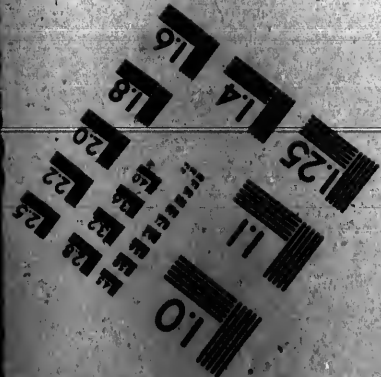
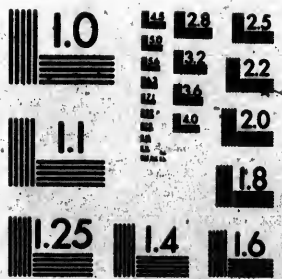


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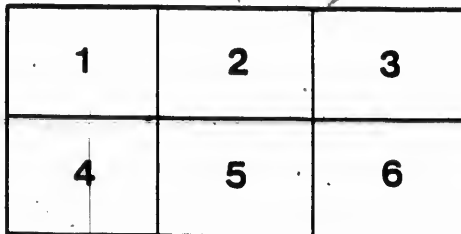
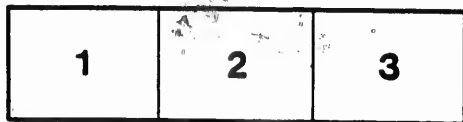
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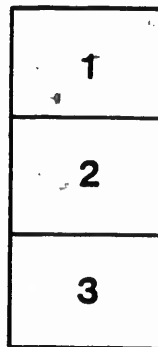
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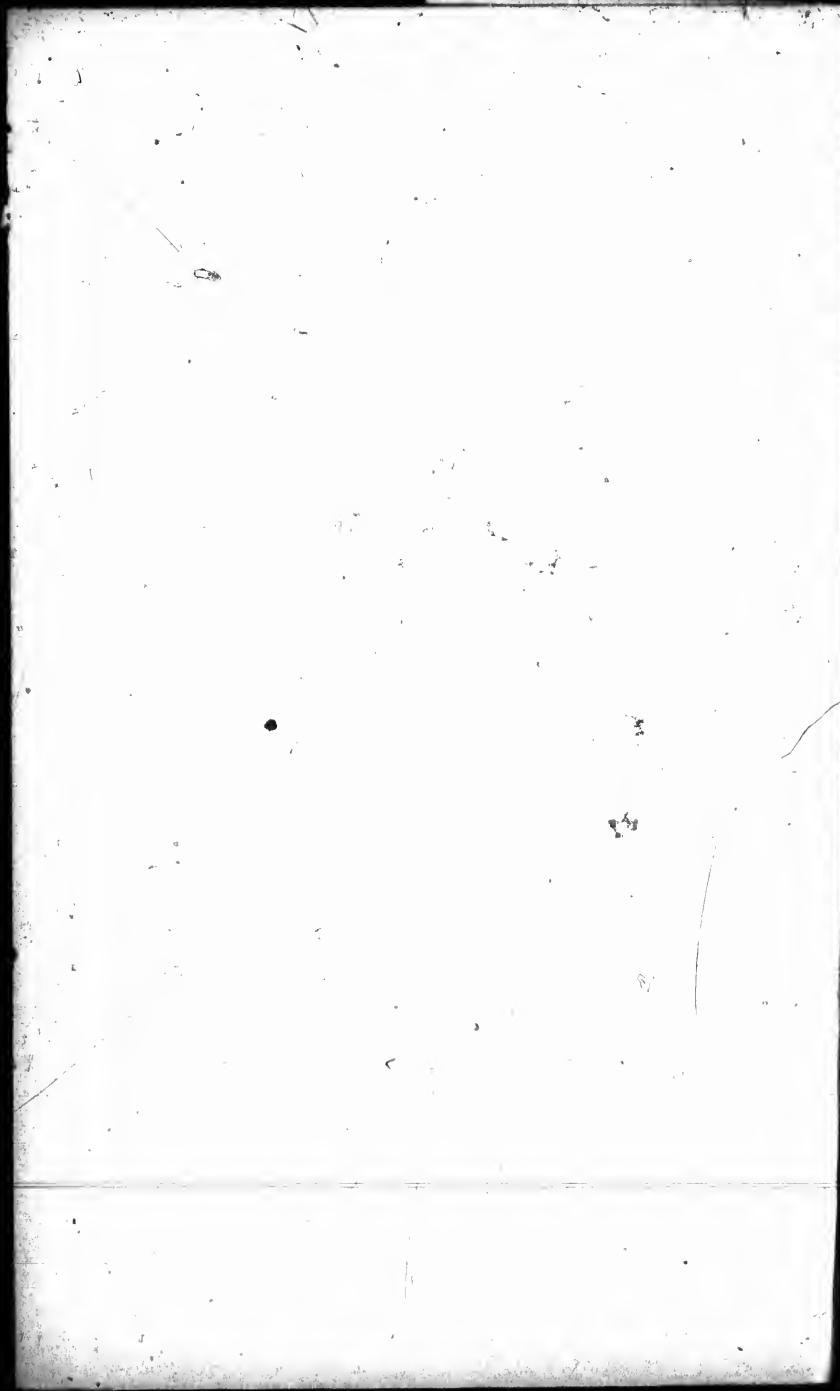
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"How her heart beat and body trembled, for she thought he was dead."
(See page 30)

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FIGHTING HAL

OR

FROM FORT NECESSITY TO
QUEBEC

BY

JOHN DE MORGAN

AUTHOR OF

"Paul Revere," "The Young Ambassador,"
"The Cruise of the Lively Bee,"
"On to Quebec," etc.



PHILADELPHIA

DAVID MCKAY, PUBLISHER

610 SOUTH WASHINGTON SQUARE

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By **NORMAN L. MUNRO**

Fighting Hal

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FIGHTING HAL.

CHAPTER I.

THE YOUNG AMBASSADOR.

"Help! Mercy!"

The voice rang through the still, frosty air one night in the middle of that dread winter of 1753.

"Did you hear that cry, Gist?"

"Yes, sir."

"What does it mean?"

"Some Indian——"

"Assaulting a white woman? Let us go to her assistance."

"It is not wise, sir."

"Wise? Man, is this a time to think of prudence? Hark! I hear it again!"

"Mercy! I have nothing you want. Don't kill me!"

The two men who had listened to the cry for help were strong, sturdy fellows, both young and well favored, though one was of more refined appearance than the other.

They were not Indians, yet they were clad in Indian robes.

The younger of the two swept aside the brush and forced a way through the thick undergrowth of the forest.

With nothing but the voice appealing for mercy to guide him, he, with unerring instinct, reached the place, and found, not a woman, but a boy tied to a tree, while facing him was a ferocious-looking savage, with tomahawk in his hand.

The boy was afraid, and yet there was a courageous gleam in his eyes; but he was helpless.

"Unloose me, and I will meet thee as man to man," cried the boy, defiantly, just as the two burst through the thicket and saw the position of affairs.

The boy dropped his head on his breast and relinquished all hope, for he thought two more Indians had come to aid his enemy.

"What wouldst thou have with this boy?" asked one of the men, speaking not in the broken English of the Indians, or with the accent of the French.

Instead of replying, the savage slunk away, for he saw he had two determined men to face, and even the bravest would hesitate to face such odds when he knew his cause was a bad one.

The boy was released, and he tried to express his thanks for his liberation.

But the tears filled his eyes and he was unable to utter his thoughts for some minutes.

"Do you live near here?" asked the man who had been addressed as Gist.

"Yes, in a clearing across the forest."

"Could you give us food and shelter? We can pay for both."

"My grandfather would be pleased to do so, but he would not take your money, good sirs."

"Lead the way, my boy. Stay, by what name may you be known?"

"I am Harry Leonard," answered the boy, "and my grandfather is Thomas Granger."

"English?"

"My grandfather was born in England; my father was a Virginian, and my mother was from New England."

"You have answered well. It is but right that we should be known to you, though it is on your honor we rely."

"You may trust me. But if it be best that you should remain unknown, you will be still welcome."

"You speak well for a youth. How old are you, Harry?"

"Fourteen, sir."

"I would have thought you younger by your appearance, but older by your manner. Let me introduce ourselves; my friend here is Christopher Gist——"

"Not the scout?"

"Yes; hast thou heard of him?"

"Who has not?" asked the boy, his face beaming with pride.

"And I am George Washington, with no fame to welcome the mention of my name."

"George Washington," repeated the boy, slowly.

"Yes, of Virginia; surveyor by profession, but just now an imitator of the Indians."

"I shall never forget that name," said the boy, again speaking slowly.

A log house, rude but substantial, was now discerned, and Washington rightly surmised it was the residence of the boy and his grandfather.

The old man, with hair white as drifted snow, and so long that it formed a cape over his shoulders, stood in the doorway, a heavy musket in his hand.

He raised it to his shoulder when he saw the men garbed as Indians, but lowered it on a signal from Harry.

"Gran'ther, these be brave men who seek thy hospitality. They did save thy Harry's life, which was threatened by Red Wolf, the savage."

"Hast seen him?" asked the old man.

"I was tied to the tree, and Red Wolf did say that my scalp should hang at his belt unless I gave him all the powder and firewater we had in our house."

"He would have had to answer to me," spoke up the old man, with a brave, determined voice and manner.

George Washington laid his hand on the old man's shoulder.

"We have, perhaps, saved thy kin; wilt thou find us food and a night's shelter?"

"Welcome, whoever thou mayst be."

"I am George Washington, of Virginia; and this is Christopher Gist, the scout."

"Doubly welcome, then; and if thy disguise is for the purpose of finding a way to rid the Ohio Valley of both French and savages, all I have is thine."

"Hush, gran'ther. Your tongue may hurt our cause," whispered Harry.

"Thou are right, boy. Tell thy grandmother that honored guests abide with us this night."

Little did Grandfather Granger know that he was entertaining a man who, a few years later, would be foremost in all the world, the creator of a nation, the savior of his people.

Yet such was the case. Washington, disguised as an Indian, had traversed the desolate wilderness, struggling through interminable snows; sleeping with frozen clothes on a bed of pine branches; breaking through the treacherous ice of the rapid streams; guided by day by a pocket compass and by night by the polar star, seen at intervals through the leafless trees.

He had been fired at by prowling savages; attacked

by the fierce animals of the forest, thrown from a raft into the waters of the Alleghany; sought safety on an island, where he lived on leaves and nuts and bark, until the river was again frozen over, enabling him to reach the forest and face the hungry wolves and treacherous Indians, until he found Gist's Settlement, and was being guided back to the Potomac and the capital of his colony.

Washington had been sent as an ambassador from Gov. Dinwiddie to Gen. St. Pierre, the commander of the French forces in the West, who was stationed at Presque Isle, on the shore of Lake Erie.

He had nearly completed his return journey when he sought the hospitality of Grandfather Granger, and through all that long time of hardship and danger he had not received a scratch or a bruise.

"Tell thy master, Gov. Dinwiddie, that the land is mine," said St. Pierre, "and that I will drive out every Englishman from the valley of the Ohio."

"Take care, general, for you have to face the colonists as well as the veterans of England," answered the young ambassador.

The courteous French officer forgot his good manners; he laughed so uproariously that his aides feared he might injure himself.

"The colonists! Ha! ha! ha! A pack of hungry boors who can neither fight nor build a fort! I fear not all thy boors, nor the veterans of England, either.

Go, tell Dinwiddie what I say. Tell him I am ready to meet his forces, and thy colonists, too. Ha! ha! ha!"

Such was the message George Washington was bearing back to the governor of his colony.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST SHOT.

Gen. St. Pierre was a man of his word, and as soon as the river was open, by the breaking of the ice gorges in the Alleghany, he sent down a large fleet of boats and cleared the valley of the English as far as what is now known as Pittsburg.

Here he felled the trees and laid the foundations of Fort du Quesne.

Washington had been commissioned as lieutenant-colonel, with brief but comprehensive orders.

He was to construct a fort at the source of the Ohio; to destroy whoever opposed him in the work; to capture, kill or repel all who interrupted him and the progress of the English settlements in that country.

The young Virginian called his men together and read his commission.

"Men, we are about to face death. I have no hope that any of us will return alive, but we shall die doing

our duty, and our consciences will be clear; are you all willing to follow me?"

There was a magnetism about the Virginian which was irresistible.

Unanimously the answer was in the affirmative.

Washington was ready for the march when Tancharissou, the chief of the confederacy of the Delawares, Shawnees, Miamis and Mingoes, entered his room.

"Our lives are in danger," said the chief, who was called the Half King; "our trust is in you. The French will slay us and take our lands; we have sworn to fight them to the death."

"We will save you or die with you," answered Washington.

"Do not delay."

The Half King was irritated at the slowness of the soldiers, and left them to return to his own people.

The Virginians, having no horses, had to drag their cannon by hand.

The roads were miserable.

No bridges spanned the rivers and no boats could be obtained.

Before the march from Will's Creek was half finished, the men were reduced to half rations, and to make their fate more wretched the rain fell in unceasing torrents.

For ten days it rained, and during all that time

Washington and his little army were without shelter or change of clothes.

The scouts of the Half King announced that a party of the French was within a few miles.

A stockade was speedily erected, to which Washington gave the name of Fort Necessity.

"To-morrow we will attack them," said the young leader, "and there must be no hesitation."

Cautiously the English and the Virginians moved forward.

The French saw them and flew to arms.

Washington was at the head of his army, musket in hand.

"Fire!"

The clear command rang through the forest, and the first volley of a great war went flying on its mission of death.

The engagement was a fierce one.

The French were veterans who had seen service in Europe. Washington's men were mostly raw recruits.

But both sides fought with almost savage desperation.

"Fire, fast and sure!" shouted Washington, who loaded and fired as frequently as his men.

Jumonville, the French captain, was seen to throw up his hands and fall forward on his face.

His death ended the engagement, and Washington won the first skirmish in the great war.

De Villiers, the French general, saw well what the effect would be, and hastened his army forward to drive Washington from his position.

Several tribes of Indians united with the French, and proved most valuable allies.

Fort Necessity was attacked by six hundred French soldiers, and nearly as many Indians, while Washington's entire forces were less than four hundred.

For nine hours the French poured an incessant shower of balls into the fort.

Thirty of the defenders were killed, but the fire was returned with unabated vigor.

De Villiers found his ammunition nearly exhausted, and proposed a parley.

Washington, seeing he could hold out but a few minutes longer, accepted the honorable terms of capitulation, and with all accouterments the English garrison left the fort and withdrew from the country.

De Villiers, in reporting his success to St. Pierre, paid a high tribute to Washington.

"This young officer, who cannot be more than twenty-two years of age, led his men with all the courage and tact of a veteran, and, had he but known it, the victory would have been his, for we had but three more rounds of ammunition left, and were even then preparing to consider terms for surrender."

In the ranks of the Indian allies of the French there was one man disappointed.

Red Wolf, almost on his knees, begged for permission to scalp Washington.

"He will be a danger as long as he lives," said the savage.

De Villiers, however, would not listen to the suggestion, and, as we have seen, allowed Washington to leave with all the honors of war.

The French remained in undisturbed possession of the Ohio Valley.

CHAPTER III.

THE ATTACK ON THE LOG HOUSE.

"Gran'ther, I saw a band of Indians in the forest," said Harry Leonard, about six months after the capitulation of Fort Necessity.

Harry was out of breath; he had been running fast.

The Indians were the allies of the French, and had left a trail of blood wherever they had gone.

"Barricade the door, boy," ordered Grandfather Granger.

The boy had done it so often that it was easy work.

Everything was in readiness to be placed against the door.

The windows were closed by means of heavy oak

16 The Attack on the Log House.

slabs, and barred across the inside with young trees, strong enough to resist an elephant's strength.

The log house was only one story in height, but up in the roof a kind of platform had been erected, flooring over a portion about six feet square.

The old man had climbed up to this platform, and was taking an observation through a crevice between the logs.

"Boy, you are right."

"Yes, gran'ther."

"It is a fight this time. Where is your grandmother?"

"Here, father," answered the old lady.

"You are not afraid, mother?" asked her husband.

"No; we can die together, for we have lived together these fifty years."

"So long? It seems much shorter—our lives have been so happy."

The old lady mounted the ladder, and Harry followed.

Six muskets, two old sabers, and all the ammunition they possessed, were on the platform, ready for any emergency.

"Red Wolf leads," the old man muttered.

"Then we are doomed," responded the old lady.

"Get your guns ready, but do not fire until I give the word. Aim well, and do not waste powder."

Three muskets were primed, and their muzzles pushed an inch or so through the crevice.

The old grandmother showed no signs of fear. She had lived in the wilderness so many years that her feminine nature had become hardened, and she was able to face Indians or wolves without a tremor.

Red Wolf marshaled his men, and anticipated an easy victory over the white occupants of the log house.

There was no need of secrecy, for what could three persons, one of whom was a feeble old woman, and another a boy, do against twenty-five braves?

The Indians were within a few yards of the log house when old man Granger whispered to his wife and grandson to be ready.

Aloud he called to Red Wolf:

"Red Wolf, brave of the Blackfeet, what means this hostile appearance?" he asked.

"The white man must leave the valley and go back to the East, from whence he came," answered the Indian, speaking very fair English.

"Red Wolf, brave of the Blackfeet, when thou wast hungry did we not give thee food? When the teeth of the wild wolf tore the flesh of Red Wolf, did we not rescue thee and bind up thy wounds?"

"Enough, old man. Thy life shall be spared if thou and thine quit the house and cross the forest to the east."

18 The Attack on the Log House.

"Never, Red Wolf! The house is mine; it was built by my hands, and the land is mine, also."

"Then, if that be thy answer, Red Wolf will take that which thou refused to give."

The Indian, who was the only one of the band able to hold conversation in English, addressed his men, and it was plainly evident that he was resolved on capturing the log house.

"Fire!" whispered Granger.

Three musket shots left the barrels concealed in the roof of the log house, and three Indians dropped to the ground.

Quickly laying down the muskets they raised the others, and again fired, with the same result.

It took longer to load a musket in those days than we can possibly imagine.

The charge had to be rammed home to the barrel—the powder first, and then the shot. The flint had to be wiped off, and powder placed in the pan, so that a spark might drop on it and fire the charge.

The Indians, maddened by the death of six of their number, rushed forward and threw themselves against the door.

The heavy timber of which it was made withstood the onslaught, though the barricading bars creaked and cracked.

Again those savages threw their bodies against it

The Attack on the Log House. 19

with such force that many shoulders were bruised, and great splotches of blood were on the timbers.

The savages withdrew a few yards, but only to expose themselves to another volley from the log house.

Two of the Indians were killed, and a third wounded in the shoulder.

The others again rushed to the house, and made another assault on its strong timbers.

All their efforts were in vain.

Red Wolf took his men to the rear, and after an inspection of the house from that quarter, saw that something more than the united strength of the Indians was necessary.

A quantity of dried leaves were piled high at the rear of the house.

These were brought by armfuls and placed against the house, and fired.

The dry timbers, strong against human power, were but as twigs before the might of the fire king.

They burned and crackled, the smoke filling the house and rendering the defenders almost powerless.

"We shall be roasted," said the old man.

"What can we do, gran'ther?"

"Fight our way through and seek shelter with the wolves in the forest."

"Are we ready?" asked Harry.

"Are you ready, mother?" Granger inquired.

"Father, I am ready, only don't let me fall into the hands of the savages; kill me first. Will you?"

"Ay, mother, we will die together," bravely spoke the old man.

The muskets were too heavy to use as clubs, so Granger and his wife took swords, leaving Harry to do the best he could with a musket.

The boy filled his pocket with ammunition, in addition to his powder horn and shot pouch.

They descended the ladder and quietly unfastened the door.

The savages were still at the rear.

"Run," whispered Granger.

A score of yards space had been covered before they were seen by Red Wolf.

A savage cry burst from his throat, and his men fired a volley of arrows after the fugitives.

Fortunately they fell wide of the mark.

The savages ran, and were close upon the whites.

"We cannot escape; we must fight," said Granger.

He turned as he spoke, his white hair flowing over his neck and shoulders like a fleecy cloud of snow.

He raised his saber, and stood defiantly waiting.

The Indians hesitated.

There was a majesty about that aged, white-haired couple which struck them with awe.

For a moment it looked as though honor and age would triumph.

But only for a moment; the Indians gave a savage yell and rushed upon the settlers.

The fight was of short duration.

Although Granger and his wife were strong in spirit, their arms were weakened by age, and they were smitten to the earth.

Harry seized the saber as it fell from his grandmother's hand.

He struck out furious blows, and many a time the blade was red with the blood of a naked savage.

The Indians closed in upon him and rendered him helpless.

He was bound hand and foot.

A gag was placed in his mouth, for Red Wolf could not endure the upbraidings which came from his lips.

As the lad lay there, speechless and helpless, Red Wolf kicked him in the ribs.

"You shall live. I want you to see how we treat those we capture, and, as they die, you shall know your own fate will be more terrible."

The fiend in human form gave orders to his men to carry the aged settlers to the burning house.

"We are going to die, my boy, but we are not afraid," Granger said, as he passed where Harry was lying.

The boy struggled to release himself, but failed; the ligatures only cut into his flesh.

He saw, for there was no help for it, his grand-

parents scalped, and their bodies thrown into the blazing log house.

One cry from his grandmother for Heaven's mercy, and a silence gathered over all, broken only by the crackling of the burning timbers and the roar of the flames.

The savages danced in fiendish glee round the pyre, and as the sun went down a pillar of smoke showed only where the log house had stood—that log house which had been open to Indian and French and English alike for so many years.

CHAPTER IV.

ESCAPE.

The night was dark and cold, but Harry Leonard's blood was at fever heat, and his mouth was parched with the inward burning.

Red Wolf had kicked him several times, and told him of the fate which awaited him on the morrow.

The savages threw themselves on the ground to sleep, and their leader, well satisfied with the work of the day, followed their example, after assuring himself that Harry was well secured.

The boy could not sleep.

The horrible scenes he had witnessed, the deaths of

the grandparents who had reared him from infancy, all passed before his mind with terrible realism.

Accustomed to all the arts of the scout, his ears were quick to detect the slightest sound.

At times he hoped to hear the prowl of a hungry wolf, preferring the animal to the human savage; then, as the sound passed, his love of life predominated, and he prayed to live that he might revenge himself on Red Wolf.

The hours passed, and the clouds seemed blacker than ever, while the cold wind whistled through the trees, and the breath froze as it left the lips.

A shiver passed over Harry's body, and the thought entered his mind:

"It was just such a night as this a year ago that I was saved from Red Wolf. What a brave man that Virginian was! I wonder if I shall ever see him again? George Washington I'll never forget his name. Gran'ther said he was fighting the French. I hope he is, for none could conquer him."

The boy's thoughts were with the Virginian, and he forgot his own troubles and threatened torture.

His sharp ears detected a new movement.

Only an Indian could glide along so softly and quietly.

Harry felt his last hour had come.

He was sure one of Red Wolf's gang was tempted to steal his scalp.

Harry nerved himself to his fate.

The hot breath of a man was on his face.

Every moment he expected to feel the sharp steel of the tomahawk.

He scarcely dared to breathe.

A delightful sensation was experienced.

The Indian was bathing his face with cool, clear water.

"White man good to red man, red man help white man," whispered the unknown.

Harry turned over, and to his joy found the cords cut, and he was free.

"White man run—run—run——"

The hint was enough.

The love of life was strong, and the boy felt it was worth trying to preserve.

He glided along through the brushwood as noiselessly as possible, and not until he had passed out of possible sight of the Indians did he dare stand up.

The sufferings through which he had passed, and the terrible strain on his physical frame had exhausted him.

He staggered as though he were drunk.

Once he nearly fell, but mind often triumphs over matter, and he braced himself with firm resolve that he would never allow himself to be taken alive.

He ran, not knowing which way he was going, unconscious of everything save the thought that his life

and freedom depended on his placing a considerable distance between himself and the enemy.

All thought of weariness had left him.

His joints seemed more supple than ever, his limbs moved with all the precision of a machine and with as little sense of weariness.

Once he paused to drink from a tiny, bubbling spring, but the phantasm of the murder of those he had loved rose before his mind as though they had been reflected in the water.

Morning dawned, and he found himself on the banks of a river whose surface was covered with ice.

Then for the first time he rested.

He sat down, looking at the prismatic effects caused by the rising sun's rays on the ice-covered river.

It was a sight long to be remembered.

But what had he to do with the beautiful

All nature is beautiful, but human savages had marred its loveliness.

Instead of crossing the river, he walked slowly along its banks.

The reaction was setting in, nature was beginning to assert itself, and he became so tired that he could scarcely more one foot before the other.

A wild whoop was borne to his ears.

He was being pursued.

All his weariness was gone.

He leaped down the river bank, and stood firmly on the ice, balancing himself for the next move.

A crushing, creaking sound was heard.

He knew too well what it was.

The ice had been recently broken by some passing boats, and the blocks had only been reunited by the night's severe frost.

All across the river he could see the cracks, and knew that he had a new danger to face.

He stepped forward, and the ice almost slipped from under his feet.

He sprang a block beyond, and had to go on his hands and knees to prevent his falling into the river.

He heard the shouts of the savages, and knew that they were near the bank.

A moment more and he would be seen.

A few minutes and his escape would be prevented, and maybe his body would be buried beneath the ice floe to feed the fishes.

Straightening himself, he made another jump, and was more fortunate, for he was able to stand on the block.

A third leap and the ice parted between his feet, causing him to fall into the water.

He could swim like a fish, and dive as well as anyone, but with the floating ice above him he dare not do anything but try to climb on one of the cakes.

Again he succeeded in getting on his feet, and saw the Indians turning their backs on the river.

They had thought him drowned when he fell into the water, and had given up the pursuit.

There was honor and glory in taking the scalp from a living boy, but an Indian would scorn to rob a dead man of his scalp.

Harry leaped from ice block to ice block, until he was close to the bank.

An overhanging tree was within reach, and seizing its drooping branches he swung himself to land.

But nature will have its way, even over the strength of mind.

Harry Leonard fell almost lifeless on the ground.

He was as unconscious as one that was dead.

Not a sign of life, save the most feeble respiration, was apparent, and no one but the keenest observer would have thought him living.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY.

The hours passed, and still young Leonard lay on the banks of the river, without any sign of returning life.

Nature was having its revenge.

