

This book, if borrowed by a friend,  
Right welcome shall he be,  
To read, to study, -not to lend,  
But to return to me.

Not that imparted knowledge doth  
Diminish learnings' store,  
But books I find, if often lent,  
Return to me no more.

*J. M. Cassidy*

PICTURES FROM CANADIAN  
HISTORY



COLUMBIAS AT LA BARRIDA  
1944



PICTURES FROM  
CANADIAN HISTORY

FOR  
BOYS AND GIRLS

BY  
KATHARINE LIVINGSTONE MACPHERSON

AUTHOR OF  
"SCENIC SIEGES AND BATTLEFIELDS OF FRENCH CANADA," ETC.

*"Blending their souls' sublimest needs  
With tasks of every day,  
They went about their greatest deeds  
Like noble boys at play."*

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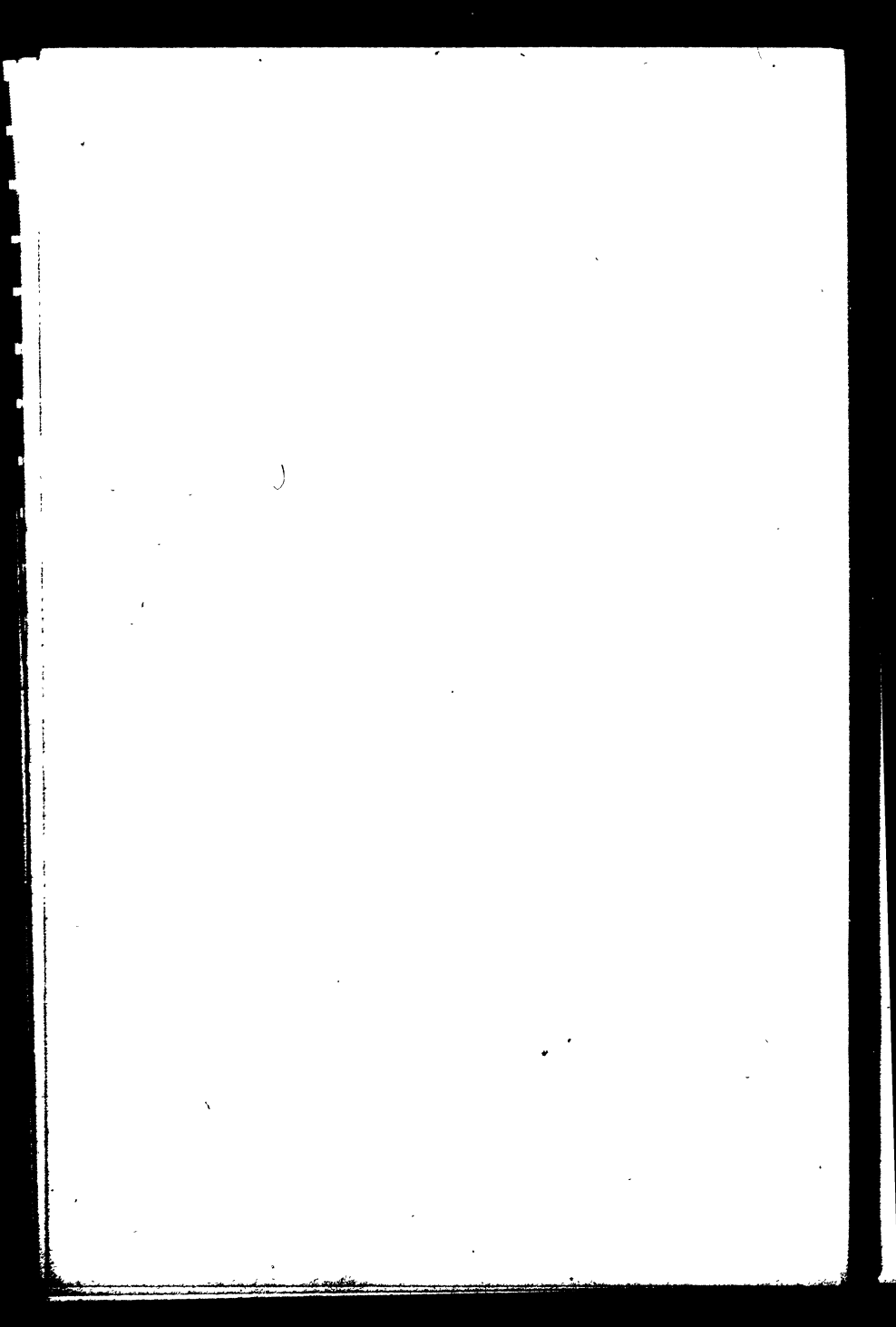
TO

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL GREY

G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O.

LATE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA

WHOSE INSPIRING FAITH IN AND ZEAL FOR  
THE DOMINION WILL LONG BE REMEMBERED BY A  
GRATEFUL AND AFFECTIONATE PEOPLE



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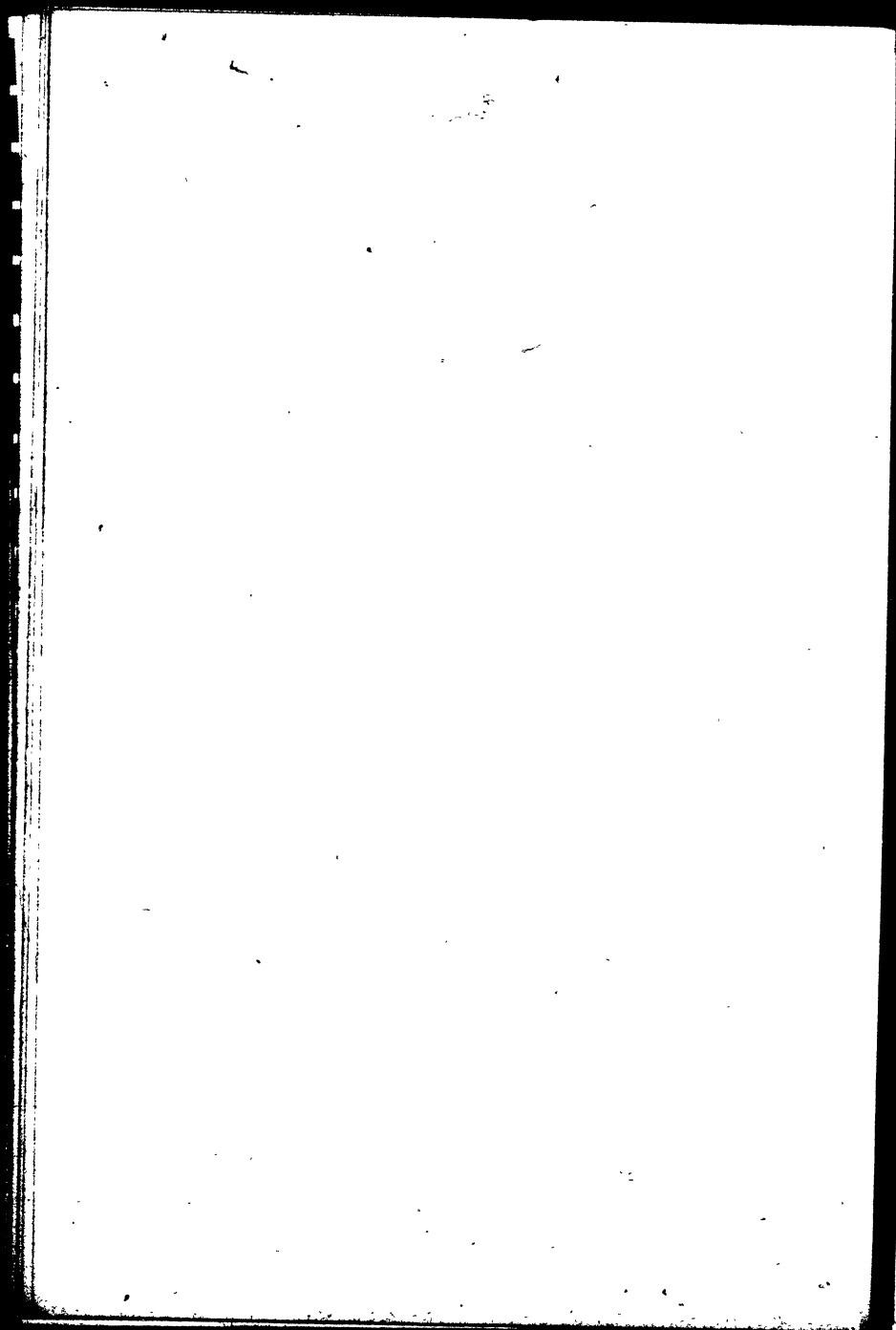
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# PICTURES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY

## HYMN TO CANADA

O CANADA, thy regal head  
Lift higher to the skies,  
Pride with humility be wed  
Deep in thy tender eyes.  
Stand forth to a more honoured place  
Proud though thy past hath been,  
Stand forth, and vindicate thy race,  
Thou daughter of a Queen.

As Venus from the ocean  
In living beauty sprang,  
And stood without emotion  
While heaven with plaudits rang,—  
So thou, my own dear land, arose  
Far on the western sea,  
In graces all adorned, for those  
Long sighing to be free.

Thou art a hope the toiler holds  
Within his heart—a star  
That many a weary foot still guides  
From hill and vale afar—

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On plains to which the streams flow down,  
In forest and by sea,  
They live anew in hopes that crown  
This land of liberty.

Think what thy storied past hath been,  
Thy guarded, ancient lore,  
The deeds thy former years have seen  
Remembered ever more!  
For thee, a babe of nations,  
The best of blood was spilt,  
And firmly thy foundations  
On heroes' bones were built!

O Canada, unworthy  
Of them thou shalt not be,  
All noble ends to further  
The constant aim of thee,  
Till in the van a leader called  
Triumphant thou shalt stand,  
A people's faith, like city walled,  
Safe in thy honoured hand.

—One of the Prize Poems  
(*Witness* National Song Competition, 1899).

## CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS—I

I. It has been humorously said that when the patriarch Noah died, he divided the Old World between his three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japhet. To Shem he gave the continent of Asia, to Ham, Africa, to Japhet and his descendants the wild, unknown stretches of Europe. Had he had a fourth son, no doubt to him would have been bequeathed North and South America.

2. However that may be, when Columbus reached the New World in 1492, he found it already well peopled. Some, the ruins of whose ancient cities point to a high state of civilisation, were gentle and refined; the others were in various stages of savagery. All were of the dark races of the earth, but where they came from, or when they reached America, has never been found out, and it is likely never will.

3. Christopher Columbus was born about the middle of the fifteenth century, the son of a wool-weaver. His native place was Genoa, which you will find on the map of Italy. He was a clever, thoughtful boy, and, with his brothers, well taught at school. He was particularly fond of studying geography, and loved to draw charts and maps of foreign countries.

4. The Genoese were great sailors, and often had desperate battles with the North African pirates, who infested the Mediterranean Sea. These cruel sea-rovers frequently captured and made slaves of white men, and in different parts of Europe there are still funds long since set apart to redeem such captives. At fourteen Christopher took to the sea like the rest of the citizens. He must have had plenty of adventures, but of that part of his life we know nothing.

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5. As he grew older young Columbus became more and more anxious to be a navigator. He read all the books he could find about the rich and wonderful countries of the East, and, like the ancients, began to think the world was round, an idea that had long been out of date.

6. At that time the way to the East by water was still unknown. If a traveller wished to go to India, he must make a long and dangerous journey by horse and camel caravan across a great part of Asia. The sea-going ships were small, and seldom went out of sight of land, but already adventurous and determined seamen were trying to fight their way round the south of Africa. Their vessels were constantly driven back by wind and tide, but once round, they hoped by sailing eastward to reach India.

7. It was then that the idea took hold of Christopher's mind that if he boldly plunged out into the Atlantic Ocean he would get to the Indies the other way. It never dawned upon him that a great obstacle like a continent lay in his path.

8. Like many other people who are clever, Columbus was poor. His great difficulty was that no voyage could be taken without a ship, and he had no means of fitting one out. For awhile, hoping to arouse interest, he talked to anyone who would listen about his wonderful ideas. But it was discouraging work. The people were thinking of business and pleasure just as they are now, and only smiled at him for a dreamer, or shrugged their shoulders over his foolish fancies.

## CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS—II

1. ITALY at that time had a great deal of trade with Spain and Portugal, whose harbours in the south-west of Europe were always lively with ships and sailors. It must have been about 1470 that Columbus decided to try his luck in one of these countries.

2. By this time the young man had grown up to be tall and handsome, His manly and generous ways made him a favourite among his friends, and he was known to be very religious. When speaking of the great discoveries he hoped to make, his eyes would sparkle with enthusiasm.

3. When Columbus first arrived in Lisbon he found everyone much interested in maritime affairs. He was happy in finding friends who thought like himself, and soon married Donna de Perestrello, a lady whose father had been a navigator in the King's service. With her he got a number of fine books and maps, which made him more sure than ever that his ideas were correct. The King of Portugal at that time liked nothing so much as navigation, and it is likely that our hero's fortune would soon have been made, had not the good King died.

4. After all his high hopes, nothing but troubles seemed to come to him in Portugal. After a while his wife, Donna Filipa, died, leaving him with a baby boy. People began to grow weary of hearing about the endless riches of the countries it was expected to find. They would not risk their money, only perhaps to lose it, so it was with a sore heart that Columbus at last decided to take his little motherless child and go home to Italy.

5. By and by, to his delight, the navigator heard that his ideas were gaining ground in Spain. Hastening

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there, he met several noblemen, who showed their friendship by presenting him to the King and Queen. Unfortunately, just then Ferdinand and Isabella were engaged in a terrible war with the Moors, an enemy who swarmed over the country. For weeks at a time the royal pair stayed in camp with their soldiers, but so great was the danger that they could not think of any other work until the foe was entirely driven away.

6. In the meantime the Queen often sent for Columbus, and talked to him kindly of his great hopes. This was very encouraging, but as soon as he turned away the courtiers were often rude and unkind. Sometimes they made fun of his shabby clothes and careworn face; sometimes they asked, in mockery, if one so humble as he could take them to lands full of gold and precious stones. When at last Queen Isabella sent word that she could do nothing to help the enterprise, poor Columbus abruptly disappeared, leaving no trace.

7. It is years before we see him again. Then with Diego, a boy of fourteen, he was wearily plodding along a country road in Spain. The clothes of father and son were old and faded, and in the bag they carried there was not even a crust of bread left. Presently, in the distance, the boy pointed out towers rising against the sky, and was told that they were drawing near, to the celebrated monastery of La Rabida.

8. In those days there were few inns in country places, but to make up for the want, travellers of all classes were made welcome at the monasteries as they passed. The weary pair quickened their pace.

"Here," they thought, thankfully, "we shall at least get a good meal and rest for the night!"

9. But, had they only known it, something better than that was in store for them. Coming nearer, they met the prior of the convent, who, struck by their appearance,

stopped to talk to them. Encouraged by his interest, the navigator soon began to talk on his favourite subject, and when, after supper, he spread out his chart on the table, and traced the way he would go across the Atlantic, the delight of his kind host knew no bounds.

10. Shortly afterwards, the monk, whose name was Don Juan de Marchena, took his friend to see the Queen. They were graciously received, for their foes had been driven out of the country, and her Majesty was now glad to provide for a voyage of discovery. Preparations were pushed forward, and in August, 1492, three small ships were ready for their eventful journey. The *Pinta* and the *Nina* had each a captain of her own, but all three were under the command of Christopher Columbus.

### THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA—I

1. TRY to imagine the *Nina*, the *Pinta*, and the *Santa Maria* as they stood out to sea on their famous voyage four hundred years ago! They were vessels of the kind called caravels. The largest was not nearly as big as one of our river ferry-boats. None except the hundred-ton *Santa Maria* had even a deck, and the crews altogether numbered one hundred and twenty men.

2. The sailors had been engaged in the Mediterranean and West Coast of Africa trade, but none of them were ever far out at sea before. Like everyone else, they imagined that the earth was an immense flat plain, surrounded by endless oceans. If the admiral thought that the world was round, and that by sailing on and on he would reach a new and wonderful land, the men did not trouble themselves much about it.

3. As the last known land faded out of sight on

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the horizon, the little fleet faced south-west. Like living things the stoutly built boats gallantly settled to their work, now rolling in the trough, now rising on the crest of the waves. The wind whistled through the rigging, and the huge billows tossed them about like playthings. Who can wonder that the hearts of the seamen sank lower at every fresh plunge.

4. With danger, however, the courage of the admirals rose higher and higher. The wind was sending them along at a furious rate, and the faces of the men showed that they were both angry and afraid. But they were not allowed to become despondent. Going about from group to group, Columbus kept up their spirits, always pointing to the unchanging compass, and the North Star as their guide and hope.

5. The voyage for all on board was certainly a very hard one. Everything that happened forced the men's hopes wildly up or down. One day a water-logged spar rolling on the waves made them think of wrecks and death. At another time some land birds found in the rigging were taken down, and petted and fed with childish delight.

6. In the meantime the chilly gloom of mid-ocean had all disappeared. The hot sun shone down on them and the soft sweep of the wind, swelling their sails, sent the vessels along easily. Now and then bunches of floating seaweed roused a great deal of excitement and at every cloudbank on the horizon the cry of "Land ho!" broke out afresh.

7. This went on day after day, however, until the men thought it would never end. Scorched with heat and parched with thirst, the sight of water and only water, brought back all their dreadful fears, and drove them almost frantic. In the fore-castle the sailors told each other strange tales of enchanted breezes that blew only in one direction, and of ships that never



came back. With black looks, and muttered threats, the crews were on the point of mutiny.

8. Fortunately, however, a day came which put every one into a better mood. There was a great commotion on deck, when a thorn branch covered with berries and a carved wooden staff were picked up among the drifting weed. At once every doubt turned to joy and happiness. Calling the men around him, Columbus thanked God that his hopes were at last realised, and the now penitent crews with tears kissed the hands of the great navigator.

## THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA—II

1. WITH redoubled energy the crews strained their eyes round the horizon, each eager to have the first sight of land. Hours afterwards, when the lights were out, and sleep had fallen upon the crews, the deck of the *Pinta* held a little group of watchers. At a sudden shout from the crow's-nest everyone sprang to his feet, gazing into the darkness. The roar of a gun followed, and from lip to lip flew the joyful cry, "Land, land!"

2. Earliest dawn showed the three caravels at anchor beside a level island dotted with palm trees, and so near were they that the ringing cheers of the men brought crowds of wondering natives out of their huts to see what had happened. It was the 12th of October, 1492, a day ever to be remembered in modern history.

3. To the Spaniards it was an ending worthy of all the danger they had come through. The natives, timid at first, soon became friendly, and there was no end to the wonder and delight on both sides. The island, under the name of San Salvador, was at once taken possession of for Spain, and Columbus, thinking the western route to Asia found, called the islands Indies, and the people Indians.

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4. This, perhaps, was the happiest part of the great navigator's life. Without losing time, he set out at once to explore farther, and was more and more carried away by what he saw. Months passed before he could tear himself from the scene. The following spring the little fleet, battered by wind and wave, brought home its own glorious news, "the richest freight that ever lay upon the bosom of the deep."

5. A magnificent welcome met the return of Columbus. All Spain went wild with delight, hastening to do honour to her hero. The joyful pride of the people was almost worthy of the man to whom it was offered.

6. Voyage after voyage followed, in which, with restless energy, the navigator planted colonies in the name of his adopted country, and sent the rich cargoes of many vessels to fill her waiting coffers.

7. But with his success, hosts of enemies rushed forward, trying to grasp the honours he had so splendidly won. The reputation of the noble Genoese was attacked, and wicked falsehoods soon caused the disgrace and overthrow of the people's idol. On one occasion he was even sent home in chains. Bitterly resenting this injustice, as long as he lived the iron fetters hung on his walls to remind him of the cruel ingratitude he had suffered.

8. To Spain Columbus had been the means of giving wealth and power far beyond his wildest dreams—yet in neglect and poverty she allowed him to die. By some strange fate the new land does not even bear his name, but that of another—Amerigo. Yet, though not so much as one island of all that he gave her remains, it is the proudest boast of Spain that the noble explorer served her, and over his tomb, near Seville, remains the lasting phrase :

"For Leon and Castile  
Columbus found a New World."

## CARTIER, THE NAVIGATOR—I

1. YEARS passed, and in England the old undaunted spirit of the Cabots had almost died out. The early tales of the vast riches of the New World ceased to tempt seekers across the wild Atlantic. The first English discoveries were in danger of being forgotten.

2. So far, France had taken little part in these expeditions. There, however, as everywhere else, the people listened with wonder to the stories of returned mariners, and often longed for a share in their adventures. It was in 1534 that the hopes of Jacques Cartier were fulfilled, when two ships were fitted out for a voyage of discovery. These vessels we should now think far too small for ocean use. They were but sixty tons each, and the crews together numbered only one hundred and twenty-two men.

3. A certain bright spring day in April, 1534, was an exciting one in the ancient coast town of St. Malo, where most of the men and boys were sailors. Fathers, mothers, and children flocked from far and near to see the gallant little ships depart, and loud and long were the cheers and good wishes that greeted the order "Up anchor, and away!" The vessels, with spread canvas, sped out into the Channel, and gradually disappeared in the distance.

4. Most of the explorers before this had been sailing far to the south-west, but Cartier determined to go due west, and see what he should find there. There were no charts then of the Atlantic, and he did not know what rocks he might run against. He might not find any land at all, but it was worth trying.

5. Happily, all went well with the expedition, and in about three weeks they reached the rocky shores of Newfoundland. With the breakers thundering at the foot of the cliffs, and in a thick fog, the St. Malo men

## 12 PICTURES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY

found a safe anchorage, but hardly were they settled when the mouth of the bay filled up with ice. Days passed before they could get out.

6. When they did, everything that met their eyes seemed wonderful. The fish were so thick in the water that one could catch them with his hands. The rocks were so covered with sea birds that they seemed like heaps of drifted snow. Some little birds nestled under the wings of big ones, and some had red legs and huge red beaks that clashed together, while others, when the sailors tried to catch them, bit like dogs.

7. In some places, immense, ungainly animals, with tusks from one to two feet long, lay on the sandbanks. They were the only things that appeared timid, for they did not wait the approach of the boats. Sliding off, they plunged into the sea. Cartier called them sea-cows, though now they are known as walrus.

8. Bears, too, pure white and very large, could be seen swimming from shore to island, where they leisurely caught and feasted upon the birds that took no trouble to keep out of their way. None of the creatures took the least notice of the newcomers, except the seals, who, with their black noses above water, swam everywhere after the boats. Looking at the rowers with their soft, friendly eyes, they seemed to say: "We never saw such queer creatures before. What can they be?"

### CARTIER, THE NAVIGATOR—II

1. THESE things, of course, were not all discovered at once. For weeks the two ships followed the coast from Cape Race to Belle Isle, while the commander busied himself with giving names to headlands, bays, and rivers.

2. As the summer advanced, the men sometimes rowed



## 14 PICTURES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY

up the adjacent rivers, finding there a lovely country covered with trees. Raspberries, strawberries, and wild cherries grew in quantities, while thickets of red and white roses filled the air with perfume. Birds sang in the trees, and fish jumped in the rivers until the sailors thought they were in fairyland.

3. It was on one of the islands that the white men first found natives, both men and women. Their faces, painted with red and white, looked hideous to the Europeans, and their long, black hair was wound on the top of their heads and stuck with feathers. The clothes of the natives were made of skins sewn together, and their birchbark canoes were very strong and graceful. When found, these were full of dried fish and seal meat.

4. Carefully searching for rivers leading inland, Cartier sailed round the Gulf, which he called St. Lawrence. In different places he came upon camps of Indians, who proved very friendly. Many presents were exchanged, and the natives eagerly stripped themselves of their clothes and ornaments, seeming overjoyed to receive in return the knives, hatchets, and bright-coloured beads brought from France.

5. August had now arrived, and the mariners reluctantly prepared to return home. Before doing so, a wooden cross, thirty feet high, was set up on a point overlooking the sea. It bore a shield engraved with fleurs-de-lys, and the words "Vive le Roy de France."

6. Anxious to show the French people some of the wonders of the New World, Cartier ordered his men to seize two young Indians, and take them on board ship. Their skin clothing was exchanged for coloured coats, and with red caps on their heads and copper chains round their neck, the youths appeared quite happy, but it was the first breach of trust on the part of the white man, and was not forgotten.

## WESTWARD HO!—I

1. THERE was great rejoicing in St. Malo when the travellers returned safe and sound. The townfolk crowded round to hear and to see everything, and the two natives, dressed in the richest of clothes, were feasted as if they had been princes.

2. Next spring it was decided that Cartier must make another voyage to the west, and, eager to see for themselves, several gentlemen joined the cruise. Before weighing anchor the party took the sacrament together in the Cathedral, and the fleet and all it contained were solemnly blessed by the Lord Bishop in his robes.

3. This time there were three ships—the *Great Hermina*, the *Little Hermina*, and one called the *Pinnesse*. The vessels hoped to have kept together, but unfortunately a raging tempest soon drove them apart. For two long months none knew what had become of the others, though, strange to say, they all turned up about the same time at Newfoundland.

4. As had been arranged, the three ships went on together as straight as possible for the mouth of the St. Lawrence. It might be a great river or only a deep inlet, but they were determined to trace it to the end.

5. As the stream became narrower, however, and the mountains were seen on either side, the matter was set at rest once for all. It was the grandest river the explorers had ever seen. The rocky shores and islands were covered with dense, silent forest, already touched with the glowing tints of autumn. The Frenchmen, in speechless wonder, looked at the beautiful scene they were passing.

6. Sailing slowly the ships kept up a constant sounding, in order to avoid accident. The Indian lads, who

## 16 PICTURES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY

were returning to their native land, knew the river well, and pointed out the dangerous places. Northwards, they said, lay the kingdom of Saguenay, famous for its red copper and race of one-legged men. To the west were Canada and Hochelaga. It was the first time that white men had heard the word Canada.

7. Still sailing, the explorers found themselves near a lovely island, covered with grape vines. The rich glow of the purple fruit charmed their sight, and some of the travellers named it the Isle de Bacchus. Lying in the stream below Quebec, it is now known as the Island of Orleans.

8. Close by, on the mainland, a massive cliff, between two and three hundred feet high, jutted out into the stream. In great excitement, the native boys pointed out the village at the foot. They had reached their home Stadacona, over which ruled the wise and good chief, Donnacona.

### WESTWARD HO!—II

1. HARDLY had the little fleet come to anchor, when the chief, accompanied by numbers of canoes, came out to welcome the strangers. Imagine their surprise when they found on board the two young Indians, returned from France!

2. The natives made a great din, singing and shouting in their high spirits, and goodwill prevailed on both sides. Numerous presents were given and received, including a little girl and two baby boys, who were formally presented to Captain Cartier. On ship and shore all was merriment and festivity.

3. When Donnacona found, however, that the Frenchmen were going farther up the river, he was far from



pleased. The Indians are wise folk, and they knew by instinct that if the white men saw their fine country, they would want it for themselves.

4. Every device was used to prevent them from going on. Among others, a canoe was filled with devils, or rather men whose painted faces and yard-long horns, bid fair to give all who saw them nightmares. Coming near, they prophesied all sorts of evil to the voyagers. At this the white men only laughed, and the baffled savages retired in deep anger.

5. Two of the ships were left at Stadacona, and Cartier, with all the gentlemen and fifty sailors, pushed on in open boats. "On both sides of the river," as the old story goes, "we beganne to see as goodly a country as possibly can with eye be seene." Fruit trees and grape-laden vines lined the shores, patches of Indian corn with its silky tassels waved in the wind, and big melons lay ripening on the ground. Owing, however, to the low state of the water-course, it took thirteen days' steady travel to reach Hochelaga.

## HOCHELAGA

1. THIS island, the party found, was formed by two majestic rivers, one passing on each side. At the foot the waters joined, afterwards flowing on together to the ocean. The arrival of the boats was greeted by more than a thousand men, women, and children, who all tried to see who could be most kind in welcoming the strangers.

2. About the town of Hochelaga, and especially a sacred mountain in the vicinity, Cartier had heard from his captives. Anxious to see for themselves, the company rose early the next morning, dressing in full uniform to do honour to the occasion.

3. Landing in state, they followed their guides through

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the forest for several miles. The well-beaten path led through groves of russet-coloured oaks, under which lay heaps of acorns. Reaching at length a huge bonfire, whose flames and smoke rolled skyward, the Frenchmen found a chief with his followers awaiting them. The manner of the savages was dignified, and their speech of welcome very friendly.

4. After a rest, the groups went on together until they reached Hochelaga. The town was round in shape, and circled by three strong palisades. In the courtyard, the women crowded round, without the least sign of fear.

5. Weeping with joy, they held their babies up to the faces and hands of their white guests, signing them to touch the little ones. While this was going on, the grand chief Agouhanna, who was a great invalid, was carried in and laid on a deerskin. As well as he was able he welcomed the ship's company, showing his poor, palsied limbs, which the Captain stroked and rubbed gently with his hands. At this Agouhanna's face lighted up, and taking off his chief's headdress, with a few gracious words, he presented it to Jacques Cartier.

6. This done, the tribesmen ran and brought in all the sick, the blind, and lame of the village, to be touched. To the simple natives it seemed that the great Manitou himself had come down from heaven to heal them. The white men looked on almost with tears as the Captain did what they wished, and the touching scene was not finished until part of the Gospel of St. John had been recited, and a prayer added that they might soon become Christians.

7. Later on, still with the greatest friendliness, some of the tribe escorted their guests to the top of the near by hill. It was a warm and beautiful autumn day, and before them stretched a noble view.

8. On all sides the slopes were thickly covered with



INTERIOR OF INDIAN LODGE. SEVERAL FAMILIES RESIDENT.  
*(View is produced by Paul Katin. Photographs and Copy, Ethnographica.)*

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trees, glowing in rich tones of red, bronze, and gold. From the west rolled the broad blue St. Lawrence, and for many miles the eye swept over a fair and noble country. Beyond the plain rose the circling mountains, like courtiers awaiting the nod of their sovereign.

9. Before the delighted visitors turned away, Mont Royale had received its name, in time to be handed on to the new city at its foot.

### THE INDIAN

1. APART from the Indian as a warrior and hunter, there is much that places him far above our general ideas of savagery. Indeed, there are those who believe that could we look back far enough into his history, we should find him descended from some highly civilised race of the Asiatic world.

2. Physically, the early explorers found both men and women to be beautifully proportioned, their complexion of a rich copper-colour, with black eyes and straight black hair, often of great length. Their heads were well-shaped, and their features, though somewhat set, of a fine aquiline cast. The rather fierce expression, caused by their hard fight for existence, was increased when on the warpath by curious devices in bright-coloured paints.

3. Self-control was greatly valued among them, and was acquired by long practice. The women and children, no less than hunter and warrior, were able to go for many days without food and sleep, and all were nerved to see and take part in scenes of cruelty. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that all the tribes were utterly blood-thirsty; according to the first Jesuit missionaries, many of them were of an amiable and even gentle character,

and early accepted the truths of Christianity with child-like devotion.

4. It is said that they were possessed of more agility than strength, and were better framed for swiftness than hard labour. Their sight, smell, hearing, and other senses were brought to the highest state of perfection by practice, and their knowledge of distance and direction was remarkable.

5. Severe physical training made all the young men experts in foot-racing, canoeing, arrow-shooting, wrestling, and many other sports requiring skill and energy. The chiefs and older members of the tribes encouraged such games, and always made a point of being present to applaud and at the same time put down any attempt at unfair play.

6. Like all imaginative peoples, the Indians are passionately fond of stories, and it has been their custom from past ages to draw round the winter fires in their lodges, to hear and tell the tales handed down from their ancestors. Every shade of pathos and humour is employed to heighten the effect of their words, and all are more or less good as storytellers.

7. Singing, from our point of view, was never an Indian accomplishment, though the war dances were aided by irregular choruses, and accompanied with rattles and the loud monotone of the war-drum. The dances showed the great dramatic power of the natives. The children were early taught to understand the meaning of the devices used, such as carnivorous birds and beasts, expressing courage, patience, and other heroic virtues.

8. The dancers were arrayed in grotesque masks and costumes, which added much to the fierce character of the performance. Beginning slowly, the pictured scenes rapidly increased in quickness and vehemence. Warriors ready for the part, from time to time bounded into the

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circle, with wild yells of exultation, which naturally wrought the onlookers to a terrible pitch of excitement. Chants also expressed with deep feeling the memory of their dead heroes and children, to whom they were tenderly attached.

9. Long and terrible ordeals of starvation and torture awaited every youth, before he could join the ranks of the braves. This produced the unflinching courage in bodily pain which was the pride of the race. Singing the death-song, and hurling scornful epithets from the very brink of the grave at their enemies, they often showed the height of human endurance.

10. The tribal chiefs were hereditary, and generally ruled their people with wisdom and energy. The codes of many tribes showed a keen sense of right and wrong, and the punishment of certain crimes was swift and very severe.

11. The chiefs in council were dignified, and their great eloquence was soon revealed to the astonished French pioneers. Never before had they heard anything like such language except in epic poetry. According to an early writer, no Greek or Roman orator ever spoke with greater strength or pathos than on one such occasion.

12. The French, for some reason, wished to induce a tribe to remove to a distance from their native soil, but the speech delivered in return caused them to withdraw the demand. "We were born," said the chief with dignity, "on this ground. Our parents lie buried in it. Shall we say to the bones of our fathers: 'Arise, and come with us into a foreign land'?"

## INDIAN FOLKLORE

1. A DEEP love of the beautiful in nature lies in the heart of the Canadian savage. From the earliest times we are told they took the explorers with pride to view their favourite scenes. Indeed, it is not unlikely that the genuine delight of the French in the picturesque scenery of Canada had something to do with winning for them the friendship of the natives.

2. The language is well fitted for expressing beautiful ideas. The words are made up of many liquid syllables, almost every second letter being a vowel. The well-chosen names of a thousand places show love of beauty and harmony. Caugh-na-wa-ga, means Near the rapids; Ontario, Beautiful prospect of rocks, hills, and waters; Toronto, Trees in the water; and so on.

3. The tribes believed in one Great Spirit, Manitou, who ruled over all things, and looked with a loving eye from the clouds upon his red children. There were many lesser deities, however. Every spot in the land which inspired awe or reverence, the Indian believed to be the abode of a god. Every mountain, lake, and waterfall was guarded by an invisible spirit. The murmuring of the breeze, the rush of water, every flash of lightning and roll of thunder was the message of a god.

4. The name of Hiawatha has long been familiar to the white man. Hiawatha taught all the useful arts to the Five Nations and their fellows of the west. He showed them how to raise corn and beans, cleared the fishing grounds and streams of rocks, and destroyed great and evil monsters. He loved peace, and wished all men to be brothers. He was more skilful with the bow than the bravest hunter, and more eloquent than the greatest orator. His adventures and miracles were endless.

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5. On the Atlantic coast the place of Hiawatha was taken by the strong and friendly Glooskap, who at one time dwelt upon earth, and looked after the wants of men. Glooskap lived alone on the top of a mountain on the Acadian shore. Once in a while he descended, and went about among the lodges of the people. He was never too far off, however, to hear a cry of pain or trouble, and always came to the aid of those who called him.

6. One of many charming legends concerning him is the following: "The two great salmon rivers, the Matapedia and the Restigouche, rise at some distance from each other, one in the Province of Quebec, the other in New Brunswick. After a time, however, they join, and empty from one channel into the Bay of Chaleurs.

7. "Ages ago, it is said, the Matapedia had an opening of its own to the sea, but the Restigouche claimed the smaller river as its bride, and one day appealed to Glooskap, as he stood staff in hand on the top of Sugar-Loaf Mountain.

8. "The great Mic-mac deity stooped, and struck the wall of rock that divided the two rivers. At once a mighty block of land fell into the Restigouche, forming one of the islands, at this place. The larger river rushed in and grasped its bride, and together ever afterwards they have flowed to mingle their waters with the sea."

