

litter of fierce pups, and took a ramble each morning in the under-brush, scouring carefully every bush round the Fort; and if she noticed any of her whelps shirking his work, she would worry and bite him. It was wonderful, says the same writer, to witness her return from the hunt, baying fiercely when she had discovered a marauding savage, to proclaim the presence of danger.

History tells of the ardor of the Montreal Nimrods of that day, to bag the big game, and how often they used to go to Governor de Maisonneuve asking him beseechingly, "Shall we then never be allowed to go and hunt our foes?" You read next the animated description of one of these hunts, or fights; a party, headed by the Governor himself, and by M. D'Ailleboust, against the Iroquois. The unfortunate but spirited colonists barely escaped annihilation in this skirmish, and it did seem at one time likely that the scalp of M. de Maisonneuve would shortly grace the belt of a famous chief, bent on capturing his fleet Excellency. However, when escape appeared hopeless, brave de Maisonneuve drew a pistol on his pursuer, and fired; it flashed in the pan, and the colony was nearly lost; but, recovering himself, he drew another pistol, and shot the red-skin dead; and the colony was saved.

The savages were increasing each year in numbers and audacity. In the years 1658 and 1659, they had been conspiring secretly. About a thousand of them had resolved, by a *coup de main*, to strike terror at the same time at Montreal and at Quebec, of which latter place M. d'Ailleboust, the Governor was to be beheaded. Some inkling of the dark deeds in contemplation had spread amongst the helpless and sparse population of the valley of the St. Lawrence. Those residing under the cannons of Fort St. Louis, at Quebec, were safe; but what hope was there for the unfortunate peasants outside of Quebec? The dismay had become very great and public prayers had been offered in the