand capitulation. Anything else would have been useless. The English undertook to convey the French to their homes, and very soon the red-cross flag had taken the place of the *Fleur-de-lis* on the scene of Champlain's long and persevering labors. The blow was a heavy one, but even yet he did not give up his enterprise. He sailed with Kirke's squadron for London, where he represented the facts to the French ambassador, who secured

from the English king the restoration of New France to its original possessor, in fulfillment of a treaty made in the previous April.

In 1632 the French Admiral Caen demanded the surrender of Quebec from Thomas Kirke, and the French Lily again floated from the heights in place of the English Cross. In the following spring Champlain resumed command. The remaining two years of his life were quiet and uneventful ; spent in attending to the internal affairs of the colony. Aided by the Jesuit Le Jeune, he maintained an earnest, religious ritual and a strict discipline, which made the colony resemble a great convent. Faithful to his great aim of converting the Indians to Christianity, he sought to win their regard by every possible kindness. But his active life, so devoted to the interests of New France, was almost over now, and on Christmas Day, 1635, all Quebec mourned, with good cause, for the brave leader and true knight who had entered into his well-earned rest.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ADVENTURES OF PÈRE LE JEUNE.

WHEN the brave Champlain died, it seemed at first as if the heart and life of New France were gone. Yet during the months that elapsed before a new governor could succeed him in command, there were still at the little settlement of Quebec some faithful and dauntless souls, to whom the interests of the Canadian Mission were as dear as they had been to the dead governor. These were the Jesuit missionaries, who for some years had been working at Quebec under their devoted and energetic Superior Père Le Jeune.

It has been told, in the story of Champlain, how, some twenty years before his death, four Franciscan friars, belonging to the Reformed Branch of the order called the Récollets, had responded to his appeal on behalf of the ignorant Indian savages; and also how they built for themselves the Convent of *Notre Dame des Anges*, on the bank of the St. Charles; while one of them, Father Le Caron, went far inland on a perilous and toilsome mission to the Hurons. Two more friars followed their brethren to Canada, and these six men labored untiringly until they had established five distinct Indian Missions from Acadia to Lake Huron.

But for such a vast extent of country many more

laborers were needed, and the Récollets applied for help to the strong order of the Jesuits, always ready for the most arduous and perilous undertakings. In 1611 Père Biard the Jesuit had arrived at Port Royal; the first missionary to the Indians who landed on the northern coasts of the continent. One of his companions, Enemond Massé, obliged like him to return home when Port Royal was destroyed, was now sent out again, along with two others, whose names must always live in Canadian history; Jean de Brébeuf and Charles Lallemand. When the three Jesuits landed at Quebec, after a long and tedious voyage, no one welcomed them, and it seemed as if no one wanted them. The traders would have nothing to do with them; the Huguenot commander De Caen naturally dreaded the Jesuits, and in Champlain's absence, would not admit them into the Fort.

The three Récollet Fathers, however, soon appeared in their boats, and took the strangers to their little convent on the St. Charles. And as two more of the order, Noiret and De La Noue, soon after arrived, bringing twenty artisans with them, it was not long before they had an abode of their own. In the following spring Père de Brébeuf and Père de la Noue set out with a party of Indians to visit the country of the Hurons. As Brébeuf was a very tall and large man, the Indians pretended to be afraid to take him into their canoes lest he should upset them, and he had to give them many presents before they would consent. However, he finally induced them to take him, and the two priests succeeded in reaching the country, which afterwards became the scene of Brébeuf's devoted labors and tragic death. They seem

to have spent three years among the Hurons, though but little is known of their Mission at that time.

But the capture of Quebec by David Kirke put an end, for a time, to the Jesuit Mission in New France, and no one seems to have thought again of the conversion of the Indians until the rocky fastness was restored to the French. The French noble who then acted in Paris as Viceroy of New France, belonged to a monkish order, and as his chief desire was the conversion of the Indians, he himself sent out several Jesuits as soon as the French flag again waved over the fort of St. Louis. One of these, Père Le Jeune, was called from his convent at Dieppe to take charge of this great work, in which his zeal, courage and energy made him of signal service. With two other Jesuits, Père de la Noüe and a lay brother named Gilbert, he crossed the stormy ocean, and sailed up the great gulf until he came to an anchorage in the rocky bay of Tadousac. Here Père Le Jeune and his brethren first saw the savages for whose sake they had come so far. They looked, he said, very like masqueraders at a French carnival. Their faces were grotesquely painted in black, red and blue, and they wore no clothing but shaggy bearskins in cold weather. He saw a sample, too, of their savage cruelty, for they were preparing to burn alive some Iroquois prisoners taken in war; nor could all the entreaties of Le Jeune and his companions persuade them to spare more than one of their victims. The sight of these poor creatures, singing and dancing for the amusement of their tormentors, as was the horrible custom among them, would, the good Father said, have "melted a heart of bronze." He



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PÉRE BRÉBEUF'S WANDERINGS IN THE COUNTRY OF THE HURONS.

had come to New France simply in obedience to orders ; but from that time his whole heart was absorbed in seeking the salvation of these wretched savages.

After being storm-tossed in the river, and half-devoured by mosquitoes where he landed, Père Le Jeune arrived at Quebec to behold a scene of desolation. The Habitation was a blackened ruin, and nothing remained of the poor little dwellings, either of the Jesuits or the Récollets, but a heap of overturned stones. Outside the Fort the only building still standing was the substantial stone cottage of Madame Hébert, where the good Fathers said mass, to the great joy of all present.

The Englishmen having departed, in obedience to the demand to surrender, the Fathers returned to their ruined abode, where they found nothing left but two tables. However, they set to work courageously to make it habitable and to cultivate their ravaged fields. They were somewhat cheered by the return of an Indian neighbor whom they had taught to till the ground, and who now declared that he wished to be their brother and live as they did. He brought with them his little boy, whom the missionaries took into their house to teach, along with a little negro whom the English had left with Madame Hébert. Père Le Jeune was so happy with his little scholars, teaching the alphabet to the little Indian on the one side and the negro on the other — though neither one of the three understood the others — that he declared he would not exchange his two dusky pupils for the best audience in France.

Père Le Jeune had further proofs of the confidence

of the savages in their trusting him with some of their valued possessions during his absence. But he felt that he was getting on very slowly with the task of learning their language, and, in order to get nearer to them and to try to talk with them, he set out one day to find a camp of Algonquins who were fishing for eels near Quebec. Lest he should lose his way in the woods, he walked around the foot of the Cape,—“a frightful road,” as he calls it—forcing his way on hands and knees through a narrow passage among the rocks, and dragging down upon himself a fallen tree that nearly swept him into the river. He found the wigwams filled, and surrounded with “an incredible quantity of eels;” nothing else was to be seen. He found a little boy he knew, who invited him into his grandmother’s wigwam. The old squaw gave him four dried eels and cooked them for him on the embers. He sat down to dine with the boy, his mother and grandmother, in their wigwam. After dinner his hosts wiped their fingers on their long hair or that of their dogs; but seeing that Père Le Jeune looked for something else, they kindly gave him some powder made of wood, which they used for scrubbing their children. But Père Le Jeune did not succeed well in his attempts to talk to them; and he felt that to try to learn the language in this way would involve so great a loss of time that he must seek some other expedient.

It was not easy to find an interpreter, for the French, who knew the Algonquin language, did not care to help the Jesuits. But there was a worthless Indian named Pierre, hanging about the Fort, who had been taken by the Récollets to France and had there been

baptized. On his return to Canada, however, he had gone back to his old habits, had quarrelled with the French Commandant, and had come to beg food and shelter at the convent. He spoke both good French and good Indian, and Père Le Jeune welcomed him as a gift from Heaven, and induced him to teach him the Algonquin tongue. Some of his kind friends in France had given him a donation of tobacco, and this he found of great use in keeping his teacher attentive and in good humor through the tedious lesson. He found the language difficult, because so different from his own, yet rich in words so far as it went. The father of his Indian pupil had built a hut on the ruins of the Récollet Convent, and was anxious that the good Father should learn his language soon, so as to be able to instruct him in the religion he had come to teach.

Meantime the winter came on, the cold grew intense, the river froze into a solid highway, and the little convent was half buried in snow-drifts. A narrow path to it was cleared, day by day, and the solid white wall of snow rose two feet above its eaves. Père Le Jeune found his ink frozen even near the great fire of logs that blazed in the wide chimney, and he had to keep a little fire of charcoal by his desk to thaw it. At night, as the two Fathers sat by their blazing pine-knots, they would hear the trees cracking in the intense cold like pistol shots. By day the bright winter sunshine struggled through the frost-crusted panes while Père Le Jeune wrote his "Relations" or learned from the lazy Pierre the grammar and vocabulary of the strange Indian tongue. The Fathers practised walking on snow-shoes, making

the Indians at first laugh at their falls, but soon learning to use them skillfully, and even to slide down the hills, changing their black robes to white ones in the descent. One of the hunting parties which sometimes passed, invited Père de la Noue to go to Cape Tourmente to partake of their game. He went to please them, but after three weeks was brought back on a sledge, half-dead with cold and unwonted privation. "Not two priests in a hundred," wrote Père Le Jeune, "could stand this winter life with the Indians." He himself proved to be one of the few who could.

Two more Indian children had been brought to him to teach, and whenever a wandering band approached, he would ring a bell to attract the children. His capricious teacher Pierre had departed to join his friends in their hunting, having previously run away to avoid the Lenten fast, and returned after two days of absolute starvation. He had been a rather unsatisfactory instructor, for he would not teach except when in the humor for it. But Père Le Jeune had collected into a little dictionary all the Algonquin words he could hear of; and when he had mustered about twenty pupils, he wrote out a little lesson-book for them in their own language, which he found they could easily understand. He gathered in every day all the children who would come, and taught them the Creed, the Lord's Prayer and his little catechism; rewarding them for their diligence with a porringer of boiled peas. It gave him great delight to hear them saying or singing these lessons as they ran about in the woods, and to know that they used to repeat them also to their mothers at home.

The good Fathers had much reason to rejoice when the warm spring days melted the snow from the mountains, and budding trees and opening flowers greeted their gladdened eyes. But it was a still more joyful day when the cannon booming from the fort told them the good news that Champlain had arrived from France ; and even more so when the tall familiar figure of Père Brébeuf appeared at their door. This brave man had come back to the scene of his former labors as full of ardent zeal for the souls of the poor Indians as Père Le Jeune himself. There was a joyful meeting ; and very soon Father Massé, and two new laborers, Daniel and Davost, were added to the little family at *Notre Dame des Anges*. And so many kind letters and tokens of remembrance had come for the good Fathers in their Canadian exile, that Père Le Jeune's gratitude overflowed in the pious exclamation, "What shall I render to the Lord for his gifts to me ?"

For some time longer the Fathers all lived together in the little Mission House, tilling their fields and teaching and baptizing as they had opportunity. Père Massé was called the "Useful Father," because he took charge of the cows and pigs of the Mission. Père de la Noue overlooked the laborers employed in field work, and had no easy task, for the men were often discontented in this strange land. But all the while the great work for which they had come was their chief thought by day and night. For it they were determined to live or die, as God pleased.

It seemed to them that the only way in which they could do much to convert the Indians would be by going to live among them ; and this both Père Brébeuf

and Père Le Jeune were most anxious to do. Père Brébeuf's desire was to go back to the Hurons in the West, among whom he had formerly labored; and Champlain endeavored to arrange for his going thither. When the canoe fleet of the Hurons came down in July on their annual visit for council, trade, barter and feasting, Champlain introduced to the assembled chiefs the three Jesuits Brébeuf, Daniel and Davost, telling them that these men were not going among them for their furs, but had left their own country out of love for them, in order to show them the way to Heaven.

The Indians welcomed them heartily, and the Fathers prepared for their journey. But at the last moment there arose an unforeseen difficulty in consequence of a trouble that existed between the French and the Indians. An Algonquin who lived on the Ottawa River had murdered a Frenchman, and as Champlain would not accede to the Indians' petition for his release, it was thought safer to defer Père Brébeuf's journey till another season.

The next October, however, Père Le Jeune left his beloved little Mission House, and joining a party of Algonquins, agreed to share their wild roving life for a whole winter. It was a beautiful bright day in October, and the sun was shining softly on woods dyed with rich autumn tints, when Père Le Jeune set out in his skiff, following the canoes of his dusky companions. He was supplied with a little store of provisions — biscuit, flour, corn, prunes and turnips; and against his own judgment, he was persuaded to take also a little keg of wine, which the Indians faithfully promised not to touch. The leader of the band

was Mestigoit, brother of Pierre, who himself was one of the party, as was also his half insane brother, called by Père Le Jeune, "the Sorcerer," because of his pretensions to magical power.

The affectionate adieus were said on the shore, Champlain charging Mestigoit to protect the good Father. The chief replied that if Père Le Jeune should die, he would die, too, and never be seen there again. The canoes, carrying in all about twenty men, women and children, glided down past the glowing island of Orleans and were beached for the night on a small island below, for which the Indians had a long name, and which in the soft autumn sunset, Père Le Jeune admired very much. The squaws, as usual, began to cut poles for their wigwams, and cover them with the great sheets of birch bark which they carried with them, while the men went to look for game for their supper. While all were busy, the graceless Pierre stole back to the boats, and helped himself liberally from Père Le Jeune's little keg of wine, which set his Indian blood on fire, and sent him back to the camp a raging maniac. He tried to pull down the half-built wigwams, and so terrified the squaws that they fled in dismay, the frantic Pierre being only stopped in his career of mischief by a *douche* from a kettle of boiling water which he was trying to overturn.

Poor Père Le Jeune was glad to retreat to a quiet place in the woods for his evening devotions, and there a kindly squaw made him a bed of leaves and gave him a coverlet of bark. It was a novel experience, but he found that although, as he said, "his bed had not been made up since the creation of the world,

it was not at all impossible to sleep well upon it." Next day he would have thrown the keg into the sea; but his host begged him to refrain, promising that no one should touch it, and the Father prudently used it himself, lest the Indians should become intoxicated while on the river, and so come into peril of their lives.

This beginning was a foretaste of what Père Le Jeune had to expect in his wandering life with these wild and childish savages. For some weeks they paddled from one island to another in search of game—the one object of their lives. Once they were imprisoned by storms on a bleak little islet, where they could scarcely find poles enough to build their wigwam, and where they had nothing to eat except a little biscuit that the good Father gave them from his little store, and nothing to drink—for the river was salt there—except the rain-water they found in the clefts of the rocks, which the good Father drank with as much relish as he would have taken the best wine in France. At last, in November, the Indians beached their canoes on an island, and waded across the flats to the south shore. Then began a five months' dreary tramp through a wild and mountainous country that was soon enwrapped in snow; up rugged hillsides and down into deep valleys, through dense forests, blocked with fallen trees, across morasses and mountain-torrents and over lakes and rivers—all speedily encased in solid sheets of ice.

The Indians, now numbering about forty-five, would encamp for a few days, and then tramp over the snow to another stopping place, Père Le Jeune trudging

on with them, laden like the rest. Sometimes they drew their game and other burdens on long narrow sleds called tobogans, but usually all carried as much as they could bear, as they plodded on through the dense, tangled forest. As soon as they arrived at a camping place, the men set to work to dig out a clear spot in the snow. This would give them pure white walls of solid snow, four or five feet thick. The squaws cut their poles which were then stuck fast in the snow, drawn together at the top, and covered with the rolls of birch bark. A skin was hung across the opening left for a door; the floor and walls were lined with spruce or hemlock boughs and twigs, and the wigwam was ready for use. Then a fire was lighted in the center, at which they cooked their game, when they had any, and melted snow for water, while they reposed on the rough carpeting of spruce or hemlock that served them for beds by night.

Père Le Jeune did not find the atmosphere of the wigwam much pleasanter than the bitter cold without. The big fire almost roasted his feet, while the piercing cold air streamed through the crevices in the birch bark, and at night his head rested almost entirely on the snow, while through the opening above him he could watch the stars almost as well as in the open air. The dogs which slept in the wigwam with their masters, scrambled over him in their search for a bone or a resting-place; but as he had no blankets, he was often glad of the warmth they afforded him. The smoke was his greatest trouble. It was often so dense that he had to lie on his back for hours, in order to breathe. It made eyes, nostrils and throat smart severely, and when he tried to read

his breviary, it seemed written in letters of blood. Yet if he sought refuge without, the freezing cold soon drove him in again to his wretched shelter.

But worst of all Père Le Jeune's trials, was the conduct of the renegade Pierre and his mad brother, "the Sorcerer." Pierre was a miserable coward, too weak to oppose his brother, and he would not even act as interpreter when the Father wished to say anything that the "Sorcerer" might dislike. This madman had great influence over the Indians, and kept them from listening to Père Le Jeune; for he knew very well that if they should believe what the Father taught them, he could no longer deceive them. So he did all he could to set them against Père Le Jeune, and tormented him greatly by his frightful yells and incantations, used as a charm against a chronic disease. Père Le Jeune was himself prostrated by severe illness, and the incessant and deafening shouts of the wretched maniac made sleep impossible, until, worn out with fatigue, exposure and scanty food, it seemed as though he must die.

The difficulty of procuring food was greatest in the early days of the winter, when there was not yet sufficient snow to enable the Indians to hunt the moose on snowshoes, while the beaver on which they mainly depended, was exceedingly scarce. It often happened that the party had but one meal in two days, and as Père Le Jeune had long since shared with them his little stock of provisions, he fared no better than did the rest. Once he lost his way, and when he found the camp at last, after long wanderings, he got for supper a little melted snow. But his sorest trouble was that he could scarcely induce them to

listen to the Gospel which he had come so far to bring to them.

On Christmas Eve, 1633, the company of dusky wanderers, wrapped in their furs and deerskins, accompanied by Père Le Jeune in his long black cassock and wide, looped hat, halted about sunset, and prepared to encamp. The men, when they had cleared the space for the wigwam, went to look for game, while the squaws prepared the wigwam. Père Le Jeune, weary as he was, was fain to warm himself by helping with his benumbed hands to *dresser la cabane*. Ere the two huts were completed, the orange tints of sunset that gleamed through the bare trees faded into purple twilight, while the diamond points of the stars began to sparkle through the clear air. All were glad when the big fire was lighted and diffused its genial warmth through the spruce-carpeted wigwam, though the cold blasts still found their easy way through the bearskin curtain and the crevices in the walls.

But when the hunters came in, they brought only a porcupine and a hare; a scanty meal for so many. Père Le Jeune had learned by this time to "suffer want," and as he took a quiet walk through the lonely forest, lighted only by the stars and the quivering white radiance of the Aurora, he thought of the manger at Bethlehem, and counted it a privilege to share the lot of Him who came "to seek and save the lost." And the same thought cheered him as he lay down on his rude couch of spruce boughs and felt the dumb creatures that shared his lodging, scrambling over him as he tried to sleep.

As Père Le Jeune and the other sleepers awoke

on Christmas morning, there was little prospect of Christmas cheer for any of them. Every morsel of the porcupine and hare had been devoured the evening before; even the bones had been eagerly gnawed by the hungry dogs. Little hope, too, had the despondent hunters of finding another, as with sad and haggard faces, they looked wistfully at their almost useless bows and arrows, so scarce was the game on that much hunted ground. The emaciated squaws soothed the poor infants who, on the whole, bore the cravings of hunger with a grave endurance worthy of little "braves," and the children would even forget their misery for a little in their favorite game of "hide and seek," or catching balls made of pine twigs, on crooked sticks. The good Father's heart was sore and full of compassion for the hungry band, and as he repeated his *pater noster*, he put even a warmer fervor than usual into the petition, "Give us this day our daily bread." He would fain have persuaded them to join him in the prayer, but his knowledge of their language was still very imperfect, and Pierre, his only interpreter, had become, as it seemed to him, "possessed by a dumb spirit." At least, however, he could pray for them to Him to whom all human needs may be freely brought; and having thus somewhat eased his mind, he made his Christmas dinner of the buds of trees and some strips of deerskin, such as the Indians use for the ties of their snowshoes, which had been thrown to the hungry dogs. And instead of complaining, he ate it with a thankful heart, and pronounced it "good."

No more dinner or supper was he destined to get on that Christmas day. In the evening he visited

the neighboring "*cabane*," and found the prospect as gloomy as in his own. Two young hunters, who had returned from the chase empty handed, were sitting in silent dejection, brooding over the imminent prospect of starvation. The tender-hearted Father was deeply touched by their despair. He offered such comfort and hope as he could express in their language, and went back to his own hut to pray.

There Pierre asked him what day it was.

"To-day is the festival of Christmas," replied Père Le Jeune.

Pierre, who had never quite lost the influence of his Christian teaching, seemed moved, and explained to his brother, the Sorcerer, that it was "the day on which was born the Son of God, called Jesus."

Remarking the Indian's surprise, Père Le Jeune took the opportunity to speak of the goodness of God and his willingness to succor those who go to him in their need. For once in a long time, Pierre offered no taunt or contradiction. Seizing the propitious moment, Père Le Jeune asked his capricious interpreter to translate for him two short prayers to be said by and for the Indians. Pierre seemed ready to seize on any hope of relief, and he forthwith translated the prayers which the Father composed, and promised to act as his interpreter on the morrow.

Next morning, full of renewed hope, Père Le Jeune set to work to prepare, with such materials as he had at hand, a little oratory in the wigwam, after the fashion to which he had been accustomed and which he thought would most impress the savages. Then he called the little company together and addressed

them as best he could in their own tongue, helped out by Pierre, to whose interpreting he did not care to trust entirely. Under these difficulties, he told his hearers that their extremity made him speak ; that it would be their own fault if they were not succored ; that God is goodness itself ; that nothing is impossible to him ; that even though they had despised him, yet if they would now believe and trust in him with true hearts, he would show them his mercy still. The starving men and women, despairing of human help, showed great gladness at his words, and promised to follow his direction ; whereupon he produced the manuscript of his translated prayers, and asked them first reverently to join in his prayer for them. It was as follows :

“ My Lord, who hast made all, who seest all, and who knowest all, have mercy upon us. Oh, Jesus, Son of the Almighty, who hast taken human flesh for us, who art born for us of a virgin, who hast died for us, who hast promised that if we ask anything in Thy name, Thou wilt do it — I pray Thee with all my heart to give food to this poor people, who will believe in Thee and who will obey Thee ; this people promises Thee faithfully that they will trust Thee entirely and will obey Thee with all their heart. My Lord, hear my prayer ; I present Thee my life for this people, most willing to die that they may live, and that they may know Thee. Amen.”

As Père Le Jeune pronounced the last sentence, his host stopped him with the words, “ Take that back, for we all love thee, and desire not that thou should’st die.”

“ I want to show you,” replied the Father, “ that I

love you, and that I would willingly give my life for your salvation ; so great a thing is it to be saved !”

Then joining their hands and again raising them toward Heaven, the Indians repeated after him the second prayer, in which they solemnly vowed that if God would give them food in their extremity, they would obey and serve, for evermore, Him who has given his life for them.

After this prayer, in which even the “Apostate” and the “Sorcerer” appeared to join, Père Le Jeune bade them now go forth to the chase with confident hope, which they immediately did with eager alacrity and brightened faces.

The good Father’s faith was rewarded. Several beaver were very soon secured from a beaver-dam which had previously been abandoned in despair and Père Le Jeune himself witnessed the capture of one with his own eyes, when later in the day he went to see how they sped. The “Sorcerer” was fortunate enough to take a porcupine. Even a moose, an unexpected capture in so slight a depth of snow, was brought in triumph to the camp. When the hunters brought in their game, the glad-hearted Père Le Jeune awaited his host with outstretched hand, and rejoiced to hear him acknowledge the help of God, and ask what they must now do.

“*Nicanis*” (my beloved), he replied, “we must thank God who has helped us.”

“And wherefore indeed?” exclaimed the incorrigible Pierre. “We should have found this well enough without his help !”

No wonder that Père Le Jeune felt this profane speech like a poniard-stroke. He feared it would

undo all his labor. However, his host still desired to do his duty, and Père Le Jeune was ready when the feast was prepared to offer thanks duly in the name of ail for the good gifts God had sent them. But the renegade Pierre, angry at having himself caught nothing, rudely interrupted the good Father and commanded him to be silent.

“I will not,” replied Père Le Jeune. “If you are ungrateful, the others are not.”

Pierre’s interruption would not have mattered much, but his brother the “Sorcerer,” now freed from his dread of perishing and jealous for his own influence, forgetful of all his recent vows, insolently exclaimed :

“Be quiet ! Thou art a fool ! This is not the time to talk, but to eat !”

The grieved Father asked him if he had no eyes ; if he could not see the good hand of God. But he would hear nothing, and the others, too submissive to his opposition, did not dare to speak. So the feast was distributed without any thanksgiving, and, like ravenous animals, the savages began their meal.

It was a bitter disappointment to Père Le Jeune. “They are filled with contentment, I with sadness,” he wrote. Yet with Christian resignation and patience he added : “We must leave it to the will of God. This people’s time is not yet come !”

Such was Père Le Jeune’s life among these miserable savages during that dreary winter. Again and again starvation stared them in the face ; for the uncertainties of their wandering life made existence so precarious that it frequently became, in their eyes, a necessity to kill their aged and helpless relatives, whom it was so difficult to transport and to feed.

With joy Père Le Jeune saw the days lengthening and felt the softness of the air that heralded the coming spring. Early in April, after five months of this wild roaming life in the wilderness, the whole party arrived at the shore of the St. Lawrence, and reached the island where they had left their canoes. Père Le Jeune was by this time ill from exhaustion, but his host Mestigoit took him in his own canoe to Quebec. It was midnight when they left the island of Orleans on their last stage by moonlight, and they had to make their way to land among cakes of floating ice, at the risk of their lives. At last, with the help of his Indian friend Mestigoit, the good Father was safely landed on the ice, and gladly made his way to the Mission House, which he reached about three in the morning. He received a most joyful welcome from the brethren who had been feeling great anxiety for his welfare, and *Notre Dame des Anges* seemed to the weary wayfarer "full of peace and benediction." Champlain, who was then living, speedily testified his affection for the good Father by sending to inquire for his health.

Père Le Jeune did not again try the experiment of wintering among these roving Indians. He saw that but little was to be gained in this way, and that the only means of Christianizing these low and scattered savages, would be to establish schools for the education of their children. He attained some success in this work, with the aid of certain noble Christian women, who left their homes and convents in France for the sake of uplifting these poor Indians. In the little old church of *Notre Dame des Recouvrances*, still standing in Quebec as a memorial of those days of peril

and deliverance, Champlain's successor, Montmagny, with his suite, would sometimes be present to hear Père Le Jeune's Indian children repeat the Creed and Catechism and receive the rewards that delighted their parents no less than themselves. But the Mission of which he was the director, was in the meantime extending its labors and expending its main strength hundreds of miles away to the southward.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MARTYRS OF THE HURON MISSION.

THE same Christian devotion which sent Père Le Jeune to share the privations of the Indians' wandering winter life, inspired with equal heroism the other laborers of the Canadian Mission. Many hearts in France had been stirred with profound pity for the misery and degradation of the Indians as described in the "Relations" or letters sent home by Père Le Jeune and the other pioneers of the Mission. The dangers to be dared only kindled a warmer zeal in those who aspired even to the crown of martyrdom, and for whom death had no terrors.

The new order of the Jesuits was still foremost in its zeal and sent forth one devoted laborer after another, ready to dare all the perils and sufferings of the wilderness. Not only strong men trained by stern discipline to courage and endurance, but delicate ladies of gentle birth and nature, as well as humble *religieuses*, were ready to face any danger for the great end of saving these miserable souls. Madame de la Peltrie and Marie de l'Incarnation were leaders of the band of *religieuses* who came to establish hospitals for the sick and schools for the little Indian children. Knights and noble ladies, as well as rich merchants and tradesmen, gave liberal donations to support the work. But the Mission to

the Hurons, in the southwest extremity of Canada, was the great undertaking and the main center of interest. Its history is as full of adventure, heroism and tragedy as any that has come down to us from "the brave days of old."

The names of the Christian heroes who then threw their hearts and lives into the work of carrying light into the gross darkness of a fierce savage life, deserve to be remembered long and kindly in Canadian history. Brébeuf, Garnier, Chaumonot, Jogues, Lallemand, Daniel, Davost, Chabanel, Le Mercier, Chatellain, Pijart, Ragueneau, Du Peron, Poncet, Le Moyne, Druilletes, are all names that rank high among the missionary martyrs of the world.

Jean de Brébeuf, the lion-hearted leader of the Huron Mission, came of a noble stock—said to be the same with that of the English Arundels—and was cast, physically and mentally, in a heroic mould. Tall, strongly built and strong-willed, he was also daring, ardent and enthusiastic, as well as prudent and full of resource. More than once his fearless firmness turned aside the rage and prejudice of the Hurons and saved the lives of the missionaries. Jogues, Garnier and Lallemand were of a more delicate and gentle type, but their faith made their spirits strong to endure heroically suffering and death. Chaumonot was of humble origin, but had been sent to be educated by an uncle who was a priest, from whom he had run away in order to learn music. After a few years of a wild, roving life, he was rescued from ruin by a young Christian physician, and, in his deep penitence, he became a Jesuit and devoted himself to the Canadian Mission. Cha-

banel was a fastidious student, and the discomforts which beset him in his life among the Indians were a severe trial to him. As he was haunted by a desire to return to France, he bound himself by a vow to remain in the Canadian Mission till the day of his death. All were animated by the same spirit, and no braver band of heroes has ever been celebrated in song or story.

In the summer before Père Le Jeune set out on his dreary winter wanderings, three of the band—Brébeuf, Daniel and Davost, were all ready to go back with the returning canoes of the Huron traders. But as has been already told, an unexpected difficulty with the Indians prevented their setting out. The next summer the Hurons were few in number, and depressed by losses by war and pestilence. With much difficulty they were persuaded to take with them the three missionaries, who set out on their toilsome journey of nearly a thousand miles amid affectionate farewells and a salute from the French fleet.

The journey, summer though it was, proved no holiday trip. The missionaries, like the Hurons, had to crouch barefoot in the canoes beside the Indians who took them as passengers, and help as they best could to paddle the frail barks. The canoes in which they embarked were soon far apart, and each saw about him only the dusky, long-haired and taciturn savages, who were all depressed and despondent. Brébeuf alone knew enough Huron to exchange a few words with his boatman. The only food to be had was maize, crushed between two stones and mixed with water.

As it was impossible to paddle up the rapids of the Ottawa, it was necessary to carry the canoes and baggage through the tangled forest for long distances; and of these portages Brébeuf counted thirty-five. Often too they had to stem the strong current by wading along, dragging or pushing up their empty canoes. Brébeuf tried to do his share; but the sharp stones cut his feet so severely that even he nearly gave out under the unused toil. They had no time to read their breviaries except at night by the summer moonlight, or the blaze of the camp-fire. Davost fared worst, his boatman robbing him of much of his baggage, throwing part into the river, including the books and writing materials of the party, and then leaving him at Allumette Island, on the Ottawa, from whence he at last made his way to the country of the Hurons. Daniel was deserted by his boatman also, but finally found another willing to take him in; their two young French attendants fared little better.