9. In course of time, however, in spite of having everything to make them good and happy, men began to grow very wicked. Not content with doing wrong themselves, they encouraged even the beasts to become wild and savage. Then Glooskap, though it gave him pain, determined to go away, and leave them to themselves.

10. Because man had grown utterly unworthy, for him there was no farewell; but the beasts, wild and tame,



were bidden to a parting feast on the seashore. There their mighty friend

“ . . . fed the panther’s crafty brood, and filled  
The lean wolf’s hunger ; from the hollow tree  
His honey stayed the bear’s terrific jaws ;  
And the brown rabbit couched at peace, within  
The circling shadow of the eagle’s wings.”<sup>1</sup>

When it was all over, he bade them a solemn good-bye.

11. Into the glowing splendour of the sunset, he who was more than man

“ . . . . . launched his birch canoe,  
And spread his yellow sail, and moved from shore.”

As he sailed he sang, his farewell notes floating back like a benediction on those who loved him, but not enough to do his will. And presently as they all looked on sorrowfully,

“ . . . the canoe grew little like a bird,  
And black, and vanished in the shining trail ”

12. All this happened long, long ago. But the good and the true among his people wait and remember still, for to them he has promised that he will come again, and all shall yet be well.

## INDIAN HUMOUR

1. It is not strange that humour should be a strong point with the tribesmen. A love of the beautiful and quick wit often go hand in hand. The Indian’s sense of satire was keen, and, even at the point of death, surprising.

<sup>1</sup> *The Departing of Gluskap*, by Charles G. D. Roberts.



There is one story, however, which has no satire about it, but is only merry and delightful. It is taken from Mr. Leland's *Algonquin Legends*:—

2. Now, it came to pass, when Glooskap had conquered all his enemies, even the giants and sorcerers, *Pamola*, who is the evil spirit of the night air, and all manner of ghosts, witches and goblins, that he thought upon what he had done, and wondered if his work was at an end.

3. And he said this to a certain woman. But she replied, "Not so fast, Master, for there yet remains One whom no one has ever conquered or got the better of in any way, and who will remain unconquered to the end of time."

4. "And who is he?" inquired the Master.

"It is the mighty *Wasis*," she replied, "and there he sits; and I warn you that if you meddle with him you will be in sore trouble."

5. Now *Wasis* was the baby. And he sat on the floor sucking a piece of maple sugar, greatly contented, troubling no one.

6. As the Lord of Men and Beasts had never married or had a child, he knew naught of the way of managing children. Therefore he was quite certain, as is the wont of such people, that he knew all about it. So he turned to Baby with a bewitching smile, and bade him come to him.

7. Then Baby smiled again, but did not budge. And the Master spoke sweetly, and made his voice like that of the summer bird, but it was of no avail, for *Wasis* sat still and sucked his maple sugar.

8. Then the Master frowned and spoke terribly, and ordered *Wasis* to come crawling to him immediately. And Baby burst out into crying and yelling, but did not come for all that.

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9. Then, since he could do but one thing more, the Master had recourse to magic. He used his most awful spells, and sang the songs which raise the dead and scare the devils. And Wasis sat and looked on admiringly, and seemed to find it very interesting, but all the same he never moved an inch.

10. So Glooskap gave it up in despair, and Wasis, sitting on the floor in the sunshine, went *goo! goo!* and crowed.

11. And to this day, when you see a babe well contented, going *goo! goo!* and crowing, and no one can tell why, know that it is because he remembers the time when he overcame the Master who had conquered all the world. For of all the beings that have ever been since the beginning, Baby alone is the only invincible one.

### THE FIRST COLONY—I

1. ONE day in the summer of 1604, a small ship of French build was slowly sailing along the Acadian coast. On her deck stood a party of distinguished-looking men enjoying the scene. Samuel de Champlain, yet to be named the Father of Canada, was one of the number. Young as he was, Champlain was already a rising man and a noted traveller.

2. The expedition was under a French nobleman called de Monts, and in his keeping he held a much-prized roll of parchment signed in big letters "Henri." Now Henri IV was the reigning King of France, and to his faithful subject de Monts he was entrusting a great section of North America, in order that it might be colonised.

3. The King did not really know what a huge terri-

tory he was giving away. It was what we now call the Maritime Provinces, a great part of Quebec, and stretching south as far as Pennsylvania. Through the country rushed several wide rivers, and both mountain and plain were one dense wilderness of trees. Even yet, three hundred years afterwards, white men shrink from going through such forests alone.

4. The ship soon entered a lovely bay, whose waters reflected the trees and hills around as well as the blue sky above. Baron de Poutrincourt, standing on the deck, was so charmed with the sight, that he lost no time in applying for it for his own use.

5. This granted, he at once set about making plans for the houses he meant to build for his family and servants. The place he christened Port Royal, and though the town now standing on the spot is called Annapolis, it is rightly considered the oldest settlement in North America.

6. The rest of the summer was spent by the explorers in cruising along the coast. For some reason they did not come back to Port Royal. Instead they spent the following winter in great misery on a near by island which they called St. Croix. Here there were no trees to keep off the wind, and their wooden huts were half buried in snow most of the time.

7. It did not take the colonists long to find that winter in Canada is much colder than in France, and that big fires, plenty of clothes, and well-built houses are needed to defy the weather. Canadians now love the winter, and have lots of fun because they have learned to keep themselves warm.

8. When summer came again, however, the explorers soon forgot their misery. The woods were full of wild flowers when de Monts, Champlain, and the rest of the party went off on another long trip. Delighted with

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the beauty on every side, they sailed in and out along the coast, which they named Maine. Some of the streams and islands are still called by the names then given them. In one place beside the sea they found a very old wooden cross standing. It was thick with moss and falling to decay, but there was nothing to show by whom it had been set up.

9. Wherever they went the Frenchmen made friends with the Indians, whom they found kind and hospitable. Round most of the villages large patches of maize, beans, squashes, and tobacco were growing, and the people were intelligent and well-to-do. Nowhere, however, did the travellers find a place they admired so much as Port Royal.

10. When they at last returned to St. Croix, it was only to pull down their houses, and move everything across the bay. For the rest of the summer they were all very busy making things snug for the cold weather. In spite of their hard work the colonists were as lively as possible, making light of their hardships and spending their spare time as merrily as they could.

### THE ORDER OF GOOD TIMES

1. AMONG other funny things the gentlemen did, they founded a club called the Order of Good Times. There were fifteen members, and each one in turn was Grand Master for twenty-four hours. During that time it was his principal duty to get up a good dinner for the rest. As well as providing the feast, this high official must stay in the kitchen, and see that it was properly cooked and served.

2. Of course, everyone tried to have a meal better than the one before, and there was lots of fun over it. There

were plenty of good things to be had from the surrounding forest. Venison, bear-steaks, hares, wild ducks, wild geese, and other kinds of game; sturgeon, salmon, and every sort of fresh and salt water fish. With the stores of the ship to fall back upon, one does not wonder that the happy exiles thought themselves better off than their friends in Paris.

3. According to the fashion of the times, the Noble Order of Good Times dined at noon. To keep up the fun they copied the ceremonies of the King's palace at home. When everything was ready, they entered the dining-room in single-file, led by the Grand Master, who by this time had quite forgotten that he had helped to cook the dinner.

4. Round his neck this gentleman wore a costly (!) state collar, and in his hand he held a staff of office. The Club followed in order, each carrying a smoking dish, which they solemnly placed upon the table. This done, they all sat down and enjoyed themselves like schoolboys.

5. The French were always kind and friendly to the Indians, who naturally grew very fond of them. In the edge of the forest, near by, stood the wigwams of a tribe whose chief at that time was over a hundred years old. There was nothing Membertou enjoyed so much as to be with his white friends.

6. Encouraged by the interest they took, he often told them about the wars and great hunting parties of his youth. Among other things he remembered quite well the arrival of Jacques Cartier, the first white man, seventy years before. Amused with the shrewd wit of the old savage, the Club often invited him to dinner, and nothing would have induced Membertou to miss his part in the fun.

## SMALL BEGINNINGS

1. ALL this time the colonists were as busy as bees building the fort, which they mounted with cannon from the ship. A strong palisade was thrown round the little settlement, and soon gardens outside the stockade began to show the common plants and flowers of home.

2. One thing more remained to be done before winter set in. Some miles up the bay a fine bit of meadowland sloped to the water's edge, and here the light-hearted settlers set about planting the first wheat in Canada. It was an experiment that, to the delight of all, proved a great success. How surprised they would have been to know that some day this land would send out millions of bushels to feed people in different parts of the world.

3. For some years the colony flourished, but in France enemies were at work. The King was induced to change his mind, and, before de Monts knew of it, his rights had all been taken away and given to others. To their sorrow, the settlers were ordered home. The Indians, grieved to lose the white men, begged them to return, and de Poutrincourt, in departing, left everything in charge of his friends, the savages.

4. When some years afterwards the Baron was able to return to his colony, he brought with him his son, a manly and handsome young sailor called Biencourt.

5. The Indians were still there, and overjoyed to see their friends again. The old chief, now in his hundred and tenth year, was the first to welcome them, and the colonists found that good care had been taken of the property in their absence.

6. In Paris the gay court of Marie de Medicis was always busy amusing itself, but it still had time, now and then, to think of Canada. The New World interested the



grand people in two ways. One was in trying to make Christians of the Indians, whether they would or not, the other had to do with the lovely furs supplied to the extravagant courtiers.

7. No material or ornament used for the rich and beautiful clothes of the time was such a favourite as fur. Fur trimmed and lined nearly every article of dress. Instead of silk, as now, the beaver hats were made of real skins, and, until it began to come from Canada, they could never get enough of it.

8. Only ladies and gentlemen of the noblesse, however, wore fur. Others, no matter how wealthy, were not allowed to do so. An old French version of the story of Cinderella declares that the magic slipper was not glass at all, but fur-trimmed, which shows that Cinderella was a real princess.

### ARGALL'S RAID—I

1. It was a beautiful summer day in 1613, and in a deep bay of Mount Desert Island, a ship lay at anchor with her spars reflected in water like a mirror. Round about rose the grey cliffs against the sky, while on the sloping green shore stood four white tents and a tall wooden cross.

2. The vessel had just arrived from France, and held a little band of Jesuit missionaries, who had been sent to Christianise the natives of America. With them they carried horses and goats to stock a new colony.

3. Scarcely had they become settled, however, when in the distance a ship was observed heading for the island. She did not look friendly. A red flag floated at the masthead, and fierce-looking men crowded her decks. As she came on the black muzzles of cannon could be seen jutting from her side.

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4. By this time, eight hundred miles to the south there had sprung up another settlement. It was English, and named Virginia after the Virgin Queen Elizabeth. Some of the people, no doubt, were good and brave, but others were quite different. Ruined gentlemen, gamblers and pickpockets in England, had heard of the riches of the New World, and determined there to retrieve their fortunes; some had already made their way in that direction across the ocean.

5. Among the colonists was a man called Argall, who had managed to get the command of an armed sloop. With a crew as daring and unscrupulous as himself, he was ready to be pirate, fisherman, or smuggler as the case required.

6. Hearing of the French settlement at Mount Desert, and bitterly hating England's ancient foes, the Virginian privateer lost no time in making towards the spot. The English colony lay hundreds of miles away, and most likely their northern neighbours did not even know of its existence. One would think that on the great new continent there was room enough for both.

7. As Argall's ship approached there was no mistaking her evil intentions. The poor missionaries were in despair. They were few in number, and not prepared to fight. With all speed some of them hid among the rocks, though a brave handful hastened on board their vessel to be ready for the attack. At a glance the enemy saw that they could not hold out long, and was the more determined to seize the prize.

8. The unoffending little French vessel was soon taken by its warlike assailant, but not before several men had been killed. Hastening on shore, the successful raider set about rifling the tents. In a strong box, to his delight, he found a royal deed of gift entitling the missionaries to settle on this land.

9. Concealing the paper, Argall ordered the captain, now a prisoner, into his presence, and sternly asked him by what right his company had settled on English ground. The puzzled Frenchman asserted that it was not English but French, and being asked to show his papers, rushed to his chest. To his dismay the precious parchment had disappeared.

### ARGALL'S RAID—II

1. At once Argall's manner changed. Harshly denouncing his victims as robbers who deserved death, he seized the disabled ship and all its contents. A few of those that had resisted him were flogged, while fifteen men were turned adrift in an open boat to sink or swim. With his prize and fourteen prisoners the pirate set off for Virginia, where he gave a glowing account of his brave deeds.

2. Vastly pleased with his success, the Governor of the colony at once fitted out three ships, and ordered Argall to go back and sweep the foreign invaders out of America.

3. Father Biard, one of the prisoners, had been living for some time at Port Royal. The brave young Bien-court, disliking some of his ways, had once told him, with more truth than politeness, to mind his own duties. Here was a chance for revenge, and unfortunately the priest took it. Guiding the fleet to Port Royal, he basely betrayed it into the hands of the enemy.

4. By this time the rich lands round the settlement had begun to repay the toil they had cost. The gardens were glowing in the midsummer sun, and cattle fed placidly in the adjoining fields. The buildings, however, seemed silent and deserted, but that was only because,

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six miles up the bay, the settlers were busy reaping their treasured fields.

5. At a word from their leader, Argall's men killed the animals, stripped the houses, and, applying the torch stood by to see them burn. This done, they noisily crowded into their boats, and pulled up the bay to complete their wicked work.

6. The unlooked-for advance filled the harvesters with terror. They were too few to resist, and, fleeing to the hillsides, looked on in despair while their precious grain was trampled into the ground. Not until everything was destroyed did the heartless raiders turn away.

7. Unable as they were to repay it at the time, these savage attacks aroused anger and indignation among the colonists that never went to sleep again. It was the beginning of the wars that raged in America between the French and English for a hundred and fifty years. The last great battle took place on the Plains of Abraham in 1759.

### CHAMPLAIN—I

1. Look at the map of France along the wild and stormy Bay of Biscay, and near the old seaport La Rochelle you will find the town of Brouage. Here Champlain was born in 1567. One of a hardy race and living on the seashore, the boy must have spent much of his time in boats. In after life he was strong and courageous, and had high principles of honour.

2. In and about France at that time there was a great deal of fighting, and at an early age our hero entered the navy, where he won fame as a soldier. When the war was over the King granted him a pension, and would have given him a place at Court, but he would not accept it. The life was too tame for his taste.

3. The settlements founded by Columbus in the West Indies and on the near by mainland had once been open to all comers, but the Spaniards now became so overbearing that no foreigners were allowed to enter them on pain of death. Thinking that he would like to see things for himself, young Champlain set out for Cadiz, where he found a fleet of ships sailing for Spanish America. Through influence he was made captain of one of the vessels.

4. An old and very precious manuscript, still to be seen at Dieppe, is the journal kept when on this voyage by the young captain. The pages are full of coloured sketches of Southern birds, beasts, and fishes. There are Indian dances and feasts to be seen, and long processions of the slave workers in the mines. Dreadful to relate, some of the pictures show the poor natives being cruelly flogged for not attending mass, while others have six together being burned alive for not becoming Christians !

5. When he returned to France in 1603, Champlain found an expedition just preparing to sail for the St. Lawrence. The stout little vessel was a merchantman loaded with goods which it was intended to exchange for furs. On the Grand Banks near Newfoundland they passed a large number of French, English, and Spanish fishing-smacks busily at work.

6. Several busy years passed, during which the settlement at Port Royal was springing up. Part of the time Champlain spent in his native country, but he could not forget the great lonely river in America. The call of the wild woods, the swish of the paddle, and the foam of the rapids boiling round his canoe filled his thoughts. He longed to be once more among the sights and sounds of the northern forest.

7. All this time Monsieur de Monts and Champlain had remained great friends. There was nothing they

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wished so much as to see towns and villages taking root in Canada, and sunny farms stretching in place of the dense forest. They thought there was no end to the future of the country, and now we know that they were right.

8. Always talking about the great new land, a number of friends at length determined to open trade in furs and other things with the Indians of the St. Lawrence. While business occupied some of these, Champlain on the *Don de Dieu* was to explore and plant settlements farther up the river.

### CHAMPLAIN—II

1. THAT was in 1608. Trading headquarters were soon established at Tadousac, but our hero pressed on up the river. He found that since the time of Cartier a very great change had taken place there. Scarcely a vestige of Stadacona or of Hochelaga was to be seen. The prosperous tribes who had welcomed the French explorers were all gone. What had happened?

2. Champlain has been blamed for beginning the cruel hatred that existed between the native races, but he was too just and good a man to do such an unchristian thing. War was already raging when he arrived. A small but warlike tribe called the Iroquois had come from the west, and settled in the mountains south of the St. Lawrence. They were determined to be masters of the entire country, and already roamed over it as they chose. The Hurons and Algonquins, once powerful tribes, had retreated before the cunning and ferocity of their foes.

3. There was no chance of friendship between the French and the Iroquois, for both wished to be conqueror. The other tribes, however, flocking about the newcomers,

seemed good-natured and trustworthy. Imploring Champlain's help in their wars, he promised to stand by them whenever his assistance should be required.

4. In the meantime it was decided to build a town where Donnacona and his tribe had lived sixty years before. The place, grown wild again, was cleared of its big trees, and at the foot of the great rock they began a settlement, which they called Quebec. As soon as a few necessary buildings were finished, Champlain laid out his garden and planted rose-bushes just as he had done at Port Royal.

5. Seeing that the White Chief was greatly pleased with the beauty of the country, some of the Hurons took him, the following summer, on a tour of exploration. Together they paddled up the St. Lawrence and into the Richelieu River. Champlain was the only white man, but he seems to have had no fear of entering the stronghold of the Iroquois with his new friends.

6. The canoes went on until they arrived at one of the most beautiful places on the continent. The lines describing a more famous but scarcely more lovely scene might have been written of Lake Champlain:—

“Girt round with rugged mountains  
The fair Lake Constance lies ;  
In her blue heart reflected  
Shine back the starry skies ;  
And watching each white cloudlet  
Float silently and slow,  
You think a piece of heaven  
Lies on our earth below ! ” <sup>1</sup>

7. The trip, however, was to show the explorer his first specimen of Indian warfare. Gathering in great numbers, the Iroquois attacked their ancient enemies

<sup>1</sup> *The Legend of Bregenz*, by Adelaide Procter.

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with great fury, and but for Champlain's "magic gun," it would have gone hard with them. After two or three of their number had been killed, the hostile natives fled in great terror, leaving the Hurons victorious.

### THE EXPLORER IN THE WILDS—I

1. EARLY in the summer of 1615 a number of canoes were leaving Quebec to attend the great annual market between red men and white at some distance up the river. Out of curiosity Champlain and the priest Le Caron joined the party. At the foot of the Grand Sault, since called the Lachine Rapids, they paused. Where Montreal now stands was the rendezvous, and the meeting of Western braves and French traders was already one of bustling activity.

2. Try to imagine the scene. Scores of long birch-bark canoes, steered as none but Indians can do, had raced each other down the wild rapids. They were loaded with valuable skins that it had taken a whole year to collect. The tall well-formed savages, each with his loin-cloth, charms, and feathered top-knot, knelt upright, with his paddle striving to push his boat into the best place. Shouts and arguments in French and Huron filled the air, for both sides were keen at a bargain.

3. Already the Indians had boundless faith in the great White Chief, but the rough and dishonest ways of the traders only angered them. Once they moved back into the woods, and came to Champlain in the night-time, saying, "Come to our country, buy our beaver, build a fort, teach us the true faith—do what you will, but do not bring these men with you."

4. The sight of so many savages fresh from the wilds made Le Caron, who had come from France for the





purpose, more eager than ever to begin his missionary work. Already knowing something of the Indian dialects, he determined to go West at once with the tribesmen.

5. Champlain, however, was not ready to be whirled off in this way. Iroquois raids were already greatly feared at Quebec, and the little fort must be made stronger. After a hurried trip down the river, he arrived again at Montreal only to find that the wild dusky company had vanished. The solitude was unbroken save for the ripple of the great river, and the wind sweeping through the forest trees.

6. With Champlain was Etienne Brulé, the interpreter, and ten Indians. Paddling to the foot of the rapids the party landed. They lifted the two big canoes, loaded for the trip, to their shoulders, and made their way along the well-worn portage to the head of the island. Taking to the water again, they sped across the Lake of Two Mountains, and were soon breasting the swift tide of the Ottawa River. They advanced until the leaping current forced them to land.

7. It was now growing dark, and the voyagers were glad to camp for the night. Ashes of former fires showed that the spot had been used in the same way before. Wood being cut, a cheery blaze soon sent aloft volumes of smoke and sparks. The dark trunks of the trees stood in shadow, but the over-hanging boughs glowed in the red light of the leaping flames.

8. Happy in the warmth, red men and white gathered round the fire. Each cooked his own supper, holding freshly caught fish on forked sticks over the blaze. This done, pine and cedar branches were stripped from the trees, and the weary travellers, throwing themselves upon these spicy beds, were soon fast asleep.

9. Though the Indians were sometimes attacked at night, it was not their custom to set guards. The hoot



FAÇADE OF CHATEAU DE QUÉBEC, 1608  
BY J. P. L. L. L.

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of the owl and the cry of the night-hawk seemed to add to their rest. Even the far howl of a wolf, or a bear forcing his way through a thicket, did not disturb the sleepers.

10. Once in a while, one of the number, roused by the chilly air, started from his balmy couch. Sleepily raking together the dying embers, he threw on more fuel, and after peering into the forest depths for a lurking foe, once more rolled himself in his blanket. With the soothing rush of the rapids in his ears, he was speedily lost again in the land of dreams.

#### THE EXPLORER IN THE WILDS—II

1. THE rising sun cast his beams abroad, touching the dark tree-tops with rosy life. The camp was early astir, and, breakfast over, the portage began. Should the canoes be too heavy, some of the contents were removed, and slung from a band passing across the foreheads of the men, who with easy strides set out in single file at a rapid trot along the shore.

2. As the stream became more placid, paddling was resumed, though shallow water sometimes forced the party to wade. The sharp stones cut the feet of the white men, and at times the mosquitoes were almost unbearable, but the voyagers took their trials as a matter of course. Sometimes the swift, black current, racing between its narrow banks, seemed almost too strong even for the sinewy arms of the paddlers.

3. Day after day the party proceeded, with scarcely any rest, speeding their canoes from dawn to dusk. The course shifted from the Ottawa to the Mattawa. Chain after chain of lovely forest lakes followed, and westward a stream, which they called the French River, carried them to the Georgian Bay.

4. All this time Champlain was in his element. Never before had he been so happy. To see a doe with her fawn swimming the current, or a lordly moose standing knee-deep in a shady pool, roused his never-failing interest. A fish jumping at an insect, or a gorgeous humming-bird flitting from flower to flower, filled him with delight. When food ran short, the party feasted on the wild raspberries and blueberries growing in quantities along the banks.

5. Now and then in their course the Frenchmen came across native villages, where they were received with eloquent addresses by the chiefs. Feasts of game, fish, and pounded maize were held in honour of the guests, and their parting was always that of old friends.

6. Once, suddenly rounding a point, the newcomers had a moment of exciting suspense. There, before them, stood a large party of unknown Indians, whose bodies were tattooed with colours from head to foot, while their hair was dressed over a frame to appear like the rising sun. Savage as they looked, however, the Indians turned out to be very friendly, and among other things told the voyagers that they would soon reach the Great Lake of the Western tribes.

7. With increased interest the rowers pushed on, eagerly looking along the horizon for the blue line of Lake Huron. As the vast expanse of water broke on his sight, Champlain stood still in reverence and wonder. He was the first white man to view the grand and beautiful sight.

## THE LOST MISSIONARY

1. THE one cloud on the White Chief's pleasure, so far, had been the disappearance of Father le Caron. For a while after their sudden parting at Montreal, a slight

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trace of his presence seems to have existed here and there, but this had soon failed. Though at every point inquiry was kept up, he and his party seemed to have utterly vanished from the earth.

2. Determined to continue the search, the two canoes now turned south, skirting for a hundred miles the noble sweep of the Georgian Bay. On the one hand lay the sloping shores, on the other the countless wave-washed islands that seem to shut out the greater sea beyond.

3. Landing at length where an old Indian trail led inland, the party pushed on into the heart of the Huron country. It was a rich and fertile land, with here and there palisaded villages nestling among their patches of waving corn and glowing pumpkins. As they passed, the people gazed in wonder on the first white men they had ever seen.

4. When on the point of giving up hope, however, the searchers were at last rewarded. By what route Père Joseph and his comrades travelled has never been clearly explained. Deep in the forest, however, they were eventually found, a little group of white men, safe and sound among their tawny brethren. The divided companions were overjoyed to meet again, and, strong men as they were, knelt in tears round the altar in the priest's little hut to thank God from full hearts for their unexpected meeting.

### THE HURON CAMPAIGN

1. WHEREVER he went, the happy industrious life of the natives delighted Champlain, and he would gladly have returned as he came—in peace. But the Hurons saw their chance, and were determined to make use of his visit. They reminded him of his promised aid against the Iroquois, and insisted on his keeping his word.

2. From far and near the smaller tribes began to gather, prepared for the war-path. All had reason to fear the common foe, and the help of French guns promised well for their success.

3. Feasting and speeches were followed by wild war songs and dances. Picturing the chase and capture of the enemy, the warriors worked themselves up to the highest pitch of bloodthirsty fury.

4. A party of Eries having failed to appear, Etienne Brulé offered to go in search of them. The offer was accepted, and, promising to meet the war party before the Seneca town, the scout and his ten skilful paddlers disappeared in the forest.

5. Crossing Lake Ontario, the tribes cautiously advanced in the direction of the enemy's stronghold. They were now in the dangerous country of the Five Nations, where the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagos, Cayugas, and Senecas had banded themselves under the name of Iroquois.

6. As they approached the Seneca town, the warriors could be seen peacefully at work over their harvest. The sight roused afresh the fury of the raiders. Rushing upon the foe after their manner, a short but bloody conflict raged, from which the Hurons retreated as suddenly as they had come.

7. In vain Champlain urged caution. At the next attack all his wise advice was forgotten. From both sides arrows flew in showers, and from the top of the palisade big stones were hurled at the foe. The din was terrible, but though the tribes fought with fierce courage, the skill of the Senecas proved too much for their enemies.

8. Looking in vain for Brulé and his promised aid, the white men's allies lurked for a time in the forest. Disheartened at length, the headstrong young warriors began to retreat. The wounded were huddled into large

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baskets, and each carried on the back of an athletic savage.

9. Arrived in their own country, the warriors found it too late to guide their white champion back to Quebec, as they had promised to do. Breaking up, the war party took to their hunting grounds, while Champlain and Père Joseph journeyed from town to town, making friends of the people, and telling them about God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.

### BRULÉ'S ADVENTURE—I

1. No one could have been a better leader than Brulé. Strong and active, he was a born scout, whose name even after death was long remembered among the tribes. A native of France, since coming to Canada he had lived much among the Indians, and learned their ways in war and peace.

2. The crew sped swiftly on its way, until they reached Lake Ontario. Without thought of danger, the frail craft pushed out on the "big water," and landed safely on the other side. Hiding their canoe, the party took to the forest.

3. Like shadows the braves and their leader stole through the undergrowth, making scarce more sound than the falling leaves. By noting the direction of the sun, the moss on the tree-trunks, and a hundred other signs, they traced their way onwards in the right direction.

4. As they neared their destination, the party became even more cautious than before. Suddenly coming upon a small party of the enemy, with fierce war-whoops they sprang upon them. There was a sharp skirmish, in which four of the Iroquois were killed and two taken prisoner.



5. The sounds of conflict brought out warriors from a palisaded town in the neighbourhood, which proved to be the one Brulé sought. The visitors were welcomed with dances and feasts, during which the Iroquois prisoners were tortured in order to prolong the rejoicings of their captors. The Erie braves were ready to assist in the war, but, reaching the place of battle, they found that all was over. The Hurons and their white allies had already retreated.

### BRULÉ'S ADVENTURE—II

1. EARLY the following spring, Brulé and his companions set out on their way north, but this time they were not so fortunate as before. Encountering a band of Iroquois, they were forced to scatter and flee for their lives. The country was unknown to the scout, and wandering day after day through the forest he searched in vain for signs of life. Neither bird nor beast was to be found, and, weary and starving, the Frenchman was on the point of despair. Suddenly a narrow trail appeared among the trees.

2. Whether facing the enemy or the wilderness, death seemed the only thing to expect. Prepared for the worst, Brulé stumbled along the path, until he fell in with some Iroquois. Calling to them in the Huron tongue, the unfortunate man threw himself on their mercy, but it was not until he had flung away all his weapons, that the savages would come near him. Convinced that he was not to be feared, they at last offered their pipes as a sign of peace, and led him to a near by village.

3. Food and water were given the famished man, and when he was satisfied his hosts crowded round, touching his face, his hair, his arms. Never having seen a white man before, their astonishment knew no bounds.

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4. "Whence do you come?" they demanded. "Are you not one of the Frenchmen, the men of iron, who make war upon us?"

Knowing that the truth would prove his death-warrant, Brulé replied: "No, I am of a nation better than the French, who are good friends of the Iroquois."

5. The Indians listened in silence, and a grave council followed, but the white man's heart sank, as he saw that his words had failed to convince them. Without losing time his tormentors tied their victim to a tree, and proceeded with knives and burning sticks to torture him. Summoning all his courage, the unhappy scout endured his sufferings without flinching, for such weakness, he knew, would have made him contemptible in the eyes of his captors. Help seemed impossible, and, giving himself up for lost, he prepared for death.

6. In spite of his roving life, Brulé was a good Catholic. Years before in France his mother had tied a silver image of the *Agnus Dei* about his neck, and in all his wanderings nothing could have induced him to part with it. Noticing the bright little ornament, one of the savages put out his hand to take it, but quick as thought the doomed man arrested him. "If you take it off," he exclaimed passionately, "you and all your tribe will die!"

7. The day was one of great heat, and, unnoticed by the group, a heavy shower had been gathering overhead. The faces surrounding him could scarcely be seen in the gloom, when, in his agony, Brulé lifted his eyes heavenward, and faintly called upon the Almighty for aid.

8. At this moment a blinding flash of lightning illumined the forest, instantly followed by a terrific crash of thunder. The superstitious savages, utterly taken by surprise, scattered and fled with cries of terror, leaving their victim bound to the tree alone.

9. The storm quickly spent itself, and by degrees the tribesmen returned from their hiding-places. Advancing to the spot, the now friendly chief himself released the prisoner, and, deeming him more than human, from that time all united in showing him every honour.

10. Brulé's wounds were soon dressed, and when able to travel, a party of the Iroquois guided him on his way to the Huron villages. It was one of his narrowest escapes, but though he carried the marks of his terrible ordeal through life, the scout never ceased to believe that his prayer had been heard and answered.

### AFFAIRS IN ACADIA

1. AMONG the refugees who escaped about this time from France, were two Huguenot gentlemen, Claude and Charles de la Tour by name. They were father and son, and belonged to the old noblesse, who had lost their estates in the religious wars.

2. Charles easily took to the Acadian life, and when driven out of Port Royal by Argall, wandered about hunting and fishing with the Indians rather than return to France. There he and Biencourt, the son of de Poutrincourt, became such great friends that nothing could separate them. When there seemed no danger of Argall returning, they ventured back to the settlement, and began to rebuild it.

3. Fish, fur, and oil are things that are greatly needed in every country, and the French traders had already found that fortunes might be made at the business. Two big companies were therefore formed, and the North Atlantic became a regular highway for their small but fast vessels. James I of England, hearing of their

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success, began to wish that his country had a share in Acadian trade.

4. Casting about for the means to employ, the King hit upon a clever scheme. One of the courtiers in London just then was a Scotch gentleman named Alexander, whose wit and good-humour made him a great favourite. To him James offered a great gift—nothing less than the whole of Acadia, if he would undertake to colonise it.

5. It is true it did not cost his Majesty much; indeed he cleverly made money out of it, which he sadly needed. For £1000 he offered to bestow the title Knight-Baronet on any one who would take it with some land in America. Regardless of the fact that France had discovered it, the name of the country was changed to Nova Scotia.

6. Sir William Alexander lost no time in settling some families from Scotland on his new property, where, fortunately, they became quite friendly with their French neighbours. Still, it was not to be expected that this seizure would please the owners of the territory, and, as neither would give in, war soon broke out between England and France.

7. Foreseeing trouble, the elder de la Tour hastened home to secure aid, leaving his son in a strong little fort they had built at Cape Sable. Really concerned for her colony, France equipped some ships, and, as a number of trading vessels were sailing for Quebec, de la Tour was glad to join them. Eighteen altogether, they were protected by a sloop of war.

8. As they neared America, however, bad luck overtook them. The sturdy English captain, Sir David Kirke, was cruising about in search of adventure, and, unhappily for them, sighted the convoy and pounced upon it. Prisoners and all were sent off to England,

and the squadron, elated with success, continued its victorious way and seized Port Royal.

9. Unfortunately for the colony at Quebec, the captured fleet was carrying all their winter stores, and as they had nothing to fall back upon, months of the most dreadful privation followed. Rations were dealt out in smaller and smaller quantities, and when there was nothing left the townsfolk were obliged to dig up wild roots in the woods to keep themselves alive.

10. The ambitious Captain Kirke, suspecting the real state of affairs, determined not to lose his chance. When spring came, with two or three ships he sailed up to the fortress, and boldly demanded its surrender. By this time the unhappy residents were almost at the point of starvation, and Champlain saw that there was nothing for it but to submit.

11. At this time the young King of France was neither courageous nor clever. Had it depended upon him, both Acadia and Quebec would have become English possessions. The two nations had patched up a peace, and Charles I of England and the Princess Henrietta Maria of France were lately married. Rejoicings, of course, took place over the Royal wedding, but there was one who had no mind to see his country lose anything by it.

12. This was the wily Cardinal Richelieu. With one excuse after another, he kept back the young Queen's dowry, until everything was in his power, and then with much deference informed the English monarch that until the territory of New France was restored, the payment of her Majesty's fortune could not be thought of.

13. It was a master stroke, and deserved success. Charles, always in want of money, did not relish the thought of losing 400,000 crowns, but the pressure obliged him; his necessity was too great, and he unwillingly gave up his newly-acquired provinces.

## CHARNISAY'S PLOT

1. BETWEEN such fiery rivals as England and France, however, it was hard to say how long peace would last and de la Tour set about making his position more secure. The fort at Cape Sable was picturesque, but a more useful site was chosen at the mouth of the St. John River, and a bigger and stronger defence raised. While friendly relations held, it was an ideal place for a great trade with the Indians.

2. The natural wealth of New France was thrusting itself forward to such purpose that the all-powerful Richelieu decided to take a hand in it himself. Trade, it is true, was much despised by the nobles, but the magnificence of the great churchman demanded immense sums of money. Plans were therefore laid for a new colony in Acadia, and placed in charge of a sturdy old sea captain named de Razilly.

3. So far Charles de la Tour had been the only one capable of keeping order, though, as a Huguenot, his rule had met with no notice from France. Suddenly, to his surprise, he was appointed Lieutenant-General to the King and with his new honours set up a military state hitherto unknown in the colony at the new fort on the St. John. —

4. This, however, was not long to be enjoyed, for the deserved position and fortune excited the jealous envy of d'Aulnay Charnisay, next in command to de Razilly. In the lawless state of the country a clever plot was laid by this official to acquire wealth at the expense of his rival.

5. Unfortunately for the Lieutenant-General, de Razilly died soon afterwards, and Charnisay was appointed to his place on the coast colony. Familiar with the endless intrigues of Parisian life, the new Governor found that his position gave him an unexpected opportunity.

6. The affairs of the colony took him frequently to France, and here he deliberately began to blacken the fame of his colleague. Charges against de la Tour, set about by himself, reached the King's ear, and Charnisay, questioned concerning them, would say nothing. The plot worked almost better than he expected, and before he was aware of it the faithful Huguenot was on the brink of ruin.