His mind had subdued his physical powers for many hours, but now the tables were turned.

How easy it would have been for Red Wolf to have recaptured him!

How little would have been the danger to any wandering savage who wished to add to the scalps at his belt!

But Red Wolf thought him dead, and no prowler passed that way, though during those hours many a one was within a stone's throw, and more than one would have danced with joy if he could have secured that youthful scalp.

"There is a divinity which shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will."

Harry Leonard was reserved for other work; his life was destined to be prolonged, that it might be of benefit to his native land.

It was close upon eventide when the *Angelus Domini* was said by the devout, that a maiden, fair and young, passed along the river side.

She had walked all day as became the daughter of a new country, and was rewarded by a rest at sunset.

She loved nature, and to her everything that nature made was good.

Though perhaps we ought to make an exception to that statement, for she was French, and had been taught from her earliest infancy that Indians were chil-

dren of the evil one, and the English were really past all hope in this world or the next.

By English she meant every nationality save her own. All who lived East and recognized King George, whether they were born in England or America, Holland or Saxony, were alike English in her belief and, therefore, hateful.

She looked up at the sky and saw the sun sinking below the horizon; then, with bowed head, she repeated the *Angelus*.

Her heart was soft, her whole nature full of love, and as she walked along she forgot the fatigues of the day, and gloried in the beauties of the scene around her.

She thought nothing of the cold. Why should she? Her life had been spent in that district, and the summer's heat, as well as the winter's cold, were but natural to her.

As she walked she looked at the darkening mists over the river, and wondered at the broken ice.

A little gasp, a half-startled cry escaped her as she saw a human body lying on the bank.

She pulled her head shawl over her face and started to run back home, afraid of the sight of death.

"Perhaps he is not dead," she thought; and all the kindness of her heart emboldened her.

She turned bravely back.

"A boy! and so pretty!" she murmured. "Poor fellow! Is he dead? He has been in the water."

She knelt down by his side and looked into his face. How her heart beat and body trembled, for she thought he was dead.

She felt his clothes; they were frozen stiff and adhered to the ground.

Then she laid her hand on his face.

That, too, was like marble, or, more properly, ice.

"Dead, poor fellow! Who is he? Where did he live?"

She bent her head over him and commenced saying a *Pater Noster*. It was all she could think of, and her whole soul was thrown into it.

Her hair was on his face.

Again the fear of being alone with the dead alarmed her, and she resolved to leave him.

She kissed his brow. It was frozen.

One more kiss, this time on his lips.

She jumped up and ran with all the speed of a gazelle, for she fancied a sigh escaped him as her lips met his.

"Help!" she cried in French.

Those were troublous times, and every ear was sharp to listen for the cry of distress.

Almost immediately her father responded.

"Marie! I am coming."

She ran to meet her father, and told him of the boy.

"I am afraid—he—is—not—dead," she said, with a

pretty innocence of manner, "because—I—think—he—
is—English."

"*Sacre——*"

Marie placed her hand over her father's mouth and
whispered:

"He cannot help it; for my sake, save him!"

"For your sake—yes, but——"

And again the Frenchman broke out with a long
string of expletives, all qualifying what he would like
to do with every Englishman.

With his daughter's assistance he raised Harry from
the ground; but his clothing was torn, much of it being
left frozen to the earth.

He sighed gently, but gave no other sign of life.

Jean le Fabre lifted the boy in his arms and carried
him as easily as he would a child.

"Run, first, Marie, and prepare thy mother; thou
knowest she likes not the English."

Marie needed no urging, and by the time her father
reached the house her mother was waiting to help re-
store the boy to life.

"What are you going to do with him?" asked Madam
le Fabre, when two hours later she left the side of the
English boy.

"Do? Why, what do you think? I hate the Eng-
lish, they are enemies of ours, and as soon as he is well
enough I will send the boy to Gen. de Villiers."

"What will they do with him?"

"Hang him, most likely."

"He is young, and cannot be an enemy," pleaded madam, her heart softened by her motherly attentions to the boy.

"How will you get him to the camp?"

"Red Wolf will pass here in three days, and he shall take him."

"I do not like that Red Wolf," said madam.

"I can't say that I do, either; I wouldn't trust a boy of mine with him, but yonder lad is English."

"I wish there were some other way."

"There isn't, and that settles it. The boy must go with Red Wolf, and I shall be well quit of him."

Poor Harry! Escaped from the murderous hand of the savage one day, to be handed over to his tender mercies another.

The times were indeed troublous.

Marie overheard her parents talking, and her quick brain was busy.

"Give him to Red Wolf? No, not if Marie can prevent it."

CHAPTER VI.

ENEMIES, YET FRIENDS.

Many of the French who had settled in the Ohio Valley could talk English as well as their native language, and it was the proud ambition of the honest settlers to give their children as good an education as they possibly could.

The various agencies of the Catholic Church assisted in this, for they felt that the more the two nations mingled, the better would it be for the church.

Marie le Fabre could talk French with all the ease and proficiency of a Parisian. That language was the one always used at home, and so there was no wonder that she was proficient.

But she could talk English, also, with such a pretty accent that those who heard her declared she ought to teach school, so that all might speak as prettily.

Marie always thought in French, and she was wondering whether the handsome boy whose life she had saved understood French.

It would be so much easier for her if he did.

She thought all that night about him.

Not once did she sleep, at least so she averred, and who dare doubt so good an authority?

If she did sleep, she dreamed about Harry, and her thoughts and dreams took somewhat of this form:

"He is handsome. I wonder who he is and how he came to be on that river bank? My father says he is to be given to Gen. de Villiers, and taken there by Red Wolf. I hate Red Wolf. I think Red Wolf is cruel. He shall not have my boy. He is mine—did I not find him? Did I not save his life? Of course I did, and so he is mine."

She argued in that fashion all night long, and wished ever so many times that she might go to his room.

She saw nothing wrong in nursing him, but her mother positively forbade it.

When morning's light beamed through the little window in her room, Marie dressed quickly and said her usual prayers, but for the first time in her life her thoughts were not on the subject of her supplication. Only once did she throw her whole soul into her petition to the Supreme, and that was when she added a few words on behalf of "her boy."

With quiet steps she approached the door of the room where he was lying, and saw her mother gently raise his head while he drank some warm milk.

Marie pushed open the door, and a smile passed over Harry's face.

Her presence was as gladsome as the sunshine, and he thought no harm could come to him if she were near.

Her mother had told him how he came to be there,

and when his conscious eyes saw Marie for the first time he looked, rather than spoke, his thanks.

"I will stay here now, *ma mere*," said Marie, in good English, save only the term of endearment.

Without a word Madam le Fabre relinquished her post and left the young people together.

"We are French," said Marie, "and you are English; therefore we are enemies."

"Our people may be, but we are not, are we?" asked Harry, in a whisper.

"I am not your enemy," she answered. "Will you tell me how you came on this side of the river?"

"Alas! if I were to do so I should only, perhaps, give your people cause to rejoice, though my heart would be sad in the telling."

"You are not a soldier?"

"No."

"You cannot be a—a——"

"Spy, you would say? No, mademoiselle, I am no spy."

"Call me Marie."

"If you will address me as Harry."

How quickly the reserve is broken when young people are together!

Here were two—boy and girl—strangers to each other, young in years, yet he almost a man by reason of his troubles, she innocent and loving—what wonder

that in less than an hour they knew each other's histories?

Only one thing had Harry omitted. He had not mentioned Red Wolf's name.

"My father says he will send you to the French general, De Villiers."

"Why should he?"

"He thinks it his duty."

"He will send me, how?"

"Red Wolf—"

"What know you of him?"

"Do you know him?"

"It was Red Wolf who would have killed me had not the Virginian, George Washington, interposed. It was Red Wolf who murdered my grandfather and grandmother. It was Red Wolf who wanted to kill me, but a kind Indian unloosed my fetters and helped me to escape. If I am given to Red Wolf I shall be killed."

"The Indian shall not have you," answered Marie, with determination, tapping the floor with her foot.

"I shall have to trust in you, Marie."

"I will not fail you. Leave everything to me and you shall be saved."

"I will never forget your kindness."

Marie sought her father and coaxed him, as she well knew how, but for once she could not move him.

He was a rigid disciplinarian, and believed it to be

his duty to give Harry over to the officer commanding in his district.

"But what wrong has he done?" asked Marie.

"None that I know of, but he may be a spy."

"No, no; I am sure he is not."

"How can you be sure?"

"He told me he was not."

The Frenchman laughed at his daughter's simplicity, and bade her attend to her duties.

Obediently she proceeded to her work; but could not sing as was her custom; all her thoughts were with the youth she had saved.

She told her father later in the day how Red Wolf had murdered the aged grandparents of their patient, and Madam le Fabre muttered:

"Poor boy!"

But Le Fabre only softened enough to say:

"If there was any other way, I would not let Red Wolf escort him."

"Take him yourself, father," suggested Marie.

"Perhaps I will."

But, as the French say, "*L'homme propose, et Dieu dispose*," so Marie was to find out.

The very next day a messenger arrived from Col. d'Arville, who had been on a scouting expedition with Red Wolf.

It had come to D'Arville's knowledge that Harry had been rescued and was with Le Fabre, so an im-

perative order was sent that the prisoner, who was described as a most dangerous spy, must be delivered on the morrow to Red Wolf.

"It must be so; I have no alternative now."

Marie was disconsolate.

Everything looked black for Harry.

"I have said I would save him, and I will."

She thought of many ways, but none of them appeared feasible.

It was near the hour for retiring to rest when a new idea flashed across her mind, and she determined to put it to the test.

CHAPTER VII.

MARIE'S SACRIFICE.

Marie tried every means to gain access to Harry's room, but her mother was, for some reason, never absent a minute.

All night Marie thought over her scheme, but as the morning dawned it seemed more difficult than ever of accomplishment.

The day was far advanced before she could gain the opportunity of speaking with the young American.

But even then she saw but slight chance of carrying her scheme into execution.

Red Wolf and his savages might arrive at any moment, and it would then be too late.

The hours of sunshine passed and the dreaded Indian did not appear.

The messenger from Col. d'Arville had been very open in his remarks to Le Fabre, and Marie had heard every word.

"There is to be war"—she said to Harry, in a low voice—"war between your people and mine. Not such as we have had, but Col. d'Arville says a regular war."

"Are you sure you heard aright?"

"Quite; he said that King Louis had already sent three thousand French soldiers, and your King George had ordered several regiments to come to this country. It will be awful, for you will get killed."

"I hope not, Marie."

"So do I."

"It seems to me my danger is right here."

That was the opening Marie needed.

She told him of her plan for his escape.

"I cannot do it."

"You must, if you value your life."

"I do value my life, but I would rather lose it than endanger you."

"I shall be all right. For my sake, Harry, you must."

It was hard to resist such an appeal.

What would he not do for the sake of the little French maiden?

"Do you wish it, Marie?"

"How can you ask that? If anything happened to you I should die."

"Yet three days ago you did not know of my existence."

"No, but I never lived till then."

This young couple, full of the innocence of youth, talked as freely as though they had known each other for years.

Red Wolf was rightly named. In all the land there was not a more savage animal than he.

His was not the warfare men indulge in to avenge some wrong or to serve their country, but one having for its motive an insatiate love of blood.

He was allied to the French, not because he thought they had any right to the beautiful valley, but simply because he was given more liberty.

Had the other side, that of England and the colony, afforded more scope for bloodshed, he would have espoused it with the same ardor.

After the escape of Harry, Red Wolf was like a madman.

He showed no mercy to young or old; he took no prisoners, but slaughtered babes and old people without a qualm of conscience.

Let it not be thought that the French indorsed his actions, or approved his conduct.

No; neither the commander of the French forces, nor his subordinate officers, would have directly approved of the barbarities of Red Wolf, but they closed their eyes.

Having accepted the savages as allies, they asked no questions and made no inquiries into the methods of the Indian warfare.

Red Wolf's trail was easily followed, for it was marked by burning dwellings and murdered innocents.

About three miles from the residence of Le Fabre a number of Americans met Red Wolf, and engaged with him in a short, sharp conflict.

The Americans, who believed there was a certain awe to be inspired by the presence of the English flag, carried it before them when they went out to meet the savages.

For an hour the fight continued; the old flint-lock muskets of the Americans did terrible work, but Red Wolf would not surrender.

The Americans succeeded in driving the Indians to the banks of the river, and poured such a volley into their ranks that Red Wolf sought the protection of the water.

The Indians had left seven of their number dead, while the Americans had only lost four.

The Indian was more exasperated and bloodthirsty than ever, and scarcely respected the residences of his allies.

It was late in the day when, with a wild whoop, he came in sight of Le Fabre's residence.

A message had reached him that a prisoner awaited him, and it was impressed on his mind that the prisoner must suffer no hurt, but be conveyed to Col. d'Arville.

Red Wolf had already made up his mind that the prisoner's scalp should hang from his belt. It would be so easy to goad him into some act which would form an excuse for summary punishment.

Le Fabre met the Indian and offered him hospitality.

"Fire water."

The two words were accompanied by a grunt and an expressive gesture showing how good some brandy would be.

Le Fabre dare not refuse, and soon Red Wolf and his men were making the little stock of brandy disappear quite rapidly.

"The prisoner!" demanded Red Wolf.

"He is safe, and shall be handed over to you when you are ready to march."

"We go now."

"Stay till to-morrow."

"No."

Red Wolf bade his men be ready for the march, and Le Fabre dare not refuse to produce the prisoner.

"It is a shame!" ejaculated Madam le Fabre.

"Marie—Marie!" shouted La Fabre; but no Marie responded.

"It is better so; she would have wept had she seen the boy taken away."

One of the farm hands, a sneaking, miserable, small-souled fellow, the same who had conveyed the news to Col. d'Arville that a young English spy was at Le Fabre's house, accosted his employer, and in French told him that Marie had gone into the woods and was walking faster than he ever saw a girl do before.

Le Fabre opened the door of the room in which Harry had been placed.

"Come, my boy; although we are enemies, I am sorry for you; but duty is duty, you know."

A scream from Madam le Fabre startled everyone; even Red Wolf was agitated.

Another and another burst from the woman's lips.

"What is it, mother?"

"Come away; can't you see?"

"See what?" asked her husband.

"That is not the boy," she whispered.

"Not the boy! Who is it, then?"

"Marie!"

From the side of the old trundle bed the prisoner rose, and a strange figure it was.

The clothes were those of Harry Leonard, but they were too large, and altogether unfit for the wearer.

The face was that of Marie.

She saw she was discovered.

"Yes, father, I am Marie."

"But how comes it——"

"You said Harry was to be given up to Red Wolf. His life was mine, for I saved it. I said he should never fall into the hands of the savage, and so I—I—helped him to escape."

Neither her father nor mother could blame her, though they foresaw that the consequences might be unpleasant.

Le Fabre tried to explain to Red Wolf, but the savage insisted that he had to take a prisoner to D'Arville, and that he didn't know anything about Marie or Harry.

He insisted on taking Marie as the prisoner.

More fire water was produced, and the savages drank until they were excited and merry.

But, instead of softening Red Wolf's heart, it only hardened it.

"Fear not for me, papa. Red Wolf dare not do me an injury," said Marie, who appeared to be resigned to her fate.

In her mind she was thinking that, ere the next morning's dawn, she would be dead; but there was no grief at the thought, for she had given her life for "her boy."

Again the order was given for the Indians to prepare to march, and Marie was seized and bound.

Her arms were tied tightly to her sides, and her ankles were tied with a rope so that she could only walk by taking short steps.

This was to prevent her running away.

Le Fabre resolved to accompany the party, and Red Wolf mentally resolved on having his scalp as well.

But just as the procession was forming, amid the sobs and shrieks of Madam le Fabre and the female members of the household, a figure was seen running from the direction of the wood.

"Stop! I am the prisoner you want. Spare her, she is innocent."

The voice and form were those of Harry Leonard, but the clothes were those of Marie.

"Harry, why did you come back?" asked Marie.

"I could not let you suffer."

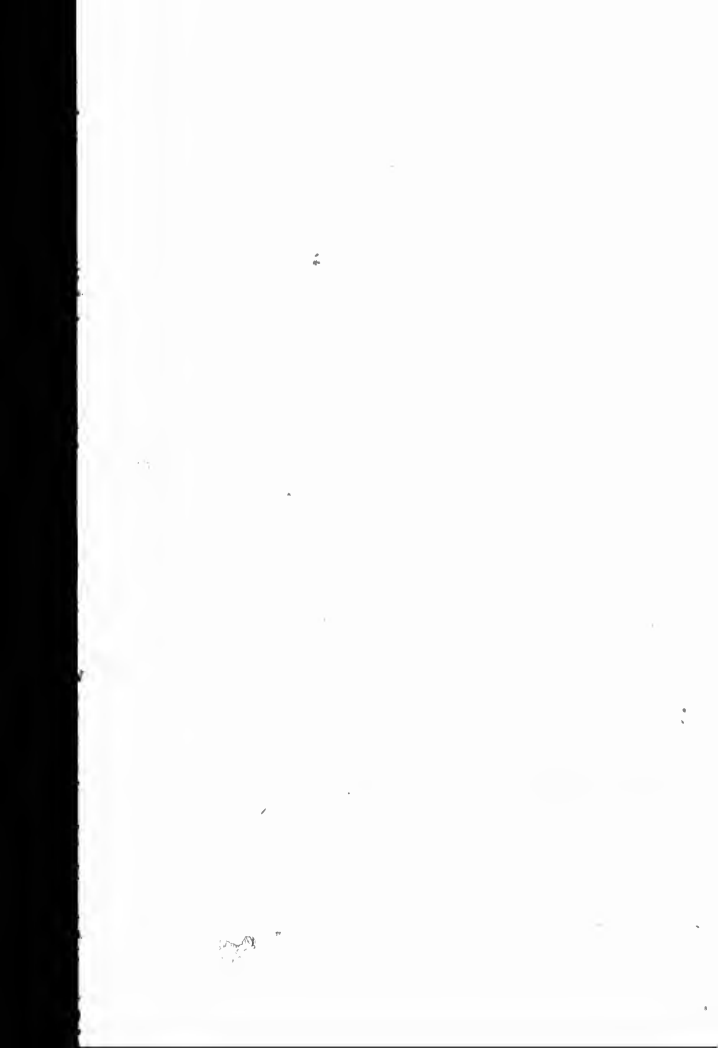
"Brave boy, I will go with you to the colonel, and will plead for you," said Le Fabre.

Red Wolf had been staring at Harry; the disguise had prevented recognition for a time.

"You not dead?" he exclaimed, when he realized that the youth in girl's clothes was really the grandson of the old couple he had murdered.

"No, Red Wolf, I did not die in the river, as you thought, but I lived to accuse you of murder. I shall live to take your life, and as my grandmother died so shall you."

"You are my prisoner."



"Yes, so I was before, but you cannot kill me. The blood you have shed is between us, and until that is wiped away I shall live to haunt your life."

Red Wolf understood every word; he talked English and French with great fluency.

His people openly comprehended a few words, and he was too much frightened to translate to them.

The savage trembled.

The superstitions of his people were strong in their power, and there was one which was present to his mind.

"The braves of the Blackfeet fear no enemy until the dead comes to life to confront them."

That was the superstition of his people, and he really believed that Harry had been dead, but came to life as his Nemesis.

Red Wolf stared at Harry until he shook with nervous fear.

"Away! Away!" cried the Indian. "I'll not touch you."

Madam le Fabre whispered to the young folks, and they retired to once again exchange their clothes.

Marie, when once more in her own pretty costume, blushed at the remembrance of her masquerade, and could scarcely look at Harry.

"Go, young man, quickly," whispered Le Fabre, and Harry was glad enough of the chance to escape, for now he knew that Marie was safe.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DEFEAT OF BRADDOCK.

Marie's information was true. Both the English and French nations professed to be at peace, but yet each prepared for war.

Louis XV. sent three thousand soldiers to Canada, and the British government ordered Gen. Edward Braddock to proceed to America with two regiments of regulars.

There were four plans of campaign formulated by the governors of the colonies.

Lawrence, the governor of Nova Scotia, was to complete the conquest of that province. Johnson, of New York, was to enroll a force of volunteers and Mohawks in British pay, and to capture the French post at Crown Point.

Shirley, of Massachusetts, was to equip a regiment and drive the enemy from their fortress at Niagara.

Braddock, as commander-in-chief, was to lead the main body of regulars against Fort du Quesne, retake that post, and expel the French from the Ohio Valley.

Braddock had two thousand veterans with him, and expected to receive as many more recruits from the colonies.

George Washington had sent in his resignation, and

most of the American officers had followed his example.

It has often been said that a very trivial thing may decide the fate of a nation.

Cromwell was about to leave England and seek his fortunes in the western world, when Charles I. ordered him to appear before a judge to render an account of the value of his property.

That little order cost Charles his head and established a republic in England, with Cromwell as its president.

Washington was loyal to England; he was a believer in the right of kings, and would have given his life to serve King George.

He had served his king faithfully, and been promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

When Braddock came over, Washington was one of the first to offer his sword and the service of his Virginians.

In Braddock's commission it was expressly stated that the colonial officers should have no rank while serving in connection with the king's army.

This order was an insult.

Washington felt it keenly, and at once sent in his resignation.

Gov. Dinwiddie sent for him.

"Virginia needs your sword. The country must be saved from its enemies," said the governor.

"I have won my rank."

"We know it, and it is because we have need of you that I ask you to withdraw your resignation."

"I will fight for Virginia, but not for King George," answered the brave Washington.

"It is for your country you will fight."

And this little episode was the turning point in Washington's career.

"I am loyal to the king," he said, "but I cannot fight for him. I will fight for my country."

Braddock knew that England was in the wrong, and appointed the Virginian on his staff.

In everything but official documents he gave Washington his full title.

It was not the title that the Virginian cared about, it was the fact that the order was a direct insult to the colonists.

The march began from Fort Cumberland.

A select force of five hundred men was thrown forward to open the roads to Fort du Quesne.

The advance was led by Sir Peter Halket, and Braddock followed with the main body.

The army, marching in a slender column, extended along the narrow roads for four miles.

"General, you do not know the country," said the sagacious Benjamin Franklin, "and you ought to move with more caution."

"Caution, sirrah! What mean you?"

"The Indians may be in ambuscades; had you not better send out scouts?"

Braddock was self-willed and arrogant.

He looked at Franklin, and for a moment did not utter a sound.

When he did it was to give utterance to a hearty laugh and a contemptuous speech:

"Sirrah! Not all the savages in the world could make any impression on his majesty's regulars."

Washington was sent for, and the general asked him what he thought of the situation.

"We need greater caution. We are in danger of ambuscades."

Braddock flew into a passion.

"I have seen real fighting, and it is high time when a Col. Buckskin presumes to teach one of his majesty's generals."

On the eighth of July the van reached the junction of the Youghiogeny and the Monongahela.

It was only twelve miles more to Fort du Quesne.

There was no sign of the enemy. The road was but twelve feet wide, the country on either hand was covered with a dense undergrowth, rocks and ravines, and little hills, thus making the district a good one for sudden surprises.

It was night.

The clear sky was studded with stars.

Scarcely a breeze stirred the leaves.

Washington was officer of the watch, and he with his subordinates were the only ones not sleeping.

A rustling of the grass was heard. Washington seized his sword and awaited further developments.

"Hush! 'Sh!"

He heard the cautionary sound, but could not see from whence it came.

"Are you English?"

The question was asked suddenly, and in a low voice.

"I am American, but with the English army," answered Washington.

"You are Mr. Washington?"

"Yes. Who and where are you?"

Up from the long grass rose the tall, slender form of Harry Leonard.

"You once saved my life; I want to save yours. The savages are in ambush. They will attack you before morning. Be ready for them; they are behind every tree and bush a mile ahead of you."

Washington did not recognize the boy whom he had saved from Red Wolf eighteen months before, but he realized how important was the information.

"Come with me."

Gen. Braddock was roused, and listened to the story.

"What fool's tale is this that I am aroused from sleep to hear? France has not two hundred Indian allies on the continent. Colonel, you are easily imposed upon."

"May I stay with you?" asked Harry, as he walked back with the Virginian.

"Yes. You are a brave fellow; I like your manner."

Harry was overjoyed. He was to be with his hero.

That was a happiness he had little dreamed of, and he knew not that Washington was with the English army until he saw him in the starlight and instantly recognized him.

Two hundred and thirty French, led by Beaujeu and Dumas, and a body of six hundred and thirty-seven Indians, led by Red Wolf, set out to harass and annoy the English.

They had just reached their place of ambuscade when Harry Leonard gave the information to Washington.

Early in the morning the order was given to march.

Braddock laughed at the idea of caution.

The flanking parties of the English reached the ambush.

A long stream of fire burst out from the bushes, a savage yell from the Indians, and the battle began.

Col. Thomas Gage was urged to hurry up his men, but he was undecided and confused.

For a few minutes the flanking parties held their own, but the Indians closed in upon them and drove them back.

The French fought with valor.

The Indians yelled and shouted, making the place like pandemonium.

The English fired constantly, but seldom saw the enemy.

Every volley from the hidden foe flew with deadly certainty into the panic-stricken English.

Braddock rushed to the front.

"Rally for old England and your king!" he cried.

The soldiers were huddled together like sheep.

Many fled to the rear in terror.

The forest was strewn with dead.

Red Wolf led his men ably and skillfully, and made the battle almost a rout.

Braddock had five horses shot under him.

His secretary was receiving a message to be conveyed to Gage, when an arrow pierced his heart.

The English aides were disabled, and only Washington remained.

"Fight, I say, fight! No quarter to the demons!" shouted Braddock. "Come, ye cowards, I'll show you how to fight!" he continued, as he rushed into the midst of the now visible enemy.

A musket ball entered his side, and he fell fainting to the ground.

Harry Leonard raised the wounded officer's head.

"Where is Col. Washington?" he asked, faintly.

"Here, general."

"What shall we do now, colonel?"

"Retreat, sir—retreat, by all means."

It was time to give such an order.

Out of eighty-six officers, twenty-six were killed and thirty-seven wounded. Seven hundred and fourteen privates were dead or dying from their wounds."

"Retreat, sir—retreat, by all means."

"We shall all be killed," murmured the English officer.

"My Virginians shall cover your retreat," answered Washington, proudly.

Only thirty of his brave Virginians remained alive, but he promised to cover the flight of the English army.

The order to retreat was given.