At last, after a canoe-journey of thirty days from Three Rivers, Brébeuf landed once more on the shore of the Georgian Bay of Lake Huron. As they landed his Indian companions threw his luggage on the ground, and without heeding his remonstrances, darted off to their villages, some twenty miles distant. Brébeuf, nevertheless, did not forget to kneel in grateful thanksgiving for having been safely brought to his journey's end. Then, leaving his luggage on shore, he went to look for the villages in which he had formerly preached, near Thunder Bay, where he had landed. He found that one he knew best had been deserted and burned, after its

inhabitants had murdered Etienne Brulé, Champlain's interpreter. Walking on farther, he reached the bark lodges of Ihonatiria, where the people came out to meet him with the joyous cry, "Echom has come again!" Several of the young men went to help him to bring his luggage, and he was hospitably entertained in the large lodge of the chief man of the village, anxiously awaiting the arrival of his comrades. At last, one by one, weary and exhausted, the four Frenchmen found their way to Ihonatiria, where the reunited band prepared to organize their Mission.

They decided to remain where they were, for the present, and the Indians turned out to help them put up the Mission House. It was built, like the Indian lodges, of poles and birch bark, thirty-six feet by twenty in size. It was divided into three apartments, two for the missionaries' domestic needs, and one fitted up as a chapel. Their beds were skins laid on the ground, and their furniture consisted of stools made by themselves, a mortar, a hand-mill and a clock, which last was a source of great wonder to the Indians. As the Fathers wished to be sometimes left alone, they taught the Indians that when the clock struck twelve times, it said, "Hang on the kettle," and then the Indians were always welcome to share their frugal meal, but that when it struck four times, it said, "Get up and go home." After that time the Mission House was closed, and the missionaries spent the rest of the day in consultation and in carefully studying the Huron language.

They took every means of showing their friendli-

ness to the Indians, and advised them how to defend themselves from the crafty Iroquois. They taught all as they had an opportunity, and collected the children for regular lessons, when Père Brébeuf wore his cap and surplice, to make the occasion more impressive. The Indians made no opposition, saying that it was a very good religion for the French, but they were not willing to accept it themselves and receive baptism. The Fathers, however, seized every opportunity of baptizing dying infants, believing that thus they insured their salvation.

The savages had strange feasts and rites of their own, conducted by their "medicine-men," and the Fathers had to look on and listen to superstitious orgies which they could not prevent. The childish superstition of the Indians sometimes threatened the destruction of the sacred symbols of the Christian faith, but the missionaries themselves soon won their love and reverence, and chiefs of distant villages would come to beg them to take up their abode with them.

Two more missionaries, Pijart and Mercier, arrived in 1635. Next year came Jogues, Garnier and Chataillain, who crossed on the way Daniel and Davost, going down to Quebec to carry out a long-cherished project of founding there a seminary for the Huron children.

A contagious fever prostrated the new-comers, and scarcely had they recovered when a protracted season of trial began. The pestilence which had formerly made such ravages among the Indians now broke out afresh, and with it came the new plague of small-pox. This terrible disease continued un-

abated during the autumn and winter, carrying off numbers of men, women and children. The good Fathers were untiring in their devotion, ministering to the sick as well as their limited resources would permit, baptizing the dying when they could, and trying to relieve the general dejection and the despair of the sufferers by the hope of a better life beyond the grave.

The people of a neighboring village, after vain attempts by the rites of the "medicine-men" to drive away the evil spirits which they supposed to cause the disease, at last called the Jesuits to come and tell the terror-stricken people what they must do that God might take pity on them. Brébeuf briefly replied that they must believe in God and keep his commandments, giving up all wicked and superstitious customs, and vow that, if God would deliver them, they would build a chapel for thanksgiving and praise.

Suffering and despairing as they were, most of the savages would not pledge themselves to such a change as this. The men of a village called Ossosané, agreed, however, to even these terms, and proclaimed by the voice of one of their chief sorcerers, that the God of the French was their God, and that all must live according to his will.

The joy felt by the Fathers at this profession was soon damped by the arrival of a noted sorcerer, who quickly established the power of his superstitious rites over the ignorant savages. A new mission station was, however, founded at this village, called by the French Rochelle, beside a fort which had been built there. The people willingly

built a spacious abode for the missionaries, in which the Fathers settled down in such comfort as was possible in the always smoky wigwam. Their arrangements were simple enough. Each had his wooden platter on which he ate the "sagamite" or "mush" of Indian corn boiled with scraps of fish and cooked in their gypsy kettle slung over the fire, varied occasionally by a pumpkin or squash. At certain hours they admitted the Indians to sit and smoke by their fire, teaching them when they could induce them to listen. The rest of their time was occupied by study and devotion. Half of their house was fitted up as a chapel, with such pictures and decorations as they had managed to carry even into this wilderness. These greatly impressed the Indians, and the report of their beauty drew crowds from distant villages to see for themselves. And here, with all due ceremony and thanksgiving, was baptized the first Huron convert to the Christian faith.

But even while the missionaries were rejoicing over the first fruits of their labors, a new trouble arose. A rumor spread through the Huron country that these strange black-robed pale-faces were magicians, who had bewitched the nation and caused the fatal plague. Everything about the mission houses was supposed to have a malign influence, and the Jesuits even had to stop their clock, which was supposed to be a signal of death. The chanted litanies were supposed to be magical incantations. Suspicion and hatred took the place of friendliness and affection, though the missionaries were protected from violence by the feeling of awe with which they inspired the Indians. They continued indefatigable

in their labors of love, finding their way in spite of every threat and repulse to the beds of the sick and dying.

At last a great council was called at which the Jesuits were formally charged with having caused the frightful malady. Père Brébeuf repelled the charge and exhorted the assembly to obey the true God, but with little effect. The lives of the Jesuits were threatened, their houses set on fire and death seemed imminent. In this emergency they gave a farewell feast, as was customary for those about to die, and Brébeuf made an impressive oration. His undaunted boldness won the savages' respect and turned the tide of feeling so as to save the lives of the missionaries, though it did not stop the persecution to which they were still subjected.

Three more missionaries, Du Peron, Lallemand and Le Moyne, arrived at Ossossané in 1638, after a long and exhausting journey. Twelve laborers were brought from Quebec to build a wooden chapel, where in the cold winter days fires always burning made it a comfortable retreat for the half-clad Indians. Notwithstanding all the difficulties and discouragements that the missionaries had encountered, there was now a little band of sixty converts, who came to mass on Sundays, often from great distances. They were obliged to renounce all superstitious rites and conform to the rules of Christian morality, but were treated by the missionaries with the gentleness, kindness and patience that they showed to all the savages. The Hurons did not lack intelligence; but pride, laziness and sensuality were great difficulties in the way of their conversion and their constancy.

The original Mission of St. Joseph, as it was called, had been removed from Ihonatiria, desolated by the pestilence, to a larger village near the southern boundary. But in 1639 the whole mission force was collected at the strong central mission station called Sainte Marie, situated on the River Wye near its outflow into Lake Huron. Here the Jesuits had their residence, school, convent, hospital and fort, and from this center they could make their missionary tours to remoter regions. They had given the names of Saints to the Huron towns, which were divided into four districts, with the Tobacco Nation for a fifth, each district being put under the charge of two or more of the missionaries. The fierce Tobacco Nation lived two days' journey from the Hurons, among the hills at the head of Nottawasaga Bay. Thither in mid-winter went Jogues and Garnier to visit their wretched little villages. But the evil report of sorcery had gone before them and they were met with scorn, threats and abuse, narrowly escaping in the darkness from the hatchets of the young "braves."

Undaunted by this experiment, Père Brébeuf set out the next November, accompanied by Chaumonot, on a still more perilous undertaking — a mission to the Neutral Nation. These Indians lived to the north of Lake Erie, extending to the American side of the Niagara River; and in size, ferocity and superstition were pre-eminent among the North American savages. The two missionaries, after five days' weary wandering through the forest, visited nineteen of their towns and villages, encountering hatred and persecution, which had been instigated by some of

the Hurons, who were themselves restrained from violence only by fear of the French. But an unseen hand seemed to protect the devoted Fathers when, time after time, they were about to fall victims to the ignorant enmity of the fierce savages.

Brébeuf, being supposed to be the chief "sorcerer," was the chief object of hatred. As he went on his way, half-perishing with cold and starvation, he seemed to see in a vision a great cross — the omen of martyrdom — slowly advancing through the air from the eastward wilderness, where dwelt the dreaded and relentless Iroquois. But one gleam of human kindness lighted up the dreary pilgrimage, and that came from a woman. A kindly squaw took the starving pilgrims into her lodge, and persuaded her relatives to stand by them, entertaining them hospitably for a fortnight, and helping them to form a vocabulary of the Huron tongue. They did all that man could do to carry light to the fierce tribe, and the snows were melting away under the spring sun before they found their way back at last to their brethren at Sainte Marie.

In the following summer [1640], the indefatigable Isaac Jogues made his way with Charles Raymbaut to Lake Superior and the Sault Sainte Marie, preaching to two thousand Ojibways and other Algonquins. In the next year he went with some Huron canoes down to Quebec and Three Rivers, to get a supply of articles needed at the Mission. He was returning with two young lay brothers, named Goupil and Couture, when, amid the islands of Lake St. Peter, the war whoop of the Iroquois suddenly rose out of the rushes that fringed the wooded shore, and immediately the

hostile canoes closed round them. The Frenchmen and the Christian Hurons attempted resistance, but were soon overpowered. Goupil was seized by the yelling assailants, and Jogues and Couture, who might have escaped, would not desert their comrade. They were carried off with the other captives, and treated with all the cruel ferocity usual in Indian warfare, while they were dragged, along with their captors, to the River Richelieu and Lake Champlain.

Bleeding, bruised and exhausted, Isaac Jogues and his companions were the first white men to behold the picturesque beauty of Lake George, which might have been more fitly called Lake Jogues. Moving on, the savage troop crossed the Hudson to their home, a palisaded Mohawk town. There still more frightful sufferings awaited the exhausted captives. Couture, after being fiendishly tortured, was adopted into an Iroquois family in place of a dead relative; but Goupil, who had been teaching the children to make the sign of the cross, was supposed to be bewitching them, and was tomahawked by two young Indians while walking with Jogues in the forest. The latter mourned bitterly for his friend, and would have buried him with his own mutilated hands, but was deprived of even this consolation. He would have welcomed the death he hourly expected, but it came not.

He was taken by a party of Iroquois on their yearly hunting expedition, and treated by them as a slave, performing menial tasks, and suffering from cold and hunger. For as they had devoted all the game taken in hunting to one of their heathen deities, and ate it in his honor, Jogues refused to touch it. At

one point alone his submission ceased. When the savages sneered at his faith or his God, the solitary prisoner, like another Paul, would sternly rebuke his masters. Having no quiet in the hunters' wigwam, he made an oratory for himself in the forest. Cutting the bark off a great tree in the form of a cross, he retreated thither to kneel at prayer in the snow; with the solemn pines around him, as true a sanctuary as any vaulted cathedral; and the God to whom he prayed strengthened and upheld his servant.

Before spring he was sent back to the village, where he taught and baptized as he had opportunity, till he accompanied his host to a lake at some distance for spring fishing. Meantime war parties were constantly going out to attack the Algonquins and the French, placing Jogues in a painful position. If they were defeated his life was in peril from their rage; if victorious, he was forced to witness the tortures of the French that the Hurons brought back prisoners. This miserable life had lasted nearly a year, when he visited with some of the Indian traders the Dutch settlement at Fort Orange. Here one of the leading settlers offered him a chance of escape. He took a night to consider whether he ought to go, though he knew that the Iroquois who had lately suffered defeat were enraged against him for having warned his French friends as to their treacherous designs, and that they were almost certain to kill him on his return. Still, he might be spared if he stayed, and might yet be able to rescue some souls from perdition. He decided, however, that it was his duty to take the offer of escape. He succeeded in stealing away at night from the Dutch farmhouse

or barn in which he and the Indians were lodged, and reached the vessel with some difficulty in a boat left for him on the shore, not without a severe wound in the leg from the teeth of a watchful dog. The Indians, however, were determined to find him if possible, and came out to search the vessel, frightening the officers so much that they sent the fugitive to a hiding-place on shore, where he remained six weeks half starved, and suffering from his wounded leg, in the garret of a miserly old Dutch trader where he kept his goods and where the partition of his hiding-place was so thin that the Indians might easily have seen him as they came for traffic. While thus imprisoned, the Dutch minister, Megapolensis, kindly visited and ministered to his fellow missionary, whom, notwithstanding difference of creed, he liked much and found "a very learned scholar."

At last the Indians were prevailed on to accept a ransom, and Jogues was sent on in a small vessel to Manhattan, now New York, where he was kindly received by the Dutch, who named in his honor one of the islands in the harbor. Manhattan, like Quebec, was only a straggling village protected by a primitive and now dilapidated fort. But though the settlers were mainly Dutch, the population was so mixed that eighteen languages were spoken in a settlement numbering some four or five hundred people. Many of the settlers had, just then, fallen victims to a bloody Indian war which was still raging, and wounds and death seemed still to encompass the missionary.

The Director-General of Manhattan clothed Jogues and gave him passage on a small vessel bound for England, on which, however, he had to sleep on a

coil of ropes, exposed to cold and drenching waves. At Falmouth he had another adventure, being robbed of his clothes and threatened with death by desperadoes who boarded the vessel in the absence of the crew. At last, after having faced suffering and death in every form, and having escaped with his life by what seemed a continued miracle, he was landed, on Christmas eve, 1641, on the coast of Brittany, where he once more had the happiness of hearing mass in a country church.

After being hospitably entertained in a peasant's cottage where his wounds and adventures excited much compassion, he made his way, on a horse lent him by a trader of Rennes, to the Jesuit college in that town. Arriving there on Christmas day, he sent word to the rector by the porter, that a man had arrived with news from Canada. One of the first questions asked was concerning the fate of Isaac Jogues.

"He is alive and at liberty, and I am he!" said the maimed and poorly clad wayfarer, who at once became the hero of the day. That Christmas evening service was one of joyous thanksgiving, and people thronged to see the missionary so wonderfully restored from the fiendish savages. The French queen called him to court, and knelt to kiss his hands, maimed and disfigured by the Indians' teeth and knives. The Pope spared him a heavy trial, by sending him a dispensation from the rule which forbids a deformed priest the privilege of saying mass.

Isaac Jogues had done enough and borne enough to entitle him to be canonized, had he lived a century

before. He might well have felt that he had earned rest, but his missionary zeal was inextinguishable, and in the spring he returned to the labors and perils of the Canadian Mission. For two years he remained at Ville Marie, as Montreal was then called; years during which the whole colony was harassed by Iroquois raids, until in 1645, a treaty of peace was solemnly made between the French and these fierce savages.

In order to insure its permanence Isaac Jogues was ordered to visit the Mohawk towns, where he was so well-known, to ratify the peace and found an Iroquois Mission to be called "The Mission of the Martyrs." For a moment the memory of former sufferings awoke his constitutional timidity, and he shrank from daring again perils too familiar; but faith conquered nature and he went on his way, giving thanks to God for calling him to the high privilege of suffering and death for his glory and the salvation of souls. For he had a presentiment that he "should go and should not return"; a presentiment verified too soon.

He followed the old well-remembered route marked by his blood and that of his comrades. Reaching Lake George on the eve of Corpus Christi, he gave it the name of St. Sacrament. He revisited Fort Orange and the Dutch friends who had treated him so kindly, and then appeared among his former persecutors as the accredited ambassador of the French governor. His Mission was fairly successful, though the Algonquin deputies were received with ominous coldness; and after visiting all the lodges, confessing Christian prisoners, and baptizing dying Mohawks,

he and his companions returned to Fort Richelieu by the way they had come.

But the Mission had yet to be established, and Jogues was ordered to return to the Mohawks. In August, 1646, four years after his first capture, he set out once more on his last expedition, accompanied by Lalonde, a young lay brother, and three or four Hurons. He was warned on the way, that the Mohawks' feeling had changed, and that they were no longer to be trusted; but he would not turn back. In the forest between Lake George and the Mohawk they met a band of the Bear tribe, the most hostile clan of the Mohawk nation. They seized, stripped, and carried off to their town, the little party, repeating the old fiendish tortures. Jogues met their cruelty with calm courage and dignified remonstrance, and there was a division of opinion as to his fate. The clans of the Tortoise and Wolf would have saved him, but their voices were overpowered by the savage fury of the Bear clan, and on the eighteenth of October Jogues met a martyr's death from the tomahawk of one of the savages. Lalonde shared the same fate. And so Isaac Jogues found in death the rest denied to him in life.

The flames of the Iroquois war were now kindled, aided by the fire-arms provided by the Dutch and English settlers, and were destined to burn out to the bitter end, to the destruction of both Hurons and Iroquois. The long-standing feud between the two tribes would be satisfied only with the annihilation of the persecuted Hurons, and the mutually destructive contest prepared the way for the repopulation of the land from the Old World, and the

gradual disappearance of the red man before the white. The Iroquois had at this time not more than three thousand warriors, but their irrepressible fury and ferocity seemed to carry all before it, and made them a terror alike in the French settlements and in the villages of the Hurons. Midnight raids and massacres were the too frequent fate of both; and even in the remote wilds north of the Ottawa, the Huron hunters were not safe from sudden surprise, torture, and death.

The Huron Missions alone seemed to prosper in this season of despair. Misfortunes and peril drove the Indians to the missionaries for comfort and hope. The mission to the Abenakis, an Algonquin tribe, had prospered also; and their missionary, Druilletes, who, like Père Le Jeune, shared the winter wanderings of his flock — though, unlike him, he was surrounded by converted Indians — was sent on an embassy to the English settlers of the colony of Massachusetts.

It is an interesting circumstance that on this embassy Druilletes, met with John Eliot, the first Protestant missionary of America, known as “the Apostle to the Indians,” and that the two missionaries, Jesuit and Protestant, met in brotherly sympathy on the common ground of their mission of love.

In the Huron country, in 1638, the missions to the Hurons seemed to be firmly established and prosperous; centers of a fast-spreading Christian civilization. There were missions and mission churches, not only at Ossossané and St. Marie, but also at St. Joseph, St. Ignace, St. Michel, St. Baptiste, St. Louis and St. Madeleine; Huron towns dignified with Chris-

tian names. In the formerly hostile Tobacco Nation had been planted the Missions of St. Jean and St. Matthias. There were two Missions, also, for Algonquin refugees — those of St. Elizabeth and St. Esprit ; — while an outlying post at St. Pierre was the advance guard toward the wilderness beyond Lake Superior. Sainte Marie was the center and parent of all the rest. With its strong fort, its large mission house, and its tilled fields, it was the place where, two or three times a year, all the brotherhood met for consultation, or to which they resorted periodically for rest, retirement, meditation and prayer. To the laborers, weary with perpetual and exhausting journeyings in the wilderness, following their wandering flocks by land or water, the meetings at Sainte Marie seemed like a foretaste of heaven. The hospitality of the mission house was bountifully exercised, not only to the missionaries, but also to the converts, who were in time of famine lodged and fed to the number of three thousand at one time and six thousand at another. The Fathers possessed fowls, pigs, and some cattle, and could also procure fish from the neighboring lake. But their ordinary fare was the simple porridge of Indian meal, seasoned with scraps of fish as a substitute for salt.

The Mission staff at this time consisted of eighteen priests, four lay brothers, a body of twenty-three volunteer laborers, seven hired men, and four boys, with a little garrison of eight soldiers. Each Mission had its own priest, its church and its church bell, the latter sometimes hung from a neighboring tree. The converts looked up with childlike trust to their spiritual Fathers, who always treated them with the

utmost patience and gentleness, even while they resolutely opposed all immoral practices, and taught the vindictive Indians the duty of forgiving and praying for their enemies.

The Huron Mission with all its difficulties, showed a good return for fourteen years of untiring and devoted labor. It seemed as if the faith and patience of the Fathers were to be rewarded by seeing their Mission grow and prosper till their influence and that of their faith had extended over the whole of the once savage wilderness.

But it was not to be as they hoped. In 1649 the fatal storm broke over the hapless Mission. St. Joseph was the first to feel its force. The priest of this Mission was Antoine Daniel, who had labored there for years with great success. The place was surprised by the Iroquois in the absence of its "braves." The priest, in his robes of office, fell beneath a shower of arrows and gun shots, and his dead body was thrown into the blazing church to mingle with its ashes.

A little respite followed for eight months succeeding this calamity, and then the flames of war broke out again. St. Ignace and St. Louis were the next victims. In March, 1649, the Iroquois entered, undiscovered, into the Huron country, where the desponding inhabitants seemed to have lost all energy for vigilance and self defense. They pounced, like wolves, on the village of St. Ignace. Here, too, the warriors were all absent on a hunt or a foray, and the defenseless inhabitants fell an easy prey.

The next point of attack was St. Louis, where were Brébeuf and Lallemand. Here the Hurons, with des-

perate courage, made a brave defense, while Brébeuf and Lallemant kept their posts in the hottest of the fight; the one absolving, the other baptizing the wounded and the dying. But the invaders broke in at last, set fire to the town and captured the priests with the rest of the Mission staff.

Sainte Marie was the next attacked. The enemy had been hourly expected since the smoke of St. Louis had been observed at the headquarters of the Mission. Here the chances of defense were much better. There was an armed body of forty Frenchmen and a force of three hundred Huron converts from Ossossané and St. Madeleine, arrived in time to go out in bands to meet the scattered division of the enemy. One of these bands was routed and driven back to Sainte Marie; but the others came to the rescue and attacked the Iroquois with such vigor and success as to drive them back to take refuge within the still standing palisades of St. Louis. Thither the Hurons pursued them and captured most of the fugitives, remaining for the time masters of the position. But the main body of the Iroquois soon appeared before St. Louis, raging like human tigers for their prey.

The battle that followed was one of the most obstinate and furious ever known in Indian warfare. It lasted all night, closing only when almost all the Hurons had been slain, leaving but some twenty exhausted prisoners. The Indian fiends, as they seemed, returned to St. Ignace and burned their prisoners in their bark lodges before retreating under a panic that had seized them, probably caused by the desperate defense of the Hurons.

Brébeuf and Lallemand had previously met with a terrible fate. Their fiendish captors had tortured them to death with the most horrible cruelty, most heroically borne by men who died, as they had lived, full of the spirit of unflinching martyrdom. Of Brébeuf, a noble scion of a valiant line, it was said that "his death was the astonishment of his murderers," and the weaker and more sensitive Lallemand endured yet more protracted suffering with equal fortitude. The skull of Brébeuf is still preserved, encased in a silver bust, in the Hotel Dieu of Quebec.

Sainte Marie had escaped for the time, but the Hurons had given up all hope of defending themselves against the Iroquois. They began to abandon their villages, burning most of them lest they should shelter their foes. In a short time fifteen towns were left desolate and their population wandered in fugitive bands, seeking hiding-places. The missionaries in the forest must follow their people, and the prosperous Mission station of Sainte Marie must be abandoned.

The Hurons entreated the Fathers to join the large body of their scattered people on the Isle St. Joseph in the Georgian Bay, where they hoped for a safe asylum. The missionaries agreed to go, and transported thither on a raft everything that could be removed from the Mission, after which they set fire to the buildings, and with sorrowful yet trustful hearts, deserted the scene of so many years of hopeful toil. The Iroquois still continued to ravage the mainland, and in the autumn penetrated even to the country of the Tobacco Nation, where they destroyed the Mission of St. Jean, and its two priests Garnier

and Chabanel fell victims, the one to the rage of the Iroquois, the other to that of a renegade Huron.

Meantime a fort and chapel, a new Sainte Marie, had been built on Isle St. Joseph, and some six or eight thousand fugitives were crowded into some hundred bark lodges. Had the leader been Champlain this large body might have successfully stood their ground against the Iroquois. But the Fathers had a very different mission, and there was no military leader at hand to rally them. The French at Quebec and Montreal were not strong enough to do more than hold their own.

The Fathers did all in their power to mitigate the misery of the winter that followed and to ward off starvation. But in the spring when the poor starving Hurons ventured out for the fishing which was absolutely necessary for their support, the relentless Iroquois were everywhere on their track, hunting them down like wild beasts. In despair the Huron chiefs held a council, and resolved to abandon their doomed country. They besought the missionaries to gather the remnant of their nation and lead them to an asylum under the protection of the fort at Quebec. The Jesuits could not refuse the pathetic appeal. And so, with about three hundred followers, the surviving missionaries finally left "the country of our hopes and our hearts, where our brethren had gloriously shed their blood."

On their way down the Ottawa they met Bressani returning with a force of Frenchmen to succor the poor Hurons; too late, however, for the purpose. Bressani, who had formerly been captured by the Iroquois, as was Jogues two years later, and had gone

through almost the same experience of torture heroically borne, and of deliverance after a year's captivity, had now had a hair-breadth escape, with three arrow-wounds, from a sudden attack as his party advanced up the Ottawa.

The whole body safely reached Quebec, where the nuns and the inhabitants received the refugees kindly and did all they could to provide for them, though food was scarce even in Quebec. They formed a settlement on the Isle of Orleans, but even here the Iroquois pursued them and they were obliged for a second time to take refuge in Quebec. They finally found a permanent resting place at Lorette, near Quebec, where the traveler of to-day may still see the few survivors of one of the largest Indian tribes of North America.

Most of the remnant who had remained at Isle St. Joseph, and had tried to entrench themselves in the deserted French fort, were eventually forced to take refuge in Grand Manitoulin Island; finally to follow their brethren to Quebec. Even the Tobacco Nation was obliged to retreat before the pursuing Iroquois toward Michigan, Illinois and the Mississippi. Years after, when the power of the Iroquois had been merged into the French, some scattered bands found their way back to their old hunting grounds.

In the latter part of the century there were still Jesuit Missions on the Great Lakes, one of the chief posts being at the Sault St. Marie, much farther west than the original Sainte Marie; the other being the survivor of the original Missions, that of St. Esprit, founded twenty-five years before, in the savage Tobacco Nation, by the martyrs of the Huron Mission.

CHAPTER X.

THE STORY OF VILLE MARIE DE MONTREAL.

THE little settlement of Quebec, so carefully tended by Champlain amid so many difficulties and disasters, had grown very slowly since his death. His successor, M. de Montmagny, a Knight of Malta, was a fairly good governor, and although without Champlain's enthusiastic devotion, he tried to do his duty toward the settlement and the Mission. He rebuilt Fort St. Louis in stone, and did the same for the Jesuits' "Habitation," close to the fort, which had been burned down. Here some of them now lived, though others still occupied the old Mission House at *Notre Dame des Anges*.

But there were, as yet, very few settlers at Quebec. The new Company of the Hundred Associates had undertaken to send out from France two thousand colonists. But it was not easy to induce many to go to settle in that much dreaded climate and savage country. Only the self-sacrificing enthusiasm of those devoted men and women who left their homes in France for the sake of converting the poor ignorant Indian, proved stronger than even the love of gain, and kept life and spirit in the little colony. It was to this enthusiastic missionary devotion that the settlement of Montreal owed its origin.

A tax-gatherer of Anjou, named Dauversière, and

a priest named D'Olier, the founder of the Seminary of the Sulpitians, were, about the same time, separately inspired with an ardent enthusiasm for establishing an Indian Mission in the island of Montreal.

It has been told already how Champlain had long before selected this large island as a desirable site for a settlement, situated as it was at the junction of two great rivers down which the Indians were wont to come for traffic from the wilds of the North and West. The two met at the old Chateau of Meudon, near Paris, quickened each other's zeal, and took counsel as to the best way of attaining their end. Their plan was to found three religious communities; one of priests, one of hospital nuns to tend the sick, and one of teaching nuns to instruct the children of the Indians and colonists. Two or three years before similar communities of nuns had been founded at Quebec, chiefly by the efforts of the two devoted French ladies already mentioned — Madame de la Peltrie and Marie de l'Incarnation. They had established a hospital and Mission School at the pretty point of Sillery, four miles from Quebec, named after Noel Brulart de Sillery, a Knight of Malta who had given his fortune to support this Mission. Here still stands one of the old Mission Houses, and a stately elm marks the spot where stood the first convent of these devoted hospital nuns, who cheerfully undertook the nursing of red and white men alike, through the most contagious and revolting diseases.

An epidemic of small-pox among the Indians was one of their first experiences; and several of the Sisters sacrificed their lives to their Christian devotion in the succor of the perishing. It was here that

Madame de la Peltrie and her small company first saw the little dusky Indian children they had come to teach. Here, too, under a shady maple stands a monument to the "Useful Father," Père Enemond Massé, the first missionary laid beneath the soil of New France.

M. Dauversière and M. D'Olier soon found wealthy friends willing to help them to found a Mission at this central spot which might throw its light far into the surrounding darkness. The island of Montreal then belonged to M. Lauzon, one of the "Hundred Associates," who was induced to transfer his title to the little missionary company, a transfer confirmed by the "Associates," who however reserved a site for a fort, stipulating that the new owners should not engage in the fur trade nor build any more forts than were needed for defense.

The way being now clear for the settlement forty men were sent out to clear and cultivate the land and entrench themselves securely on the spot; while the founders occupied themselves in collecting mission workers. They found an admirable leader and commander for the party in a brave soldier and Christian knight, Paul de Maisonneuve, who was somewhat of the type of Champlain. A devoted lady named Mademoiselle Mance had also become deeply interested in the proposed plan, and resolved to join the Mission. Three other women, two of them wives of the men who were going, were also added to the band of settlers.

Before the expedition set sail the forty-five emigrants, with Maisonneuve at their head, met in the church of Notre Dame at Paris, and solemnly conse-

crated the new settlement, which was to bear the name of Ville Marie de Montreal. Although this ceremonial took place in February, there were delays in the start, and the party reached Quebec too late to proceed to Montreal that season. The newly arrived strangers did not meet with a very warm greeting, for there was a good deal of jealousy of their undertaking, and Montmagny felt as if Maisonneuve were in some degree a rival commander. The newcomers were urgently pressed to settle at Quebec or at least to exchange the island of Montreal for that of Orleans, where they would be nearer to their friends for mutual aid and defense. But Maisonneuve was firmly faithful to his commission. "I have not come here," he said, "to deliberate, but to act. It is my duty and my honor to found a colony at Montreal; and I would go if every tree were an Iroquois."

There was, of course, no hotel at Quebec, and few people there had room in their small houses for guests. Fortunately for the strangers, M. Puiseaux, a hospitable colonist, found space for them all in his rough but roomy abode at St. Michel near Quebec. They were quite close to the Sillery Mission House, and as they spent the winter there, the leaders of the Mission had an opportunity of getting some insight into their future work. The men were kept busy by the commander in building boats and making other necessary preparations for settlement. The monotony of the winter was varied by an unpleasant little collision between Montmagny and Maisonneuve, resulting from the governor's jealousy because Maisonneuve's men had fired a salute in honor of his birthday.

At last the icy barriers broke before the soft breezes of April, and the deep blue of the river greeted the longing eyes of the colonists. Early in May, all were embarked in the little flotilla, consisting of a pinnace, a flat-bottomed barge with sails, and two row boats. As they slowly made their way up the windings of the wide river, the forest was beginning to put on its garment of delicate green, and the balmy fragrance of the opening buds floated to them on the soft sunshiny air. All seemed peace and promise to the outward eye, though the adventurers well knew that unseen and terrible dangers lurked behind the fair sylvan scene.