## HERO AND HEROINE—I

1. ONE summer morning soon afterwards, several armed French vessels drew out of the fog, and ranged themselves in threatening attitude across the water front of the fort on the St. John. In due form the Lieutenant-General was summoned to appear before his Majesty the King on a charge of treason. The startled de la Tour, demanding the authority of the envoy, was met with various signed and sealed papers confirming the summons. Further notice appeared to the effect that, should the commands be disobeyed, Monsieur Charnisay was ordered to seize and carry the traitor to Paris without delay.

2. To de la Tour the malice and cunning of his enemy was easily seen. For him, Huguenot as he was, to appear in France meant instant imprisonment, if not death. On the other hand, he knew that his refusal to submit must lead to siege. That his rival had him in a tight place was seen when Charnisay, landing, surrounded the fort with five hundred men.

3. The attack that followed, however, showed the assailant that he was not strong enough, and, withdrawing his forces, he tried another tactic. A blockade thrown round by land and water made it impossible for aid to reach the castle, and, this done, the invader settled

down to starve out his victims. As night fell the camp fires outside the palisade showed the alertness of the enemy.

4. Within the walls the anxiety was intense. No help could be had in the colony, and Charnisay they knew to be doggedly determined. The expected arrival of a ship from Rochelle seemed their only hope, though, to add to the fears of the garrison, the vessel, already sighted during the day, had withdrawn—where they knew not. While it was likely that she was still in the neighbourhood, she might have disappeared for good.

5. Communication with the vessel, if she were still within reach, seemed their only chance. A moonless night favoured the attempt, and de la Tour and his heroic wife prepared to take the risk. As they waited at the postern gate for a favourable moment, they could hear the voices and careless laughter of the men at the camp fires, but the danger did not deter them.

6. Once outside the stockade, they stole like shadows through the bushes, keeping a sharp look-out on every side. There was one breathless moment as the fugitives neared and passed a sentry, but fortunately they were unobserved, and the danger was soon over.

7. In a near by cove a boat was cautiously manned, and feeling their way along the dark shore, the courageous couple were soon out of range. At dawn, happily, the French vessel proved to be just outside the harbour, and they were picked up without further difficulty.

8. A consultation on board resulted in all sail being set for Boston, and before his absence had been discovered the energetic de la Tour was back again with five well-paid vessels at his heels. The surprised enemy, with little time to spare, made good his escape, and was smartly chased to Port Royal, where the episode, for the time, ended.



## HERO AND HEROINE—II

1. CHARNISAY, however, had no mind to be put off his plot. Defeat made him the more determined, and only time, he flattered himself, was needed to win the game. De la Tour had friends in France whose aid might be secured were he able to seek it, but the Acadian knew that he would be safer in a den of lions. At this point Madame his wife with great courage offered to go and obtain help to free them from their tormentor.

2. La Rochelle, still bearing grim traces of Richelieu's power, was reached in safety, and, among her Huguenot kin, the lady felt sure of success. Scarcely, however, had she arrived when chance revealed that even here spies were upon her track. Charnisay, hearing of her secret departure, had had her followed. If she were thrown into prison, he hoped that she would never regain her liberty.

3. Quick to scent danger, however, Madame de la Tour's friends managed to save her. Secreted in the hold of a trading vessel, in the nick of time, she escaped to England, where, disheartened by her failure, nearly a year passed before she was able to set out for home on the ship *Gilliflower*.

4. Before the end of her voyage our heroine had one more trial to face. Off the coast of Acadia, her vessel fell in with that of Charnisay, and once more the hold provided a safe hiding-place. Had her high-handed enemy been aware of her presence, nothing would have prevented her removal even from an English ship.

5. The Governor was now growing anxious over the vigorous resistance he had met with. For his own purposes he had borrowed large sums of money, which he was now pressed to repay, and the thought of the rich trade ready to his hand urged him to fresh efforts in putting down his rival.

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6. For some time de la Tour had managed to keep off his assailant, but there were signs that the struggle could not continue. Called away from home at this crisis, he left secretly, hoping to be back before his absence was known. But Charnisay's spies kept him informed, and a hasty siege was once more laid against the ramparts. Courageous as ever, Madame de la Tour refused to listen to terms of surrender, and with splendid spirit cheered on the garrison.

7. But treachery, unhappily, now opened the gates to the enemy. With stubborn energy the loyal handful within fought from room to room, but their valour only excited the fury of their antagonist. In civilised war, the lives of the prisoners, at least, are safe. Here, however, there was no such certainty. When at last a meeting was agreed upon, the brave chatelaine, regardless of her own danger, pleaded even with tears, for the pardon of her supporters.

8. With some show of chivalry Charnisay complied, but scarcely was the place in his own hands when his savage spite became visible. With a halter round her neck, their unfortunate mistress was held to witness, one by one, the execution of her men, and this done, the poor lady was hurried, a prisoner, to Port Royal. It is unlikely that tyranny could have done much more harm, but the noble spirit was beyond human power. In three weeks Charnisay's victim was in her grave.

9. De la Tour, a ruined fugitive, fled to Canada. Falsehood and treachery had once more done their worst. It was the old story :

“ He shall take who has the power,  
And he may keep who can.”

## THE TOY OF FORTUNE—I

1. YEARS passed, and business between Acadia and New England increased. Charles de la Tour, on the death of Charnisay, had been restored to his position. He was a courtly gentleman, whose polish was not rubbed off by living in the wilds. Whenever he went to Boston, the people united in showing him great attention, and he had reason to believe they were his very good friends.

2. The country where New York stands had been settled by Dutch people, who called their province New Amsterdam. The colonists were sturdy, easy-going farmers, but for all that they did not get on very well with their neighbours of Massachusetts Bay. For some time England and Holland had been quarrelling, and perhaps this was the reason.

3. In 1652, when war broke out between the two mother countries, the New England colonists did not conceal their joy. Their chance had come, and they did not let the grass grow under their feet. Begging Oliver Cromwell, the Lord Protector, to send some warships, they determined to punish New Amsterdam for its naughty independence.

4. It was two years, however, before four smart frigates, prepared for the event, sailed into Boston harbour. The ships wanted nothing but men, and the delighted people set to work with a will to enlist them. With Major Sedgwick in command, the expedition in great spirits was about to set sail, when, to their dismay, news came that peace was proclaimed between England and Holland.

5. What was to be done? Let all those fine ships turn about and go home again? It was not to be thought of!

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"Why," they said, "let us go and take Fort La Tour." It did not matter to these good people that the French had been in America before themselves, or even that they were on friendly terms. To one who thinks it over it looks as if the Boston folk were only waiting an excuse for the raid!

6. Off they went, and soon reached the St. John, surprising Monsieur de la Tour quite as much as they had intended. Seeing that these big English guns could knock down any stronghold in America, no effort was made to hold out, and the fort surrendered. With his easy success, Sedgwick turned to the other French settlements with their great and valuable trade. Why not take them all while he was about it?

7. In the disturbance, Port Royal and the other places had no chance at all. The colonists were told that they might stay if they chose, or sell their property and return to France. A Governor was appointed, and without loss of time the raiders sailed for Massachusetts carrying all the plunder they could lay hands on. Acadia had once more been seized in the name of Old England.

*Note.*—The dramatic quarrels of d'Aulnay Charnisay and de la Tour form one of the most popular old tales of the province of Nova Scotia, but they have nothing to do with the patriotism or loyalty of British Canada. Both men have their advocates, but the only one who could solve the problem as to which was the finest character of the two is Madame Charnisay, and she seems to have left no records on the subject. After the death of her first husband Madame Charnisay married Charles de la Tour, and when the latter was restored to his position by the French king, the couple lived for years in greater state than ever. A number of their descendants still reside in Nova Scotia.

## THE TOY OF FORTUNE—II

1. THE statesmen of France were naturally full of wrath when they heard what had happened. The loss to the trading companies alone was immense, and they demanded their posts back again. De la Tour, too, had no mind to be turned out of his property in such a high-handed way. He went over to England to tell his story to the Lord Protector himself.

2. His winning manner, his wrongs, and, perhaps more than all, his Huguenot origin, won the heart of the great "Noll." De la Tour had his wish, and got back an immense tract of country to do with as he pleased.

3. But there was no end of trouble in Acadia. At the trading posts the old and new owners attacked each other savagely. The English and French Governments wrangled long and fiercely, but to no purpose. Cromwell would not give up the new territory.

4. But the strong hand that held England and its affairs in its grasp had to let go at last. In 1658 the great Protector died, and in two years Charles II, the "Merry Monarch," was back again on his father's throne. Soon afterwards, Louis XIV, with his great fame as a fighter, began to insist on getting back his provinces.

5. In England the King found no time to think of anything but his fine clothes and the lively ladies of his Court. He did not care whether he was beaten in war or not. When there is a sovereign like that it is a sad thing for any country.

6. Charles cared nothing for poor Acadia, whose name had been changed again to Nova Scotia. When it was lightly handed over to the French king once more, he received in return part of a little West Indian island that nobody wanted. It will soon be difficult to remember who really owned Acadia!

## ON THE ST. LAWRENCE—I

1. IN the early days of Quebec, Champlain had tried his best to teach the settlers the worth of farming. Countries raising good crops are the richest and happiest, he told them, because they give food and work to the people. The colonists, however, found trade easier, and would not listen. What they needed to eat and wear came from France, which, in return, took all the fish and fur they had.

2. Seeing the vast profits of trade, a hundred French gentlemen, some of them princes, had formed a company to buy and sell on the St. Lawrence. Greedy for more than their share, however, they drove all the other trading ships from the river, and, while forcing the poor colonists to pay too much for French goods, gave them too little for Canadian produce.

3. One of the promises the Company of the Hundred Associates made was to colonise the country. With all its resources, settlers were more needed than anything else to make the young provinces prosperous. But they did not do as they had said, and the few people they brought out were left to their fate. With such a grasping company, Canada began to go back instead of forward.

4. The Jesuits, then very powerful in France, now began to arrive at Quebec in numbers, and soon had everything in their own hands. Champlain's friends, the Huguenots, were all driven out of the country, as well as the good Recollect fathers, who had won the hearts of the natives. Seeing the lawless state into which the colony was sinking, the Jesuits were very severe with the people, who had been doing too much as they pleased.

5. One good thing that Monsieur de Champlain had found out, they followed. Liquor is even worse for

Indians than for white men, and by this time, the French traders were flooding the land with spirits. Already a savage would give the best skin he had for a little "fire-water." Very strict laws were now made, by which anyone selling brandy to a native might be punished even with death.

6. Honestly trying to reform matters, the new priests had their hands full. Adventurers were crowding into the colony, and the growing lads could not be kept from following their ways. These men were both brave and reckless, and liked nothing better than a brush with the Iroquois. Trading among the friendly tribes, they became known as the "Coureurs des bois." They lived like the savages, in summer wearing hardly any clothes, and painted themselves until they could scarcely be known as white men.

7. The priests did not know what to do with such reckless men. In the hope of terrifying them to behave better, they began to circulate the *Loup garou* and other gruesome stories. About the camp fires the frightened folk whispered that if a man did not go to church for seven years his soul would be lost for ever. Preserving his human shape during the day, at night he would turn into a savage wolf, which rejoiced in hunting other men. Persons lost in the woods, it was said, were thus run down and devoured, with the most fearful orgies.

8. Still Canada did not thrive as she should have done. A few farms were cleared here and there in the woods, but it took brave men to live on them. For company and mutual protection, the houses had to be built close together, while the cultivated fields were sometimes at quite a distance. In spite of all their precautions, however, the Iroquois often stole down upon the lonely little hamlets, and always left death and ruin in their track.

9. By and by, happily, things began to look more

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hopeful. It was a bright day for the colony when the Marquis de Tracy and Monsieur Talon arrived. The people had long been begging the Mother Country for a few soldiers, and now the new Governor brought with him the famous regiment of Carignan-Salières. Quebec was gay with uniforms and inspired with a new sense of protection.

10. "Now," said the residents joyfully, "we shall be safe!" And they were right. De Tracy lost no time in preparing to break the power of the Five Nations. On the Richelieu River, a chain of forts was built, and with all their dash and display the troops marched through the lurking-places of the foe. The savages, amazed at the strength and brilliance of the French army, were very soon glad to sue for terms of peace.

11. In the meantime, the wise Intendant Talon was doing a great deal to improve the condition of the people. No longer in terror of Indian raids, the *habitants* became more prosperous. Because there were too few women, numbers of French girls were brought out to marry the settlers, and whenever a ship arrived, there were merry weddings, at which every bride had a useful present from the King.

12. To their new abodes the blooming Breton girls brought homely arts that added much to their comfort. With the wool from their own sheep, and the flax from their own land, every farmhouse had its spinning-wheel and handloom. Through the long winter days the women spun and wove the cloth required by their families, and the pleasure of the light-hearted people consisted in telling stories, singing and dancing. These were the ancestors of our French Canadian *habitants*, who are scarcely changed at all, and have such a deep love for their country.



## PIONEERS

1. THE French gentlemen who first came to Canada were educated men who sometimes left even mansions and estates in their own country. Adventure, however, and the wild life of the woods had a great charm for them. They were never tired of being with the Indians, with whom they paddled along the streams, and plunged down the rushing rivers in their canoes. When there was a portage they carried their share, and camped happily at night under the starry skies.

2. In coming to Canada, Monsieur de Champlain meant to search for the great river that he believed would lead to China. Soon, however, he grew to love the vast solitudes for their own sake. He and Brulé were the first white men to descend the Lachine Rapids in a Huron canoe. "It made my hair stand on end even to see the place," he said afterwards when viewing the spot from the shore.

3. Following the daring lead of Champlain, explorers and missionaries were soon reaching out towards Hudson Bay, and pushing far westward through the great lakes to the prairies. Without fear, the little band of white men trusted themselves among the hordes of savages without coming to harm. Of all the tribes the Iroquois alone remained their deadly enemies.

4. Duluth, Marquette, Cadieux, and a score of others were already busy pushing the territories of France north and west. Everywhere their happy disposition gained the friendship of the red man, and aged chiefs and young warriors alike saw nothing to fear in contact with the great Christian nation.

5. There is no other story quite like that of the French in America. Always in danger of what a false step would

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bring upon them, they bore themselves with a cool courage and tact that has made the early days of the Colonies one long romance.

6. Travel soon led to commerce, and at many a well-chosen point of lake and river sprang up the trading-post or block-house, later to develop into forts and towns. In every part of North America old French names still point to this marvellous age of exploration.

### VILLE-MARIE

1. 1642 is a date we should try to remember, because it is the year in which the city of Montreal was founded. More than a hundred years had passed since Jacques Cartier's visit to the chiefs. Time had long since swept away the Indian town, and every trace of the hospitable tribe had vanished.

2. In France there were always people who took a special interest in Canada. They knew all about the river St. Lawrence, and considered the Island of the Mountain the head of navigation. There the site for a new town had already been chosen, and the time was come to build it.

3. Facing the venture with courage, a handful of devoted men and women laid the plans of Ville-Marie de Montreal. In 1641 Jeanne Mance, Père Laplace and forty settlers sailed from La Rochelle under the gallant de Maisonneuve. Their destination in the vast lonely land held no terrors for them, so long as God's hand led and protected them.

4. At Quebec they found the state of affairs depressing. The country was held in terror by the frequency and boldness of the Indian raids. The Governor urged the party to go no farther. A hundred and eighty miles



away in the wilderness, he thought, was too far to venture alone. But de Maisonneuve had his answer ready: "If every tree on the island were an Iroquois," he cried, "I would go on."

5. The summer of 1642 saw the new town well advanced. The site was all that could be wished, and not a prowling brave had appeared to molest them. The builders began to think that all their fears had been groundless.

6. For some reason two years passed before the Iroquois discovered the colony. By that time, fortunately, the settlers were somewhat prepared for them. The hospital and the mill, with solid stone walls loop-holed for musketry, were fortifications in themselves, and the settlers' houses were all enclosed within a strong palisade.

7. From that time, however, Ville-Marie knew peace no more. Gardening was already carried on outside the palisade, so far with perfect safety. Now, however, who could tell what savage form lay at the edge of the clearing, tomahawk in hand? Even the wood-cutters only ventured into the forest in armed bands. The early days of the town are full of thrilling adventures, and ghastly scenes of Indian warfare grew familiar even to the children.

8. At night the terror of the unfortunate town folk was made worse by its awful uncertainty. Often they were roused from sleep by savage yells outside the palisade, and the hearts of the bravest quailed as they huddled together not knowing what to do. As the years passed, the once bright prospects of the colony faded. Hope died out, and the piteous cry of the heart rose to God for the protection He alone could give.

## THE FATE OF DOLLARD--I

1. EARLY in 1660 it seemed as if human endurance could endure no more. A Huron brave, escaping across the snow from his captors, took refuge in Ville-Marie. To the wretched inhabitants he told what he had heard at the lodge-fires of the Mohawks. Once more, in the coming spring, the fury of their tormentors would fall upon them, this time blotting them out for ever.

2. The threat seemed likely enough. A large number of Iroquois warriors were at their winter hunt on the Upper Ottawa, and they would soon pass the little town on their way home. Numbers of the tribe were known to be gathering at the mouth of the Richelieu. It might be that the pitiless savage was already stealing upon his victims.

3. Like a cutting blast the tidings swept over the settlement, rousing it to action. Dollard des Ormeaux was a young Frenchman of good family, who, since his arrival, had been Commandant at Ville-Marie. With a soldier's eye he saw the approaching doom of the town, and sprang to meet it.

4. About his standard flocked the flower of the colony, determined at whatever cost to save their country. Sixteen youths and men volunteered for action. In the Church of Notre Dame to-day a treasured record contains the names, ages, and occupations of the devoted band. Settlers, soldiers, lime-burners, armourers,—it is a picture of the time and place, which shines with deathless lustre from the past.

5. Without haste their preparations were made. Wills were drawn up, and farewells whispered to those they would never see again. Before the altar of the little church each manly heart laid the sacrifice of its young life.

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6. The priest, with his hand in turn on each bowed head, strove in vain to control his shaking voice. Between hope and fear the tears streamed down the faces of the congregation. It was with uplifted hearts the gallant associates rose from their knees, feeling that their sacrifice was accepted.

### THE FATE OF DOLLARD—II

1. THE season was early spring. The air was chill, and ice still floated down the St. Lawrence. During Dollard's preparations several war-canoes, containing Hurons and Algonquins, unexpectedly arrived from Quebec. The taunts of their enemies under the very guns of the Citadel had revived their old spirit, and forty braves were hastening to offer help to the forlorn hope.

2. Together they paddled up the current, and at the foot of the rapids took the old portage along the river's edge. Progress was slow. The spring tide was at its height, but nothing daunted courage or good-humour. Where snow and icy water lay knee-deep across the path, they cheerfully plunged through it, dragging their heavy boats. Night and morning in different tongues their prayers rose to God for help in time of need.

3. At the head of the island the course changed, and they toiled against the swift brown current of the Ottawa, until they could plainly hear the dull roar of the Long Sault. A ruined stockade stood two hundred paces from the shore, and to it they thankfully hastened for shelter. Scarcely had they arrived when the enemies' scouts were reported in the vicinity, and with willing hands all hurriedly set to work to repair the palisade.

4. Dollard had hoped to make the place stronger, but there was no time. Early morning saw the leaping

current alive with hostile canoes. One after another the athletic paddlers, each grasping his loaded musket, sprang ashore. There were at least two hundred of them.

5. Seeing their approach expected, the wary savages rapidly advanced, dodging from tree to tree for shelter. As the circle closed in they were met with a withering fire from the stockade, which took them at a disadvantage. Incensed at their hot reception the tribesmen took to flight, at the same time, however, hurling insulting jeers and taunts at the enemy.

6. Days passed, and the fierce but fitful attacks from without gave the unfortunate garrison no rest. Divided into parties, each mounted guard in turn, and day and night the sharp creak of musketry echoed through the forest. With mingled threats and flatteries the Iroquois strove to win their "red brothers" from the Frenchmen's side, and, little reason as they had to trust them, the Hurons listened.

7. Enraged at length by the resistance of the white men, the besiegers changed their tactics, and, approaching the palisades with an air of frankness, asked for a parley. The Frenchmen, feeling that it was the old device to gain time, unwillingly consented to listen, but had they known it, the tribe was already summoned from the Richelieu.

8. Outside, the braves in war-paint and floating scalp-lock, thronged round their leader, while within, pale-faces and Indians stood on anything that would enable them to see over the barrier. In silence they listened to the fiery eloquence of the speakers.

9. In the midst of the parley a slight sound behind him attracted one of the garrison. He turned, and there was a wild cry of warning, followed by confusion, war-whoops, and musket-shots. Under cover of the discussion, a crowd of savages were almost over the palisade.

## THE FATE OF DOLLARD—III

1. ATTACK followed attack with torturing uncertainty, and night and day the strain continued. No one dared to snatch more than a few minutes' rest, and sleep was impossible. The supply of water was finished, and the weak appeals of the dying added to the misery of their comrades.

2. With the fifth day the besieged Hurons could stand no more. Wild war-songs without chanted the doom of the captives, and the hideous threats of torture proved too much for their failing allegiance. Suddenly thirty of them bounded over the palisade and disappeared.

3. At this point the turmoil of conflict ceased, and for hours silence hung over the forest. With dull anxiety the garrison waited to see what it might mean. They were not long kept in doubt. With unearthly din of rejoicing their assailants returned, heralding in a new throng of warriors. The Iroquois had been joined by five hundred comrades from the Richelieu.

4. For three days des Ormeaux and his men still held out against the combined host, but the end was near. Seeing their waning strength, the enemy made a sudden rush against the enclosure, and with fury began to hew down and set fire to the log barricade.

5. The situation was desperate. Hastily attaching a fuse to a keg of gunpowder, a last united effort of the garrison was needed to hurl it outwards. Every eye followed the missile as it rose, but hope changed to despair as the keg rebounded, and fell back into the fort. There was a loud explosion, outcries, and a blinding smoke, and when the white men recovered themselves, it was to find the loopholes all seized from the outside.



6. Fighting to the last, the gallant band stood together, but though overcome and massacred the deed met its reward. Henceforth for years Ville-Marie was freed from her terrors, and will forever hold in deathless memory the names of Dollard des Ormeaux and his Noble Sixteen.

### LA SALLE'S QUEST—I

1. SOME years after the affair of Dollard, a young man named Cavalier de la Salle arrived in New France to seek his fortune. He was good-looking and patriotic, but had nothing to begin with but an iron frame, a good conscience, and a spirit that laughed at misfortune.

2. Settling near Montreal, his place received the name of Lachine, which it still holds. La Salle, so the story goes, arrived at his estate one day towards evening, and with delight beheld the beautiful lake vista in the glow of sunset. Here, surely, was the long-looked-for waterway to the East! Stretching out his arm, he dramatically exclaimed "À la Chine!" a title the settlement has never lost.

3. Later, at Fort Frontenac, on the site of Kingston, the newcomer rebuilt the old walls, and settled French and Indian villages. Trade soon followed with the natives, but the young man was an explorer at heart, and cared little for mere wealth. Seeking the great Mississippi and adding to the domains of France were his only thoughts.

4. Returning to Paris, he aroused the enthusiasm of the King, who graciously gave him what he wished, permission to endure toil and danger, hunger and hardship, at his own expense. He was accompanied to Canada by Henri de Tonty, an Italian officer, whose hand, lost in battle, had been supplied by a mechanical member,

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which afterwards gained him great reverence among the Indians.

5. In the autumn of 1678, the friends left Frontenac in a sail-boat with sixteen men, and crossing Lake Ontario, ascended the Niagara River. They were among the first white men to behold the mighty cataract as it plunges over the rock with its sullen and endless roar.

6. Above the Falls the party camped, and there built the *Griffin*, a boat in which they sailed round Lakes Erie, Huron, and Michigan during the following summer. When they could go no farther by water, the vessel was sent back to Niagara with a cargo of skins, and the explorers set off across country. It was a vast and savage wilderness, never yet crossed by white men, and the tribes were so unfriendly that the little party grew to dread the print of a human foot on the soil.

7. Coming upon a shallow stream, they built canoes, and made their way through the wild rice with its myriads of birds, until they reached the Illinois River. Here they had their first view of the prairies.

8. Many weary miles the travellers followed the stream, until they arrived at the chief town of the great Illinois tribe. Here they were well received, and La Salle decided to leave his party and return to look up his boat, of which, in the meantime, he had never heard. This he did with two men, who painfully traversed the entire distance to Montreal, without, however, ever finding a trace of the lost vessel or her valuable contents.

9. A year and a half had passed since his first departure when the explorer set out from Montreal again. With him was a large party of artisans and labourers, carrying settlers' supplies. It was the height of summer; no storm marked the great lakes, and the woods were lovely in their dress of shaded green. Everything pointed to success, and in the highest spirits the travellers pushed



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on. Fifteen hundred miles, and the prairies lay before them, bright with flowers and covered with countless herds of buffalo.

10. At the Illinois village, however, a never-to-be-forgotten sight awaited them. The wigwams stood battered and burned, skulls and bones strewed the ground, and even the sacred graveyard was rifled and desecrated. At their approach wolves and birds of prey fled from their dreadful feast, and the Frenchmen wept to see before them the traces of Iroquois rage. The old story of the Hurons and their devoted Jesuit teachers had been repeated.

11. It was months before de Tonty and his remaining men were found. But La Salle's spirit was not yet crushed. Four years of disappointment and hardship were passed when he prepared to make his great attempt once more.

12. This time he was successful. With some Frenchmen and Indians he passed his old camp on the Illinois, and sped on to the Mississippi. Down the winding current of the great river they paddled for three thousand miles, noting the features and habits of the natives, the drowsy heat, and the southern trees and flowers.

13. Near the end of their journey the river divided into three branches, low, swampy and thick with reeds. The cool sea breezes blew into their faces, and the vast lonely Mexican Gulf burst upon their sight. From the great lakes to Mexico, and from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains, the vast interior received the name of Louisiana, in honour of the King.

## LA SALLE'S QUEST—II

1. HONOURS were heaped upon the successful explorer when he returned to Paris. He had won much for his beloved country, but he was not yet to rest on his laurels, for the King had greater things for him to do. Spain had long refused French vessels entrance into the Gulf of Mexico, but with settlement on the Mississippi her high-handed methods must change. To La Salle was entrusted a great task. With well-stocked colonists' ships, guarded by a cruiser, he set out, accompanied by his two nephews, young Moranget and Colin Cavelier, a boy of fourteen.

2. The voyage, however, proved one of storm and misfortune, and, to crown all, the *St. François*, with its priceless stores, was captured in West Indian waters by a Spanish pirate. The squadron entered the Gulf without opposition, but it was only to pass the Mississippi and steer too far westward. Along the low coast there was nothing to mark the delta of the river from the endless lagoons and swampy islands, and the explorer bitterly regretted that he had trusted to memory instead of taking the bearings of the great stream.

3. Back and forth cruised the ships until, convinced that he had reached his destination, La Salle at length landed the colonists. Not until their escort had set out for France did he discover his mistake. The long inlets running into the land had deceived him, and the sluggish waters, laden with disease, were quick to carry dismay and death into the frightened ranks.

4. It was a heavy blow to the dauntless leader. Hastily choosing a more healthy situation, he built a stockade to protect the people. The new camp lay in sight of the green flower-strewn prairies of Texas.

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Buffalo, deer, hares, and wild fowl on land, and turtles and oysters from the shore would provide ample food! It was without misgiving that the little party set off to find the lost river.

5. Months, dragging past, brought the spring of 1686, and with it the searchers, still baffled. They had wandered far, and were worn out and in rags, but no welcome sight of the Mississippi had rewarded their longing gaze. In their absence they found that death had been busy on the seashore, and many of their comrades had disappeared.

6. For La Salle hope had indeed departed. The bright dream of conquest and settlement had fled, leaving him a stern, disappointed man. But one thing remained, to find his way to Canada, and there obtain relief for those who had trusted him. A party of seventeen was made up, including Liotot the doctor, Moranget and Colin, now grown a tall sunburnt youth.

7. The clothes of the travellers, made of old sail cloth patched with buffalo hide, was a sorry sight, while the pack-saddles of a few horses held their worldly goods. At parting all that were left of the once light-hearted colonists knelt in the little chapel, and never, perhaps, were more heartfelt prayers for success offered to heaven before. Then the forlorn hope filed in silence through the gates followed by the anxious gaze of those they were never to see again.

8. Week followed week, and, as they struggled north, the party painfully realised the weariness and want of their long journey. To make matters worse, Duhant, a Parisian, and the doctor, began to sow discontent and mutiny in the ranks. Black looks followed their leader, upon whom they laid the blame of their many misfortunes, until the hot-tempered Moranget, devoted to his uncle, drew upon himself the ill-will of the revengeful pair.

9. Chance favoured them. Liotot and his confederate happened to be shooting on the prairie, where they camped for the night. Here they were joined next day by Moranget and Nika, the faithful Indian hunter. The opportunity had arrived, and with one accord they decided not to let it slip.

10. Night came, and the newcomers, rolled in their blankets, lay asleep beside the fire, when the plotters, creeping near, attacked them with tomahawks. In a few minutes, when it was too late, the murderers realised what they had done, and that for them there was no hope as long as the explorer lived.

11. In the other camp the second morning broke with no word of their missing comrades, and La Salle always anxious for his charge, set out in search of them. Suddenly the report of a signal gun warned the guilty pair that he was near. Like madmen they crouched in the long dry grass, while, unconscious of his danger, their leader continued to advance. A moment, and two shots, at close range, rang out in the morning air, and the man of many parts fell dead, pierced through the brain.

12. So, after twenty years' wandering in the New World, perished the Sieur de la Salle, a victim of treachery. "One of the greatest men," wrote de Tonty, "of the age," and one who will forever hold a first place on the roll of Canadian history.

## THE INDIAN WARS

1. ENCOURAGED by the traders of the Hudson, the Iroquois with fire-arms became doubly terrible on the St. Lawrence. The vivid language of the Bible tells the terror of Canada in the seventeenth century: "They

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are more fierce than the evening wolves . . . they fly as the eagle that hasteth to eat."

2. It is impossible for us to understand the state of the lonely settlers at that time. Burned and deserted homesteads told their own story to the passing traveller perhaps months after such a tragedy had happened. Women and children carried away were scarcely ever heard of again.

3. The French authorities, grieved for their people, urged their English neighbours to cease trading with the savages, until such attacks were put down, but to no purpose. "We have no quarrel with the Indians," was the cynical answer, and the cruelties continued.

4. Then began one of the most terrible of wars—that of revenge. Planned by the King, Louis XIV, it was carried out by Frontenac, Governor of Canada. War parties, raised at Quebec, Three Rivers, and Montreal, were made up of French gentlemen, Indians, and *coureurs des bois*. In the dead of winter they set out on snow-shoes through the trackless border forests, determined to wipe out their wrongs in blood.

5. On their way one of the parties came upon the quiet little village of Schenectady. It was bitterly cold, and the snowdrifts stood high against the palisade. When the residents went to bed no danger was threatening, and the heavy gates had been left open.

6. In the middle of the night the Canadian Indians stole in, and with sudden and fearful yells burst into the houses. Most of the terrified people awakened from sleep were savagely butchered, while some, escaping in their night-clothes, tried to reach the nearest town only to perish from the cold.

7. Along the border in different places the same thing occurred. In Acadia the unfortunate colonists had suffered from their New England neighbours even more



than others. Many times their shores had been invaded, their houses burned, and goods carried away.

8. Roused at last the Nova Scotian Indians and the settlers banded together, and sailed down the coast or followed the trails through the woods. Reaching English territory, they attacked alike forts and farms. Everywhere the New Englanders were as cruel as the French, and every fresh outrage on either side made the enemies more furious with each other than before.

9. Terrible as the story is, the French have not been accused of treating their Iroquois foes with deceit. All nations look upon a flag of truce as sacred, but unfortunately the English colonists did not always do so. The Indians were willing to meet the whites without arms in council, until they found themselves shot down or taken prisoner.

10. Besides being dishonourable and cowardly, it was great folly to do this. Savages never forget a breach of faith, and in the red light of every camp fire from Cape Breton to Lake Superior, such stories were told with disdainful rage. The Canadian Indians grew to think that every one who spoke English was treacherous.

### MADÉLAINE DE VERCHÈRES—I

1. ABOUT two hundred years ago, when the Canadians and the Iroquois were great enemies, there lived at Verchères, near Montreal, a brave little French maiden called Madelaine. Her father was formerly an officer in the famous Carignan-Salières regiment, but for some years had been residing in Canada.

2. The people were then so afraid of the Indians that every big house was fortified. The stone towers of the buildings had few windows, but were pierced with loop-

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holes from which guns could be fired at the enemy, and powder and shot were kept inside for use at any time. The mansion and courtyard were surrounded by a high fence of sharp-pointed logs, with a heavy gate that could be securely fastened.

3. The labourers who tilled the fields lived close by in small houses of their own, or sometimes even in the lower flat of the mansion. If attacked they could run there for shelter, and at the same time help to defend the Seigneur and his family.

4. The Canadians, according to feudal law, were obliged to do homage to the King of France. Dressed in the rich clothes of the period, the Seigneurs assembled once a year in the Courtroom of the Governor's chateau at Quebec. One by one each gentleman came forward, and, bending on one knee before the King's ambassador, handed him his sword. As he did so he swore to be true to his Sovereign, and fight for him when his help was needed. This ceremony over, the sword was returned to its owner.

5. Monsieur and Madame de Verchères were always pleased to go to Quebec, where they took part in the gaieties and met many of their friends. As soon as their master's back was turned, however, most of the men took their guns and went off duck-shooting. Not an Indian had been seen in the neighbourhood for months, and they never dreamed that the savages would choose this time for one of their cruel raids.

6. In the house, besides some women and children, there were left only one soldier, an old man too feeble to work, two boys of ten and twelve, sons of the Seigneur, and Madelaine, a girl of fourteen. Away off in the fields of the Manor, the autumn sun shone down on the harvesters, busy cutting the grain for winter use.

7. The Verchères chateau stood near the St. Lawrence,



MADÉLAINE DE VERCHÈRES

*Statue en bronze, exécutée par Ph. J. H. Coet, C. M. S.*

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and no doubt the young girl loved to watch the great river in its endless flow to the ocean. One afternoon she had gone down to the water side and stood looking at the rippling waves as they caught and threw back the glow of the sunny air. All was still except for the lazy caw of the crows in the tree-tops.

8. Suddenly through the silence came an awful sound! The loud report of a musket was followed by the whiz of a bullet close to her ear, and all at once the air seemed full of ear-splitting whoops and yells.

9. For a moment Madelaine felt as if she were turned to stone. She knew that the Indians were upon them, and that all the people of the little settlement would be cruelly put to death, with no one to help them. More shots were fired, and as she turned to run she saw a number of dark forms smeared with horrible colours bounding towards her from the edge of the wood.

10. Madelaine was a very brave girl. As she fled towards the house calling, "To arms—to arms!" at the top of her voice, she did not think of her own danger, but of the dreadful fate in store for the others. To the end of her life she could hear the awful rush of the Iroquois' feet behind, but fortunately the gate was open and she hoped to get there first.

11. The girl's long hair was loose, and flying in the wind. One of the savages had outrun the rest, and in another moment would have had her in his grasp, but as he eagerly leaned forward to clutch the brown locks his hand missed its hold, and he caught instead a kerchief wound round her shoulders. With a wrench Madelaine tore it apart in front. As it gave way her fierce pursuer fell back, astonished, and before he could recover himself, she had rushed into the courtyard, and shut and barred the gate.

## MADELAINE DE VERCHÈRES—II

1. INSIDE there was a great commotion. White with terror, the women and children were huddled together in a corner, while the men seemed too dazed to know what to do. With her two little brothers, Madelaine ran round inside the palisade, and in places where the logs had fallen, set them up again. This done, she hurried to other parts of the house to see if it were as strong as it should be.

2. In the magazine she found the solitary soldier. His face showed traces of great fear, and in his trembling hands he held a flint and steel, with which he was trying to strike a spark. The open powder keg at his side showed that the cowardly fellow meant to blow up the building.

3. Such conduct roused all the indignation of the courageous girl. With flashing eyes she ordered him to attend to his duty, which was to defend the fort and those in it. Without a word the man slunk away to the courtyard, where fortunately he soon recovered his manliness.

