

and children are sacrificed indiscriminately. Some are burnt, others disembowelled; mothers made to hold their live infants over the fire and turn the spit; everywhere groans, tortures, despair. Two hundred victims butchered in cold blood, and all this accomplished in less than an hour! "Ils poussaient, dit Charlevoix, la fureur même à des excès dont on ne les avait pas cru capables. Ils ouvraient le sein des femmes enceintes, pour arracher le fruit qu'elles portaient; ils mirent des enfants tous vivants à la broche et contraignirent les mères de les tourner pour les faire rôtir. Ils inventèrent quantités d'autres supplices inouis, et deux cents personnes de tout âge et de tout sexe périrent ainsi en moins d'une heure dans les plus affreux tourments."

These scenes, Charlevoix relates, were repeated within one league of the city, and only when these infuriated demons were satiated with human gore, did they retire with two hundred prisoners whom they afterwards burnt. The island of Montreal remained in their possession until the fall following. In October, an Indian ally of the French, whom they had tortured and hacked, escaped and apprised the French that the Indians intended returning in the winter to have a repetition of these sickening horrors at the town of Three Rivers, after which Quebec was to be visited on the same errand; that when they would have extirpated the French settlers to the last man, they would meet in the following spring an English fleet at Quebec (no doubt Phipps' ships, which did appear before Quebec in October, 1690). Providence frustrated their dire designs. Of course, such doings were not confined to the allies of the New-Englanders. The savages in league with the French carried fire and the sword amidst the peaceful dwellers of the adjoining English provinces; Schenectady as well as Lachine has its bloody records. Our early history teems with such incidents. Happily the extension of the colony in 1758, and the rapidly-increasing power of the whites was calculated to render these scenes less frequent.

Apart from the several European commanders who acquired fame during the seven years' war, some of the settlers or *habitants* (1) of Canada became famous in battle. It is one of the most remarkable soldiers of that day we propose sketching here—M. Luc De LaCorne Saint Luc, previously introduced to our notice in Mr. De Gaspi's book, *The Canadians of Old*, and in the *Maple Leaves*, as one of the few survivors in the shipwreck of the *Auguste*, 1761, on its voyage to France with the French refugees. The career of De LaCorne also commends itself to our attention from its analogy to that of other Canadians of later days: he fought as bravely under the flag of St. George, when it became that of his country, as he had done previously when the lilj-spangled banner of the French monarch waved over the home of his youth. Being no utopian, LaCorne cheerfully accepted the new régime under which his hitherto distracted country was destined to enjoy peace, liberty and prosperity. Being a man of mark, talent and courage, high civil and military honors were soon within his reach. We purpose in this paper viewing the Chevalier De LaCorne as the type of the *Canadians of Old*, the representative man of that thrilling era of 1758—Carillon and its glories—when every Canadian peasant was a soldier, and when the parishes were so drained of their able-bodied men that the duties of husbandry devolved *entirely on the women and children*. History makes mention of two LaCorns. De LaCorne La Colombière, who commanded in Acadia, and fought with success against the English in 1756—he returned to France at the time of the conquest and became the friend and companion of the famous naval commander, De Suffren, in his sea voyages. The other, the subject of this notice, LaCorne de Saint Luc, a "Chevalier de Saint Louis," was a most influential personage both amongst the Canadians and amongst the Indian tribes, under French and under English rule; one of his first feats was the capture of Fort Clinton in 1747. He also, at the head of the Canadians and Indians, distinguished himself at the battle of Carillon (Ticonderoga), in 1758, where Abercrombie was defeated by Montcalm and Lévis; LaCorne captured from the English General one hundred and fifty waggons of war stores. After serving through the hard-fought engagements of the campaign, we find him subsequently at the Battle of the Plains of Abraham; we thence follow him to Montreal, and see him under General Lévis at the head of his old friends, the Canadians and the Indians; in April following he was wounded at Murray's defeat on the St. Foy heights, and took a prominent part in the last victory of the French in Canada—a battle which permitted them, on leaving the