Artillery, baggage, provisions and the general's private papers were left on the field.

The savages scalped the dead and stripped the fallen heroes of their clothes.

Many an Indian returned to Fort du Quesne clad in the laced coats and military boots of the British officers.

The bullets flew around Washington, but he sat his horse calmly.

Twice he had to get a fresh horse, and four times his coat had been torn with balls.

Harry Leonard was by his side all the time, fighting like a hero.

Red Wolf and his braves were rapidly surrounding the Virginians.

The Blackfoot chief gave orders to his warriors to kill Washington, offering a big reward to anyone who secured his scalp.

Once Red Wolf seized a fallen musket and aimed at the Virginian.

Washington was off his guard.

The report echoed among the trees, but, just as Red Wolf pulled the trigger, a young peasant leaped out of the dense brush and flung himself in front of the colonel, receiving the ball in his shoulder.

Washington's life was saved.

He stooped to look after his preserver.

Something in the face of the fainted peasant caused him to exclaim:

"A woman!"

Harry was on his knees beside the wounded peasant instantly, and his tears fell fast as he murmured:

"Marie—poor Marie, how came you here?"

The savages kept firing and closing in upon the Virginians.

Harry lifted Marie le Fabre in his arms and ran after the fleeing army, never feeling the burden he was carrying.

He ran for nearly a mile before he dropped exhausted on the roadside, just as an Indian crept through the brush and exclaimed in broken English:

"Me hab two scalps!—me heap rich!"

CHAPTER IX.

MARIE'S STORY.

Had the French and their Indian allies pursued the fleeing, panic-stricken English, the little band of Virginians would have been unable to withstand them, and it is very improbable that one Virginian would have remained alive, and the history of the world would have been written differently.

As we look back, we tremble to think what might have been the fate of this great nation, had George Washington been killed while covering the retreat of Braddock's regulars.

Fortunately, the instinct of the Indian was at fault, and his love of scalps overcame his usual clear-sightedness.

There were hundreds of dead and wounded, and every Indian felt that the scalps must be taken.

Even then there were a few of the savages who thought it derogatory to their dignity to scalp dead men, but they were in the minority.

Red Wolf led his men back to the scene of the slaughter, and the work of blood commenced.

Frenchmen, as well as English and Colonials, lost their scalps, and the fearful whoopings of the savages

told of the dexterity with which the coveted prizes were secured.

Washington waited until he was sure that the French and their allies had give up pursuit.

"Men, you have covered yourselves with glory," he said; "we have done our duty, we have served our king and our country. It only remains for us to retire in good order."

What an example to set to the English regulars!

They had fled panic-stricken; the Virginians stood their ground and retreated in solid column.

What magnificent courage!

What splendid daring!

England; itself, jealous as it was of the colonies, had to admit that Washington saved the remnant of Braddock's army, and that, although only twenty-three years old, he had proved himself possessed of invincible courage. The orderly retreat of the Virginians commenced.

The men were too brave to march fast.

Washington's horse, the third he had ridden that eventful day, had hurt its ankle, and he, with innate kindness, was walking at its head, leading it gently along the road.

"Me hab two scalps! me heap rich!"

The Indian looked down on the unconscious forms of Harry Leonard and Marie le Fabre, and repeated the words with a merry chuckle.

His voice was too loud, his manner too triumphant, for the still air bore the words and carried them to the ears of Washington.

In an instant he was in the saddle, and a minute brought him in sight of the gloating savage.

Quick as the Indian is by nature, that particular one was so engrossed with the prospect of getting the two scalps that he did not see the Virginian.

Washington bore down upon him, and with lightning-like rapidity he struck down the savage and rescued his young friends.

Harry had just recovered consciousness as Washington rode up.

"You have saved our lives!" exclaimed Harry, enthusiastically.

"Yes, I think I have; but I have been more favored than your friend. She saved my life, and risked her own."

Gently they lifted Marie and placed her on an improvised litter, which willing hands carried.

There was not a man but would have given his life for her, for she had saved their beloved leader.

The little band reached Fort Necessity without further mishap.

Gen. Braddock was dying, and he sent for Washington.

"Colonel, you were right. We did not know how to fight savages. We shall know better next time."

The Virginian showed no resentment, but nursed the dying Englishman as though he had been his brother.

"I have written home," said the general; "I have advised the government to place a colonial at the head of the army here."

Once he roused himself and looked steadfastly at his aide.

"You are a Virginian, but your ancestors were English?" he said.

"Yes, general. My family came from Salgrave, in Northamptonshire."

"Go there, colonel. Your king will knight you, will give you honors you cannot dream of. England is the place for you."

"No, general; I should die there. I want the vast expanse of forest, the broad lands, the great mountains, the pure air of my native land. I want no knighthood; I want only the right which freedom gives."

"Well, well, I know not what makes you colonials so sturdy, but we are beaten—we shall know better next time. How dark it is—I feel sleepy—I shall know better—"

The sentences were disjointed, the words scarcely more than whispered.

Braddock put out his hand to take Washington's. The Virginian felt a slight tremor, a quick, convulsive clasp, and all was over.

The English general was dead.

Buried close to Fort Necessity, no stone marks the place, but many who heard his prophecy that Washington could have honors if he chose, in years after paid visits to his grave, recognizing him as one who appreciated the honest worth of the great American.

The surgeon examined Marie's wound and rejoiced all hearts by his positive assurance that it was not dangerous, and would scarcely be troublesome.

When she was stronger she told her story with charming *naïvete*.

"After you had gone Red Wolf recovered from his fright," she said, "and he used the most awful language. Father ordered him begone, but he would not go. Instead, he gave his warriors permission to loot the place.

"We lost everything—chickens, pigs, sheep, all we possessed; but that was not all. He was not satisfied."

"What could he want?" asked Harry.

Marie blushed, adding to her prettiness, as she answered:

"Me."

"What?"

"Yes; Red Wolf said he had long sought a paleface wife——"

"But you are but a child," said Harry, patronizingly, as though he might have been an elderly person.

"I am sixteen, sir," she answered, proudly. "And

Red Wolf did not think me a child. He asked—no, he demanded—that I should be given to him. Father objected, mother cried, and Red Wolf laughed.

"Then the savage threatened, and so did I. He said he would kill my father and mother, and I replied that I would kill him.

"Father urged me to silence, but I was angry, and kept on talking.

"You wonder at my telling you so calmly, but all my heart was crushed that day, and I have had no emotional feeling since."

"Poor Marie!"

"Don't say that. I want no pity—not, at least, until Red Wolf is dead. Some of the warriors left their chief, and we learned the reason soon enough, for the smoke issued from the windows, and our pretty house was burned.

"I did cry then; it was the last time. Father rushed toward the house to try and put out the fire, but a savage redskin struck him down with his musket, and poor father never spoke again."

"And your mother, what of her?"

"The sight of poor father's death made her crazy, and she ran straight into the burning house—and—and—I have not seen her since."

The girl's frame shook with a convulsive sob, but she overcame her emotion and continued:

"I ran into the woods and escaped. Sometimes I

slept in the trees, high up among the branches; then, when I was cold, I would get on the ground and pile the leaves over me."

"I wandered about anywhere, doing chores for old women, that I might get something to eat, and—well, the time passed. One day I saw a dead boy; I was afraid to look at him for fear it might be you. But when I saw it was not, I grew more bold and took off his clothes, and—well, these are the clothes he wore."

Marie pointed to the masculine raiment, smiling as she did so.

"What are you going to do now?" asked Harry.

"Fight—I will fight with the English."

"No, Marie, that would be wrong, very wrong, for the French are your own people, bear in mind, and——"

"Red Wolf isn't, and it is the Indians I would fight."

When Harry told Col. Washington Marie's pitiful story, his manly heart was touched.

"I will ask her to go to my home and stay there a time. I have a friend, Mistress Martha Custis, who would welcome her as a daughter, if she will but consent to accept her hospitality."

Harry was profuse in his thanks to the noble Virginian, and Marie wept when the offer was made to her.

Those tears brought back all the feminine instincts of her nature, and she shrank with horror from the thought of bloodshed.

CHAPTER X.

A QUAKER'S "SOFT ANSWER."

"What do you intend doing, Harry?" asked Washington, some days later.

"I can hardly say, colonel. I would like to fight Red Wolf, but he has gone North."

"Then why not go North also?"

"Do you advise me to do so?"

"I would like to have you with me, but it will be a hard and inglorious life. We shall be engaged fighting the Indians, and you know what that means. They will not come into the open; they will burn a house, and massacre its inmates, but like the lightning flash they will be away before we can come up with them."

"Do you think that there will be war in the North?"

"War? Yes, long, fierce and terrible. England and France will struggle for the mastery, and the colonists will have to fight to protect their homes."

"I do not want to fight with the regulars; such men as Braddock would make me mutiny, and Dunbar would drive me crazy."

"Hush, Harry! These men were the officers of the king. It is treason to speak of them like that; besides, one of them is dead."

"I know it; he died because he would not listen to you."

"Hush! Say nothing but good of the dead, my boy."

"Do you advise me to join the English army?"

"No, Harry, Heaven forbid! The French are strongly entrenched along the banks of Lake Horicon, or, as the French call it, the Lake of the Blessed Sacrament, and at Niagara. The colonies of Massachusetts, Connecticut and New York will raise armies to drive the French north of the lakes. I will give you a letter to Gov. Shirley, of Massachusetts, and to William Johnson, of New York, if you would like to see actual warfare."

"I will go."

"Did you say Red Wolf has gone?"

"Yes, he is the bearer of messages to the French commander at a place called Crown Point."

"That is on Lake Champlain."

"Do you think the Indians will oppose us there?"

"No; the Five Nations are friendly, and William Johnson was, or is, a commissioner to the Indians, and universally liked. Get the best horse you can and start at once."

Harry was delighted. He was full of youthful enthusiasm, and predicted a triumphant march into Canada.

At night he dreamed that he saw letters signed by

King George congratulating him on his bravery, and by day he was wondering whether he would have to dress in English uniform, and whether he would rise to be a general.

Don't blame him for these dreams of greatness; we all have them at times.

A few days and Harry Leonard, dressed in a good buckskin suit and seated on as good a horse as could be found in all Virginia, started for the North.

He was particularly fitted for such warfare as he would be engaged in, for his life had been spent in the midst of savage Indians.

On his way he fell in with a Quaker, who was opposed to all war.

Harry had but little experience with these peculiar people, and did not realize that they were absolutely opposed to resistance.

"Friend, thou art carnal in thy tastes," he said to Harry.

"Perhaps so, but so would you be if you had suffered as I have done."

"Nay, it is written, 'Thou shalt forgive thine enemies.'"

"I will forgive all but one, and that one I will forgive after I have shot him, and will ask God to have mercy on his soul."

"Thou art wrong, friend. 'If thine enemy smite thee on the right cheek, turn thy left to him also.'"

"Not much, Friend Broadbrim; I'd turn my hat in the direction of his face."

Notwithstanding the peaceful ideas of the Quaker, Harry was glad to have him as a companion, more especially as the Quaker had frequently traveled that road, and was even now journeying to Albany.

Such a journey was most tedious, for the way lay often through forests and across rough, wild land.

It was fraught with danger as well, for in Pennsylvania a few roving bands of savages were to be met with, and they were even more lawless than those farther west.

The Quaker professed that there was no need for force, even if Indians were met with. "A soft answer," he said, "turneth away wrath."

"Friend, you can use the soft answer," replied Harry, "but I shall depend more on my rifle and the good pistol in my holster."

For several days the journey was a pleasant one.

It was early in the morning of the dampest, foggiest and most miserable day they had encountered that Harry's quick ear detected the sound of Indian moccasins.

"Friend Broadbrim, thy soft answer may be needed," he whispered.

A bullet passed between Harry and the Quaker, and its whirring sound convinced both that its message was one from an enemy.

Harry suggested riding as fast as possible, as the odds would be unpleasant.

"It is better to flee," said Broadbrim, "than to fight."

The horses bounded over the hard ground at a speed which would do credit to racers, but the Quaker's horse, in taking a small dyke, slipped, or miscalculated the distance, throwing Broadbrim over its head and landing him in soft mud.

He had managed to scramble to his feet before Harry knew of the accident.

Our hero could not resist laughing, for a more amusing object could not be imagined than that Quaker.

"My horse hath taken itself away," said Broadbrim, looking round for his steed.

The horse was quietly feeding a little distance away, and Harry had no difficulty in catching it. Before Broadbrim could mount, Harry had his gun in readiness, for he saw a lurking Indian behind a tree.

"What would you advise me to do?" he asked.

"Friend, if I were thee, I would shoot, but I have no weapon; my religion forbiddeth such carnal things."

Harry, however, did not shoot; he urged his horse over the ground, and was quickly followed by the Quaker.

"They are friends, thou seest."

"I am not so sure."

"But they have not fired."

"No, they may be awaiting us in front."

"Don't say so. I am a man of peace, and thy words alarm me."

He had another cause for alarm very soon.

A band of painted savages emerged from the shelter of the wood, and, brandishing their tomahawks, began to close in on the two men.

Broadbrim was trembling.

"Friends, I am a man of peace," he commenced, but the Indians were getting nearer every minute, and the Quaker valued his scalp.

"If I were thee, friend Leonard, I would fire thy carnal weapon."

It was unpleasant to be surrounded by twenty howling, whooping Indians, and have as a companion a man who hesitated to take human life.

"Thou canst fire and I can load whilst thou does use thy pistol."

That was a concession.

Harry discharged his rifle, and had the satisfaction of killing the chief, whose body was almost covered with scalps taken by him.

The Quaker took the rifle and loaded it as dexterously as any soldier could do.

To Harry's surprise, the Quaker fired at an Indian who had come unpleasantly close.

"Friend Leonard, thy weapon hath a trick of going off."

The savages were held at bay for several minutes,

but it was not difficult to predict the result, if the unforeseen had not happened.

Broadbrim had caught sight of a fallen tomahawk.

Quick as a flash he had bent down over his horse and secured the weapon.

"Come, friend Leonard, let us fly from these bad people."

The Quaker urged his horse forward to where the savages were thickest, and laid about him so deftly with the tomahawk that many a brave bit the dust.

Harry did not wait to load his rifle, but used it as a club. Its ponderous weight made but little effort necessary to crush the skulls of those unfortunate enough to get within reach.

Broadbrim sat his horse like a centaur, making it plunge and rear in such a fashion that the Indians were afraid to approach too near.

The arrival of two other horsemen made the savages think it better to retreat, leaving nine of their number dead or dying, while Harry and the Quaker escaped without any serious wound.

"The weapon of the ungodly did rouse the old Adam in me," explained Broadbrim, "and thou didst see I was carried away and didst use the weapon of the unrighteous."

"You saved our scalps."

"Did I? Dost thou really think that mine arm did good service?"

"I never saw a man fight better."

"The holy book doth say, 'Resist the devil and he will flee from thee. I only resisted, and the redskins did flee.'"

CHAPTER XI.

THE BATTLE OF FORT WILLIAM HENRY.

From Albany, where Harry parted with the Quaker, he had to journey alone. The army had moved up the Hudson to a spot which was then called the Great Carrying Place, and Col. Lyman set to work to erect a fort, which his men named Fort Lyman in his honor, but which is known to-day as Fort Edward.

Harry was looked upon with suspicion, as he was so much better dressed than the majority of colonials. He presented his letter to Gen. William Johnson, and was warmly received.

"There is not a man in the country I would rather serve than this same George Washington," said Johnson. "You have seen service?"

"Yes, sir. I was with Braddock."

"Ah!"

"And I have seen other engagements with Indians."

"Can you scout?"

Harry blushed, for he was hoping he would be at-

tached to a scouting party rather than with the regulars.

"I was born in the wilds of Western Virginia, and can follow a trail as silently as an Indian."

"Good! What rank had you in Braddock's army?"

"I had none; I was unattached, but I was called lieutenant by courtesy."

"Then you will take the rank of first lieutenant; I will see that your commission is made out at once."

A scouting party of friendly Mohawks had just returned from Canada with the news that the French were about to send a large force to Crown Point, and thence march to Albany.

Johnson ordered his colonials to be ready to march to Lake Horicon.

What a motley crowd it was!

No uniforms—not even the officers had a regular dress—but all were clothed in the garb they wore at home.

The weapons were as diversified as the clothes.

Axes and hatchets, carving knives, as well as the more formidable hunting knives, were stuck in their belts; guns, old and new; pistols, some of which had not been fired for years; but what mattered the weapons when all were filled with enthusiasm bordering on fanaticism?

The march to Horicon was through dense forests

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never before trodden by white men, save, mayhap, by a solitary hunter.

It was fourteen miles or so from Fort Lyman to the lake, and the men were as weary as though the distance had been three times as much.

They set to work to clear enough space for their camp, and Johnson, with his own hands, unfurled the flag of England, and let its folds flaunt over the beautiful, clear water.

He called his men together, and, in a very high-faluting style, harangued them:

"This water hath been called by our enemy the Lac du St. Sacrament, and, by the Five Nations, Horicon. I, by authority vested in me, order that henceforth it shall bear the name of our king, and this water shall be called Lake George."

The soldiers cheered. To them it seemed a harbinger of victory.

The clear water—the clearest of any lake we have ever seen—reflected the cross of St. George and St. Andrew, which, blended, formed the flag of England, and a victory was achieved.

But Johnson was not satisfied with that.

"I intend going down this lake," he said, "with a part of the army, and take post at the end of it, at a pass called Ticonderogue, there to await the coming of the rest of the army, and then attack Crown Point."

Johnson had not calculated on the pertinacity of the French.

He was resting and taking things easily; while Baron Dieskau, with eight hundred regulars and six hundred Indians, advanced to attack Fort Lyman.

Fortunately for the English, some of Dieskau's Indians belonged to the great league of the Iroquois, and when within a short distance of the fort they recognized some Mohawks with whom they were at peace, and refused to attack the fort.

Dieskau then changed his route and headed his column for the lake.

Harry had been out in the forest, and returned hurriedly to acquaint Johnson with Dieskau's march.

Col. Ephraim Williams, at the head of a thousand English, and the Chief Hendrick of the Iroquois, set out to meet the French forces.

The French opened fire at once.

Col. Williams was killed almost at the opening of the battle, and Chief Hendrick lived only a few minutes longer.

The English fled, but speedily rallied, and retreated in an orderly manner.

"General, the French are coming here," cried Harry, as he ran into the clearing.

"What! Have they not been met by Williams and the Iroquois chief?"

"Williams is dead and so is Hendrick."

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"And——"

"Our men are retreating."

"What shall we do?"

It was the general asking the lieutenant for advice, the superior and experienced learning from the junior and inexperienced.

"Throw up barricades at once."

"I never thought of it. Men, let all the tree fellers gather the fallen trees and make breastworks."

"If we can have but a few hours, we can save ourselves," said Harry, who was fast becoming the ruling spirit:

Even Johnson was suffering from the panic.

Higher and higher rose the breastworks on three sides, leaving that facing the lake open.

Firing was heard. The rattle of musketry caused the men to work faster and more efficiently.

The crashing of the brush, the breaking of the young trees, heralded the approach of the retreating English, who clambered over the breastworks and fell pell-mell into the midst of their friends.

The Indians with the French skulked in the swamps; the fight was not to their liking. The French halted, and that gave the colonials time to complete their fort.

Johnson's love of self, his egoism, was matchless. When danger threatened them, and every minute was precious, he called on the men to give a name to the

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fort, and his trusty aide suggested that it should be called Fort William Henry.

The English flag waved above it as the French, under Dieskau, marched through the forest to attack the new fort.

The attack was spirited, the defense stubborn.

The sun had reached the meridian when the first gun was fired, and it had passed that line four hours before either side showed signs of exhaustion.

The Connecticut men fought with such stoutness that Dieskau declared he never saw such courage.

Col. Titcomb, of Massachusetts, was killed early in the day, and Gen. Johnson was suffering from a flesh wound.

Dieskau exposed himself within shot range of the fort, and Harry Leonard fired at so good a target, lodging a bullet in the French officer's thigh.

Montreuil took the command and shouted:

"Men, avenge the wounding of your chief!"

His men rallied, and again attacked the fort, but Lyman, who was now in command, was too able a general, and the French began to retreat.

Harry was standing on the top of the fort and saw the flight of the foe.

"Boys, they are running; let us follow them and drive them back to Canada."

The blood of the colonists was at boiling heat.

They began clambering over the breastworks, and as Harry again called to them, a wild cheer rent the air.

"Follow me, boys," cried the intrepid young scout, "and victory shall be ours!"

CHAPTER XII.

JOHNSON'S SUCCESS.

Harry's enthusiasm was contagious; no sooner had he uttered the spirited words than a hundred leaped the breastworks, prepared to follow his example.

Among the first to join the intrepid young scout was Col. Lyman.

He was willing to follow when such a daring leader took advantage of the opportunity.

Harry saw him, and, like a true hero, shouted:

"Boys, Col. Lyman leads; with him victory is sure."

With terrible earnestness the men dashed through the wood against the enemy.

Those New Englanders were terrible fighters.

Their hatchets were formidable weapons, and the butts of their guns did frightful execution when used as clubs.

The Mohawks, who were on the side of the English, acted the part of cowards, or perhaps we should say they were diplomatic.

If the French won the victory, the Iroquois would

not be likely to treat the Mohawks badly, and so the English allies deliberately told Lyman that they liked to watch the English fight.

The French officer, Baron Dieskau, was sitting on the ground, wounded, as the colonists dashed past.

One of Lyman's men, himself a French Canadian, caught sight of the wounded officer and deliberately shot at him, breaking both legs.

Others stripped him of his clothes, and heaped indignities on him.

Harry Leonard saw them just in time.

"Are you men, thus to treat a fallen foe?" he cried. "Don't you know that he is a brave man? Carry him to Fort William Henry at once."

The men were heartily ashamed of their conduct, and were glad that the young scout stopped them ere they had gone too far.

Gen. Johnson received his foe with courtesy, and paid him the greatest attention.

The French and their allies, the Iroquois, fled into the woods and made their way back toward the South Bay, where they had left their canoes.

Several companies of French Canadians and Iroquois returned to the scene of action, the Canadians with the desire to retrieve their character, the Indians with the sole object of securing scalps.

But a scouting party had set out from Fort Lyman, under command of Cpts. Folsom and McGinnis.

The Indians had taken many scalps and were resting by the side of a tiny lake in the forest when the scouts came up and opened fire upon them.

The Canadians and their allies outnumbered the scouts three to one, but they were taken unawares and after a terrible fight, in which McGinnis was mortally wounded, the little party of scouts drove the northerners back with great loss.

The bodies of the slain were thrown into the pool, which was named after that "The Bloody Pool."

With wild confusion the Canadians and their allies reached their canoes in South Bay, and paddled for very life to Ticonderoga.

They were nearly starved, for they had thrown away their knapsacks when they had fled first, and had been without food for twenty hours.

Harry had returned to Fort William Henry, and was received with the greatest enthusiasm.

"I am proud of you. I shall mention you in my report to the governor of the province, and the King of England shall know what brave youths there are in these colonies," said Johnson, with rapture.

"What do you advise?" asked the commander, later; "I can rely on your advice."

"Push forward and capture Ticonderoga," answered Harry, boldly.

The advice was good, and had it been followed

many valuable lives would have been saved, and the war would have been shortened.

But Johnson had not sufficient dash about him.

He studied effect, perhaps, rather too much, and so waited for the news of his victory to be heralded through the colonies and a good share of glory be attributed to him.

For ten days he remained inactive, doing nothing but strengthening the fort.

When he did move he learned that the French had made the fort at Ticonderoga almost impregnable.

He did not hazard a battle, but withdrew to the fort, and wrote fresh dispatches so full of glory of his own achievements that the English monarch gave him the title of baronet, and parliament bestowed a pension of five thousand pounds a year.

Did he mention the heroism of Harry Leonard, as he had promised?

Yes, but no name was given in the report, merely the line that "a young scout saw an opportunity to follow the enemy, and he led the way through the wood."

Neither was the splendid valor of Col. Lyman referred to, even indirectly; the English government being led to believe that the victory was entirely due to Johnson himself.

Harry wrote an account of the battle to Washington, and in the letter appeared the only complaint he ever made concerning Johnson.

"He is genial and generous," said Harry, "but so full of his own merits that he is blind to everyone else, and imagines that all they do is but the reflection of his own greatness. I am glad I am a scout, for I fear I could never submit to the hard-and-fast rules of the regular service."

CHAPTER XIII.

"HE SHALL DIE—I SWEAR IT!"

Harry saw that the army would remain inactive until the following spring, so he thought his opportunity had come.

He had no difficulty in obtaining permission to drill his scouts in the best way—by a practical journey through the forest.

He had selected men whom he thought the most likely to develop into good scouts.

Only very few of Johnson's army were skilled in Indian warfare, for those who had tracked their way through the forests round Lake George as hunters were, by some indescribable blunder, stationed elsewhere.

But there was one man who knew every inch of forest between Albany and Canada.

He and his son, a youth about the same age as Harry, had paddled a canoe through Lake Champlain, and had

penetrated into the strongholds of the French in Canada.

Harry had taken quite a fancy to the old trapper, whose name of Surefoot was well known to all the Five Nations.

"Your name is not Surefoot, is it?" asked Harry.

"No, it is a very plain one, for I was known for years as John Smith; it was old King Hendrick who called me Surefoot, and I've had no other name since. Jack, there, is called Little Surefoot, and he is as good a scout as his dad."

Harry, though only lieutenant, had the courtesy rank of captain when out scouting, and he made Surefoot his aide, giving him the rank of lieutenant.

"Can you paddle?" asked Surefoot.

"No, not very well," acknowledged Harry, honestly.

"Then I'll have to teach you; you don't mind learning, do you?"

"I must learn, and I shall be proud to have you as my teacher."

Harry had paddled a little in the river near his home, but he knew it was far different to the work he would have to do on the lakes.

The slightest noise made with the paddle might rouse a whole tribe of enemies and lead to the scalping of his entire party.

The light bark canoes of the Iroquois and Mohawks were also more difficult to manage than the heavier

and more crudely shaped ones of the Shoshones, Blackfeet and other Indians with whom Harry had come in contact.

He stepped into one of the frail canoes, and, for a moment, gasped for breath as he felt it sink in the water beneath him.

When Surefoot and Little Surefoot also got in, Harry made sure his time had come, and resigned himself to his fate.

