

English "the war-dogs of the French". Never, indeed, was scout-service performed like that of the Redskins, in such subtle ways and with such unheard of ruses. Incomparable guides through the forests, as good oarsmen as they were pilots, excellent marksmen and terrible with tomahawk in hand, they marched in the campaign under the orders of the French officers, and, in the interval between military operations, they struck frequent blows upon the hostile territory. But Montcalm was not ignorant either how utterly these brave soldiers were undisciplined; untractable children of Onnonthio, only obeying in their hour, and always tempted to play truant in the woods. The plans of the campaign were often frustrated by them. "For", wrote Bougainville, "these independent tribes, whose assistance is purely voluntary, require us to consult them, to make them party to everything, and often their opinions and caprices are a law to us."

In the forests of America, infested at that time with innumerable serpents, there were men sufficiently skilful to play with the most dangerous of these reptiles; they were called *charmners*. Montcalm saw them at their work and wished like them to capture, by bewitching them, ferocious natures and to hold in his hands wavering and invisible wills. He succeeded, and never did "pale-face" inspire in the Redskins a more lively affection, a more entire devotion. It must be confessed, it cost him something: Montcalm became Indian from head to foot. One saw, with surprise, this man, the gayest that ever was, gravely occupied, during entire journeys, in drawing from the depths of a calumet, under the bark roof of an Indian hut, eternal puffs of tobacco. Around the counsel-fire were seated, close to the general, "his copper coloured friends", of whom he drew for his mother a not very flattering picture: "These are nasty gentlemen, for they arrange their toilet where they pass their lives. You may not believe it, but the men carry always to the wars, with the tomahawk and gun, a mirror by which to daub themselves with divers colours, to arrange the plumes on their heads, and to attach the pendants to their ears and nostrils. A great mark of beauty with them is to cut slits in their ears, to lengthen them out so that the earrings fall upon their shoulders; often they have no shirt, but a coat laced up over all."

In this strange company "to preserve the seriousness which became a soldier, and especially a great chief", Montcalm had frequently to do violence to his natural gaiety. But, with these primitive men, the horrible is not always far from the grotesque, and, before the end of the second campaign, the general of the Onnonthio ought to have learned that the savage nature never abdicates, and that there comes, soon or late, an hour when it reclaims its own with a bloody hand. In the meantime, he pursued, cost what it might, his policy of charming them, but he could not help being enraged sometimes: "With my friends the savages, often insupportable", writes he to his mother, the 16th of June, 1756, "it is necessary to have the patience of an angel: since I came here there has been nothing but visits, harangues and deputations from these gentlemen: the ladies of the Iroquois, who always have a share with them in the government, have been with them too and have done me the honour of bringing me a neck-lace; which pledges me to go and see them and sing the war-song with them."

We have seen, elsewhere, in the account of the siege of Chouagen, that the savages were punctual at the rendezvous where Montcalm was to meet them.

(End of Chapter III.)

## Our Young Folk's Serial.

### THE WHITE COTTAGE:

#### Or the Fortunes of a Boy-Emigrant in Canada.

BY MRS. S. A. CURZON.

#### CHAPTER IV.—THE NEW COUNTRY.

IT was little I knew of geography and small idea had I of whereabouts in the world we were voyaging, nor did many of the passengers seem any wiser than I was. But now I know that the gulf the steward meant is the Gulf of the great St. Lawrence, one of the finest rivers in the world, and the outlet of the noble chain of lakes that are the glory of Canada and the New England states, between which territories they lie. Michigan, Superior, Huron, Erie, and Ontario are simply fresh-water seas, and as much superior in size to any British lake as the confederation of provinces now called the Dominion of Canada is to the United Kingdom of Great Britain.

When you consider that these immense bodies of water flow by means of the Gulf of St. Lawrence down to the sea, it will only appear natural that at its entrance the Gulf is so wide, that the ordinary voyager does not recognise the difference between it and the ocean just left behind. There is, however, a fresh-water swell that those used to the navigation of large rivers soon detect. Then land-birds are now and then to be seen, but it was too early in the season for us to see any of these signs of the approaching end of our voyage. Somebody, who it turned out did not know much about it, said we should meet ice-bergs, but it was too early for these also; we got caught in ice, however. Ours was the first ship of the season to Quebec, and the ice that covers the great rivers and lakes a foot or two deep during the winter so that there is travel upon it, has generally got well out of the Gulf into the open sea by the end of April; this time, however, Jack Frost had given nature an extra twinge by way of a parting salute, and so far the ice had been retarded a day or two in its passage down, and thus we got caught.

We didn't care much, however; the captain and officers seemed quite at their ease, and encouraged us to be merry; and, though it was exceedingly cold, we managed to enjoy ourselves. In the middle of the day we amused ourselves on deck at various games; jumping, throwing quoits made of rope, holding tugs-of-war, when some of the officers, who were very pleasant gentlemen, would select three or four a side of us big boys to pull against each other on a rope; falling was not so good fun, as the deck of a ship is very smooth, and ours was sometimes quite icy from the fog which often enveloped us; but we made light of our falls, and laughed at others, especially the men, when they could be persuaded to "have a tug". If it was too cold for this kind of thing we went below, and passed our time in reading, telling stories, singing songs or hymns just as we felt inclined, and the steward, who had a fiddle, played for us nearly every night when the supper was all cleared off.

While we were amusing ourselves, the captain was working the ship slowly and steadily through the ice, which lay, not in great flat fields on every side of us, but in heaving masses of enormous size, all pushing and grinding, roaring and shoving, their way down to the sea. Sometimes the