4. Seeing the heroism of their little mistress, the spirit of the women came back, and they crowded round with offers of help. Wishing to make it appear to the savages that there were plenty of defenders inside, they all put on men's hats and jumped about from one high thing to another, to let the tops of their heads be seen above the palisade.

5. The silence outside now convinced the little garrison that the Indians had disappeared, and their first thought was that the danger was over. But the relief of the women was soon destroyed when they remembered that the unfortunate harvesters in the fields were facing their fate alone.

6. It was now growing dark, but everything had been

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done to make the place as strong as possible, and the heroic handful determined to stand or fall together. All looked to their young mistress for help and comfort, and were anxious to obey her orders. In a stirring little speech Madelaine told them that even if the savages killed and cut her in pieces they were not to give in.

7. For the night the soldier was detailed to the blockhouse to care for the women and children. The old man, the two boys, and Madelaine herself each took the top of one of the corner towers, where they were to keep awake and call "All's well," now and then, to encourage each other until daylight. If anyone thought he heard the savages trying to break in, he was to fire off his gun.

8. As the long hours passed, the warmth of day died out, and a cold wind sprang up, bringing with it rain and cutting sleet. Hour after hour through the stormy night the watchers paced round their narrow foothold, listening for the stealthy tread of their enemy.

9. There was no attack, however, and with the morning light hope came back to the anxious household. If one night were passed thus safely, it seemed to them that they might hold out until help came. And so they did. Seven days and nights filled with ceaseless watching followed, through which everyone did his duty fearlessly.

10. Then the long-looked-for help came. Worn out with her endless precautions, poor Madelaine had fallen fast asleep. Her head was on the table, and her long loaded musket lay across her outstretched arms, to be ready at the slightest need.

11. As she lay, however, loud and confused sounds reached the ear of the sleeper, bringing her back from the land of dreams. It seemed like the tread of men's feet and the cheerful sound of human voices. Springing up Madelaine ran to the look-out. In the gathering dusk she could see a throng of forms moving about outside.

"Who are you?" she cried anxiously.

"We are Frenchmen," was the welcome answer. "It is La Monnerie bringing you help. Open the gate and let us in."

12. In spite of their grief over the fate of their comrades, never, perhaps, was there greater joy in any garrison. Gladly did the brave young girl give up her command, and well might La Monnerie say that it had been in very good hands.

### THE CAUSE OF ACADIA—I

1. WHILE these things were going on in Canada, the woes of Acadia were becoming deeper and deeper. The population was still small and scattered. Dense forests covered the country, with only here and there a little settlement beside the sea. The people were all either fishermen or merchants, who did a great business with France in mackerel, cod, lobsters, and other things that come from the teeming waters of the coast.

2. At the same time a great deal of underhand trade was going on with New England, whose boats came in at all hours of the night, and paid well for the loads they carried away. This was against the law, and sometimes exciting encounters took place between these boats and the French officials. Oftener, however, the smugglers got away safely.

3. The worst of it was that the settlers of Massachusetts Bay did not always play fair. Sometimes, when the Acadians were all away fishing, these men came down on their neighbours' storehouses and helped themselves, without stopping to pay for what they took. On other occasions, private vessels sailed into the bays and plundered right and left, carrying away everything the poor people had.

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4. The New England and New York coasts of that time were swept by lawless pirates, like Captain Kidd and Paul Jones. With daring cruelty these crews attacked ships and villages, English and French alike. Armed privateers were always coming and going in Acadian waters, and desperate fights took place frequently.

5. Most to be feared of all, perhaps, were the Government vessels of the near by colonies. Early seeing the great wealth of the Nova Scotian forests and fisheries, the English in America were determined, as soon as they could, to sweep out the French and make that country their own.

6. It will be remembered that several attempts, some of them successful, had already been made to seize Acadia, though the French always managed to regain their own. Most of these invasions were planned in New England, which kept alive the hatred of the Mother Country for their northern enemy.

7. Which of the two border countries was the more to blame is not always clear. For a long time the French were satisfied with their fur trade and with making the virgin wilds their own. They did not trespass upon what belonged to others, though, when interfered with, their revenge was swift and terrible, and the innocent were often made to suffer with the guilty.

### THE CAUSE OF ACADIA—II

1. THE cruel border wars which have been described in another chapter made the New Englanders more eager than ever to subdue their enemies. In 1690 a frigate of forty guns and several other vessels were sent from Boston to attack Port Royal. Sir William



Phipps, the commander, had been knighted by the King for raising a Spanish ship full of treasure, which had been wrecked long before.

2. Unfortunately for the fort, the walls had fallen out of repair, and the garrison was not strong enough to resist, so without much ado they gave in. The Admiral, as usual, offered good terms if the people would take the oath of allegiance to England. When they did so, he broke all his promises, and sailed home carrying much plunder and a number of prisoners.

3. With his ships, considered big at the time, the victory seemed so easy, that the brave Phipps next set out for Quebec. His squadron was powerful, and, had he only known it, the defences on the St. Lawrence could not have held out against him.

4. Arrived at the Citadel, an officer was sent on shore demanding surrender. Count Frontenac, however, told him with scorn that the only answer he should get would be "from the mouth of his guns." This spirited answer was too much for Sir William, who turned and sailed back to Boston, while the Canadians joyfully built a church in honour of the event, and called it Our Lady of Victory.

5. For a long while this unhappy war went on in the province by the sea, causing great suffering and loss to the people. The oath of allegiance, as usual, had come to nothing, and the English and French colonists were greater foes than ever.

6. Battered and destroyed so often, the old fort had defied its foes for more than a hundred years. It was in the reign of Queen Anne that the Lilies of France were hauled down for the last time, and the Union Jack floated in its place. The name of the country was changed for good to Nova Scotia, and the fortress named Annapolis Royal after the Queen.

## THE FALL OF LOUISBURG

1. ON the wild, rocky coast of Cape Breton, next to Nova Scotia, stood Louisburg, the strongest fortress in America. The building had taken a long time to raise, and cost a vast amount of money. The four great towers were called King's, Queen's, Dauphin's, and Princess's, and the thick walls were mounted with big guns, whose black muzzles grinned at the enemy. On islands close by other batteries were ready to help in time of need.

2. Louisburg, of course, guarded the French coast and the fisheries, and a great many armed vessels were always coming and going about the harbour. The New Englanders had a grudge against the place, because, among other things, it forced them to cease poaching in Canadian waters.

3. It was in 1745 that Governor Shirley of Massachusetts and a few other daring spirits determined to take the castle! To us the scheme seems wild and impossible, for they had no soldiers, and only the smallest of ships and guns. Knowing that England would not approve, they carefully concealed their project.

4. Attacking Canada was always popular, so farmers and fishermen ran to enlist in the ranks, which soon swelled to four thousand. The commander was a merchant called Pepperel, who knew little or nothing about fighting. There was no time for training, as everyone's time was taken up with finding vessels and other necessaries.

5. Much depends upon a successful landing in invasion, and every schoolboy has heard of the gallant warriors in ancient Britain, how they rushed into the sea to beat off the advancing boats of the Romans.

6. The New England troops had great difficulty in landing at Cape Breton, and were almost caught by the enemy. The boats could not get near the shore, and the men had to wade through deep ice-cold water carrying cannon-balls and other heavy burdens on their heads.

9. Hundreds of men were then attached to the cannons and drew them for miles over rocks and swamps until they reached the great fortified walls. Undaunted at the sight, they set to work at once mounting their guns. When firing began, the soldiers inside laughed at the little balls, as if they had come from pea-shooters.

8. Week after week the guns on either side flashed and roared, sending shells and other missiles back and forth at each other. The French forces were eager and courageous, but they had wretched officers. More than once the men would have rushed out to blow up the batteries of the enemy, but they were not allowed to do so.

9. The besiegers were beginning to see that their guns were of no use, when they found a number of French cannon buried close by in a sandbank. These guns they found much larger and better than the ones brought from Boston. Turned against their owners, they did great damage, and soon the battered walls were tottering to their fall. Sickness and famine raged within the fort, and the unfortunate garrison tried in vain to keep up the contest.

10. All this time a number of English and colonial men-of-war patrolled the coast, driving off or capturing the French vessels that came to the rescue. When at last the troops on sea and land turned against the fortress together, there was nothing for Louisburg to do but to surrender.

## THE ACADIANS—I

1. FAR from these exciting scenes of plunder and bloodshed, there dwelt at this time in Nova Scotia thousands of people who were neither soldiers nor sailors. Though the simple and happy country people cared nothing for war, they too were to be drawn into the struggle of nations for mastery.

2. Many years before their forefathers had come from Brittany to Acadia, and settled round Port Royal to clear and cultivate the land. As their numbers increased, many of them moved to the upper end of the Bay of Fundy, where they built the villages of Grand Pré, Minas, Beaubassin, and others.

3. The peasantry could not read or write but they were shrewd and very industrious. They chopped down the trees, and, like clever engineers, built strong dikes of logs and clay to keep out the tides. The reclaimed land made splendid pasture for cattle, and cows, horses, sheep, and pigs fed on the rich grass in great numbers.

4. Everything that was needed for use grew on the farms—grain, vegetables, and fruit. Wool from the flocks made warm clothes for winter, flax spun and woven by the women provided linen, and the forests gave plenty of wood for fuel and building. The people were merry, contented, and hospitable, and dearly loved the land where they were so prosperous.

5. When, in the course of time, the country was made over to England, Queen Anne told the inhabitants that if they went away they might take with them all their belongings, or if they chose to stay as her subjects, farms, religion, and language were theirs as before. Under her rule, however, they must make up their minds once for



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all to keep the oath of allegiance to the Empire, and fight for her whenever they should be needed.

6. Now the Acadians were quiet country folk who hated warfare. They wished only to be left in peace, and to see their crops and cattle flourishing. They had never fought either in France or their adopted country, and it was terrible to them to think that they must fight for England against their own people.

7. Though at first the peasantry had found Acadia cold and lonely, they had become deeply attached to the country. Here their fathers had lived and died for generations, and here they thought to die and be buried themselves. With sore hearts they decided to leave all this to make new homes in Canada, where they should not be forced to fight for anyone.

8. In spite of their resistance, however, the English Governor knew how useful were these hard-working folk whose farms produced everything needed by the colony. The land would soon run wild if the settlers went away, for there were no others to cultivate it in their place. So he raised every objection he could think of, and had so many excuses to prevent their departure, that at last the farmers settled down again, and began to sow and reap as before.

9. The people were naturally much attached to their religion, and it is said that the wiser priests advised submission to British authority. Had a more decided demand upon their allegiance been made at the first, it would have been better policy, and they would, no doubt, have quietly accepted the new government, as did their countrymen later in the province of Quebec.

10. Governor after Governor came and went, some good and wise, some careless and unkind. Fifty years passed, and the Acadians knew little more of Great Britain than at first, while from the borders of Canada they were never allowed to forget that they were of French origin.

## THE ACADIANS—II

1. FOR years after this England and France kept up an outward peace, but when war broke out between them again, France thought it a good time to win back Acadia. Secret agents were therefore sent out, and highly paid to rouse the unfortunate country folk to rebellion. False stories of England's cruelty were circulated among the settlers, whose greatest fault was that they believed them too easily.

2. One of these agents was the Abbé La Loutre, a stern and determined man, who did his utmost to force the unwilling Acadians to obey him. Gaining control of the savages as well, he more than once set them with great ferocity to murder and pillage the new Halifax colonists. His own people feared him almost as much as they did the English. Threatened with the horrors of Indian attack, the Acadians were made to appear rebels against Great Britain. One of their own proverbs is "As stubborn as an Acadian." They never took to arms or destroyed property in open revolt, so that the evasion of the oath of allegiance is their principal crime. It is easy for us, however, living under a just and mild government, to blame those influenced by threats of torture and death.

3. On one occasion, hearing that an English officer, Major Lawrence by name, was coming with his troops, the Abbé induced every man, woman, and child in a certain village to flee for refuge to Beausejour, a French fort just over the border of Canada. Having led them into this breach of loyalty, he sent Indians to burn their settlement to the ground, to prevent their going back.

4. In 1755, when the war was over, most of the people who had fled crept back to their ruined homes, and

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prepared to settle down again. All the trouble, no doubt, would soon have blown over, but unfortunately the good Governor had been recalled and Major Lawrence appointed in his place. Always harsh and overbearing, the new Governor had already made up his mind to send away the Acadians to other countries, and be rid of them forever.

5. Lawrence did not seek advice from England, because he knew that she could not be induced to treat the colonists so unjustly. With Colonel Shirley of Massachusetts he arranged this strange and cruel plot. His friend sent a large number of vessels from New England to Nova Scotia with troops to take the affair in hand, and great secrecy was observed for fear it would be found out and they would be forced to stop.

6. In one place all the men and boys were ordered to meet in their church, to hear the contents of a letter from the King. As His Majesty George I wrote no letter ordering the removal, there is no doubt that this document was locally made for the occasion. From this paper the thunderstruck people heard without preparation that they were to be sent away from their homes without delay. This message delivered, the church doors were locked and they were made prisoners.

7. Too dazed and heartbroken to make resistance, the poor villagers prepared to leave the homes in which they had been so happy. A very few disputed the King's command, but they were easily put down. In tears and confusion, young and old men, women and children, were forced on board the vessels waiting in the bay. As they sailed away one homestead after another was set on fire, and the last thing they saw was the leaping flames, from which the terrified cattle fled for safety.

8. But even this was not the worst of the sad story. On the ocean the boats soon began to lose sight of each



other, and the frantic people found that husbands and wives, parents and children, were all separated. In Pennsylvania, they had been told, they would all meet and form a new colony. Now, in helpless terror, they realised that they had been duped. The promises had been made only to be broken.

9. To hide his guilt, Lawrence had ordered the ships to land their prisoners as far apart as possible. This was done, and for a thousand miles the coast of America and the West Indies received their scattered victims. Leaky vessels sank at sea with all on board, and others were wrecked. In far-off countries, as time went on, the despairing people searched for their relatives, and in poverty and grief died without finding them.

10. Sometimes, indeed, they did meet long afterwards, and were very happy. Our beloved Canadian sculptor, Mr. Hébert, is descended from a young couple who were separated as children, and being reunited by chance years afterwards when they had both made their way back to Canada, were married.

11. After years of wandering, some of the refugees got back to their old homes on the Bay of Fundy, but it was only to find that their land had been given to strangers. Fearing to be punished, the poor outlaws hid in the woods among friendly Indians, and eked out a living as best they could.

12. For three-quarters of a century the strange trials of this people, which have no equal in British history, continued. Then Judge Haliburton, the great jurist, and various statesmen took up their cause, and little by little the rights of the Acadians were restored. To-day, in Nova Scotia, from which they were once so cruelly driven, their loyal descendants now live in peace as happy and thrifty as of yore.

TICONDEROGA

1. IN the eighteenth century Canada's frontiers were guarded by such fortresses as Niagara, Frontenac, Quebec, Louisburg, and Ticonderoga. The latter stood on a jutting point at the head of Lake Champlain. It was in the very heart of the Iroquois country, and was the old war-path between the two countries.

2. Things had been going from bad to worse for so long that it was felt a life and death struggle between the two great nations must soon take place in America. In 1758 troops came from England to New York, prepared for the coming war. The armed New England colonists added to the forces under General Abercrombie numbered 15,000 men. With drums beating and flags flying, they marched through the country to Lake George.

3. The Marquis de Montcalm, a great French general, had already won a number of victories in Canada. He was much beloved by the troops, who were always proud to follow him. In July 1758, Montcalm marched from Quebec to Lake Champlain, with between three and four thousand men. It was a small army with which to meet the much greater force of the enemy, and the General feared that he could not win this time.

4. Near by stood the strong French fort Carillon, called in the Indian dialect Ticonderoga. While Montcalm was considering what to do, a thought struck him. At some distance off lay a rising ground, on the top of which the troops were hastily ordered to build a strong barricade of logs, loop-holed for musketry. This done, the dense woods in front were hewn down, the tree-trunks falling over each other in every direction.

5. When the French found that the enemy was coming, they took shelter behind the breastwork and waited.

Miles away the English army was trying to force a way through the forest. Fallen trunks slippery with moss, swamp, and brushwood made it almost impossible to move forward. The cannon brought from camp had to be left behind, for without a road no power on earth could take them over such country.

6. Even without the guns that march was one never to be forgotten. Weary and discouraged the troops at length emerged near Carillon, only to be met by showers of French bullets from behind the barricade. Without shelter the British rushed forward, finding themselves caught in the wild confusion of logs and branches that covered the ground.

7. It was a terrible scene. Falling, climbing, fighting, the attacking forces pressed on again and again, only to be driven back. Some indeed, in blind fury, reached the breastwork, and, climbing on their comrades' shoulders, strove to reach the foe. When it was over, amidst the furious rush of bullets, two thousand British lay dead on the field of Ticonderoga.

8. Many a bright uniform gained honour for its country on that day, and foremost among them could always be seen the bonnet and tartan plaid of the Black Watch. With desperate courage on both sides, the battle raged until sunset, when Abercrombie's forces retreated, without any success to mark the dreadful hours that had passed.

9. Overjoyed at the result, and proud of his men, General Montcalm thanked God for the victory, and began to hope that Canada might still be held for his Majesty of France.

CAMPBELL OF INVERAWE—I

1. THE Black Watch at Ticonderoga was commanded by Major Campbell, a Highland officer, whose story has often been told. By some it is looked upon as true, by others deemed only a legend.

2. The estate of this gentleman lay in Argyllshire, Scotland, and the old stone mansion in which he lived stood on the beautiful banks of Loch Awe.

3. One day some years before this the laird had been out on the hills shooting, and late in the evening, after the servants had gone to bed, he went to the wide hall to have a look over his game bag. Suddenly the heavy knocker on the door was raised, and a startling rap echoed through the house.

4. In haste he ran to the door and opened it, when before him stood a terror-stricken figure, whose panting tongue asked for refuge. A man had been killed in self-defence, he explained, and friends of the dead were already on his track. He implored to be hidden until the danger was over.

5. The time was shortly after the rising in Scotland for Prince Charles Edward, and the whole country was sore and unsettled. Scarcely a Highland house but had taken in and aided some despairing clansman fleeing from justice.

6. "Swear on your dirk that you will not betray me," pleaded the stranger. To soothe him the kindly host took the ancient oath, and, leading the way to a distant room, told him to fasten the heavy door, and open only to one whose knock proved him in the secret.

7. As Inverawe returned to the hall, the pursuers entered and excitedly told their tale. His own cousin had been wickedly murdered, they said, and already they

were hot on the track of the criminal. In dismay Campbell listened, but, with the fatal oath ringing in his ears, feigned ignorance, and hastened the searchers on their way.

CAMPBELL OF INVERAWE—II

1. FOR hours that night the laird paced his chamber thinking. Wearied at length, he threw himself on the bed and fell asleep. The moonbeams were streaming across the room when he wakened, and beside him stood the lifelike form of his cousin, wounded and bleeding. In the familiar voice came the solemn words: "Inverawe! Inverawe! Blood has been shed. Shield not the murderer!"

2. The next day the laird made his way to the locked room, and, in great agitation, told the culprit that he could shelter him no longer. Leading the way to a wild glen in the neighbourhood, he showed him a deep cave where he might hide, and turned away. By morning the murderer had escaped, and was never seen again.

3. The third night Campbell tossed sleeplessly on his couch till midnight, when the spectre once more stood beside him. Again the unearthly tones floated through the room, this time like a sentence of doom: "Farewell, Inverawe! Farewell, till we meet at Ticonderoga!"

4. Years passed, and the state of Scotland needed the care of all her loyal sons. Uncertain whether the scenes had been real or but dreams, Campbell could never forget the strange word Ticonderoga. It was one he had never heard before. He did not even know to what language it might belong.

5. In the meantime, news from America was becoming more and more disturbing. It was felt that there peace

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would never be possible until either French or English were master. Among the troops sent to the scene of war under Abercrombie was the Black Watch.

6. In the Highland Brigade their commander's story was known and believed. It was therefore with mixed feelings that his friends heard of the neighbouring fort under its Indian name Ticonderoga. Until then it had been known to them as Carillon.

7. In high spirits the English forces prepared to move forward, taking with them the guns they were afterwards to leave behind. On the last evening at Lake George, Major Campbell strolled by himself in a wood on the beautiful shores, and there, once more, met face to face the spirit of his unavenged relative.

8. No longer doubting his coming fate, Campbell led his men through the next day's battle with a reckless courage that won lasting fame for his regiment. In the height of the engagement, with many other gallant comrades, he and his son, Lieutenant Alexander Campbell, received their death wounds.

### THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC—I

1. At the very time of Montcalm's success at Ticonderoga, Louisburg in Cape Breton had fallen for the second time. Given back to France after its first capture, the great fortress had continued to hold the New England colonies in wholesome terror until invested by British troops under Amherst and Wolfe, when its doom came quickly.

2. Following rapidly came news of other French losses—Forts Frontenac and Duquesne, the old frontier guard, which had long menaced the English colonies, had been forced to surrender. With these evil tidings crowding

upon her thick and fast, France determined to make her last stand at Quebec.

3. The old grey fortress was deemed invincible, but through the long winter months of 1758, everything that could be thought of was done. To add to its safety Ticonderoga and other frontier points must be defended as well, but most of the troops were hurried to the Citadel. Patriotism ran high. From every direction even aged men and young boys crowded the narrow streets, eagerly offering life and limb for Canada.

4. It was early the following summer when the fishermen in the lonely coves down the St. Lawrence with astonishment saw the English fleet sweeping forward up the river. Never had they imagined such a splendid sight as these great ships, crowded with armed men and bristling with guns. Hope, however, reigned in every Canadian heart. It could not be that their loved land was to be taken from them!

5. At the head of the British forces stood the young hero James Wolfe, whose career from childhood had been watched by his friends with great hope. Daring and full of life, the lad had grown up, by study and sheer hard work bringing himself to notice in the service. At thirty-three, beloved by his men and honoured by his King, he was leading England's army to victory.

6. His first glance at the Citadel, however, showed a solid strength that he was not prepared for. Guarded round, above and below, by thick walls bristling with cannon, stood the massive rock, while along the bank of the river for miles stretched the French camp, under the watchful eye of Montcalm.

## THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC—II

1. IN the following weeks the fears of the young commander proved real enough. At one point and another his men, fighting desperately, were driven back. Day after day the batteries at Pointe Lévi pounded holes in the walls of the town until ruin filled the streets, but to no purpose. Months passed, and in sick despair General Wolfe began to fear that success was not for him.

2. With ceaseless thinking, however, a vague idea that he could not get rid of began to haunt his brain. He could see that, with all its strength, one part of the walls had very little protection. If he might only reach the Heights above! Choosing a night of storm and darkness, he sent several of the fleet past the town and up the river to a place of safety. It was the first step to victory.

3. For the hundredth time scanning the rock with his glass from the south shore, the General at length found the place he sought. It was the narrow gorge of a dried-up stream, barely to be seen through the thick trees. The height was an almost sheer rock of nearly two hundred feet, but to win success it must be climbed. Thoughtfully he laid his plans, and made them very complete.

4. The 13th of September was chosen for the attempt, every detail of which was laid with the greatest care. For hours the troops were ready in the boats, and at the right moment, in perfect silence, a large flotilla dropped down the river with the tide. They reached a little cove on the north shore before daybreak, and at a given signal the wild climb began.

5. Clinging for life to rocks and roots, struggling and breathless, each man mounted the ladder-like path, at last reaching the top. There was a short tussle with the





The Death of Wolff

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utterly surprised guard, who gave in at once, and the newcomers set off rapidly across the fields towards the Citadel.

6. In the meantime, the half-dazed townspeople had heard the firing, and were preparing to defend themselves, while streams of men from the French camp poured forward to meet the enemy. With frantic haste a few cannon were planted on each side, horses dashed hither and thither across the field, and officers sped back and forth with orders. With scarcely time to think, the troops faced each other, and the memorable Battle of the Plains began.

7. Volleys of musket balls thinned the ranks on both sides, and over their comrades, wounded and dying, the troops drew together to fill the vacant spaces. Short and fierce was the strife on which the fate of Canada rested. With glittering bayonets the British troops swept across the field carrying all before them.

8. It was a famous victory for Wolfe, but the hero of the day had no time to think of his success. Running at the head of a detachment, he was wounded three times, and, falling, died on the field of honour. At the same time his noble foe Montcalm won a soldier's grave.

9. In the present critical age, when belief in many of the heroic stories of the past is becoming very dim, it has been proved that the poetical letter dictated by Montcalm on his deathbed is false. However that may be, no one denies that the great French General, grievously wounded, and striving to make his peace with Heaven, forgot his sufferings for the time in the thought of his heart-broken countrymen.

10. With great nobility he caused a practical message in their behalf to be despatched to the victorious enemy. General Wolfe having already passed away, and Brigadier

## CONFIRMING THE VICTORY 107

Townshend being reported at the point of death through wounds, the dying man knew not to whom to address his formal note, which ran thus:—

11. "MONSIEUR,—Being compelled to yield Quebec to your arms, I have the honour to ask your Excellency's good offices on behalf of our sick and wounded, and request the execution of the treaty of exchange arranged between His Most Christian Majesty and His Britannic Majesty.

"I beg your Excellency to accept my assurance of the high esteem and the respectful consideration with which I have the honour to be, sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,  
MONTCALM."

12. So, without intention, Montcalm placed his name yet more securely upon the deathless roll of fame, and to the two Generals, loved and honoured in life, death has given a lasting renown together.

## CONFIRMING THE VICTORY

1. WITH tottering walls, dismantled guns, and unroofed and battered buildings, Quebec was a sorry sight as soldiers and sailors from the British ships swarmed through the narrow streets.

2. In every direction the ragged, starving townspeople fled, hiding in holes and corners, from which they could scarcely be induced to come out. The French forces had scattered, leaving the unfortunate citizens to their fate, and over the country thousands of refugees fled seeking shelter.

3. On the British side the victory was far from joyful. Their beloved young leader was no more, and the price was too great even for such a success. In his place

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General Murray took charge of affairs, and, with kind words and thoughtful deeds, showed the frightened folk that they could trust British honour.

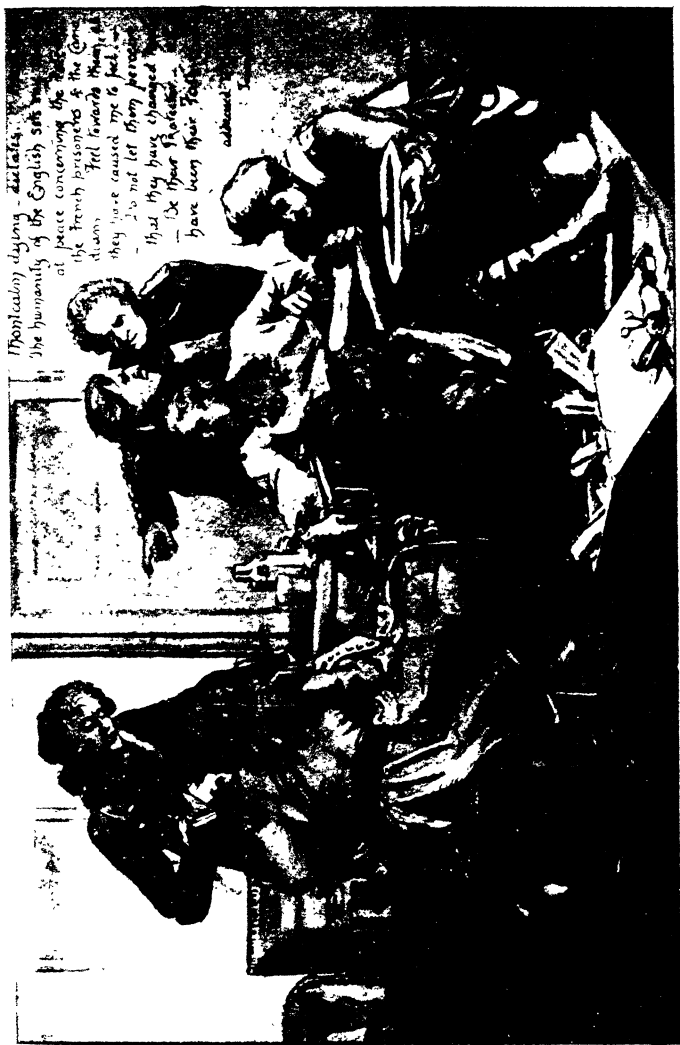
4. When the fleet sailed for home it carried in funeral pomp the body of the dead hero, and only the *Racehorse* and another frigate were left on guard in the harbour. Winter came swiftly, bringing heaps of snow, and cold unknown to the victors. Scarcely a house in the town was fit to live in, and high officers occupied cellars and stables, glad only to crowd round the huge log fires.

5. All discipline was made as easy as possible. The soldiers bundled in anything they could find to keep out the cold, tramping through the snowdrifts to the surrounding forests. While some chopped down endless trees for fuel, others stood on guard with loaded muskets. In every direction French and Indian sharpshooters fired from cover, and no one outside the walls could be sure of safety for a moment.

6. Early in 1760, while wintry storms still howled over the land, whispers began to reach Quebec of a force which was preparing to seize the town. Large numbers of men were said to be gathering at Montreal. The gallant de Lévis and Vaudreuil the Governor were at the head of the movement. A last great effort was to be made to oust the conquering Britons.

### THE BATTLE OF SAINTE FOYE

1. ON the St. Lawrence the ice had broken up, and spring-tides were tossing the fragments back and forth on the surface. In the early morning of April 27, 1760, the sentry pacing the deck of the *Racehorse* could hear no sound but the slap of the tide against the black hull. Suddenly, what seemed like a cry for help caught his



Montcalm dying - *221*  
 The humanity of the English see  
 of peace concerning the  
 the French prisoners & the Com-  
 dains. "I'll towards them"  
 they have caused me to feel  
 that they have changed  
 - O' your soldiers  
 have been their "Foes"  
 address

THE DEATH OF MONTCALM  
 (A. G. ... .. at the ... .. by ... ..)

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ear. Listening intently, it came again, and the report of his musket brought up the guard.

2. Boats were lowered, and the eager tars pushed out into the stream. Their search was soon rewarded. On a large block of ice a man almost frozen to death was found, and quickly taken on board ship. Care and kindness brought back the ebbing life, and in gratitude the man told his story.

3. He was, he said, a sergeant of artillery with the army of de Lévis, at that moment on the march to the Citadel. The forces, twelve thousand in number, had sailed down from Montreal and landed some miles above, where, in the darkness, the gunner's boat had been overturned and his companions lost. With difficulty climbing on the ice, he had been drifting back and forth for hours, while across country de Lévis silently advanced to take the town by surprise.

4. The enemy was almost upon them! The sergeant was hurried in a hammock to headquarters, where he repeated his story to General Murray, and with all possible speed the troops were called together to meet the crisis. At break of day they marched out upon the Plains, prepared as well as the short notice would allow.

5. The British forces had suffered terribly from cold and illness through the winter, and many of those answering the call to arms rose from sickbeds. Altogether they numbered only about a third of the enemy. During the Battle of Sainte Foye, which took place next day, they managed to hold their own for a time, but that was all. With furious charges that showed how much was at stake, each side in turn drove the other off the ground. Later in the day, however, pressed beyond their strength, Murray's troops slowly retreated into the town.

6. But the men who had behaved so gallantly were

to have one more chance for a lasting victory! The walls were repaired, sick and wounded assisting, and guns dug from the ruins were hoisted with vast labour and turned to the Plains. With pick and shovel, officers and men worked manfully side by side, while all looked forward anxiously for help from home.

7. On the 9th of May, 1760, a man-of-war was sighted in the river, making her way against wind and tide towards the harbour. The news spread like wildfire, and soon the ramparts were crowded with eager throngs of soldiers. Was she French or English?

8. Faces gaunt with sickness looked on in silence as the Union Jack slowly mounted the Citadel flagstaff. The answering signal rose to the mast-head, and in a moment every hat was waving wildly and every voice joyfully shouting itself hoarse. It was our own loved and honoured British colours.

9. A few days, and the end had come. Other ships, following each other up the current, met and defeated the last gallant French vessel, and de Lévis, seeing that further fighting was useless, raised the siege and retired from the contest. Later at Montreal, Amherst and Murray received the capitulation of Canada for the British Crown.

## UNDER BRITISH RULE

1. FOR some time before the downfall of Canada, affairs there had reached a very unhappy state. In France reckless splendour and wickedness marked the Court of Louis XV, and the misery of the peasantry was intense. It mattered nothing to the selfish King that his people ate grass, and ground bitter acorns to make bread in order to keep themselves alive.

2. In the same way New France had been made to

feel the heavy hand of her rulers. They, also, were a harpy crew, put in power by the beauties and rogues of Versailles. The Intendant Bigot boasted—and it was nothing to be proud of—that he would do as he pleased because he was a favourite of Madame Pompadour.

3. Under the guise of lively goodwill, this wicked man's palace at Quebec was the scene of gaiety so far unknown in America. Rich dress, feasting, and wild gambling threw their spell over the higher classes, while in town and country the working people suffered.

4. The Canadians, with their good crops and big herds, were really well-to-do, though in Bigot's time they were sadly ground under heel. The dishonest tricks of the Intendant were cleverly planned, and the distance of his victims from each other hid his guilt. Of his helpers the most barefaced was Cadet, the son of a butcher. By their evil practices these men made fortunes that seem vast even in our own day.

5. To this lawless Government the *habitants*, under cost, were forced to sell their farm produce, which was re-sold in the colony at the highest prices. Failures in crops were constantly reported to the King, who, in answer, was compelled to send supplies for the use of the colonists. Nearing port these vessels were frequently allowed to run aground in some safe place, and, while accounts of total loss reached France, Bigot and his friends seized the booty for their own purposes.

6. In town and country the peasants were obliged to do all public works without pay, while they were called out so often to fight for the King, that none were left to care for the farms except old men, women, and boys. In every way the country was on the swift road to ruin.

7. The *habitants* were quick to see the difference between their rulers new and old. The English took



their produce, indeed, but at good prices, while justice and honesty were the order of the day. With amazement the French Canadians saw their former enemies the soldiers ordered out in squads to help them with their scanty harvest.

8. Amidst all their trials it is pleasant to hear how the citizens of Quebec took life at this time. A British officer writing from the town says: "It is surprising with what ease the gaiety of their tempers (the Canadian ladies) enables them to bear their misfortunes. Families reduced from the height of luxury to want, laugh, dance, and sing, comforting themselves with the thought that it is the fortune of war!"

9. Look at the map, and think what a great part of North America was now ruled by Great Britain. From the extreme north to Mexico, and from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific. It was indeed a mighty heritage.

## THE OLD RÉGIME

1. DURING the old régime, the houses of the country people, large and small, were built with thick stone walls to keep out the cold. The roofs were very steep so that the snow might slide off, and sometimes there were two rows of garret windows one above the other.

2. Inside, the wide chimney held the fireplace, over which stretched the black arms of a crane, hung with pots and kettles. The spit was used for roasting, while on one side the deep baking oven extended into the wall. The ovens of the gentry were often built of stone outside the house.

3. In the corner of the farm kitchen stood the spinning-wheel and handloom, still to be found in use in country places. Beside the fire the home-made cradle and the

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seats for the aged always had the warmest place. Round the walls stood the heavy wooden benches and rush-bottomed chairs for all comers.

4. The French Canadians of all classes were a social and gay people, as they are to-day. However far apart they lived, the Seigneurs' mansions were not lonely. Driving parties, especially in winter, when the roads were good, were an endless source of pleasure to old and young alike.

5. Baptisms and weddings were celebrated by many a feast, and on May Day and other holidays the Seigneur and his family took part in the old-time merriment of the tenants. St. Catherine's Day was looked upon as the beginning of winter, when pulling candy and dancing were kept up with great spirit. Among the *habitants* the fiddle was much used for dance music, and, lacking it, "lilting" and hand-clapping did very well instead.