"Here is a paddle, but don't use it until you are accustomed to the movement of the boat."

Little Surefoot gracefully moved his paddle, and Harry noticed how silently it touched the water and how easily the lad propelled the canoe.

Harry could paddle, and so, when he had regained confidence, he was able to use his paddle as silently as his teacher.

For several days the scouts practiced on the lake, and were declared proficient.

Harry divided the scouts into two parties, one being under the lead of Surefoot, the other he commanded himself.

He had made up his mind to reach Ticonderoga, and thence work his way up to Crown Point, so that he might have accurate information concerning the strength of the enemy.

After proceeding up the lake some distance, the entire party took to the woods, so that they could find

whether all was clear between Fort William Henry and Ticonderoga.

"Look well at the trees," said Harry; "you can always locate your trail by them."

He explained to them the peculiarities presented by the trees, and showed how the trail could be followed.

The two parties had diverged, but arranged to meet at a certain point.

Signals were decided upon in case of danger.

Harry's quick ears were on the alert, for he was none too confident that the Iroquois had all gone to the fort.

The sharp, clear notes of a bird were heard, and Harry halted his men.

To their surprise, a peculiar sound emanated from Harry's mouth, and again the birdlike notes were heard.

"Keep silence, men," he said, in a low voice. "Sure-foot scents Indians; follow me, silently."

All wore moccasins in order that their tread might be silent, and in Indian file the scouts marched through the wood.

Harry might have traversed it every week of his life, so well did he find the deer trail and keep to it.

Suddenly the still air was ruffled by the sound of musketry.

"'Tis Surefoot," murmured Harry; and aloud he added:

"Quicken your steps, and keep your eyes open."

Again a volley of shots was heard, and Harry hurried his men forward with all haste.

Each man carried his rifle ready for use, and each man kept his eyes steady, so that no surprise could come to him.

Guided by the first bird signal, Harry was able to lead his men direct to the spot where, in a clearing, he found Surefoot engaged in an encounter with a force of Indians outnumbering the scouts five to one.

There was something familiar to Harry in the leader of the savages, and he soon saw that the men were not Iroquois or any other of the Five Nations.

As he drew near enough he ordered his men to fire a volley into the midst of the savages.

As they did so, the chief turned round to face his new enemies, and Harry leaped forward, crying:

"We have met again, Red Wolf. Now it shall be your death or mine!"

The Southern Indian gave a howl of horror as he saw the young man whose grandparents he had murdered.

It seemed like a Nemesis.

Even his small brain realized that the white man might be too much for him.

Uttering an exclamation of baffled rage, after his first expression of horror, Red Wolf fired at Harry.

Our young veteran answered it, but neither of the combatants gained any advantage.

The scouts fired regularly and stood their ground manfully.

Had Red Wolf only possessed his usual quick perception, he would have ordered his warriors to surround the scouts and close in on them.

But the sight of Harry Leonard disconcerted him, and gave an advantage to the smaller band of white men.

The scouts saw it, and Harry signaled to Surefoot to press forward, so that the Indians might find themselves forced to the water.

Red Wolf watched every opportunity to fire at Harry, an attention which our hero was not slow to return.

Surefoot gave a loud cry, and at the same time a noise of men trampling down the brush in the forest was heard.

Red Wolf began to retreat, and was closely pressed by the scouts.

Like cattle the savages were driven to the water's edge, and they jumped into the lake, to swim to where their boats were secured.

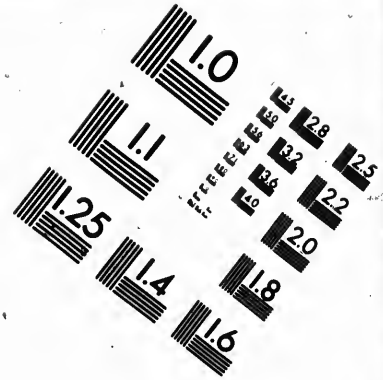
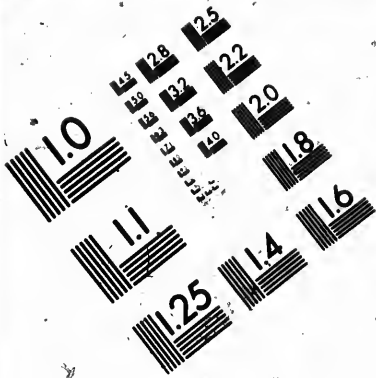
"Fire at them, boys!" shouted Harry.

The bullets struck the water all round the almost naked savages, and many a spurt of blood rose to the surface, showing that the scouts could take good aim.

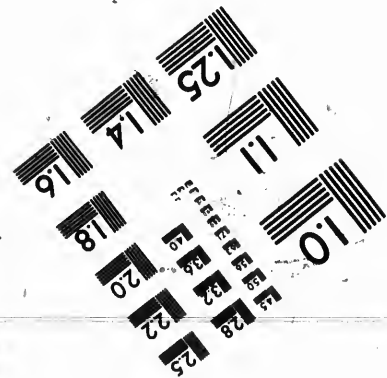
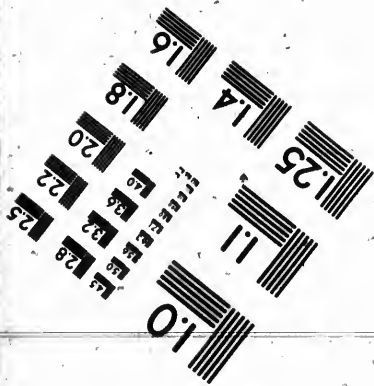
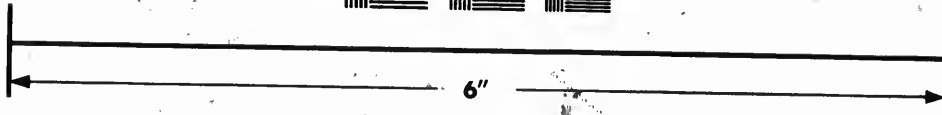
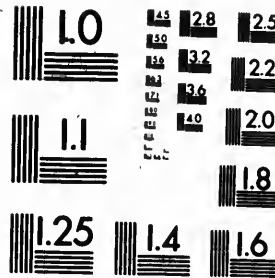
Soon the Indians were out of range, and Harry re-







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gretted that another opportunity for killing Red Wolf had passed.

"What scared them?" he asked Surefoot.

The old trapper laughed.

The woods echoed with his merry guffaws.

"It was Little Surefoot, of course."

"How could he scare them?"

"Didn't you hear the trampling of the brush?"

"Yes."

"Well, that did it."

"What was it?"

"A force of white men to strengthen us."

"Where are they?"

"Here they come."

Little Surefoot and four scouts broke through the wood and joined the main body.

The lad and his little force had adopted an old trick, new to Red Wolf, but well known to the Indians of the Five Nations.

They had separated, until several yards was between them; then they began a simultaneous stamping on the brush with their feet and beating with sticks.

So cleverly was it done, that it sounded very much as though at least fifty men were on the quick march through the forest, and Red Wolf knew that only white men would make any noise with their feet on the march.

"I would have given five thousand pounds, if I pos-

essed it, to have killed Red Wolf," exclaimed Harry, later.

"You will get the chance yet, and I will look out for him."

"But don't you kill him; leave that to me."

"Why do you hate him? Have you met him before?"

"He murdered my grandparents and burned their house; he murdered some French people whose daughter helped me to escape him."

"Then he shall die. Surefoot will track him and force him into a corner, where he shall die the death of a polecat."

"I would like mine to be the hand——"

"So should I; but if you are not near, then he shall die. I swear it!"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SURPRISE.

The winter passed inactively. England and France had each declared war on the other, a proceeding savoring of the farcical, seeing that they had been fighting each other for nearly two years.

Harry had received news of Gen. Washington, and learned that he, at the head of his gallant Virginians,

had repelled the French and Indians in the Shenandoah Valley.

"I have had a letter," wrote Washington, "from Mistress Martha Custis, and I am bidden to tell you that Marie le Fabre is very well and happy, save for one thing: she would rather be a soldier in Capt. Leonard's company than to be banished from his presence, which means, my dear friend, that the pretty Marie would fight her own kindred if she could do it in your presence. The words of praise from you would compensate her."

Harry read the letter several times, and sighed.

In a most patronizing way, he thought:

"Poor little girl, I am sorry she misses me so much."

But that night, and many a night thereafter, he thought and dreamed of her and began to realize that he would like to see her.

The winter, with its snow and frost, its thick ice on the lakes and the intense cold, which the Southerner felt more than his Northern associates, passed, and Harry Leonard's scouts were very proficient in their work.

Shirley, the governor of Massachusetts, had met the provincial governors and planned the campaign for the year.

One expedition was to proceed by way of the Kennebec and threaten Quebec.

He could see that if that stronghold could be cap-

tured it would cripple the French more than anything else.

It was necessary to take Forts Fontenac, Toronto and Niagara.

With these in the hands of the English, it would be impossible for the French to hold Forts Du Quesne, Detroit and Mackinaw, because all sources of supply would be cut off.

News was received from England that the Earl of Loudoun was to be appointed commander-in-chief, with Gen. Abercrombie as second in rank.

There was general rejoicing among the colonists when the news was made known, especially when it was stated authoritatively that the Earl of Loudoun would bring over a colossal army, consisting of artillery, cavalry and infantry.

Capt. Harry Leonard put very little faith in English regulars.

He had formed his opinion from Braddock and his regiment, though as time passed he came to see that the men were brave, but their leader had no knowledge of Indian warfare.

"What do you think of the plan of campaign?" asked Gen. Johnson.

"It is good, very good. But I would rather see the colonials fight their own battles."

Harry had started out in the early part of March to again try and reach Crown Point.

The lake was frozen over, and the journey could be made for miles on the ice.

The scouts had proceeded some miles when Surefoot raised his hand as a signal of caution.

Instantly every voice was hushed and every foot still.

"What is it?" asked Harry.

"Cap'n, them French are nearer than we thought."

"How do you know?"

"Hush! Silence, men. Cap'n, come with me."

Harry followed the old trapper some distance, going as softly as any Indian, and as noiselessly as a cat.

"See yonder."

"What—where?"

"Yonder; don't you see a glare?"

"Yes."

"Fires."

"Indians?"

"No, Indians would never make a fire so near the lake; they would be afraid of being seen. Them's French, sure as you live."

"What do you think?"

"They are marching toward our fort, and have camped for the night."

"Surefoot, I will trust you. What do you advise?"

"I will go forward and see if I am right."

"I will go with you."

"All right, cap'n; tell the men to remain here as still as death."

"How long shall we be gone?"

"I guess the camp is a matter of a mile, at least; it may be more."

After giving orders, the two men went forward to reconnoiter.

Harry wanted to push forward quickly, but Surefoot declared it to be dangerous.

"Why?"

"Indians."

"You think——"

"That the French have sent some Indians forward, and we shall fall into their hands if we don't mind."

"You know best. I will follow your lead."

Surefoot left the trail and made for a side track which led to the lake.

The two walked along on the ice as silently as possible, keeping well within the shadow of the trees.

They had gone a distance of a mile or so, when Surefoot again stepped into the forest.

A quarter of an hour's walk brought them in sight of the camp fires of a goodly sized army.

"That is Vandreuil's brother," whispered Surefoot, pointing to a French officer who was smoking very leisurely.

"Are you sure?"

"I have seen Gen. Rigaud many times."

Harry could not help shuddering, for he knew Vaudreuil's brother to be not only a valiant man, but a most successful general.

Vaudreuil was jealous. He had heard that Gen. Montcalm was to be the commander-in-chief of the French army, and he thought it unjust that a foreigner should have the preference over a French Canadian.

That was the real secret of the expedition.

If he could surprise, attack and capture Fort William Henry he would be crowned with glory, and the home government would be compelled to recognize him.

"How many are there?" asked Harry.

"I should say over a thousand regulars, and nearly as many Indians."

"You think they are on their way to the fort?"

"Yes."

"Stay here, Surefoot; I will find out."

"It is dangerous."

"Never fear."

Harry moved toward the camp, keeping altogether in the shadow of the trees, and as quietly as an Indian or tiger looking for prey.

To his horror he saw Red Wolf in conversation with Rigaud.

The Indian was gesticulating after the manner of his race, and Harry was able to read the sign language very distinctly.

His gestures meant:

"The fort lies to the southeast and is poorly guarded. Strike before sunrise and Red Wolf will have many scalps for his braves."

That was how Harry interpreted the gestures, and he was exactly correct.

The officer evidently consented.

Harry felt that every moment was precious.

To reach Fort William Henry before sunrise meant an almost immediate start, and as the soldiers would move more leisurely than the Indians, Harry knew he must hurry back unless he wished to lose his scalp.

He reached Surefoot and told him what he had seen.

"The fort must be saved," said the old trapper.

The distance was covered with great celerity, and Harry rushed into the officers' tent.

"General, we are to be surprised before sunrise."

"How so?"

Harry told his story, and at once orders were given.

Every soldier was at his post, guns were trained so that they could be fired the moment the enemy appeared.

Rigaud had divided his forces, the larger body going over the ice, the Indians tracking it through the forest.

The officers and men in the fort were ready.

It was near sunrise when a bright light appeared on the lake.

"They have found our boats!" cried Harry.

"Yes, that is done to attract our attention; and if we

charged them a greater body would attack the fort from the forest."

Surefoot was for staying where they were and letting the boats go.

Harry, though, knew the value of the boats and transports, and calling on his men to follow, he left the fort.

There were plenty to defend it without the little band of scouts.

Surefoot caught sight of a redskin skulking behind a tree.

He pointed him out to Harry, and before the young captain could decide what to do, a howling, yelling, whooping lot of Indians, led by Red Wolf, surrounded him and his little band.

There were but thirty-nine scouts against three hundred Indians, of which number fifty were led by the bloodthirsty Red Wolf.

The Indians closed in on the little band.

"Form a hollow square, boys, and fight for your lives. Let us all fight together and die together."

"We will, cap'n. We will act as one man, and God be with us!"

"Amen!" responded the young captain.

CHAPTER XV.

THE HOLLOW SQUARE.

Red Wolf watched the formation of the hollow square with a new interest.

It was something novel to him, and as he saw the four lines of well-drilled scouts, with the bristling bayonets held firm, he realized that the white men knew more about scientific fighting than the Indians.

Even Surefoot was surprised at the effect the square produced, and many a muttered exclamation of pleasure escaped him.

Harry had learned many lessons from Braddock and Washington, and his natural ability assisted him in carrying out the military tactics.

The Indians fell back and held a consultation.

Even to their dull minds it was evident that they could not capture the scouts without a great loss of life, and Red Wolf had grown more cautious.

Once more the scouts were well surrounded, and Harry watched an opportunity to fire a volley into the ranks of the enemy.

With slow, deliberate tread the Indians were closing in upon the little band.

Even the savages had learned some of the arts of war, and were practicing caution.

Harry looked round at the position of affairs, and in a low but firm voice gave his command,

"Make ready; aim, fire!"

From every musket a bullet sped on its way.

Each side of the square did its work, and on every hand the prostrate bodies of the savages proved the steadiness of the fire and correctness of the aim of the scouts.

Not only did the volley reduce the number of the enemy, but it broke up all the scientific action of the Indians, who defied all rules of ordinary warfare and became a howling, whooping lot of savages.

They rushed on the little band of scouts, only to find themselves impaled on the bayonets.

Every third man had been ordered to load, and as the second volley was fired the Indians fell back temporarily.

That was Harry's opportunity.

He ordered the men to break the square and fall in line.

They charged the Indians, and a warm hand to hand contest ensued.

Harry was the very personification of war.

He was everywhere; every blow with his sword meant death to a redskin, and every word he uttered gave a new courage to his followers.

Their arms were strengthened, and the Indians were

driven into the wood, just as a small force of regulars left the fort and marched to the assistance of the scouts.

The boats were all destroyed, and the sally from the fort had proved of no avail, except that the number of enemies had been reduced.

"See, they are returning!" exclaimed Harry, pointing to the north.

It was a body of the French approaching the fort.

"Ready, boys!" cried Harry.

"They have a white flag," said Surefoot.

"Plague take them! What do they want now?"

Harry asked, with evident impatience.

"They want to get into the fort, I am thinking, so that they can spy round," Surefoot responded.

"Then they won't go in."

"No; but you cannot fire on them."

"Don't want to. Leave them to me, Surefoot, and I think I can manage them."

Harry raised a white flag, as a token that he understood the French wished a peaceful encounter.

"In the name of the King——" commenced the French officer.

"Of England," added Harry.

"Of France," the French officer corrected, and again commenced:

"In the name of the King of France, through his deputy, the gallant Gen. Rigaud, I seek a peaceful in-

interview with the general commanding the forces of the English."

Harry detested redtapeism, and answered abruptly :

"What about?"

"In the name of the king——"

"That is all understood; say at once what you desire."

"A peaceful interview with your superior officer."

"Will you submit to conditions?"

"What are they?"

"You must be blindfolded."

"I agree."

"Your men must stack their arms."

"That is unprecedented."

"Very likely, but my men will do the same."

"I agree."

"Give your orders, then."

"Let me hear you give your orders first."

Harry could not help laughing at the suspicion so openly manifested, but which was perfectly justifiable.

He gave his orders, and whispered to Surefoot :

"Watch them like a cat watching a mouse."

"Trust me, captain."

Capt. le Mercier, the French officer, was blindfolded, and led by Capt. Harry Leonard and Little Surefoot to the fort.

Harry would not give the French officer any advantage, and so led him first to the colonel.

"You say you have a message from your general?"

"Yes."

"Then I will escort you to the tent occupied by my superior. Capt. Leonard, accompany us."

Gen. Eyre was not surprised; he had been expecting such a move.

The bandage was removed from the French captain's eye, and he was bidden to give his message.

A scowl was on his brow, for he had been so well bandaged that not one detail in the fort had been seen by him.

He muttered a low imprecation as he saw that the tent was so well closed that he could not see any part of the defenses.

"In the name of the King of France, whose territory by the right of discovery this is, I have a message to convey to you."

"In the name of the King of England, I dispute the right of the King of France to the territory, but as his representative I am prepared to listen to you."

"In order that less blood may be shed, I am commissioned to say that his majesty's forces outnumber yours many times over. It is no reflection on your generalship or on the bravery of your soldiers to surrender to superior numbers. In the name of humanity, I ask you therefore to relinquish the fort and retire with all the honors of war."

Gen. Eyre listened in silence.

"Is that your message?" he asked, at length.

"It is."

"Then, Capt. le Mercier, tell your general, the brave Rigaud, that the fort intrusted to my care remains under the English flag until by force of arms you compel us to capitulate. Tell the brave Gen. Rigaud that Englishmen have an objection to surrendering, and that the Americans, whose fathers were born on this continent, will fight for every inch of soil. That is my answer."

Le Mercier was again blindfolded and committed to the care of Harry and Little Surefoot, who led him back to his men.

The next day the French left the forest and marched across the lake, preparatory to their return to Ticonderoga.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN IMPORTANT MISSION.

"Surefoot, I am tired of this inaction!" exclaimed Harry Leonard, a month after the futile attack on Fort William Henry.

"Prefer fighting, eh?"

"Anything rather than this idle life. The French are just as strong as ever, and they are adding to their allies all the time."

"Yes; the Sacs, Miamis and Winnebagoes have joined the enemy recently."

"Do you know what I would do if I could?"

"No."

"Don't breathe a word to anyone, for it might sound like treason."

Surefoot laughed immoderately.

"Treason! What is that?" he asked.

"Hush! or I will not talk to you."

There had been a strong affection grow up between the young officer and the old trapper, while as for Little Surefoot, he almost worshiped Harry.

The old trapper was smoking a corncob pipe of his own manufacture, and was seated by Capt. Harry's side on a log in the forest close to Fort William Henry.

"If I had my way I would organize all the colonies and raise a big army to drive the French out of the country, and out of Canada, too."

"Do you know the origin of the word Canada?" asked Surefoot.

"No."

"Well, as I have heard it, it came about in this way. The Spaniards were the first to explore that north country; they went all over it for gold. Might as well try to freeze water on a hot stove as find gold where there isn't any. The Indians hated the Spaniards, and wished them across the water. As each party of explorers returned to their chief they shook their heads

and exclaimed, '*Aca Nada*,' which meant, so they say, 'Nothing there.' When the French came, the Indians thought they were after gold also, so as the French landed the savages shouted after them *Aca Nada*, and the invaders thought that was the name of the country."

"Very ingenious."

"I believe it is correct. Go on with your story about the way you would drive out the French."

"I would place the whole army under an American——"

"Indian?"

"No; American by birth, but English by descent. Then I would not only drive out the French, but the English soldiers also, and we would govern ourselves."

"I know the name of your American."

"Do you?"

"Yes; you talk of him every day, and, I believe, dream of him at night. His name is Col. George Washington, is it not?"

"Yes."

"Great man, that."

"You are laughing at me, Surefoot, but he is a great man."

"'Sh! Some one comes."

"Col. Monro wishes to see you at once, Capt. Leonard."

"It is a pleasure to obey," answered the young captain.

Col. Monro, of the gallant Thirty-fifth, was now in command of the fort, acting under orders of the Earl of Loudoun.

He had formed a liking for the young scout, and had obtained for him a captain's commission, instead of merely the courtesy rank he had previously held.

"Leonard, you look weary."

"I feel so, colonel. I want more life and excitement."

"I thought so. That is just why I have sent for you. Are you ready for an expedition of great danger?"

"I am, and willing, too."

"Then I am not mistaken in you. The French government has sent over a new man, and I want to find out—I am commissioned to do so—what his plans are."

"You want me to find out for you?"

"I do. The work will be one of great danger. Montcalm is an extraordinary man. You had better know a little about him; it will give a key to his character."

"How can I find out?"

"I will tell you. The Marquis de Montcalm is a little over forty-four years of age. When he was fifteen he could talk and write in Greek, Latin and English as fluently as in his native French. He studied hard, never allowed any obstacle to stand in his way. Whatever he set his mind on he accomplished. On his fifteenth birthday he entered the army. He was pro-

sufficient, even then, with the sword, and was an excellent shot with musket and pistol."

"At fifteen?"

"Yes. I am telling you of one of the most remarkable men of the century. At the battle of Philipsbourg he received his commission as captain, though only just seventeen. He won for himself golden opinions. He married when he was twenty-one."

"His wife must have been proud of him, colonel."

"Yes, she was. She was of one of the old families, a Du Boulay, rich and influential. When he was thirty he was a full colonel—yes, France is a glorious country for a soldier; merit wins recognition there. He passed through the campaigns in Bohemia in 1741 and 1744 without a scratch.

"At the battle of Piacenza, in Italy, he was the recipient of five saber cuts; and he ordered his men to carry him on a litter so that he could rally his regiment and lead them to victory. He was taken prisoner, but soon exchanged. His wounds had not healed; but he rejoined the army with the rank of brigadier-general.

"He was again wounded, this time by a musket shot, which only escaped his heart by half an inch.

"When peace was declared, this wonderful man went home to his family, and expected to die with them at peace with all; but he has landed here at the head of

the French forces, and is the most formidable man it is possible to find."

"I think I should rather have him as a friend."

"So would I, and I hope that we may be victorious without taking his life."

"Yes; such men ought not to be sacrificed."

"His second in command is the Chevalier de Levis. Neither of these men are liked by the governor of Canada, and they will be thwarted by him if possible."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Go North; take Surefoot with you, but no one else. Penetrate through the French lines, go into the citadel of Quebec, if possible, find out all you can, and bring back the information."

"I will do it."

"The danger is great. You may be hanged as a spy, if caught, and you will have Indians, French and Kanucks as your enemies."

"I accept the risk."

"I thought you would. You can be of great service to us. I don't ask you to violate any confidence or commit any breach of honor, Go as a private citizen and keep your eyes open."

"I am to take Surefoot?"

"Yes, or any one you choose; but while I think you will do better with only one or two companions, you can take more if you wish. The whole matter is left to your own discretion."

"I thank you for the confidence you have in me."

"One thing more. The paymaster will give you ample money for your needs, but should you require more he will give you the names of English agents who will not hesitate to advance whatever you may require. You go as the representative of your king."

Harry felt the responsibility, but was full of pleasure at the prospect of the adventures he would have to meet with.

Surefoot and Little Surefoot were as eager as their captain, and Harry arranged that they both should accompany him.

"Be in readiness at sunrise to-morrow."

"Yes, captain. We can start at any hour you name."

CHAPTER XVII.

A SURPRISE.

Late that afternoon Col. Monro again sent for Capt. Leonard.

"Leonard, I think I shall ask you to delay your start for a day or two."

"Yes, colonel?"

"Yes; I have a letter here from Col. Gordon, of the Forty-second Scotch Infantry, saying that three ladies

have been sent to New York under safe conduct from Gov. Dinwiddie, of Virginia, and that they are bound for a place on the lakes called Oswego, which is held by the English. I am asked to send a small escort part of the way with them, and I think you could undertake it."

Monro had spoken rapidly. He disliked long speeches, and he knew that the work would be distasteful to Harry.

Escorting ladies through woods filled with prowling savages, and perhaps through the lines of the enemy, was not a pleasant undertaking.

Its very hazards were increased by the fact that women, as a rule, were the very reverse of cautious.

It is a soldier's duty to obey, and therefore Capt. Leonard submitted to the new programme with good grace.

"You need only escort them as far as Sabbath Day Point, where Maj. Israel Putnam will take charge of them and see to an escort farther north."

That was better news, for Harry wanted to meet Putnam and his fellow officer, Robert Rogers, whose rangers had already made a famous name for themselves.

"There was also a letter for you," added Monro, "which I like had forgotten."

Harry did not recognize the writing, but knew the seal to be that of the Washington family, and which

is described in heraldry as: "*Argent*, two bars gules in chief, three mullets of the second, with crest, a raven indorsed proper issuing out of a ducal coronet or"—a seal which years later formed the basis of the national flag, the Stars and Stripes.

He broke the seal and opened the large sheet of blue paper.

The letter was written by an amanuensis, but signed "George Washington."

It explained that Washington had sprained his hand, making it painful to hold the pen.

Harry's face beamed with joy as he read further that the ladies were Marie le Fabre and two aunts who were journeying North.

There was a shade of disappointment at the thought of Marie leaving the home of Mistress Martha Custis, but it was dispelled with the knowledge that he would soon see the girl who had done so much for him.

He told Col. Monro of his knowledge of Marie, and the veteran teased him unmercifully.