On the seventeenth of May, 1642, the little expedition drew near the forest-clad slopes of the stately Mont Royal, and as they approached it, a hymn of grateful praise went up from all the boats. Next day, after gliding past the green solitary shores that now bustle with warehouses and factories, the settlers landed at the rivulet-bordered meadow, called Point Callière, which Champlain long before had chosen as the site of the settlement.

Maisonneuve was the first to spring to shore. The others quickly followed, and all fell on their knees and joined in enthusiastic songs of thanksgiving. The tents and baggage were soon landed, and then an altar was erected in a pleasant spot near the river. This was tastefully decorated by the ladies of the party with the graceful wild flowers that grew in such abundance around them. Then the whole party gathered about it—M. Vincent, the Superior of the Jesuits, in his rich ecclesiastical robes, the Governor, Montmagny, in his state dress ;

the tall soldierly figure of Maisonneuve, the ladies with their female attendant, and all the sailors, soldiers and artisans who made up the complement of the expedition. Each knelt in solemn silence as the ceremony of high mass was performed by M. Vincent. At the close, he turned to the colonists and addressed them in these words :

“ You are a grain of mustard seed that shall rise and grow till its branches overshadow the earth. You are few, but your work is the work of God. His smile is on you, and your children shall fill the land.”

If the speaker could have seen as in a vision the French Canada of to-day, with its stately churches and convents, he would feel that his confident words had been justified, and the self-sacrificing labors of the pioneers rewarded. In all things, men reap as they sow. As the soft May sunset melted into twilight, the fireflies began to sparkle among the dusky woods. The eager colonists caught them and festooned their altar with their living light. And then as the bright camp-fire blazed out in the gathering gloom and lighted up the outlines of the tents pitched for present accommodation, the tired but hopeful colonists lay down to rest, and dreamed, perchance, of the future glory of Ville Marie de Montreal.

Next day everybody was early astir and hard at work. The men began to fell the great forest trees, and very soon all the tents were surrounded by palisades, and the altar was sheltered by a little chapel of birch-bark. In a short time small wooden houses took the place of the tents, and the little settlement had some visible existence. The first

experiences of the colonists here were all pleasant ones, with charming summer weather, with a fair landscape spread around them rich in noble outlines of distant hills and dense masses of forest as yet bearing no trace of human habitation.

On Sundays after mass the colonists loved to ascend the beautiful hill above them for the magnificent view, the main features of which civilization has but little altered, and to stroll in the surrounding meadow and the fair green woods that skirted it, enjoying the abundance of wild flowers so new and strange to them.

Madame de La Peltrie and Mademoiselle Mance had already some pupils to teach and catechise among the Indians who stopped at Ville Marie on their wandering course. On fête days they had solemn services, processions of the colonists, salutes from their cannon, all of which much impressed the savages. And so the summer passed at Ville Marie in quiet and tranquil labor.

But that summer of 1642 was an exciting one in the eventful history of New France. The hatred of the fierce Iroquois tribe had been silently smouldering ever since Champlain had unhappily commenced his warfare with them thirty-two years before. The Iroquois were now pretty well supplied with arms by the Dutch settlers of the eastern coast, and their natural pride and ferocity were now stimulated to such a degree that they could be satisfied with nothing less than sole possession of the country. They declared that they would sweep away not only the Algonquins and Hurons, but the French also, and carry off the "white girls" (the nuns) to their vil-

lages. The hospital nuns were obliged to leave Sillery, to take refuge within the walls of Quebec. The colonists were harassed by sudden attacks on passing boats and canoes, or stealthy descents on French traders, or on the settlers near Three Rivers and Quebec, while crafty ambuscades were laid for the Hurons also, as they brought their furs to the trading posts.

During this summer took place the capture of the heroic Isaac Jogues, which has been related in the foregoing story. About the same time M. de Montmagny went at the head of an armed force, including a recent reinforcement of troops from France, to found a fort at the mouth of the river Richelieu, in order to check the Iroquois' constant descent to the St. Lawrence by this water highway. A large band descended upon them when the fort was nearly completed, and a fierce engagement took place, ending in the retreat of the Indians — the first battle in a long and bloody border warfare. The Iroquois, however, managed to evade the guns of the fort, by making a portage of a mile, and carrying their canoes through the forest.

With the frosts of December came the first troubles of the settlement of Ville Marie. The swollen river, dammed up by the accumulating ice, rose rapidly and threatened to sweep away their whole summer's work. Powerless to stop the advancing flood, the colonists had recourse to prayer.

Maisonneuve raised a wooden cross in front of the flood and vowed to plant another cross on the mountain summit as a thank-offering for deliverance. The advancing river stayed its course just as the waves

were threatening to sap the powder-magazine ; and as it soon began to recede, the colonists felt they were safe. Maisonneuve at once prepared to fulfill his vow. A path was cleared through the forest to the top of the mountain, and a large wooden cross was made and blessed for the purpose. On the sixteenth of January a solemn procession ascended the newly-made pathway, headed by the Jesuit Du Peron followed by Maisonneuve, bearing on his shoulders the heavy cross which had taxed even his strength to carry up the steep and rugged ascent. When the cross had been set up, the leaders received the Sacrament on the summit of Mont Royal.

The winter — little less severe than the winter of Quebec — was passed by the colonists in tolerable comfort. The greater part of the community lived with the two Jesuit Fathers in one large wooden house, which they kept warm with blazing log-fires, and as all were animated by one spirit of devotion to their aim — the conversion of the Indians — their social life was one of peace and harmony.

Still it was with gladness that they again saw the snows melt away and give place to the fresh foliage and flowers of spring. In the following August they had the joy of welcoming a vessel from France which had safely passed through the perils of Iroquois ambuscades, and brought them new helpers — Louis D'Aillebout, a brave and devout gentleman who afterwards succeeded M. de Montmagny as Governor of Canada, with his wife and her sister, both as zealous as himself, to devote their all to the Canadian Mission. D'Aillebout was skilled in the art of fortification, and under his direction earthen

ramparts and bastions soon replaced the primitive palisades that had been the only defense of the settlement.

A lady in France had contributed a large sum of money for the equipment of a hospital, which was built accordingly, though as yet there were no patients, and provided with all the necessary furniture, linen and medicines. Mademoiselle Mance was duly installed in it, to wait for the Indian patients whose bodies and souls were to be cared for within its walls. Meantime, she and the other ladies made pilgrimages to the mountain cross, to pray for the success of their work. Sometimes fifteen or sixteen of the settlers would join in these pilgrimages, proving their sincerity by giving up to them the greater part of the day, when time was very precious. They seized every opportunity of gaining an influence over the Indians who came near Ville Marie, succoring and clothing them and sharing with them in time of need the provisions sent to them at great cost from France. Their efforts were crowned with some apparent success, and among their professed converts was numbered a chief famed for his savage and crafty nature — Tessouat, or, as the French called him, Le Borgne. He was christened by the name of Paul, and presented with a gun, as an encouragement to others to follow his example.

The French did all they could, however, to stimulate the Indians to the more peaceful pursuits of agriculture, giving them implements for tilling the ground and showing them how to use them. But the dreaded Iroquois were perpetually lurking near, ready to harass and destroy ; and unfortunately, in

their pursuit of some Algonquins, these ferocious savages discovered the new settlement to which the fugitives fled for safety. Thenceforth, their ambuscades infested the vicinity, and none of the colonists could venture to any distance from the settlement, except in armed parties, prepared for sudden assaults. Pilgrimages and woodland strolls were no longer practicable, except at the risk of life ; so crafty and vigilant was the cruel and stealthy foe.

A party of Hurons, coming down in June to sell their furs, were startled by finding at Lachine a rough Indian fort, held by a large party of Iroquois. The Hurons, to save themselves, turned traitors to their French friends, and professed great friendship for the Iroquois, telling them all they knew about Ville Marie, and assuring them of an easy victory if they would attack it. The Iroquois were very ready to do this, and sent out a party of their warriors, who surprised six of the French laborers hewing wood near the fort, killing three and taking the others prisoners. The treachery of the Hurons, however, returned upon their own heads, for the Iroquois fell upon them unawares, and killed or captured all but a few fugitives, who fled to Ville Marie, where the unsuspected traitors were kindly received and sheltered. The marauding band speedily made off, carrying with them, besides their prisoners, the furs they had taken in the Huron canoes, and also letters and papers from the Jesuits at the Huron Mission in the Far West.

After this successful raid, the vicinity of Ville Marie was more than ever infested by the blood-thirsty savages, who would hide, singly or in large

parties, waiting for their prey. In the latter case, they would send out a few men to try to allure the French to attack them. But Maisonneuve was a very prudent commandant. He knew that the wisest plan for his small band was to keep within the shelter of their fortifications, and that a single defeat would mean ruin to the whole settlement. So, although his men often murmured at being kept in forced inaction, he maintained this wise policy, until an occasion arose when he thought it best to act differently, and by one brilliant exploit he silenced the complaints of his men and inspired the whole party with renewed courage.

The settlement had received from France a welcome reinforcement in a present of a number of watch-dogs, whose sagacity and courage made them most valuable scouts and sentinels. Chief among them was one called Pilot, who not only herself daily went the round of the woods and fields near the fort, but brought up her numerous family to follow her example. If one of the puppies seemed unwilling to follow her in her rounds, she would bite it to stimulate its zeal, and when any one was so cowardly as to run home, it received a similar punishment on her return. As soon as she scented an Iroquois she would bark furiously and run back to the fort followed by her family. But when there were no Indians near, she much preferred to amuse herself by hunting squirrels.

One March morning in 1644, Pilot and her family were seen rushing toward the fort over the eastward clearing, all barking furiously. The soldiers crowded about their commander, asking if they were never to

go out to meet this invisible enemy. Maisonneuve answered promptly that he would lead them out himself, and would see if they were as brave as they professed to be.

Quickly the little band was put in battle array. Guns were shouldered, and all the available snowshoes were tied on, though of these there were not nearly enough for all. At the head of his troops of thirty men, Maisonneuve crossed the clearing, still covered with deep snow, and entered the forest beyond, where for some time, they saw no sign of human presence. But after wading for a good way through the deep snow, they were suddenly saluted with a shower of arrows and bullets from some eighty Iroquois springing from their ambush.

Maisonneuve ordered his men to take shelter behind trees and fire at the enemy. For a time, they stood their ground, though three of their men were killed and several wounded. But their ammunition began to fail, while the Iroquois still pressed them close with a galling fire which broke the steadiness of the men and made them anxious to retreat. Maisonneuve directed them to follow a sledge-track, used for drawing timber to the fort which afforded firm footing, he himself remaining to protect the rear and help the wounded to escape. The men covered their retreat by turning frequently to fire, but when they reached the sledge-track, they made such a wild rush to the fort that they were mistaken there for the enemy, and, but for an accident—dampness in the priming of the gun that commanded the sledge-track—they would have received a fatal fire from their own friends.

Maisonneuve gallantly stood his ground to the last, retreating backward with a pistol in each hand, with which he kept back his pursuers. The Indians were anxious to take him alive, and therefore would not shoot him. The chief wished to have himself the honor of capturing the French commander, and was in the act of seizing him, when Maisonneuve shot him dead. This caused such a confusion among the Iroquois, who rushed to secure the dead body of their chief, that Maisonneuve made good his retreat during the excitement, and was soon safe in the shelter of the fort. Thenceforward his men recognized him as a hero, and the wisdom of his generalship was unquestioned. And for some time, at least, Ville Marie enjoyed comparative peace. The scene of this brilliant action of Maisonneuve is believed to have been what is now the *Place d'Armes*, close to the great Church of Notre Dame.

In the following July, the harassing attacks of the Iroquois on the colony were for a time suspended, a treaty of peace having been ratified with much speech-making and many gifts of wampum-belts between the French and the Iroquois. These, however, were unfortunately represented only by the Mohawks out of the Five Nations who composed the tribe; while the Onondagas, Senecas, Cayugas and Oneidas had really no voice in it. But as it was the Mohawk nation that was the chief agent in harassing the settlers of New France, this treaty of peace was hailed with great joy and thanksgiving, though not without misgiving as to the length of its continuance. These fears were realized before much more than a year had passed by the outbreak of hostility in the Bear

Tribe of the Mohawks, to which the brave Isaac Jogues fell a victim. Once more Ville Marie, or Montreal, as it began to be more usually called, from the Royal Mountain, at whose base it stood, was beset like the other settlements by murderous bands, and raids and massacres kept the colonists in misery and terror. Many a French or Indian fugitive found refuge at Montreal, and some of them had remarkable escapes to relate. Some of the women in particular were heroines of wonderful adventures.

In the year 1645, an important change had taken place in the government of New France. The Company of the Hundred Associates made over to the inhabitants of the colony their monopoly of the fur-trade and all their debts, retaining all seignioral rights and an annual tribute of a thousand pounds of beaver fur. The colonists became a corporation, assuming all the obligations of defense, of meeting the expenses of government, of encouraging emigration, and supporting the Missions. No one could trade on his own account unless he sold his furs at a fixed price, to the magazine of the colony.

In 1657 a council for the government of the colony was formed, consisting of the Governor-general, the Superior of the Jesuits and the Governor of Montreal; and possessing absolute powers, legislative, executive and judicial. M. de Montmagny was removed about this time, and as Maisonneuve declined the post, M. D'Aillebout was appointed to it. The council was then reorganized, being composed of the Governor, the Jesuit Superior and three of the principal inhabitants, chosen every three years by the council, along with the syndics of Quebec, Montreal and

Three Rivers. There were as yet only about two thousand colonists in the whole of New France. Montreal had not grown fast. Danversière was ill and bankrupt, and of the forty-five associates only nine were left. But Maisonneuve and Mademoiselle Mance still continued active and enthusiastic, believing heartily in the future of Ville Marie, or Montreal.

But there were still many dark days and bloody struggles in store for the little settlement. The ravages of the Iroquois continued to increase in severity, as the ill-fated Huron nation sank exhausted beneath their power, and left them free to concentrate all their efforts on the French.

In 1653 Montreal, with the rest of the colony, was in a state of intense anxiety, devoting itself to fasting, penance and prayers for deliverance. Even under the walls of Fort St. Louis, there seemed no safety from the murderous attacks. Montreal, the most dangerous outpost of all, was held by only fifty Frenchmen, in the face of a wilderness swarming with the foe. A sudden attack of some two hundred Iroquois on twenty-six Frenchmen was, as it seemed, miraculously repulsed with a bloody defeat. In the following June an unlooked-for event happened. A deputation of the Onondaga Iroquois came to beg for a treaty of peace, the secret of this sudden change being that they had begun hostilities with their neighbors the Eries, and desired to have "only one war at a time." When the peace was ratified, the Onondagas begged that a Mission might be established among them, and the people they had so lately been persecuting could not refuse their prayer. Father Le Moyne, one of the former missionaries to

the Hurons, started from Montreal in 1654, to found a Mission at Lake Onondaga. But heroically as it was undertaken, it had been asked for only to further the crafty designs of the Iroquois for the ruin of the Hurons, and it had to be at last relinquished as a miserable failure.

Mademoiselle Mance met with more success in her work. The bloody encounters with the Iroquois soon filled her hospital wards with patients. Marguerite Bourgeoys, a devoted maiden of Troyes in France, renounced an inheritance and came out to take up the work of teaching the children, beginning her school in a stable, while she lodged with her pupils in the loft above. But as there was great need of money to carry on the work, Mademoiselle Mance and Marguerite Bourgeoys visited France in 1658, to excite interest and solicit contributions to the Mission.

With the aid of the Sulpitians, though D'Olier was now dead, they succeeded in securing both money and new laborers, while a large body of emigrants accompanied them on their return to Montreal, which had some fifty houses compactly built on what is now St. Paul Street, protected by a fort and a stone windmill, pierced with loopholes for musketry. The hospital and Mission school prospered under the indefatigable efforts of the religieuses, who had not only poverty and hardship to contend with, but soon had to suffer again from the terrors of Iroquois raids. For the peace was of short continuance, and again the attacks of the savages kept up a reign of terror in the harassed colony. Montreal was fortified by log redoubts scattered

along the edge of the settlement, and a religious fraternity was founded among the inhabitants, to rally them to the defense, in what was regarded as a Holy War. But the outlook for Montreal as for the colony, was just at the darkest point when both were saved by a gallant feat of arms, which will be narrated in another story. It was as heroic as that of the Greeks at Thermopylæ, and like it saved the country for the time by the voluntary self-sacrifice of a few devoted men.

SECOND SERIES.



CHAPTER I.

A CANADIAN THERMOPYLÆ.

DURING the latter part of the winter of 1660, the little settlement of Montreal was kept in perpetual excitement by alarming rumors of the warlike designs of the Iroquois. Hunters, trappers and friendly Indians were all agreed as to the vast numbers of these irrepressible savages, who were wintering in Canada, far from their own villages to the north of Lake Ontario, in order to be ready for their murderous and plundering descent just as soon as the French should begin to break up the soil and sow their spring crops.

These reports greatly disheartened even the most sanguine of the colonists, and they feared lest the colony should be completely swept away. While so many hearts were trembling with fear, there was one young man in Montreal whose breast burned with the warrior's delight at hearing these rumors, greatly exaggerated as they often were. This young man was Adam Daulac, *Sieur des Ormeaux*. Though but twenty-five years of age, he had already seen a good deal of service; but, while a soldier in Old France, he had in some way stained his character, and was longing to wipe out the stain by some heroic deed. He felt that now was the time for action. For years the French had suffered from the inroads of the

Iroquois, but had never yet gone out to meet their savage foes, satisfying themselves with repulsing them from behind their stone walls, or palisaded log-built forts and block-houses.

Daulac determined to try a new plan. He would not wait for the savages till their war-whoop should be heard around the dwellings of his countrymen, but with as many choice spirits as he could rally together, willing to risk all, he would go forth to battle with the Iroquois. Having obtained leave from the governor Maisonneuve to collect such a party of volunteers he at once went to work, and his energy and enthusiasm had soon attracted to his leadership sixteen brave comrades ready to follow wherever he should lead.

Nearly all of these had lately arrived from France, and had been much disappointed in Canada. The continuous confinement in the walled towns, the perpetual dread of the savages and the extremes of heat and cold were trials they had not taken into account. They would willingly have braved any hardship in active warfare; but to have to do this without any chance of heroic action was intolerable. They eagerly seized, therefore, Daulac's idea of going out boldly to the fray, with the chance of distinguishing themselves in the service of their country. They were fully aware of the terrible risk they ran in going forth so few in number to meet the Indian hordes; as they showed by carefully making their wills before setting out for the desperate expedition.

The inhabitants of Montreal looked upon them as a band of heroes; and on a bright morning in early spring, just as the snow was melting down from

Mont Royal, and the swollen river was spreading over the surrounding country, the people flocked in crowds to the chapel of the Hôtel Dieu, to see them make what would probably be their last confession, and receive the last Sacraments. They were indeed a gallant young band, but three of them having reached the age of thirty years. It seemed hard that their opening lives should have to be thus sacrificed to the general good.

Everywhere throughout the chapel weeping, tear-stained eyes looked upon the little group of manly figures, their faces lighted with a spirit of heroic exaltation. Some of the elder warriors caught their ardor, and begged them to wait until the spring crops were sown, in order that they too might go. But Daulac refused to listen to such entreaties, urging that the sooner they hurried to the encounter the better, since each day's delay only gave the Iroquois more time to strengthen their forces and bring them nearer the settlements. He was, in reality, anxious to go forth with the few he had collected. He had no wish for the presence of any of the older men, as in that case he could not be commander of the party, and this was his enterprise. It was his cherished desire, not only to protect the settlers at Montreal, but, above all, to do some heroic deed that would forever clear away the stain from his name.

Having secured an abundant supply of arms and ammunition for the undertaking, and a quantity of hominy or crushed corn for food, they took a solemn and tender farewell of their friends, who inwardly felt that they should never again look upon their brave defenders. The seventeen youths embarked

in several large canoes, and began their arduous journey. They had had but little experience in the management of these frail barks, and so found the work of paddling no easy matter. A week was spent in attempts to pass the swift waters of Sainte Anne, at the head of Montreal Island. However, their strenuous efforts were at last rewarded with success, and the hard-won experience better enabled them to bend the paddle up the difficult Ottawa. Swiftly they toiled across the Lake of the Two Mountains and up the river, until the fierce current at Carillon was reached. Here they took a brief rest and then began the heavy labor of poling and hauling their canoes up the rapid torrent.

After much severe toil they succeeded in passing the rapid, and then quietly paddled along till they heard the roar of the foaming "Long Saut."* These rapids, in which Champlain on his first voyage up the Ottawa almost lost his life, were much more difficult to pass than those either of Sainte Anne or Carillon. As they gazed at the furious waters boiling and seething around bowlders and sunken rocks, they decided that it would not be possible for them to ascend them. They knew that a large party of the Iroquois were encamped on the Upper Ottawa, and that they would have to shoot the rapids on their way down; and they thus thought it best to wait and give them a hot reception as soon as their canoes appeared. While debating this matter, they saw just at the foot of the rapid a partially cleared spot in the midst of which was a hastily erected palisaded

* This "Long Saut" on the Ottawa is an entirely distinct rapid from the "Long Sault" on the St. Lawrence.

fort. An Algonquin war party had hurriedly thrown it up in the previous autumn.

Worn out as they were, the Frenchmen gladly took possession of it at once. After unloading their canoes and hauling them up on the shore, they stored their provisions and ammunition in the fort. They were so fatigued with the journey that they did not set to work to repair the fort, much dilapidated by the winter's storms. Having slung their kettles by the shore, and partaken of a hearty meal, they wrapped themselves in their blankets and laid themselves down for a much-needed rest, determining to remain in this fort and await the enemy.

Soon after Daulac and his men had left Montreal, two roving bands of Indians, the one an Algonquin party of four, under a chief named Mituvemeg, the other a Huron party of forty led by the famous brave Etienne Annahotaha, came to the settlement seeking employment. When they heard of Daulac's expedition they expressed a strong desire to join him and help him to crush the common enemy — the Iroquois. The governor was doubtful about accepting the offered alliance. He could trust the Algonquins; but since the destruction of the Huron nation many of the subdued race had gone over and been adopted by the Iroquois. He feared, therefore, that should they see their old comrades among the foe they might be tempted to desert the French. But Etienne Annahotaha, whose courage and loyalty to the French cause none could doubt, was so urgent in his solicitations to be permitted to help the brave champions of the settlement that Maisonneuve at length consented to give him a letter to Daulac. This chief was an emi-

nently brave and wily Indian, who had been nurtured and trained in the wars that had swept his nation out of existence ; and had there been many such as he among the Hurons, the Iroquois could never have subdued them so easily as they did. From boyhood he had fought in a succession of battles, and no better shot or bolder boatman could be found in the American forest or on the bounding streams. Besides being strong and courageous he was diplomatic also ; and but a short time before this he had gained a signal victory over the Iroquois on the Isle St. Joseph near Lake Huron, through the wary shrewdness that characterized him.

The Iroquois had attacked a party of Indians led by Etienne, as they were attempting to go from Isle St. Joseph to the mainland. Etienne at once rallied his men to meet them, when the Iroquois surprised him by approaching him as friends. Suspecting a plot on their part, he determined to play their own game. They proposed that now since the Hurons had become only the remnant of a nation they should accompany the Iroquois to their country and be adopted into the Five Nations. Etienne inwardly smiled at this proposal, but with apparently the greatest delight, expressed his readiness to accept it. He, however, added that he was but a young and inexperienced brave, while in the wigwams of his people were old and wise heads, and to these they should go with their terms. He requested them to keep him as a hostage and to send over his comrades with some of their own wisest men for the purpose of negotiation. Thinking he would make a particularly good ambassador, the Iroquois begged him to go with the embassy.

This was just what he wanted, and with three of their chief men, he eagerly crossed to the camp of his friends. He acted his part so well that even his own people were deceived and began hasty preparations to unite with their former foes. The ambassadors of the Iroquois were feasted and praised without ceasing. In the meantime, Etienne managed to say a few words to some of the older chiefs, revealing his suspicion that the Iroquois only wanted a good opportunity to make a wholesale slaughter of the Hurons; and, unfolding his plan so to deceive them that they themselves might be surprised and foiled. So well did he succeed that the bravest among the Iroquois soon came over to the village in great numbers and freely mingled with the Hurons. Suddenly the signal of attack was given, the war-whoop raised, and in a few minutes every Iroquois in the Huron village was slain.

Etienne, although brave and wily, had a true heart, as was shown on this occasion. Among the Iroquois were three who had been the means of saving his life just a year before, and he managed to secure their escape before the slaughter began. They warned their comrades on the mainland and all, terror-stricken, hurriedly fled homewards. That Etienne was not mistaken in his conjecture as to the intentions of the Iroquois was proved by the confession of one of them just before his death. It is not strange that Maisonneuve should have been persuaded to let such a leader take his band to the assistance of Daulac.

These Hurons and Algonquins, knowing that already the Iroquois must be on their way down the

Ottawa, eagerly bent their ashen paddles and were soon within sight of the little fort at the foot of the "Long Saut." Daulac was much pleased with this reinforcement, and the hopes of the whole party were greatly raised. Scouts were now constantly sent out to give them timely warning of the approach of the foe. From time to time, tidings of their movements were brought in, and early one morning several scouts of Etienne's band rushed into camp with the news that two canoes were speeding down the rapids. Daulac hastily concealed a few of his men near the shore, where he thought the Iroquois would land to rest after such exhausting labors; giving then orders to be ready to fire on them, and if possible allow none to escape.

The ambushed party waited patiently for their victims who were not long in appearing, their canoes bounding down the seething waters. Daulac had chosen the spot for ambush well, for the Iroquois turned their canoes to the shore just at the point where he expected them. As they were about to land, Daulac's men fired a too hasty volley and some of the Indians escaped to the forest before the Frenchmen had time to pursue them or to re-load their guns. The escaped Indians rushed up the Ottawa to warn their companions. Burning for revenge, the whole party straightway broke up camp, launched their canoes, and paddled swiftly towards the "Long Saut."

The French, with their Indian allies, after this attack set to work to prepare their morning meal, when suddenly they were interrupted by the news that a fleet of almost one hundred canoes was already

on its way down the Saut. Scarcely had the alarm been given when the foremost boats were seen in the distance. For a moment they all stood watching the canoes as they came skimming, dancing, shooting down the turbulent waters, now swiftly gliding over some calm stretch, then rushing with race-horse speed towards a boulder, only to be turned aside at the right moment by the skillful paddle of the steersman ; again plunging down some little waterfall and sending the spray about their prows like the foam on the mouth of a spirited charger.

As soon as they began to reach the smooth water at the foot of the rapids, the keen-eyed and anxious watchers left their kettles and dishes on the shore, and rushed into the fort to prepare for the onset. The Iroquois on landing saw their slain comrades, and, maddened with rage, charged upon the fort, but were driven back with considerable loss. They then endeavored to induce Daulac to surrender, holding out favorable terms, but he only derided their demands.

Before renewing the assault, they built a fort in the forest, to which they might retreat in case of a second repulse. While thus engaged the French party was not idle. Some busily plied their axes in cutting down small trees and erecting a double row of palisades. Others worked diligently with the pick and shovel, filling up the space between the two rows with earth, high enough to protect a man standing upright. In the earthwork were left twenty loopholes large enough to allow three marksmen to use their muskets to advantage at each. Just as they were throwing the last shovelful of earth between the palisades, they were called to arms by

the savage yells of the Iroquois, who had completed their fort, and were returning to the attack. This time they were trying a new plan. They had broken up the canoes of the besieged, and, setting fire to the pieces of bark, rushed forward at full speed with these blazing torches, endeavoring to throw them against the palisades, and burn out their foes. But the muskets of the fort kept up an incessant fire, and torch-bearer after torch-bearer fell. Still their comrades pressed on, but the hot, close fire was too much for them, and they hurriedly retreated, leaving behind them many dead and wounded.

After a brief rest they renewed the attack, ably led by a daring Seneca chief, whose spirit so inspired his men that they seemed likely to reach the palisades. But a bullet struck the leader, and his followers fled. Several of the young Frenchmen, desiring to show their courage, and strike terror into the hearts of the Iroquois, volunteered to go out and bring in the head of the fallen chief. Their comrades stood by the loopholes, and every time an Indian showed himself, poured a volley in that direction. Protected by this heavy fire, they succeeded in reaching the dead chief, cutting off his head and returning to the fort unhurt. With exulting cheers they set the head up on the most prominent part of the palisades, right in the face of the enraged enemy. This filled them with savage determination for revenge. Again they rushed forward to take the little fort, but again they were repulsed with severe loss. After this third repulse they felt that, with their present force, it would be impossible to succeed.

This band, when intercepted by Daulac and his men, was on its way to join a much larger party of about five hundred fellow countrymen, at the mouth of the Richelieu. The two combined bands were to annihilate the French colonists, sweeping Quebec, Three Rivers and Montreal out of existence.

The besiegers, after debating what would be the best course to follow, decided to send a canoe to the five hundred warriors encamped on the Richelieu, to ask them to come at once and help them to crush the band intrenched in the rude little fort. After their messengers had departed, a continuous fire was kept up by the Iroquois, and every now and then they feigned a rush on the fort, so as to keep the besieged in a constant state of anxiety, and weary them out with toil and watching.

The Frenchmen, in the meantime, suffered terribly from hunger and thirst, cold, and want of sleep. The only kind of food they had was hominy — poor fare for men constantly at work. In their hasty rush from the shore at the approach of the canoes down the Saut, they had failed to bring any of their large kettles, or any supply of water, and as there was none to be had about the fort, the thirst of the whole party soon became almost unbearable. Besides it was quite impossible to eat the dry food alone without being almost choked in the effort.

In despair some of the bravest determined to dare the fire of the Iroquois, in order to bring water from the river. Collecting all their small vessels, they boldly sallied forth, under cover of the fire of the muskets in the fort, and succeeded in bringing in a little water without loss. This supply, however, was

soon exhausted ; and the Iroquois, who had not anticipated this rush to the river, had now posted their men in such a position that it was impossible to repeat the attempt. Unable to bear the thirst, they went eagerly to work, and dug vigorously until their hearts were gladdened by the sight of a little muddy water welling up through the soil.

They had another great misfortune to bear, in the desertion of all the Huron allies, excepting Etienne Annahotaha. When the Iroquois had conquered the Huron nation, many of the latter, as has been told, had been adopted into the various tribes of the Five Nations. Some of these adopted Hurons were with the besiegers, and when they learned that many of their fellow countrymen were with the French, they held out offers of safety to these, provided that they should desert to the ranks of the Iroquois.

The poor Hurons, starved and suffering, knowing that sooner or later they must perish if they remained in the fort, listened to the voice of the tempters, and at every fitting opportunity leaped over the palisades and fled to the Iroquois, who received them with shouts of joy. At last Annahotaha and the four Algonquins alone remained with the French. Even Annahotaha's nephew — La Mouche — went with the rest. This desertion greatly weakened the hopes of the little party, now reduced from sixty to twenty. Yet when the Iroquois again called on them to surrender, they boldly refused, nothing daunted, and firm in their intention of holding out to the death.

About noon on the fifth day after the Iroquois had sent their messengers to their brothers at the mouth of the Richelieu, the exulting yells of savages were

heard afar off in the forest. They came nearer and nearer, until all the woods rang with the demoniacal yells, drowning the roar of the turbulent Saut. The French now prepared for the worst. They felt that the end was near, but they would not die without a heroic struggle.