6. Great preparations were made for the entertainment of guests, when meats, fish, and many kinds of cakes and pies were made ready. Among the upper classes a large dish called the Easter pasty was a great favourite. A turkey, chickens, partridges, and other game formed the contents, enclosed in rich pastry. On very festive occasions the company all sang in turn round the table.

7. The dresses of ceremony among the ladies were the rich and beautiful clothes of the period, with powdered hair and high-heeled shoes. The wide-frocked coats of the gentlemen were of gay brocade, with long embroidered waistcoats. Wide lace was used at neck and wrist, and knee-breeches with silk stockings, while swords were always worn in public.

8. The *habitants'* coats and dresses were made of coarse woollen home-spun, coloured with dyes made from bark and mosses. The women wore short, full

skirts, with bright kerchiefs round their shoulders. In addition to their heavy coats, the men used grey woollen leggings and caps. In winter a many-coloured woollen sash of beautiful pattern went twice round the waist, and hung in long fringe almost to the feet. With moccasins, mittens, and pointed hood drawn over the head, they were ready to brave the coldest weather.

9. Early life in Canada was full of hard work and danger, but it was happy and interesting for all that. The *habitants* soon became used to their hardships, and grew to love dearly their adopted land. In winter they traversed the forests on snowshoes, hunting or lumbering, while in summer they became experts in guiding their canoes over the rapid streams. At such times songs, merry or sad, echoed from every lip, and their paddles kept time with the measure. No people could or did come through so much without gaining a character and a literature worth having.

## THE CONSPIRACY OF PONTIAC

1. PONTIAC, Chief of the Ottawas, was one of the wisest and most far-seeing of his race. His influence reached far beyond his own country, and many of the Western tribes were guided by him in matters of policy. To the haughty savage the fall of France in America came as a rude and unexpected shock.

2. Exerting all his power, Pontiac roused the fiery spirit of the red men, who like himself had suffered from the contempt and the broken treaties of the English colonists. Among them a widespread plot was laid to drive their new masters out of America. The enraged tribes bound themselves to stop at nothing.

3. After peace was proclaimed in Canada, the French

of the Western forts were replaced by English garrisons. Detroit, the strongest, it was decided, should be the first attacked. One day in May, 1763, Pontiac, with his followers, approached the stockade, and desired to be admitted. Under their blankets the savages carried muskets whose barrels had been cut short.

4. At the risk of torture and death, however, the plot had been revealed to the commanding officer by a young Indian girl, and the garrison was prepared. To their surprise the plotters saw the entire armed force drawn up inside the gates. Making some excuse for his visit, the chief turned away, only, however, to come back the next day. This time he was refused in such a way that he could not doubt his design was known.

5. This was the signal for a furious outburst which spread over the west, and as far south as Maryland and Virginia. Bloodshed ran riot, and whole white settlements were almost wiped out. Detroit was besieged by a throng of warriors, and the troops sent to assist the garrison were met and cut to pieces.

6. One of the distant posts, that had not heard of the rising, fell into the hands of the savages by a trick. A large number of Indians had gathered outside the stockade, professing to be loyal to the new Sovereign. On the King's birthday, in honour of the event, they, arranged a lacrosse match, to which the officers were invited. In great good humour they all went in a body.

7. For hours the game was kept up with great spirit and by degrees the whole garrison was drawn from its post to see the play. Suspecting nothing the gates had been left open, and while the onlookers cheered each fresh game, one by one Indian women stole unnoticed into the fort, carrying weapons under their shawls.

8. Suddenly the ball was tossed over the palisade, and amidst a wild tumult the lacrosses were flung aside, and

the savages sprang to follow it. The trick was only understood when, without arms, the unhappy garrison turned to meet its awful fate.

9. With terrible slaughter most of the Western forts went down before Pontiac's allies. Detroit was saved just in time, and strong forces marching west once for all taught the savages the strength of their foes. If the worst, it was the last great effort of the red-men to drive Britain from America.

### CANADA INVADED—I

1. AMONG other things, the new Government determined to make the walls of Quebec stronger than ever. It took time, however, and so much money that the young King George III wondered if they were built of silver dollars instead of stone and mortar. Partly repaired as it was, the old fortress was certainly in a position far from secure.

2. Great Britain's continued wars in Europe had caused her vast losses in men and money, which her people were terribly taxed to supply. Her colonists in America, now well-to-do and strong, might have come to her aid, but they did not. Instead, they took the opportunity of seizing the big, new country for themselves, and, forgetting their boasted loyalty, flew to arms. England, still fiercely engaged across the ocean, sent all the troops she could spare to America, but her armies were defeated again and again.

3. Not satisfied with what they had already won, the ambitious rebels began urging Canada to join them in revolt. To her great credit Canada refused, and, enraged at the repulse, her old enemy determined to take her by force. Hostilities began at Ticonderoga.

4. One autumn night in 1775, a band of rebel soldiers

marched through the border forests and bravely took the old fort, now more or less in ruins, and without a garrison. Having thus thrown down the gauntlet, they moved down the Richelieu River and seized a British vessel.

5. The rebel authorities had been waiting for this event, and without loss of time two thousand troops were hurriedly ordered forward to take Montreal. On their way, wherever the army found French Canadians, they did their best to set them against British rule. Promised vast rewards if they would rise, the *habitants* wisely refused to listen to them. Too well they remembered the days when these flattering friends were bitter enemies.

6. By this time Montreal was a growing place, though not at all prepared for war. Most of the regulars were at Quebec, and little in the way of arms was to be had. Sir Guy Carleton, the Governor, called out the volunteers and counted them. There were less than two hundred. What could such a handful do against two thousand or more?

7. General Montgomery was at the head of the rebel forces, whose floating batteries were already advancing up the St. Lawrence. The next day the town would be forced to capitulate. Affairs were desperate.

8. The citizens, fiercely loyal, shut themselves up in their houses and waited. As darkness fell, loud explosions told them that the Governor was blowing up the magazines. Then came silence, and the fitful glare of fires against the sky.

9. Late that night a big boat with muffled oars stole out from the riverside, and turned down stream. In the stern sat Sir Guy Carleton wrapped in his military cloak. Fortunately there was no moon, and not a word was spoken as, with noiseless strokes, the rowers slipped through the enemy's flotilla. The Governor was on his way to Quebec to prepare for the foe.

## CANADA INVADED—II

1. IN the meantime the crafty Arnold was marching through the State of Maine with another army. Early in November they reached Pointe Lévi, opposite Quebec. It was bitterly cold, and they were without shelter, but the French Canadians in the neighbourhood could not be induced to ferry them across the river. Towards the middle of the month, however, Indians landed the forces on the north shore.

2. The winter set in early, and was a season of wild snowstorms and intense cold. The town garrison numbered only eighteen hundred men, and the unfinished walls were little able to hold out against a determined foe. But in Carleton British spirit was strong, and the courage of the defenders made up for everything else.

3. Leaving Montreal in charge, Montgomery joined Arnold in December on the Plains of Abraham, where they camped together. The rebel general knew Quebec well, having served there under Wolfe in 1759. He was not the mild and humane man many believe. Especially in punishing the *habitants* at that time, he had been guilty of cruel acts for which he could have been court-martialled.

4. The siege from the Plains was carried on with great energy. Batteries poured shot into the town, and scaling ladders were set up against the walls. Often showers of arrows from Indians in American pay fell over the walls, with notes tied to the shafts inciting the citizens to revolt against the King. Night after night the Governor slept in his clothes, while the garrison stood to arms. Every movement of the enemy was watched with unceasing anxiety.

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5. A general attack had been planned for the early hours of 1776. It was bitterly cold, and through the driving snow Montgomery forced his way at the head of his men along the bank of the river. Above him towered the dark Cape fronting the storm, and in their path stood a barricade without light or any sign of life. The leader pressed on with his sword in hand. "Push on, brave lads!" he exclaimed, "Quebec is ours!"

6. It was the last word he uttered. Through the darkness came the quick word of command, "Fire," and amidst a shower of bullets the General fell dead with several fellow officers at his side. At the same moment Arnold's men were desperately fighting their way round the lower town from the other direction. In the furious struggle that followed, the commanding officer fell severely injured, and the force fell back, leaving many killed and wounded.

7. Repulsed and wounded as he was, Arnold kept up the siege for months afterwards. But all his plans fell through. Carleton was more than a match for American craft, and loyally shoulder to shoulder behind the walls stood the once mortal foes, French and English.

## THE UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS

1. TROUBLE between the United States and Canada, however, was not yet over. For some, indeed, it was only beginning. For years before the War of Independence the colonists had been bitterly divided in their opinions as to their rightful allegiance. One party threatened to throw off the yoke of England, while the other only became more determined to stand by the King.

2. When the war decided the question, and the de-





The U. S. L. C. After thousands had been searched or sought after in the United States, they were sent to the U. S. L. C. where they were housed in the U. S. L. C. camps. They then began the Republic of America and lived in the U. S. L. C. where they must continue their business in the U. S. L. C. There is a great deal of work.

THE UNITED EMPIRE STATES

After the war, the United States was divided into two parts, the United States and the United States.

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feated army returned to England, the opponents found it harder to get on with each other than ever. Far from becoming peaceful, the wordy war daily grew more bitter, until the Royalists were openly branded as outlaws and traitors.

3. Did the successful rebels just then remember the poor Acadians whom they had helped to punish so savagely for disloyalty only a few years before? Whether or not, they decided to repeat the cruel injustice, now, however, going a step further. This time their own brothers and friends were to be the victims.

4. A sudden and terrible order was sent out that all Kingsmen were to be arrested and put to death. With no mercy to be expected from such a high-handed Government, the men of British leanings were forced to flee at once, while the frantic women and children were left to follow as best they could.

5. Where should they go? It did not take long to decide, for the provinces of Quebec and Nova Scotia were still loyal to the King. Some of the fugitives took ship for Great Britain, but by far the greater number streamed through the northern States to Quebec, or by sea to the Maritime Provinces.

6. In great trouble, but hoping soon to come back and claim their own, the women prepared to follow their husbands. With a few household goods packed in carts or on horseback, whole families set out from every town and village. They walked along the country roads carrying their little ones, and at night camped in all weathers on the commons like gypsies. Black looks and insults followed them everywhere. Those who showed the wayfarers any kindness or even sold them food were treated as disloyal to the young Republic.

7. For a hundred miles on each side of the border the hills and dales were covered with dense forest and brush.

Dangerous swamps lay in the hollows, and deep streams that they could not pass. In winter the terrible cold and snowdrifts added to their misery, and wild beasts always prowled about on the look-out for prey.

8. As years passed, more and more joined the stream pouring north, until the Canadians were at their wits' end to provide food and shelter for such a multitude. At last large tracts of wild land through Quebec, Nova Scotia, and in the new provinces of Ontario and New Brunswick, were divided by the Government, and the newcomers moved into the woods, and began to make homes for themselves as best they could.

9. It was a pitiful downcome to the educated, well-bred colonists. To clear forest land is the hardest of work, and it takes time to prepare even a small patch on which to grow oats or barley. The settlers had to do without tea, sugar, and all the comforts they had been used to. It was not safe to go into the woods without a gun at any time, on account of wild beasts, and the howl of wolves often kept them awake at night.

10. All this time the refugees were hoping to regain their valuable lands and goods across the border. The Government of the Republic had solemnly promised to give up every man's property when he came to claim it. But of the belongings of many thousands of persons, not a thing was ever refunded. Those who ventured back were treated as harshly as before, and warned that the lives of "traitors" were not safe in the country.

11. Traitors—that was the false and cruel name they gave their fellow citizens. With us in Canada it is different. Here we remember with pride those who gave up all for a great cause, and pray that our nation may always be true to the principles of truth and honour on which it is founded.

## THE INDIAN TRAIL

1. BEFORE the Revolution Sir William Johnson was agent for Indian affairs in the colonies. Brave in battle and just in all his dealings with them, no other white man ever gained such power over the savages as he. At his fine colonial mansion in Maine is still shown the place where the Mohawks used to come and sit on the lawn for hours, waiting patiently to speak to him.

2. In 1742, while the English and French were still at daggers drawn, a little Indian baby was born to the Chief of the Mohawks. The child had a pretty native name of his own, but the colonists called him, like his father, Brant. Later, Joseph Brant was to be elected Chief of the Five Nations, and do great things for his people.

3. Sir William Johnson, seeing how clever the boy was, sent him to a Christian Indian school. With what he learned there, Brant became very anxious to teach the heathen races about our Lord Jesus. He translated the Gospel of St. Mark and other books into the Mohawk tongue, and did much to help the work of the missionaries. He meant to have written an account of his people, and it is a great pity he did not do so, for very little is known of the early history of the Indian tribes.

4. As time went on the Iroquois began to feel that they were not well treated under the laws of the new Republic. Indians and other natives have a strong sense of justice. Because they are honest themselves, they believe that the promises made by others will be kept. When the Five Nations found that solemn treaties were broken, and that the whites were turning them off their ancient lands, they were very indignant.

5. When the English colonies rebelled against the Mother Country, the Iroquois, led by Chief Brant and

Sir William Johnson, fought for their British rights. They could not believe that anyone had been unfairly treated. "The Great King," they said, "has never taken away an acre of our land as you are doing."

6. Both before and after the war the Five Nations had to suffer the same wicked and unjust treatment as the white Royalists. Like their fellow-sufferers, they at length left their old hunting grounds and sorrowfully took the trail to Canada. Christian and loyalist as they had now become, the once savage races were glad to take refuge on British soil.

7. Soon afterwards Chief Brant paid a visit to England, where he went by the name of the "Noble Savage." He was greatly made of in Court circles because he had been faithful to the King, and one of his friends, a nobleman, had his portrait painted by the artist Romney.

8. Since leaving their old lands, the chiefs were at a loss where to found a new settlement for their people. Great councils were held, in which all agreed that they would rather "go away to Japan or beyond Hudson Bay, than return to their former homes," where true justice was not to be found.

9. When Brant reached Canada in 1784, he found that the King had offered a rich and fertile part of Ontario to the homeless braves. It is very interesting to know that the first loyalist chapel in Canada was built by the Mohawks on the Grand River, and that a fine silver communion service, given them by Queen Anne, is still in their possession and greatly prized. Among the busy towns that have long since sprung up in this district, is Brantford, where an imposing monument stands in memory of the great chief.

10. Under Tecumseh, the Tuscaroras later joined their Ontario friends, and in 1812 the united tribes, now called the Six Nations, won undying fame for their splendid loyalty to the British Crown.

## THE FINDER OF THE FRASER RIVER—I

1. AMONG those attached to the British forces in America during the Revolutionary War, was a Highland officer named Fraser. His wife lived, for the time being, at Bermington on the Hudson, with her infant child, who was called Simon, after the chief of their clan.

2. As we all know, one reverse after another befell the British until at last the unhappy affair ended in their defeat. Captain Fraser was present with his detachment at the surrender of General Burgoyne. There, unfortunately, he was captured by the Americans and thrown into prison, where he soon afterwards died.

3. So great was the hostility of the victors to their so-called enemies, that Mrs. Fraser, overcome with terror, seized her child and fled. After many hardships, she reached Cornwall, Upper Canada, in company with other fugitives.

4. It was a terrible blow to the young wife. Besides her grief, she had to face dire poverty. Everything she possessed had been left in Bermington, and it was unlikely that she would ever regain her property. Like most of the other United Empire Loyalists, she had to set about providing for the little family without delay. It was a difficult task, but one that she bravely met and conquered.

5. Simon Fraser grew up a stirring and conscientious boy, and at the age of sixteen entered the service of the North-West Fur-Trading Company of Montreal. There, among men whose chief thought was activity in business and fearlessness in the face of danger, the lad soon proved his merit.

6. No doubt young Fraser sometimes went about this time to Lachine, to see the yearly departure of the

voyageurs for the North-West. There anchored off shore he would see a number of large canoes packed with provisions and other necessaries for the far distant trading posts. The day was kept as a holiday, and the streets of the old village were lively with the French Canadian servants of the Company, as well as numerous Caughnawaga Indians and their families.

7. Most of the Indian women carried their papooses strapped to boards and slung from their backs, while here and there, along the side of the road, a mother had relieved herself of her burden. The board, propped against a tree or stone, held its wide-awake, black-eyed little occupant, who looked about silently, and accepted its lonely situation with true Indian stoicism.

8. All day games of various sorts were in order, and good-humour prevailed. The greatest interest, however, centred about the Canadian and Indian wrestlers, in which the patience of the latter usually proved him victor. The levelling beams of the sun at length gave the signal of departure, and the farewells were quickly said. The canoes paddled over to one of the adjacent islands, where camp was pitched for the night, and at sunrise the flotilla set off on its long journey to the west.

9. The route of the voyageurs was that traced by Champlain three hundred years ago,—up the Ottawa and the Mattawa rivers, across the lakes on “the height of land,” and down the French River to Lake Huron. It had long been the Indian short cut from the upper lakes to the St. Lawrence, and accounts for the swift movements of the tribesmen over great distances in former times. Modern engineers know no better way to follow for the great Georgian Bay Canal.

10. Threading their way in and out among the islands of the Mer Douce (Lake Huron), the canoes at length

reached Sault Ste. Marie. At this point the short river of twenty-two miles discharged the immense flood of Lake Superior into Lake Huron. Here they found the little canal built some years before, which saved the labour of a portage for goods going up and fur-laden boats coming down from the trading posts. Primitive as it was, this canal serves to prove the vast energy and ability of the North-West Company.

11. Simon Fraser had entered the service in 1792, but a few years after Mackenzie's great feat in following the course of the river, now named after him, to the Arctic Ocean. That explorer, too, was just about to set out on his still more wonderful journey on foot across the Rocky Mountains.

12. Naturally, the youth's adventurous spirit was aroused over such exploits as these. It is not unlikely that he soon proved his mettle in one or more minor excursions with the voyageurs, and the first important posts he managed were Grand Portage and Lake Athabasca. He was indeed a rising man, and it was with great satisfaction that he accepted charge of a party leaving in 1805 to establish forts for the Company, and open trade with the Indians west of the Rockies.

### THE FINDER OF THE FRASER RIVER—II

1. The adventures of Fraser's voyageurs in their long journey across the continent has never been told. Heroes, it is true, seldom have time to record "the dangers they have passed." For all time, however, the names of certain rapids and rocky chasms on that route will recall the weary portages, the moments of terrible danger, and the loss of countless lives yet to be in the discharge of duty.

2. Far off on the prairies the travellers had their first



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sight of the Rocky Mountains like a cloudbank on the horizon. As they approached they found themselves among the rolling hills, and, following their Indian guide, entered a pass that led into the heart of the mighty ridge. It was a grand and striking scene. A narrow, rocky gorge whose sides were clothed with dark pines, while below a boiling, impetuous torrent dashed along. On every side the snow-capped heads of mighty hills crowded one behind the other, while in the near distance rose a giant among giants, whose sharp, round peak seemed to reach the very skies.

3. This place was to become famous as the Tête Jaune Cache for a curious reason. An Indian of the district, whose yellow hair was the wonder of his race, was known by this nickname. On the foundation of the trading posts, Tête Jaune found the spot a convenient one in which to cache or hide the skins he was collecting for barter with the white man. It is worthy of notice that just a century later this pass should be chosen by the Grand Trunk Pacific for its rocky entrance to British Columbia.

4. The first post to be founded west of the "Great Divide" was Rocky Mountain House, and shortly afterwards one farther north called Fort McLeod. Journeys here and there in the interior soon proved to be more than perilous, but the natives, some of whom greeted their first white visitors with angry terror, were worse. As with Mackenzie, however, Fraser's tact and patience won the day. For years, indeed, these tribes kept up their savage raids upon each other, but comparatively few bloodthirsty attacks on the whites can be laid at their door.

5. The next year or two were employed in tracing the surrounding territory, which the explorer called New Caledonia. He found that it was mainly held by the

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Carriers, the Babines, and the Indians of the Skeena River, with whom he began friendly relations and a great native traffic. It was not long, however, before he noticed signs among them which made him very uneasy. Iron tools, guns and ammunition were common in the villages, and the questioner was told that they came from white men along the course of a river which he took to be the Columbia.

6. In the autumn of 1807 his suspicions concerning these traders were confirmed. News came from Montreal that American explorers were pressing along the Columbia River, then in British territory, and busily annexing it for their Government by right of discovery! Fraser lost no time in deciding to go down the great stream on which he was just then building his fourth post, Fort George, and securing it for his Company.

7. The expedition left the new fort in four canoes towards the end of May 1808. Nineteen voyageurs and two Indian guides, besides the chief and his two lieutenants, made up the number. One of the latter, Mr. John Stuart, a leading man in the service, was some years later to have a baby nephew, now known to us as Lord Strathcona.

8. Scarcely was the party afloat, however, when difficulties began to crowd upon it thick and fast. In spite of all its steersman could do, one of the canoes was caught in an eddy and whirled against the precipice forming one side of the canyon. For a brief space it seemed as if nothing but a miracle could save it from being dashed in pieces. As they proceeded, equally wild places met their view, and the iron muscles and stout hearts of the paddlers had all they could do to hold their own against the furious current.

9. Other troubles as well as the fight with nature appeared. After some days' pulling, upon a near stretch



THE EVEREST MOUNTAIN, HIMALAYAS, NEAR THE  
INDIA-TIBET BORDER. PHOTOGRAPHED BY  
HERBERT G. WILSON, 1921.

of sandbank hoof-marks warned the party that they had reached the country of the Attahs. This was the "very malignant race" whose warlike gestures had forced the intrepid Mackenzie on one occasion to turn back. A nation of riders, they had then despatched swift horsemen to warn other tribes of the approach of the white man. Now they were about to repeat the unfriendly act, had not the explorer spent a day among them, which resulted in a change of tactics. Perhaps the firing off of his musket, which caused the natives to fall flat on the ground in terror, had something to do with his ultimate success.

10. From where he stood on the Attah shore, Fraser could see that the stream was becoming worse instead of better. Before him stretched two miles of rapids, which for a moment caused even his brave heart to quail. Anyone who has been in a canoe shooting a rapid will never forget the breathless danger, described by Champlain as "making my hair stand on end." The sheer, rocky walls on each side were but forty or fifty yards apart, and through this space the swollen waters hurled themselves with a roar like a cataract.

11. To add to his dismay, the banks at this point were too steep to allow of a portage. Even the Indians here left the water, and ascended by means of rude ladders fastened to the face of the rock. As an experiment, one of the canoes, lightly loaded and carrying the five best men, was launched on the boiling current. Cool, determined, and in awful silence, they held their paddles with a grip of steel, only to find themselves seized by a flume and whirled round and round with tremendous velocity. The horrified onlookers from above saw the frail craft shoot from one danger to another, until the very fury of the stream hurled it against the bank, fortunately on their side of the stream.

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12. It was a terrible moment. The men, clinging for life to the rough rocks, held the boat with their feet, while their comrades above plunged downward to their aid, striking their dirks into the clefts of the rocks to prevent pitching head-first into the water. With vast labour the canoe was rescued and hauled up the height, and the party proceeded by a path along which it was scarcely possible to carry even a gun.

13. From the Attahs the travellers had procured some horses, and once a laden animal, missing its footing, fell over the edge and was killed. At another time one of the men, with a heavy pack on his back, found himself on a narrow ledge where he could not move or even release his burden. Seeing his danger, Fraser, at great risk to himself, crawled along the edge of the cliff, and, leaning over, cut the cords and let the bundle drop into the river.

14. Taking to the water again, the fierce fight with cascades, rocks, and whirlpools went on for four more long anxious days. Then the courageous leader was forced to take the advice of the natives, and for a time confine himself to land. Even here dangers of a new kind beset them. In carrying the boats and their contents along the frightful ups and downs, a pair of moccasins was worn out in a day, and the footsore and weary voyageurs were at times almost baffled.

15. Keeping up heart, however, the party persevered, and at last reached somewhat level country. How they met and passed the fierce natives of the inlet is told in the journal of the intrepid leader. Swollen by the melting snows, the river had been followed at the most dangerous season, and, to the satisfaction of all, was found to discharge, by the Gulf of Georgia, into the Pacific Ocean. With the Columbia it had no identity.

16. The exploit, carried through without the loss of even one life, is one that will never be forgotten in

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Canadian annals. His gallant feat had won a name for Simon Fraser, and he was offered a knighthood, which, however, he declined. Honoured and admired, however, he was tendered the highest post in the gift of the Company, and continued until old age devoting himself to the best interests of his adopted country.

### THE WAR OF 1812

1. WHILE things were going on so busily in Canada, Great Britain had been drawn into another dreadful war, this time with Napoleon Bonaparte. The Americans, for some reason, had never forgiven England for her too great generosity to them after the Revolution. With few regular troops in Canada, it seemed a suitable time to punish the Mother Country and at the same time add to their own domains!

2. In June, 1812, the United States declared war against Great Britain, and once more the loyal colonies found themselves a great battlefield and graveyard. A terrible duty lay before the Canadians, twelve hundred miles of frontier to guard, and neither men nor arms for the task.

3. The war was not of England's seeking, and, for a time, she hoped, for Canada's sake, to secure peace at any price. The Americans, however, in their trumped-up indignation, would listen to nothing.

4. Seeing this, the colonists rose to the task with great spirit. Expecting that most of the fighting would be about Lake Ontario, troops hurried from all the provinces, and the Loyalists, both white and Indian, flocked to join the volunteers. Armed vessels of both nations cruised up and down the Lakes, and Kingston, Toronto (then called York), and Niagara were on the alert.

5. Fighting began at Detroit, when the brave, beloved General Brock captured the town. Among other things, thirty-three much needed cannon fell into his hands, and from mouth to mouth flew the news of victory.

6. October had now arrived, and from the Canadian side of the Niagara river the enemy's camp could easily be seen. Attack was expected at any time, and a sharp look-out kept up. Before dawn on the 13th a large force of Americans could be made out crossing the river at Queenston. With great spirit the little British force fired into the darkness, and succeeded in driving off the foe.

7. About sunrise General Brock galloped up from Fort George, and sprang from his horse. Here and there thick clumps of bushes covered the neighbouring ground, and half-way up the incline stood a single cannon, still warm from its morning's work. Climbing rapidly, the soldierly figure stood beside the gun, and with keen eyes looked about him.

8. At this moment a hidden body of the enemy burst from a near-by thicket, firing as they came. Taken by surprise, Brock retreated to the foot of the hill, and, hastily joined by others, charged up the slope to regain the position. "Push on, brave York volunteers," cried the young General, waving his sword. A volley of musket-balls from above was the answer, and with the words on his lips the gallant commander fell dead at the head of his men.

9. The struggle that followed was of little avail. Later in the day General Sheaffe's force marched up from Fort George, but, warned of his danger, the officer made a wide circuit, and approached from above. The troops, raging at the loss of their beloved leader, charged with the bayonet, and after a fierce hand-to-hand combat, drove the enemy over the cliff, leaving a thousand prisoners behind.

## LAURA SECORD—I

1. THE fateful 27th of May, 1813, brought ruin to the little town of Niagara. After a brave defence against great odds, the place, already in flames, was taken, and not a family but had friends among the gallant dead. The district swarmed with American troops, now more sure than ever of taking Canada. The people were really prisoners, and watched with unceasing vigilance by the besieging force.

2. In a cottage on the outskirts lived James Secord and his young wife Laura. The times were full of daring deeds, and the Secords belonged to an intensely patriotic United Empire Loyalist family. It was nearly two months since the fall of the town, and James was still only recovering from his wounds.

3. Sunrise was flooding the beautiful countryside on the 23rd of June, when Mrs. Secord entered her husband's room and carefully closed the door. Sitting by the bedside, she excitedly whispered some news she had happened to overhear from two American soldiers passing the house.

4. About twenty miles off Lieutenant Fitzgibbon, with fifty men of his Majesty's 49th Regiment, held a post. The few careless words had revealed the fact that this force was to be surprised next day by six hundred of the enemy. As no help could be sent the little garrison, it would be cut to pieces. It was a matter of desperate importance.

5. After a pause, Laura raised her head resolutely. "James," she said, "I am going to tell them." The young man looked at her for a moment without speaking. "You can't go by the road," he answered slowly. "They will see to that." "I know," was the quiet answer.



6. For a few minutes the patriotic couple talked eagerly of ways and means. The country was still but thinly settled, and the only road leading in that direction well watched. The forest, extending for miles on every side, was dense and dangerous. Wild beasts lurked in its gloomy shades, and swamps made some parts almost impassable. At length Laura rose and kissed her husband. "Good-bye," she said bravely, "till we meet again."

7. A few minutes later, hatless, and with a pail on each arm, the young woman was stopped at the meadow gate. "You can't pass here," said the sentry, shortly. Mrs. Secord put on her most engaging smile. "Can't," she returned lightly, "and what will Colonel Boerstler do without milk for his breakfast?" The man laughed, and, lowering his piece, made way for her and watched her upright figure tripping across the pasture. "Don't be long," he called sharply; "I'll be on the look-out for you!"

8. As he spoke there was a quick step on the road, and a rattle of arms caught Laura's ear. At the sound her heart bounded. It was the change of sentries, and seemed a good omen, for now her absence might not be noticed. As she proceeded, sounds of military life rose in the crisp morning air; soon the little town would awaken to its burden of sorrow. About the wide field the cows were cropping the dewy grass, while the sun touched the forest trees on the far side of the fence.

## LAURA SECORD—II

1. MRS. SECORD chose the farthest away animal, and pushed it still nearer the fence. For a few moments there was the quick sound of milk frothing into the pail, then, with a hasty look round, she ceased work, crept

past the cow, and, running a few yards, plunged into the wood. For a few minutes in terror of a musket shot to show that she was missed, the panting figure fled through the trees scarcely caring where she was going.

2. No sound, however, reached her anxious ear. As she pressed on, the brush became more dense and thorny, and the long branches of the brambles pulled at her hair and tore her face and hands. In her haste she stumbled over mossy logs, and, still trembling with excitement, had to retrace her steps again and again to find some easier way.

3. For hours the heroic woman fought her way through the jungle-like growth. Her shoes and stockings were long since worn out, and her dress torn to shreds. Her bare feet sank in the oozy swamp, or, striking against sharp stones, caused her to cry out in pain.

4. The countless trees rose on every side solemn and confusing, the dark interlacing branches almost shutting out the light. From far off now and then came the long howl of a wolf, and, once stooping to drink at a rocky spring, the horrid rattle of a snake caused her to bound back with a shriek and rush on in terror.

5. Weak and dizzy, Laura sometimes threw herself on the ground wishing to die, and again, with a prayer on her lips, sprang up, determined to push on. The day seemed endless, and yet, as the sun waned, she could have wept despairing tears. In darkness, and with no guide, she would be lost indeed.

6. Approaching what seemed to be an opening in the trees, she suddenly sprang backwards in affright. With no sound of warning, her terrified eyes were staring straight at an outpost Indian in full war-paint. With a long moan the wanderer swayed forwards, and fell fainting on the ground.

7. When she came to she found herself in a tent,

surrounded by the kindly faces of white men in uniform. Half sobbing, she told her story, and was amazed to see the instant energy it produced in her hearers. Nothing could have aroused the young heroine so quickly as the way in which her brave act was received.

8. History tells how the next day Boerstier's force of Americans, marching along the road, was suddenly hemmed in by two hundred Indians at Beaver Dams, and, when Fitzgibbon's force also advanced upon them, they surrendered with scarcely a shot.

#### THE WAR CONTINUED—I

1. THROUGH the summer of 1813 the valour and loyalty of Canada were tried to their utmost. The American forces, smarting under their losses, were increased to 56,000 men, and their armed fleets on Lakes Erie and Ontario made stronger than ever.

2. Few in number and in want of everything, the Canadians kept up their spirit, though the work was desperate. No post had enough of men. Toronto was twice seized, and its public buildings burned. Fort Erie and Fort George, across the lake, went through the baptism of blood that has made the Niagara ground for ever sacred to patriotic Canadians.

3. In June the British forces, obliged to fall back from Fort George, had reached Stoney Creek, at the head of Lake Ontario. They were pressed by between three and four thousand Americans, who wearily threw themselves down for the night without posting sentries. Canadians had already proved themselves alert scouts, and the state of the enemy was soon reported at headquarters. Colonel Harvey determined to lose no time.

4. With his force of 1400 men, he stole through the

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darkness, and fell upon the sleeping ranks. The sudden and gallant attack caused a complete rout. The force fled in confusion, leaving everything, including two generals and many prisoners, behind them.

5. Later in the summer, off-shore at the same spot (now Hamilton), a two days' naval battle took place, in which the British fleet under Yeo proved victorious. The scene is described by an officer on the Heights above: "It was a moment of great anxiety with us when the two fleets lay in sight of each other, the one wishing to avoid coming to hard knocks, and the other straining every nerve to be at it. I rode twenty miles to see the hostile squadron. . . ."

6. "At eleven o'clock on the night of the last day that I was there, Sir James Yeo contrived to bring them (the Americans) to a partial engagement, and for an hour and a half the lake opposite appeared to be in a continual blaze."

7. The result was uncertain until daylight, "when," the writer continues, "I observed the Yankee fleet bearing away to Fort George with two schooners less than they had the evening before, and our fleet steering for York (Toronto) with two additional sail. The Americans have besides lost two of their largest schooners, which upset from carrying a press of sail when our fleet was in chase of them."

### THE WAR CONTINUED—II

1. SUCH good luck, however, did not attend a fierce battle that took place in September on Lake Erie. The British ships, under a brave officer named Barclay, were attacked by a strong American fleet. The fight was long and stubborn, but in the end the entire English squadron was taken prisoner.

2. With this defeat fell Detroit, then held by Proctor with a garrison of nine hundred men. With them were Tecumseh, the noted Indian chief, and his followers. In desperate straits the force retreated, followed by five thousand of the enemy. Near where London now stands, the Indians refused to retire farther, as they considered it, in disgrace.

3. General Proctor continued his flight, while the gallant Tuscaroras turned to face the foe. With fierce valour, that the race as British allies has never equalled, Tecumseh and his braves held their position until the leader and nearly all of the band were killed.

4. So far the war had raged in Upper Canada, but in October the Americans prepared to attack Montreal. Hampton, with seven thousand men, marched through the State of New York and down the Chateauguay River. Their movements were watched from cover by de Salaberry's three hundred Voltigeurs.

5. The battleground was well chosen. The French Canadians had learned the use of rocky glens and dense woods in Indian warfare, and strong breastworks of logs added to their security. A reserve force guarded the ford at some distance, and a few Indians were on the alert. The difference in numbers, however, between the rival forces was great.

6. At one time de Salaberry's little company was in dire straits, when some buglers were ordered to sound the advance, which they did with great spirit from different parts of the wood. Indian war-whoops added to the commotion, and the Americans, breaking up in consternation, scattered in all directions. To the credit of the Voltigeurs, the rout that followed was complete.

7. About the same time a brigade under General Wilkinson was passing through the Thousand Islands on its way to meet Hampton at Montreal. Watching them

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closely came Colonel Morrison in the rear, with a British detachment of eight hundred men. At the head of the Long Sault Rapids<sup>1</sup> the American forces divided, two thousand five hundred landing near Crysler's farm, and intending to march forward, while their comrades went by water.

8. This was Morrison's time. Hurrying forward, he attacked the enemy, and in the bloody fight that followed the day was won for Canada. The American troops, in disorder, fled down the river, hearing on the way of the defeat of their forces at Chateauguay, two weeks before. The news quite overthrew their plans, and, while they hastily retreated southwards, Montreal thanked God for her miraculous escape.

### THE END OF THE WAR

1. THE grim winter of 1814 had scarcely begun to merge into spring, when, undeterred by its reverses, war turned its pitiless march northward once more by the ancient route of Lake Champlain and the Richelieu. At the old mill of Lacolle, however, the invading forces met their first British reception, and it was a warm one. Nearly a hundred years have passed, and there has been no need to repeat it.

2. Other repulses followed, and, driven from the outskirts the American troops hastened from all quarters towards the Niagara. One more great effort was to be made to humble Canada.

3. In July five thousand Americans under one Brown crossed the Niagara River, and took Fort Erie. Turning north, they were met by General Riall, who, with too

<sup>1</sup> There are Long Sault Rapids both on the St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers.

great daring, matched his force against more than double the enemy. In the memorable action that followed, one-third of the British were killed or made prisoners. The rest fell back on Fort George.