"Remember, Samson lost his strength through Delilah; don't let this new siren/spoil a useful soldier."

"She can fight as well as I can, sir," retorted the young captain.

It was midday following the one on which Harry was to have started when a small body of red-coated regulars appeared in sight of the fort, escorting three

ladies, who rode their horses as steadily and firmly as any man.

"I did not want to leave Virginia, but now I am glad I came," said Marie, after the formal salutations.

"So you go back to your own people?"

"Yes; but my heart will be with you and your cause. Do you know, Harry—you don't object to my calling you Harry, do you?"

"Object, Mademoiselle Marie? Did I not call thee by that sweet name, Marie? Then how much nicer is it to be called Harry by thee?"

"My aunts have no sympathy with the French; they say that they had no right to ally themselves with the Indians, and deserve defeat."

Early the next day the little company of scouts, headed by their captain, started through the forest for the post at Sabbath Day Point.

For most of the way a path had been cut, wide enough for a horseman to travel, and we may be sure that Harry was not far away from the charming French girl, who had twice saved his life.

The party proceeded along the military road, as far as Diamond Point, without adventure.

They had encamped, and were preparing their first meal in the forest, when Little Surefoot, who had been reconnoitering, came hurriedly to the camp.

"Cap'n, Red Wolf and all his savages are moving this way; there is no escape."

"What can be done, Surefoot?"

"'Pears to me the savages are about to attack the fort. We must return, or strike across to the lake, and get to the island."

"Can we do it?"

"'Pears to me it would be best. We could get the canoes, which the Indians are sure to have left there."

Little Surefoot was to go back to the fort, to acquaint Col. Monro of the Indian approach, and Harry commissioned the old trapper to lead the way to the lake.

"Horses ain't no use here," the old trapper said, sneeringly; and Harry, acting on the hint, bade the boy take the horses back to the fort.

Madam le Lemeau, the elder aunt of Marie le Fabre, expostulated in French and broken English, and declared she would rather face the Indians than have to walk.

But she was lifted from the saddle and half dragged through the wood.

How she grumbled!

Her voice became so loud that Surefoot approached her and declared he would gag her if she uttered another word.

That was a threatened indignity she would not endure. She sat down on a stone and screamed and shrieked

until Harry suddenly pushed his handkerchief in her mouth, while Marie tied her own over it.

"We shall be killed if you cry out like that, madam."

The Frenchwoman rolled over and over on the ground, kicking and struggling so vigorously that there was nothing for it but to carry her.

A strong provincial took her shoulders, and another her feet, and in this way they managed to make some little progress.

Thinking that the lesson would prove profitable, Harry ordered the gag to be removed, but again she set up such an unearthly screeching that made Surefoot declare he would run her through with the bayonet if she uttered another sound.

The threat had no effect.

She was silenced instantly, though; but it was at sight of one of Red Wolf's savages, who emerged from behind a tree and stood for a second in full view.

She hated Indians, and was genuinely afraid of them.

"We have given the alarm; they will be down upon us before we reach the lakes," said Surefoot.

It was slow traveling, but the thought of Indians lent speed to the slowest feet.

Not a sound was uttered by any, and the three women were as cautious as the others.

Surefoot made constant trips into the wood, and at

times climbed trees to see if there were any indications of the approach of the Indians.

He returned from one trip with face as white as his bronzed complexion would permit.

He whispered to Harry:

"Cap'n, as sure as we live, the Injins are cuttin' us off from the boats."

"Do you mean it?"

"Fact."

"Then what can we do?"

"To go back to the fort would be to walk into their arms; to go to the lake would give 'em all our scalps."

"Then what course is left for us?"

"'Pears to me, if it warn't for the women, we could reach the boats first."

Marie had reached Harry's side. She heard the last words uttered by Surefoot.

"Capt. Leonard, no woman must be considered when your life is at stake. Go! leave us! we will take care of ourselves."

"No, Marie, I will stay with you."

"You must not; we were prepared for danger, and even death. Go, my brave boy——"

"No, no! we will not leave you. Can you get your aunts to run?"

"Like deer," answered Marie; "they come from the woods where bears and panthers abound."

"It is our only chance. Come, men; come, ladies, we must reach the lake first."

They all started on a run. The distance to be covered was not great, but the road was over fallen trees, great stones, deep holes which had to be cleared by jumping, and roots of trees which stood up from the ground, making traps for unwary feet.

On they ran, until their breath came quick and hard.

Marie was right; her aunts could run as well as the men.

A break in the road showed them the shimmering waters of the beautiful lake, but it revealed another sight, one which made their hot blood suddenly turn cold as ice.

Right on the edge of the water's bank, with their hideous-painted bodies, stood a long line of savage-looking Indians, with many scalps at their belts, and gleaming tomahawks in their hands.

"We are lost!" cried Harry.

"I shall kill myself before an Indian touches me," said Marie, earnestly.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ISRAEL PUTNAM.

The Indians, though with every chance of an easy victory, and the possession of a few scalps, seemed far from sanguine.

There was a restlessness about their actions which the quick wit of the old trapper, Surefoot, attributed to the fear that the scouts were only the advance of an army.

"I shall not leave you, Marie," said Harry, with determination. "If we have to die it shall be together."

"The country—think of that—what would become of it without you?"

It seemed very absurd to think that a nation depended on one young man, but Marie spoke so earnestly that its ludicrous side was not apparent.

Surefoot was thinking out a way of escape.

To go forward toward the lake was to encounter the Indians, and so meet with speedy death.

It was equally dangerous to go back into the wood; so, to all appearance, their fate was sealed.

To deliberate was almost fatal, for the Indians, sure of their victims, would look upon hesitation as cowardice and for that they had the greatest contempt.

The savages kept looking at the lake and gesticulating frantically.

With a wild whoop they started into the wood, and Harry ordered his men to be ready to receive them.

Instead of attacking the handful of whites, they diverged to the south.

"What does it mean?" asked Harry.

"'Pears to me that the Mohicans are after them."

"Then we are safe."

"Mebbe, and mebbe not. The redskin is pecoolier. Two tribes hating each other will smoke the pipe of peace and unite to battle with white folks."

The old trapper's ears caught the sound of men marching.

"Those are reg'lars," he said.

"French?"

"Mebbe."

Presently the scouts saw a tall, lank, strangely dressed man emerge from the wood, bearing in hand a heavy sword, which required almost a giant's strength to wield.

When he saw Harry and the women, he saluted, and bowed most gallantly.

"I see by your uniform that you serve the King of England." He paused for a reply, but Harry was not going to be too quick in answering. "I, too, serve the same king, though I have never seen him; but I have

faith, and faith is the belief in things not seen. Who might you be?"

"I am Capt. Harry Leonard——"

"By the memory of Plymouth Rock, my heart goes out to you. I am Israel Putnam."

"Right glad I am to meet you. I was on my way to Sabbath Day Point——"

"Certain children of the Evil One with red skins and black souls did molest our camp, and we drove them into the thickness of the forest until we but now lost sight of them. They were strange people to me, and it seemeth marvelous how they can be human, seeing God made man in his own image."

Putnam had been brought up among the Puritans, and his language was a strange mixture of their ideas and the blunter sentences of the rough farmer.

Many of the Puritans held that the Indians were only partially human. Perhaps, had Darwin lived in those days and propounded his theory of evolution, the Indian might have been called the missing link.

Harry told of the scare his little band had just experienced, and how easily they would have been annihilated.

"Would you have surrendered?"

"No, Maj. Putnam. A Virginian can die easier than surrender."

"That's right. It's the old stuff cropping out. Blood

tells. We can fight, and it is our duty to resist the Evil One, and he is sure to flee from you."

"Shall you pursue the savages?"

"Were I serving myself instead of the King of England, I should."

"I do not understand."

"Don't you? My command extendeth to the deer trail just south of where you are; beyond that I have no power."

"Surely you could pursue an enemy?"

"Not so. Military laws are strange, but they have to be obeyed."

Israel Putnam believed in keeping to the strict letter of military law, and nothing could turn him from it.

He was pleased to meet Harry, of whom he had heard, and when our youthful veteran spoke of Washington, he answered quaintly:

"Even he, too, is actuated by faith, for the King of England hath not been seen by him, and verily I believe that those serve him best who hath never known him."

Harry told of the escort desired from Putnam.

"Verily, Rogers might go himself; but thou art a scout unattached, and it seemeth to me that I can give thee a commission to escort the fair ladies to Oswego."

"I would like to be their escort, but duty calls me in another direction."

"Indeed, if I were the recipient of such bright glances as the beautiful Marie hath bestowed on thee, I would not let her go to Oswego."

"Why?"

"Hath not the report reached Fort William Henry that the Marquis de Montcalm intendeth to destroy the lake city?"

"No."

"Then it may not be so; but that is the report I have heard, and Montcalm might not deal gently with a French girl who loved—blush not, she does love thee, and thou lovest her—as I was saying, who loved a Yankee—I mean a Virginian."

"I will go with thee to the Point, major."

The journey continued by the lake side, sometimes on land and at others in canoes, until Sabbath Day Point was reached.

Harry thought if Montcalm intended to destroy Oswego, that it was his duty to go there also.

Sending back his own men, with the exception of Surefoot and his son, he selected a small company from the ranks of Putnam and Rogers, men accustomed to the woods, and some who knew every trail between the lakes of the Hudson Valley and the great lakes of the North.

Putnam would not allow them to depart until Monday morning.

On Sunday Putnam conducted service, and his address to the soldiers was a strange mixture of homely advice, stinging sarcasm and Puritan doctrine.

CHAPTER XIX.

ON THE LAKE.

Oswego was a very important place, and was of the greatest value to the English and Colonial forces.

It was really the only post on Lake Ontario of any value, held by the English.

Montcalm had seen this, and knew that, if the colonials were well officered, Oswego would be the rallying place for an attack on Forts Niagara and Frontenac.

Montcalm believed in quick and decisive action, and therefore he concentrated a large force at Frontenac, consisting of three battalions of regular troops, seven hundred Canadian volunteers, and nearly three hundred Indians.

He had objected to using the Indians at all, but Gov. Vaudreuil had convinced him that the English had enlisted most of the Five Nations, and only Indians could cope with such savages.

England had neglected Oswego, and the result was that it was very badly prepared to withstand an attack.

It was not until the middle of August, 1756, that Col. Webb was dispatched by the Earl of Loudoun to reinforce Oswego.

He started after Montcalm had made his first assault, and when he learned the news, fled with the greatest haste.

The battle of Oswego showed the English that they had no common man to encounter in Montcalm.

He understood military strategy and proceeded with caution, yet determination.

The Indians and Canadians were put forward to keep up a hot fire from the forest, while the French battery of four heavy guns prevented the two armed vessels of the English from doing any mischief.

Fort Ontario kept up a brisk fire against the French, who were throwing up a new earthwork and mounting it with twenty-five pieces of heavy artillery.

The English commander, seeing that it was hopeless to save the fort, waited until nightfall, and then sent boats across the river, and the garrison having spiked their guns and thrown their ammunition into the river, crossed to the city without being perceived by the enemy.

Montcalm threw up a new battery on the ground where Fort Ontario stood, and at once opened fire.

The English and colonials fought bravely; Col. Mer-

cer, who commanded them, was cut in two by a cannon ball, and the garrison were seized with despair.

They at once opened communication with Montcalm, and sixteen hundred soldiers, all the sailors belonging to the English ships, and over a hundred women who had acted as nurses and otherwise assisted the soldiers, surrendered as prisoners of war.

Montcalm ordered all the forts and defenses to be destroyed, and thought that he had effectually punished the English.

But while Harry was on his way from Sabbath Day Point northward, the news reached him that Montcalm had destroyed the city and turned it into a wilderness.

News traveled slowly in those days, and sometimes happenings a hundred miles away would not be known in the forest or on the lakes for a month.

When the news reached Harry he was dismayed.

It was now not advisable for Madam le Lameau and her companions to go there, and after consultation with them, he sent them back with the escort and little Surefoot to Sabbath Day Point, with the request that Maj. Putnam should care for them as carefully as though they were his sisters.

Harry and Surefoot struck off for the lake, and, securing a canoe, started on their perilous journey.

"I tell you, cap'n, that it's mighty little chance we have of ever seeing those women again."

"Don't say that, Surefoot."

"Fact, all the same; I guess I can smell a polecat as far off as anyone, and the woods are full of Indians ready to pick us off if they see us."

"We shall be good marks for them on the lake."

"We shall be just as safe there as in the forest, and we can paddle quicker than we can foot it."

Those who read of scouting in the days of which we write, can have but little idea of the dangers and inconveniences encountered.

The only food they could get was what they carried on their back in a small knapsack.

It consisted of deer's flesh dried in the sun. Of course, bread was out of the question.

They could not carry a second supply of clothes, for ammunition and food, as well as the canoe, had to be borne on their backs.

And through a country swarming with blood-thirsty savages, these two men started on a journey of three hundred miles.

They paddled as noiselessly as the Indians themselves up the lake, and reached the narrows.

"Say, cap'n, we've got to rest. The redskins will be watching the narrows, and Ticonderoga will be a difficult place to pass in the dark."

"What do you propose, Surefoot?"

"To go ashore and sleep."

The advice was good, and they lifted the canoe from

the water, carried it up into the wood, and concealed it carefully under the thick undergrowth.

Surefoot was awake by sunrise, and taught Harry a new lesson in Indian scouting.

On their hands and knees they went down to the waterside to obliterate every mark they had made.

The grass, which they had trodden down, was raised up, footprints filled in, and where branches had been broken, or stalks beaten down, they were cut off and the ends smeared with mud.

It was a work requiring the greatest caution and skill; but Surefoot had done a similar thing so often that he looked upon it as a necessity, and part of the day's duties.

With the canoe on his back Surefoot led the way through the forest.

"Stay right here, cap'n, for five minutes; I want to reconnoiter."

Surefoot was not gone five minutes.

"We've got to trust to the narrows."

"Is it safe?"

"No."

"Then why not keep to the woods?"

"Swarms of redskins right ahead of us, and I'm pretty sure they scent us, too."

They started back and reached the water safely.

"Cap'n, I don't like to presume, but if you'd leave this trip to me I'd feel safer."

"How?"

"I think I can get past the fort if I go my own way."

"And am I to stay behind?"

"No. I only want to take the lead until we get through this treacherous channel."

"Why not go to the opposite side?" asked Harry, in a whisper, when he saw Surefoot keep the canoe as close to the Ticonderoga bank as possible.

"Cause they will be on the lookout there; they'll never think enemies will pass so close to 'em."

There was logic in Surefoot's reasoning, and Capt. Leonard knew that he had acted wisely in giving the temporary command to his subordinate.

"Lie down in the boat, keep your musket cocked, and be sure not to move till I tell you."

Harry did as he was told, wondering all the time why such a command should be given.

Surefoot laid down also, his shoulders just raised sufficiently to enable him to touch the water with his paddle.

He pushed his boat under the branches of the trees until it was almost hidden from sight.

It required the greatest dexterity to propel it under such conditions, but Surefoot had become an adept in such work.

Sometimes the boat would remain perfectly still, and Surefoot would whisper:

"Indian."

Harry scarcely breathed. He did not feel comfortable; he would rather have sat up in the canoe and blazed away at any enemy who might show himself, though he knew such a thing would be madness.

The gentle ripple, ripple, ripple of the water was so soothing that Harry fell asleep.

"Glad to see that," muttered Surefoot; "now, if he doesn't snore, I'll pull safely past the fort."

A few minutes later, and he could hear the steady tramp, tramp of the sentries, and even their voices were distinguishable.

Under the branches of an enormous pine, which dipped the water and cast a black shadow for many yards, Surefoot halted.

His quick ears heard two men talking.

Nearer and nearer they approached the water, until Surefoot knew that they were leaning against the very pine tree whose branches hid him from their sight.

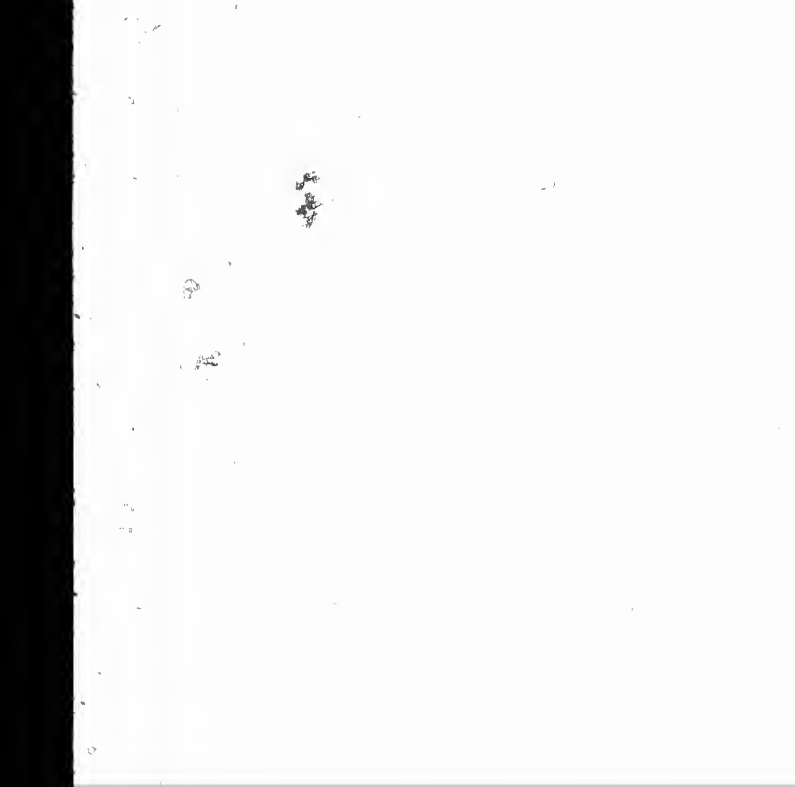
"Montcalm will lead the forces himself."

"But it will not be so easy a victory as Oswego."

"No, though we shall pull through, and—who knows?—may plant the French flag over all these colonies."

"Isn't the English Loudoun getting ready for an attack on Quebec?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the other, heartily; "England hasn't enough men, or ships to carry them, to do any



good against Quebec. It's the strongest fortress in the world."

"Where is Montcalm now?"

"Some say at Crown Point."

The speakers moved away, and Surefoot dipped his paddles in the water and moved slowly forward.

Though the officers had spoken in French, the old trapper understood every word, and was glad to be able to give Harry some valuable information.

CHAPTER XX.

A CLOSE CALL.

Harry awoke, and opening his eyes, saw the clear sky above him through the branches of the trees.

"Don't move, don't speak!" Surefoot hurriedly whispered, as he, with a stroke of the paddle, sent the frail canoe skimming under the branches near the bank.

It glided along noiselessly, and Harry scarcely felt it move.

Suddenly Surefoot sat up in the boat and seized something with such force that the canoe was almost upset.

Harry raised his head and saw Surefoot's hands closing round the throat of a sturdy Indian, who was seated in a canoe.

Tighter and tighter clinched the fingers until the red-skin's eyes were bulging from their sockets, and the glassiness of death showed how well the work had been done.

Surefoot stretched the dead Indian in the bottom of the canoe, and pushed it toward the bank, where he secured it.

He dipped his paddle in the water, and again the canoe glided forward.

Not a word did he speak, not a tremor was visible. He might only have performed one of the most ordinary occupations of life.

Harry, accustomed as he was to seeing human life taken, trembled at the cool manner of his associate.

Surefoot saw it, and, as soon as opportunity offered, explained his action.

"If I'd gone past, he'd raised the alarm and our scalps wouldn't have kept our heads warm; if I'd shot him I should have given the alarm, and the effect would have been the same; if I'd knifed him, there would have been a blood stain for 'em to see, and so I'd got to strangle him."

"Where are we now?"

"A few miles beyond Ticonderoga."

"May I not use the paddle now?"

"Yes; strike out to the middle of the lake, we shall be safer."

"We shall be seen."

"That may be, but do as I say."

Harry knew the old trapper was right, and obeyed the instructions.

It did not take long to reach Crown Point, and Harry saw at once what extensive works the French had erected.

"Where are we to land?"

"Two miles north of the point."

"And walk back?"

"Yes."

"I don't see——"

"Leave that to me. If we land south of the point, we shall be questioned; if north, why, all the country is in the hands of the French, and they will think we belong to them."

It was nearly midnight before Surefoot deemed it advisable to land.

Harry was almost irritable, for he thought they were wasting time needlessly.

But the old trapper knew what he was doing, and when the blackness of night closed in he unfolded his plan.

"I am a North Woods trapper," he said, "and know every step of the way; you don't. So I shall pass you off as a Canadian hunter, and you will have to bring news of the Canadians."

"But how can I? I shall make some mistakes."

"That's just it; so you must be content to use your

eyes and let me do all the palavering. Put on this squirrel-skin cap."

Surefoot took from his knapsack a cap such as was worn in those days by a Canadian hunter.

He threw the one Harry had been wearing into the water.

The two men were now dressed alike, and looked the hunters they professed to be.

Hiding their canoe securely, the trapper led the way toward Crown Point.

A Canadian picket challenged him.

"What! challenge an old trapper? What is the matter with you, Nick?"

"Who calls me by name?"

"I do, your old companion of the St. Lawrence. Many a day we fished together and set snares side by side."

"Ha! ha! ha! I did not know you. Where are you bound?"

"To Crown Point."

"You cannot enter the fort."

"Yes, we can. My friend here has news that even the general will thank him for."

"Montcalm?"

"Yes, the marquis himself, if he is there?"

"He is there, and all is for action. We are going to thrash the Yankees out of their boots and tell the English to go home."

"That's just what I'd like. Can't we do without King George's men here?"

"I should say so, but if you have news, you had better hurry up, and if anyone stops you whisper '*Fleur-de-lis*,' and you can pass."

"Good-day, Nick; let us hope we may fish in the St. Lawrence many a time together."

"Did you know him?" asked Harry, apprehensively.

"No; never heard of him before."

"You knew his name."

"That was a guess."

"How so?"

"My ears are not large, but they are quick. I heard two men talking, and I caught the name Nick. As soon as I heard this one speak I knew he was not the one who used the name."

"I did not hear any words; you are a splendid fellow——"

"Have to be quick-eared, if you're in the woods. B'ars and Indians are mighty quick."

"You knew the man was a fisherman?"

"Guessed it again. I heard St. Lawrence mentioned, and I saw the sentry was a fisherman by the way he held his musket. He thought he had a fishing-rod in his hand, so I used the positive argument, passed the sentry, and got the password."

"Perhaps it is not right."

"We can soon tell; here is another fellow ready for us."

"Who goes there?"

"Friend!"

"The word?"

"The word, is it? I thought three words were necessary."

"What are they?"

"*Fleur-de-lis!*"

"Right! Pass on, friend."

Without any trouble the two hunters entered the fort.

Both used their eyes to good effect, though seeming not to notice anything.

Surefoot asked to be shown to the general's headquarters, as he had news of the greatest importance.

There was considerable doubt as to whether it was right to accede to his request, but the Chevalier de Levis came from his tent, and, after hearing the trapper's request, bade them follow him.

He led them to the Marquis de Montcalm, to whom Surefoot told some very stale news, and then asked, as a reward, permission to follow the army through the forest, that he might secure some pelts.

There was such seeming sincerity in Surefoot's manner that Montcalm thanked him for the trouble he had taken, and gave him the desired permission.

They left the tent and were strolling round the fort, taking notice of everything and hearing all that was

said of the coming march toward Fort William Henry, when a guttural sound, expressive of astonishment, caused Harry to look round.

He nearly sank to the ground with fear when he recognized his old enemy, Red Wolf.

There was but little chance for escape should he be known to the Indian.

All doubt was set at rest, for the savage howled with delight:

"Harry Leonard, Virginian, you will have to die now!"

The two men were instantly surrounded and the fort resounded with the cry of the Canadians:

"A spy! Kill the spies!"

While the French shouted with angry voices:

"A bas le espion!"

CHAPTER XXI.

"WHILE THERE'S LIFE THERE'S HOPE."

Like a lot of hungry wolves the Canadians, French and Indians surrounded Harry Leonard and Surefoot.

"A bas le espion!"—down with the spy—shouted the French, while the Indians showed, by their gesticulations, that they thirsted for the blood of the two men.

Harry folded his arms and looked as cool as if he were on dress parade.

Surefoot was equal to any emergency, and in good French, spoken with a Canadian accent, asked that he should be taken at once before the Chevalier de Levis.

The Indians clamored for the white men’s scalps, but the regular soldiers knew that Montcalm would never allow summary vengeance.

The spies, if such they were, must be tried and, if guilty, executed in a proper and military manner.

There was a conflict between the civilized and the savage.

For a time it really looked as though Red Wolf would succeed in securing the captives.

The Chevalier de Levis, hearing the commotion, sent to know of its meaning.

“Spies! No, by the *fleur de lis* of France, it cannot be. They are good Canadian hunters.”

He summoned all before him.

Red Wolf was furious. The savage could not brook the delays and caution of the civilized soldier.

What mattered one man more or less?

He argued altogether from the Indian standpoint, and thought there was too much fuss made over a couple of buckskin-dressed white men.

In fairly good French Red Wolf denounced Harry, calling him by name.

Our young veteran was still cool, and looked as though he were surprised at the recognition.

“I ought to know him!” shrieked Red Wolf. “Here

is the scalp of his grandfather, and this is the scalp of his grandmother."

De Levis looked at Harry as Red Wolf exhibited the horrible relics of his crimes, but the young scout allowed no tremor to be visible.

His face never blanched, his nerves were under control.

Entering at the time when the savage was exhibiting the trophies, Montcalm stood, white with suppressed passion.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he exclaimed, with fervency, "has my country need of such savages?"

He ordered Red Wolf from the tent and looked calmly at the accused.

"Trappers?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Surefoot, truthfully.

Montcalm looked steadily at the old trapper, and declared with emphasis:

"I believe you."

"Thank you, general. I shall always remember your kindness."

"Where are you going?"

"That, general, depends on you. We are your prisoners, and, therefore, must do as you shall bid."

The speech pleased the general, who was a good-hearted fellow.

"You brought news which you thought useful?"

"We did."

"And, of course, you would prefer Montreal to Crown Point?"

"Indeed, general, if I could find myself on the St. Lawrence I should be happier than at present."

