

interrupted by Captain Smithsend, who, with a great show of passion, asked the emissary if it were not true that Iberville had been killed in the action. In spite of Martigny's denials, Smithsend loudly persisted in believing in Iberville's death; that the French were in sore straits, and only made the present attack because no other alternative was offered to desperate men to obtain food and shelter. Bailey allowed himself to be influenced by Smithsend, and declined to yield to any of Martigny's demands. The latter returned, and the French instantly set up a battery near the fort, and continued, amidst a hail of bullets, the work of landing their damaged stores and armaments. Stragglers from the wreck of the *Hudson's Bay* continued all day to find their way to the fort, but several reached it only to be shot down in mistake by the cannon and muskets of their own men. On the 12th, after a hot skirmish, fatal to both sides, the Governor was again requested, this time by Sérigny, to yield up the fort to superior numbers.

"If you refuse we will set fire to the place, and accord you no quarter."

"Set fire and be d—d to you!" responded Bailey.

He then set to work, with Smithsend, whose treatment at the hands of the French in the affair of the *Merchant of Perpetuana* was still vividly before him, to animate the garrison.

"Go for them, you dogs!" cried Bailey. "Give it to them hot and heavy; I promise you forty pounds apiece for your widows!"

Fighting in those days was attended by fearful mortality, and the paucity of pensions to the hero's family, perhaps made the offer seem handsome. At any rate it seemed a sufficient incentive to the Company's men, who fought like demons.*

A continual fire of guns and mortars as well as of muskets was kept up. The Canadians sallied out upon a number of skirmishes, filling the air with a

* "Ils avoient de tres habile cannoniers," Jérémie, an eye-witness, was forced to confess.

frightful din, borrowing from the Iroquois their piercing war-cries. In one of these sallies St. Martin, one of their bravest men, perished.

Under protection of a flag of truce, Sérigny came again to demand a surrender. It was the last time, he said, the request would be preferred. A general assault had been resolved upon by the enemy, who were at their last resort, living like beasts in the wood, feeding on moss, and to whom no extremity could be odious were it but an exchange for their present condition. They were resolved upon carrying the fort, even at the point of the bayonet and over heaps of their slain.

Bailey now decided to yield. He sent Morrison to carry the terms of capitulation, in which he demanded all the peltries in the fort belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company. This demand being rejected by the enemy, Bailey later in the evening sent Henry Kelsey with a proposition to retain a portion of their armament; this also was refused. There was now nothing for it but to surrender, Iberville having granted an evacuation with bag and baggage.

At one o'clock on the following day, therefore, the evacuation took place. Bailey, at the head of his garrison and a number of the crew of the wrecked *Hudson's Bay* and six survivors of the *Hampshire*, marched forth from Fort York with drums beating, flag flying, and with arms and baggage. They hardly knew whither they were to go, or what fate awaited them. A vast and inhospitable region greeted their eyes, and a winter long to be remembered had begun. But to the French it seemed as if their spirits were undaunted, and they set forth bravely.

The enemy watched the retreat of the defeated garrison not without admiration, and for the moment speculation was rife as to their fate. But it was only for the moment. Too rejoiced to contemplate anything but the termination of their own sufferings, the Canadians hastened to enter the fort, headed by Boisbriant, late an ensign in the service of the *Compagnie du Nord*.