Five hundred warriors were now added to the force attacking the fort, and the Iroquois thought the only thing to be considered was how to win the victory with the least loss of life. Calling a council, they decided to advance cautiously at first, and when near the palisades, to rush forward en masse, and burst in on the besieged. They advanced accordingly, but as soon as any one showed himself, he was met with a volley. At last the whole body made a rush for the palisades, but the French were prepared for it, and made such havoc in their ranks that they were forced to flee.

The French had with them heavy musketoons — a kind of small cannon which they had not previously used, but had kept loaded in case of emergency — and the scattering fire from these was too much for the Indians. The Hurons had told the Iroquois of the small number and the weakness of the defenders of the fort, but this repulse made them doubt their information. Ominous scowls were cast at the deserters, who began to feel that, unless the French were soon crushed, they might expect little mercy at the hands of the enraged and disappointed Iroquois.

For three days and nights a constant series of attacks, without order or plan, was made on the fort. Nothing was gained, and not a few of the Indian

warriors fell before the unerring aim of the besieged. The Iroquois began to look upon these as aided by the Manitou, and many wanted to give up the seemingly useless contest and return to their lodges. But all their bravest warriors cried out against such a course. They would never be able to escape the brand of cowardice if they retreated from before this handful of men ! No ; they must dare all rather than give up the siege. A council was called, and the bravest among them made soul-stirring speeches, calling on their brother warriors to uphold the honor of their race.

Loudest among those bent on continuing the fight, were the Hurons who had so lately deserted. It was their only chance for safety. They knew that the Iroquois were gloating over the prospect of torturing the men so gallantly resisting them, and that if they failed to get these into their power they would satisfy their appetite for blood by sacrificing themselves.

After the speeches small sticks were tied up in bundles and thrown on the ground, and each one willing to risk all, and join in a determined attack, showed his readiness by picking up a bundle. Warrior after warrior eagerly stepped forward and seized one, while grunts of approval arose from the throats of their companions. Soon nearly all were enrolled, few daring to keep back lest they should be regarded as cowards.

When the task of enlisting volunteers was completed, they went earnestly to work to plan an attack. All their previous attempts had been vain, and to take the fort by assault would cost them many men ; they therefore decided to remain as much as possi-

ble under cover, until they should reach the palisades. How to do this puzzled them greatly. At last an Indian, more ingenious than his fellows, proposed that trees be cut down and large wooden shields made, behind which they could take shelter without much danger of being struck by the bullets. His suggestion was acted upon, and busily they plied their hatchets. They then made shields by binding three or four short logs closely together. Soon the many hands had enough ready for the heroes who were to lead the attack. After a brief rest, the order was given to advance. Slowly but surely the chosen ones led on; while protected by them and their shields, the rest of the Iroquois followed closely behind.

When the French saw this peculiar, fence-like body advance, they did not at first know what to make of it, but they were soon roused from their bewilderment, and began a rapid, despairing fire on the wooden wall, without much effect. Occasionally a shield-bearer would be seen to fall, but the place of the fallen brave was quickly filled by those in the rear. They did not waver for an instant, and when within a few feet of the palisades—casting their shields from them—they leaped forward, hatchet in hand, and began hacking and tearing the palisades, to force their way into the fort.

The brave little garrison felt that the end had come. As they had fought like heroes they were ready to die like heroes. When they had undertaken the expedition, they had determined to take no quarter; now they knew they need expect none. Daulac strengthened them by actions and words.

Eager to repulse the foe, he crammed a large musketoon to the muzzle with powder and shot, and lighting the fuse, attempted to throw it over the wall. It struck the top of the palisades, and fell back into the fort, bursting as it struck the ground. Some of the Frenchmen were blinded and wounded by the explosion, and, in the excitement, left the loopholes. The Indians, taking advantage of this, began to fire upon them from the outside. A breach was soon made through the wall, and eager warriors rushed in, but equally determined Frenchmen met them, knife and axe in hand. Their courage had excited the admiration of the savages, and they were anxious to take them alive, that they might kill them by slow deaths. Orders were given to slay none if possible. Again and again the Iroquois crowded into the gap, but Daulac's axe and knife or those of his companions went crashing through their skulls or pierced their breasts till a great heap of dead lay about the entrance. At last Daulac was struck down, but his men took his place and kept up the fight.

Maddened by this resistance, and dreading lest the tide of battle might yet be turned, the leaders of the Indians gave the order to fire, and a score of muskets carried death to the survivors of the heroic party. With fiendish yells the Iroquois leaped into the fort in search of scalps. Only three Frenchmen had any life left, and these were at once burned before the heartless crowd. Longing for more blood, and disappointed that they had not taken any prisoners, they turned for revenge upon the Huron deserters; and some of them were put to death at the stake, with the cruelest torture. Others they reserved for a like fate,

when they should reach their villages. Five of these escaped on the route, and it was from them that the details of this tragedy reached the ears of the inhabitants of Montreal.

For some weeks before this fight, Quebec, too, had been kept in a great state of alarm by rumors of the Iroquois invasion. An Indian, a friend of the Iroquois, being tortured by the Algonquins, at Quebec, told the Jesuits of the intended raid, and his tale was substantiated by another party of Indians, meeting a like fate. There could be no doubt about the party having set out for the invasion of Canada, and, for a time, all was excitement. However, as nothing further was heard of it, quiet returned at last.

Then came the tidings of the gallant fight at Long Saut, and, with eyes dimmed with tears, the French learned the fate of the noble band that had so freely given their lives for that of the colony. The terrible lesson they gave the Iroquois made the savage hosts march homeward, not daring to face a people that could send out seventeen men so brave as these.

Montreal mourned her heroes, and for many years the name of the young leader, Daulac, was held in deserved honor. Whatever may have been the stain that had rested upon his name, he had nobly wiped it out at last with his life's blood.

CHAPTER II.

THE STORY OF ROBERT DE LA SALLE.*

NEARLY sixty years had passed away since Champlain had founded his little settlement at the foot of the lonely rock of Quebec, and had sought from thence to penetrate to the interior of the new continent — before a second great adventurer and explorer, as brave and determined as himself, found his way to New France. In these sixty eventful years, as we have seen, the little colony had struggled nobly against fearful odds, and New France might now be said to have a real, individual life of its own.

The promontory of Quebec was by this time crowned by the château of St. Louis, surrounded by forts, church, convents and seminary; while on the beach below clustered thickly the shingled roofs of merchants and tradesmen. Horses had been brought over for its traffic, and several hundred sail anchored every year in its harbor, while the mineral riches of the region and the fisheries of the river had been somewhat developed under the care of the energetic Intendant, Talon, a new officer in the colony. Three Rivers was a fur-trading hamlet, inclosed by a square palisade. A chain of clearings and houses extended most of the way from Quebec to Montreal, where the fortified wind-mill looked down on the

* By the author of the First Series, but placed here on account of chronological continuity.

compact row of wooden houses along the shore, the Hotel Dieu, and the rough stone buildings of the Seminary of St. Sulpice. Beyond Montreal, the occasional clearings soon ceased, lost in the mighty forests that reigned still unbroken to the east of the present Province of Quebec. Louis the Fourteenth, appropriately styled, "the Magnificent," had been now reigning for thirty years, and his "paternal government" had been directing emigration to the colony and forcing on its progress with artificial rapidity.

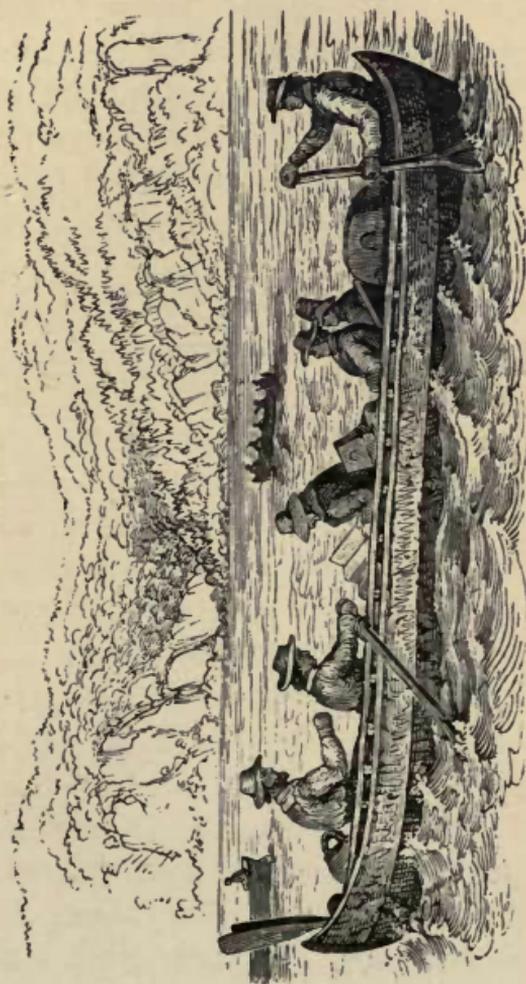
Another great change had taken place during these sixty years. New England had sprung up by the side of New France, and had been growing for half a century into a powerful and, as it proved, a dangerous neighbor. Boston and Manhattan (now New York) were as yet little more than villages; but they were villages growing up with strong Puritan vigor and vitality.

There had been an unusually long respite from harassing raids of the Iroquois, the scourge of New France and the great drag on her progress. But no one could depend on the continuance of this uncertain peace; and M. de Courcelles, then Governor of the colony, had for some time before his resignation, projected an outpost fort, somewhere about the junction of Lake Ontario with the St. Lawrence. M. de Courcelles had undertaken an exploring expedition up the St. Lawrence to look for a suitable site for this fort, and one of his last acts, as Governor, had been to call a council of these Indians in order to ask their consent to what he represented to them as simply a "fur depot with de-

fenses." The fatigue and exposure of this expedition up the rapids of the St. Lawrence injured the health of the Governor so much that he soon after resigned his office, leaving for his successor, the Count de Frontenac, a strong recommendation to build the projected fort, which should hold the Iroquois in check and keep for Canada the traffic in furs then in great danger of being diverted to the English and Dutch settlers to the eastward.

As has been shown by the preceding stories, the two main causes that built up New France as a colony were the profits of the fur-trade and the generous enthusiasm awakened in France for the conversion of the Indians. Both objects involved the building of the forts needed to protect traders and missionaries, and around these grew up the future towns and cities. But still another project had greatly influenced the first explorers and settlers—the long-cherished idea of finding a short passage across or through the continent to the rich realms of India and Cathay. And this hope still attracted to the arduous task of exploring unknown regions, the bravest and most adventurous spirits of New France.

Robert Cavalier, afterwards entitled De la Salle, was the most remarkable of these adventurers, with the most eventful history and most tragic fate. He was born in 1643, about the time of the capture of the heroic Jogues. Tho son of an old burgher family of Rouen, he received a careful education, and early displayed great intellectual ability, having special talents for mathematics. He was an earnest and devout Catholic, and for a time connected himself with the Jesuit Order—a step which, by French



LA SALLE AND HIS MEN ON LAKE HURON.

law, deprived him of his rich paternal inheritance even though he afterwards left the order. His elder brother, an abbé, was a Salpitian priest at Montreal, and this circumstance seems to have decided his career. With a small fortune—the capital of an allowance of four hundred livres a year—he came to Canada in 1666, a young man of twenty-three, to seek adventure, and win his spurs in hand-to-hand encounter, with foes as determined and seemingly as invincible as the fabled griffins and dragons of fairy tales.

His destiny and his ambitious projects shaped themselves gradually before his mind. He naturally repaired first to his brother at Montreal. Canada was not yet an Episcopal see, as it soon after became, under the ambitious Bishop Laval, the Hildebrand of New France. The “Seminary of St. Sulpice” still held an undisputed supremacy at Montreal, of which it was now the seignior, or feudal proprietor, having succeeded to the first founders.

Montreal was still the most dangerous post in the colony, and the priests of St. Sulpice were anxious to defend it by a line of outposts along the river front. Queylus, the superior of the seminary, offered La Salle a large grant of land close to the rapids of St. Louis, which he gladly accepted. He at once laid out the area of a palisaded village, and began to clear the ground and erect buildings, remains of which may still be found at Lachine, as La Salle’s settlement was soon called, in allusion to his dreams of a short western passage to China.

The Seneca Iroquois, who had so terribly harassed the colony, were at this time on friendly terms

with the French, and some of them came to visit La Salle at his new home. Taking a fancy to the adventurous young Frenchman, who hid a burning enthusiasm under a veil of almost Indian reserve, they told him of a great river called the Ohio, that rose in their country and flowed at last into the sea, evidently merging the Ohio and the Mississippi into one. He eagerly drank in this welcome tale, for he thought that this great unknown river must flow into the "Vermilion Sea," as the Gulf of California was then called, and so would supply the long-dreamed-of western passage to China. To explore this great river, to find in it an easy water-way to the Pacific and the East, and to take possession of this route and the great surrounding territories for the King of France, was the magnificent idea that now took possession of his imagination, and to which — somewhat modified — the rest of his life was devoted.

He went down to Quebec, and unfolded his project to the Governor De Courcelles and the Intendant Talon, who readily gave the endorsement of letters patent for the enterprise. In order to procure money for the expedition, he sold his seigniory of Lachine, and bought four canoes with supplies for the journey, for which he also hired fourteen men. He joined his forces with an expedition which the seminary was just then sending out, to attempt to found a Mission among the heathen tribes of the Great West. They set out in July and journeyed together till September, passing the mouth of the Niagara and hearing the distant roar of the great cataract. But, near the present city of Hamilton, the priests determined to make their way to the

northern lakes, and La Salle parted company with them, to spend the next two years in exploring alone the interior of the continent to southward. In the course of these wanderings, if he did not reach the Mississippi, he discovered at least the important streams of the Ohio and the Illinois. But the discovery of the "Father of Waters" was reserved for two other explorers — Louis Joliet and Père Marquette; the one a hardy and intelligent trader, the other a humble and devoted missionary.

Meantime, La Salle was still dreaming of the great river and the possibilities it opened up. His own discoveries had now convinced him that it flowed, not into the "Vermilion Sea" and the Pacific, but into the Gulf of Mexico. He would take possession, for France, of this water-way to the sea, with all the trade that would naturally follow it, and would found a greater New France in the fertile valleys which never knew the deep snow and bitter frosts of Northern Canada.

Just at this time the energetic and ambitious De Frontenac succeeded De Courcelles as Governor of Canadá, and La Salle found in him a valuable ally. They took counsel together about the new fort, which Frontenac proposed to build on the Bay of Quinte, near the foot of Lake Ontario, and La Salle was sent to Onondaga, to summon the Iroquois sachems to meet the viceroy there for a council. But, meantime, he sent the Governor a map, which convinced Frontenac that the better site would be the mouth of the Cataraqui, or *Katarakoui*, the site now occupied by the city of Kingston, and the rendezvous was changed accordingly.

Frontenac, meantime, evaded the natural jealousy of the Canadian merchants by merely announcing his intention of making an armed tour westward, in order to impress the Indians, and he invited volunteers from the officers settled in the colony. He left the castle of St. Louis early in June, 1673, with his staff, a part of the garrison and the volunteers who had answered his call; and on his way up the river, he enjoyed the courteous hospitality of the veteran officers, now living as seigniors in their primitive log-house châteaux. On his arrival at Montreal, he was greeted with all due ceremony by M. Perrot, Governor of Ville Marie.

And now began the most formidable part of his undertaking, that of conveying up the rapids of the St. Lawrence the flotilla of a hundred and twenty canoes with two flat boats gaily painted in strange designs of red and blue, to please the taste of the Indians. This ascent involved long and toilsome portages or carrying of the canoes through the forest, and great labor in dragging the flat boats along the shore. As the men strove to stem the fierce current, in water often waist-deep, the sharp stones cut their feet and the rapid stream nearly swept them away.

Frontenac, whose strong will and decided tone had a wonderful influence over the Indians, took his full share in the labor. He spurred on his men in person, sharing their privations and losing a night's sleep from anxiety lest the water should have got into the biscuit, but not leaving his post even while, amid drenching rain, the boatmen struggled with the furious rapids of the Long Sault. But at length the

last rapid was safely passed and the little fleet glided quietly up the placid labyrinths of the Thousand Islands, amid the rugged masses of lichen-scarred, pine-crested granite, and through narrow inlets that still mirror the intermingled foliage of beech and birch, maple and sumach, just as they did when Frontenac's canoes broke their glassy calm.

It was the fourteenth of July, 1673, when the flotilla approached the point where lake and river meet, the low forest-clad slope on which now stands "the limestone city" of Kingston, whose gray mass of buildings overlooks a spacious harbor, commanded by a loftier eminence crowned by a stone fort — the successor to Fort Frontenac. Frontenac's expedition, as it approached, was arranged with a view to presenting an imposing appearance. First came four lines of canoes, then the gaily-colored *bateaux* or flatboats, followed by a long train of canoes — a hundred and twenty in all. These carried, besides Indian allies, some four hundred French soldiers, chiefly men of the famous regiment of Carignan, officered from the French *noblesse*, and sent to Canada seven years before. Frontenac, with his staff and the old officers who were volunteers, occupied the canoes that followed the flatboats, and then came the rest in two divisions — the Three Rivers canoes to the right and those of the Indians to the left. The bright July sun shone on the gold-laced uniforms of the brilliant cluster of French officers, with the Governor's stately figure in the center; and the measured beat of the paddles kept time to the strains of martial music, as the flotilla glided on over the lake-like river.

At a little distance from the shore it was met by a canoe containing Iroquois chiefs, magnificent in feathers and wampun, accompanied by the Abbé d'Urfé, their interpreter. As the old journal of the expedition tells us, "they saluted the admiral and paid their respects to him with evidence of much joy and confidence, testifying to him the obligation they were under to him for sparing them the trouble of going farther, and for receiving their submissions at the River Katarakoui, which is a very suitable place to camp, as they were about signifying to him."

The expedition landed and encamped on the shore of a bay commanding the outlet of the river Cataraqui, or Katarakoui, as it was then spelt, which winds quietly out from a chain of lakes now forming the "Rideau Canal," between banks begirt with marshes and then inhabited only by water-fowl, musk-rats and beaver. To the south and west, curving headlands and several large islands sheltered what the old journal calls "one of the most beautiful and agreeable harbors in the world."

At daybreak next morning, July 15, 1673, the French drums beat, and the whole force, including Indians, was drawn up under arms. The Iroquois deputies advanced between a double line of men, extending from the French camp to the tent of the Governor, who stood in full official state, surrounded by his officers. After the usual formula of smoking in silence the pipe of peace, the council was opened by Garakontié, a friendly chief, who in the name of the five Iroquois Nations, expressed profound respect for the Great Ononthio, as they called the Governor. Frontenac replied in the grand paternal style which

he always used so successfully with the Indians. His greeting ran thus :

“Children — Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas and Senecas — I am glad to see you here, where I have had a fire lighted for you to smoke by, and for me to talk to you. You have done well, my children, to obey the command of your Father. Take courage ; you will bear his word, which is full of peace and tenderness. For do not think that I have come for war ! My mind is full of Peace, and she walks by my side. Courage, then, children, and take rest.”

Then came the welcome present of tobacco, followed by further assurances of his paternal kindness, with gifts of guns for the men, and prunes and raisins for the women and children, and so ended this first formal meeting between Frontenac and the grave, impassive savages, in whom he was afterwards to find most formidable foes.

Meantime, the engineer was tracing out the lines of a fort, on a site which is now a barracksquare, and the work of cutting down trees, digging trenches, hewing palisades, went on rapidly.

Frontenac, meanwhile, devoted himself to propitiating the Indians with the address which, haughty as he was, he could use so well, entertaining the chiefs at his table, making friends with the children, and feasting the squaws, who amused him in the evenings with their Indian dances. After four days, during which the forts had pretty well advanced, he called another grand council of the Indians, and began his address by exhorting them to become Christians. He then hinted at his power to enforce obedience to his commands, and threatened chastise-

ment in case they should molest his Indian allies. After again assuring them of his present friendliness, he explained that he was now building, as a proof of his affection, a storehouse from which they could be supplied on the spot with all the goods they needed, without the inconvenience of a long and dangerous journey. After warning them not to listen to mischief-makers, and to trust only "men of character like the *Sieur de la Salle*," he ended by asking them to entrust him with a number of their children to be educated at Quebec. His address seemed to give general satisfaction, and the Iroquois, three days later, departed to their homes, from whence they afterwards sent to him several children, important to the French as hostages for their parents' good conduct.

Frontenac began also to send his expedition home in detachments, while he himself, with his guard, remained to receive and address in the same way, another deputation of Iroquois from the villages north of Lake Ontario. In reporting to the French Minister — Colbert — the successful accomplishment of his object, he suggested that, while the fort at Cataraqui, with a vessel then in progress, would give to the French control of Lake Ontario, a second fort at the mouth of the Niagara would command the whole chain of the upper lakes. Most of all he congratulated himself on having "impressed the Iroquois at once with respect, fear and good-will," and secured at least a lasting truce from their long harassing raids.

During the time occupied in this expedition, events were occurring, far to the southward, which

were destined materially to influence the future of the new settlement.

While Frontenac was pushing his way up the furious rapids of the St. Lawrence, the canoes of Marquette and Joliet were gliding down the placid waters of the majestic Mississippi. For this long-sought river was now actually discovered.

Soon after Frontenac's return to Quebec, the canoe of Joliet followed him with the good news, and though it was upset at the foot of the Lachine Rapids, he himself escaped to carry to the Governor his important tidings. La Salle's interest was, of course, intensely excited, chiefly by the representation that it was possible to go in a bark from Fort Frontenac, on Lake Ontario, to the Gulf of Mexico, only one "carrying-place" being mentioned, at what we now know as Niagara Falls.

La Salle immediately conceived the idea of realizing his long-cherished project of opening up a waterway to the southern sea, and establishing a line of military and trading posts along the whole length of this watery highway of lake and river. He would thus protect the intended route, and take military possession, in the name of his royal master, of a country of whose extent and richness even he had hardly any real conception.

In many respects La Salle was well-fitted for such a magnificent enterprise. His daring energy, determined will, indomitable perseverance and the dauntless endurance of his strong mental and physical constitution seemed to supply the qualities most needed for realizing the dream that fired his imagination. But his burning enthusiasm was veiled

under a shy reserve, which he could not overcome, and which, by depriving him of the personal influence possessed by Champlain, probably made all the difference between success and failure in his tragic career. In Frontenac, however, La Salle found a discriminating and helpful friend; and he now received from the Governor the command of the new fort, where he was to reside while maturing his plans, and preparing to execute them.

But the new fort had jealous enemies among the traders of the colony, who indeed had already been clamoring for its demolition. It was therefore thought advisable that La Salle should go to France in 1675, to submit his project to Louis himself, carrying letters of recommendation to the king's trusted minister — Colbert. He was honored with a gracious reception at court, and was raised to the ranks of the untitled *noblesse* as the *Sieur de la Salle*. He received also on certain conditions a royal grant of Fort Frontenac and the adjacent lands, now included in the County of Frontenac.

Satisfied for the present with this success, La Salle returned to Canada, and his friends, elated with his good fortune, helped him to fulfill his offer of paying back to the king the ten thousand francs which the fort had cost. He was accompanied to Canada by a friar, named Hennepin, who was to take an active part in the work of exploring the still unknown wilderness. Though his gray robe with its peaked *capote*, girdle of rope and pendant crucifix, as well as his bare, sandaled feet, marked him as a Franciscan monk, he was possessed by a thirst for adventure and discovery, which irresistibly attracted him to the

Canadian Mission, and then to the new outpost at Fort Frontenac, which he made his headquarters.

La Salle at once set to work energetically to fulfill the remaining conditions of his grant. Within two years he had replaced the original wooden fort by a much larger one, defended by stone ramparts and bastions on the landward side. It inclosed, besides the storehouse, a row of cabins of squared timber, inhabited by the garrison, a well, a mill, a forge and a bakery. Its walls were armed with nine small guns, and the garrison consisted of a dozen soldiers, two officers and a surgeon, while there were besides about fifty laborers, artisans and *voyageurs*, or *coureurs des bois*, a class of men almost as wild as the Indians themselves.

A large extent of land was soon cleared, and a village of French colonists quickly grew up in the shadow of the fort, while a little farther on was a cluster of Iroquois wigwams. Close by was the chapel of the Recollet friar, Louis Hennepin and his colleague, Luc Buisset. The cleared meadow around the settlement was often dotted with the wigwams of the Indian traders, and alive with the busy life of the encampment and the Indian games and dances, in which the Frenchmen would often join, to relieve the monotony of their wilderness life.

If La Salle had only sought riches, he would have been satisfied with the yearly profits of twenty-five thousand livres, gained by trading at Fort Frontenac. Here, too, he could indulge his love of solitude and rule, like a king, over his little realm. But he had never meant Fort Frontenac to be anything more than a step toward industrial colonies in the

rich southwestern wilderness, and a commercial route down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

In 1677 he again sailed for France, and laid before Colbert a representation of the discoveries he had made, and the beauty and fertility of the country to the south and west of the Great Lakes, with its riches of game, and its advantages of climate; a country which the English colonists were already coveting for themselves. His memorial was considered, and in May, 1678, he received a royal patent authorizing him to proceed in the labor of discovery, and to build within five years as many forts as he saw fit; and giving him, besides, a monopoly of buffalo hides.

Having secured several large loans, by the aid of his brothers and relatives, who "spared nothing to enable him to respond worthily to the royal goodness," he sailed again from Rochelle, taking with him about thirty men and two lieutenants—La Motte and Henri de Tonti, an Italian officer who became his most faithful follower. At Quebec they were met by Father Hennepin, who had, meantime, been making long journeys among the villages of the Iroquois—by canoe in summer and on snow-shoes in winter—when he and his companion camped out at night in holes dug in the snow, keeping a fire burning to prevent them from freezing.

A small bark of about ten tons lay at Fort Frontenac, intended for cruising on the lake, though canoes were more generally used, and La Salle's canoe-men were known as the best in America. La Motte and Hennepin, with sixteen men, embarked in it on a gusty day in November, leaving

La Salle and the rest of the party to follow them westward. For shelter from the northwest gale, they ran close along the shore, and finally took refuge in a river, probably the Humber, near the present site of Toronto.

After a night of hard tossing on the lake, they succeeded in entering the Niagara River, and landed on the eastern shore, near the site of Fort Niagara, then occupied by a Seneca village. Hennepin ascended the river in a canoe till the fierce strength of the rapids stopped his further progress. He then took to the shore, and pushed through the wilderness till he, first of Europeans, beheld the great cataract of Niagara Falls, descended to the foot of the cliff, and even penetrated under the Fall.

La Motte immediately began to build a fort on the river, two leagues above the point of landing. He was soon joined by La Salle, who had been nearly wrecked in a storm off the Bay of Quinté. He had gone first to the great village of the Senecas beyond the Genesee, and had succeeded in securing their consent, which La Motte had vainly sought before, to the building of a fort at the mouth of the Niagara, and of a vessel above the cataract.

La Salle soon met with his first misfortune, the total wreck of the vessel in which he had come, caused by the disobedience of the pilot. His men, too, housed in the little palisaded fort below the heights of Lewiston, were difficult to manage; and La Motte, disabled by inflammation of the eyes, had to return to Fort Frontenac. The building of the vessel went on, however, despite the difficulties of carrying all the lading of the small bark twelve miles

through the forest, from its anchorage below Lewiston to the point where the new vessel was in progress on the shore of Lake Erie. The keel was soon laid, and the work of the carpenters advanced rapidly, despite some hostile demonstrations from the jealous Indians.

La Salle, meantime, marked out the foundations of two block-houses on the present site of Fort Niagara, and called the post after the name of one of his patrons, Fort Conti. In February, needing to go to Fort Frontenac, he walked all the way thither on snow-shoes, through the snow-blocked forest and over the frozen lake. A dog drew his baggage on a sled; and for food the party had only parched corn, which ran out two days before they reached Fort Frontenac.

It was August when he returned with three friends to Niagara. Before that time the new vessel had been launched, with firing of cannon and great rejoicings, and anchored well out in the lake, out of the reach of Indian attacks. It was named *The Griffin* — the crest of Frontenac — and La Salle used to say that “he would make the Griffin fly above the crows;” by which he meant the unfriendly Jesuits, who from a desire to have the newly explored territory under their own influence, and jealous of all other pioneers, were among the most determined foes of his enterprise.

At this very time his enemies had circulated reports so injurious to his credit, representing all his property in New France as having been seized by his creditors, that it was necessary for him to lose no time in setting out on his expedition. On the

seventh of August, therefore, after a parting salute, the Griffin spread her white wings on the blue waters of Lake Erie, which had never borne a sail before. She cruised swiftly up the lakes and passed into the strait of Detroit, where the prairie to right and left supplied abundance of game, including a number of bears, whose flesh furnished excellent food.

On Lake Huron the Griffin was nearly wrecked in a gale, but reached safely the point of St. Ignace of Michillimacinae, where there was a trading-post and a Jesuit Mission. Here the expedition landed, and La Salle, in a scarlet, gold-embroidered mantle, knelt at mass amid a motley concourse, in the little bark chapel of the Ottawa village. He found there four out of fifteen men whom he had sent on before to prepare the Illinois Indians for his coming, and who had nearly all proved unfaithful to their trust.

Early in September he passed on into Lake Michigan and anchored at Green Bay. Being exceedingly anxious to raise money at once, he unhappily determined to send back the Griffin to Niagara, with a valuable freight of furs collected by an advance party; while he and his men pursued their voyage in four canoes, in which they carried a heavy cargo, including a forge and tools for future use. But a sudden equinoctial storm swooped down upon them, and they were nearly lost in the darkness, while the violence of the gale, of two days' duration, made them tremble for the safety of the Griffin.

With difficulty they made their way along the shore of the lake against constant storms, which all but swamped their heavy-laden canoes. The

Indians they met proved generally friendly, though La Salle had to take decided measures to protect the party from depredations. But he was warned against advancing among the Illinois Indians, as it seemed that his unscrupulous French enemies had purposely roused their hostility by instigating the Iroquois to attack them.

He reached safely the mouth of the St. Joseph, which he called the Miamis, where he was rejoined by Tonti and his men, who had remained at Sainte Marie looking for the deserters from the advance party. There was as yet no news of the Griffin, which had now had plenty of time for her return voyage from Niagara, and La Salle had a dark foreboding as to her fate. But whatever betided, he must push on to his goal.

Early in December, the party re-embarked and the canoes began to ascend the St. Joseph in what is now the State of Michigan, on their way to the sources of the Kankakee, one of the heads of the Illinois, which course, in turn, would lead them to the Mississippi.

After losing their way in the forest, while seeking this stream, and being nearly burned to death while sleeping in a wigwam of reeds, they made their way over desolate snow-clad plains to the Kankakee, on which they re-embarked, following its winding way through the great prairies of Indiana, where the half-starved party occasionally caught a buffalo. They passed on into the valleys of Illinois, and, near the present village of Utica, they found the empty bark lodges of a great Indian town whose inhabitants were absent on their winter hunt. Near Peoria Lake,

however, they found a village of inhabited wigwams, and had a peaceful interview with the people who were at first terrified by the appearance of the eight armed canoes. La Salle told these Illinois Indians of his intention to build a great wooden canoe in which to descend the Mississippi and bring them needed goods; and promised to help them against the dreaded Iroquois if they would allow him to build a fort among them.