"Then to Montreal you shall go. I will arrange an escort, and, when you reach Montreal, the general commanding will investigate as to your statements. If they are correct, you shall be free. If you cannot satisfy him you will be hanged. Good-day."

It was exceedingly cool on the part of the French general; but, if Surefoot's story was true, then the escort would be of great advantage, and our friends ought to have been well pleased.

The Chevalier de Levis called an aide and gave him certain orders in an undertone.

Surefoot had no opportunity of speaking to Harry, but signaled him not to attempt any excuse or offer the slightest resistance.

A corporal's squad escorted the prisoners to a long inclosure close to one of the big guns.

"We are in a fine mess now," Harry whispered, when he was sure they were alone.

"Yes; but our lives are safe."

"Do you think they will take us to Canada?"

"I have my own idea. I think they will leave us here while they march on Fort William Henry."

"Then we shall be safe."

"Why so?"

"Our people will drive the French back to Canada."

"I am not so sure of that. Hush, some one comes."

An officer wearing the Canadian uniform entered the little inclosure and acted with the intention of making the prisoners believe he was their friend.

"My friends, you have been very daring."

"Yes," answered Harry, "we have dared many perils to reach you, and receive but scant thanks for our services."

"Ha! ha! ha! So England is very ungrateful, eh?"

"England?"

"Yes; you did not expect your enemies to thank you. Don't say a word. I am your friend; I know more than you think, Capt. Harry Leonard."

"You believe that savage?" asked Harry, contemptuously.

"Not exactly, but a white man, a trapper, one who spent many a day with a good sort of fellow on the lakes, who went by the name of Surefoot, recognized you."

"How could he?"

"I do not mean you, captain, but your friend, Surefoot, here."

"Do you call me Surefoot?" asked the trapper.

"Not if you object, but there are several who have sworn that is the name you are known by, and the general believes them."

"Indeed!"

Surefoot was as calm and cool as ever, and Harry betrayed no apparent concern in the story of recognition.

"You know if you are Surefoot, you will be hanged."

"Shall I?"

"Yes, and your friend as well."

"Shall we get a decent burial as well as a lofty death?"

"You laugh!"

"Why should I not? The Marquis de Montcalm has promised to have us escorted to Montreal, and, once there, my friends will prove my identity."

"You need not go to Montreal."

"But I wish to do so."

"If only you would tell me how many men the English have at Fort William Henry, you could go where you pleased."

Harry forgot his caution. He sprang forward and closed his fingers round the Canadian's throat.

Surefoot had great difficulty in dragging him away; the soldier was on the verge of fainting.

"A man who would tempt another to betray his country's cause, whether that country is France or England, deserves no mercy!" exclaimed Harry.

"You admit you are English?" came feebly from the Canadian.

"I admit nothing. If I were a Frenchman taken

prisoner by the English, and any Englishman asked me to betray my country, I should kill him, if I could."

The Canadian staggered out of the inclosure, fuming with rage and hate.

"I couldn't help it, Surefoot; the man made me so mad."

"Well, we must take the consequences; we are recognized, and your action confirms it. We shall most likely be hanged to-morrow at sunrise."

"We are not dead yet, and, as my old granddad used to say, 'while there's life there's hope.'

"I never despaired yet, and I shan't commence until I find the rope round my neck, and then—it might break, you know."

CHAPTER XXII.

ESCAPE.

An hour after Harry's assault on the Canadian, the prisoners heard the tramp, tramp of the soldiers leaving the camp.

There was considerable noise, and evidently the entire army was making ready for a march.

The big guns were limbered up and went lumbering through the gates of the fort.

When all was still the door of the prison was opened

and Harry quickly overpowered, gagged, and bound to a tree which formed part of the inclosure wall.

Others served Surefoot in the same way, and the two prisoners were as secure as ropes could make them.

Surefoot did manage to ask :

"Is this the way the great French general keeps his word?"

No answer was vouchsafed, and a gag in his mouth prevented further utterance.

All night they were left in the most uncomfortable position, without food or even a drink of water, though they were parched with thirst.

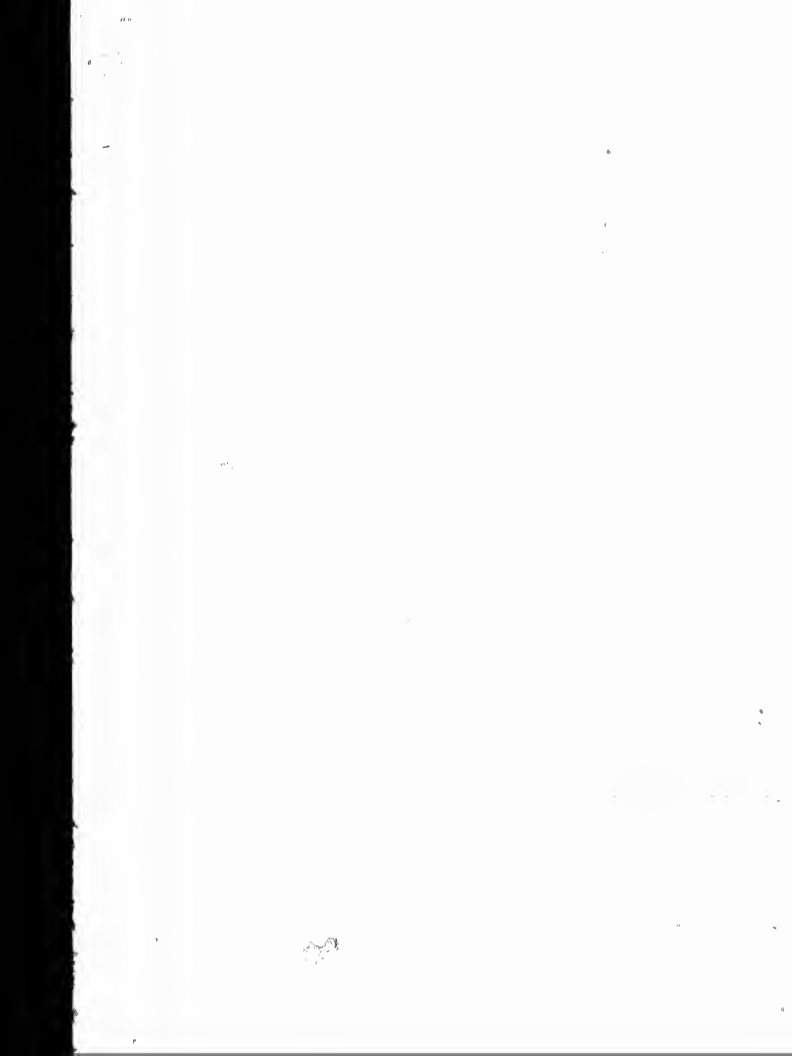
The next day food was brought them and the cords unfastened.

There was no chance of escape, that they well knew, for a considerable force of Canadians was left to guard the fort and prevent the prisoners from making too free with their legs.

Each night they were bound and gagged in the same inhuman fashion, until Surefoot believed they were to be tortured to death, and this treatment was but the initial step.

During the day they were never alone, so could not devise any means of escape, or even comfort each other.

Once Surefoot began singing an old trapper song, which had nothing more treasonable in its sentiments than references to snares and traps, but he was quickly silenced by being thrown down and gagged.



For ten days they endured this horrible torture.

The trapper was determined to end it. Death was preferable to such suffering.

He saw the same sentiment expressed in Harry's eyes, and was nerved to make an attempt at escape.

If he failed, he could but die.

The guard had got to be a little more careless in binding the prisoners at night, and while they knotted the cords in the same manner, they were not so particular in seeing that they were secure.

Surefoot fell into position and allowed them to tie his hands to his sides; the rope was then wound round his body and the tree, and his ankles securely tied with the other end of the rope.

Harry was pinioned in the same manner; both were gagged, and they were left for the night.

About midnight all was still, save only for the tramp of the sentry as he passed and repassed the prison.

Surefoot quietly slipped his hands out of the rope, and the rest was easy.

"All I did," he explained to Harry, "was to extend my muscles to their utmost when I was being tied; then, when I was ready, the cords slipped over my hands without any effort of mine."

He unloosed Harry, and whispered to him his plan of escape.

The roof of the prison house only extended halfway, leaving the other part open.

Cautiously Surefoot emerged into the open air and waited for the sentry to pass.

Unsuspectingly the soldier did so, only to find himself suddenly seized from behind, and to hear the words whispered in his ear:

"Make the slightest noise and you are a dead man!"

He was carried into the inclosure and fastened more securely than Surefoot had been.

He pleaded for mercy, and was assured that they meant him no harm if he remained silent.

The coast was clear on the lake side of the fort, but Surefoot wanted to reach the forest, and there was another sentry to be disarmed.

This was not so easy, for the man would miss his comrade and be on the alert.

"Leave him to me, but be ready to follow without a word," Surefoot whispered.

The two men crawled along as noiselessly as Indians on a trail, the old trapper leading.

The sentry was approaching.

The night was so dark that he could not be seen.

When he was opposite, Surefoot sprang upon him, bearing him to the ground with such force that the man was effectually silenced for the time.

But it was necessary he should be gagged, and Harry stuffed a handkerchief into his mouth, securing it with another, not overclean, belonging to Surefoot.

Appropriating the muskets and short swords of the

sentries, the two Americans passed through the gate and left the earthworks behind them.

Surefoot led the way into the forest, and managed the journey so cleverly that they eluded the vigilance of the pickets.

"Better than hanging, eh?"

"Yes, Surefoot, but I don't know that we are out of the woods yet."

"We are in the woods deeper than ever, cap'n, or I shouldn't make free to smoke a pipe."

"You know what I mean. Which way shall we go?"

"The enemy will have got to the fort afore this."

"Yes."

"So it is no good going there."

"You think, Canada?"

"I do."

"So do I. Hush, I thought I heard footsteps."

The old trapper was as quiet as a mouse at once. He stretched himself on the ground and listened.

"By all the traps I've ever set, my boy is coming!"

"Little Surefoot?"

"Yes."

"How do you know?"

"I can tell his steps a mile off, but he ain't a quarter away."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE MASSACRE AT FORT WILLIAM HENRY.

The trapper was right. In a very few minutes Little Surefoot was standing, staring in astonishment, at his father and Capt. Leonard.

"Where were you going, kid?"

"To liberate you and the cap'n."

"How'd you know?"

An old Canadian trapper told me; but, dad, it's all up. The fort has fallen and all killed. I—slunk away in the woods alone."

"What?"

"Fort William Henry fallen?"

"Yes; Montcalm has driven the English out."

"Tell us all about it."

"It was this way, dad, asking your pardon, cap'n. About eight days ago, I was out scouting, and I saw an all-fired lot of French and Kanucks, and just as many redskins, camped not far from the fort.

"I hurried back, and I pushed my way through until I saw Col. Monro himself, an' says I: 'Colonel, we're in for it hot now!' Then says he: 'What's the matter, boy?' I told him and he laughed; he just shook himself laughing, and I saw as how he didn't believe me. So says I: 'If I am a younker, I'm Surefoot's

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son, and Little Surefoot knows a trail as well as his dad; don't I?"

"That's right, boy, I guess you do."

"When I saw the colonel laughing I came away, but he called me back. 'Did you see 'em?' says he, and says I: 'I did.' Just at that pertickler time, a tall chap on horseback, with a white flag, rode up, and says he: 'I have a letter for Col. Monro.' 'That's me,' says the colonel. I heard him read the letter, and I'm quick at picking up things, so I remember what it said."

"Tell me the contents, my boy," said Harry.

"'I owe it to humanity,' them's the very words, 'to summon you to surrender. I can restrain the savages now; but if you fight and make an obstinate defense, I cannot promise to be able to do it. You have no chance, and it is only a question of a few days, and I am sorry for the unfortunate garrison. I demand an answer within an hour.'"

"What did the colonel reply?"

"The colonel, God bless him, drew himself up and haughtily replied: 'Tell the Marquis de Montcalm I shall fight to the last.'

"Then the work commenced. The fort had only seventeen guns, and some of them very small, while the *parlez vous*——"

"The French, you mean."

"The French had heavy guns. All night we could

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hear the enemy at work throwing up parallels. We kept firing, but no one seemed to be hurt, and we were just wasting ammunition. We kept on firing, though the French were in trenches, and so, protected. The enemy got the left battery ready first, and eight big guns began to boom and bellow.

"The guns were fired all day, and on the next morning the battery on the right opened fire. I was deaf with the noise, and wished I was trapping b'ars instead of being there. The colonel sent for more men from Fort Edward. Col. Webb had plenty, but what does Webb do but send a letter saying, 'Give in,' and Col. Monro was stark, staring mad. He ordered us to fight all the harder."

"How far were the trenches away from the fort?" Harry asked.

"They had crept up to within two hundred yards or so, and the Indians were close upon us. We made two sorties, but they were of no use; three hundred of our men were killed, and we knew that another battery was being mounted by the French.

"The colonel called us all together and says he: 'Boys, it's no use, we've got to give in.'

"Col. Monro offered to capitulate if he was allowed to go out carrying arms and baggage. The French agreed to these terms, and we all were to march over the intrenched camp, leaving the sick and wounded in the care of Montcalm.

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"Three hundred French soldiers were sent with us as an escort. But, no sooner had we got away from the fort than Red Wolf and his savages swarmed round us like a great storm cloud. Low mutterings were heard, and then, before we knew anything, the savages fell upon us and the French fled. Most of our people were butchered, women and children all killed. It was sickening. I got away and started for Crown Point with the hope of getting there in time to liberate you, for I heard you were both prisoners. That's all."

For a few moments there was silence after Little Surefoot had concluded his narrative.

It was Harry Leonard who broke the silence.

"Have you heard anything about Sabbath Day Point?"

There was breathless interest in the answer to be given.

"Putnam still holds it, but he sent the ladies across the lake, and, come what may, they are safe."

"I am glad."

"So am I. Boy, I'm proud I'm your father."

"But you won't be proud long if you stay here."

"Why?"

"The savages are swarming through the woods in all directions.

"What would you advise, boy?"

"Make for the lake. Go North, find out all we can, and return."

"How easy that sounds."

"Dad, I don't like your hesitation. You have got something on your mind."

"I guess you're right. I tell you, boy, I never thought I'd be parched like this."

"Fever?"

"No."

"What then, dad?"

"I want Red Wolf's scalp. I want to know he is dead. I shall never be happy until I see his face set in death. I never felt alike it afore."

"The time will come. We can do nothing against him now."

"You're right. It goes agen the grain, but I guess I'll do as you say. Eh, cap'n, what say you?"

"I will follow your lead."

CHAPTER XXIV.

ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

"Woods or lake?" asked Capt. Leonard, when it was decided to make for Canada.

"Lake."

"Can we get boats?"

"I know where we can find two," said Surefoot.

"You do?"

"Yes. Follow me, and in an hour we will be paddling in the waters of old Champlain."

Surefoot was as good as his word; an hour brought the party to the edge of the lake, and the old trapper, after counseling the two to "lay low" and not even breathe loudly, left them to find the canoes.

He had seen them from Crown Point, and to reach them had to go so near the fort that he could hear the voices of the pickets.

By great good fortune there was a whole fleet of bark canoes, left by the Indians.

He selected three, and securing them together, let his paddle touch the water so noiselessly that, had the banks been lined with Indians, they would never have known, from sound, that the old trapper had stolen their best canoes.

"Step in, and follow me in Indian file. Keep close to the bank, and paddle silently."

Harry followed the trapper, and Little Surefoot brought up in the rear.

They were guided entirely by Surefoot. When he stopped, they did, when he struck out boldly they were ready to follow his example.

Sometimes Surefoot would think he heard a sound in the woods, and then he would rest quietly and listen.

A signal had been agreed upon, and had often been

practiced by Harry, so that he was as proficient as the trappers.

It sounded like the rippling of the water among some fallen boughs on the bank side.

No one would think it anything else, and for that reason it was all the more valuable.

Little Surefoot gave the signal, and his father answered it.

All three rested on their paddles and listened.

The trapper backed silently, and Harry understood that he was to do the same.

The three canoes were abreast, and Little Surefoot whispered:

"Indians!"

"Guessed as much."

"South of us."

"Right again, boy. Pull under the trees, as close to the bank as you can, and be ready for a fight if absolutely necessary."

All the time the trapper was talking his son was imitating the gentle ripple of the waters, and so drowned the sound of the voice.

Within a few minutes a number of Indians came to the water's edge and began chattering among themselves.

It was evident they expected the canoes to be there, and our friends soon "put two and two together," as Surefoot said, and reasoned it thus:

A party of Indians was to go to the lake and bring the canoes to the point where Surefoot then was, so that the whole company might embark."

"Captives," whispered Harry.

"Yes; lie low, we may be of service."

Surefoot drew his canoe close to the side, and with the greatest caution stepped out to reconnoiter.

He was as silent as any Indian, and managed to reach the camp without being perceived.

He heard an old Iroquois say that the captives were to be taken to the woods near where Plattsburg now stands, and there tortured and killed.

The old trapper stole noiselessly back and whispered to his companions what he had heard.

"We may rescue them if we act cautiously."

"Let us try it; even if we fail, we can but die," replied Harry.

The three crawled up the bank, and, musket in hand, reached the Indian camp.

They were able to see, in the glimmer of light from the camp fire, that quite a number of women and children were captives.

Harry thought he recognized a sister of his particular friend, Lieut. Sykes, of the Massachusetts Volunteers.

At a given signal Harry rose to his feet, and, as though at the head of a regiment, gave a loud command:

"Now, boys! up and at them! Avenge your brothers, and save your country!"

The Indians looked at each other; the captives shouted for joy, and Harry, followed closely by Surefoot and his son, leaped into sight.

"Come on, boys, and victory is ours!" the youthful hero shouted.

CHAPTER XXV.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

The few Indians guarding the captives were alarmed, and in their terror threw down their weapons, which were instantly seized by the men, who were now roused to another effort to save their lives.

"Don't fire!" shouted Harry, as he saw some of the captives prepare to discharge the muskets which they had picked up.

The Indians fled toward the lake, and at Harry's advice the whole of the captives commenced shouting and marking time.

As their feet moved in regular tread in the undergrowth and dry grass, anyone in the distance would think at least a hundred men were on the march.

"That will cook their goose," Surefoot remarked, as he heard the tramping.

"You think they will not return?"

"I feel sure of it."

"I don't; I fancy we have a sanguinary fight before us."

Harry was right.

The Indians began crawling back to their late camp, trusting rather to the evidence of their eyes than their ears.

Seeing how few in number their enemies were, the savages grew bolder, and a shower of arrows fell round the little body of white people.

Harry had formed the men into a hollow square, placing the women in the center, with orders that they were to lie, or crouch, on the ground.

"Don't fire until I give the order, and then be sure that every shot picks off a savage."

The Indians trusted more to their arrows than the few muskets they possessed.

Harry saw at a glance that the savages were badly armed, and inwardly rejoiced.

Fortunately the arrows fell wide of the mark. The coolness of the white men disconcerted the savages so much that they fired at random. Growing a little bolder, the Indians left the shelter of the trees and exposed their painted bodies.

"Fire!"

A volley echoed through the trees, and eight of the Indians fell dead, while another was wounded. Again

they sought the shelter of the wood, and answered the volley by a shower of arrows and a few shots.

The impatient one's among the whites wanted to rush after the savages, but Harry restrained them.

"Remain cool; we shall win easier that way."

He was right.

The savages, accustomed to the dash of soldiers, could not understand why the English did not attack them, and concluded that a large army must be moving to the assistance of the captain.

That idea gained ground so rapidly, that in a few minutes the Indians fled.

Instead of making for the lake, they took to the woods.

"Now, then, follow me to the lake as quickly as you can move your feet!" cried Harry, almost exultantly.

As he expected, there were a number of canoes there, and placing the women and children in them first, he directed the men to paddle across to the Vermont side and seek safety where they could.

The captives were rejoiced at their freedom, and the women hugged and kissed Capt. Leonard and Surefoot, while Little Surefoot was looked upon as the greatest hero they had ever known.

The English were well able to take care of themselves, so our three scouts paddled north, hoping to reach Canada and learn something which would be of advantage to their cause.

They had now no regrets at the prospect of playing the spy.

The inability of Montcalm to restrain the savages had destroyed all feeling of chivalry, and they were ready to use any means possible to work the defeat of the enemy.

Paddling up the lake was slow work, for the woods on either side swarmed with savages who were ready to kill friend or foe, in order to obtain an extra scalp.

Their supply of food had given out, and it was necessary to obtain more.

After discussing all the probabilities of danger, Surefoot directed them to make for a dark-looking wood to their right, where game would be sure to abound.

It was safer for all three to land and share dangers together.

Hiding their canoes under the heavy brush, the three made their way into the woods.

Surefoot led, rifle in hand, ready for any game, large or small.

Harry followed, and Little Surefoot brought up the rear.

The only way to traverse the woods was in Indian file, for the trails were too narrow for two to walk abreast.

There were no signs of Indians, and the old trapper was delighted.

A fine stag crossed the trail, and the unerring aim of the trapper brought the lordly animal to the ground.

Though fatally wounded, it fought desperately, until Surefoot could get near enough to plunge his knife into its heart.

"We must get back to the canoes at once; that shot may raise an alarm," said Harry, who had grown very cautious.

A small sapling was cut down and the stag slung upon it.

The weight was enough to tax the strength of two of them to the utmost.

Little Surefoot was behind.

His quick ears detected the approach of Indians.

"Run! it is our only chance," he whispered.

The old trapper fell on his knees and placed his ear to the ground.

"Redskins, and lots of them!"

"I cannot run with this stag."

"We must leave it."

Quicker and quicker the three ran along the narrow trail.

Fast as they went, the Indians were gaining on them.

All three were out of breath, but it was no use stopping.

They could hear the Indians now, and a stray arrow would now and again fall near the fleeing scouts.

It was a trial of speed and endurance; which would win?

"Come along, cap'n. We've only a short distance to go."

"Go on without me!" gasped Harry, who was fast losing strength.

"Not for all the redskins this side the St. Lawrence. If you stop, we do, too."

That stimulated the young captain, and he made a spurt, keeping up with the experienced hunter.

They were out of breath, and their muscles were strained until the pain was most intense, but all three kept on until they saw the lake.

Into the canoes they leaped, nearly capsizing them in their haste.

The paddles struck the water with rapid strokes, and by the time the Indians reached the bank of the lake the scouts were out of range of their arrows.

"You have saved us," heartily exclaimed Harry.

"But, by the skins of all the b'ars in the forest, my legs ache," answered Surefoot.

"And I don't think I can ever stand again," added his son. "We lost the stag."

"Yes, and it will be some time before we get anything more to eat."

"I am not hungry."

"You will be when you are rested."

Surefoot shot ahead, and the others knew it was a signal for silence.

In single file they followed the trapper through the narrow channel known as the Gut.

As they passed Bow and Arrow Point a shower of arrows struck the water all round them, but fortunately without doing any damage.

Again, at Knights Point, they were beset with dangers which threatened their lives, but they safely entered Great Back Bay.

La Molte Isle was so strongly fortified by the French that Surefoot thought it better to take the route through the great bay, rather than the more direct course.

Going to the extreme north of the bay, Surefoot led the scouts across the narrow stretch of land and reached the Richelieu River in safety.

Here they struck a hunter's camp and broke their fast, the first time in over sixty hours.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE ROUSING OF ENGLAND.

England had at last awoke to the fact that she was engaged in a great war.

It was no longer a question of boundaries, but the possession of a continent.

Canada had not been thoroughly explored, but men across the Atlantic were beginning to realize that the little island called Great Britain was but a speck on the world's map when compared with Canada and the colonies of North America.

As Spain had sent forth Columbus, not for the sake of extended geographical knowledge, but for conquest, increase of territory, and consequently larger markets for Spanish merchandise, so France and England each sought to have entire control of the continent of North America.

The people of Canada called themselves French, while the thirteen colonies south of the St. Lawrence and the lakes dubbed themselves English.

England knew that France saw clearly into the future, and realized that the New World would become a potent factor in the coming ages.

England looked matters squarely in the face and set about the work of reconstructing the army in a business-like manner.

The people of the old country laughed at Lord Loudoun, and ridiculed him for sowing onion seed in all the fields round Halifax. He defended himself by saying that onions were a preventive of scurvy.

England retorted that he was sent to capture Louisburg, and not to turn onion farmer.

The ministry of the Duke of Newcastle ended, and the "great commoner," William Pitt, formed another.

Lord Loudoun was ordered home, and the command of the army given to Gen. Abercrombie.

But Pitt knew better than to place sole reliance on a mere figure-head.

He selected the subordinate officers himself, and, to the consternation of the Aristocratic Party, raised Col. Amherst to the position of major-general, and gave him command of a division.

Young Lord Howe, brave, amiable and skillful, was next in command to Abercrombie, while James Wolfe led a brigade. Admiral Boscawen was put in command of the fleet, consisting of twenty-two ships of the line and fifteen frigates.

Pitt did more than select his officers. He gave them specific work to do.

Like Napoleon, he disbelieved in the impossible, and a man who talked of the impossible found no favor in Pitt's eyes.

Amherst, acting with the fleet, was to capture Louisburg.

Howe was to reduce Crown Point, and Ticonderoga, while Forbes was directed to drive the French out of the Ohio valley.

While the men selected by England were on their way, Capt. Leonard, with the two trappers, had worked his way through the Richelieu River, passed through Lake St. Peter and into the St. Lawrence.

With a daring almost unprecedented, they succeeded.

in getting into Quebec, and spent over a week there, examining the fortifications, and making mental notes of everything of importance.

From a chance conversation, Harry learned that the English were about to assemble at Halifax, and he consulted with Surefoot as to the best way in which to reach that place.

Surefoot set about making inquiries, and learned that there were many fishing-boats in the Bay of Fundy, and that some of them sailed across the bay from St. John to a port in Nova Scotia, as there was a good market there for certain kinds of fish.

Harry spent many an anxious hour over the contemplation of his finances.

Money was getting very short, and there was a long journey before them.

He knew there would be no need of money down the St. John, but when the Bay of Fundy was reached, considerable might be required to insure passage across.

For two long, weary months the three tramped over the hard and frozen ground, footsore and weary, but animated with the hope that they might have information which would be of use to the English.

It was near the middle of May before they reached St. John.

A more despicable trio never entered the streets of a town.

Their buckskin clothes were torn into strips, and

were only held together by long, sharp skewers of wood.

Surefoot had lost his squirrel cap, and wore a piece of deerskin tied over his head as a covering.