4. Hearing of this reverse, Sir Gordon Drummond, with all the troops he could muster, hurried west from Kingston. Near the Falls a narrow road called Lundy's Lane crosses the highway, and here, on a ridge, Riall had taken up his position. As night drew on he was hastily joined by Drummond and squads of men running from the harvest field.

5. They were none too soon. Already the slope towards the river was held by the enemy, on the point of a violent onslaught. With the roar of the mighty cataract sounding above their hateful strife, the greatest battle in our history was fought on July 13, 1814.

6. With well-matched determination on each side, the action lasted until about nine o'clock in the evening, when there came a pause. So far the British had refused to give way before the overwhelming attack, but their strength was almost spent. At this moment, however, twelve hundred of Scott's Brigade, who had made a forced march of twenty miles, came up at the double.

7. It was the signal for a fresh onset. Through the dense darkness, without a word of warning, the enemy's gunners dashed up the slope, swinging their batteries almost mouth to mouth with the British guns. For more than three hours the furious death-grapple lasted, until, with a cheer, the heroes of Lundy's Lane saw the foe give way and retreat once more. In the awful struggle a thousand lives had been lost on each side.

8. While this murderous conflict was raging in Canada, great events were making history in Europe. After the untold sufferings he had wrought upon the nations, Bonaparte was caged at last on the Island of Elba.

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9. The vast loss of her men in battle, the grinding taxes to supply money for war, and the never-ending threats of conquest, had made Napoleon an inhuman monster to the people of the British Isles. No wonder that heralds with waving flags galloped through the country, shouting the glad tidings, "Peace on earth again," and the church bells took up the joyful chorus.

10. Among other things, Great Britain was now free to go to the aid of her people overseas. For the second time the United States had chosen the hour of England's distress in which to vent her fury on Canada. Now she had to suffer for it. The flower of his Majesty's army hurried to America, and there left some sorely needed warnings of the danger of meddling with her northern neighbours.

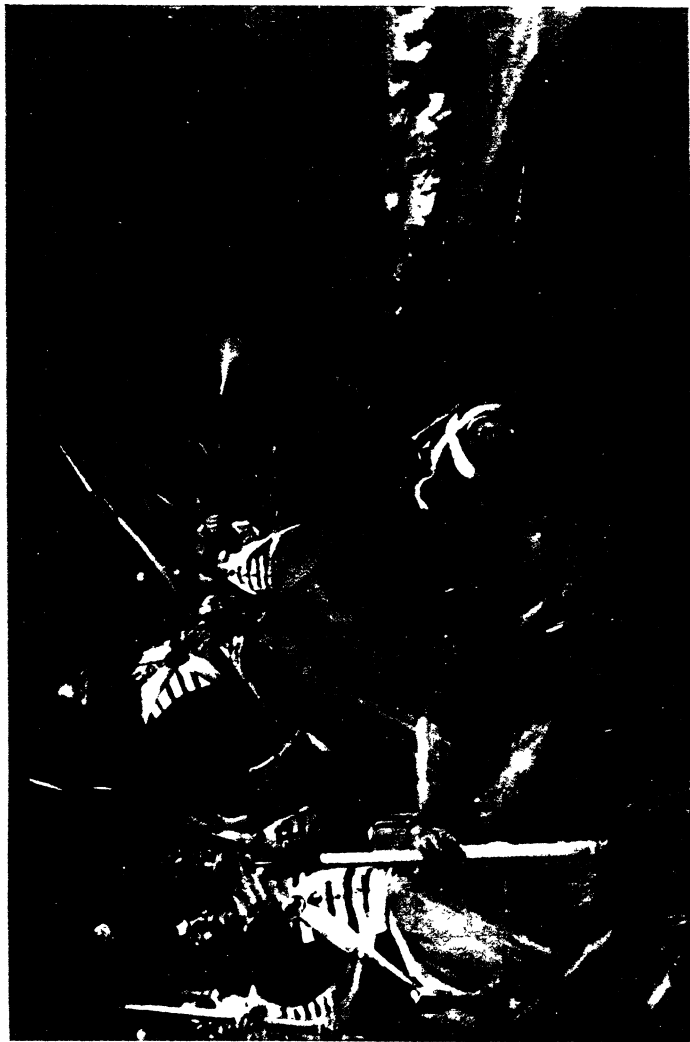
11. England's fleet easily regained the power which her self-made enemy deemed lost to her for ever. Washington, capital of the republic, was taken, ports blockaded, and much damage to vessels done at sea. The republic was thoroughly humbled, however, and the end of the turmoil came peaceably on Christmas Eve, 1814, when quiet once more settled down on sea and shore.

### THE MERCHANTS ADVENTURERS

1. FLYING from the upset realm of his father, the King of Bohemia, Prince Rupert betook himself to the court of his uncle, King Charles the First of England. But he had only transferred his allegiance from one ill-governed state to another. Handsome, clever, unscrupulous, and, above all, daring, he threw himself heart and soul into the cause of his royal relative.

2. Cast upon his own resources, however, by the execution of the King, the young Prince lost no time in deciding





THE BATTLE OF BUNOW, 1914  
BY G. H. B.

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what he should do. With great audacity he seized upon several ships of the Royal Navy, and set out for the West Indies. These waters, already teeming with pirates, were the world's highway for merchantmen. Arrived there, the royal freebooter for years chased and plundered the richly laden Dutch, French, Spanish, and even English ships, on the high seas.

3. This exciting career over, the Prince returned to England with the Stuarts in 1660. The gay follies of Charles's court had now, however, no attractions for him, but all his love of adventure still remained, and the founding of the Hudson Bay Company took hold of his fancy. Through him a number of noblemen and gentlemen obtained a charter, and he became the first Governor of the Merchants Adventurers. It is strange that when most of the princes of our own royal house are forgotten, the dashing Rupert, half-foreign as he was, is still bound up with the history of Canada.

4. Years before the lands round the vast Bay had been taken by the explorer Henry Hudson in the name of England, but it was two picturesque French rogues who led the merchants of London to begin trade in the northern regions. Des Groseilliers and Radisson were *coureurs des bois* in Canada, and knew by heart every way to cajole or force the Indians to trade with them.

5. Here is a picture of Radisson after years of wild life in the woods. "He was dressed more like a savage than a Christian. His black hair, just touched with grey, hung in wild profusion about his bare neck and shoulders. He showed a swart complexion, seamed and pitted by frost and exposure in a rigorous climate. A huge scar, wrought by the tomahawk of an Indian, disfigured his left cheek. His whole costume was surmounted by a wide collar of marten's skin; his feet were adorned by buckskin moccasins. In his leather belt was sheathed a long knife."

6. Finding Canada, for the time, too hot to hold them, this worthy pair betook themselves to London. Here, through Prince Rupert, they managed to rouse so much interest in the frozen North, that in June, 1668, the ketch *Nonsuch* sailed from Wapping Old Stairs, and two months afterwards entered Hudson Straits.

“ And now there came both rain and snow,  
 And it grew wondrous cold ;  
 The ice, mast-high, came floating by,  
 As green as emerald.”<sup>1</sup>

Among such strange scenes the sturdy little boat made her way south through the lonely Bay, and, at the end of September, the handful of Englishmen she carried landed at a stream they called Rupert's River. Cheerfully all hands set to work to build a log fort and other buildings, enclosing all with a strong stockade.

7. The unusual stir soon drew wandering natives to the scene. They were greatly surprised and alarmed at the appearance of the white man, but, won over by presents, promised to go home and bring what furs they had. This was a beginning, and Groseilliers did not let the grass grow under his feet. Knowing several Indian dialects, he pressed on into the country, everywhere making gifts and urging the value of trade with the English.

8. At that time the energetic Talon was Intendant of Canada. With his encouragement an army of traders, explorers, and Jesuit missionaries were pushing on into the far West. As yet, however, it had been found impossible to force a path across the wild mountains and lakes which stretched between Quebec and the Mer du Nord. In 1672 a priest named Albanel and the young Sieur St. Simon for the first time found a way overland to James Bay.

<sup>1</sup> *The Ancient Mariner*, by S. T. Coleridge.

9. This outpost party was soon followed by traders from Canada. At Rupert's River, in the meantime, little love was lost between the English and French servants of the Company, and their misunderstandings led to complete rupture upon the advance of the latter's countrymen. Going back to Quebec, Radisson and Groseilliers soon set up a rival company, and their voyageurs scoured the interior, picking up valuable packs that should have been brought to the Merchants Adventurers.

10. As time went on more English posts were opened round the Bay. The trade proved very paying, and yearly two or more ships carried rich cargoes of skins to the great warehouses in Old London. The intense rivalry between the fur-traders, however, could not but lead to exciting events, and the first serious brush took place in the Straits, between a Hudson Bay ship for York Fort and two vessels of the French Company. The former, with her cargo, was seized, and her unhappy crew were sold as slaves in the West Indies.

11. In Canada this bold stroke roused the spirit of the Chevalier de Troyes. Drawing round him the most daring men he could find, he placed them under the three dashing Le Moynes, d'Iberville, Marincourt, and Sainte Hélène. The party left Montreal in winter, and, ascending the Ottawa, crossed the northern lakes. Speeding down the Abitibi River, they stole upon Moose Fort in the dead of night, and the unfortunate garrison, roused from sleep, was easily overpowered.

12. In light marching order the victorious party pursued its way along the seashore, finding the spiritless traders at Rupert's River and Fort Albany all equally ready to submit. The loss of their forts in time of peace, however, and the vast amount of plunder falling into the raiders' hands, roused the worthy direc-

tors in London to a pitch of fury. Petitions were sent to the Government, with the surprising result that the enemy was allowed to keep all its unlawful gains.

13. This weakness only served to increase French boldness. For years the northern bay and straits became the scene of bloody encounters on land and sea, and the once English possessions were overrun by the enemy. So vast became the losses of the Company, that the nation at last awoke to its duty, and the seized forts were all given back to their owners. Once more safety was restored, and to this day the great Company in peace reaps its wide northern harvests, where other harvest there is none.

### THE COMPANY'S TRAPPERS

1. IN course of time the great Company began to realise the vast extent of its charter rights. North and west by prairie and mountain to the Pacific Ocean, and east through the dreary solitudes of Labrador, stretched Rupert's Land. At long intervals, surrounded by wastes of snow, appeared their stone-walled forts, from whose flagstaves floated the Union Jack with its mysterious initials H.B.C. Far as the tiny footprints of mink or marten led, followed the patient snowshoe trail of the Company's trappers.

2. From the first the relations between white man and savage in the north were honourable and pleasant. Each trusted the other, and though the Merchants Adventurers got their rich wares cheap, European goods made the Indians vastly more comfortable than in bygone days. Though the tribes had savage conflicts with each other, the small groups of white traders and their families were not attacked. Insult and serious wrong were unknown,

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and the outskirts of Canada were never the scenes of ruthless vengeance that later became common in the United States.

3. The story of the fur hunter is one of thrilling interest. The thickest and softest fur is naturally the product of the greatest cold, and active work in taking it is carried on during the intense winter weather. The hunting grounds are often solitary and savage reaches, where food is of the scarcest. If he would be successful, the trapper must possess great endurance and patience. He must know the tastes and habits of the wild creatures he hunts, and be prepared for cunning surpassing that of human brains. In the constant life and death struggle he wages, his bodily strength, if not a match for ferocious attack from great and small, has to yield to superior force or wisdom.

4. Now it is a hand-to-hand conflict with a bear deprived of her cubs, now the terrific claws of a trapped and infuriated lynx capable, with one stroke, of ripping open a man. Once in a while the Indian or half-breed, patiently following his quarry, comes across all that remains of a fearful encounter between man and beast. On the snow lie the bleached bones of a human skeleton, and near by, perhaps, are a rifle with shattered stock, a cartridge belt with few remaining bullets, and the dead bodies of three or four grey wolves.

5. The methods of the trapper are to-day much the same as they have always been. The profession descends from father to son for generations. The primitive dead-falls are still widely found in the interior, though steel traps are becoming more common. At the proper season whole families leave their summer homes, and travel together to the hunting grounds. The outfit is expensive and bulky, but by long experience firearms, ammunition, food, and clothing are packed so as to give the least



Two American men, South West  
of the mountains.

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trouble in portaging. The furled tepees and heavy traps fall to the care of the strongest.

6. Arrived at their field of operations, sometimes a couple of hundred miles off, the tents are pitched. For this seventeen stout poles are used, tied together in pairs about three feet from the top. The lower ends are spread out into a circle twenty feet or more in diameter, and dressed moose or deer skins, neatly sewn together and cut to fit, form a snug, rainproof covering. A fireplace formed of stones occupies the middle of the floor, and just above is an opening to let out the smoke and admit the light. A loose flap of hide serves for door, and cedar or spruce boughs make sweet-smelling beds and a warm carpet for the feet.

7. Among themselves the limits of each family are well known, and the penalties of poaching understood. Certain districts, sometimes extending over hundreds of square miles, are considered the absolute property of the squatter, with the creatures there rearing their young. Roving big game, however, such as deer or bears, may be killed wherever they are met, and are always joyfully added to the none too plentiful family provisions.

8. Suitable traps and snares are set at intervals along a blazed path, perhaps ten or twelve miles in length, and baited with fish, flesh, or, in the case of the vegetarian musk-rat, with carrots, apples, or pieces of squash. Every device, such as powdering new-fallen snow from a gloved hand, or drawing fir branches or fresh deer hide across his track, must be looked to by the trapper, or nothing would be caught. Every morning the long line is inspected, the kills removed, and, where traps are sprung, new bait set.

9. Running down and taking the skins from their original owners, however, is but a part of what has to be done by the expert sons of the hunting-knife. Great



care is needful in preparing and stretching the precious pelts over hoops and frames, and the temperature must be right, in order to lose nothing of the silky softness of the fur.

10. In earlier times bringing in the season's catch was attended with ceremonies that delighted the heart of the Indian. Members of tribes, attended by wives and children, assembled at a given place, and, after feasting and speech-making, proceeded on their way together. Six hundred canoes decorated with flags made a brave show, and created no end of commotion on their way. Nearing the end of their journey, the travellers, perhaps a thousand in number, put the women ashore to settle camp. This done, the various parties paddled on until within two hundred yards of the palisade, where they fired off their fowling-pieces, and were saluted in return by the Governor's cannon.

11. A trader now appeared to meet them, and with ceremony led the chiefs into the fort. Greeting on both sides followed, and amidst clouds of tobacco smoke a dignified silence settled down over the group. At the proper moment the Governor rose, and informed his visitors that he had plenty of good merchandise at hand, and that he loved the Indians, who might be sure of his kindness to them. Trading now proceeded briskly, and presently the delighted chiefs retired wearing the Company's gifts. A red or blue cloth coat with white military cuffs, waistcoat and knickerbockers of baize, a checked shirt and woollen stockings, one red and the other blue, tied below the knee with coloured garters. A coarse felt hat with feathers, and a silk handkerchief tied round the neck, completed the costume.

12. With every mark of good-humour on both sides, the conference ended. The visitors were escorted from the fort in state. A procession headed by the flag and a

drummer beating a march, was followed by highly prized gifts of fruit and bread from the Company's stores, while in the place of honour the chief paced with dignified mien, conversing affably with a factor on each side.

13. So, from mountain and moor, lake and muskeg, the dusky hand of the savage collected the spoils of the north. Mink, marten, ermine, and silver fox filled the great warehouses in London, and these, in turn, went to supply the markets of Europe with fabrics suited to the coronation robes of a queen.

### THE SELKIRK SETTLERS

1. THERE were stirring times in other lands than our own about the end of the eighteenth century. Even in the far north of Scotland old ways were giving place to newer if not happier methods. The people, it is true, loved their native mountains and glens as fondly as ever, and would as willingly as of old have shed the last drop of their blood for their country.

2. At that time the Highland valleys were thickly peopled. From the small farms, however, it was hard to make a living, much less to pay a reasonable rent—at least so the landlords thought. In certain districts it became known that the ancient holdings were to be thrown into great sheep farms, where a few could do the work of many, and the tenantry were warned to seek work elsewhere.

3. In the north, however, they refused to leave their homes, and to the lasting shame of the great Duchess of Sutherland, men were sent about with blazing torches to set fire to the thatch of the cottages and drive out the inmates. In great misery the unfortunate people stood looking at the destruction of their poor goods, and then

turned away with their little ones, more homeless than the birds of the air.

4. Far from these painful scenes, in the south of Scotland lived the Earl of Selkirk, a young nobleman whose heart bled for the evicted folk. Just then the revolted colonies in America were busily setting up their republic, and at the same time savagely driving those that remained true to Britain from the country. Through the northern forests and across lakes and rivers in peril of their lives, the outlaws were escaping to Canada.

5. These events naturally brought the north country into notice, and, seizing his opportunity, Lord Selkirk came forward with a well-considered scheme. Pointing out that where the United Empire Loyalists were going others might follow, he offered to take Highland outcasts to the British Dominions overseas. The plan was well received, and, in the course of some years, hundreds of families were carried to Prince Edward Island, Cape Breton, and the eastern part of Ontario. Here, to the ringing stroke of the lumberer's axe, they soon settled down on their own acres, a state never dreamed of in the old land.

6. The success of his first efforts brought to the kind-hearted nobleman visions of a great future for the golden West. Practical means were employed, and he secured an immense stretch of land from the Hudson Bay Company on the Red River. It was almost as big as Great Britain and Ireland put together.

7. How to reach this isolated part of the earth was the next question—a puzzle that for a time baffled the wisest heads. The map, however, solved it. Embarking, their vessel steered her course by the shortest route across the North Atlantic, and landed her handful of Highland and Irish settlers on the bleak shores of Hudson Bay in the autumn of 1811.

8. Here the little colony spent a terrible winter. In

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the spring they set out on their weary overland march to their new home, which they reached just as the cruel war of 1812 had begun to rage along the border of the United States and Canada. Poor people, they had little known that the world was so big or so full of trouble, and their hearts were sore for the old land. To one of Lord Selkirk's settlers we owe the exquisite lines:—

### CANADIAN BOAT-SONG<sup>1</sup>

9. Listen to me, as when ye heard our father  
Sing long ago the songs of other shores :  
Listen to me, and then in chorus gather  
All your deep voices, as you pull your oars :  
Fair these broad meads,—these hoary woods are  
grand ;  
But we are exiles from our Fathers' Land.
10. From the lone shieling of the misty island  
Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas ;  
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,  
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides :  
Fair these broad meads,—these hoary woods are  
grand ;  
But we are exiles from our Fathers' Land.
11. We ne'er shall tread the fancy-haunted valley,  
Where 'tween the dark hills creeps the small clear  
stream,  
In arms around the patriarch banner rally,  
Nor see the moon on royal tombstones gleam :  
Fair these broad meads,—these hoary woods are  
grand ;  
But we are exiles from our Fathers' Land.

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<sup>1</sup> Gaelic poem—author unknown.

12. When the bold kindred, in the time long vanished,  
Conquered the soil and fortified the keep,  
No seer foretold the children would be banished,  
That a degenerate lord might boast his sheep :  
Fair these broad meads,—these hoary woods are  
grand ;  
But we are exiles from our Fathers' Land.
13. Come, foreign rage, let discord burst in slaughter !<sup>1</sup>  
O then for clansmen true, and stern claymore !  
The hearts that would have given their blood like water  
Beat heavily, beyond the Atlantic roar :  
Fair these broad meads,—these hoary woods are  
grand ;  
But we are exiles from our Fathers' Land.

14. After what they had already come through, well might the wanderers hope to begin their little colony in peace. But it was not to be. Years were to pass and they were to know every suffering and hardship, before their dream should be realised.

## THE PRAIRIE PROVINCE

1. YEARS before this the great North-West Fur-Trading Company had been formed, principally of Scotchmen, in Montreal. The members did not at first intend to invade the great northern territory of the Hudson Bay Company, but rather chose the vast interior, as yet tenantless, for their hunting ground. In doing this they soon found that the fine exploring spirit of early times had not died out. French-Canadian and Indian alike were as eager as ever to push their way on any quest across the trackless wilds of the continent.

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the much-dreaded invasion of Great Britain by Napoleon Bonaparte.

2. The old-time voyageur, with his reckless courage and energy, has passed away for ever, but he will live in song and story. With gentle humour our beloved poet, W. H. Drummond, depicts him among the tribes of the West, welcomed alike by ancient warrior and merry papoose. Light-hearted and good-humoured, no matter how heavy his pack or how difficult his path, the grey wolf had little to fear from him, and the wild deer followed along the shore to hear his paddle song. Ever pushing his lonely way, the poet in fancy beholds at last the red sash of the voyageur floating from the Pole!

3. For years peace reigned between the two companies, and many a time in the distant wilds servants of both shared their scanty meal round one camp fire, and parted better comrades than ever. A time came, however, when a more unruly spirit arose among the Nor'-Westers, causing them to poach widely on the neighbour's preserves, sometimes under the very guns of the forts.

4. All over the country the Scotch and French half-breed trappers, named Bois-Brulés, had become the most reckless adherents of the new company. Hot words led to attack, and, with no law but their own will, the half-savage allies soon took to raiding the outposts of their rivals.

5. Cuthbert Grant, an educated Scotch half-breed, was widely known about this time over the North-West. He was a devoted agent of the Montreal Company, and in his way a veritable hero of romance. He had little pity for those serving other masters, and no sense at all of their rights. Unfortunately for them, it was into the power of Grant and his faithful Bois-Brulés that the much-tried Selkirk settlers were at that moment patiently plodding across country from Hudson Bay!

6. They had scarcely arrived at the Red River, before

they were beset by a band of men disguised and painted like savages, who forced them to halt. With assumed authority, the poor wayfarers were told that they were unwelcome, and ordered to proceed farther south, and never to venture to return on pain of dire vengeance. Driven nearly frantic by this reception, and the fate of starvation awaiting them if they refused, there was nothing for the unhappy settlers but to take up the line of march again.

7. Across the border at Pembina they spent the winter getting their first insight into frontier life, and, though at first scarcely able to handle a musket, learning the ways of buffalo hunters and semi-savage methods of living. Their experience restored the courage in which the Highland and Irish colonists were not wanting, and in spite of the threats they had heard, the next spring they gallantly took the northward trail, determined, if necessary, to fight for the land allotted to them.

8. In this way they struggled on for two or three years, spending their winters at Fort Daer, and turning north each spring. New arrivals from the old land had added to their strength, and they were all encouraged once in a while by the presence of their good friend, Lord Selkirk. Already they were different people from those who had crossed the sea a few years ago. In addition to agriculture, they were becoming expert with their guns, good riders and trappers, and many a hot brush with the Bois-Brulés took place in defence of their prairie possessions.

9. The sturdy and unexpected resistance of the settlers served to arouse the Nor'-Westers to even greater action, especially when they saw a stronghold mounted with guns rising at the Red River. Several savage raids upon the prairie posts took place, in which provisions, furs, and cannon were carried off, and Hudson Bay

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buildings were reduced to ashes. Reprisals naturally followed, and the approaching crisis took place in 1816, on the 18th of June, one year to a day after the battle of Waterloo. In this savage onslaught, Governor Semple, five officers, and sixteen settlers met death, while the rest escaped to the woods.

10. In the meantime the doughty Earl was preparing for some such outbreak. The country was fast approaching the state of England in the Middle Ages, when the barons attacked each other in their castles and strongholds, and he wisely saw that high-handed tactics alone could put a stop to it. Fortunately, the means were at hand. Parts of several regiments recently engaged in the Revolutionary War were then in Canada, and from these about eighty men were equipped, and the expedition left for Fort William.

11. This post on Lake Superior had long been the western headquarters of the North-West Company. Palisaded and fortified, the spacious buildings and vast courtyards were the meeting-place of voyageurs and half-breeds, red men and white, with the *enfants perdu* of every part of Europe. Little knowing what was in store for them, this motley company had flocked to the fort, to take part in the yearly high carnival, and celebrate the downfall of the prairie settlement.

12. Upon this scene of revelry Lord Selkirk suddenly appeared, armed with warrants for the arrest of the law-breakers. It was at once seen that their assailant was too strong for them, and the guilty partners gave in with what grace they could. It was not in their nature, however, to submit without long and trying legal proceedings, in the course of which the kind-hearted nobleman died, worn out with work and anxiety. A few years later, fortunately, the union of the two great fur-trading companies took place, and the peace





THE BULLFIGHT

of the interior, so rudely broken, was happily once more restored.

13. In hardship and danger a score of seasons came and went. Far from the other provinces the gallant settlers fought their way, tilling their lonely farms and pasturing their cattle on the lush grasses of the prairie. In time the tale of rich harvests and richer lands became known, however, and an ever-increasing stream of homeseekers took up the western trail. With the inrush of immigrants began the wide wheatfields and vast cattle ranges that are making Canada famous, and so it has come about that the dreams of three hundred years are realised.

### STIRRING TIMES IN CANADA

1. SCARCELY had the echoes of war died away, when another dark cloud began to spread rapidly over the Provinces. The Government was already caring too much for its own power, and too little for the wishes of the people. In all parts of the country it was the same story.

2. Upper Canada's ruling class had smoothed its own path by giving away large tracts of land and many unwarranted rights. Friends thus rewarded held with them in the Family Compact, and all behaved like tyrants, as indeed they were. The favoured few scornfully told the citizens that they had no right to know what laws were made, or how the public money was spent.

3. The gage of battle was thrown down by Robert Gourlay, a Scotchman, who spoke of asking the British Government to interfere and set things right. The Family Compact was furious, and threw him into prison. Later, by an unlawful act, they put him out of the country.

4. Some years afterwards, William Lyon Mackenzie left Dundee to make his home in Toronto. By this time the people knew more of the rights they should have, and combined to make the patriotic newcomer their leader. So eager was Mackenzie to rouse the country, that he brought out a newspaper in which everyone's wrongs might see the light of day. At every fresh injustice the clever editor held up the ruling class to the angry scoffing of the country.

5. For the same reasons the smouldering indignation in Quebec Province was on the point of breaking out. There part of the English people had seized the power, and the French, to their credit, were the reformers. Those who would have joined the French Canadians' demand for greater liberty, however, were led to believe that their fellow-citizens were disloyal to the King—a very different thing from merely trying to get their civil rights.

6 The false charges made by the Compact did a vast amount of harm. The friendly feeling that had grown up between French and English since the conquest was swept away. In their wrath they forgot everything, even how shrewdly they had already proved their loyalty to King and country on the field of battle.

7. While the rest of the country looked on in silence, Upper Canada and Quebec burst into open revolt. Papineau and Dr. Nelson in the one province, and Mackenzie with his followers in the other, took up arms demanding justice from the Mother Country. In answer, soldiers were hurried from New Brunswick and special volunteers armed.

8. The Bible says "oppression makes wise men mad," and in this case it certainly was so. For years the just appeals of sensible men to Great Britain had been set aside, and all kinds of misrule allowed to go on. In the

provinces speeches grew more and more violent, and the whole country was in the white heat of wordy strife.

9. Fighting began in the streets of Montreal in November 1837, and soon spread to the country. The *habitants*, often armed with nothing but sticks and pitchforks, defended themselves with great courage. At St. Eustache, north of Montreal, they seized the parish church, and held it against two thousand regular troops, until the building was burned.

10. Taking to flight, most of the patriots managed to make their escape, though some were captured. Fourteen citizens, however, were tried and put to death together in Montreal. The revolt in the Upper Province was equally determined, but not so well managed. Here, too, some men, passionately loyal to the Empire, died for seeking justice and honest government for the people.

11. In the first year of her glorious reign, Queen Victoria was brought face to face with the trials of the Canadians. The Queen never believed in the disloyalty of her people, and it is likely that the injustice she then helped to relieve made our country dearer to her through life than it might otherwise have been.

### MACKENZIE, THE PATRIOT

1. EVEN if rebels are in the right, it is a very serious thing to rise against the Government. The leader carries his life in his hand, and there is always loss of property and suffering. Years afterwards Mackenzie used to tell how he made his escape from Toronto on the ill-starred 5th of December, 1837.

2. It was a cold dark night, and the insurgents, gathering from all quarters, perhaps felt too sure of success. Their want of training, however, was fatal. The first

volley of musket-balls from a barricade threw them into hopeless confusion. The leaders frantically tried to rally their forces, but in vain. All scattered and fled in every direction.

3. Not venturing to be seen, Mackenzie lay hidden all next day, but the news brought by friends served to confirm his worst fears. The Government, with pent-up feelings of rage, were sending notices for his capture far and wide. Five thousand dollars were offered for him, dead or alive.

4. Scarcely knowing how he had obtained his mount, the evening of the next day found the patriot galloping for life towards the border. The way was long, but such was the violent state of feeling, that the tidings would spread fast. Not sure of whom he could trust, his night of hard riding was followed by a day's going through rough country, as far as possible from the highway.

5. On the second night, the tired horse came to a standstill at the door of a lonely farmhouse, still well within the border of Canada. The rider knocked at the door, which was opened by the owner. As it turned out, he was one of those who were utterly opposed to the reformers' views. The man eyed his visitor with suspicion.

6. "Who are you?" he inquired. "I am Lyon Mackenzie," was the reply. "I am flying from Canada. Will you shelter me for the night?" "I don't believe you," returned the farmer, bluntly. "Mr. Mackenzie is a gentleman. You have stolen that horse."

7. "I had to admit," said the narrator, "that I did not know to whom the animal belonged, but, taking a fine gold watch which had been presented to me from my pocket, I showed him the inscription. This only confirmed his suspicions.

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8. "'You are a criminal flying from justice,' answered the man, hotly. 'You have stolen the watch too.' What was I to do? In despair I loosened my shirt-collar, and pointed to my name in marking ink. Fortunately for me, I was believed at last, and I and my weary steed taken in for the night. In the early morning my host aroused me.

9. "'Mr. Mackenzie,' he said, not unkindly, 'you know my risk is great in shielding you. But that is not all. The reward on your head is five thousand dollars, and the debt on my farm is exactly for that sum. I cannot say that I am not sorely tempted to give you up.'"

10. Of course his host did not do so, and the fugitive galloped off. But his troubles were not over yet. Later in the day he happened to come across some soldiers, and, sure that he would be chased, urged on his panting horse. Reaching a barn near by he leaped to the ground, and, giving the animal a parting stroke, concealed himself under some hay.

11. Barely settled in his hiding-place, his pursuers were upon him, and the bundles of hay all round were well-drilled with bayonet-thrusts. Fortunately, none of them touched him. It was an exciting escape for the patriot, and he did not dare to move for hours, though nearly choked by the heat and dust. For all he knew, someone might have been watching the place to seize him!

12. When Mr. Mackenzie reached the United States, he was glad to be safe, but still more glad some time afterwards when he was pardoned and allowed to return to Canada. Settled once more among his old friends, it made the old patriot very happy to see how much good he had done to the country.

THE SECRET OF CANADA'S POLAR SEAS .

1. TOWARDS the end of the eighteenth century the wonderful successes of Great Britain on the ocean were being talked of at home and abroad with immense interest. But lately the discoveries of Captain Cook, England's greatest navigator, had been cut short by his terrible death at the hands of the Sandwich Islanders.

2. Following came the splendid victories of Nelson, Lord Dundonald, and many others, and the spirit of the people, worn with war and hardship, rose to the pitch of rejoicing. Every schoolboy knew by heart the victories, and exulted in the names of the heroes who were winning the freedom of their country from the great Napoleon.

3. It was a sunny, midsummer day more than a hundred years ago on the coast of Lincolnshire, England. The fields were bright with scarlet poppies and blue cornflowers, and the fresh breeze played with the broad fields of ripening grain. Over the wide dikes and ditches of the pleasant land, a fine, manly boy of ten or twelve came rushing to the sandy seashore.

4. There all was sound and motion as the foaming surf of the North Sea chased itself up the beach. It was the first time John Franklin—for that was the boy's name—had seen the ocean, and he greeted it with cap off and a ringing "Hurrah!" From that hour he was at heart a sailor.

5. Like Cook and Nelson he began his chosen career on a merchantman. The dangers and hardships of the life, however, did not change his mind. At fourteen, the same age as that of Columbus, his parents allowed him to join the Royal Navy. In less than a year his ship, the *Polyphemus*, was winning laurels for herself in the terrible battle of Copenhagen. Here it was that Nelson

broke the power of United Northern Europe, and lost an arm in the service of his country.

6. Peace being restored for a short time, Franklin seized the opportunity, and went on an exploring trip with his relative, Captain Flinders. This noted navigator was on his way to the South Pacific, where for two years he carefully examined the shores of the great island-continent, which he named Australia. There, forestalling Napoleon Bonaparte, who tried to prove a former right, in every quarter, Captain Flinders secured for Great Britain this part of the Empire.

7. Exciting years at sea followed. Once more Franklin was back in the Navy, and from the deck of the *Bellerophon* on the 21st October, 1805, supported the beloved Admiral in his last fight at Trafalgar.

8. The time was approaching, however, when the fall of Napoleon I made an end of the war. Then revived an old cry in England. From time to time attempts had been made by navigators to force a way from either side into the Polar Seas. Queen Elizabeth's gallant Frobisher, following an already long record of Norsemen and Scandinavians, was the first Englishman to make the venture. Following him came Baffin, in the time of Cromwell, Behring the Dane, Davis, and the beloved Captain Parry. The idea began to gain ground that, could a passage be found from ocean to ocean, the sailor would be a vastly more happy and useful man than before.

9. On the 25th April, 1818, the first Arctic expedition of the century sailed down the Thames. It consisted of two Admiralty brigs, the *Dorothea* and the *Trent*, commanded respectively by Captain Buchan and Lieutenant Franklin. Their orders were to pass north between Greenland and Spitzbergen, and meet Captain Ross, going by Baffin's Bay, in the Pacific! It was all so easy on paper.

10. With stout hearts, plenty of hope, and a vast amount



of ignorance, the journey began. Who could imagine that mere ice and cold could frustrate the designs of the victorious British seamen! Within six months two battered hulks crept home with a wondrous tale of their fight with the terrific forces of nature. Happily all on board were safe.

11. Four weeks from Greenwich they had entered the Polar seas, dark with fog and covered with huge blocks of drifting ice. Fierce wind and snowstorms came on, and tons of snow, ceaselessly lashed with frozen spray, fell upon deck and yard. With every spar and rope thick with ice, the ships could scarcely be distinguished from floating icebergs.

12. The light-hearted crews tried to laugh it off, while labouring with axe and shovel to lighten ship, but it was a revelation to them. From Spitzbergen they three times threw themselves out to battle to the death with the ice. Three times were they driven back, the last time humbly thanking God for their lives.

13. Caught in a furious storm, the sister ships faced the floe, with a terrible sea beating upon it. Driven onward, the gallant little *Dorothea* resorted to the desperate step of "taking the pack," and pitched forward into a frightful scene of surf and broken ice. As she disappeared many a prayer rose from heart and lip of the onlookers on the other deck. Well they knew that nothing but a miracle could save either of them from destruction.

14. The time of the *Trent* comes! No longer able to avoid it, she sees before her an awful line of breakers and broken iceblocks, rearing and crashing over each other, with a roar that mingles with the howling of the wind.

"Hold on for your lives, and stand to the helm, lads!" is met with a cheerful "Ay, ay, sir!" and the stout little vessel, tossed from block to block, at last joins her comrade in calmer waters. The storm lulls, and, with ripped timbers and broken beams, the brigs return to Spitzbergen, and thence, in hourly fear of sinking, home.

## EXPLORERS

1. A YEAR had scarcely passed when Lieutenant Franklin was once more in the Arctic regions, this time to explore, in boat and on foot, the northernmost coasts of America. With a party of scientists and others, his researches began with a long and difficult journey through the Hudson Bay Territory. Month followed month, and turned to years, and tidings came back only at long and anxious intervals.