His footsteps were dogged, however, by a Missouri chief, sent by his malicious enemies to poison the minds of the Illinois against him, by representing him as an Iroquois spy, a suspicion of which ere long he succeeded in disabusing them. Poison of a more material sort, too, seems to have been tried to shorten his career, as it had already been tried at Fort Frontenac.

Six mutinous members of his band, including two of his best carpenters, deserted him here — a desertion that cut him to the heart, and made him feel that in addition to the difficulties of his enterprise, he had scarcely four men whom he could trust. It is no wonder that, when, in January, he built his new fort on a hill above the Illinois River, he called it Fort Crève-cœur — Fort Heartbreak. In addition to other vexations, he was now convinced that the loss of the Griffin, which had probably been sunk by her treacherous pilot, was now only too certain.

As the lost ship had on board not only a valuable cargo of furs, but also the rigging and anchors of the vessel to be built for the descent of the Mississippi, it was necessary for La Salle to return all the way to Fort Frontenac, if he were to persevere in the enter-

prise. Happily, before his departure, he received information from friendly Indians that the Mississippi was not beset with dangers and obstacles, but was easily navigable to the sea, and that the tribes on its banks would give him a kind reception.

Therefore, after seeing the new vessel on the stocks and well on the way to completion, he sent Père Hennepin to explore the Illinois, while he set out on his dreary journey to Fort Frontenac over the still frozen wilderness; though as it was March the streams were partly open. Partly by snow-shoes, partly by canoe — sometimes obliged to leave canoes behind and to make a new one to cross a swollen stream — often waist-deep in ice-cold water, or pressing through thickets and marshes, or climbing rocks loaded with necessary baggage, they retraced their way toward Lake Michigan. At Fort Joseph they found the two men left to make a vain search for the Griffin, and sent them back to join Tonti at Fort Crèvecœur.

After many delays caused by the difficulties of the way, they reached the log cabin on the banks of the Niagara, where the Griffin had been built, and where some of the men had been left. In La Salle's case, misfortunes indeed "never came single." Here tidings of a new calamity awaited him! In addition to the loss of the Griffin, and ten thousand crowns in her cargo, a ship coming to him from France, with goods to the value of twenty-two thousand livres, had been wrecked at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, and a band of men, hired for his service in Europe, had been either detained by the Intendant, or led by reports of his death to return.

Leaving his three exhausted followers at Niagara, La Salle, still undaunted, pushed on through floods of spring rain to Fort Frontenac, after his perilous journey of a thousand miles — “the most arduous journey ever made by Frenchmen in America ;” and that is saying a great deal.

Here there was little but trouble in store for him. His agents had robbed him, his creditors had seized his property, and the rapids of the St. Lawrence had swallowed up several richly-laden canoes. He hurried on to Montreal, astonishing both friends and foes by his arrival, and succeeded within a week in getting the supplies he needed for the party left at Crève-cœur. But just as he was leaving Fort Frontenac, two *voyageurs* arrived with letters from Tonti, telling him of the desertion of nearly the whole garrison, after destroying the fort, and plundering and throwing into the river all the stores they could not carry off. The deserters, twenty in number, had also destroyed Fort St Joseph, carried off a store of furs from Michillimacinac, and plundered the magazine at Niagara. Some of them had taken refuge on the English side of the lake, while the rest were on their way to Fort Frontenac, with the design of killing La Salle himself.

La Salle was always ready for an emergency. He embarked at once in canoes, with nine of his trustiest men, lay in wait for the plunderers as they came down by the shore of the lake, and succeeded in intercepting them all, killing two, compelling the rest to surrender, and taking them as prisoners to Fort Frontenac. All his work had now to be begun anew ; but however the accumulated disasters may

have tried his courage, he could not give way to despair. He must at once go in search of Tonti, and if possible save him and his handful of men, as well as the half-finished vessel on the stocks. Taking with him the necessary material, his Lieutenant, La Forêt, and twenty-five men, he again journeyed westward, taking, this time, the shorter route of the Humber, Lake Simcoe and Lake Huron, through a hostile country, where he could with difficulty procure provisions from the jealous Indians. At the ruined Fort Miamis, on the St. Joseph, he left five of his men, with the heavy stores, and hurried on, his anxiety for Tonti being increased by the rumor of a threatened invasion by the Iroquois.

As he and his men passed through the wide prairies, now alive with buffalo, they secured abundance of food wherewith to relieve Tonti and his party, should they succeed in finding them. Approaching the great Illinois town they found ghastly proof that the Iroquois invasion was no mere rumor, for it was indeed a city of the dead. The invaders had evidently found it deserted by its living inhabitants, and had wreaked their malice on the corpses they had disinterred and mangled, leaving them a prey to the wolf and the vulture. Farther on they passed six deserted camps of the flying Illinois, and on the opposite shore, the traces of encampments of the pursuing Iroquois. They reached Fort Crèvecœur at last, to find it ruined and deserted; and though the vessel on the stocks alone was uninjured, its nails and spikes had been drawn out, and on one of its planks were inscribed the words: "*Nous sommes tous sauvages, 1680.*" The date showing plainly that how-

ever savage the destroyers had been, they were not, at any rate, Indian savages.

Pursuing their course down the stream of the Illinois, the little band in three or four days reached its mouth, and glided out on the placid waters of a broad river. La Salle was at last on the long-dreamed-of Mississippi! But the present load of anxiety left little room for exultation. On an overhanging tree he hung a hieroglyphic letter for Tonti, should he pass that way, representing himself and his men in their canoes, holding the pipe of peace. His companions offered to accompany him should he choose to go on to the sea; but he would not abandon the men he had left, nor discontinue his search for Tonti. On their way back, paddling by night as well as by day, they saw the great comet of 1680, from which Newton discovered the regular revolution of comets round the sun. La Salle, unlike the ordinary observers of the time, noted it, not with superstitious dread, but with purely scientific interest.

Ascending towards Lake Huron by a different branch of the river, the party came upon a rude bark cabin, in which La Salle's quick eye discovered a bit of wood cut by a saw, a proof, he thought, of its recent occupation by Tonti and his party.

Through a severe snowstorm of nineteen days' duration, accompanied by severe cold, the wayfarers at last reached Fort Miamis, which had been restored by the men left there, in addition to their work of preparing timber for a new vessel for the lake. Here La Salle spent the winter, laying plans for colonizing the valleys of the Illinois and the Mississippi, and for inviting the Western tribes to make a defensive

league under the French flag, which should gradually change a savage battle-ground into a civilized Christian community. It was Champlain's old scheme under new conditions ; but, as before, it had no stable foundation. At first, however, he won over a number of allies from the Illinois and other tribes, and after calling a grand council and exhorting them to become the "children of the Great King," he set out, in May, 1681, to revisit Fort Frontenac.

At Green Bay, on Lake Michigan, he at last found Tonti with the Friar Membré. After many stirring adventures, having nobly espoused the cause of the friendly Illinois, and acted as mediators between them and the Iroquois, they had safely reached this point on the way home. Each had much to tell ; but La Salle's tale of misfortune was told with such cheerful calmness that the friar regarded with astonished admiration his firm front under calamity, and his determination to pursue his aim, when "any one else would have thrown up his hand, and abandoned the enterprise."

Paddling their canoes a thousand miles farther, La Salle again reached Fort Frontenac, where he had to do his best to retrieve his embarrassed affairs. He went to Montreal and succeeded in getting new credit by parting with some of his monopolies. Then he once more set out with a band of thirty Frenchmen, and more than a hundred Indians, for the southwestern wilderness. His laden canoes once more paddled slowly along Lake Huron, and were beached at last, on a gray November day, at Fort Miamis. Weakened by the desertion of some of his band he pursued his way down the Mississippi in

canoes, holding peaceable interviews with the Indian tribes on the shore, till at last, on the sixth of April, his canoes glided down the three mouths of the Mississippi, and out on the shoreless expanse of the Gulf of Mexico. Here a wooden column was prepared, bearing the arms of France and inscribed with the words: "*Louis Le Grand, Roy de France et de Navarre, règne: Le Neuvvème Avril 1682.*" Then, in presence of his few weather-beaten Frenchmen and the wondering Indians, he formally took possession of the whole country south of the Alleghanies, under the name of Louisiana, for the King of France. A volley of musketry and the chanting of the grand hymn of the *Vexilla Regis* celebrated this addition to New France, which made it the nominal possessor of nearly the whole North American continent!

At last, then, after almost incredible toil and suffering, La Salle had accomplished this part of his scheme. The work of colonization had yet to be begun, but there were many lions in the way.

As the expedition made its way up the Mississippi, contending with famine and hostile Indians, La Salle was seized with a dangerous illness, which detained him so long that it was September before he rejoined Tonti at Michillimacinac. Had he succeeded in building his vessel for the descent of the Mississippi, he could have sailed on to France with a valuable cargo of buffalo hides. As it was now too late to go to France for the money he needed, he and Tonti proceeded to entrench themselves for the winter near the Indian town, on a high and bold rock overlooking the Illinois and its fertile valley, calling his new post by the favorite name of Fort St.

Louis. Round its wooden ramparts assembled, for protection against the Iroquois, some twenty thousand Indians of various tribes, including four thousand warriors. Here La Salle seems to have enjoyed one of his last gleams of happiness, rejoicing in this earnest of success, and seeing in imagination a great and prosperous colony growing up to possess and subdue the wilderness.

But, in order to maintain his influence over the Indians, he must have arms to defend them and goods for merchandise, which must at present be brought from Canada. He knew the bitterness of his enemies, but in Frontenac he had an invaluable friend. But now a new blow fell upon the ill-fated La Salle. His enemies had intrigued for even the recall of Frontenac on the ground of alleged charges against him. His successor was Lefèbvre de la Barre, a weak and avaricious old man, who soon made common cause with La Salle's enemies. His misrepresentations reached Louis himself at Fontainebleau, who was led to believe that La Salle's discovery was useless and his enterprise even mischievous.

While La Salle was still in happy ignorance at Fort St. Louis, the Governor cut off his supplies, detained his messengers, and even said at a conference with the Iroquois, who were being urged by the English and Dutch traders to attack the Western tribes, that they were welcome to plunder and kill the adventurous discoverer! This malicious persecution culminated in the Governor's seizure of Fort Frontenac, on pretense that some of the conditions of the grant had been unfulfilled. The threatened invasion of the Iroquois which spread terror through

the region of the Illinois, did not take place ; but, with the Governor his enemy, La Salle's situation was intolerable ; and bidding a final farewell, as it turned out, to Fort St. Louis and to Canada, he sailed on his last voyage to France.

In Paris his friends and patrons gained him access to Louis the Fourteenth, and in a private audience he unfolded his discoveries and his great designs. It happened, opportunely for him, that France was then desirous of checking the Spanish pretensions to exclusive possession of the Gulf of Mexico, and as his proposals exactly fell in with this desire, they found great favor at Court. It would seem as if La Salle's usually calm judgment had been blinded by the exigencies of the situation and disturbed by the numberless calamities that had befallen him, for part of the scheme submitted to the king was a proposal to lead an army of fifteen thousand Indians against the Spaniards of Mexico. This proposal was seriously entertained by Louis the Fourteenth and his ministers, who had no means of knowing the difficulties in the way.

La Salle received all the power he asked for, and was expected to perform what he had proposed, while the Governor was ordered to restore all the possessions so unjustly seized. Four vessels, instead of the two he had asked for, were given to La Salle for his voyage to the mouth of the Mississippi, and a numerous body of soldiers and colonists for the proposed colony was mustered at Rochelle.

In July, 1684, after many delays, the little squadron set sail. This opens the last and most painful chapter of La Salle's tragic career. It would seem as if

the long-continued nervous strain had told at last, even on his strong, self-contained nature. His imperious and haughty manner had always been one of the drawbacks to his success, but now he seemed to become suspicious and vacillating, as well as exacting and impatient. He appeared unable to make up his mind as to his course before starting, and there were unhappy bickerings between him and the naval commander Dé Beaujeu, a somewhat irascible old seaman tenacious of his dignity, while La Salle could not endure a divided command. Misfortune, as usual, seemed to pursue him. At St. Domingo, where they halted, he was seized with a dangerous illness, aggravated by the news of the loss of one of his smaller vessels.

When the expedition reached the Gulf of Mexico, La Salle unhappily missed the point where the Mississippi by several passages flows out into the Gulf. Uncertain as to the longitude of the river he passed it by some four hundred miles, and halted instead on the shore of Matagorda Bay. Here he landed his men, and thinking he had reached his goal, prepared to establish the colony. To complete the tale of misfortune, another vessel was wrecked on a reef, and ere long the large gunship, the *Joly*, being out of supplies, was obliged to sail away.

When La Salle finally discovered his mistake, he found it necessary to form a temporary establishment for the colonists at the mouth of the Texan river Lavaca, where the colonizing party were lodged in huts and hovels, while many of them fell victims to disease and death under the burning tropical sun.

In the following October, La Salle with his brother

the Abbé and an armed party, set out in quest of his "fatal river," but in March he and his men returned exhausted, after fruitless wanderings and adventures with savage tribes. This vain journey, added to the loss of his last vessel, threw him into another dangerous illness. But on his recovery, still undaunted, he determined to make another attempt to find his way back to Canada by the Mississippi and the Illinois, to procure succor for the destitute colony. He set out again in April, 1686, with about twenty of his men fitted out for the expedition in garments patched with much care, or borrowed from those who remained in the fort. They were obliged, however, to return without other result than the exploring of a magnificent country, and a visit to a powerful and remarkable tribe of Indians, called the Cenis, long since extinct.

La Salle's colonists, now reduced to forty-five, had grown heartsick and impatient of their long exile and imprisonment in the little palisaded village; and the only hope of deliverance lay in another attempt to procure aid from Canada. But again La Salle was prostrated by illness—doubtless the outcome of the many "heart-breaks" of his life! As soon as his strength was restored, however, he prepared once more to turn his steps northward. With about half of the survivors—some twenty-five men—La Salle for the last time left the fort, after a solemn religious service, and a sad and affectionate farewell of the little party left behind.

La Salle had long endured undaunted "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." One other, which released him from all, was in store for him.

The career of heroic perseverance, which neither savage nature, nor illness, nor Indian barbarians, nor the persecution of bitter enemies had been able to turn aside, was to be prematurely cut short by a wretched quarrel among his own followers. In March, as he and his party were encamped in the northern part of Texas, a few of his men set out on a hunting expedition. A dispute arising about the division of their game, three of the men were murdered by the rest, who then saw no chance of safety from punishment, except in the death of their brave leader.

On March 19, 1687, La Salle, uneasy at the long absence of the hunters, set out in search of them. As he walked on with the Friar Donay through the Texan wilderness, the spiritual world seemed to be uppermost in his thoughts. "All the way," wrote the friar, "he spoke to me of nothing but matters of piety, grace and predestination, enlarging on the debt he owed to God, who had saved him from so many perils during more than twenty years of travel in America." Suddenly he seemed overwhelmed by a profound and unaccountable sadness. Recovering from this his keen eye noticed two eagles circling in the air as if attracted by some carcass. He fired his gun as a signal to any of his men who might be within hearing, and immediately after one of the conspirators appeared and answered his inquiries with ostentatious insolence. La Salle rebuked him, and unconsciously drew near an ambuscade from which a traitor called Duhaut, fired on him, and the dauntless leader fell dead. Thus, by the bullet of a treacherous assassin, was closed the tragic career of one of the most heroic spirits of an heroic age, who, against

all odds, had pursued for twenty years an object that seemed ever destined to elude him just as he was on the point of achieving success. The recital would seem almost too sad, but for the light of heroic endurance that shines upon his story.

The assassin Duhaut, by a righteous retribution, soon after met a similar death. La Salle's companions at length succeeded in making their way to the faithful Tonti, who still occupied the rock of St. Louis on the Illinois.

The brave and generous Tonti, as chivalrous as La Salle himself, full of grief for his leader, made an ineffectual attempt to reach and rescue the wretched survivors of the colony on the Gulf of Mexico, who eventually fell victims to a murdering band of Indians, in the total absence of the succor which the "Magnificent" Louis could so easily have afforded to these ill-fated victims of his ambition.

Fort Frontenac figured repeatedly in the troublous times which were now hanging over New France, and was the scene of an infamous act of treachery by the Governor De Denonville, which provoked the terrible massacre of Lachine. Its final capture by the English was one of the chief causes which led to the conquest of Canada.

La Salle fell in the midst of unfulfilled designs, but where he had gone before others were to follow and reap the results of his labors. Some twenty years later, under happier auspices, Le Moyne d'Iberville founded the present State of Louisiana, which still stands in its largely French character, a monument to the heroism and devotion of its first French explorers.

CHAPTER III.

THE HEROINE OF CASTLE DANGEROUS.

WE have already seen much of the devoted heroism called forth by the severe struggle for existence waged against such terrible odds, by the early colonists of Canada. Daulac at the Long Sault, the dauntless La Salle — the brave leaders of the three war parties, and the determined men who stood upon the heights of Quebec, hurling defiance at the New England fleet, as we shall see — were worthy of their country. The women were not much behind the men in courage, and were very often able to handle a musket to good effect against their foes.

Foremost among the heroines of New France stands Madeleine Verchères, the daughter of a seignior living about twenty miles from Montreal, on the south side of the St. Lawrence. His seigniory was directly in the way of the Iroquois, as they marched against the settlers; and, subject as it was to constant attack, it was called the "Castle Dangerous" of Canada. This seigniory, like the others, was a large tract of land, partially cleared, on which lived the seignior and his tenant farmers. For protection they all resided in a fort with four bastions, and a large, strong block-house, connected with it by a covered passage. In this block-house the women and

children might take refuge, while the men in the fort defended them, or, in case of their being driven from the latter, the block-house would serve as a place of refuge for all. To the right and left of this fortified post, they cleared tracts of land running along the river; always within a short distance of the stronghold, both by land and water. In case of a surprise but a few minutes need elapse before all the men working in the fields could be under cover.

Madeleine Verchères was not the first woman who distinguished herself in this fort. Two years before the time of this story, her mother, with three or four men, had nobly defended the place against a numerous party of Iroquois until relieved by a detachment of French troops. By inheritance and family tradition, she seemed born to the heroism she displayed at a moment of deadly peril to herself and others.

One sunny morning late in October of 1692, as the farmers were going, by land or by boat, to their little open patches either to clear new fields or to break up the soil with their rude ploughs, the fair young daughter of Seigneur Verchères, a little maid of fourteen years, came out of the gate of the fort. Accompanied by a servant, she proceeded to the little landing place by the river. She was expecting a visitor. Madame Fontaine, a young French woman from Paris, had lately joined her husband at the settlement; and since her arrival Madeleine had enjoyed a few pleasant days of feminine companionship in the lonely Canadian wilds. She had invited her visitor to remain all day with her at the fort, of which she was in charge, her father being in Quebec and her mother on a visit to Montreal.

Impatient to meet her friend, she went down to the river to watch for her arrival. As she stood by the broad, placid stream, she seemed much out of place in that rude waste. Her delicate, active figure, soft, *spirituelle* face — intelligent forehead, brilliant eyes and well-cut lips — all bespoke gentle breeding. But on closer observation one could easily see that the fragile young form was sustained by a very strong will.

“Laviolette,” she said to the serving man as they stood on the little pier, “is that Monsieur Fontaine’s boat I see coming down the river?”

“*Mais Non*, Mademoiselle; that is one of the men going to his farm. I do not think Monsieur Fontaine will be here for some time.”

Scarcely had he spoken when the report of a gun in the distance arrested their attention.

“Laviolette,” she exclaimed, “I wish you would go to that little hillock, and see if you can find out why that gun was fired.”

The man went as directed, while Madeleine anxiously awaited his return. In a few minutes he came rushing down the slope, crying out, “Run, Mademoiselle! the Iroquois! the Iroquois!”

Turning round, she saw some fifty of the dreaded foe not many yards off. Offering up a hurried prayer, she fled to the fort. The Iroquois hoped to take her alive, but seeing that she was too fleet for them and was likely to escape, they began to fire. Happily, however, their bullets failed to take effect. As soon as she was within hailing distance of the fort, she bravely began to cry out “*Aux armes! aux armes!*” But the inmates were paralyzed with fear, and did

not heed her cries. On reaching the gate, she met two women, loudly lamenting their husbands who had just been killed ; and Madeleine, knowing that they too would be slain if they remained outside, promptly ordered them in, and closed the gate against the advancing foe. With the experience gained from her brave father and heroic mother, she at once took command and hastened to look to the defense. On examining the walls, she found some of the palisades thrown down, leaving spaces through which the enemy could make an easy entrance. She at once ordered them to be set up again, with all haste, helping the men to carry them into position herself.

Having filled up the breaches, she hurried to the block-house, where the ammunition and arms were kept, and found the only two soldiers in the place hiding, terror-stricken, from the foe. One of them, named La Bonté, was standing near the powder with a lighted match in his hand. Madeleine, seeing him, cried out, "What are you going to do with that match, La Bonté ?"

"Light the powder and blow us all up and save us from the fiendish torture of the Iroquois !" said the man sullenly.

"You are a miserable coward !" she cried ; and dashing the match to the ground, angrily stamped out the flame. She then ordered La Bonté and his comrade Gachet to leave the block-house and go to the defense of the fort. Inspired by her words and awed by her dauntless bearing, they at once obeyed. Throwing off her bonnet she put on a hat, and, taking a gun, said to her two brothers — Louis, a boy of twelve, and Alexander, a little fellow of ten — "Let

us fight to the death. We are fighting for our country and our religion! Remember that our father has taught you that gentlemen are born to shed their blood for the service of God and the king!" With these words the three young warriors went to join the other defenders of the fort.

The Iroquois were standing at some distance, parleying as to what it would be best to do. They did not know that the fort contained but two soldiers, a serving man, two boys, an old man of eighty, and a number of women and children; and that the commandant was a girl of fourteen. Had they known they would certainly have rushed upon it and made short work of the inmates.

While they were debating what course to follow, Madeleine inspired her men with sufficient valor to begin fire from the loopholes; and she and her two brothers did good work with their weapons. Louis and Alexander, although so young, were not inexperienced with fire-arms, and many a squirrel, partridge and rabbit had they brought down; but they had never before fired at human beings. However, as they took aim at the savages their courage did not fail them. They were born soldiers. The only tales that had enlivened the long winter evenings in their Canadian home were stories of heroic adventure, and their eager young hearts had been longing for such an occasion. Inspired by their daring sister, they made good use of the opportunity.

Madeleine, knowing that many laborers were in the surrounding fields and forests, ordered the only cannon of the fort to be fired to warn them of the danger. When the Iroquois heard the report of this

cannon, and saw the ground torn up by the shower of bullets that fell near them, they gave up the idea of openly taking the stronghold, but determined to try to take it by stealth.

Giving up the attack, the yelling demons went rushing through the fields in search of the settlers who might be in hiding ; and the watchers in the fort saw not a few of their friends fall before the bloody tomahawks. The women within, some of whose husbands were being thus ruthlessly murdered, began to utter heart-rending shrieks. Madeleine, fearing lest their cries would reach the enemy and lead them to believe the fort but weakly manned, ordered them to stop. She drew a picture of the terrible cruelties the Indians would wreak on them if they should be captured ; and the poor women, paralyzed with fear, ceased their outcries of grief.

But very soon a canoe was seen approaching the landing place, which, on closer observation, proved to be the Fontaine family. The warm-hearted girl was filled with alarm as she saw them approaching. If the Iroquois were to observe them they would fall an easy prey. She tried to devise some way of saving them. At last she determined to send some one out to warn them, thinking that the Iroquois, seeing any one boldly leave the gate, would imagine it a ruse to beguile them within range of the muskets, and especially of the much-dreaded cannon, and would not come to the attack.

She tried to persuade La Bonté and Gachet to go to the river ; but they dreaded the scalping knives of the Iroquois too much to undertake such a task, and Madeleine decided to go herself. She posted her

servant Laviolette at the gate, and bravely started for the river. The Iroquois were misled, as she expected, and did not molest her, and she succeeded in getting the Fontaine family safely within the fort.

All through the bright October day a careful watch was kept, and every time an enemy showed himself, a shot followed. An occasional yell of pain told that the fire was not altogether ineffectual. As the sun was setting a sudden change took place in the weather. A cold, piercing, northeast wind began to blow, and dark, leaden-hued clouds covered the skies, heralding a snow-storm. Very soon a blinding snow and hail storm came up and the air grew ominously dark. Madeleine, fearing that the Iroquois would try to enter the fort under the cover of the darkness, prepared with a veteran's foresight to post her sentries. She assembled her little company of six — the two soldiers, Pierre Fontaine, the old man of eighty, and her two brothers — and earnestly addressed them in the encouraging words: "God has saved us to-day from the hands of our enemies, but we must take care not to fall into their snares to-night. As for me, I want you to see that I am not afraid. I will take charge of the fort, with an old man of eighty, and another who never fired a gun; and you, Pierre Fontaine, with La Bonté and Gachet, will go to the block-house with our women and children, because that is the strongest place. And," she continued, with a look of determination brightening her young face, "if I am taken, don't surrender, even if I am cut to pieces and burned before your eyes! The enemy cannot hurt you in the block-house if you make the least show of fight."

After listening to her inspiring words the three men went to the block-house ; and Madeleine, with her two manly young brothers and the old man, took up positions on the bastions. Every few minutes the words "All's well !" were passed from fort to block-house.

As soon as darkness came on, the Iroquois called a council and began planning a night attack on the palisades. In the middle of their consultations the cry "All's well !" was carried to their ears. So often and regularly was this cry repeated, that they began to imagine the fort full of watchful soldiers, and had not courage enough to try to enter it.

About one in the morning the old man on the bastion near the gate cried out, "Mademoiselle, I hear something !" Madeleine left her post at once and went to him. Carefully peering through the darkness she saw some of the cattle which had escaped the marauders. Her friends, knowing that they would need the poor beasts if the siege lasted for any time, would at once have opened the gates to admit them ; but Madeleine, with the prudence she had displayed since the arrival of the enemy, would not at first consent. Aware of the cunning of the Iroquois, she feared that they might be following the cattle, covered with skins of slain beasts. However, after carefully observing the movements of the animals, she thought she might let them in without risk. Before opening the gates, she posted her two young brothers with their guns at the entrance, to fire upon any one who might be concealed among the cattle. Happily her suspicions were groundless, and the animals came in safely without any disguised Iroquois among them. All once more took up their positions

on the towers, and, through the rest of the dark, cold, dismal morning the cheery watchword "All's well!" was carried to the ears of the disappointed and astonished Iroquois.

With the rising sun the hopes of the besieged rose, as they felt that another day might pass without any serious misfortune. Madame Fontaine was the only timid member of the party, and the nearness of the foe so terrified her that she earnestly begged her husband to steal away with her to some other fort. He, however, was so influenced by Madeleine's brave conduct, that he declared his intention of remaining in the fort as long as she saw fit to hold out against the Indians. Madeleine replied that she would rather die than give it up to the enemy. She cheered and comforted Madame Fontaine, whom she pitied as being "a Parisian woman," and therefore unfamiliar with such perils; and the girl of fourteen soon succeeded in allaying the fears of the terrified woman. All day she went from the bastions to the block-house, keeping a careful watch and encouraging all within by her smiling face and cheering words. The two soldiers, who had at first proved themselves such cowards, were now inspired by their noble little commander's example, and aided materially in soothing the fears of the women and children left to their care.

For a week the siege continued; and during that time Madeleine took but hasty meals, and, like the brave little warrior she was, contented herself with brief naps at a table; pillowing her head on her arms folded over her gun, so as to be ready for action on the shortest notice. Her two young brothers emulated her in all things, and never once faltered or dis-

played signs of fear. The Iroquois now and then showed themselves, but never found the French unwatchful, and a hastily discharged musket warned them to keep carefully under cover.

But the urgently needed succor was already on its way. A few of the laborers in the fields had managed to escape the foe, and carried to Montreal the sad news of the massacre and of the weak state of Seigniory Verchères. The governor, Monsieur de Callières, dispatched Lieutenant de la Monnerie, with forty men, to the scene of the conflict. On the seventh day of the siege, about one in the morning, the boy Alexander heard voices and the splashing of paddles on the river and promptly cried out "*Qui vive!*" Madeleine, on hearing the cry, rose from the table at which she was taking a short sleep, and went to the bastion. Her brother told her he had heard what he thought to be voices speaking their language. Madeleine, hearing the voices, cried out "Who are you?" and the glad news was carried to her ears, "We are Frenchmen; it is La Monnerie who comes to bring you help." Madeleine, overjoyed by the good tidings, rushed down from the bastion and gladdened the hearts of all within the block-house. They need no longer despair. Help was, even now, before the walls.

Madeleine, after posting a sentry, opened the gates and went down to the river to meet her countrymen. On seeing Monsieur de la Monnerie she saluted him with the dignity of a soldier and said: "Monsieur, I surrender to you my arms." The gallant La Monnerie smilingly replied, "Mademoiselle, they are in good hands!" Entering the fort he examined it and

found everything in good order. He at once relieved the worn-out sentinels on the bastions. When he learned the story of the siege and the gallant conduct of Madeline his heart bounded with admiration as he gazed at his heroic little countrywoman and her two boy-brothers.

Next morning a sally was made on the Iroquois who now learned of the reinforcement. Seeing that they had no chance against this strong French force they hurriedly made preparations for departure, taking with them about twenty prisoners.

Shortly after their departure for their own territory, a band of friendly Indians from Saut St. Louis visited Seigniory Verchères, and learning of the attack hastened on the trail of the retreating foe and succeeded in overtaking them and surprising them resting on the shores of Lake Champlain. A brief battle ensued. Many of the Iroquois were slain and the rest put to flight, leaving behind their prisoners, who joyfully returned to their sorrowing friends.

La Monnerie sent an elaborate report of Madeleine's heroism to the Governor of Montreal and to her father who was on duty at Quebec. Monsieur de Verchères obtained leave of absence, and joining his wife in Montreal, they returned to their homes to rejoice over their two brave little sons and their lion-hearted young daughter. This brave girl developed into as brave a woman, and appeared as the heroine of another adventure with the Iroquois, when, rifle in hand, she gallantly saved the life of Monsieur de la Perade, who afterward became the husband of his brave preserver. She is still known in Canadian history as the Heroine of Castle Dangerous.

CHAPTER IV.

THE THREE WAR-PARTIES.

FOR more than a century after the first Europeans landed in America, the two divisions of the continent — the north settled by the French and the south held by the English and Dutch — remained at peace.

Both sides, indeed, had enough to do in contending with the natural difficulties of the new land and with its natives, without fighting each other. This peaceable state of affairs could not last. Though the continent was much larger than the whole of Europe, the few thousands that sought shelter on it were too soon to become jealous of one another's power and territory.

No minerals of value had yet been discovered by explorers, and as none of the colonists were in a position to carry on extensive lumber operations, the fur trade was the only means of earning a livelihood. As this trade was carried on almost entirely with the Indians, both were anxious to be on friendly terms with them, and each made a great effort to secure a monopoly of their trade.