They had lived on anything they could find.

Their ammunition had nearly given out, although friendly trappers had many a time added to their store and given them a fresh start; but for three weeks no one had been found willing to give voluntarily, and our friends had no money to spare to buy ammunition.

"By the great stag, it's Surefoot!"

The trapper started as he heard his name mentioned on the streets of St. John, a town he had never set foot in before.

He looked at the speaker.

"Am I right? Or have my old eyes deceived me? Are you not the trapper of the North Woods, we used to call Surefoot?"

"I do not know you," answered Surefoot.

"Not know old Deerfoot? Not know the old trapper of the Lac du Saint Sacrament?"

"I do know you now. But how came you here?"

"Ah! It is a long story, but I have a house, and a good wife, too, and, what may be better, some good food for an old trapper. Come, and I will tell you—ay, even if you do hold with those *parlez vous* who claim the land."

"We can trust him," whispered Surefoot to Harry.

The ex-trapper led the way to a modest log house, where he entered and introduced our friends to a charming woman, whose lineaments proclaimed her Indian blood.

"That is my secret," he said, pointing to his wife. "I loved a Mohican; her tribe destined her for a young brave, but she preferred me. We ran away, and as we thought it well to put a good distance between us and the tribe, we never stopped until we came here."

"And what do you trap now, friend Deerfoot?"

"I fish; I have four of the loveliest smacks on the bay, and to-morrow I leave with two of them, laden with good St. John salmon, for Acadia."

Surefoot gave an expressive look at Harry, and inwardly congratulated himself on having so useful an acquaintance.

"I would like to cross to Nova Scotia," said Surefoot, "and my son and friend would like to go, too."

"Ha! Then I am right."

"In what, friend?"

"You call me truly, friend, for were I not thy friend, then I might give thee up to the French, and a good hempen rope would clasp the necks of each of you."

"Friend Deerfoot, I well remember that thou wast good at a jest, and methinks the happy knack of turning a point is thine still."

Although the trapper spoke lightly, his heart was heavy, and he was full of misgivings.

"I jest not. Surefoot would never join the enemies of his country, and though I live on good terms with the *parlez vous*, they all know that I would be glad if they would go home to their own country."

The fisherman gave them a hearty welcome, though he was rather too boisterous in his talk, especially at a time when they were entirely surrounded by enemies.

He gave them good mattresses, on which they slept with as great a sense of comfort as if they had been in the king's palace.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A SOLDIER'S DUTY.

The cock in the chicken yard began crowing, though it was not near morning.

Harry raised himself on his elbow, awoke by the strange noise.

Accustomed to all sorts of signals, he wondered whether the cock-crowing was not one.

His mind was set at rest by hearing Deerfoot open the lattice of his room and throw something at the bird.

Harry was just settling himself to sleep again, and there was no wonder he enjoyed the luxury, as it had been ten long weeks since he had slept on a bed, when the door opened and Deerfoot entered.

With scant ceremony he pushed Surefoot and his son off the mattress.

"Get up! Quick!"

"What is it?"

"Hush! I was so glad to see thee yestreen that I spoke loud, and I have just heard that unless you want to stand trial as spies, you had better get on my fishing smack at once."

"But you, sir? Will you not be in danger?" asked Harry, chivalrously.

"Not I. There is not a man in all St. John who would injure me—no, not if I were to shoot at the French colonel himself."

The three scouts rubbed their eyes and stretched themselves.

"Are we in danger?"

"Yes. Come, I have just ordered the smack to be ready, and, by St. John, I'll get you safe across to Nova Scotia."

The old fisherman was as good as his word, and in less than an hour the trim little boat was scudding before the wind across the Bay of Fundy.

Fitted out in new hunting clothes, the three men made their way across the island and reached Halifax on the twenty-eighth of May.

All was excitement. Amherst was landing a number of men, who were glad to be again on land after the perils of several storms at sea.

Louisburg was, with the exception of Quebec, the best fortified place on the continent.

Amherst determined it should be captured.

Harry made himself known to the general and was warmly received.

"Capt. Leonard, dare you go to Louisburg?"

"Yes, general."

"Start at once, lose no time. Anything you may need will be supplied. Be back here in four days."

A soldier's duty is to obey, and Harry started, with Surefoot, on his perilous mission.

He succeeded far beyond his expectations.

He found Louisburg well fortified, and having a circumference of a mile and a quarter of well-defended forts.

He noted the weak points, and learned that about three thousand veterans of the French army garrisoned the town. In the harbor the French had five ships of the line and seven frigates, carrying five hundred and forty guns and three thousand men.

It seemed almost impossible to capture Louisburg, but Harry saw that, the greater the difficulty, the greater the honor.

There was one thing which Harry noticed and discussed with Surefoot:

The strongest defenses were on the land side.

But the craggy coast, the dangerous rocks, the wild

whirlpools, were as dangerous to the English as the coast defenses and fortifications.

Surefoot was sent back to acquaint Amherst with all that was known, while Harry stayed some hours longer, intending to return by a different route.

He was standing on a rock over which the waves of Gabarus Bay were dashing, when a sentry's voice challenged him.

Harry did not answer, for he had no knowledge of the sign, and he trusted rather to an assumed indifference than anything else.

But the French soldier was impatient and fired.

Fortunately the shot did not hit the target intended, and Harry leaped from the rock into the waters of the bay.

The sentry, seeing the scout enter the water, thought he had been shot, and continued to march, heedless of having taken a human life.

Harry Leonard was a good swimmer, and keeping as near the rocks as he dared, he swam toward the north-east cape and landed near the lighthouse.

He gained valuable information, though he was fearful that it would be valueless owing to the delay.

For two days he was compelled to hide, there being no chance of escape.

The morning of the second of June arrived, and Harry was resolved on getting back to Halifax.

His sharp eyes detected ships coming up over the horizon.

How his heart beat with expectant hope that the vessels were British.

Soon his eyes saw the ensign run up.

How he wished for a strong glass.

Nearer and nearer the ships of war came.

Now he could see them, and knew that they bore the brave men from England who would drive the French from the land.

There were but three points where boats could get to shore, and those points the French had well covered with heavy batteries.

Harry watched and saw boats lowered in order to make a clear and thorough inspection of the shore.

They approached within rifle shot of the shore, and then turned back.

A wild shout from Harry was heard by the crew of the boats.

He sprang into the water, and with bold strokes made for the boats.

Instantly a shower of bullets struck the water all round him.

He dived and swam with rapid strokes, and the boat turned back to meet him.

Almost dead with exhaustion, he was lifted in, and the crew pulled back to the ships.

He was lifted on board the flagship of Admiral Boscawen.

Life had nearly left his body, but a reaction took place when he heard Surefoot's well-known voice.

"Cap'n, we thought you a goner, but we were wrong."

He sat up and looked at the old trapper, amazed and bewildered.

He could not speak for a time, but his ears were as acute as ever.

"You cannot land the troops," he heard Gen. Lawrence say.

"No, not a boat could reach the shore in safety," assented Gen. Amherst.

"What say you, Wolfe?" asked the admiral.

"Say, admiral? Why, that I would rather die than be laughed at, and I think I should like to try and land my men."

"Madness, Wolfe! Every point is well guarded. Look at this map. White Point, Fresh Water Cove and Flat Point are all covered with heavy batteries."

"I know it, but I do not like to fail."

"Neither do I. And I tell you, Wolfe, I'll stay here a year watching an opportunity, for I like your pluck."

"Bravo, admiral!"

Everyone looked at the speaker, who was none other than Capt. Harry Leonard.

"Bravo, admiral! Gen. Wolfe is right. I will show

him where he can land, and I can take him into Quebec as well."

"The fellow is delirious," sneered Lawrence.

"No!" exclaimed Wolfe, emphatically. "I would trust my life in his hands, though I have never seen him before."

He grasped Harry's hand.

The tears came in the young captain's eyes as he said:

"Thank you, Gen. Wolfe. I hope to see you raise our flag above the citadel of Quebec."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SURRENDER OF LOUISBURG.

"You think the young American knows better than experienced soldiers?" came almost sarcastically from Admiral Boscawen.

"I did not say so," replied Wolfe, "but that young captain is known to us, and he has won his spurs by sheer valor and true courage."

"I do not think we can land," said Lawrence, "and a council of war should be held."

"I don't see the necessity," added Wolfe; "I am in command of a division, and I am going to try to effect

a landing. If I fail, you can do as you please; if I succeed, I expect you will be ready enough to follow."

Gen. Wolfe walked forward and called Harry to him.

"What is your name?"

Surefoot with the easy freedom of the trapper, answered quickly:

"His name is Valor, Hero, anything which denotes true courage."

Wolfe laughed at the quick reply, and Little Surefoot, seeing the effect of his father's words, thought he ought to have something to say.

"I know what Col. Monro called him at Fort William Henry."

"What?"

"Fighting Hal! And a right good name, too, for you never saw anyone fight as he does."

There was something pleasing about the easy familiarity of the Colonials, and Wolfe liked to encourage it, though sometimes he bit his lips to restrain a momentary anger born of his strict military education.

"Fighting Hal is a good name, and I hope I shall have proof it is deserved," answered Wolfe, as he drew Harry away from his friends to talk with him about landing.

Midships, the officers were still discussing the action of Wolfe.

There was a little jealousy, and some would have

placed difficulties in the young officer's way if they had dared.

"It all comes of divided responsibility," said one English officer.

"Yes; Pitt ought to know that in war there must be one head, and not many."

Wolfe knew he was free to act for himself, and the others were annoyed at his obstinacy.

Lieut.-Col. de St. Julien was watching, through his glass, the action of Gen. Wolfe.

The Frenchman had a thousand veterans guarding Fresh Water Cove, and a battery of eight guns mounted on swivels.

From the water the earthworks could not be seen, as they were well protected, and hidden by fir and spruce trees felled and laid so that they appeared to be growing.

Harry told Wolfe to beware of this apparent safety, for behind the spruce were bristling bayonets and heavy guns.

Wolfe had some good men under him. Fraser's Highlanders, twelve companies of grenadiers, and the light infantry, in addition to the New England Rangers.

The boats were lowered on the sixth of June, and the soldiers prepared to land.

Harry was in the boat with Gen. Wolfe, who was directing operations.

Even among the subordinate officers there was jealousy, and the lives of soldiers were imperiled.

Wolfe, by a signal, warned Lieut. Brown that he was guiding his boat into the very arms of the enemy.

Brown, of the light infantry, signaled to Hopkins and Ensign Grant, who commanded other boats, and instead of sheering off, as Wolfe intended, the three boats made straight for the craggy rocks of the center of Fresh Water Cove.

The boats were dashed to pieces, and a seething fire from the guns was poured on the drowning men.

In the meantime Harry had steered Wolfe to the point he had fixed for the landing, and the soldiers scrambled ashore.

They were instantly met by the French, and quite a number of lives were lost.

"Come, general, we can carry that earthwork," cried Harry.

His words were enthusing, and the men dashed forward, bayonets fixed, with such impetuosity that the battery was captured, and Harry leaped on one of the guns, waving the English flag amid the shouts of the victors.

Amherst and Lawrence, seeing that Wolfe had succeeded, left him to distract the attention of the enemy while they landed at the other end of the beach.

There was but slight resistance, and orders were given for the guns to be landed at Flat Point.

The coast was so rugged and the surf so violent that it was twelve days before the first siege guns could be placed on shore.

The troops were making roads and throwing up redoubts to protect the points they had carried.

Harry was the guiding spirit of Wolfe's division and he suggested that the battery near the lighthouse could be easily silenced.

With twelve hundred men Wolfe made his way round, following the trail marked by Fighting Hal to Lighthouse Point.

The French, finding themselves likely to be between two fires, abandoned the battery and fled to the town.

With the captured guns and mortars Wolfe commenced a heavy fire on the French war ships in the bay.

The fire was returned, and an artillery duel, the severest of the whole war, was commenced.

For days the duel continued, until Wolfe fell short of ammunition.

He obtained a new supply and recommenced the firing.

A suspicious-looking ship was gliding nearer and nearer the land.

She was apparently a merchantman, but, if she was peacefully inclined, it was strange she would take such risks.

The firing was all round her; shells and balls passed

over her sails, and others fell into the sea within a few yards.

Harry was standing by a small mortar and watching the vessel.

Round him lay the gunners who had been shot as they stood by the mortar.

He looked at the vessel, trained the mortar, which was loaded, upon it, and fired a shell which exploded on her deck.

Instantly the flames curled up the masts and enveloped the whole of the rigging in columns of fire.

The peaceable-looking vessel proved to be the French man-of-war *Celebre*, one of the most formidable of the enemy's vessels.

The fighting on land was incessant.

The English met with a desperate resistance, and at times were nearly driven to surrender.

Wolfe and Amherst refused to understand defeat, and rallied their men, approaching nearer to the city each day.

For weeks the fighting was by day and night.

Both sides were exhausted, but neither would surrender.

"One more shot!" cried Harry to a gunner, and the man trained his gun low.

A heavy boom startled everyone in the redoubts, for all thought that the fighting was over for a time.

A heavy cannon ball struck the walls of the fort and tore away a great piece of the side.

Wolfe saw the effect.

"I'll make the man who fired that shot a captain; by George, I will!"

He sent his aide to find out, and when he heard that Harry Leonard had given the command, he ordered him into his presence.

"How dare you, sir, take upon yourself to order his majesty's artillery? Are you an officer of that branch of the service?"

"No, general."

"Then by what right?"

"As to right, I do not know; but as to the effect, that shot did more than all the others."

"By George! you speak plainly, and I like you better than ever. But do you know what will happen to the man who obeyed your order?"

Harry knew that the gunner had violated a law of military rule, and was liable to be court martialed, but he was equal to the emergency.

"I know what ought to happen to him."

"What?"

"He should be rewarded."

"So he shall. I'll ask for a captaincy for him, and you shall be a major."

"Thank you, general; but if I am known as Fighting Hal at the end of the war, I shall be well pleased."

"General, general, the enemy has run up the white flag!" exclaimed Surefoot, running into Gen. Wolfe's presence.

"Glory hallelujah!" shouted Harry.

Wolfe hastened to Amherst, and was in time to meet the aide sent by the French general.

The French had made a gallant defense, and Gen. Amherst grasped the officer's hand.

"You are a brave people, and I shall be glad when we can be friends."

"I reciprocate, *monsieur le general*."

Absolute surrender was demanded, and Capt. Harry Leonard was commissioned to take the letter of terms to the commandant of Louisburg.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SUCCESSSES.

On the twenty-eighth of July, 1758, Louisburg surrendered, and a few days later Cape Breton and Prince Edward's Island were added to the English colonies.

Six thousand prisoners of war were taken to England, and Gen. Amherst felt himself to be worthy of great honor.

He abandoned Louisburg, and the fleet took station at Halifax.

Communication between the different colonies was very difficult, and at Wolfe's suggestion Harry was commissioned to go southwest, find out what had been done by Abercrombie and Forbes, and return to Halifax at the earliest possible moment.

Before he left, Amherst wrote a letter to Gen. Abercrombie, recommending promotion for Fighting Hal.

Although Harry enjoyed the dangers of scouting, he would much rather have stayed with the army, for it was the general opinion that Amherst would put the fleet into condition and sail for Quebec without delay.

Harry sought Wolfe, and told him how he felt.

"Harry, I shall never live to reach Quebec."

"What mean you, general?"

"I am sick. My spirit alone overmasters my ailments, but inactivity will kill me."

"You think, then——"

Harry hesitated, for he did not like to appear to question his superiors.

"That you can go to the extremest French settlement, can pass through Virginia, and up the Ohio valley, and then be here long before we shall move."

"I could show you how to enter Quebec——"

"Yes, now you could, but all will be changed before we move."

"Why not go at once?"

"Amherst and Boscawen are not ready. By the time they are, the St. Lawrence will be frozen over,

and we must wait until the ice breaks up. Go, and come back before I hand in my commission to the Great General."

Harry, accompanied by Surefoot, left Halifax on August the tenth, on a war vessel which was crossing to Maine for some supplies which had been left there by the admiral.

The journey across^t Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont was one continued pleasure, as all the whites were friends and the Indians openly peaceful.

Arriving at Lake Champlain, Harry made inquiries for Marie, and yet trembled for fear the news might be distasteful.

He kept her image glassed on his heart, and secretly hoped she was still faithful to him, though no promises had been given or asked.

To his great joy he saw her, and she, without any bashfulness, told him how dear he was to her.

He had no time for pleasure, so, bidding her ever to think of him, he paddled across the lake.

The first news he heard was disheartening. Gen. Abercrombie had proved incapable.

An army of fifteen thousand men, led by Lord Howe, had landed at the northern extremity of Lake George.

The country about the French fortress at Ticonderoga was very unfavorable for military operations. The English had to leave their artillery behind.

Lord Howe led the advance in person. A picket

line of the French, numbering less than three hundred, barred their approach.

A severe skirmish ensued, in which the French were beaten, but Lord Howe was killed.

The English retreated, and Abercrombie was weak. Howe had been the soul of the expedition.

A few days later a scout deceived the English by saying that the defenses of Ticonderoga were weak.

Abercrombie arranged his divisions to carry the place by assault.

For four hours column after column dashed with great bravery against the breastworks of the enemy, which were found to be well constructed.

Montcalm, at the head of four thousand French, defended. He took off his coat and, in his shirtsleeves, seemed to be ubiquitous.

He encouraged his men by his bravery and cool manner.

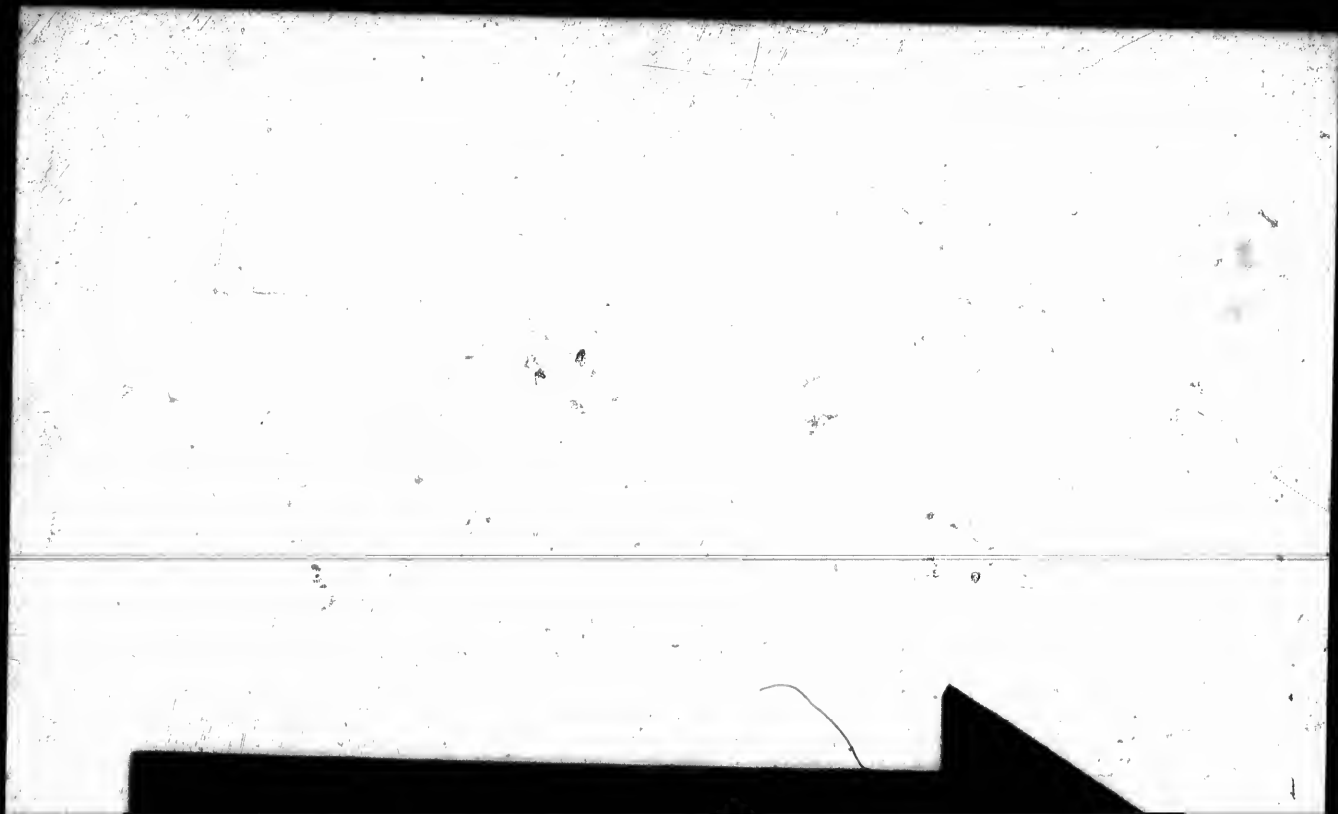
The English were repulsed, losing nearly two thousand men.

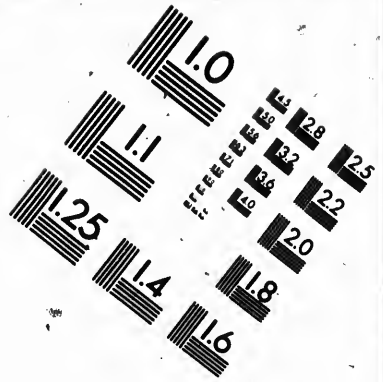
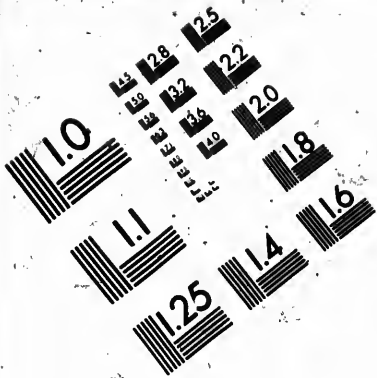
Abercrombie still had abundant forces, but he withdrew, leaving Ticonderoga in the hands of the French.

He sent a small army, under Col. Bradstreet, to capture Fort Frontenac, a fortress situated on the present site of Kingston.

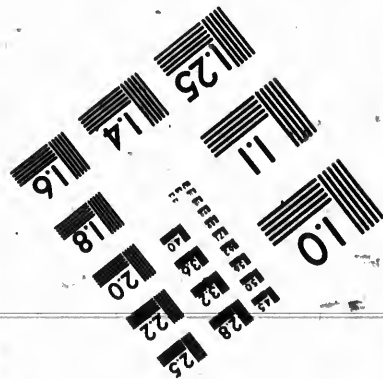
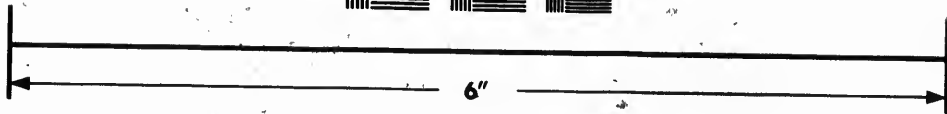
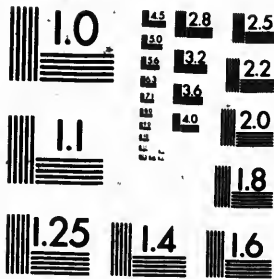
Montcalm heard of the move with dismay. Frontenac was most important to the French. It was one of the gateways to Canada.







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In two days Bradstreet had forced it to capitulate.

All this Harry learned from trustworthy sources, and carefully made notes to aid his memory.

The death of Lord Howe had been a terrible blow to the English cause.

Proceeding down Lake George, Harry reached Albany without much difficulty.

The journey was a tedious one, but not dangerous.

Virginia was reached, and Harry learned that Washington was still in the Ohio valley.

The two scouts worked their way toward Fort du Quesne.

The rivers were frozen, and heavy snow lay upon the ground ere they reached Pennsylvania.

When within twenty miles of Fort du Quesne, Surefoot's quick ears detected the sound of Indians on the march.

He threw himself down, and with his ear pressed to the ground listened intently.

"Fifty of them, at the very least," he whispered.

"What are we to do?"

"Trust to our luck; we cannot fight them."

For once the scout had miscalculated the distance, and before they were aware of the nearness of the enemy the Indians were firing at them with dangerous rapidity.

"By the great St. Lawrence River, that's Red

Wolf!" cried Surefoot, pointing out an Indian in the background.

The scout raised his rifle, and with steady aim pointed it at the hated savage.

So true was the aim that a bullet passed through the Indian's brain, and Red Wolf died by the hand of a North Woods scout.

Seeing their chief fall, the savages closed in on the two men, and a desperate fight for life was engaged in.

Fighting Hal never more thoroughly deserved his pseudonym than he did when the odds were thirty to one against him.

The struggle was nearly over. Both the trapper and the young captain were so exhausted that they could scarcely raise their arms to strike a blow.

"Good-by, Surefoot!" gasped Harry.

"Farewell, cap'n," answered the old trapper.

Neither would give in; they were resolved to die fighting.

Harry raised his rifle to club a savage who was threatening him, when his arm fell to his side, unable to hold the weapon or strike with it.

The heavy tramp, tramp of soldiers was heard, and almost as quickly as the thunder follows the lightning flash, a body of Virginians burst upon the scene.

The Indians turned upon their new antagonists and were quickly routed.

Harry Leonard had fainted.

When he awoke from his swoon his eyes looked into the clear orbs of Virginia's favorite son—George Washington.

Not until that moment had Washington recognized the youth.

What joy there was expressed by those two friends!

Washington told of his successes, and Harry recounted the glorious fall of Louisburg and Fort Frontenac.

"We are driving out the French," said the Virginian.

"Let us hope we may never have to drive out the English."

Two days later the Virginians and Pennsylvanians occupied Fort du Quesne, and over the ruined bastions the English flag floated.

Forbes, the commander of the forces, named the place Pittsburg, in honor of the great commander who had showed such zeal against the enemies of England.

CHAPTER XXX.

BEFORE QUEBEC.

England was well aided by the colonists, and the tide of victory had set in.

Montcalm had viewed the situation thoroughly, and had written to his government:

"Let us have peace, peace, no matter with what boundaries."

That was the burden of his report, but the answer came back:

"No peace save through victory or defeat."

By the time Capt. Leonard returned to Halifax the new year had opened, and the breaking up of the ice wished for.

Pitt had sent orders to Gen. Wolfe to take supreme command of the expedition against Quebec.

