

It is with the colony of New York, and especially with Albany, that the interests of French Canada most nearly clash during the hundred years or so of wars and struggles which ended in the conquest of Canada in 1763. A glance at the map shows that the Hudson River, Lake George, Lake Champlain and the Richelieu form successive parts of a straight line of waterways leading north to the St. Lawrence in such a way as naturally to invite the passage of war-parties in those days, and it is up and down this famous highway that the great expeditions surged and the great decisive battles of the long struggle were largely fought. The Iroquois country lay between the colony of New York and that of Canada. Its tribes were a deadly scourge to the French, who charged the Dutch traders of Albany, and the English colonists generally, with profiting by the trouble and stirring it up. In 1687, the French marched up secretly and surprised the Mohawks in their stockaded villages, visiting them with fearful slaughter. In 1689, the Iroquois replied by swarming down and almost destroying the French in the inroad marked by the Massacre of Lachine. In the dead of winter, 1689-90, the French, now openly at war with Britain, and therefore with the Dutch of New York—at that time a distinct people, whose position resembled that of the French Canadians of to-day,—returned, and with their Indians committed at midnight the bloody massacre of Schenectady, a Dutch outpost settlement near Albany. At the same time another French body, under Hertel De Rouville, committed a similar massacre by surprise at Deerfield in Massachusetts; and a third expedition of like nature was carried out in still another direction, at Salmon Falls.

These ferocious incursions sent a wail of wrath along the British colonies, and New England joined with New York in a determination to crush the foe. The naval expedition of Phipps was despatched to attack Quebec. A land expedition of considerable force was assembled at Albany, under Major-General Winthrop, of Connecticut, with the object of descending upon Montreal, but owing to the bad management of the usurper Leisler, who then controlled the province, its organization was extremely defective. Phipps reached Quebec all right, and the history of his attack upon it is well-known. Winthrop's body were broken up by smallpox and want of supplies after they had reached no further than the southern end of Lake Champlain; a combination of circumstances which Charlevoix ascribes to a dispensation of Providence for the salvation of Canada. It was under these circumstances that the first real land invasion of the country took place. The colonials recognized it as a dishonor—and a danger as well—should no attempt be made to retrieve Winthrop's expedition from contempt; for not only would the French grow bolder, but the Iroquois probably become disgusted with the British and be open to the intrigues constantly pressed upon them by the French. Young Johannes Schuyler, then a youth of only twenty-two, offered, therefore, to head an inroad which should remove the reproach of complete failure from the force. He took some one hundred and fifty men, chiefly Dutch and Indians, and bravely pierced through the unknown wilds descended upon Laprairie, near Montreal, in 1690. A quaint old building, now called the Fort (but not really the ancient Fort), standing in La Prairie to this day, very probably witnessed the invasion, which has been described by a most careful historian as follows:—

"Twenty-nine whites and one hundred and twenty Indians volunteered under his command. Winthrop, from his limited stores, supplied him with canoes, arms and provisions. From his journal of the expedition we learn that he left camp on August 13, 1690, and on his way down Wood Creek met Captain Glen returning from a scout, of whose men thirteen whites and five Indians joined his company. Two days afterwards he was within three miles of Crown Point and fast approaching that part of the lake supposed to be occupied by the enemy. They now resolved to remain in camp during the day and only march by night. The point of attack was not yet settled, whether Fort Chambly or La Prairie, or the farming settlements on the south bank of the St. Lawrence not far from Montreal. It was a question of some importance as to which of these places should be made the objective point. A council was called of the officers and chiefs, who determined by a majority to attack La Prairie. Belts were then passed between the Indians of different tribes to ratify the decision and to stand by each other, followed by a hand-shaking all around among Christians and Indians.

"When they arrived at the River Chambly their scouts reported they had discovered on the west shore traces of the enemy and the place where fourteen prisoners captured in New England had recently been bound to stakes, but had not seen anything more to indicate presence of enemies. They now concealed their canoes and some provisions, began their march across the country in the direction of La Prairie, and toward evening arrived in the vicinity of the fort. They camped in the forest, and early next morning their scouts reported the people to be leaving the fort for their work in the fields. Captain Schuyler wished to capture this working party, and directed his forces to take up a position between the fort and fields before beginning the attack. He was disappointed, for his Indian allies no sooner saw the French at work than, raising the warwhoop, they rushed upon them. Instead of capturing the whole party as was intended, he took prisoners only nineteen, after killing six, the others escaping into the fort. His loss was one Indian.

"After the fight was over and the prisoners secured, everything outside the fort, including dwellings, barns, cattle, grain and hay, was destroyed. The fort fired alarm-guns, which were answered from Montreal and Chambly. The prisoners informed him that while an invasion was expected the French had eight hundred men in the fort. Schuyler, unable to persuade his Indians to attack the fort, retired. With no enemy in sight, and safe from immediate pursuit, on reaching the woods he halted and the

men sat down to rest. While eating their lunch they were amused with the music of the great guns fired from the several forts. They reached their canoes unmolested and arrived at Albany on August 30th. He saved the first expedition against Canada from utter contempt."