From the first the Indians appear to have split into two great parties; the one siding with the French and the other, up to the time of the present story, almost steadily unfaltering in their alliance

with the English. The first included the Abenakis of Maine, the Algonquins of the Ottawa Valley, and the Hurons; a large body of savages, but so widely scattered that their power could never be fully exerted. The tribe that clung to the English and Dutch was the Iroquois with its Five Nations, the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas and Senecas. Although occupying but a comparatively small region to the south of Lake Ontario, yet united they were too much for their enemies, and, one by one, their red brothers had to give way to their victorious inroads. The Hurons, at first a much more powerful tribe than the Iroquois, the Algonquins, the Neutrals, the Eries and others, all retreated from the war-path, never again to take up arms as nations.

At first the French and English, though their friends were at war, took no active part in the strife, but the terrible sufferings and deaths that were met by some of the missionary Jesuits and others at the hands of the Iroquois, roused the French, who determined to make a stand against the persecutors of their allies. They asked New England to assist them in suppressing the enemy, but New England had as yet suffered nothing from the Five Nations, and she refused her aid.

Although the southern colonies did not feel inclined to take up arms in behalf of the French, they still showed them some friendliness, as when Jogues, the heroic Jesuit, was assisted to escape from the hands of his tormentors, as well as on several similar occasions. Besides this, the French were constantly taking advantage of the better prices offered in the New England market for furs to carry on an illicit

fur trade. Even some of the governors — among others Frontenac — were accused of having stained their hands by such dealings. But this half-friendly feeling was soon to come to an end.

As soon as the Iroquois had put all their red enemies to rout they turned their attention to the French and began their sudden raids, dealing death on all sides. From Montreal to Quebec, at every block-house, seigniory and village, their war-cries were again and again heard, until no one felt safe. The French began to accuse the English in New York of having stirred up the Iroquois, and supplied them with arms and ammunition. The New Yorkers gave haughty replies, only tending to widen the breach.

The Governor, De Courcelles, determined to make a bold effort to conquer the Iroquois, and, collecting as large an army as possible, marched into their country, devastating it before him and laying village after village in ruins. This had a powerful effect, and for a time the Indians were more wary as to their attacks; but, for all this, the relations between the Indians and French became one long endeavor to patch up some sort of a peace and, in the endeavor, the two white nations were widely sundered.

Frontenac, De La Barre, Denonville, all alike in succession tried to induce the Iroquois to desert the English and become their friends. In this they were never wholly successful, for the red men, at every fitting opportunity, swept down upon their settlements and too often returned to their villages with many French scalps dangling from their belts.

Frontenac was the most skillful in handling the savage tribes, and by his diplomacy might have es-

tablished a peace between the French, English and Iroquois ; but, unfortunately, he was just then recalled to France. De La Barre and Denonville, who succeeded him, were most unsuccessful both in their treaties with the Indians and in maintaining the strength of the colony as they received it from Frontenac. One evil report after another was borne across the Atlantic to the French king, who began to feel that he had made a mistake in recalling Frontenac, and he was sent back only to find the colony he had so lately left greatly weakened. Rumors were rife that an invasion of Canada was being planned in New England, and he felt his only chance was to strike the first blow.

It was autumn when the vessel that carried him back to the eagerly expectant Canadians, dropped anchor at Quebec. On landing, he was at once informed of the uncertain state of the Iroquois and of successes gained over the friendly tribes by the New Englanders. He promptly began an attempt to reconcile the Iroquois and succeeded in winning at least a portion of the Five Nations — the Senecas — to his standard, although the eastern nations were still strong in support of the English.

Knowing that the English would suppose that the great barriers of snowdrifts and ice-bound rivers raised by the winter's storms between themselves and the French gave them comparative safety, he determined to take them by surprise. For this purpose he called together his best marksmen and tried soldiers and planned with some of the friendly Indians a threefold invasion on the unsuspecting foe.

Frontenac permitted no delay in getting up the



CAMP FIRE OF THE FRENCH AND INDIANS — ON THE OTTAWA.

parties that were to work such havoc on his enemies, but at once began at Montreal, Three Rivers and Quebec to fit them out for their winter march. That mustered at Montreal was the first ready, and at once started for the south. The party was made up of a motley crowd, numbering in all two hundred and ten men. It was composed mainly of the savage Senecas, who had lately, through the visits of De Courcelles and others, the Christianizing influence of the Jesuit missionaries and the diplomacy of Frontenac, become able allies of the French. Although they were called Christians by the Jesuits, they had little of the spirit of the Gospel in their rude untutored breasts, and were scarcely less cruel than when in the heathen state; and those who employed them for this expedition well knew how little mercy their enemies would receive at their hands.

Next in number to the Senecas were the *Coueurs des Bois* or "Runners of the Woods," who were but a step in advance of the civilization of their Indian allies. Their life in the forest, their constant association with the Indians, leading them to adopt the savage habits of life, and the fact that they were often fugitives from justice, all tended to make them hard, cruel and reckless to the suffering they caused.

Besides these two classes of men there was yet another and one very far removed from the Indians and *Coueurs des Bois*. A number of young French nobles, who had come to Canada in search of adventure and fame, found in these expeditions a fitting opportunity to show their courage and eagerly joined them. This mixture of mankind was somewhat difficult to manage, but in D'Aillebout, de Mantet and

Le Moyne de Sainte-Hélène, leaders were found fully capable of controlling the expedition.

About mid-winter the party set out from Montreal. They made a picturesque appearance as they toiled along on their snow-shoes, the hoods of their blanket coats drawn over their heads and their knives, hatchets and tobacco-pouches slung at their belts, braving the long journey and the bitter cold just to inflict devastation and death and then retreat home again. As they traveled southward spring approached, and with it the march became more and more difficult. The heavy falls of snow now became slush that clung to their snow shoes in such a way as to compel them to abandon their use. On they plodded through the slush, knee-deep, fearing every moment that the expedition would have to be abandoned.

At last, on the banks of Lake Champlain, they decided to halt for a rest and to consider what would be the best course to pursue. The Indians, when they learned that their commanders intended making Albany their destination, began to murmur, and many of the *Coueurs des Bois* joined them in their protests against such a course. The march, in their present condition, was almost impossible, and besides their party, now worn out with toil, would be no match for such a strongly fortified place as Albany, even if they succeeded in taking it by surprise. Mantet and Sainte-Hélène recognized the wisdom of directing their march to the nearer and weaker settlement of Schenectady; and, without telling their men positively that they would do so, when they came to a place where the Albany and Schenectady roads met, they without further notice took the latter.

The terrible march was continued, making daily but little progress until almost within sight of the Mohawk River, on whose bank Schenectady was built. Suddenly a change occurred in the weather. The hot March sun that had been melting the winter snows disappeared behind a cloud; the warm south wind changed to a piercing northeaster, and soon the path beneath their feet hardened before the crisp, frosty air. The change was too sudden. They were totally unprepared for it and suffered severely. Their clothes, soaked by the rain water, now hardened about their limbs. The snow, turned to ice, was almost as difficult for marching as when there was nothing but slush. To add to their ills, a driving snowstorm came up, beating in their faces and almost blinding them.

Once more their spirits began to droop, and, after a night of disheartening suffering, they were thinking that perhaps it would be better to try to make a friendly approach to Schenectady, when one of their party descried through the storm the bluish-white smoke of a wood-fire rising from a hut in the distance. At sight of this the hopes of all rose, and with eager steps they hastened toward it.

As they went to the snow-covered hut, they moved cautiously in order to surprise the inhabitants, and keep them from escaping and alarming the people of Schenectady. They succeeded so well in this, that they reached the very door before the inmates — four Mohawk squaws — were aware of their approach. Eagerly the worn-out party crowded into the hut and heaped wood on the fire. Their feet and hands were almost frozen and the walls resounded with the

stamping of benumbed feet, while frost-bitten cheeks and limbs were vigorously rubbed with snow.

After the party had warmed themselves, the French officers took the opportunity of stirring up their followers to a sense of the greatness of their undertaking. Speeches were made by both French and Indian leaders, that acted like a stimulating draught on the blood of their followers. Even if they had not had a great national end in view, the sufferings endured since leaving Montreal was enough to make them eager for a speedy onset on the enemy.

After a brief rest they determined to push on to their goal. The frightened squaws were compelled to guide them. They arrived at the Mohawk town just as darkness was wrapping the ice-bridged river in its embrace, and here a halt was called. As Schenectady was further down and on the opposite side, a few men under the command of a Canadian named Gignières, a famous scout of that time, were sent out to reconnoitre. In several hours' time they returned with a very encouraging report. No one was on the alert; not a single sentinel could be seen. And they added, moreover, that sounds of music and laughter were heard within the palisades; as if the people of the village were enjoying themselves, in happy ignorance of the impending danger.

This was indeed the case. The inhabitants of Schenectady — Dutch people now under English rule — through their long freedom from attack had become careless. There was a division of opinion in the place, and while the wise few had counselled watchfulness, the foolish many, as is too often the case, had laughed them to scorn, thrown both gates

open and, in mockery of their desire to have sentinels posted, molded snow-men and set them up at the gates with sticks by their sides to represent guns. On this very day all Schenectady was feasting, to show how secure they felt themselves and to remind them of the Fatherland.

On hearing the report of Gignières, Mantet and Sainte-Hélène at first determined to wait until after midnight before bursting in upon the village, but the piercing cold that caused discontent among their followers changed their intention, and they at once recommenced their march down the frozen Mohawk. After three hours' march, the walls of the village appeared, and the utmost caution was used not to alarm the inhabitants.

At last one of the gates was reached. The party at once divided into two halves, the one under Sainte-Hélène going to the right in single file, the other, under Mantet, to the left, until the two met. When the leaders faced one another the signal was given and a fiendish shout arose from the throats of their followers. The people of Schenectady, tired with the pleasures of the day, were wrapped in deep sleep; but at this cry they sprang in terror to their feet, fathers and sons rushing for their weapons, mothers clasping their little ones to their breasts, all feeling that a horrible moment was at hand. Alas, it was too late! Many of their doors were unlocked and the rest were insecurely fastened, so that, before any of the men could rally to the defense, the enemy were upon them. The Indians and *Coureurs des Bois* seem to have become intoxicated with blood. They spared no one, from the gray-haired grandsire

to the babe nestling at the breast. At last their leaders commanded them to cease their slaughter, but not before devastation and death had visited almost every house.

A young French officer named Iberville had been sent in search of the gate leading to Albany, but fortunately for their victims the snow-storm had concealed it, and a few men were enabled to escape and carry the sad tidings to their fellow-countrymen. The pillage and murder lasted for about two hours. Sixty were killed and ninety taken prisoners.

Next morning the French leaders treated with the chief magistrate of the place, John Sander Glen, whose house was a little way out of Schenectady, and who had been most earnest in urging those within to be on their guard. As Glen had been generous to some French prisoners he received a pledge promising that none of his property or relations should be injured. The warm-hearted man thereupon began to claim such a large relationship, that the Indians asked with a scowl if all the people of Schenectady were his kindred. When the leaders finished their conference with Glen, they laid the place in ashes, and the party began its homeward march.

The country was alarmed and parties sent in pursuit, but the French, expecting this, made forced marches and escaped the main body of pursuers. When almost within sight of Montreal, thinking themselves out of danger, they became careless and a band of Mohawks who had steadily continued the pursuit succeeded in cutting off a number of their men.

Triumphantly, however, Mantet and Sainte-Hélène led their victorious troops into Montreal, amid the eager shouts of the people who had sent them out a few months before with many misgivings. For a few days both leaders and men were lionized, and the sufferings and exploits of the first war-party were on all men's lips.

The second war-party, under the command of François Hertel, left Three Rivers about the end of January, with the intention of attacking Salmon Falls, a small settlement on the stream separating New Hampshire from Maine. Like Schenectady, the inhabitants of Salmon Falls were living in fancied security. For several years back the people in this region had suffered much from the attacks of their enemies, but just before this time, with the assistance of soldiers from Massachusetts and Plymouth, they had succeeded in conquering their enemies and securing peace.

Not anticipating such a movement as an attack in winter, the aid given had been withdrawn, and now they had to depend on their own resources. They had no fear of a raid before spring, and so, while Hertel and his band of about fifty warriors were slowly toiling across the country from the St. Lawrence, they contented themselves with exulting over their past victories, and planning what they would do for defense when the snow should have disappeared.

Unhappy people! they were soon to have a rude awakening from their fancied security.

Hertel, on reaching Salmon Falls, concealed his men among the spreading pines that skirted the

cleared settlement, and sent out several scouts to learn all they could about the place. These men told on their return that one fortified house and two stockaded forts could be seen, but as there was no one in them nor did they see any one on the look-out, they concluded that their presence was entirely unsuspected.

Hertel, on receiving this news, was greatly delighted ; he felt the place was his and bade his men eat freely the provisions that were left, and then rest until midnight when the attack would be made. Eagerly his followers began their meal. For the last few days they had been on allowance, but now they need spare nothing. To-morrow the food of the whole neighboring settlement would be theirs. After a very hearty repast, they lighted their pipes and enjoyed a smoke in the forest, and then all save the sentinels fell into a much-needed slumber.

About midnight, Hertel roused his troops, and dividing them into three companies marched silently on the village. Here they did not find even the mock snow sentinels of Schenectady awaiting them. All was still as death itself, as they pressed eagerly forward to their bloody work. With a yell they burst into the houses where all eyes were closed in sleep, and, before any show of resistance could be made, began a heart-rending massacre. Having devastated the more thickly-settled part, they fell upon the surrounding farm-houses, from which the terrified owners were fleeing, half-naked, through the snow, and continued their cruel massacre. Many were killed as well as many taken prisoners. Nor did the plundering cease until two Indian scouts re-

ported that a large party of Englishmen were coming from Piscataqua or Portsmouth, a place a few miles away. Some of the fugitives had succeeded in reaching this settlement, and in a few hours' time, about one hundred and forty men were under arms and rushing to avenge the havoc wrought upon their fellow-countrymen.

Hertel at once called together his men, and began his homeward retreat; but not before he set the torch to many of the plundered dwellings. Swiftly the avengers were coming after him, and he knew he was no match for them in a fair fight. However, Wooster River lay a few hours' march distant, and if he could only succeed in crossing it, he would be able to resist his pursuers, and escape them under cover of darkness. On he rushed, his pursuers gaining on him every moment until his followers began to despair of escape. Not so with their plucky leader urging them on to their utmost speed. Just as the English were coming within gunshot, the rushing river, swollen with the spring freshets, lay before them. The only means of crossing it was by a small bridge that would admit but a few persons at a time. Hurriedly the French and Indians sped over and posted themselves in readiness to keep their foes from following.

When the English came up to the river they made a vigorous attempt to cross the bridge, but Hertel at once began a telling fire, and soon several of their number fell dead. Again and again they made the attempt, only to be met by the death-dealing bullets of Hertel's marksmen. A continuous fire was kept up between the two parties, until night fell upon the

scene of conflict, and under its shadow the French commander withdrew. He deceived the English by leaving several of his men behind, until almost day-break, to keep the bridge which was so narrow that half a dozen men might have guarded it against a host. When morning broke, the French had succeeded in putting so great a distance between themselves and the English, that the latter felt it would be useless to continue the pursuit.

At the next halting place the French cruelly surrendered some of the captive women and children to their Indian comrades who tortured them with fiendish delight. After this horrible scene, Hertel continued his retreat until he reached a village of Abenaki Indians on the Kennebec, to which probably some of his warriors belonged, and there he was told that, but a few days before, an expedition commanded by his countrymen had passed on its way to attack a fort on Casco Bay, on which stands the present city of Portland.

Hertel, eager for more bloodshed, on hearing this news, with some thirty-five of his followers, hastened to join the party. When he overtook them he was rejoiced to find that it was the remaining war-party which had left Quebec four months before for New England, and they were greatly cheered by news of their success.

This party, like the two above described, had left home in January, and was under the command of Portneuf and Courtemanche. It had come much more slowly than the others; the commanders preferring to stop from time to time to replenish their stores by a moose hunt, or to break a hole in the ice

of the lakes and streams on the route in order to catch a few fish ; while, as spring approached, game was constantly being brought down. All this occupied a good deal of time, and it was not until four months after setting out, that they descried the walls of Fort Loyal, the object of attack on Casco Bay.

At first the party consisted of one hundred and ten men, but on their frequent halts they had been joined by many others eager to wreak vengeance upon their English enemies, until now, as they drew up to prepare themselves for the attack, they numbered between four and five hundred. Scouts were sent out to examine the country, and reported that, besides the fort, there were four block-houses protecting the village. Fort Loyal was large and strongly built on a rising ground ; surmounting it there were eight cannon capable of doing good work, if properly handled. The French leaders determined if possible, to take the place by surprise ; but, unfortunately for this scheme, several of the Indian scouts met a farmer on the border of the forest, and forgetting the orders to be careful in no way to reveal themselves, rushed on him with a savage yell, slew and carried off his scalp. The yells reached the ears of the garrison, and every available man was at once summoned to hold himself in readiness for the attack.

Many of the soldiers in the block-houses and fort were young and untried recruits, and were anxious to show their prowess. One of them, Lieutenant Thaddeus Clark, chafing under delay, led a party of thirty youths out in search of the foe, but the Indians succeeded in killing all except four who were

wounded and who escaped to the fort. Their report of the number of savages so alarmed the men in the village and block-houses that all retired to the protection of the fort, where their families were already assembled.

Portneuf wasted no time in beginning the siege, but at once dispatched men with torches to set fire to the block-houses and village; speedily the inmates of the fort saw their homes disappearing in smoke and ashes, while all around them, above the crackling of the flames, they could hear the fiendish yells of their exulting foes.

The commander of Fort Loyal, Captain Sylvanus Davis, nerved himself to make a strong resistance. He at once began a heavy fire on the Indians, as he supposed the entire party to be, but with little effect. Their wily commander kept his men so well under cover that but few of them fell before the English fire. Portneuf had expected that he might have to lay siege to the fort, and for this purpose had brought shovels and picks to dig trenches; with these and many others obtained from the settlers' houses, his band went to work. Busily they plied the picks and shovels, and in three days they were almost up to the wall of the fort.

While they were performing this task Davis kept up a regular fire from his cannon and small arms, but on account of the entrenchments few were killed. On the enemy's side some worked while others returned the fire of the foe with deadly effect. Many of them had been for years constantly using the rifle in search of furs, and were marksmen of exceptional skill, so that rarely was a form seen at a loophole or

on the roof, loading and directing the cannon, but a death cry was speedily heard to follow.

The members of the garrison, eager to keep the enemy from coming nearer, frequently risked their lives, only to be met with the death-dealing bullets. At last scarcely could one be found courageous enough to present himself at the loopholes. Despair reigned within the walls, and all began to realize that they would soon fall into the hands of their merciless besiegers.

Davis tried to treat with the foe, but the conditions offered were such that they would not accept them, and the fight went on. Now an Indian or Frenchman fell, then a wailing of women and children within the fort told that one of those dear to them, and on whom they depended for support, had been suddenly cut off.

On the fifth day after the siege began, the English were startled by a bright light almost under their very walls. On looking out, they saw that the enemy, by means of long poles, were pushing a platform loaded with several blazing tar barrels and planks smeared with oil, up to the palisades that surrounded the fort.

This was too much for the besieged. They felt they could hold out no longer. Davis resolved to stand firm, but the women and children clung about him urging them to save them; and the men, who knew it was only a question of time, begged him to surrender if he could obtain permission to let them depart with their lives.

Davis, knowing that if there were none but Indians in the party he could expect but little mercy under a

flag of truce, desired to know if there were any Frenchmen among them. With joy he learned that the party was commanded by Frenchmen. At once he agreed to surrender on condition that mercy should be shown to the garrison, and that all should be allowed to retreat to the next English village.

Portneuf, without the slightest hesitation, granted his request, confirming his reply by oath.

Great joy reigned within Fort Loyal when they learned that the lives of those who had not already fallen were to be spared. Speedily preparations were made for the march. Mothers who had expected soon to have their little ones tortured before their eyes, now joyfully pressed them to their breasts, and although they would lose all the little property years of toil had accumulated, they still had their own lives and the lives of those dear to them. Soon, everything being ready, the gates were thrown open and the besieged thankfully marched out to the exulting besiegers.

First the men filed out, and Portneuf's awaiting band received their arms. As they, one by one, surrendered them, they had an uneasy feeling that all was not well. The lowering scowls on the savage faces boded ill for the lives of those at their mercy. The women and children hurried out next, trembling at the array of plumed and painted foes whose very names had for years sent a chill of terror to their hearts. Scarcely had the last one left the gate when with heart-appalling yells the Indians fell upon them and began a brutal slaughter.

Husbands were murdered and scalped before their wives ; infants were torn from their mother's breasts

and ruthlessly slain, nor did the fiendish work cease until the ground was covered with the dead. Not satisfied with killing their foes, the Indians erected stakes and brutally tortured women and little children. Sylvanus Davis, who had at the beginning of this diabolical scene been made a prisoner, cried out against this treachery and demanded why the French did not interfere.

Perhaps they could not; the Indians in the party outnumbered the French five to one. For years they had been at war with the English, and it would have been no easy matter to keep them now from wreaking their spite on the foe. However, Portneuf offered no such excuse. He told Davis that both he and the garrison were rebels against James the Second, who had been driven from the English throne, which William, Prince of Orange, now occupied, and that as rebellious subjects they deserved no better fate.

When the horrible slaughter was over, Portneuf ordered the eight cannon to be spiked and the fort to be burned to the ground. After permitting his men to devastate the surrounding country he began the homeward march, laden with booty; while all about the ruins of the village on Casco Bay lay the dead bodies of his unburied victims. As he started on his march some of the scouts reported four sail off the coast. They carried a party which had come to the rescue, but had turned away sick at the sight of the terrible scene; and not until three years after were the bones of the murdered ones placed beneath the soil.

About the middle of June, this last of the three

famous war-parties arrived at Quebec, with Davis and four other prisoners, the sole survivors of the massacre.

Such is the painful story of the three War-Parties. They had been sent out to show that the arm of the French colony was still strong to smite. They had been intended, by these pitiless deeds, to strike terror into the hearts of their enemies, and to give renewed life and vigor to those at home. In the latter object Frontenac succeeded even better than he had expected. From Quebec to Montreal the joy-bells rang out, and those who were beginning to long for Old France, felt they might yet find a worthy New France in America. Frontenac was the man of the day; all alike did honor to him for his quickness of action. What was the result on the English? Had the two bloody surprises on the sleeping inhabitants of Schenectady and Salmon Falls and the treacherous massacre of Fort Loyal struck terror into their hearts? No! it had but succeeded in filling them with a determination to have their revenge. Their slaughtered friends seemed rising from their graves to keep them ever at their stern work of retaliation, and never did the conflict between the two colonies truly cease, until the Red Cross waved above the *Fleur-de-lis* on the citadel of Quebec, and French rule was forever banished from the American continent. The War-Parties were the offspring of a savage age, and of much previous provocation; but hatred and bloodshed are fruitful seeds, and they that take the sword are always likely to perish with the sword.

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST SIEGE OF QUEBEC.

AS has been already remarked, the havoc wrought by the three war-parties aroused in the English colonies a spirit of revenge, and they determined to make a united effort to crush their enemies to the northward. For this end they felt that, besides their own strength, they would require the assistance of the motherland. A swift-sailing ship was sent to England to explain their troubles to the Home government, and ask for men, money, and vessels. But, unfortunately, England was still suffering from the effects of the civil wars of the Parliament against the Stewarts, and had also to contend with the Irish, who still upheld the exiled king; and she had, therefore, neither the inclination nor the means of helping her children. Nothing dismayed, the colonies went on with their preparations for the invasion of Canada, having great confidence both in their men who went to battle, and in the prayers of those who remained at home. Not having sufficient means to fight their enemies to advantage, they decided to do it at their enemies' expense. Sir William Phips was sent out from Boston with seven vessels, to ravage Acadia.

After capturing Port Royal (Annapolis), and despoiling other villages along the coast of the Bay of Fundy, he returned to Boston laden with spoil, and

so removed the chief difficulty that had delayed the invasion. Preparations were now hurried on, as the English were anxious to invade Canada before the following winter. A twofold invasion by land and water was planned, striking both the strong points of the French possessions at once. The land force, under Generals Winthrop and Schuyler, was to march upon Montreal, by way of Lake Champlain, while the fleet, sailing round the coast, was to glide swiftly up the St. Lawrence and surprise Quebec.

The expedition on Montreal was a total failure. No sufficient arrangements had been made for providing the necessaries of life, and the troops found themselves almost within sight of the enemy's country with but little food or clothing and no means of obtaining them. The Iroquois, too, failed to give the expected help, and they were compelled to beat an inglorious and hasty retreat to Albany.

The fleet under Sir William Phips and Major Walley, had at least the glory of reaching its destination. It looked tolerably imposing with its thirty-two ships, great and small, the largest carrying forty-four guns, the smallest being a fishing-smack. Phips, the commander, was what is usually styled a self-made man. He had won fortune and title by adventure and energy, to which might be added luck; and although he is to be admired for the courage he displayed on many occasions, it was unfortunate, as we shall afterwards see, that a man unskilled either in the management of a large fleet or in military tactics, should have been intrusted with an enterprise that taxed the whole strength of the infant nation. Phips had under his command about twenty-

two hundred men, including sailors; an exceedingly large force when we consider how few people then inhabited New England, and that thirteen hundred men were with Winthrop and Schuyler marching on Montreal.

Although the force was large it could not be called strong. The soldiers were principally farmers and fishermen, quite unaccustomed to the use of warlike weapons, and the commanders of the vessels were ship-owners and ship captains who had neither had experience in the management of artillery nor in the use of small arms. The militia officers were recruited from the merchant's desk and the plough, so that they had yet to learn the art of war. The lesson they received may have helped them to train their children to be true and gallant soldiers as they afterwards proved themselves, both in helping the Motherland in her wars with Canada, and in their own successful blow for independence. This fleet, with its untutored warriors, sailed from Nantasket on the ninth of August, 1690, followed by prayers for success from the pulpits of every church and the hearth of every home in New England.

What is now the state of the French colonists and what have they been doing all this time? They had long been struggling against the continual attacks of the hostile Indians. The outlying villages could never feel perfectly at rest, and the inhabitants were often aroused by the terrible whoops of the painted savages, or by the dying shrieks of some of their friends. Tidings of farmers slain and houses plundered and burnt were constantly being brought into the forts. This weakened and depressed the French

colonists, and Frontenac, the energetic old governor, determined to do all in his power to gain the friendship of the Indians. Succeed he did, but not without difficulty. He even went so far as to lay aside his dignity and join them in one of their waddances, outdoing the most energetic of the red-men in their own sport, much to their amusement and admiration.

Frontenac's success in treating with the Indians and the success of the three war-parties had for the time made the colonists feel much safer than they had done for years. France was now embroiled in a European war; and, like England, could render no assistance to her offspring; so the two colonies were left to fight it out alone on the American continent. If there was any advantage the English had the best prospects, both in numbers and resources, but an invading army fighting in a foreign land has not the inspiration of that which is defending hearth and home. This fact, perhaps, made up the difference in numbers. Then, too, the French had been more constantly engaged in war and this had given their soldiers the experience of veterans.

Scarcely had Montreal rejoiced over the news that Winthrop and Schuyler had retired to Albany when Frontenac, at Montreal, was informed that a fleet was advancing on Quebec. At first he could scarcely believe it, but his doubts were dispelled when he learned that an Indian had brought the tidings all the way from the shores of Maine. This Indian, an Abenaki, discovered from a woman captured by his tribe that a large fleet had shortly before left Boston for Quebec. Being friendly to the French, he deter-

mined to warn them of the impending danger. There was but one way to do this, and that was by speeding on foot across the country from the Abenaki's home to Quebec. Unmindful of the hardships of the way, only remembering the kindness done to his people by the French, he eagerly toiled over the many weary miles until he arrived at the Chateau St. Louis.

As the danger threatening Montreal was removed, Frontenac, the hope of the Canadians, at once started for Quebec, and on the way met a messenger sent by his lieutenant, Prevost, to warn him that the fleet was reported at Tadousac. Frontenac before leaving Montreal had ordered two hundred men to follow him speedily to Quebec; but on receiving this news of the nearness of the enemy he at once sent back an order to DeCallières, Governor of Montreal, to hurry on to Quebec with all the men he could collect.

With all possible speed he pushed his way to the rescue, eager to reach the rocky fortress before the foe, and on his way he ordered the commanders of the various forts to send on their men after him. To his delight he succeeded in reaching his destination before any of the enemy's vessels could be seen from the citadel. When the anxious watchers on Quebec saw him approaching their hearts beat with renewed hope, and as soon as he reached the shore he was met with a royal welcome; the warm-hearted Frenchmen forgetting their usual "*Vive le roi,*" burst out with "*Vive le Frontenac,*" and showed their joy by a most boisterous salute. As the old gray-haired warrior toiled up Mountain Street—the steep path leading from the lower to the upper town—he

felt the youthful blood surge through his veins, and as he thought of the threatened attempt to storm Quebec—his Quebec—his eyes flashed and his lips were firmly pressed together with the determination to leave his bones on the rocky heights before he would permit the *Fleur-de-lis* to be lowered before the Union Jack of hated England.

There was no time to be lost. With the greatest alacrity he at once began examining the fortifications. Prevost, although he had heard of the approaching fleet but a short time before, had everything fairly well secured. The city gates had had large beams strung across them, and were barricaded with casks of earth; palisades had been erected along the St. Charles; extensive entrenchments had been thrown up, and from every available point the black-lipped cannon loomed over the river. Frontenac was much pleased with the work done, and in two days after his arrival had everything in readiness to meet his foes with a strong resistance.

But what had Phips been doing while Frontenac was thus employed? He had now been in the St. Lawrence for some days, whereas the run from Tadoussac to Quebec should have taken but a day or two. With great lack of foresight, the fleet had left Boston without any one on board who knew the Gulf or river St. Lawrence, and so they had literally to feel their way along it with the lead; thus giving the French ample time to strengthen their fortifications and crowd in men from other forts for their protection. Besides this great slowness of movement from ignorance of the channel, Phips wasted much time in holding counsels of war, and forming and

issuing rules for the government of his men. Had he reached Quebec at the right time, he would have had a very easy task to take it, as he learned from a Frenchman captured on his way. For at the time when he arrived at Tadousac Quebec was garrisoned with but about two hundred men and, besides being badly fortified, its cannon were nearly all dismounted. His enforced delay, however, gave the French time to work a transformation ; and now, when he had anticipated that everything would be easy he had to face an energetic host, a well-fortified rock, and, above all, the brave old warrior, Frontenac, who put life and energy into every one with whom he came in contact.

Slowly, but surely, the fleet advanced ; frequently harassed by the skirmishing attacks of the villagers who at every opportunity showed their loyalty to France by shouldering their guns and giving the foe a passing shot. Even the priests in some of the villages closed their missals and handled the gun to good effect. Sometimes the ships were compelled to turn out of their course by coming in contact with some unseen shoal or reef. At last they came in sight of Quebec, and vessel after vessel dropped anchor in the basin just below the grand old rock. The sailors and rustic soldiers were filled with misgivings as they gazed at the frowning heights, and saw everywhere signs of preparation. They began to think that perhaps their prisoner had deceived them, and even the sanguine Phips, as he looked up to the *Fleur-de-lis* staunchly waving its white folds over the Chateau St. Louis on the summit of the cliff, felt his hopes fall many degrees. At any rate he saw that the

French did not lower their flag at his approach. However, he had succeeded once before, at Port Royal, by a request to surrender, and so he determined to try to get into the citadel without waste of powder or loss of men. He had the wrong man to deal with. Frontenac had struggled long to keep the French colony together, despite the biting colds of Canadian winter — so hard upon the pleasure-loving French nature — and the constant attacks of brutal savages ; and he was not disposed to give it up at the request of Sir William Phips.