The Canadians heard that England was sending a large fleet to capture the citadel, and they greeted it at first with laughter, for Quebec was strongly guarded, and the St. Lawrence was a most difficult river for navigation.

The very day the ice began to break Wolfe ordered the fleet of forty-four vessels to be ready at a moment's notice to start.

Harry's knowledge was now invaluable.

He showed the natural advantages of the Isle of Orleans for the first camping ground, and Wolfe accepted his statement without hesitation.

It was the end of June before the armament arrived at the Isle of Orleans.

The English camp was pitched at the upper end of the island.

Wolfe arranged his vessels so that they commanded the river.

On the opposite side of South Channel was Point Levi.

Surefoot had visited that place, and was able to show how the lower part of Quebec was within cannon range.

Gen. Monckton was summoned.

"Take four battalions and capture Point Levi."

Monckton looked aghast.

Four battalions to capture such a splendid strategic position!

The task seemed to him herculean.

Besides, officers in those days were in the habit of waiting and dallying, sending out scouts, looking over the ground, drawing maps and preparing reports for weeks and sometimes months before action was taken.

Wolfe looked at Monckton, a smile on his face, and asked:

"Can you be ready in the morning?"

Monckton hesitated.

Wolfe desired to strike at once.

His brow clouded over as he looked at the sun dial which chronicled the time of day.

"It is three hours after noon," he said. "Be ready to embark at eleven to-night. I will so order Admiral Saunders."

Such celerity almost took away the officer's breath.

He had received his orders, and knew that he must obey.

Once realizing the immensity of the work before him, he set to work with earnest resolve, and before the next night an English battery was planted opposite the city.

An incessant fire was kept up, and soon the lower town was reduced to ruins.

Five battalions of French, the whole of the Canadian troops and militia together, with eleven hundred more Indians, making a total of sixteen thousand armed men, defended Quebec.

The position was a strong one.

The main army occupied the high ground below Quebec, with the left on the Montmorenci River, a distance of nearly eight miles, while the right rested on the St. Charles.

Over all rose the citadel of Quebec, the wonder of the whole continent.

The St. Charles was guarded by two hulks mounted with heavy cannon, and a boom of logs chained together.

A bridge of boats connected the city with the camp.

All the gates were closed and well barricaded, excepting that which faced the bridge.

Against this formidable array of force, human and scientific, Wolfe had only nine thousand men.

He was sick most of the time, and often had to give his commands from his bed.

Young Harry was of the greatest service to him.

No danger was too great, no obstacle but what he would surmount.

His quick eyes detected many things which would have escaped the notice of others, and in the very first report sent home by Wolfe he paid a tribute to Maj. Harry Leonard—Fighting Hal, as he was always termed by his brother officers.

Montcalm knew that in Wolfe he had to face an officer equal to himself, and he had often said that England possessed no general he would not rather meet.

The French hit upon a strange expedient wherewith to destroy the English fleet.

A number of vessels had been filled with tar, pitch and explosives.

The sentries on the northern end of the Isle of Orleans saw some strange-looking vessels moving up the river.

While they watched, the first vessel burst into flames and almost instantly a score more became pillars of fire.

Fortunately the French admiral had fired the first too soon, and thus had frustrated his own design.

Explosion followed explosion, and the blazing tar floated on the water. The sailors on the English vessels lowered their boats and went out to meet the flaming ships.

Throwing grapnels over them, they towed them to the shore, where they burned themselves out without danger to the English war ships. The sailors thought

it good sport. The French bemoaned the failure of their scheme.

A number of Canadians, fearing that their city would be destroyed, asked for permission to cross the river to Point Levi and drive the English away.

Fifteen hundred volunteered, and successfully landed about two miles from the Point.

Fighting Hal was out in charge of a reconnoitering party when the Canadians landed.

He watched them, though his party was not seen.

Allowing them all to land, he suddenly called his men to order and fired a volley into the midst of the volunteers.

A wild panic seized them, and Harry ordered his men to charge with the bayonet.

The Canadians threw away their weapons, and even took off their coats, for fear they might be impeded in their flight.

Harry followed them up, and his little force dispersed five times as many without losing a single man.

The enemy had entered their boats when they were seen by the artillery, and a few shots were fired into their midst.

Harry returned to the Point just in time to shout to a gunner:

"Don't fire on that building! It is the cathedral!"

For that time the church was saved, but the next day it was in ruins.

Wolfe sent for Harry.

"What do you advise?" he asked.

Harry was more bashful than usual, and replied :

"I cannot advise. The weakest part of the city is strongly guarded, but if we could attack the city from Point Levi and the Montmorenci at the same time, it would be well."

"I have already decided on that very plan of action. But, Hal, I shall not live to see the flag over the citadel. I feel my hours has nearly come."

"Say not so, general; the country needs you."

"But a greater Power has willed for me to go."

Harry wiped the tears from his eyes, for he had learned to love Wolfe, and the thought of his death was hard to endure.

"I will not despair," he said, bravely.

"No, Hal. To despair is unsoldierly. Thank Heaven, I shall die with my face to the foe."

CHAPTER XXXI.

MONTMORENCI.

Gen. Wolfe was chafing at the delay in capturing Quebec.

He thought that the French general, Montcalm, would have challenged him to a naval battle, and even

landed an army on the island, so that the two nations might have a trial of strength.

Montcalm knew the strength of the fortress, and was not willing to hazard any action which would weaken his position.

To destroy the city was of but little value to the English, so long as the citadel was held by the enemy.

Wolfe sent for his physician.

"Doctor, I am doomed, I know, but how long can you keep me up?" he asked, calmly.

"My dear general, you are far too despondent. I have never said your case is hopeless."

"No, your profession demands that you should instil hope in your patients, for the mind often has power over the body; but talk not as physician to patient, but as you would to another doctor. I am not afraid of death. Why should I be? I face it every hour."

"General, you have placed me on my honor. I do not think you will ever be strong again, but you may live some time."

"How long?"

"It may be months——"

"The probabilities are——"

"That—six—months——"

"As long as that?"

"Yes."

"On your honor?"

"On my honor as a man and a friend. But I have a

hope you may confound our limited knowledge, and live many years."

"Keep your hope, doctor; I, too, would like to live."

Wolfe felt like a new man when the doctor left him.

"I shall live six months," he repeated; "surely I can raise the English flag on yonder citadel before that."

He sent for Harry Leonard, and grasped his hand as he would that of a dear friend.

"Sit down, captain, I want to talk with you. Forget that I am your senior, either in age or rank; talk with me as with a friend, a brother."

"I—don't——" stammeringly commenced Harry, but Wolfe stopped him.

"We are here in solitude. Whatever you may say will be to me alone; you understand?"

"Yes, general."

"How can we capture the citadel?"

The question was asked suddenly, and Harry looked at the general with astonishment stamped on every feature.

Wolfe laughed gently, as he continued:

"You promised to show me how to get into the citadel; I want you to do it."

"General, I could have done so then, but that was long ago."

"I knew it."

"The enemy has intrenched itself more strongly; yet I think that, if we attacked from the banks of the Mont-

morenci, and from the war ships poured a deadly fire from the north into the city, we could force the enemy to surrender."

"Can the war ships pass the batteries of Quebec?"

"No, general, not all; but one or two might do so if covered by a strong fire from the Point."

"One or two would be no good."

"No; but one vessel well manned could make it so hot for the French batteries that we could land a number of men."

"How?"

It was Harry's turn to smile at the earnest way in which Wolfe questioned him.

"In boats," he answered.

"But the boats are on the other side of the Point."

"Gen. Washington told me that in 1718 a Swedish engineer called Swedenborg, at the siege of Frederikshald, hauled two galleys, five boats and a sloop over land a distance of fourteen miles. And what a Swede could do, surely we can."

"I have heard of him, and wish he were here now."

"He showed the way; we can follow his example."

"That will do. Good-day."

Wolfe was now the general, and in this blunt manner dismissed the youth whom a moment before he had treated as an equal and an adviser.

Harry knew the general well enough not to notice the eccentricities of his character, for sickness often makes

the most amiable of men changeable and easily irritated.

The next day thirteen companies of grenadiers and a detachment of Royal Americans crossed to the mouth of the Montmorenci, and prepared to intrench themselves there.

The same evening the guns of Point Levi commenced a vigorous firing on the city, and under cover of the guns the British war ship *Sutherland*, with a frigate and several small vessels, passed up the river and anchored above the town.

A number of boats had been hauled across the point and lowered into the water in readiness to transport Col. Carleton and his men to the main land.

Everything had been carried out just as Harry had suggested.

Montcalm was not deceived.

The guns from Point Levi boomed unceasingly, but he took slight notice.

He was certain the attack would be made from the Montmorenci side, and there he began massing his army.

The grenadiers and Americans had no sooner landed than the orders were given to charge the redoubt at the foot of the hill. The French scarcely made any defense, but fled, in apparent panic, at the approach of the English.

On dashed the grenadiers, composed of the very

flower of the British army, soldiers who, ever since the creation of that branch of the service, have been considered the bravest and most daring of all who have fought under the English flag.

They knew not what danger meant, but dashed forward and entered the redoubt, cheering loudly as they did so.

A murderous fire from the heights above killed many a brave fellow in the midst of his cheering.

"Charge up the hill!"

The cliff was almost as steep as a houseside.

To ascend it had tried the skill of many a pedestrian, but now soldiers, Americans and British, rushed forward, eagerly zealous, and determined to reach the top. Scores were killed, and rolled down the hill, carrying the living off their feet. But their comrades struggled on. It was slow work.

The fighting was one-sided, for the climbers could not get foothold sufficient to enable them to answer the volleys of buckshot which poured down from the heights.

The clouds gathered heavily in the sky, and nature silenced the French by a heavy downpour of rain, which rendered their firelocks useless.

Wolfe arrived on the scene just as the grenadiers and Royal Americans were retreating to the redoubt.

He wept when he saw the piles of dead, and well he might, for in those few minutes, occupied by the at-

tempt to scale the heights, nearly five hundred of the grenadiers and Americans were killed.

Retreat was ordered, and Wolfe felt so disheartened that he had almost resolved on returning to England and asking that a larger expedition should be sent out the following year.

CHAPTER XXXII.

FEINTS AND SURPRISES.

For weeks fighting continued, and the English were repulsed time after time.

It seemed as though Quebec could not be captured, and that the French must remain dominant in Canada.

The English frigates above the city were able to prevent many supplies being sent to the citadel, and that constituted the chief hope of the English, that eventually the French would have to capitulate.

Dysentery and fever broke out in the English ranks, and carried off nearly as many men as the bullets of the enemy.

Surefoot had been unusually quiet for some time, and Harry could not understand it.

The old trapper had ceased to feel any interest in the war, and his face was daily getting whither and thinner.

Col. Carleton accosted Harry one day early in September.

"I want to talk with you seriously, captain; can you spare me half an hour?"

"Certainly, colonel."

"There is a man within our lines of whom I wish to speak."

"Yes?"

"He is called Surefoot."

"What of him?"

"Is he loyal?"

"To the backbone."

"Can you vouch for it?"

"With my life I'd vouch for his honor."

"He is an object of suspicion."

"Of suspicion?" repeated the astonished scout.

"Yes. I will tell you what has been reported. A few weeks ago he was on the Sutherland, and at night he was seen to lower himself into the water and swim to the *Cornucopia*."

"What of that, colonel? Both ships fly our flag."

"Yes, but later it was reported that a rope was seen hanging from a porthole of the *Cornucopia*, and again your friend was missing. For three days nothing was seen of him. When Murray made his descent on Deschambault and captured the Canadian garrison, one of the prisoners, fearing that he would be put to death, told the colonel that we were harboring a spy. He

was pressed for particulars, and described Surefoot accurately as a man who had been talking often to the Canadian officer."

"I'll not believe any wrong of my old friend."

"That is not all."

"What else have you heard?"

"Surefoot was sent with Maj. Williams to the camp at Point Levi, and four days ago he was missed. He has not been seen since."

"You think he is acting dishonorably?"

"Gen. Townshend thinks so, and a report will be made to Gen. Wolfe, which will result in a court-martial."

"But you say he has not returned."

"That is true. When he does he will most likely be placed in irons."

"I think not, Col. Carleton; I fancy a medal for courage will be placed on his breast before any irons manacle his legs."

"I hope so."

Though Capt. Leonard spoke so firmly in defense of his friend, he could not help admitting to himself that appearances were against him, and the evidence quite enough to convict him in time of war.

Little Surefoot had been missing for over a month, but as he was not a regularly enlisted soldier, nothing was thought of his absence.

No one had attributed such a thing as treachery to either father or son before.

Harry sought Gen. Wolfe; determined to speak a good word for the trapper, but a consultation was being held to decide upon a plan of action.

Wolfe submitted three plans to Gens. Monckton, Townshend and Murray, and asked which they considered the best.

He suggested that the army should march ten miles up the Montmorenci and fall upon the enemy in the rear, or that a general attack should be made from the boats upon Beaufort; the third plan was to cross the ford at the mouth of the Montmorenci and march along the shore until a place could be found where the cliffs could be ascended.

The brigadier generals discussed the propositions thoroughly, and unanimously rejected them.

In place of Wolfe's plans they suggested that it would be better to try and land above the town, placing the army between Quebec and the base of supplies, thus forcing the French general to either surrender or fight.

Wolfe had no confidence in the plan, but he determined to adopt it, and stake his future on the issue.

Orders were at once given to evacuate the camp at Montmorenci.

Monckton, at Point Levi, was on the watch, and saw that Montcalm was sending a strong force to prevent Wolfe's movement.

Two battalions were embarked in boats to make a feint of landing at Beaufort. The French saw it and misinterpreted the action, thinking that Monckton was making the attack, and Wolfe only attracting Montcalm's attention from the move against Beaufort.

The French were concentrated at the latter place, and Wolfe was able to withdraw from Montmorenci without molestation.

On the fifth of September all the English were on board the ships, and Montmorenci was again in the hands of the French.

Montcalm believed the expedition had failed, and that Admiral Holmes was preparing to sail back to England.

In a dispatch to his government, the gallant French man said he should be glad of a rest, for the English were so restless he never knew when they were going to strike, and he had not been able to take off his clothes for ten weeks.

It was now openly acknowledged that Surefoot was a renegade, a traitor, and orders were given for his arrest should he be seen either on the boats or at Point Levi.

All that Harry had been able to accomplish on behalf of his friend was the promise from Wolfe that the trapper should have ample chance to defend himself, and no snap judgment should be rendered.

Montcalm did not relax his vigilance, but prepared to strengthen every point which was deemed accessible.

At Bougainville he stationed a goodly sized army; the post at Anse-du-Foulon was strengthened, and the battalion at Gueune was ordered to be on the alert.

Only one point was left apparently undefended, only a hundred men being left on the heights, but it was such a point of vantage that a hundred vigilant men could easily defeat two thousand soldiers trying to scale the heights.

Admiral Holmes sailed up and down the St. Lawrence, threatening to land at many points, and making the French weary with his feints.

Montcalm believed Wolfe would make one more attack prior to sailing back to England.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SUREFOOT'S STORY.

On the early morning of the ninth of September a boat was seen putting off from Point Levi and signaling the *Sutherland*.

Gen. Wolfe was on board that warship, and it was evident the boat conveyed a special messenger to him.

The marines and sailors flocked to the sides of the

vessel, and a cheer, hearty though suppressed, went up when they saw Surefoot in the boat, heavily ironed.

Harry's face flushed as he heard the cheering, for he knew that war so brutalized men that they even enjoyed the spectacle of an execution, and Surefoot was believed to be guilty.

Capt. Leonard leaned over the bulwark to speak to the trapper, but found himself gently pulled away by a naval officer.

"Pardon me, captain, but I cannot allow you, or anyone, to hold converse with a prisoner."

"He is my friend and as innocent as any man on board."

"I sincerely hope so, but for your own sake you had better be cautious."

"For my own sake?"

"Yes, or you may be looked upon as an accomplice."

"I do not think I need blush at such a charge, but I know you are only doing your duty, and I give in."

A more miserable-looking wretch than the old trapper never stepped upon the deck of a British man-of-war.

Harry turned away and sought Gen. Wolfe, who was on board.

"General, Surefoot has been arrested; he is now on board."

"He shall receive justice."

Lieut. McFarlane entered the cabin and, saluting, said:

"The prisoner, known as Surefoot, wishes to see you, general, alone. He says he has something of importance to communicate."

"I will see him."

"Here?"

"Yes."

Surefoot was escorted into the cabin, his hands manacled and connected with his ankles by chains.

"Take off those chains," Wolfe ordered at once.

When the order had been obeyed, the general bade all to leave save Surefoot and Harry Leonard.

"I have asked Capt. Leonard to stay," he said, "because he has been a consistent friend of yours, and it is well that he should hear all you have to say. My reception of you is contrary to the etiquette of military life, and I am laying myself open to censure. Explain, trapper, and I pray Heaven your explanation may be a good and true one."

Wolfe's breathing was heavy and labored. He could not endure the exertion of a long speech, and Harry handed him a glass of an elixir which alone seemed to keep life in his body.

"I know appearances are against me," the trapper commenced, "but I will tell my story, and if then you think I deserve punishment I will bear it without a murmur."

"I told the cap'n"—pointing to Harry—"that I'd fight while ever a *parlez vous* was in the country. But I wanted to fight, and the English dilly-dallied, and I got tired. I says to myself, says I, the reason the English don't take Quebec is because they can't. And why can't they?"

"Last year me and the cap'n found how to get into the city and attack the citadel, but you waited and waited, and the French went and built a fort right on the very spot.

"Says I, there must be a way, and I'll try to find it. So I lowers myself into the water and swims to the land. I didn't find what I wanted that day, so I watched my opportunity and tried again.

"I failed four times. Says I to myself, I'll try once more. So I goes, and no sooner touched the shore than some *parlez vous* stepped out, and with no politeness whatever says, 'You're our prisoner.' At least I guess they said it, for I couldn't understand much of their jargon, and guessed their meaning when they claps their hands on me and pulls me along with them."

"You were taken prisoner, then?"

"Yes, general. I guessed I would be, and I only hoped I wouldn't fall into the hands of redskins or Canadians, for they'd have scalped me without winking.

"They dragged me along until they met an officer with a big mustache, and he jabbered away for a long

time, and I was put into a tent right on the face of the heights. I saw your ships, and at night the lights looked pleasant.

"Last night I guessed I'd had enough of it, so I watched and watched, and when the sentry was on one side of the tent I slipped under the canvas on the other, and crawled along as noiselessly as a redskin. I crawled nearly a mile. If I had broken a twig, some redskin might have heard it.

"I wondered how to get down the cliff. Just as I was wondering I saw a lot of tents, and, says I, what are those tents doing there?

"I was kind of curious, so I crawled along to them and managed to find out that they were at the top of a path which wound down the heights.

"I thought I'd like to know just where the path led to, so I came down it and landed in as pretty a little cove as ever you saw. I called it Wolfe's Cove, and if you'd like to take a few thousand soldiers up, I'll show the way. That's all. Now hang me if you like."

"Surefoot, I believe you, and I will send Capt. Leonard with you, and if he decides you are right about the ascent, we will risk all and may Heaven help us."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CAPITULATION.

Within twenty-four hours Harry had returned and confirmed the report made by the trapper.

Wolfe called a council of war and in substance told the assembled generals the story he had heard from the trapper.

A seeming injustice was done to Surefoot, for he was kept a prisoner until the time to start, more to prevent him from talking to anyone of the men than as a punishment.

"That man deserves a medal," said the admiral, "and I'll report him, for he has risked his life many times without being asked."

Gen. Wolfe thanked the admiral, and added that Surefoot's name would figure in his letters home as well.

Everything favored the English at the moment fixed upon to make the final effort.

For two hours in the darkness of night the boats drifted down the stream. When within a few hundred yards of their destination they were suddenly challenged by a French sentry.

An officer who understood the language and spoke it like a Parisian answered the challenge, and even gave

the name of a regiment which he knew was quartered near by under the command of Bouganville.

Once more they were challenged, and the same officer replied, and in an undertone said:

"Provision boats; don't let the English hear us."

Wolfe had heard that some provision boats were expected, and the officer made use of that knowledge.

The boats were allowed to pass.

The Canadians on the top of the heights were asleep or away on furlough, only a score of men being left.

Under the guidance of Surefoot and Fighting Hal, about fifty English soldiers moved up the pathway and gained the top.

The outline of the tents was just visible in the glimmering light.

Harry gathered his little band around him and gave his commands.

Drawing his sword, he led the men at double-quick right into the midst of the tents.

Capt. Vergor, the Canadian, leaped from his bed and tried to escape. His men, surprised, offered but little resistance and the most of them fled with great speed.

The main body of the English had landed and awaited, at the foot of the cliff, in silence, the signal from above.

Suddenly a loud British cheer and the rattle of musketry told Wolfe that success had crowned the efforts of the bold advance guard.

With musket slung on his back, each soldier scrambled up the path as best he could.

Strong parties were sent off to capture the batteries at Sillery and Samos, while the boats kept bringing more men to the shore, until the entire force was landed.

Montcalm was in amazement when he heard the news.

As the sun shone above the citadel, the gallant French general looked through his glass and saw the English army gathered on the Plains of Abraham.

"They are on the weak side of this unfortunate town," he said to his aide, "and we must crush them before midday."

He sought the governor and held a hurried consultation with him.

"These English," said Vaudreuil, "seem able to overcome every obstacle, but this time they are trapped; they have no artillery, and our guns will make short work of them."

Wolfe formed his men in line across the plain and facing the city. His right wing rested on the edge of the height overlooking the St. Lawrence the left, as near the St. Charles as their numbers would allow.

Within an hour after sunrise the long line of red-coated English, silent and earnest, with no music except the war-pipes which the Scotch Highlanders would blow loud and shrill, was ready for the enemy.

The English had not long to wait, for soon the white-coated French, the blue-uniformed Canadians, and the Indians in their war paint and feathers, confronted the bold men who followed Wolfe.

Montcalm was eager for the fray.

He believed the thirty-five hundred men under Wolfe was but the advance guard of the army, and that any delay would only strengthen his enemy.

Ramesey's small battery opened fire upon the English line with canister, while a thousand Canadians and five hundred Indians crept up among bushes and through the cornfield and began to pour in a deadly shower of leaden bullets.

Toward ten o'clock the order was given by Montcalm to advance.

The French fired as they marched, but the Canadians, throwing themselves on the ground to reload, broke the line and caused considerable confusion.

Wolfe had sent orders along the line that no shot was to be fired until the enemy was within forty paces.

The English stood like a solid wall, never looking to the right or the left, though great gaps had to be filled as the shots from the enemy reduced the ranks.

The French and Canadians were about thirty-five paces away before the order to fire was given.

A volley of musketry rang out, so regularly that it sounded as but one loud report.

A second volley was succeeded by independent firing.

Then the fighting grew fierce and terrible.

Montcalm attempted to turn the English flank, but was beaten back with great loss.

"Charge!"

The order rang out clear and distinct as Wolfe grasped his sword firmly, and seemed to have regained all his accustomed strength.

Surefoot saw a French soldier take deliberate aim at Wolfe.

Instantly the old trapper flung himself before the general, and the deadly bullet pierced his breast.

"My poor fellow! You saved my life at the risk of your own," said Wolfe, leaning for a moment over the fallen trapper.

"Better for me to die than you," answered Surefoot.

"I avenged your wound, dad!" exclaimed Little Surefoot, who had unexpectedly appeared on the scene.

"Bless you, my boy."

The old trapper turned over on his side, and his son raised his head a little.

It was too late; the old man had gone to render his account to the Great Judge of all.

A bullet pierced Wolfe's wrist, but he bound his handkerchief around it, and grasping his sword with his left hand, still led the gallant grenadiers.

Another shot disabled his left arm, and his sword dropped from his hand.

Harry, scarcely recognizable through the blood and

mud and powder smoke, was by the general's side instantly, and picked up the sword.

"Keep it, Hal, and use it against the enemies of your country."

The French were all in confusion. Montcalm had his body almost riddled with bullets.

Victory was with the English but, alas! just at the moment of triumph a ball pierced Wolfe's breast.

"Tell me, are we winning?" he asked, feebly.

"They run—they run!" shouted a soldier.

"Who run?" asked the dying hero.

"The French are flying in every direction," answered Harry.

"Then I shall—raise my head, Harry—I would like to see them run. I am dying, but, oh, so happy."

And amid the smoke of the battle the spirit of the hero passed away.

A quarter of a mile away Montcalm was dying.

He tried to rally his dispirited soldiers but another ball struck him and he fell.

"Shall I survive?" he asked his surgeon.

"A few hours at most," was the reply.

"So much the better," answered the French hero; "I shall not live to witness the surrender of Quebec."

Further defense of the city was useless; the French were panic-stricken, and the white flag was run up over the citadel.

Gen. Townshend sent for Capt. Harry Leonard.

"You shall be my aide to convey to the citadel the terms of capitulation."

"Thank you, general."

"You have proved your worth, and merited your cognomen; you have won the right to replace the *fleur-de-lis* with the Union Jack."

And so it was brought about that when, five days later, the English flag was run up the halyards over the citadel of Quebec, it was the hand of Harry Leonard that raised the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew over the great stronghold of the New World.

A continent had been won, and the English had possession of all the northern part of North America.

Had England been wise she might have retained power; but, as it is, it has proved to be for the best, and the republic of the United States can honor alike Wolfe and Montcalm, and both Canada and the United States can unite in revering the memory of Washington and the brave colonists who made Wolfe's victory possible.

A few months after the surrender of Quebec a wedding took place in the citadel.

It was a military wedding, and Gen. Townshend proposed the health of the happy pair.

In speaking of the young husband, he said:

"We who have known him wish him every happiness; he is the bravest of the brave, and we loved to call him Fighting Hal, for he has won the title by

fighting every step from Fort Necessity to the citadel of Quebec. And of his bride, though by birth she belongs to the nation which so recently surrendered this citadel into our hands, we can say that there is not a man among us but would be proud to surrender his heart into her keeping, and we think Harry Leonard did right in capitulating when he saw the bright eyes of the lovely Marie."

THE END.

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ERNEST A. YOUNG.

This book is not a treatise on sports, as the title would indicate, but relates a series of thrilling adventures among boy campers in the woods of Maine.

Boats, Bats and Bicycles

DAVID MCKAY, Publisher, Philadelphia.

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