country, to shake hands with their brave antagonists, the English. (1) In 1761 he decided to return with his brother, his children and nephews to France, and, having plenty of ready money (some £6,000), he was on the eve of purchasing a vessel at Quebec in September of that year for that purpose, when the generosity of General Murray made this unnecessary, and the *Auguste* was fitted up at Government expense. In this ill-starred ship, LaCorne and one hundred and twenty of the chief persons in the colony, including several ladies, officers and soldiers, sailed on the 17th October, 1761. The chevalier has left a Journal or Diary, kept by himself, of the appalling disaster which befel the *Auguste* on the coast of Cape Breton, where the ship was stranded on the 15th November, 1761. This narrative, (1) which has recently been published, is affecting from its truthfulness and simplicity; no boasting, no flourishes of rhetoric in this short record of death and human suffering. On reading of the seven survivors,—out of one hundred and twenty-one souls,—slowly wending their way over the foggy and snow-clad sea shore of *Isle Royale*, occasionally one dropping down benumbed, fatigued and exhausted, to sleep the long sleep of death, one is reminded of another gallant band who nearly a century later on, a few degrees closer to the pole, could be seen equally forlorn; they too dropped down and died as they walked along the ice-clad strand; "some were buried and some were not," as the old Esquimaux woman stated to McClintock's party—the latter was Sir John Franklin's devoted but despairing followers. We shall condense LaCorne's narrative of the shipwreck. The ship struck on the 15th November; LaCorne and his six surviving companions, including the captain, were washed ashore in a boat, more dead than alive; the 16th was employed in digging graves; none of his children, none of the ladies had been saved; the young, the fair, the highborn strewn in hideous confusion a rock-bound coast amidst fragments of the wreck,—in all one hundred and fourteen corpses. Such were the dismal objects which met the gaze of LaCorne and of his fellow-sufferers on the morning of the 16th November. Amidst the roar of the sea and of the tempest the last rites were performed by the sorrowing parent; and on the 17th, with a common feeling, all hurried from a spot in which everything reminded them of death, "*plurima mortis imago*," and took to the woods, not knowing where they were; on the 17th a snow storm added to their misery; three of the party here gave out through fatigue, but LaCorne, who all along appears as the leading spirit, urged them on, and with success; on the 25th the Journal mentions, as a godsend, the discovery of some deserted huts;—in them they found two dead men; on the 26th two more of the party gave out, and were reluctantly left behind with some provisions. Twelve inches of snow had fallen that day.

On the 3rd December, after a tedious tramp through the forest, not knowing where they were, they struck on the sea coast and discovered an old boat, unseaworthy; the captain of the *Auguste* set to work to caulk her, and matters seemed likely to assume a more hopeful aspect, when a fresh snow-storm nearly caused the destruction of the whole party. "Our provisions running short," adds LaCorne, "we had to live on wild berries and sea-weed. On the 4th, the storm having abated, we found our boat imbedded in the snow, but when we came to launch her, our captain, who until then had held out, declared he could go no further on account of the pains and ulcers he labored under; the three others mostly as bad, sided with him, and being alone, I was compelled, although suffering much less, to remain with them. I did not like to desert them, and we trusted to Providence, when two Indians made their appearance. Our men hailed them with loud cries and lamentations; in which I could catch the words 'have mercy on us.' I was then smoking, a quiet spectator of this sorrowful scene. Our men mentioned my name, and the Indians greeted me warmly. I had on several occasions rendered service to these tribes. I learned that we were ninety miles from Louisbourg (Cape Breton). They told me they were ready to conduct me to St. Pierre. I had our men crossed over a river which was there, and left with the Indians, for their wig-wam was about three leagues distant. They gave me dried meat, and on the 5th I returned to my friends."

Thence we follow the hardy adventurer to St. Pierre, to Labrador Bay, and finally we find him, in spite of all remonstrance, starting in a birch canoe, in that inclement season, with two young men whom

(1) *Habitants*: here is a word whose meaning has been singularly perverted. *Habitant* meant formerly the permanent settler, who came to *habiter le pays*, in contradistinction to the military and civil functionaries who were transient. The richest merchant might be a *habitant*: that is a permanent resident.

(1) How singular are the fortunes of war! Wolfe, Amherst, and several other English officers, who, under the "butcher" Cumberland and under Ligonier, had been disastrously defeated by Marshal Saxe, at Fontenoy and Laufeldt, met on the Plains of Abraham their old rivals, with Scotch Jacobites fighting on both sides. A few months later and the second battle of the Plains—a brilliant though bloodless victory—again asserted the martial qualities of the French legions.—(J. M. L.)

(2) Journal du naufrage de l'*Auguste* par M. Luc De LaCorne Saint Luc, en 1761—Côté et Cie., Québec.