Shortly after the fleet had anchored, Phips dispatched an officer under a flag of truce to Frontenac. As soon as the boat touched shore, the officer was blindfolded and led to the chief. The French did all in their power to impress him with their strength, leading him by a very circuitous route, and dragging him over barricade after barricade, much to the delight of the mirth-loving inhabitants, ready to enjoy a good practical joke even at such a time as this. As he passed through the garrison the soldiers made as much noise as possible by clash of weapons and heavy tramp of feet ; and by the time he reached the council chamber he was so overawed as to be ready to tell his comrades a very different tale from that they had heard from the prisoner. When he was ushered into the council chamber, men in uniforms glittering with gold and silver lace dazzled his unbandaged eyes, and the haughty expression of their faces made him feel ill at ease.

At last he found strength enough to give Phips' letter to Frontenac, who ordered it to be read aloud in French, for the benefit of all. The letter was

a brief demand for an unconditional surrender. Silently the assembled French officers listened, with an expression of growing rage on their countenances, as they heard themselves reviled and their possessions demanded in the name of King William and Mary. The closing paragraph ran: "Your answer positive in an hour, returned by your own trumpet, with the return of mine, is required upon the peril that will ensue."

This was sufficient to burst the cloud that had gathered in the council chamber, and a storm of abuse fell about the head of the poor Englishman. Some were for hanging him in defiance of Phips. Frontenac, although hot and tempestuous in youth and middle age, had, through hardship and trials, learned to control himself and rarely lost his dignity; but this was too much for even his seventy years. The very mention of the names—"William and Mary"—so hated by Frenchmen of that time, made his blood boil, and when the English envoy handed him his watch, stating that as it was now ten o'clock Sir William Phips would expect his reply by eleven, he burst into passionate words of indignation.

"I will not keep you waiting so long. Tell your general that I do not recognize King William; and that the Prince of Orange, who so styles himself, is a usurper who has violated the most sacred laws of blood, in attempting to dethrone his father-in-law. I know no king of England but King James. Your general ought not to be surprised at the hostilities which he says that the French have carried on in the colony of Massachusetts; for, as the king, my master, has taken the King of England under his

protection, and is about to replace him on his throne by force of arms, he might have expected that his Majesty would order me to make war on a people who have rebelled against their lawful prince. Even if your general offered me conditions a little more gracious, and if I had a mind to accept them, does he suppose that these brave gentlemen "(his counselors) " would give their consent and advise me to trust a man who broke his agreement with the governor of Port Royal, or a rebel who has failed in his duty to his king and forgotten all the favors he had received from him, to follow a prince who pretends to be the liberator of England and the defender of the faith, and yet destroys the laws and privileges of the kingdom and overthrows its religion? The divine justice which your general invokes in his letter will not fail to punish such acts severely ! "

As the thunder of the old man's voice ceased, the walls of the chateau rang with the applause and approval of his subordinates. What did they care for Phips? How dared this boor of a general with his rustic soldiers presume to dictate to them, through whose veins flowed the proudest blood of France? Silent and trembling stood the envoy until the applause had ceased, and then timorously requested Frontenac to write his reply to Phips.

" No ! " burst forth the haughty old governor ; " I will answer your general only by the mouths of my cannon, that he may learn that a man like me is not to be summoned after this fashion. Let him do his best and I will do mine ! "

After these words the envoy was blindfolded and led back to the boat awaiting him. As soon as he

reached the admiral's ship, he related what had passed between him and Frontenac ; and, moreover, filled Phips and his officers with very exaggerated ideas of the strength of the defenses, which he knew only from the rough experience he had had in his blind passage through them and the warlike sounds that had saluted his ears. A rumor of the strength of Quebec reached the men, and not a few began to feel that their task was hopeless. However, they had come a long way for a great purpose ; they knew the prayers of their people were with them, and prepared themselves to carry out what Phips had threatened. Phips called a council and planned the attack, but while so doing, the tide changed and nothing could be done until the following morning.

Just as the twilight was fading into darkness, joyous shouts, blending with the frequent firing of distant but approaching guns, as though of a jubilant people, were carried to the ears of the English. The whole city seemed roused. Men, women and children could be heard shouting for joy. "What does it mean?" is passed from lip to lip on board the fleet, and many faces blanch as they hear the tumult increase rather than diminish.

Granville, their prisoner, at once guessed at the truth. He knew the upper country had been alarmed, and that probably the tumult betokened the arrival of forces from Three Rivers, Montreal and other points along the St. Lawrence, filling the inhabitants of Quebec with joy and hope. It was even so. De Callières, the Governor of Montreal, had not been idle, but, by forced marches, had brought every available man to Frontenac's assistance.

Now, as the old governor looked over this new force his heart leaped with hopeful delight. They were the flower of Canadian soldiery — strong, active young Frenchmen and Indians — who never were so happy as when fighting. With these he need fear nothing, and would soon show Phips what he meant when he said, "I will do my best."

After another day's delay on the part of Phips, owing to unfavorable weather, the siege of Quebec began in earnest. Major Walley landed, with about thirteen hundred men, near the mouth of the St. Charles. Frontenac, owing to his increased numbers, felt that he had nothing to fear from the landing of the troops and did not oppose them until they had formed on the muddy banks of the river. But as soon as they attempted to advance French sharpshooters kept up a continuous fire from sheltered positions.

This was unexpected by the English, and threw them into disorder; however, after a short baptism of fire, they showed the stern front that Englishmen have always opposed to danger, and calmly waited their commander's order to charge the enemy out of their position. At last they received the command, and, with the impetuous daring of the Briton, rushed on the enemy's position — visible only by puffs of smoke rising from behind trees and rocks.

Shot after shot was poured into them as they advanced, but, nothing daunted, they continued their charge until the French turned and fled. When they had reached a safe distance they halted, took shelter, and renewed the attack. Walley, seeing it would be useless to charge them again, called back his men

and encamped. He had suffered great loss of men, and was moreover disheartened by seeing how useless it was to attempt anything from the landward side.

While Walley was doing his poor best on land, Phips dropped down in front of the citadel and began bombarding it. A steady fire of cannon was kept up from both the fleet and the rock, without doing much harm to either party, until darkness came on, when the firing ceased only to be begun next morning.

On the second day of the fight the boldness of the English gave their foes an opportunity of doing good work. Their gunners were old, experienced soldiers, who had been through more than one campaign; many indeed having learned their military tactics in old France. Sainte-Hélène, who had so distinguished himself in the march on Schenectady, took charge of one of the guns that played on the admiral's ship, and made almost every shot tell. All over the fleet torn sails and falling spars told how effective was the answer from the "cannon-mouths" that Frontenac had spoken of.

One of the first shots aimed by Sainte-Hélène at Phips's vessel, carried away his flag, and as it fell into the water a great shout rose from Quebec at this good omen. It was to them a sign that the defeat would be for the British flag and not for their *Fleur-de-lis*.

As the flag floated down stream several foolhardy Canadians determined to try to bring it ashore to hang it below their own. Taking a birch canoe, they bent their ashen paddles as they sped in the direc-

tion of the desired trophy, but before they got near it their movement was observed by the enemy who began a heavy fire on them. One of the youths, more courageous than the rest, leaped from the canoe, and swimming — now diving, now sinking — to divert the enemy's aim, succeeded in reaching the flag, and, with a strong effort, managed to bring it ashore, amid the exultations of the inhabitants. This flag was hung in the cathedral of Quebec, where it remained for many years, a witness to their deliverance from their country's enemies.

The English guns were not doing anything like the work of their opponents. The soldiers, at any time poor marksmen, were exceptionally so under this heavy fire, and many of their shots fell harmless in the water, or, striking against the cliff, rolled back in seeming derision. The expedition set out ill supplied with powder, and now the effect of it was felt. The gunners were given but scanty supplies, and had to use them with the utmost care; so much so that many of these balls did not pierce the houses on which they fell.

Among the places that appear to have suffered most from the fire was the Ursuline Convent of Quebec. Many refugees from the country as well as the sick and wounded, had sought shelter here, and were terror-stricken by the number of balls that crashed into the building, doing a good deal of damage. With the exception of a rent made in one of the Sisters' aprons by a ball, all within the then crowded convent escaped personal harm. On the whole the fleet had done but little injury to Quebec.

Phips soon began to realize this. The echoes

called out by his cannon from the dark rock, seemed like mockery of his feeble attempt to conquer it by water. As he viewed his shattered sails, broken planks and quivering masts, pierced with many shots, heard the groans of his wounded, and saw everywhere many dead, for whom the prayers of New England were even then ascending, he thought something must be wrong. Perhaps the cause was unjust; at any rate, he felt the wisest thing he could do would be to withdraw and see what he and Major Walley might be able to plan between them.

Poor Walley and his men had all this time been suffering terribly. The cold Canadian October weather had settled down upon them, and, after their retreat, they were forced to realize more and more the task they had undertaken. As they lay in camp on the muddy shore, they passed a sleepless night, owing to the intense cold. In the morning all about them seemed turned to ice, and their wet clothes were, in many cases, frozen to the ground. Shivering they arose, made another feeble attempt to advance, only to be repulsed. Small-pox broke out among them, cutting off many. Never was there a more hopeless spectacle; a large fleet, many miles from home, with but little ammunition, facing an insurmountable rock, without any regular plan of attack; a large army gathered on the shore, not knowing what to do next, suffering physically and tormented by the constant fire of sharpshooters.

Phips, although not a man of good judgment, was yet wise enough to see that the expedition was a total failure, and so decided to recall Walley and give up the attack. He disliked this course extremely.

He had proved himself to be a man of remarkable courage, and as he paced the quarter-deck of his vessel amid the steady hail of bullets he was the admiration of all who saw him. But it was useless to waste his men in the struggle; the ammunition was almost gone, and before many days the St. Lawrence would be bridged with ice. Boats were put ashore, and Walley and his men re-embarked in the utmost confusion, leaving behind five pieces of artillery. An attempt was afterwards made to recover the guns, but the French kept up such a heavy fire on the party detailed for this duty that it had to be abandoned.

When the inhabitants of Quebec realized that the enemy had withdrawn, they burst into shouts of exultation. Cheer after cheer ascended from the rocky height, and amid the joyous fire of the guns and the cheers of the people could be heard the name of their preserver, Frontenac. Even those who hated him now joined with the others in doing him honor. They had, indeed, much to thank him for. But for his prompt action in ordering the troops to hasten into the fortress, from the various points along the St. Lawrence, and in permitting no delay in strengthening the fortifications, the English would have found what they expected—an easy prey. The French had another cause for rejoicing. They had begun to fear a protracted siege, and as many frightened refugees had crowded in from the surrounding country, starvation had already begun to stare them in the face. But now this danger was over, and they could rejoice. But yet all was not joy; for with their gladness mingled sorrow for

the brave sons of France who had fallen in the fight ; among others the heroic and gallant Le Moyne de Sainte-Hélène.

The fleet withdrew and dropped behind the island of Orleans, and there anchored to repair the vessels and otherwise prepare for their ignominious return. Some of their masts had been cut away, others had their sails rent in many places by the iron storm, and many of the hulls had their sides splintered, making it impossible for them to go to sea until the holes had been stopped up. While busy in this way an exchange of prisoners was accomplished.

As the English were getting ready for sea, news was brought to Quebec that the vessels carrying the annual supplies of money and provisions were in the St. Lawrence. It would be a terrible loss to the French if these were to fall into the hands of the homeward-bound fleet. A party was sent out to avert this disaster, and stealing past the English, reached these vessels and warned them of their danger. The vessels, three in number, then sped up the mountain-girt Saguenay, and waited for Phips to sail past. He, however, saw and pursued them, but the French were apparently having a run of good fortune, and a sudden snow and wind storm saved them from their pursuers and permitted them to sail joyfully on to Quebec. Their arrival filled the French colonists' cup of happiness to overflowing. Their victorious *Fleur-de-lis* waved its white folds smilingly over the chateau ; the enemy was now out of sight, his power so broken that it would probably be long before he could attempt another such invasion of Canada. And now to their joy is added this arrival

from *La Belle France* with plenty of money and supplies for the winter. The people gave themselves up to rejoicings.

A procession was formed in honor of France, of the king, of the victory, of Frontenac, and of the Saints to whose intercession they ascribed the victory. A stranger not knowing the cause would have found it hard to understand who was being honored where there were so many to honor and so much to be thankful for. At the head of the procession was borne in derision the flag that had been shot from Phips' vessel and afterwards hung in the cathedral, where it remained until 1759, when it was burned in the conflagration of that determined siege which placed the Union Jack of England permanently on the heights of Quebec. This rejoicing was kept up all day long; men, women and children joining in the many processions; and when the last rays of the sun faded behind the hills, a huge bonfire in honor of their white-haired preserver was lighted on the summit of the rock, its blaze turning the night into day. Frontenac's heart was overflowing with joy. He had suffered much in Canada, but this honor from his children was, he felt, a sufficient reward.

The story is almost finished. The hasty and ill-managed expedition on its way home suffered even greater damage than it did before Quebec. The Gulf and Atlantic were then darkening with the autumn storms, and many vessels were lost, some of the crews leaving their bones to bleach on the desolate iron-bound island of Anticosti, then as now the seaman's dread. When they at last arrived in Boston,

it was found that between the havoc of battle, disease — particularly the small-pox, and shipwrecks — they had lost in all about a thousand men. The trusting puritans who had so earnestly prayed for victory for their sons, sent up a wail to heaven. They felt that the sin was theirs; they had offended the Almighty, and he was pouring out his vials of wrath upon them.

So many of the able-bodied men were called away that the harvest was neglected, and a famine stared them in the face. The preparations had so exhausted their treasury that the colony might now be said to be bankrupt. How different might have been the story had proper judgment been used! However, it was a terrible lesson from experience, and one from which it took the English many years to recover. Not for fifty years to come was another attempt made to take the heights of Quebec; and then the invaders took care to have the material of a very different sort.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ACADIAN EXILES.

NOVA SCOTIA or Acadia appears to have attracted all explorers, from the old Norsemen whose voyages now seem almost like a myth, to the enterprising Frenchmen who first made a firm footing on the fertile peninsula. The Norsemen* in coasting southward from the fogs of Newfoundland were enchanted by this smiling land, and gratefully called it Vine-land. No relics of their occupation have ever been found, and it is quite probable that they paid it merely a passing visit.

The first settlement of the country was made by De Monts and Champlain, as has been told more fully elsewhere. These determined Frenchmen, in 1604, after buffeting the storms of the Atlantic in their frail vessels, gladly welcomed this sunny land. They visited all the Southern coast, sailed into the Bay of Fundy — called by them *Baie Française* — and cast anchor in the peaceful, storm-defying inlet now known as Annapolis Basin. The weary Frenchmen rested for a time, enraptured with the scenery. Gentle hills clad with pine and maple, brooks abounding in fish, forests teeming with game everywhere met their gaze. Lingered there awhile they enjoyed the

* It is uncertain whether the site of the Norse settlement — Vineland — was Nova Scotia or New Jersey; but there is much to be said in favor of the first supposition.

beauty of the spot and the pleasures of the chase and feasted on the abundant game. But the weather was growing cold, and as they did not wish to winter among unknown Indians they sailed to the St. Croix River, and went into winter quarters on an island for safety. The terrible experience already related in the story of St. Croix made them cast longing thoughts towards Annapolis, and in the following spring they left the bleak island and returned to the attractive basin.

Here they planted the historic settlement of Port Royal. History does not present a more attractive picture than that of the early days of this little colony. Champlain and his men lived in the greatest harmony with each other and with the Indians. The wilderness life had the charm of novelty, and the pleasure-loving Frenchmen, to wile away the hours, merrily filled up their spare time with the dance and feast. The Indians, well-treated by the strangers, became their firm friends, and constantly frequented the settlement, enjoying the hospitality of the French, and rewarding it with many a good bird or even deer, brought down by their unerring arrows. This friendship thus formed between the red-men and the French lasted throughout their intercourse; and until the English had taken final possession of the country these Indians gave valuable assistance to their early friends.

This gentle Acadian scene was soon to be ruthlessly invaded. The first rude blow was struck in 1613, eight years after the founding of Port Royal, by Captain Samuel Argall, who held a commission from the Governor of Virginia. As has been more fully told

in a previous story, this adventurer, learning of the prosperity of the French, resolved to seize the country for England. Sweeping down upon it with several vessels he ravaged the settlements along the coast, and making a sudden descent upon Port Royal he laid it in ruins.

Some years later a party of Scotchmen attempted to make a settlement, but failed. A later effort, by a band of Frenchmen, was completely baffled by an English fleet just when prospects were brightening. The next attempt to gain a footing at Nova Scotia was by Charles La Tour, who dwelt at Port Royal for a short time, but eventually went to Cape Sable, where he built a fort which he called Fort Louis. La Tour's father was taken a prisoner to England, and while there married an English wife. He was sent out to Nova Scotia by King James with two vessels in the expectation that the French commander would surrender at once.

On arriving at Fort La Tour with his two ships, he called on his son to surrender, but met with a blunt refusal to all his solicitations. An attack was then made on the fort, but such a strong resistance was offered that the assailant was forced to give up the attempt. He then went with his colonists to Port Royal, where he made a new settlement.* Disease and privation greatly lessened the numbers of his band, and the attacks of the Indians who clung closely to their French friends, made sad havoc in their ranks. In ten years the colony was completely destroyed. The generous Charles La Tour then invited his father to settle near Fort Louis, but would never permit him or his English wife to

* The second Port Royal was on the south side of Annapolis Basin — the first being on the north side.

enter the walls he had tried to wrest from the French king.

In 1654 Cromwell sent a fleet to Nova Scotia and succeeded in taking possession of it. But on the accession of Charles the Second, who had not forgotten the assistance rendered him against the Protector, he restored Acadia to the French. These raids, made in time of war, were not the only ones with which the Acadians had to contend. The Atlantic coast, in these early times, swarmed with pirates, and not a few had their strongholds in islands off the coast of Maine. Time and again these plunderers swept down upon the peaceful settlers and robbed them of the harvests so laboriously won from the soil. If they attempted resistance their homes and barns were ruthlessly consigned to the flames.

From the accession of Charles the Second till 1690 the settlers of Nova Scotia dwelt in comparative peace ; but in that year the deeds of the three war-parties had so exasperated the New Englanders that a wholesale invasion of Canada was planned. Being in need of money, they must make a levy on the sunny fields of Acadia. Sir William Phips, with three vessels, drawing up his fleet before Port Royal demanded its surrender. The governor of the fort, M. de Meneval, complied without resistance, as the stronghold was in a ruined condition and his soldiers were too few in number to withstand the English. In the following year it was again captured by the French. Another effort was made to seize it in 1707 ; but the French made a noble stand and the English forces were driven back.

In 1710 the English made a determined attack

which forever crushed the French power in Nova Scotia. New England and Britain united their forces, and a large and well-equipped fleet under the veteran, General Nicholson, set sail for the scene of conflict. Governor Subercase, seeing how greatly he was outnumbered, at first thought of immediate surrender, but afterwards determined to make an effort to hold out. After six days, however, he capitulated and when General Nicholson entered the place, he found the garrison, as well as the other inhabitants, on the point of starvation. The general then changed the name of the place to Annapolis Royal, in honor of Queen Anne, who had largely assisted the expedition out of her own private purse. Never again did the French flag float over Annapolis. This conquest was final, but peace did not follow.

Although General Nicholson took possession of the capital in 1710, it was not till three years later that the right of possession was acknowledged by the French in the Treaty of Utrecht. It was not so easy to make the Acadian peasants good English subjects. They still naturally clung to the motherland and refused to take the oath of allegiance. The parish priests spared no efforts to foster in their flocks a hatred of the invaders, so it was not for twenty years that the Acadians could be persuaded to take the oath of allegiance; and then, only on condition that they were not to be called to fight for the English, or even protect their own homes against their countrymen.

For nineteen years after the invasion under General Nicholson, Annapolis remained the capital of Nova Scotia; but the English felt that it was not

strong enough to overawe the French population, should a general rising occur. To remedy this weakness they resolved to establish another stronghold on Chebueto Bay. In 1749 Edward Cornwallis sailed up the bay with a fleet carrying two thousand five hundred settlers, and soon the foundation of the present city of Halifax was laid.

The Acadians and friendly Indians were greatly dismayed at the sight of this new colony and hindered the work by every means in their power. They hovered about the outskirts of the settlement, and when any unwary settler strayed into the woods he rarely returned. Not infrequently they would apply the torch to some one of the newly erected buildings, and then hurriedly retreat to their hiding-places to watch with delight the flames that completed their fiendish work.

The naturally peace-loving Acadian farmers would probably never have interfered with the English but for their priests, who led them like sheep. Chief among these instigators was Abbé Le Loutre, who had come to Acadia as a missionary to the Indians. He did all he could to embroil the Acadians with their new masters, threatening both temporal and eternal punishment if they should aid the settlers or even desist from harassing them. From the pulpit he taught that loyalty to the King of France was essential to the winning of a happy hereafter; and when such means failed he threatened the Acadians with his Indians, who were only too ready for plunder and even for murder. His mission was on the Shubenacadie river, about a day's journey from Halifax. His charge consisted of a band of Indians

living in smoky wigwams, depending upon plunder for a subsistence, little caring whether their daily food came from friend or foe. Over these Indians this bold fanatic priest had a strong influence, and they willingly followed wherever he led. They hated the English. Ever since the good old times of Champlain, of happy memory, they had a strong liking for the first settlers, and did not take kindly to the new *régime*.

Le Loutre, fearing lest long familiarity with the English might make the Acadians at length willing to submit to the rule of the hated intruders, endeavored to persuade them to leave the peninsula. Not a few were led, either by force or persuasion, to leave their farms and seek new abodes on Ile St. Jean — Cape Breton — or in the woods of New Brunswick. This was, perhaps, a more cruel exile than the wholesale one which shortly followed. For the poor French had no heart to begin life over again in a strange land. They looked with longing, regretful eyes towards their lovely farms about the Basin of Minas and the Annapolis Valley, and had no energy left to clear the forest and create new homes in the wilderness. They struggled on in the most abject poverty, dwelling in the rudest abodes and living on the coarsest food. Their children were almost destitute of clothing, and it was not an uncommon sight to see them going about without a rag of covering. Disease and death were the natural results; and many more would have perished but for the aid given them by the French Government.

Le Loutre's was not the only influence to keep the French and Acadians apart and the Indians hostile.

He was merely acting as a zealous servant for his master. He and La Jonquière, the French governor, were acting in concert, and large sums of money were supplied to carry out his plans. Nor was the French governor of Canada his only assistant. Louis the Fifteenth and his ministers were well aware of the state of affairs in Acadia, and showed their approval of Le Loutre's work by contributions of money and gifts for his Indian allies, as well as by letters of direct encouragement. The malignant fanatic did not hesitate to urge the Indians and goad the Acadians to attack and slay. He even set a price on English scalps; and not a few were paid for by his hand. The people of Halifax soon found out that he was the instigator of many of the cruelties practiced upon them, and efforts were made to take him, alive or dead. But the wily priest was too much on his guard, and succeeded in eluding the attempted capture. In these circumstances it had become absolutely necessary to take some decisive step. The Acadians must be either persuaded or compelled to take the oath of allegiance. And this was the cause of the sad story which follows.

The first two British governors of Nova Scotia — Cornwallis and his successor Hopson — were warm-hearted, sympathetic men; both realized the position of the poor Acadians, and tried to make them contented and loyal subjects. They received assistance in loans; they were left in peaceable possession of their farms, and they were not asked to fight with the English against their French brethren.

The first great breach between the English and the Acadians occurred at the isthmus of Chignecto,

which was supposed to be the boundary between the French and English possessions. Although the mother countries were still quarreling over the boundaries of their colonies, it was generally understood by the colonists that the little stream Missaquash, was on the line. The French had encamped on a little hill called Beau Séjour, to the north of this stream, with a strong force under two officers, Bois-hébert and La Corne. On the south side of the stream lay the quiet little hamlet of Beau Bassin with its numerous and thrifty villagers.

The French officers encouraged and aided the peaceful farmers to leave their homes on the English side and come over to the French territory, and the ever-vigilant Le Loutre greatly exerted himself in helping on this emigration. Besides this, these simple people were easily led to keep up petty attacks on the English in concert with their Indian allies. Cornwallis saw that the only way to put an end to this annoyance was to occupy Beau Bassin with a strong force, and to erect a fort south of the Missaquash to counteract the effect of the troops at Beau Séjour. He therefore, in the spring of 1750, sent Major Lawrence, with four hundred men, to take possession of Beau Bassin.

Le Loutre, hearing the approach of the fleet, commanded the Acadians to emigrate to the French territory. But as they loved dearly the farms on which they had spent years of toil, many of them refused to obey. Their evil genius, Le Loutre, then called his Micmacs to his aid, who assisted him in setting fire to the church, the dwellings and barns, and so left the homeless peasants no other course; and

with heavy hearts these first exiles left the scene of their former tranquil and happy life. When Lawrence arrived, he sent his troops ashore, but as La Corne came out to give him battle with a force twice his number, he quickly re-embarked. In September he returned with a much larger force, and taking possession of Beau Bassin, created a palisaded fort, naming it after himself — Fort Lawrence.

For the next five years the colony was in a troubled and excited state. The Acadians longed to come back to their deserted farms, and would have been gladly welcomed by both Cornwallis and Hopson, but all their efforts were thwarted by Le Loutre. The next governor of Nova Scotia was a very different man from either Cornwallis or Hopson. Governor Lawrence was much sterner in character than either of his kindly predecessors. When he came into power Nova Scotia needed a strong, sure and perhaps severe hand.

The French ministry and Du Quesne, the Governor of Canada, were planning a general rising of the Acadians still left in the Province and an attack by the French troops on the British colony. Le Loutre was corresponding with Du Quesne, and to him was assigned the task of exciting the Acadians to rebellion, while Vergor, the commandant of Beau Séjour, was to bring his soldiers to their aid. Governor Lawrence, knowing that the small body of troops in Nova Scotia would stand a poor chance in case of a general uprising, determined to go vigorously to work at once and take the aggressive. He wrote to Shirley, who was Governor of New England, telling him of the intended invasion and especially of the

attack planned on Fort Lawrence, adding that he thought it "high time to drive them" (the Acadians) "from the north side of the Bay of Fundy."

Monckton was the bearer of Lawrence's letter, with authority to induce Shirley to raise two thousand soldiers in New England for the attack of Beau Séjour and the surrounding forts. Shirley readily agreed and commissioned John Winslow to collect the troops. A motley crowd of all crafts and professions were ready to join the expedition. After many delays, on the twenty-second of May, 1755, the vessels that were to bear them to the scene of conflict were ready for sea, and they arrived at their destination on the evening of the fifth of June.

When the sun shone next morning it revealed the fleet lying off Beau Séjour, to the great alarm of the commandant. He at once called in all the men fit for bearing arms, and sent messengers to rouse the other forts in his vicinity. Monckton, now in command of the force sent by Shirley, landed his men, encamped round Fort Lawrence and began preparations for the siege. Vergor held out for a fortnight, but an unexpected incident led him hastily to come to terms.

One morning, while a party of officers were breakfasting in what they supposed to be a bomb-proof room, a shell burst in among them, killing six and wounding others. Vergor, who was never too brave, was with a party of officers in the other bomb-proof room. He began to tremble for his life, and speedily concluded to call a truce. He ran up a white flag over his fort, much to the amazement of the besiegers who were preparing for a long siege.

Le Loutre, who knew he had little mercy to expect from the English, was the only man to oppose capitulation. He stormed and raved at what he called cowardice, and declared it better to have the whole fort in ruins about them than to yield it to the hated foe. But Vergor saw no chance of outside aid, while he saw many chances of another destructive intruder, and so gave no heed to the priest's wrath, but sent out an officer to propose terms.

A settlement was quickly arrived at, and the British took possession of Beau Séjour, changing its name to Fort Cumberland. Le Loutre was seen no more in Acadia. He escaped from the fort, and after a weary journey reached Quebec, whence he sailed for France, but was captured by the English and for eight years remained a prisoner on the island of Jersey.

Governor Lawrence strongly desired to secure the Acadians as British subjects; but it was indispensable that they should take the oath of allegiance to the English king. In the spring of this year he made a proclamation to this effect and all might have availed themselves of this opportunity for a harmonious settlement. But very few, however, complied. Even when Beau Séjour was attacked they still held firmly to their motherland and to what they believed to be their duty to their Church. After Beau Séjour fell the whole peninsula was absolutely in the hands of the British. Still the Acadians stubbornly and stupidly refused to take the oath. Lawrence saw no other course than the severe one of compelling them to leave the isthmus altogether. Before doing so, however, he gave them another chance. He sent

for messengers to report from the people in the various hamlets. No satisfaction was received. The deputies were even insolent to the governor, who learned that the Acadians were expecting a French descent on the Province and that this was why they so obstinately resisted his commands.

It was plain that even if they did take the oath they could not be trusted. The Council met in Halifax to receive the deputies and, after carefully considering the past and present conduct of the Acadians and the possibility of making them peaceful citizens, they decided that the only safe course for the colony was to banish them from the peninsula.

Monckton, then at Beau Séjour, was informed of the decision of the Council, and ordered to make prisoners of all the adult males in and about the fort. He at once obeyed orders and summoned the men and boys to appear. About a third complied and the remainder fled to the woods and escaped the soldiers sent out to bring them in.

Colonel Winslow was ordered to perform the same task at the Basin of Minas, where occurred the sad events so pathetically pictured in Longfellow's beautiful poem of "Evangeline." Major Handfield, in command of Annapolis, had to perform the same duty in his portion of the country. It was decided by the Council that it would be necessary to exile the Acadians to the Southern States and New England. It would not do to send them to any of the French possessions, for this would only strengthen the enemy's ranks, and the hatred engendered by this exile would make them the most bitter foes. The removal of the Acadians from the isthmus was not

a success, as many of the prisoners escaped to the French territory. Nor was the exile from Annapolis as thorough as the British had hoped. News of the intended removal was rumored abroad and very many of the peasants escaped to the woods and eluded the troops.

Great care was taken not to alarm the inhabitants of the Basin of Minas, and the exile from this region was sudden and complete. Colonel Winslow left Monckton's camp at Beau Séjour on his painful mission, in the middle of August. Before setting out he received orders to get the French on board his vessels at all hazards: "If you find that fair means will not do with them you must proceed by the most vigorous measures possible; not only in compelling them to embark, but in depriving those who shall escape of all means of shelter or support, by burning their houses and by destroying everything that may afford them the means of subsistence in the country." He had with him three hundred men to aid in obeying these grim orders.