Its want of organization had been due, as said above, to the usurping Governor Jacob Leisler and the accidental outbreak of smallpox. The chief hero, Captain (later Colonel) John or Johannes Schuyler, was a type of peculiar social conditions, very similar to those prevailing in Canada at the same time under the regime of *seigneurs*. The Dutch colony of New York was very different from those of New England in being a feudal one. Great landed proprietors both ruled the Province, sitting in its Council, and at the same time dominated it socially, and were looked to with great respect by the Dutch people as their leaders. Johannes' father, Colonel Philip Pietersen Schuyler, was one of these dozen or so great landed proprietors, was connected by the marriages of his sons and daughters with the most influential of the others, and from the fact that his manor-house and his chief lands were those farthest up towards Canada of any in the colony, his family were for generations a factor of no small importance in the wars, intrigues, expeditions and rumours of wars with the French. Their annals read like a chapter of the story of our Le Moynes, De Hertels and Duchesnays, and Charlevoix refers to such as he knew of them in the same terms. John's father himself was the chief military officer of Albany and Schenectady; the mother, Margarita van Slichtenhorst, who, with her husband, was of gentle descent, was a woman who had shown a vigorous military spirit in the troubles with the usurping Governor Leisler; John's brother, Captain Abraham, had led an outpost company on the most advanced service; another brother, Arent, had preceded John's own inroad, in the spring of the same year (1691), by leading a scouting party of eight Indians on a similar errand; and another brother, Colonel Pieter, "the Washington of his times," was shortly to command a third expedition with great success. Thus it is a singular fact that the three first land attacks upon Canada were made by three brothers. John himself commanded another the next year. And the same family seems to have constantly continued striking services to the same cause both in statesmanship and war until the final reduction of the country. Indeed, it was not till the last war with the United States—that of 1812—that the line of commanders of their blood and language ceased, for they were represented in the Revolution by John's grandson, General Philip Schuyler, who led the Montgomery army as far as Chambly, where he fell sick; and, in 1812, his son-in-law and blood relative, General Van Rensselaer, commanded at Queenston Heights, after having been proposed for the command-in-chief of the war.

The foregoing is the true story in brief of this expedition, told as simply as I could write it, with some details concerning the leader. It is the first time, I think, that the story has been told in Canada with anything like correctness, for the circumstances were such as to mislead the principal of our early French historians, whom nearly all others have followed, and the number of different persons bearing the one family name has been a source of almost unavoidable confusion.

W. D. LIGHTHALL.

### PARIS LETTER.

THE late Emperor of Germany's death has aroused greater sympathy in France than might have been expected; the moving details of his wife's devotion and care have touched the susceptible French heart. On the other hand the new Emperor is intensely disliked, partly because he was supposed to have been unfilial to both father and mother, and because it is felt that he may desire to provoke another Franco-Prussian war before the French army is ready for the final struggle.

General Boulanger's popularity is steadily on the increase, not only among the populace, but in the Bonapartist and Legitimist social circles, where any change in the present state of things would be regarded as a change for the better. The Duchesse d'Uzès, one of the few remaining *grandes dames* who still hold a semi-political *salon*, has given the General a hundred thousand francs, without any concealment of the gift; he has also received several large sums of money anonymously. One must not, however, forget that failure in France entails a total loss of popularity. This was exemplified in a striking manner by the fate of Marshal Lebœuf, so prominent a figure under the Imperial regime, and who had fallen into total oblivion for seventeen years, until his death, ten days ago, again brought up his name in every newspaper. It was he who told the Emperor that everything was ready, winding up with the now historical *mot*, "*Tout est prêt jusqu'au dernier bouton de gilette*." When he saw how entirely he had been mistaken, he seemed determined not to outlive his country's defeat. Again and again, during the siege of Metz, he showed himself where lay the greatest danger, his breast covered with decorations and military medals, that made him a mark for every Prussian bullet; yet he escaped unharmed. Since the war he lived a very retired life in his country house, much respected and loved by his neighbours, to whom his death was a great loss, from every point of view. The Empress Eugénie always remained his firm friend; a fact which tells to the honour of both.

The reproduction of the Rue Saint Antoine and the Bastille, as they stood in 1789, is of extraordinary interest, and draws thousands daily to the part of the Champ de Mars, where they have been placed in view of next year's great Exhibition. This reproduction is, of course, somewhat smaller in scale than were the real buildings, but the proportions are so carefully kept that the illusion is quite perfect, and the tradespeople, guards, etc., dressed in the quaint costumes worn in 1789, are sufficiently numerous to carry it out; soldiers in red and blue uniforms and cocked