2. In 1822 all but the murdered midshipman, Robert Hood, returned. The wanderers' tale was listened to with blanched faces and eyes of pity. It was one long record of terrible but fascinating danger. So great had been the strain that several native Esquimaux attached to the party had given way to despair, and died of want and cold. With one exception, however, the Englishmen, borne up by faith in God and their own brave spirit, reached home in safety. They had explored the mouths of the Mackenzie, the Great Fish, and the Coppermine rivers, and mapped out vast regions of America thus far unknown.

3. Knighthood awaited some, and promotion all of the party, and every honour was heaped upon them. From that time for two generations, a hundred eager heroes set forth to trace the passage which was so unwilling to reveal itself. The Frigid Zone bristles with names that cause England, no less than Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, to lift high their heads with national pride.

4. Years passed, and Franklin, now Sir John, returned from Tasmania, where he had been Governor. One more Government effort, on a large scale, was preparing for the North. Her Majesty's ships *Erebus* and *Terror*, safely returned from the Antarctic, were in commission,

and the rolls of both ships included some of the most well-known names on the Navy list. Franklin was offered charge of the expedition, and accepted it with delight. Provisioned for three years, and stored with instruments for taking observations, they left Greenhithe for Behring Straits in May, 1845, with an "Hurrah" on every lip.

5. For a month eager eyes traced their course northward, until they met and dived into the wild icepack heading south. Skilful hands, however, carried them through to larger water, where the scene became one of desolate grandeur. Immense icebergs towered on every side, whose peaks and spires resembled cathedrals sparkling in the opal tints of the blazing sun overhead. The ice, yards thick, was seamed with channels of water blue as the skies above. The splitting and grinding of the floes, and the fall, night and day, of huge blocks from the bergs, seemed like the discharge of some unearthly artillery.

6. Whichever way the wind blew, the ice broke up, and packed again, while the ships, taking advantage of every opening, pressed westward. They have long since passed the last of the Dundee whalers, busy with the huge mammals of the deep. On they go. Are not letters to meet them at Petropaulovski and the Sandwich Islands!

7. Winter, long delayed in temperate regions, settles down at home, and is followed by spring and lovely summer. Winter returns. The whalers are all in again from their perilous cruise, and not a line, not a memento, do they bring from the absent vessels. Time creeps on, and hope goes and comes. The papers are full of tales of explorers, Sir John among them, who have been lost for months and years, and have at last come back none the worse of their experiences.

8. In 1848, the first relief expedition left England. One was sent by the Government under the veteran Sir John Ross, the other by Lady Franklin. These were followed at intervals by others. In 1850, four Admiralty ships set out to do or die in the attempt. Of these the *Intrepid* and *Pioneer* were screw-steamers, for the first time steam being employed in the Arctic Zone. There the vessels met with the *Lady Franklin* and the *Sophia*, and the *Enterprise* and *Investigation* of Sir John Ross, as well as two American brigs officered by the United States Navy. No less than ten ships anchored in one bay, all engaged in the same disheartening search.

9. Here for the first time they came upon traces of the ill-fated *Erebus* and *Terror*. At Beachy Island appeared plain proof that here the expedition had spent some time. Half-ruined huts covered an armourer's anvil and a carpenter's bench, surrounded with heaps of shavings. In a sheltered nook tiny poppies still bloomed on the graves of three seamen, and neatly arranged pebbles showed that kind hands had taken care of them. Above, on the cliff, stood a tall cairn of stones, which, however, on examination gave no line in writing or clue to be followed. Parties from all the ships scoured the land for miles in every direction, but without result.

10. That year and the next some of the ships made their way far to the west, and wintered in the ice. Discipline was splendidly kept up, and among men and officers alike hard work was mingled with play. The light-hearted tars entered into the various sports and games with more than the delight of schoolboys. "Not fair, not fair—run again," and "Well done, Jack," with many a hearty cheer, echoed strangely from the icepeaks above them. Then the sun, bright but without heat, sank below the horizon, and for three months left them to the wonders of the Arctic night.

11. With the vessels still firmly beset, spring found the crews far afield in sledges drawn by men. Villages of Esquimaux were invaded, and quantities of presents given, in order to learn, if possible, whether they could unravel the mystery. These efforts, however, proved useless, and the ships, one and all, sadly spread their sails to the breeze, and hastened back to England, baffled.

12. It was in 1854 that Dr. Rae returned, and public sympathy became wide and heartfelt over his tale. Far to the south, on the extreme edge of what was to be Canada, he had found in the snow-huts of the Esquimaux a few personal belongings of the lost expedition. There also he had learned of a large party of Englishmen years before, who fell and died as they struggled on foot towards the mouth of the Great Fish River.

13. Once more the cry was taken up, and the Government pressed from every side to continue the search. Without success, however, for her Majesty's ministers felt that they had already done their utmost, and were unable and unwilling to further adventure the lives of their heroic sailors in the quest.

14. When all hope from this quarter had failed, Lady Franklin, the noblest of women, came forward again. With the help of devoted private friends, she decided to make one more effort. Not that she believed any of the unfortunate party were still alive, but that for the mourners their sad fate should be settled once for all. The yacht *Fox* was purchased and refitted. She was filled to the hatches with provisions and other necessaries, and, under the gallant Captain McClintock, R.N., sailed from Aberdeen, July 1, 1857.

## THE SEARCH—AND ITS RESULT

1. The *Fox* was an ocean-going pleasure yacht of 177 tons. Her engine was of 20 horse-power, but she was also fitted with sails. Officers and men all told numbered twenty-five, and some of the former, as well as the captain, had offered their services free. Surely the Golden Age of Great Elizabeth had returned to earth once more!

2. As they sailed, Britain's heart was touched to the core. But lately the people had been sending their best in thousands to perish in the Crimea, and already loomed another fierce struggle on the sandy plains of India. Now they realised that an heroic handful of their own had led the way to the same bourne from the desolate lands of the North.

3. A cry of pain still echoes from the closing lines of Mrs. Mulock-Craik's<sup>1</sup> "Arctic Expedition—from the Women's Side."

"Sail on, sail on, through the frozen seas,  
Not endless labour and little ease,  
Come back triumphant, if Heaven so please,  
Or with unwon goal, inglorious;  
Only come back! No. Should God say  
That He has crowned thee another way,  
Love! see beyond our night, His day!—  
And we are yet victorious."

4. The date was late in the season, but all felt that too much time had already been lost. Every day the traces must become fainter and the mystery deeper than before. Arrived in the Polar seas, the little *Fox* found summer far advanced, but cheerfully plunged on to the west. Everything, however, seemed determined to thwart her

<sup>1</sup> Author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*.



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progress. At a time when the north wind usually clears the channels of broken ice, south-east breezes prevailed, blocking up every opening. In vain the gallant-hearted crew worked like beavers, blowing up and chopping out passages, through which they tugged the ship like a canal boat.

5. Everything about them was of the most intense interest. The wild fowl from southern regions, which nest and bring up their young in the far north, swarmed about in myriads. Nest-building, chattering and flying about, were wild duck, geese, loons, and willow-grouse. The great white gull, called "Burgomaster" from his habit of swooping down and carrying off the food of the other birdfolk, earned many a missile from the wrathful Jackies. Seals, hares, bears, and foxes were numerous, while the affectionate gambols of mother and child among the white whales caused endless diversion.

6. Winter set in, and the vessel, thickly banked with snow and anchored to an iceberg, comforted herself with the thought that at least she was so far advanced on her quest. But she had reckoned without her host. At that time the movement of the solid ice was not understood. During the winter it was believed to be immovable. Spring, however, had a different tale to unfold. Then, to the dismay of all, it was found that while fancying themselves motionless, they had never ceased drifting with the ice, and now found themselves in the Greenland seas, nearly fourteen hundred miles away to the south-east!

7. It was a bitter disappointment, but during the short summer time was made up with a will. Winter, however, caught them once more, this time not far from Boothia Felix and North Somerset. Away to the south, they knew, stretched King William's Land. Small parties of friendly natives had been met at intervals and ques-



## THE SEARCH—AND ITS RESULT 177

tioned, and with great difficulty important facts discovered. According to our ideas, Esquimaux knowledge of time and distance is but vague. Years before, they told how two white men's ships had been caught in the ice, and after a long time deserted. One of the vessels had been crushed and sunk, the other driven far inland by the moving ice.

8. From this one the joyful natives had carried vast quantities of wood and other things. To confirm their words, they showed silver spoons and forks engraved with well-known initials, uniform buttons, and knives made of cutlasses, plainly belonging to the ships. All these things were gladly secured by the searchers. These Esquimaux, it seemed, had never seen living white men before, but they vaguely traced from hearsay the route of the lost crews on their southward march.

9. In March, 1859, the *Fox* being still fast, two sledges left the ship to follow the clues. Lieutenant Hobson was to trace the western and southern shores of King William's Land, while Captain McClintock's route lay along the eastern side of the same great island. In time the latter reached Montreal, a little place strangely resembling our own island home in shape, and lying near the mouth of the Great Fish River.

10. To this place, where, according to the Esquimaux, human remains had been found, all eyes had turned. Every foot of its surface was eagerly searched, but nothing found except a few pieces of iron hoop. Owing to the heavy sea beating upon this lee-shore in summer, it seems likely that much had been carried away. No trace of a cairn which, in such places, are built over written records, appeared. Disheartened, the voyagers turned away, along the south-western side of King William's Land, to meet and return with the other party.

11. This shore was farther west than any of the other

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search expeditions had penetrated. It had not even been visited for many years by native seal-hunters. The first proof of this was a melancholy one. Lying on his face, as he had fallen, they came upon the bleached remains of a man, clad in a braided blue jacket. Several little articles lay near by, but nothing to show who he might have been. A number of miles further on was found a boat placed upon a large sledge.

12. The scene filled the searchers with awe, for within the boat lay portions of two human skeletons. Quantities of clothing, a much-used Bible, a little food, and five watches were among the contents, while the shore was littered with things that might have been blown out by the wind. These, with the graves on Beechy Island, were all the mortal remains that were ever found. What became of the other ninety-nine men will never be known until that great day when "the sea gives up her dead."

13. With hearts grieved by these grim relics, the party hastened on, finding at intervals many things which had been discarded on that terrible march. To Lieutenant Hobson, however, fell the sad and only record that lifted the veil. On the northern point of the island he found a cairn, which contained the paper he sought. In the writing of Graham Gore, commander, and that of Captains Crozier and FitzJames, the position of the near by ships was shown. Sir John Franklin had died in his ship in June, 1847, almost within sight of the channel whose opening would bear him on to Behring Strait. The last writing, dated ten months later, told how the crews were starting on the morrow for the Great Fish River.

14. Never was there a shorter or more pathetic chronicle of suffering and despair. They were on the point of starvation, and half-maddened by disease and

loneliness. When hope was dead, and not till then, the crews hoisted the colours on the maintops, and, following their captains, fled southward.

15. Like many others, these men had perished for Queen and country. By such noble sacrifice the unknown regions of the world are sought out for young colonies and new peoples, and never, as long as the Empire exists or our language is spoken, will their heroic fate be forgotten or their tale be left untold.

### THE SMALLEST PROVINCE—I

“Where the long waves of Canada's proud gulf  
Beat on her roseate shores, Prince Edward Isle  
Looks forth across the blue, a picture fair  
Of glowing colour framed in sun and sea!”

1. HALF-HELD in the embrace of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick lies fair Prince Edward Island, once known as Isle St. Jean. It is the smallest, but not now the youngest, of Canada's provinces.

2. Centuries ago, coasting round the great Gulf in search of the St. Lawrence River, Jacques Cartier came upon this land, as he called it, “the most beautiful it is possible to see.” Then, as now, its green fields sloped towards the sun, and all were enclosed with bright red rocks, worn into strange shapes by the restless tide.

3. “We went ashore,” says the navigator, “in four places to see the trees—cedars, pines, white elms, ashes, willows, and many others to us unknown. . . . The lands, too, where there are no woods are very beautiful, full of peas, white and red gooseberries, strawberries, blackberries, and wild grain like rye.”

4. For one hundred and forty years the Isle St. Jean kept up its romantic character under French rule.

Along these shores the spirited boatmen gave and took many a hard knock in their endless quarrels with their English neighbours. Waiting to pounce upon each other, the dark caves and jutting rocks often hid the weather-beaten crews of either nation, while on shore a number of ruined forts cover the grim records of long ago.

5. To their sister colony, many of the Acadians fled after the great exile, and until lately the countrywomen often wore the high-crowned Norman cap and full skirts of their ancestors. The United Empire Loyalists, too, fleeing for safety, here settled down to a freer life than that of the great republic.

6. It was in 1763 that England became mistress of the lovely shores, at the same time that Newfoundland came back to her from stranger hands. Louisburg and Quebec had already fallen. With British Columbia and Australia soon to be made hers, it was a great age of extension for the Mother Country.

### THE SMALLEST PROVINCE—II

1. SINCE joining the Dominion, Prince Edward Island has grown used to her fame for beauty in Canada. Her charm is clear air and glowing colour rather than grand scenery. From nowhere else does the delighted visitor carry away such a picture of fertile fields, country avenues, and rosy rock against a sail-flecked sea.

2. Looking north the half-moon shore is a fringe of blue inlets that nearly cut the island in two. Here long red ridges of wind-swept sand defy the wild Atlantic surf, and the lagoons in the hollows are alive with fluttering, quacking water fowl.

3. In winter the scene changes, bringing in the strange needs of the little province. From the north sweeps

down the blast that banks her in a frozen sea. The nearest point across the Straits to New Brunswick is nine miles, while in another direction forty miles stretch to the mainland. In both spaces the ice blocks or floats away according to the state of the weather.

4. These conditions have led to the use of a winter ferry seen nowhere else in the Dominion. The powerful steamboats *Stanley* and *Minto* ram their way through the ice until overcome by its strength and solidity. When this happens, the Islanders fall back upon the older service and shorter route across Northumberland Straits.

5. The ice-boats employed here are of great interest. They carry compasses, provisions, fur-ropes, and everything required for a safe and speedy passage. Built with a double keel that serves for runners, the boat glides over the frozen surface or plunges into the icy pools at need. Travelling three together, each vessel is manned by a crew of powerful and courageous men, who generally make the trip in about three hours and a half.

6. Such precautions, it is true, were not always taken. From the past come grim tales of blizzard-beaten boats, lost reckoning, and days of suffering "even unto death." Wherever men are found, there also exist devotion to duty and endurance that can never be forgotten.

7. But after the worst of trials summer comes again, with all its old charm of colour and sunshine. The birds sing in the hedges and the fish play in the waters. Since Confederation, the little out-lying province has won her place in the heart of the Dominion.

### THE CROWN COLONY—I

1. LONG before the discovery of America, the mariners of England were full of the spirit of their Viking ancestors. For the men of Dorset, Cornwall, and Devon the ocean

had no terrors, and on their own coasts as well as those of Iceland, they faced the wild northern seas in their ancient trade of fishing. Winds might shriek through the rigging and billows sweep the decks, but year in and year out the stout little craft manned by "hearts of oak," came home safely, laden with the scaly products of the deep.

2. After all, it seems strange that it was exiled sons of sunny Italy who first took the risk of crossing the Atlantic. Next to Columbus comes John Cabot. Living for years in the west of England, his cry for means of discovery was taken up by the merchants of Bristol, and petitions presented to King Henry VII resulted in one small barque grudgingly given for a voyage to the New World.

3. The good ship *Matthew*, for so she was called, with Master Cabot and his crew of sixteen, sailed from Bristol on May 2, 1497. Down the Irish Channel they headed nearly due west, and four hundred leagues, according to the reckoning, brought them to a coast which the navigator supposed to be Asia. Just where the jubilant company first sighted land is not known, but all Newfoundland traditions point to Cape Bonavista. In three months the gallant little vessel, none the worse, arrived home again in the Avon, where she was met with open arms.

4. The navigator, feasted and praised, was dubbed Admiral by his laughing townsmen, and in great good-humour presented his friends with territories across the sea. An amusing letter written to Italy about the time, says: "The Admiral, as Master John is already styled, has given his companion of Burgundy an island, and another to his barber, and they regard themselves as Counts, and my lord the Admiral as a Prince. I believe that some poor Italian friars will go on the voyage, who have the promise of being Bishops. And I, being a

friend of the Admiral, if I wished to go, could have an Archbishopric."

5. One more voyage of the Cabots, father and son, and all traces of the famous mariners fade from history. Already, however, other English ships were following their lead, and, all unknown, our first colony was looming on the horizon.

6. When we next see the islands of Terra Nova, years have come and gone, and monarchs with them. Henry VIII, little Edward, and Queen Mary have vanished, and "the spacious days of great Elizabeth" are at hand. In the interval the fishing trade has shifted from the frozen seas of Iceland to the New World, and, shared in by the nations of Western Europe, has risen to a great industry. French, Dutch, Spanish, and Portuguese claim their own, but England alone finds herself Mistress of the Seas.

7. These were the days when fish, salt and fresh, formed the staple food of Europe, and, as years passed, more and more foreign vessels found their way to the Banks "where sailors gang to fish for cod." Amidst fog and drifting ice, the ill-clad fishermen of Southern Europe brought their wine, oil, and tempting fruits to barter for the cloth caps, woollen hose, and knives for which the "tight little island" was already famous.

8. St. John's, with its land-locked harbour, was, of course, their headquarters, but in many a sheltered cove along shore, the bronzed fishermen made merry on high day and holiday. Every week the rollicking "Admiral" of the port retired in favour of one of his fellows, who in turn played host and feasted the crews; and the grey rocks rang with the bagpipe and guitar of many lands. Amongst all comers, however, "ye mariners of England" continued to hold sway, though not without occasional breaking of heads.

9. The glory of Elizabeth's reign was not solely her brilliant statesmen, the loyal and deep love of Sovereign and people to each other played its own part. Small and weak as kingdoms go, England was in the shadow of a trial that might easily have proved her ruin. Spain, overbearing and cruel in America, had roused her to action, and her sea power, gaining experience in Newfoundland, was rising to meet the crisis. While the Queen's councillors guided affairs at home, her captains scoured the seas in search of her arch enemies, the Dons.

10. "Regions Cæsar never knew  
 Thy posterity shall sway,  
 Where his eagles never flew  
 None invincible as they"<sup>1</sup>—

it was the Druid's prophecy to Boadicea—and amongst all the brilliant courtiers, Sir Walter Raleigh and his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, were most keen in their patriotism. Under the Queen's charter, the *Golden Hind*,<sup>2</sup> the *Delight*, and the ten-ton pinnace *Squirrel* departed under Admiral Gilbert in search of the kingdom that was to be.

11. In August, 1583, the little fleet arrived at St. John's, and Gilbert took possession of the island "for the Queen's most excellent Majesty." The rich ores and minerals cropping from the rocks at once roused the explorer's enthusiasm, and he hastily set out on his return home, leaving discovery for others. As ill-luck would have it, however, the *Delight* was lost on the coast, and the furious gales continued to threaten the other ships. Sir Humphrey, anxious to proceed, yet unwilling

<sup>1</sup> From "Boadicea," an Ode by William Cowper.

<sup>2</sup> In the beautiful hall of the Middle Temple, London, is a table made from the wood of the *Golden Hind*, the 120-ton ship in which Drake sailed round the world.



to risk others where he would not go himself, took up his position on the *Squirrel*.

12. In great peril the two vessels were proceeding, keeping together as best they could, when the guns of the pinnace broke loose, and swung about the deck. Heeling from side to side, she righted more than once, and the *Hind*, making incredible exertions to stand by her comrade, signalled her relief. The turmoil of wind and wave was terrible, yet through it all the gallant Admiral sat on the deck with a book in his hand. As the sorely driven flagship came within hearing, he lifted his face, and fearlessly exclaimed, "We are as near Heaven by sea as by land."

13. Night fell, and, through the lashing foam, the *Hind* strove to keep her comrade's light in view. Suddenly the red gleam went out, and, fancying that a wave had come between, the watch anxiously endeavoured to pierce the gloom. A moment, and his startled cry brought up the crew. The gallant little vessel was indeed gone, and they themselves, in almost as bad a case, were alone upon the raging seas.

#### PRAYER FOR THOSE AT SEA<sup>1</sup>

"LORD, hearken to me!  
Help all poor men at sea!  
Thy breath is on their cheeks,  
Their cheeks are wan wi' fear:  
Nae man speaks,  
For wha could hear?  
The lang-haired sea-wives scream,  
The wind cries loud;  
Ghaistly the firefaughts gleam  
On tattered sail and shroud;

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<sup>1</sup> *North Coast Poems*, by Robert Buchanan.

Under the red mastlight  
 The hissing waters slip;  
 Thick reeks the storm o' night  
 Round him that steers the ship,  
 And his een are blind,  
 And he kens not where they run,  
 Lord, be kind!  
 Whistle back Thy wind  
 For the sake of Christ Thy Son!"

### THE CROWN COLONY—II

1. THE reign of James I was really the beginning of New World settlement, and Britain, roused by her splendid beginning, looked forward to a new version of the colonies of Greece and Rome. English noblemen and gentlemen besieged the King for charters, and, taking what emigrants they could find, sailed to make a beginning overseas.

2. Following Raleigh's Virginian colony, John Guy, an alderman of Bristol, set out in great spirits at the head of a party for Newfoundland. In three ships he carried twelve months' supply of food and various kinds of domestic animals. Among the thirty-nine passengers were workmen skilled in the most useful trades.

3. In a little land-locked bay the emigrants landed, and cheerfully set about building their new homes. It was a fertile and beautiful spot, whose sunny fields gave promise of golden harvests to come. Houses began to rise as if by magic, and these were followed by wharves, stores, and a fishing establishment. There were visions of flower gardens and orchards, and the merry clack of mill wheels filled the air with its homely sound. Beech, pine, and oak stood ready for the axe, and the Mother Country waited to take all they had of timber and fish.

4. Long before this the Devon shipowners had found the Bank fisheries famous for making fortunes. Having won their trade with their own right arm, they had no mind to share it with anyone. By petition and audience the jealous proprietors did their best to induce the King to recall Guy's colony. Failing in this, they set in motion a plan to crush out the seashore settlement, which was only too successful. Gangs of fishermen, led on by their ruthless masters, attacked the place with fire and terrorism, and easily accomplished the savage design.

5. Scattered and homeless, the disheartened people returned to England, or fled along shore to safer quarters. Years passed, and colony after colony took up sections, only to find that the fisherman and his trade reaped all the benefits, leaving none for the poor settler. In turn each bright prospect faded, leaving the shore to the sea birds and the great interior covered with forest to the bark of the fox and the challenge of the wild stag to his rival.

6. In spite, however, of turbulent fishermen and occasional pirates, the business of the Crown Colony increased. The endless riches of the deep in cod, herring, seals, and whales drew other merchants into her ranks, and the island bid fair to become a centre of trade between the Mother Country and the colonies of Virginia and New England.

7. Over this happy outlook, however, a fate heavy with dismay and ruin was already brooding. Without warning, and for what reason is not known, Charles II suddenly presented the greater part of England's fair possession to his ambitious cousin, Louis of France.

8. The French monarch lost no time in making use of his new territory. Settlers arrived in numbers, and without more ado set about fortifying the shores of Placentia Bay. In vain the unhappy residents pro-

tested, urging their attachment to their native land. The Merry Monarch only shrugged his shoulders, and said the thing was done.

9. As if, too, his own injustice served only to rouse greater resentment against them, the King coldly informed the indignant Islanders that they must forthwith return to England or betake themselves without delay to the West Indies. This was too much to be borne! The Newfoundlanders, never a spiritless people, refused to obey the edict. Instead, they sent special pleaders to the London law-courts to support their cause against the King. It is safe to say that few colonists have gone so far and won in the end!

10. For a time the newcomers proved friendly enough and both nationalities fished side by side in the lovely bays. Border hostilities from the Massachusetts colonies, however, led to French reprisals on Terra Nova. Armed privateers swooped down on the quiet shores, and robbed the terrified villagers. When a British fleet came to their relief, it was beaten off and disabled by the Fort of Placentia. Thoroughly roused, the English residents turned to their sailors.

11. Forts were rapidly raised near Ferryland, and when five frigates bore down upon them, the fishermen under Holman flew to arms, and, as the old record says, "so battered the Frenchmen that after five hours' fight, they ran off, leaving their anchors and cables behind."

12. It was two years before the enemy ventured to renew their attack on the sturdy fishermen. In 1696, however, siege was twice laid to St. John's. In addition to the shore batteries, a strong steel chain, part of which still hangs from its rocky stanchions, had been strung across the mouth of the harbour. With all sail set, the iron-rammed vessels drove down against

the barrier only to rebound and, after some spirited fighting, to the joy of the besieged the foe was driven off.

13. Incensed by these repulses, the enemy prepared for a final effort. November had set in, and the fishing fleets were well on their way to England. Owing to the wild state of the country, no raid by land had ever been dreamed of, when the French and Indians made their swift, stealthy approach under Le Moyne d'Iberville. On a winter night, and utterly taken by surprise, the unhappy residents made what defence they could, but the horrors of that night are better imagined than described. St. John's fell, and, with the unfortunate colonists huddled into a single vessel, Britain's first colony appeared to be at an end.

#### PUCK'S GIRDLE—I

1. "I'LL put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes," so spoke Shakespeare's fairy Puck three hundred years ago. It was a merry jest that the great wizard of the pen little knew was a prophecy. Will Shakespeare, the schoolboy, must have often flung down his books, and rushed into the street to gaze at passing sailors who had been in America across the Atlantic!

2. The rocks of Newfoundland, pounded by the giant breakers, and the strange medley of ships drawn to the Banks in search of fish, were, no doubt, a familiar thought to the young genius. Queen and courtiers were talking of the "gold mine of the fisheries," while heroic adventurers sailed into the western jaws of death. Amid iceberg and floe England's sailors were learning the way of greatness. Who among them all could have dreamed that to these very rocks Puck's girdle would one day be attached in sober earnest.

3. Centuries passed, and the tide of adventure and

trade had settled the New World. Over the very ground where heroes once toiled facing danger and death at every step, spread fair cities, teeming with population, and busy as beehives. The wonders of modern science grew apace in Europe and America, and foremost of all stood the electric telegraph.

4. Vessels, always becoming bigger and faster, ploughed the oceans in every direction, yet with all their speed the distance of the continents from each other grew only more trying. Ideas wild and strange as the tales of the Arabian Nights were thought of to shorten the journey from land to land.

5. In Manchester, England, about this time, the keen mind of a young man called Frederick Newton Gisborne was full of theories about the wonderful new power. The problem of quicker communication between the Old and New Worlds took hold of his imagination, and Newfoundland, jutting far out into the Atlantic, seemed the first stepping-stone.

6. The first thought of the young engineer was that news brought from Europe might be telegraphed from St. John's to the south-west corner of the island. Carrier pigeons could then be employed to cross the seventy miles of stormy sea to the mainland, from whence messages by wire would reach every part of America.

7. In following up his theories, however, one careful experiment led to another, and Mr. Gisborne found that the powers of electricity were not injured by water. The idea of telegraphing by cable along the bottom of the sea took the world by storm, but the inventor, for a time, had to face the fate of every genius. His discovery, in many quarters, was not credited, and he was voted a madman. At this point, however, Mr. Cyrus Field, a wealthy American, took up the theory with enthusiasm, and offered to find the money required for the project.

8. Mr. Gisborne's own energy and ability had led to this result. Like Carlyle he thought that "genius is just a vast capacity for taking pains." In organising his business he was several times round the world, and twice across the continent of America on horseback. On one occasion being in New Brunswick he found it necessary to reach Montreal with all possible speed. There was no railway, and recent heavy snowstorms had made the roads impassable.

9. Leaving Campbelltown, New Brunswick, on snowshoes with an Indian guide, he covered fifty miles in the first day. So hard was the going that towards nightfall his Indian gave out, and had to be partly supported. Reaching Métis, the travellers had some hours' rest, and, though weary, set off again in the morning at the same pace.

10. The whole journey to the ancient capital was performed on snowshoes in three days, through intense cold, deep snowdrifts, and wild and lonely surroundings. After a day in Quebec, the energetic traveller left by sleigh for Montreal, which by frequent change of horses he reached in the shortest possible time.

11. At another time the inventor in his sailboat wished to land at a place in Newfoundland where there was no beach. The sea was very rough, and the rocks showed their jagged heads above the angry breakers. The boat approached as close to land as she dared, and as she rose on the waves, Mr. Gisborne first, and each of his assistants in turn, with his eye measured the distance, and jumped. It was a dangerous experiment, but fortunately everyone reached land in safety.

## PUCK'S GIRDLE—II

1. THE successful laying of the short submarine cable between Cape Breton and Newfoundland, in 1856, gave rise to even more surprising hopes. Could not the plan be carried out in great as in little? Instruments of extraordinary power for gauging the ocean currents at every depth were used, and the rugged abysses of the Atlantic floor carefully examined from land to land.

2. The material best fitted to bear the enormous weight of water, the likelihood of attack from marine animals, and lastly, the vast length of line required, had all to be provided for. Human ingenuity, however, attacked the problem from every standpoint, and solved it.

3. In the summer of 1866 everything was ready for the great work of laying the cable. With one end secured at Valentia, Ireland, the huge merchant vessel *Great Eastern* left port, carrying on her decks over sixteen hundred miles of coiled wire rope.

4. Paying out as she proceeded, the line sank into the bubbling abyss, where ever since it has lain uninjured at varying depths of thousands of fathoms. In safety the giant vessel reached Heart's Content, Newfoundland, on the 27th July, 1866.

5. Thousands of visitors were there to meet her from far and near, and the harbour was alive with gaily decorated vessels thronged with excited people. For weeks the whole civilised world had been looking forward to the event with breathless interest. It was indeed a red-letter day for Terra Nova.

6. About mid-day the living end of the cable was attached on shore, and a favoured few gathered in the telegraph operator's office. At a given hour the current was turned on at Valentia, and, amidst intense silence, every eye was fixed upon the frail instrument.



7. Presently a strained whisper crept about the room: "It moves!" and, with unconscious tears on their faces, men heard the first ocean message. It was from Queen Victoria to the President of the United States, the old, beautiful greeting from Heaven to mankind, "Peace on earth, goodwill to man."

8. More and more, as time goes on, the marvels of science are unrolling themselves. Across other oceans Puck's Girdle has long since been carried, and the circuit of the globe has become a daily necessity.

9. Once in a while, however, a visitor sits beside the cable instruments in that little Newfoundland harbour on the rim of ocean. In the stillness of night the continents are at rest. Presently the wire awakes, and a busy click heralds the working day in Europe. With scarcely a pause it is followed by the eager rush of America.

10. For a moment time and space are swept away, and the brain hears the tramp of multitudes in two hemispheres. Among the scientific wonders of the age, the laying of the ocean cable bears out the old words of prophecy: "Thou hast made him (man) a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour: Thou hast put all things under his feet . . . and whatever passeth through the paths of the seas."

### BRITISH COLUMBIA—I

1. It was when Captain Cook, sailing up the western shores of America on his last voyage, saw the snow-laden peaks of the Rocky Mountains, that he took possession of the unexplored land in the King's name. Returning, he touched at the Sandwich Islands, and there, after a desperate struggle on the seashore, met death at the hands of the cannibal savages.

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2. The tragic fate of England's greatest navigator drew London merchants to seek the trade of the new-found land. By way of Cape Horn a highway was found, and a steady stream of bluff captains established friendly relations with the west coast natives. In 1792 Captain Vancouver, R.N., carefully led the way north, examining the coast-line. To-day, among the inlets of that noble shore, a score of names dear to Sailor England keep alive the heroic energy and patience of the Pacific explorers.

3. With the advent of the English sea-rovers, the centuries' old rivalry with Spain blazed out afresh. Spanish rights had long been planted north and south of California, and her enemy's presence in Vancouver Island was disputed with all that nation's old time vigour. When, however, European councils settled the vast territory from the Flowery Land to Russian America on Great Britain, proud Spain retired from the unequal contest.

4. The interior of the mountainous land is not without its devoted searchers any more than the coast. The discovery of the Mackenzie River had roused Britain, but this wonderful feat was to be outdone by the same explorer. In the spring of 1793, Mackenzie and his party pushed their way, on foot, through the wild gorges and frightful passes of the Rocky Mountains. They were the first white men to reach the Pacific Ocean overland.

5. The worker leaves others to recount his deeds. Here, it is said, with a stick dipped in a mixture of vermilion and liquid fat, the leader smeared his record on the face of a rock in short and pithy words :

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, FROM MONTREAL BY LAND

*July 22nd, 1793*

6. Time passed, and the middle of the nineteenth century had arrived. The treasures of the new land in gold and minerals may indeed have been guessed at, but

the wind still swept through the mighty trees in solitude, and the myriads of silvery salmon, unnoticed by the world, made their yearly leap up the plunging streams.

7. But a startling change was at hand. With the gold-seekers' rush to California in 1849, many eyes turned north to Canada. A few short years saw streams of miners on the trail of the precious metal, and the sands of the Fraser and Thompson Rivers proved to be fabulously rich in nuggets and shining grains of gold. Soon the rocky canyons were alive with the echoes of the workers' pick and cradle.

### BRITISH COLUMBIA—II

1. SWIFTLY on the heels of labour came British justice and order, though, for a time, the reckless delver laughed at both. With the better class, however, law aroused a sense of safety among the knights of the shovel, and they grew to look upon the fair land as home. The forest kings fell to the lumberer's axe, and the rich coastlands yielded "everything pleasant to the sight and good for food."

2. At this, over the border, the people, ever eager for new lands to seize, began to prick up their ears. To them the north country had gained a new and enviable importance. Their old tactics were worth trying once more. An unreasonable demand to Great Britain for the rights of the territory, fortunately, met with a dignified refusal. The Mother Country would stand by her, but the fears of the young Province, once aroused, were not likely to go to sleep again. What might not their grasping neighbour do next!

3. With the birth of the Dominion in 1866 came longings for closer ties and stronger protection. But



THE DISCOVERED TREASURES OF THE MOUNTAINS OF THE HIMALAYAS  
(Mount Everest, 1953) — *W. H. Murray*

how could such vast distances be brought together without a railway? To the staid East the request came like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. Never before had such a great work been demanded of so small or poor a people!

4. For years excitement over the needs of the Pacific Province was never allowed to die out from one end of Canada to the other. At length three or four daring and capable citizens, of whom our Lord Strathcona was one, undertook the huge scheme. Work began from both ends of the line at once, and in five years the last spike of its three thousand miles was driven in.

5. Since 1885 the opening up of British Columbia has been like a fairy tale. Her snow-capped peaks guard untold wealth of coal and other minerals, while rock and ledge hold in store riches yet undreamed of. The slopes of the mountains are clothed with the noble growth of centuries, and the sheltered valleys are fair with blooming fruit trees.

6. Where a score of years ago stood dense forests of Douglas fir, cities have sprung up like mushrooms. Fast steamships plough the Pacific to far China and Japan, and men of every race and colour rub shoulders under our nation's flag. The dream of the explorer for the shortest route to the East has been found across Canada!

7. From halls of Asgard come,  
To find its rightful home  
The race has sought;  
Westward and ever west  
Its toilsome path has pressed  
With terrors fraught.  
Here, on earth's utmost rim,  
Found is the spot, I deem,  
By ages brought.

Guarded by mount and seas,  
Lapped by the wave of peace,  
Kissed by the sun  
Sinking on ocean's crest,  
This our last home, and best,—  
Goal we have won!

THE ROMANCE OF THE MOUNTED  
POLICE—I

1. THE old story of the North-West is simple. Beyond the scattered stations of the great Company, stretched the country whose end no man knew. In every direction the roving children of the wild trapped and hunted as they pleased. When enough had been gathered, the rich store was brought by dog-team across the snow to the nearest Hudson Bay post. Red men and white trusted each other, and there was no trouble.

2. Far from the other provinces the little colony of the Red River lived its own life. In time the lean form of the prairie wolf lost its terrors, and the driving winter blizzard left no trace in the summer flowers. Locks were unknown, and the wayfarer everywhere found a welcome.

3. Prosperity has its own drawbacks, however. With the wider sweep of prairie cultivation came the trader and adventurer, and the old God-fearing order began to be lightly held, or not held at all. Riot and trickery took the country by storm, and the honest settlers indignantly saw British law defied and broken. It was plain that there must be more protection.