August in Nova Scotia is always a delightful month. This year it was particularly pleasant. The rain and sunshine had equally blessed the land, and a bountiful harvest was standing in the valleys waiting to be gathered into the barns. Winslow was enchanted with the beauty of the scene; the rich yellow valleys, the long line of waving grass on the dyke-lands and the upland fields where herds of cattle grazed. He had not the heart at once to summon the inhabitants and make them prisoners. He preferred to let them harvest the grain first and then strike the cruel blow.

He fixed his headquarters at Grand Pré, and as he had reason to fear a rising of the Acadians who outnumbered his men five to one, he built a stockade round his camp. This completely deceived the unsuspecting farmers, who supposed that the troops were to be stationed with them for the winter. When the industrious Acadians had almost filled their barns to overflowing, Winslow determined to begin his work, and although he hated the task, he was determined to obey the orders of Governor Lawrence to the letter.

On the second of September he issued an edict "to the people at Grand Pré, Minas Basin, River Canard, and other adjacent places, requiring both old and young men, as well as all the lads of ten years of age, to attend at the church in Grand Pré on Friday the fifth instant, at three o'clock in the afternoon, that we may impart what we are ordered to communicate to them." The astonished farmers hastened to finish their harvest so as to be able to take a holiday on Friday to obey the summons; and on Thursday evening the setting sun saw scarcely any grain in the fields.

On Friday, the little chapel was crowded with anxious faces, and a death-like silence reigned while Winslow announced to them the decision of the king as committed to him by Governor Lawrence: "That all the French inhabitants of these districts be removed; and that, 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 overloading the vessels you go in." The naturally kind-hearted Winslow

added, by way of a little cheer: "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 vessels; so that this removal which, I am sensible, must give you a great deal of trouble, may be made as easily as his Majesty's service will admit; and I hope in whatever part of the world your lot may fall, you may be faithful subjects, and a peaceable, happy people."

There were four hundred and eighteen men assembled in the church when this startling edict was announced; and their heavy hearts could scarcely comprehend the voice that told them they should no longer enjoy the tranquil life of their lovely valleys. They could not realize that Winslow actually intended to drive them out of Nova Scotia. They imagined that it was only a new scheme to induce them to take the oath of allegiance.

Some of the old men begged permission to visit their families and tell them the cause of their imprisonment. Winslow consulted with his officers, and, in order to show them as much kindness as possible, they determined that twenty should each day visit their homes. Messengers were sent to the friends of the prisoners, telling them of the position of their relatives and asking supplies of food. All the millers were permitted to return to their mills and keep them at work, but strict guard was maintained over the rest.

By this simple means, without any loss of life, all the able-bodied men capable of bearing arms were made prisoners without striking a blow. It was well

they made no resistance, as the troops hated the whole Acadian population and would not have hesitated to shed blood on the slightest pretext.

While waiting for transports to bear the French away, Winslow suffered constant anxiety lest they should muster courage enough to attempt resistance. They had to be allowed exercise, and he feared that when out of the church it might occur to them to make a rush to arms; and should they once gain possession of these, the handful of New England soldiers would have a hard task to keep them from gaining their liberty and slaughtering their keepers.

About the middle of the week following their capture ominous glances were noticed among the prisoners, and a rising was dreaded. In order to avoid any such calamity, Winslow determined that fifty of the men should be placed on board each of the five transports lying a short distance from the mouth of the Gaspereau River. The prisoners misunderstood the movement and thought it a ruse to get them on board the vessels that were to bear them away at once. They refused to go. No persuasion could make them change their resolve. A squad of soldiers was ordered to fix bayonets and advance on them.

On seeing the cold steel they began to waver, and when Winslow seized one of the foremost young men by the shoulder he tremblingly obeyed. Slowly the whole company followed, praying, singing and crying. The women and children, ever near the church, had heard of the intended embarkation, and as their friends marched along the dusty road to the river, they met them weeping and praying, mothers,

lovers and wives, lamenting the dear ones who they believed were being torn from them.

The vessels were anchored well out in the stream and a guard of six men was placed on each. The friends of the prisoners were permitted to bring them food every day in boats. This troublesome task of placing the first company on board of the transport, seems to have weighed heavily upon Winslow, who speaks of the affair as "more grievous to me than any service I was ever employed in." However, his duty had to be done and the sooner the whole work was over, the better. He anxiously looked for the provisions that were to supply the vessels ; but days extended to weeks and still not a sail came in sight. Other transports in addition to the five now lying in the Gaspereau were expected, but these, too, did not appear.

At last, when the October frosts had begun to color the hillsides with golden and ruddy hues, seven more vessels sailed into the Basin of Minas, and the long-delayed work of embarkation began in earnest. To the last the poor captives thought that this threatened exile was only a scheme to frighten them into obedience, and it was not until they were ordered to pack up their goods and to march with their families to the vessels that they realized the truth that they were leaving their homes forever.

On the eighth of October the cruel work was begun. No sadder scene could be imagined. Weeping mothers carrying their weeping children, strong sons and daughters wheeling their aged parents in carts, all lamenting the forced and cruel removal. There was now no chance of escape. They must

say farewell to Acadia. Winslow felt for the inhabitants, and did all he could to make their lot as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. He did not permit any of his soldiers to ill-treat them or pillage their goods, and severely punished those who disobeyed this order. Great care was taken to embark all the members of families on board the same vessel, and not to add to the misery of exile that of separation.

On the twenty-seventh of the month, all were on board whom the transports could carry, and they put out to sea with their sorrowful cargo of human souls. This was not the end of the gloomy undertaking. Six hundred prisoners were still left behind at Grand Pré, and Winslow could not depart until they were shipped for other lands. Several months elapsed in weary waiting for the needed transports, and about two days before Christmas "the last of the Frenchmen passed Cape Blomidon on the way to the land of the stranger."

But a few months before a busy and happy, although densely ignorant people, occupied the smiling valley of the Gaspereau, labored on its fertile dyke-lands or fished on the broad waters of the Bay of Fundy. Now silence reigned everywhere. Two hundred and fifty dwelling-houses, two hundred and seventy-six barns laden with grain to overflowing, eleven mills and the church, had all been consigned to the flames. The only living creatures left were the beasts of the field or an occasional terror-stricken fugitive lurking in some cave or deep wood. Sad as was the catastrophe, it was at least a redeeming feature that it was almost entirely bloodless; only

two who had escaped and would not surrender being slain.

From other parts of Nova Scotia similar sad scenes took place, though not executed in so complete a manner nor with such humanity. The Acadians were scattered all along the Atlantic coast as far south as Florida and Louisiana, where many of their descendants are still to be found. Some returned as soon as possible, while others took years to toil back to the land they dearly loved.

But more cruel than any of the other phases of the Acadian exile was the emigration to Canada encouraged by the French governor and priests. Many who went as far as Quebec were robbed of the little store of goods that they had been able to carry with them, and nearly all the poor refugees met with a very cold reception at the hands of their own fellow countrymen.

CHAPTER VII.

THE GREAT SIEGE OF QUEBEC.

THE first siege of Quebec ended, as has been already told, in the inglorious defeat of Sir William Phips; and for a time the triumphant French pillaged at their pleasure the neighboring settlements. All hostilities, however, were ended by the Treaty of Ryswick. One year after that the energetic Frontenac passed away in the land where nearly all his best years had been spent in ceaseless toil. The colonies remained at peace with each other until the Marquis de Vaudreuil was appointed governor of New France, in 1703. At that time a war broke out between Britain and France in the Old World, and, as before, the children of the combatants took up the quarrel in the New. The war lasted ten years, and although the French had the best of it in America, they were so badly beaten in Europe that at its close they gave up to the English by the Treaty of Utrecht, Acadia, Newfoundland — taken during the struggle — the Hudson Bay Territory and the sovereignty over the Iroquois.

After that came a long interval of peace. But a standing jealousy had all along existed between the two colonies in regard to their boundaries, and when war again broke out in Europe, this old jealousy led to a renewal of hostilities. The chief trouble was

about the line dividing their possessions in Acadia and in the valley of the Ohio. It soon became clear that this war was to be the most serious one yet known in America. Great preparations were made on both sides. But the French had their hands full in Europe, and so could send little aid to their colony, which was thus obliged to struggle on alone, under great difficulties. While her brave soldiers fought most bravely they did so at such a disadvantage and against such overwhelming numbers that their defeats far outnumbered their victories, and fort after fort slipped out of their hands.

In 1756 General Montcalm arrived in Canada as commander of the French forces. He was a brave and tried soldier, uniting vigorous action and a thorough military training with a cool head and calm judgment. He soon proved himself fully capable of managing men in the New World, and by his energy and skill gained several victories over the foe. One of the best traits of his character was the humanity which led him on several occasions to interfere to save prisoners from cruel torture. Shortly after his arrival in Canada, the English sent out a large force under Wolfe and Amherst, which succeeded in capturing the strong fortress of Louisburg in Cape Breton. This was in 1758.

In the following year the British determined to make a mighty effort to get possession of the entire continent of America. Cape Breton, Acadia and the Ohio Valley had been won. They would next attack the three remaining strongholds; the forts at Lake Champlain, the fort at Niagara and, chief of all, Quebec. Generals Amherst and Johnson were

chosen to proceed against the first two points, and General Wolfe was appointed to the almost super-human task of storming the seemingly impregnable rock of Quebec.

Wolfe was very young, but he had had much experience in the field and with men, and had proved himself both a brave officer and a strong disciplinarian. He was weak and sickly in body, with none of the outward aspect of the British lion. But he had an unconquerable will. He would allow himself to be discouraged by no misfortune, and was ever ready to obey the voice of duty. The watchful Pitt had carefully noted his career, and did not hesitate when a daring soldier was needed for this most difficult of tasks, to give him the command, much to the disappointment of many senior officers. He was not only a brave soldier, but also a loving son, and his letters to his parents show the utmost filial affection. And, although suffering severely from disease, he seems in all of them to be only thinking how he might best devote his fragile body to his country's good.

Montcalm was to command at Quebec. He was continually thwarted in his plans by Vaudreuil, who was constantly jealous of him. But, fortunately for the French, Vaudreuil soon recognized in Montcalm a much stronger than he, and gave way to him in military affairs.

France, at this time, did not own a cooler head and braver heart than Montcalm's. England, likewise, had not a truer soldier than young Wolfe. The encounter was indeed to be a meeting of heroes, and a long and severe struggle was expected. The

English were hopeful, but the French laughed at the idea of their being able to take the rugged rock from which they had so easily repulsed Phips's fleet, fifty years before.

In the spring of 1759, the news reached Quebec that the English fleet was *en route* for the St. Lawrence. At first the inhabitants were terror-stricken, as they were not prepared to stand a long siege, but their fears were dispersed by the arrival of a fleet of eighteen sail, with supplies from France.

Montcalm at this time was at Montreal, but hastened to Quebec with the utmost speed, in order to prepare it for a successful resistance. All the available troops were hurried into the city, and the excited inhabitants eagerly watched for the expected fleet. Kept back, however, by several delays, it did not appear for some weeks, and thus gave the French time to make ample preparations. They resolved to concentrate their entire force on the river fronts between the St. Charles and the Montmorency Rivers, a distance of eight miles, and one continuous line of redoubts, batteries and entrenchments was constructed. Two hulks were mounted with cannon and placed at the mouth of the St. Charles; and a boom of logs was thrown across it to keep the English fleet from passing up. Every available entrance to the city was closed and barricaded save one to admit the troops from the river front. A hundred and six cannon frowned from the heights, a considerable floating battery with guns, fire-ships and fire-rafts, protected the front of the city. The entire number of men under arms in and about Quebec was over sixteen thousand. After everything was ready

the French patiently awaited the foe, but no foe appeared. At last the suspense was broken by the news that the fleet was at Ile aux Coudres. Three midshipmen belonging to it who were captured and brought to Quebec, greatly alarmed the French by their tales of the tremendous size and strength of the approaching squadron.

On the twenty-first of June a portion of Wolfe's fleet arrived in the north channel of Orleans Island. Several vain attempts were made to destroy them with fire-ships and fire-rafts. Soon all the vessels passed the difficult navigation of the St. Lawrence, and anchored south of the island. That same night a small party landed and had a brush with the inhabitants who, being defeated, crossed over to the north shore. The next day was a busy one for the British soldiers. Boats loaded with troops plied busily between the ships and the island until the entire army was landed and drawn up on the beach. Wolfe was eager to begin action at once, and, without delay, began to look about him. He was sometimes appalled at the strength and vastness of the preparations made to meet him. He had little more than half the number of the French troops, but his men were, nearly all, tried soldiers; and, though the difficulties were great, he felt that with such soldiers he must succeed.

On the day when the British troops were landed on the Island of Orleans, a furious gale arose and lasted for some hours. The French thought it was an interposition of Providence, and hoped that it would destroy the entire fleet. But it was only a summer gale, and soon subsided. While it lasted it

drove the ships hither and thither, and in spite of the utmost vigilance some were driven ashore and others collided, causing no little damage. When the storm went down, the French determined to try the effect of the fire-ships on the invaders. These ships were the largest of the merchant-vessels that had brought out their supplies, and had been equipped for their present work at an enormous cost. To make their deadly work almost certain, they had been filled with pitch, tar, and other inflammable material, besides having on board firearms and cannon crammed to the muzzle, together with every other conceivable explosive.

Vaudreuil appointed Deluche, a distinguished naval officer, to the hazardous task of guiding the fire-ships to the fleet of the foe, and firing them at the right time. Fortunately for the English, Deluche's courage failed him, and he set fire to his vessel much too soon. The night was pitch-dark, but the sudden blaze dispersed the darkness. The English, fearing an attempt on their encampment, drew up their forces in readiness to resist, and watched the approaching vessel. One after another leapt into flame, and soon the whole river, from the Montmorency to the city, was as light as day. The flames soon reached the explosives, and the air was filled with the crash of loud reports and the whizzing of shot and shell. However, Deluche had been so hasty in his work that no harm was done to the British vessels. Some of the fire-ships ran ashore before reaching them, and others were towed out of harm's way by the energetic British seamen who rowed out and grappled them. One of the fire-ships

blazed so rapidly its captain and a number of the crew were burned before they could escape in their boats.

Vaudreuil had expected much from this enterprise, and had hopefully climbed into the church-steeple of Beauport, about three miles from Quebec, to see the British fleet annihilated. When he saw how useless the whole undertaking had been, his discouragement was extreme.

Wolfe determined to begin more active hostilities without delay. He carefully considered every available point of attack, and concluded that his best move would be to take up a position on point Lévis, directly opposite Quebec. He dispatched General Monckton thither with his brigade on the twenty-ninth of June, and on the next day went over himself and chose the most commanding point, from which his cannon might play upon the city. As soon as his intention was discovered the guns of Quebec poured out a leaden shower upon his workmen. Many were killed, but the work of entrenchment was vigorously continued, and they soon had secured a very strong position. An attempt was made to storm their entrenchments, but without success. When all was ready, the besiegers turned their guns upon the city. The people fled to the country in terror. In all directions bursting shells set fire to the houses, and among others, their revered cathedral was given to the flames. This fire, however, was of very little practical value to the English. It brought them no nearer to the capture of Quebec, except that it perhaps discouraged the Canadians and made them feel, at least, that a more formidable foe than Phips was before their walls.

Wolfe became impatient at seeing nothing accomplished but a useless destruction of property. He determined to make an effort to attack the main body along the St. Lawrence. It was impossible to charge them successfully from the river, and so he took up his position to the left of their forces on the banks of the brown and rapid Montmorency. As soon as he felt himself strongly posted, he began to harass the foe, who quickly returned his fire, a great deal of damage being done on both sides. His battery at Lévis still kept up its disastrous cannonade on the Lower town, which was soon almost deserted by its terrified inhabitants. The effect of this determined siege was already beginning to tell. Many of the Canadians deserted to the British ranks, reporting that only dread of their officers kept their countrymen from coming over in a body to the British lines.

Near the end of July a British ship, with several smaller vessels, succeeded in passing the fortress of Quebec and taking their station above the city where they captured several French vessels. This was unfortunate for the French, for they had now not only to defend Quebec and the St. Lawrence, but also to take a large portion of their troops to defend the passes above the city. The English followed up this success by dragging boats across Point Lévis, and, launching them at a point out of range of the enemy's guns, filled them with men to join troops gone before them. These at once began operations, so that the French were now attacked from three points; Montmorency, Lévis and the rocky plateau above Quebec. Montcalm, though vigilant, smiled

at their efforts. He knew his own strength, and thought that all would be well if he could only keep his men from discouragement. However, he wisely determined to remain on the defensive. Vaudreuil however was much more despondent, and observed with great alarm the successes of the enemy's fleet. His fire-ships had been a failure, but he determined to make one more mighty effort to destroy their vessels. He had some seventy rafts, boats and schooners joined together and loaded, like the fire-ships, with guns of all sorts, crammed to the muzzles with grenades, bombs, and other explosive weapons. This "gigantic infernal machine" was carefully directed and seemed as if it would utterly destroy the fleet. But British courage was too much for French ingenuity, and the hardy sailors gallantly manned their boats, and grappling the blazing raft, towed it ashore, with bursting cannon and showers of bullets falling about them. Shout upon shout went up from their lusty throats, as one piece of the raft after another struck ground and blazed itself out. The French turned away in disgust. It was of no use to try to intimidate such men. The only thing they could do was to keep them outside of the city, and this at least seemed easy enough.

Summer was rapidly drawing to a close, and Wolfe, seeing that if something were not soon done the year would be lost, decided to make a strong attack on Montcalm's river force. He directed a large portion of his men against the enemy's entrenchments, and on the last day of July a fierce battle was fought. The battery at Lévis poured its leaden hail into the city, the ships along the shore cast shot and shell

into the French camp, while the cannon on the left of the Montmorency drowned the roar of the Falls with their thunder. The French were not idle, and their guns replied with equal strength. An attempt was made to land in front and charge the foe, but it was quickly repulsed with severe loss. Wolfe saw how impracticable it was to attempt the capture of Quebec from that side, and, withdrawing his troops, thought out another plan. The French were delighted with the punishment they had given the foe, and Vaudreuil exultingly wrote to a friend, "Monsieur Wolfe, I can assure you, will make no progress." He reckoned without his host, as we shall quickly see.

Wolfe, from the commencement of the siege, had longed to meet the French in the open field; but this repulse made the chance seem more remote than ever. Montcalm knew that his raw militia were much more serviceable behind entrenchments than they could be in a fair hand-to-hand engagement, and so would run no risks. Wolfe, on his first arrival in the country, had anxiously looked to the heights above Quebec, and now he once more turned to the hope of getting up on the broad plains. His first task was to look for a practicable ascent.

In the meantime he gave orders to ravage the surrounding country, and his men did their work only too well. Many villages and farmhouses were laid in ruins, and not a few of their resisting inhabitants put to the sword. The British soldiers had caught so much of the revengeful spirit of their foes, that they scalped many of the fallen! No strong resistance was made to these depredations, the French

feeling that every man was needed to protect the city itself. Wolfe began to despair. He even thought of giving up the siege for that year, and going into winter quarters on Ile aux Coudres, intercepting as far as possible the supplies of the French, and forcing them to surrender in the following spring. But, before doing this, he determined to make one more strong effort.

As rapidly as he could he brought a large portion of his fleet past Quebec. No delay was permitted. Attack after attack was made on the heights, and so effective were some of them that De Bougainville was sent with fifteen hundred soldiers to keep them from gaining the summit. One attack was so vigorous that Montcalm felt it necessary to take command in person, but the wary English had retreated before he could reach the scene of action. All was not running smoothly with the English, however. Disease broke out in their camps, and many able men were unfit for service. But the French suffered far more in every way. Disease was rife, food was scarce and supplies were now almost entirely cut off from the upper country. Their city was in ruins, and even should the English fail in capturing it that year, a fearful winter stared them in the face.

On the twentieth of August great sorrow spread through the British troops. Wolfe, who had exhausted himself by ceaseless toil and thought, and who was to be seen everywhere strengthening the weak and encouraging the strong by his hopeful spirit, was seized with illness so severe that he was confined to his bed, and lay restlessly tossing with fever in a farmhouse at Montmorency. He, how-

ever, recovered, to the great joy of his men, about the end of the month ; so far, at least, as to be able to devise another plan of attack. He proposed three plans to his brigadiers, Monckton, Townsend and Murray. One of these was to cross the Montmorency about eight miles from the St. Lawrence, and, with a large force, to march rapidly through the forest and fall on the rear of the French, while a contingent stormed them from the river. The second was to ford the Montmorency at its mouth, and to march along the shore until a point could be found where they could charge them out of their strongholds. The third was to make a concentrated attack from the front.

But the brigadiers wisely advised him to abandon all three ; and, after long consultation, suggested that the next attempt should be to scale the Heights above Quebec. Wolfe had from the first looked to this quarter for victory, and gladly acted on their suggestion.

On the last day of August, Wolfe was able to leave the house for the first time since his illness, and his presence greatly raised the spirits of the army. He had not much hope of success, but he was determined that they should not have it to say in England that he had not done his duty. His first task was to concentrate his forces along the upper bank of the river. He sent up to join Admiral Holmes all the ships he could spare from his fleet below Quebec. Seeing that his men at Montmorency were of no practical use, he at once decided on evacuating his position there. Montcalm, observing the move, sent a force to harass the retreating British troops.

But Monckton, who had been viewing the operation from Point Lévis, dispatched a considerable force to attack Montcalm in front, compelling him to recall his men; and the English were thus enabled to retire without loss. The French scarcely knew what to make of the move, and began to hope that their foes were about to raise the siege and depart. Their hopes were greatly strengthened by seeing the troops hurried on board the fleet above Quebec. They did not however relax in their vigilant watch by night and day.

This work had been too much for the heroic Wolfe, and on the fourth of September he was again seized with illness, causing severe suffering. This unfortunate event affected every man in the army. Wolfe, however, had a will capable of crushing down pain, and overcoming bodily weakness; and on the following day was once more among his men, haggard and worn indeed, but as energetic as ever. He at once began to look for a scaling place. Every cove, bay and rock was eagerly scanned with the telescope, and he at length fixed upon a place where he thought it possible to scramble up. It was evidently a weak spot in the cliff, for the white tent of a guard could be seen gleaming in the September sunshine. This was the *Anse du Foulon*, perhaps the weakest point anywhere about Quebec. Even here it was by no means an easy task to scale the cliff; and, as Montcalm had told Vaudreuil, a hundred vigilant men could have kept a whole army at bay. They expected that Wolfe would not leave without trying this point. A strong guard therefore was posted for its protection, under command of Captain de Vergor of the

colony troops. This was the same person of whom we have previously heard in the affair with the Acadians, as having so ingloriously surrendered Fort *Beau Séjour* to the English. Besides the guard, the battalion of Guienne was within hailing distance, and the batteries on the headland of Samos, and on the heights of Sillery, could work havoc on any approaching boats.

De Bougainville was stationed at Cap Rouge, nine miles above Quebec, with a large force, and it was decided to begin final operations by attacking and harassing his position.

On the seventh of September Admiral Holmes sailed up to Cap Rouge, and began firing on Bougainville's force; at the same time sending off troops in boats to feign a landing. This was but a *ruse* of Wolfe's, to keep the enemy from suspecting his intention of attempting to scale the cliff at the *Anse du Foulon*. Holmes kept up his attack for several days, allowing his fleet to drift up and down with the tide. De Bougainville was constantly on the watch, and wore out his troops by marching them up and down, to prevent the British from landing. A storm came up just then and seriously interfered with the designs of the besiegers. The troops on the boats were so drenched with rain that they were compelled to land on the south shore, to dry their clothes and rest.

This unsatisfactory mode of fighting was soon to end. On the twelfth of the month, Wolfe issued his last general orders. He felt that at length the time had come to strike, and the sooner a battle was fought the better. Deserters from the French

brought him most encouraging tidings. The food in the city was almost exhausted, and there was but little chance of getting more at present. The French generals, too, were greatly disheartened by the necessity of dividing their forces to protect, not only the city, but the shores above and below. Wolfe was confident of success, and his hopeful spirit inspired both officers and men. They were ready to follow him anywhere, and knew that if they could but once meet the enemy in battle the siege would be as good as finished. He had but eight thousand four hundred men that he could land, and the enemy, even in its reduced condition, numbered double as many.

The first task was to choose an advance party, to undertake the hazardous feat of scaling the cliff and surprising the guard, so as to clear the way for the troops. Among such men it was not difficult to find twenty-four volunteers ready to face even death; and Wolfe had soon mustered a party of men as brave as ever led a forlorn hope. Seventeen hundred men were to go ashore with the scaling party, to be ready to follow them to the Heights in case of success. De Bougainville anxiously watched the fleet as the many *bateaux* and boats left it, laden with men. He thought he was to be attacked and remained on the defensive. As the tide was flowing in just then, Wolfe allowed the boats to float up stream, completely deceiving him, as he supposed it was to be an attack like those from which he had already suffered.

On the same day French deserters brought in the welcome news that during the night supplies were

to pass down to Montcalm's camp under cover of the darkness. Wolfe at once thought that his boats might seize the opportunity of going down in advance of them, deceive the sentinels along the river, and gain the *Anse du Foulon* without opposition. He had some fear that Montcalm might suspect his intention, and so might be in force on the Plains to oppose his landing. To avoid this, Admiral Saunders, who was in command of the fleet in the Basin of Quebec, was to storm Montcalm's position, while he led the attack above the city. At nightfall, Saunders began a fierce fire on the entrenchments and sent off boats loaded with men to pretend a landing. Montcalm was completely deceived, and as the battle grew hot and vigorous, he called his troops together to resist what he supposed to be a concentrated attack.

While Saunders was doing such effective work on Montcalm's entrenchments, Wolfe was patiently awaiting the ebb of the tide to aid his men. At two o'clock in the morning two lanterns were raised into the main-top of his vessel. This was the signal for work, and the boats at once began to float toward their destination, favored by a light wind. Wolfe was in one of the foremost boats, and while he was being rowed ashore he recited the celebrated poem — Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" — saying, as he finished, "Gentlemen, I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec!"

As they neared the shore a French sentinel seeing the boats cried out "*Qui vive!*" "France!" was the reply of a Highland officer familiar with the French language. After a few words more the

troops passed on unmolested, the sentinel believing them to be part of a French regiment on the way from De Bougainville's camp to join Montcalm. They were again challenged at the headland of Samos, but this, too, they passed in safety, by replying to the sentinel, "Provision boats! Don't make a noise; the English will hear us!" In a few minutes after passing this point they landed at the *Ause du Foulon*, and quickly disembarked. The volunteers at once began scaling the wooded heights, scrambling up among the rough bushes that then, as now, clustered thickly on the steep bank. De Verger was not on his guard, but had gone to bed. He relied too much on the difficulties of the ascent. The foe were upon him before he could dress. He endeavored to escape, but was shot in the heel and captured. The guard was soon overpowered, and the troops below came scrambling up after their victorious comrades. Before the last of the boats had landed, the battery at Samos became aware of the real character of the force, and began to fire upon it. A party was detailed to silence this battery — a task that was quickly performed. Scarcely had these guns ceased when the sullen roar from Sillery told them that the battery there was on the alert. This battery, too, was soon captured, leaving the river front entirely unprotected. Quickly the fleet of boats sped between the ships and the shore, until all the needed troops were landed. At daybreak the heights were held, not only by this large force, but also by several cannon that had been dragged up the difficult heights. Wolfe at once looked about him for a battle-ground, and soon decided on drawing up

his troops on the rough plateau known as the "Plains of Abraham." He now had what he had anxiously longed for — the prospect of an immediate meeting with the foe; yet victory was not certain, and a defeat would have been a horrible disaster in his present position. Retreat was impossible, and the force in Quebec, although composed of inferior soldiers, vastly outnumbered his men. However, he hopefully awaited the coming of the enemy. He did not expect to survive this battle. He had even told one of his officers that he knew that in it he should meet his death; but he felt sure that his brave soldiers would win the day. He would not shirk any danger, but with Murray and Monckton took command of the center, where he expected the heaviest fighting.

Meantime, in the early September morning, Montcalm, in his tent, was roused by the startling news of this unforeseen landing effected by his gallant antagonist. He rushed at once to the city, followed by a motley crowd of soldiers and citizens. With break-neck speed he galloped on to the scene of action, and to his amazement found the rough plateau of the "Plains" occupied by a strong force of the enemy. For the first time since the commencement of the siege he seems to have lost his head and acted rashly, and to have begun the engagement with undue precipitation. He hoped that Vaudreuil would join him with a strong force, but in this he was disappointed. He would not wait. His men were eager for action, and with them he went at once to meet the foe. His thrilling voice urged on his excited troops to the charge for the honor of France, and on his spirited black steed he galloped

from point to point, brandishing his sword and urging his men to their arduous and perilous task.

The English troops waited steadily the charge of the foe, holding their ground with admirable steadiness, notwithstanding the harassing fire of skirmishing parties. Wolfe went from company to company, cheering his men by word and deed. At ten in the morning he saw that the moment had come for the decisive blow.

The French assembled on a ridge in front of him, and collected their strength for the final charge. In a few moments the whole force was in motion, Montcalm, on his black charger, leading the way. Volley after volley poured from the ranks, as rushed on the steady phalanx of the foe. Not an Englishman moved from his post, save where one fell and a comrade took the vacant place. When the enemy was within forty paces, the command "Fire!" rang out, and as one man the whole body poured a leaden hail into the advancing ranks. A second almost instantly followed which made the French troops pause and waver in their advance. A third volley changed the advance into a retreat. The British troops were then ordered to "charge!" and with a true British cheer they drove the scattered enemy in full flight towards Quebec.

Montcalm received a shot through the body, in the retreat, but succeeded in getting into the city. Wolfe had been three times wounded. The last time a charge lodged in his breast, and he fell, to rise no more. He was carried to the rear, where, in reply to his eager "Who runs?" the glad news reached his dying ears, "The French!" A happy smile



DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.

passed over his face. But even at that moment his own duty was not forgotten. "Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton," he said, "and tell him to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River, to cut off their retreat from the bridge!" Then, as he felt that his work was done, and done well, he turned on his side, with the words, "Now, God be praised, I die in peace!" And the true hero breathed his last — his death forever consecrating to the hearts of Canadians the little spot of rough greensward which is still marked by a stone column, bearing the brief inscription: "HERE WOLFE DIED VICTORIOUS, SEP. 13, 1759."

His brave antagonist did not survive his defeat. He died in a house in Quebec which is still associated with his gallant memory. Although the next year an unsuccessful attempt was made to re-capture Quebec, this battle virtually ended the long contest for the possession of the North American continent. It had lasted more than two hundred years, and the French had gallantly struggled with enemies and obstacles of all kinds, and had displayed a heroism and stanch endurance that deserved a better fate. Had the gallantry of the French colonists received any adequate support from the mother-land, New France would not so easily have been lost to the country to which she owed her existence. But, although the footprints of her French founders will never be and ought never to be erased from the soil of the land baptized with their blood, it was destined that Anglo-Saxon and not French influence should guide the development of the New World. Yet, in looking back over the two and a half centuries of

toil and heroism and brave endurance, of which we have had a few passing glimpses, no true Canadian, be his origin French or British, can refuse a tribute of sympathy and honor to the losers as well as to the victors in the gallantly contested struggle. This generous sympathy finds a fitting expression in the monument under the shadow of the citadel of Quebec, which commemorates at once the memory of the two brave foes — the victor and the vanquished — the heroic Wolfe and the gallant Montcalm.

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