4. Appeals to Ottawa were not in vain. A livelier interest in the plains sprang up, and from that time the lonely ranchman and his scattered herds have never been

## ROMANCE OF THE MOUNTED POLICE 199

lost sight of. In the West a new order of military police soon showed its mettle, and the troopers set to work with a will that has never flagged.

5. To prevent the sale of liquor among the Indians, and to break up the lawless gangs of cattle thieves on the prairies, were at first the main objects of the band. Since then their duty has grown in fifty directions. To-day the far-reaching respect for law and order through the country is due to the courage and zeal of the North-West Mounted Police.

6. The ordinary duties of the day are many. From settler's shack to Indian reserve rides the soldierly constable, with quick eye noting the crops, the roads and bridges, the cattle-mark of the last foreign emigrant. One day he may be helping to fight a prairie fire, the next miles away following the trail of a lost child.

7. Early in their history the Indian tribes learned that red men and white are alike in the eye of the law. "Three years ago," said wise Chief Crowfoot on one occasion, "I met and shook hands with the Colonel at Pelly River; since that time he has made many promises, not one of which has been broken. His men have protected us as the feathers of the bird protect it from the frosts of winter."

### THE ROMANCE OF THE MOUNTED POLICE—II

1. If the trooper's name in that wide land brings with it a sense of safety to the upright, it no less carries terror to the guilty. A story will illustrate. The wife of an Indian trapper in the far north died, leaving him with a little girl, who proved a burden. The old instincts of the savage awoke. Never dreaming that

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his crime would be found out, he carried his child to a lonely island, and left her there to die.

2. But the murderer had reckoned without his host. Hearing of the affair, a Mounted Policeman followed up his clue, and arrested the culprit. Six hundred miles away, however, stood the jail at Regina, and until he had taken in his prisoner, the officer's duty was not done.

3. In a canoe stocked with provisions the strange pair set out on the trip that for one was to end in life imprisonment. The scene is one that may never be repeated. In the bow sat the handcuffed savage, ever looking for a chance of escape, while, with his paddle in hand, and a cocked revolver near, the stern held its one lonely constable!

4. Another incident, which shows that no criminal may feel safe so long as a Mounted Policeman is on his track, is told. A certain fugitive was followed all over North America for six months, and at last run down in Mexico.

5. Taken to the nearest seaport, he was put on board a British vessel, and after a long journey landed with his captor at Halifax. Arrived once more on Canadian soil, the murderer paid the full penalty of his crime with his life.

6. After this it is not needful to tell how the most desperate gamblers, train-robbers, and cattle-thieves have been taught respect for the laws of the country. Whatever may be its course, the trooper does his duty, and the cool courage which is covered by a trim uniform and jaunty forage cap has won for itself a fame worth having.





## THE PASSING OF THE BUFFALO

1. A FEATURE of prairie life, now gone forever, used to be the immense herds of buffalo that ranged the western plains. Every autumn, from the far north to Mexico, these animals followed their time-worn paths south, and every spring found them on the return trail. They cropped the rich grasses at their ease, and drank at a hundred well-known watering-places.

2. For ages the huge bovines had been the stand-by of the Western tribes. The Indians looked to the passing herds for food, and stores of pemmican were always packed away to last until their return. The great provision of Nature for her children continued from year to year. There was plenty for man, and the herds did not become less.

3. As the buffalo season drew near, parties of Indians and French Canadians along the line of march eagerly scanned the horizon for signs of the shaggy heads. They were all expert hunters, and absolutely at home on the backs of their half-tamed bronchos. And indeed they needed all their skill, for the animals were very savage when attacked. Soon the prairies were black with the on-coming herds.

4. The first railway that crossed the prairies of the United States brought with it the doom of the buffalo. With the early trains great numbers of armed men went west, and waited for the proud herds whose coming literally shook the earth.

5. The slaughter that followed among the noble brutes has never been equalled nor explained. There was no sign of sport in it. The countless thousands of bison were deliberately wiped out. The earth drank in blood

like water, and for years the blanched bones of the victims lay in heaps on the ground.

6. In the first onset, the poor creatures that managed to escape, fled out of range, and became cunning in their fear. Though suffering terribly from thirst, none came near the water-holes for days. But the hunters were prepared for this. Aware that at last even the deadly rifle would be faced for the sake of water, they kept big fires blazing by night along the banks of the streams, and lay in wait for their prey.

7. The end came swiftly. Drawn by the bright lights or their frantic need, the poor remnants of the herds stole back by night to meet their doom. Standing knee-deep in the water, and drinking with feverish haste, they were shot down almost to the last animal.

## INDIAN UNREST

1. MEANWHILE the spring of 1878 came and went in the Canadian North-West. The Indians waited as usual for the return of the buffalo, but they did not come. For some years, it is true, scattered herds were sometimes seen among the mountains, but these timidly fled from man, and were seen no more.

2. As winter approached, reports of the state of the tribes began to spread, and to excite pity. Thousands were said to be on the point of starvation. The red men at that time knew very little of agriculture, and what grain they had was used up. Long custom had made buffalo meat their sole food supply, and deprived of this they had nothing to fall back upon.

3. The seat of Government for the Territories had been placed at Battleford, and here bands of Indians

began to congregate, mutely seeking aid for their perishing families. Three or four thousand Sioux, Blackfoots, Crees, and others were already on the ground, and anxiety as to their attitude in the settlement became intense. The supply of provisions was barely enough for the white residents, and weeks must pass before the arrival of the teamsters from Winnipeg.

4. The fears of the citizens were worked up to the highest pitch. Every day at sunrise, gangs of Indians began to move round the houses with measured pace. Guns were fired rapidly into space, and long-drawn, mournful songs chanted to the sound of the native drum. The little town hastened to offer what help it could, but none might tell how this strange outbreak would end.

5. On the night of June 26, 1878, affairs seemed to be nearing a crisis. Death songs chanted through the long night were followed next morning by sudden volleys of rifle shots. The residents rushed to door and window to see what this might mean. The sight caused many a cheek to pale. Mounted on ponies, five or six hundred painted savages were seen approaching at full gallop, keeping up, as they came, a fusilade of random shots.

6. The strange performance was soon explained. The Governor had already been notified that the Hungry Dance meant no harm, and would be followed by a Council, to which he was invited. With fantastic exhibitions of riding, the tribes drew up in an orderly manner round Government House, while numbers of their women and children stood patiently looking on. With a few officers and Mounted Policemen, Governor Laird came out to meet them.

7. The speeches were few and to the point. That the red men were starving was the burden of words made more painful by their want of hope. Unless relieved at once, they said, they must die! As the voice of the last



HAVE BREED - RUSSELL BELLARD  
*(On the left, Frank K. J.)*

speaker ceased, a stalwart Indian, standing on the outskirts of the throng, suddenly dropped on one knee, and, taking careful aim with his rifle, fired. In the intense silence, the bullet whistled dangerously near the Governor's head.

8. Without a sign that anything unusual had occurred, His Honour made reply to the assembled chiefs. Relief on the arrival of the supplies was quietly promised, as well as Government aid for the future. A few days later the promise was carried out, but Battleford residents have never ceased to wonder what would have happened had the tribesman's shot proved fatal to the courageous Governor.

### THE NORTH-WEST REBELLION—I

1. BRITISH justice looks on the native races of every land with a kind eye. Under the Old Flag their rights are upheld, and religion and education unite to charm away the darkness of savagery.

2. The early policy of the United States was to get rid of her Indians. Lands made over to them under the most solemn oaths were rudely snatched away, and others of less value given instead. From these, in turn, the red man was again driven far afield. This treatment, of course, aroused revengeful feelings that led to great atrocity on both sides.

3. Knowing the fate of others, colonisation in British territory was looked upon by the savages with dismay. The fear had good grounds. For the time, the Canadian Government seemed to have forgotten its duty as guardian of the tribes.

4. At the setting up of the Prairie province, the half-

breeds and Indians protested against injustice, and a short but fiery upheaval led to the wise settlement of claims. But the improvement stopped with Manitoba.

5. Years passed, and ever farther over the prairies crept the immigrant waggons with their white tilts. The Indians of the territories gloomily watched their progress. The now well-settled Métis of Manitoba had title-deeds for their lands—they had none. Were the scenes of injustice and cruelty in the United States to be repeated under the Union Jack?

6. More than once, Indians and half-breeds from Saskatchewan had pleaded their cause with fiery eloquence at Ottawa, but without result. Each time the claimants were sent away with fair promises of redress, and that was the end of it. With grim humour, Sir John Macdonald began to be known among the tribes as "Old To-morrow."

7. Since the disappearance of the buffalo, the state of the Western Indians had become more and more painful. The Government stores, carelessly dealt out by agents, were not plentiful, and, especially in winter time, famine sat in every lodge.

" All the earth was sick and famished,  
Hungry was the air around them,  
Hungry was the sky above them,  
And the hungry stars in heaven  
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!"<sup>1</sup>

## THE NORTH-WEST REBELLION—II

1. WITH the opening of 1875, affairs reached a climax. The cause of the former rebellion had prospered, and Louis Riel, living in exile across the border, was still in

<sup>1</sup> *The Song of Hiawatha*, by H. W. Longfellow.

heart the champion of his fellow-countrymen. In dangerous mood, the French half-breeds decided to send for him.

2. The rising began quietly, but became so popular that prudence was soon flung to the winds. The Métis flocked to Riel's standard, while their Scotch brothers and the friendly Indians as boldly held to their British allegiance. Throughout the West and North the full-blooded warrior nations, Blackfoot and Cree, were restless. Which side would they take in the struggle?

3. As spring drew on, the scattered settlers grew more and more alarmed. They saw that Riel's wild eloquence could have but one result with the excitable rebels. In the older provinces the horror of the crisis was not understood. Eastern Canadians merely shrugged their shoulders, and smiled over this storm in a teacup.

4. On the prairies every hour grew more threatening. The half-breeds gathered round their leader's headquarters at Batoche. With no prospect of aid from any direction, the men of Prince Albert flung themselves into the breach, and began to barricade the town. They were still at it when the clash came at Duck Lake. Over Canada like lightning flew the news that the loyal volunteers were attacked and routed by rebels.

5. With the tidings Canadian apathy fled. Aid from Winnipeg rushed to assist the Mounted Police, and with one accord Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, and Toronto sprang to arms. Fortunately the great railway was ready to carry them to their destination.

6. In the meantime the settlers bravely faced the worst. At last the dreaded Indian war was a reality, and for a time the awful terror of rifle and scalping knife hung over every lonely farmhouse. The massacre at Frog Lake and the desperate defence of Fort Pitt will live in history. Batoche, Fish Creek, Battleford—the familiar names send a thrill through every Canadian heart.



7. Through the following weeks the land was full of fiery excitement. Fortunately, few of the full-blooded tribes took the war-path, but the half-breeds showed their mettle, and fought with cool daring and skill from start to finish. Our citizen-soldiers, it is needless to say, showed courage and energy beyond all praise.

8. The rebellion, fortunately, was short-lived, and the breach soon healed. But it had not failed. With a promptness that did it credit, the Government hastened to fulfil its trust. The rights of the half-breeds as citizens of the Dominion were settled once for all, and to-day no more contented people may be found than the native population of the Canadian North-West.

### FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN

1. MANY, many years have passed since the days of the first settlers in Canada. What a change three hundred years have brought with them!

2. Past the once lonely shores of Newfoundland throught an endless stream of steamships, and the wide way of the St. Lawrence is never free from the stir of her traffic. Over the shining rails speeds the traveller from ocean to ocean.

3. The widespread gloom of forest has given way to ever-growing areas of cultivated land. In the solitudes have sprung up prosperous towns, each the centre of a thousand useful industries. Steamboats plough the inland seas, and beside great Huron and Superior stand the towering cliffs whose rocky depths hold untold store of silver, copper, and other metals and minerals for the use of man.

4. Who that has seen them can describe the prairies?

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North, south, east, and west they lie, like a vast peaceful sea, whose billows have been cast in earth and green verdure.

5. "Would you learn the charm of the prairie land?  
Then stand at the break of dawn,  
Where the long low sunlight floods with light  
The plains of Saskatchewan.

Or stand again, at the set of sun,  
As the light in the west grows dim;  
While the blue grey clouds, with crimson lined,  
Lie low on the prairie's rim.

\* \* \* \* \*

6. Would you learn the spell of the prairie land?  
Then follow the winds at play,  
As the long grass waves and the flowers toss  
In their scattered colours gay.

Those prairie flowers! what else may grow  
Such hosts of anemones rare?  
Broad mounds of roses interspersed  
With the blue-eyed flax so fair?"<sup>1</sup>

7. And if the prairies in their own way are wonderful, what of the mountains, with their snow-capped tops, by turns bathed in floating clouds and the rosy glow of sunset? Guarded by the triple domes of The Sisters or the mighty peaks Sir Donald and Robson, the panting engines lead the way into the heart of the Rockies.

8. The wild waters of the Kicking Horse, the Crow's Nest, and the Tête Jaune Passes ceaselessly toss them-

<sup>1</sup> *The Prairie Land*, by Laura E. Marshall.



THE HOW-YOU-DO IT PART  
OF THE HOW-YOU-DO IT PART

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selves under the trestle bridges, and in winter the loosened masses of snow thunder down the gorges. Far below, the eagle darts from his eyrie to scream defiance at the passing trains.

9. The spruce-covered sides of the mountains, black in the shadows, will forever be the home of the big-horn sheep and the grizzly bear. At the foot of the western slopes nestle the famous orchards of the Okanagan. Across the purple distance the shining peaks look out upon the Sea of Peace.

10. From Ocean to Ocean stand the sister provinces hand in hand awaiting their destiny. But the young Dominion has much to learn. The world has a long record, and the star of many nations has risen and set. "They that would build well the Empires of the future, must read well the histories of the Empires of the past."

### THE RHYME OF VICTORIA DAY

(MAY 24)

ONCE on a time, so runneth the rhyme,  
In an Island whose name you know  
There reignèd a Queen, the best ever seen  
'Mongst rulers on earth below ;  
O'er whose Empire wide upon every side  
Of the globe as through space it swung,  
The sun never set, for he could not get  
Beyond where her praises rung !

Her ships sailed fast on the winter wind  
And rocked in the summer breeze,  
Wherever a spar or a sail you'd find  
Afloat on the storm-swept seas ;

## ROUTE OF THE GREAT RAILWAYS 213

And her men went forth, o'er the blue, blue wave,  
Scholars and soldiers too,  
To win renown, or to find a grave,  
And many found both, 'tis true!

The laws were good and the people free,  
But that they would never own,  
'Till their rights were threatened by foreign decree,  
And then they did nobly atone.  
For they loved their Queen and their country dear,  
Though seldom if ever, you see,  
Would they choose to acknowledge, no matter how  
clear,  
Such failings to you or to me!

So time went on till the days were come  
When a lady might weary be,  
Of the troubles and cares, and the State affairs  
From which she never seemed free,  
And when King Death removed the crown  
From that dear and noble head,  
For ever and aye we call her own  
Victoria Day instead!

## THE ROUTE OF THE GREAT RAILWAYS

1. THOSE who have sought out and laid the course of our three transcontinental railways in Canada have done so in the face of nearly as great bodily hardships and danger as that experienced by Alexander Mackenzie a hundred and twenty years ago, in his wonderful journey on foot through the Rocky Mountains.

2. They have had to ride thousands of miles on horse-

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back, to ford or swim unknown streams whose current sucked them down or carried them away to almost certain death. They have climbed or been slung by ropes down precipices, and have crept by a single slippery log across the dizzy depths of gorges and canyons. Often have they been lost in the wilds and known what it is to suffer terribly from hunger and thirst, and they have had to run the risk of attack from every kind of fierce wild animal whose haunts they were invading. In one thing only have they known less than the terrors of primitive travellers, and that is from the cunning rage of the Indian savage, himself in mortal terror of what the white man could do to him.

3. Boys and girls sitting round the cheery fire on a winter night, or lounging under the garden trees in summer, with a fascinating book of travel in hand, know little of the overwhelming trials of reality, or the kind of men it takes to penetrate the wilderness.

4. To begin with, the first great difficulties in building an ocean-to-ocean road were met with in the northern wilds of the provinces of Quebec and Ontario. Here, it is true, there are occasional Hudson Bay trading-posts, between which and Montreal a fine system of communication has been established, but these are few and far between, and nature reigns supreme. The rushing waterways, whose perils of rock and rapid may be avoided by the trapper's canoe, generally flow from north to south, or vice versa, and are at right angles to the route of the surveyor being carved through the forest from east to west.

5. The Canadian Pacific Railway, being the first to push its way across the continent, naturally encountered all sorts of savage perils without experience. Coming after such an effort, it may be supposed that the Grand Trunk Pacific and Canadian Northern would be able to

avoid some, at least, of the difficulties of their forerunner. While this is true to a certain extent, the route of each of these lines is far from the others, and must face conditions and dangers to the others unknown.

6. Try, for instance, to picture to yourself the scene that met the view of the first land surveyor of the Grand Trunk Pacific in Northern Ontario. Far as the eye can reach, the vast stretch of country is made up of rocky ridges and yawning valleys covered with endless trees. For the most part it is a sea, hundreds of miles in extent, of sombre green verdure, with, at intervals, long reaches of brown or black pointing the trail of the forest fire. In the distance a patch of grey-blue indicates the mist rising from water.

7. The dark, interlacing branches of the trees hide well their secret dangers. Here it is a swamp, or, in the Indian dialect, *muskeg*, whose soft mossy clumps and waving grasses cover unknown depths of black ooze, ready to suck in man or animal. There, wide ranges of boulder and broken rock, tossed hither and thither, seem like the playthings of giants. Again the trunks of trees, felled by age or storm in the course of many years, lie across each other in every direction, covered with slippery vegetation which makes every step over them a danger to life and limb.

8. The only paths through the wilds are those of the Indians, trodden deep, but so narrow as to be almost unnoticed. These prove little or no guide. To the white man they seem aimless, and, if followed, will very likely lead him to the edge of a cliff overhanging a stream, whose wild waters must be crossed. At such a time there is nothing for the traveller but to put together, as best he may, some flimsy craft, upon which to battle for his life through the boiling rapids.

9. If not following the already blazed paths, new ways

must be cut through the tangled bush foot by foot with the axe. At all times every sense has to be on the alert. If on horseback, the rider must be prepared to jump clear in case of a false step on the part of his animal.

10. All this, of course, applies to the summer. In winter, when the weather is good, travelling is much easier and quicker; but winter has its own dangers, and they are terrible. Overtaken by blizzards, or caught in deep drift, as so often happens, forward progress is slow, and always remains the dread of the cruel cold, against which no clothing, however thick, is proof.

11. Over and above all is the intense loneliness, with no sound but the sweep of the wind through the trees, the crack of the leafless branches in time of frost, or the long-drawn howl of a wolf. Not a living soul is to be met with, except at long distances a stray Indian or trapper, and if illness or accident should occur, months might elapse before the sad end of the tale would be known.

12. Such is the life, and such the sacrifice, faced by those who penetrate the wilds of Canada, and open up the country for the foot of the emigrant, and the easy, swift carriage of tourist and business man. No wonder we think much of our railways and those who build them.

## ROUGHING IT

1. THE next stage of the Grand Trunk Pacific was the division, for convenience, of the country into sections about 300 miles in length. Each district was assigned to a party of two or three under a well-trained engineer, who was always in touch with the chief at Ottawa.

2. These men, besides possessing technical ability, had to be strong and fearless, with a quick eye for the best



kind of country to select. They must be able to find their way anywhere, and be prepared for every kind of danger. Every one was in light marching order, and was given authority to range his section far to the north and south of the possible line.

3. In this way the engineer and his party moved rapidly, making maps as they proceeded, and noting whether the country was forest or plain, and in what position or direction were to be found lake, river, or swamp.

4. Next came the making of road-beds and the laying of rails, but anyone supposing that a railway is so quickly constructed knows little of the real business in hand. These first lines were prepared only for trial, and to them other parallel lines were added at various distances. The object in doing this was, of course, to discover the best possible location for the permanent work. In this way, for one division of about 290 miles, over 1500 miles of rail were laid, and before the way was finished between Moncton and Winnipeg, a distance of 10,000 miles had been explored and built.

5. In addition to the character of the ground for building, other things had to be considered. As he went along, the surveyor must notice of what use the land might be for commerce, and whether agriculture, mining, or lumbering would make it worth the while of the settler.

6. In this way, winter and summer alternating, each party toiled over its lonely circuit. They seldom met each other except by chance at their eastern or western limits, and every camp was supplied with its own necessaries. Food was plentifully furnished from headquarters, and a cook, who knew his work, gave the needed comfort to the busy and lonely group.

7. Ranging over such long distances, however, it was

necessary that stores of food should not be too far apart, and caches were therefore formed in many a spot to supply their daily wants. These places had no caretaker. Known by certain marks, they were covered with heavy stones to protect them from wild animals, and were quite safe.

8. The means of carrying the surveyors' instruments, clothing, and provisions were various. In summer pack-horses were employed, or canoes, if there were much water, and in winter dog-trains sped over the snowy trail, doing their twenty or even forty miles a day in fair weather.

9. But every means had its own drawbacks, and often the suffering to man and beast was heart-breaking. Portaging sounds romantic, but it is, of all others, the most wearing-out of work. The northern parts of Canada have more waterways than perhaps any other country in the world, but most of them are very treacherous. They are full of eddies and rapids, with hidden rocks and the frequent blundering tree-trunk being swept down-stream, which often force the voyageur to run his canoe ashore and unload.

10. The boats were of different materials—birch-bark, dug-outs, and folding canvas. They were up to 22 feet in length, and capable of holding as much as a ton apiece. A portage being reached, the boatman and his assistant rapidly removed the goods, slung the packs by a head-band upon their backs, and set out at a trot across country. Lastly, the boat itself was turned over the heads of the two carriers, and conveyed to the next water. The trained Indians, half-breeds, and voyageurs of the Hudson Bay Company were invaluable, as they have always been, at this work, and little could have been accomplished without their aid.

11. In summer the streams were lively in this way

with much traffic. When, however, Jack Frost had bound things in his icy grasp, the packers transferred themselves to the woods, whose arches echoed with the yelps of the dog-teams and the shouts of their drivers. Toboggans, being light and strong, are much used by the trappers and other carriers for this purpose, and speed over the shining surface, with the dogs straining and pulling at their burden.

12. The animals in use are strong, active creatures known as "huskies." They are raised on the Indian reserves and in the fur-trading posts, and are very intelligent, but of a fierce and sometimes treacherous character. If the going is easy and the snow fairly well beaten, two dogs may form a team, but generally six are employed, the latter being able to draw about 500 lbs. Each team is generally guided by one man, but much depends upon the driver's ability and his method of treating his charges. The dogs often prove terribly annoying, but while fiercely resenting harsh treatment, they soon learn to know a kind master and respect him.

## HEROES OF THE WILDS

1. It is hard to induce those who have met and overcome many perils in the open, to tell their experiences. Sometimes, however, the warmth of the camp fire thaws out a man's reserve, and sympathy and the soft mantle of darkness unfold strange stories. But in the awful fight with nature the tales are not always of escape. A lowered voice and gaps in the conversation sometimes mean more than many words.

2. Here and there, near the trail, one pauses reverently to gaze at a dark mound enclosed within a low fence

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where a cross of rough timber marks the place of a lonely grave. There he who sleeps so soundly will lie till the last trump shall awake him, and then many a one unknown to wealth or fame will arise to hear the words of the Great Judge, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

3. But the heroes who are so unwilling to recount their own exploits, will always, when they have time, tell of the self-sacrifice of others. Here, it is the man going forward alone in winter-time to secure aid for a little party in difficulties. He does not return, and search follows his footsteps to the edge of a forest lake, surrounded by sombre trees. The ice may be of that strange quality known as frazil, which never becomes solid even in the greatest cold. Here footprints strike out for a certain distance and then suddenly stop. The valiant son of the trail is engulfed by the treacherous mass, and is, perhaps, never found.

4. Again, it is one of the most expert and careful of the men, half-breed or French Canadian, who are almost more at home on water than on land. Sunk snags and movable roots of trees are the most common enemies, and an overturned canoe in the whirling rapids has little chance of escape.

5. The terrors of the winter trail, too, have demanded many a victim, alike among settlers, mounted policemen, and railway employees. Buffeted by the pitiless wind, and blinded with cutting sleet, the mind becomes dazed and weary, and the unfortunate traveller stumbles along the path until he falls into a snowdrift. Rarely, if ever, is he revived from his fatal sleep.

6. But the greatest destruction and danger of all, perhaps, comes from the bush fires which devastate the country in summer-time. Occasionally it is the bolt of swift lightning which sets afire the thick brush, dried by

the hot sun; again, the camp fire none too carefully raked out and extinguished. Into the foot-deep, tinder-like moss an unnoticed spark finds its way, creeping for hours after the traveller has gone on, until a puff of wind rouses it into flame. Then the fire springs with terrible rapidity up the trunks of the jack-pine, spruce, and other native timber, and the fierce red light, with its volumes of smoke, rages along the crowding tree-tops.

7. Where the axe of the settler has not yet forced a way, the sweeping flame is not so much a menace to human life as it is to the hidden stores which have been carried across country in many directions, and placed in readiness for the survey parties. In the northern wilderness there is not much game, and what there is flees frantically before the approaching fire. Small and weak animals are often overcome by the smoke, and though fireweed and young poplars spring up again about the bleached standing trunks, it is some time before animal life returns to the haunts it has formerly known.

8. The loss of provisions in this way, where none else could be readily obtained, was often very serious. In one place, near Lake Abitibi, fire approaching from several directions at once hemmed in the cache-keeper and his assistant. For two days, in their heroic efforts to save the stores, they neglected their own safety until it was almost too late. A transport party in the vicinity, however, happened to hear of the dreadful conditions, and hurrying to the spot, gave the most valuable aid. Had it not been for this timely help, the gallant fire-fighters would never more have been seen alive.

9. This fire, of great extent and terribly destructive, was one of the worst on record. Another party, also within the same zone, was suddenly reduced to the greatest straits. Quietly pursuing their work, the men found themselves in extreme danger of being entirely



A Forest Fire

enclosed, and leaving everything, even their instruments, fled in terror through the only opening.

10. As a rule, however, the workers have time to save their belongings, and placing them in safety, stand aside until rain or want of material puts an end to the flames. Then they return to the blackened and defaced country, and patiently resume their labours.

11. Farther to the west, among the mountains, forest fires do an immense amount of damage, and are even more to be dreaded than those of the wilds, because of the presence of farm and settled village. Here the traveller, pushing past the end-of-steel in company with his pack-horses, met many a grand and terrible sight of flame and smoke which forced him to delay his march. Proceeding he would find that the fall of the great trunks had completely wiped out the trail. The trees remained but dull, red embers, while the ground still smoked vigorously.

12. Forced to dismount and walk, on account of the nervous state of the horses, he would often find the soles of his boots ruined with the hot ashes, and be obliged to advance with great caution. Here and there, a few yards from the road, the trees might still present a roaring, crackling mass of flame. On such occasions, though the fire was driving away from the path, the led horses generally came to a stop, either unable to move, or plunging and snorting in an excess of terror. Thus held back, hours elapsed before the blackened and half-smothered party could emerge into open country, where they might speed forward and thankfully lose sight of the dangerous and uncomfortable spectacle.

## BRIDGE BUILDERS

1. APPROACHING the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains, the end of the new railway became a scene of greater activity than ever. In advance for many miles engineers' camps made preparation, and countless yokes of oxen and horses struggled knee-deep through the mire, dragging immense timbers for the trestle-work. Near the junction of Wolf Creek and the McLeod River a bridge was in course of construction.

2. Here the McLeod is but 200 feet wide, and its deep channel is formed of solid rock from which all the soil has long been washed away. Nothing at this point would serve, therefore, but the erection of a massive steel bridge 600 feet long, with a central height of 180 feet.

3. Anyone suddenly appearing on the scene found his ears assailed by a terrific din, thundering through the once quiet valley. On the structure overhead the "bridge flies" were to be seen working with vast energy and great speed. They were placing in position and bolting together the enormous ribs of metal, and at the moment some of their number had just thrown out a span from the top of the concrete pier in the middle of the stream.

4. A yard engine cautiously approached, bearing the great shaped bands of steel. Like a human creature a crane dipped over and seized the right piece. Slinging it upward, and securely holding it in its mouth, it ran out to the end of the span. There the busy workers, standing upon the narrowest footways, took hold, and, pushing the weighty bars into position, slipped in the temporary bolts.

5. Upon other flimsy levels appeared small but terribly energetic furnaces, wherein the bolts to be used might be heated. Becoming more than red-hot, a man grasped a rivet with his tongs, and, uttering a warning cry, sent it



flying through the air. From one to another sped the bolt, and was caught with amazing dexterity. None the worse for its journey, it was seized by another pair of tongs and slipped into place. In a few moments, with some resounding raps from a compressed-air riveter it was immovable.

### THE LAND OF PLENTY

1. ONCE through the huge barrier of the Rocky Mountains, the interior becomes strangely familiar to us. The Fraser River, Lake Stuart, Fort George, the Nechaco Valley! We have heard all these names before, and turn to the story of the indefatigable explorer and fur-trader, Simon Fraser. Truly Canada owes much to the force that drove the United Empire Loyalists over her border!

2. The interior of northern British Columbia is far from being all level, though it is called a plateau. The Bulkley Valley has long been thought the Paradise of the north, and the most casual summer visitor cannot but confirm its name. It is a wide plain almost as level as a table, stretching on either side to a ridge covered with trees.

3. Over the surface, in leisurely fashion, little streams meander through the meadows, overhung with willows and young poplars. To the mind's eye fancy pictures herds of red and white cows feeding or standing knee-deep in the placid waters, while dappled horses stray here and there through the lush lowland grasses.

4. On the ridges grow vast quantities of wild fruits, raspberries, gooseberries, and currants, both black and red. Of a size larger than most cultivated specimens,

they bear profusely, and are sweet and juicy. The raspberry canes bend under their delicious burden, and all seem to be awaiting the pleasure and convenience of man. Already, indeed, there are signs of human occupation. Far in advance of the railway, the settler has already reached this heart of nature, and is hard at work beginning to make a home.

5. A British Columbia ranchman's shack does not appear at first sight either beautiful or spacious. A typical one is oblong in shape, its one room measuring, perhaps, 14 feet by 20 feet inside. It is built of logs without the bark, neatly fitted together at the corners, and the roof, extending in deep eaves, is shingled. Outside, among British emigrants, a little kitchen-garden supplies delicacies for the table, and a variety of sweet-smelling flowers give the appearance of home.

6. The plain log walls of a house like this, however, may shelter a husband and wife, who, in other lands have had the best education that money and application can give. Yet it is safe to say that neither regret their training, however much they may desire more time to exercise and enjoy it. In one instance, at least, the lady of the ranch was able to extend help to those who would otherwise have been obliged to do without it.

7. A ranchman, living four or five miles away in the bush, had three children, and, with no school nearer than a hundred miles, it seemed likely that they must exist without much instruction. His nearest neighbour, an educated Englishwoman, offered to supply the want if the children would come to her three times a week. Here, however, arose a difficulty. Anyone walking through the dense woods was liable to stray, and there was no one to guide the steps of the children.

8. But "Necessity is the mother of invention" is a proverb which has comforted many. On the farm was

an old horse, intelligent and kind, and to him was communicated the state of affairs. He appeared willing, and no doubt had more than a dim idea of the circumstances.

9. The very next day the eldest girl clambered upon his back, with the youngest behind holding her tightly round the waist. At the rear the third child mounted and held on as best she could. Satisfied that all was in order, the horse set off sedately along the trail.

10. No rein was needed to guide him, and nothing could tempt him from the path of duty. Back and forth on the appointed days he went, carrying his charges safe and sound.

## THE SHORE FISHERIES

1. If the great interior plateau of British Columbia conjures up a vision of wealthy farmlands, orchards, and prize vegetables, not so appear the farthest western shores. Here again the character of the country has changed, and the wild, forbidding coast-line of the Cascades stands with its massive declivities fronting the rim of ocean.

2. Through this route, far more trying and expensive to build than that of the Yellowhead Pass, the Grand Trunk Pacific has forced a way, until it arrives at Prince Rupert, on the Skeena River. And here again we remember that soon after his entrance into the new country, Simon Fraser fell in with the Skeena Indians, and before long induced them to enter into a large and profitable trade with him.

3. Not for pleasure only has the great enterprise made its way in this direction, but because of the rich returns to be made in many ways. Here the great product in

agriculture, cattle, and lumber will be brought down to the coast for shipment, and, in addition to this, the mineral wealth of the province bids fair to last for ever. Though much has been taken from them, the mountains still abound in silver, copper, lead, gold, and coal, and the scientific knowledge of the prospectors is likely to reap a rich reward.

4. But there is yet another principal industry which has brought fame to the Skeena, the Fraser, and other rivers of the north. This is the salmon fisheries. Through the precipitous rifts of the coast-line rush many wild torrents, whose falls in the upper reaches preclude all idea of navigation. The immense drop of the Skeena River is a good guide to the general surroundings. Among majestic scenery the stream flings itself downward 1000 feet in the course of 120 miles, and the velocity of the water is, of course, tremendous.

5. For a long time the Fraser River had the greatest salmon run on the Pacific coast, but the Skeena has now proved an even richer field. In the season the fish swarm up the stream in myriads, those in the rear pushing so hard that it is impossible to avoid being caught. Hundreds of boats are pressed into service, but British law is on the side of the lordly creatures whether they will or not. For forty-eight hours each week every boat must cease to work, to allow the fish to have free way up the river.

6. So multitudes make the run in spite of all opposition, and surge forward against the furious current, only to meet their fate at the hands of the expert Siwash fishermen.

7. At Moricetown the salmon encounter a barrier that only the strongest can face. Here the water hurls itself over a ledge fifteen feet high, and then whirls on through a precipitous gorge. Undaunted, the noble

game take the leap, the floating mass of scales below showing at what a cost.

8. Over the water at this place the Indians have built a spidery wooden trestle, and upon this a man stands with a spiked pole. The air seems full of flying fish, and, as quick as thought, out flashes the muscular brown arm, never missing its quarry. In this way one particularly quick fisherman took twelve scaly beauties a minute. The next an able assistant had opened and prepared them, either for drying or the soldered tin.

9. Far and wide over the whole world goes the canned salmon of British Columbia, and of all the gifts lavished upon her by the gracious hand of Nature, this is, perhaps, the most interesting. It is an historic occupation that has helped to make the west coast of Canada famous.

## A NOTABLE EVENT

1. ON a beautiful autumn day, now a number of years ago—to be exact, November 7, 1885—a company of men were assembled in Eagle Pass, one of the rocky gorges of the mountains in the new province of British Columbia. To the east stretched the wild and seemingly impenetrable regions of the Gold Range, the Selkirks, and the noble Rocky Mountains, while far to the westward, over hill and valley, lay the blue rim of the Pacific Ocean.

2. On the ground at their feet from either direction came the shining steel rails, not yet connected, of the Canadian Pacific Railway, whose line, built with incredible energy and daring over prairie and mountain pass, was at length complete. While the workmen cut two long rails to fit the space required, the officials and friends of the great enterprise talked together happily of

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the trials and difficulties that had been met and overcome.

3. When all was ready, a big iron spike was placed in position, and from the company Sir Donald Smith, now Lord Strathcona, advanced, and took the heavy spike hammer in his hand. Without hesitation the stalwart arm descended in two powerful strokes, and sent home the spike even with the rail. Once more standing erect, the deep-set eyes looked about with a shrewd, kindly glance as the man who has done so much for Canada exclaimed, "Stand fast, Craig Ellachie!"

4. It is said that the phrase refers to a massive crag or mountain in Morayshire, Scotland, near the birthplace of Lord Strathcona, but without doubt the words were used figuratively to mean strength, power, and continued usefulness to the first Canadian trans-continental railway. In these few words the good wishes of the great promoter of the road were conveyed, and the simple ceremony that meant so much ended.

THE END

