## Technical Notes / Notes techniques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming Physical features of this copy which may alter any of the images in the reproduction are checked below

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer Certains défauts susceptibles de nuire à la qualité de la reproduction sont notés ci-dessous

- [ ] Coloured covers/ Couvertures de couleur
- [ ] Coloured maps/ Cartes géographiques en couleur
- [x] Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- [ ] Tight binding (may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin)/ Reliure serré (peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distortion le long de la marge intérieure)
- [ ] Additional comments/ Commentaires supplémentaires

- [ ] Coloured pages/ Pages de couleur
- [ ] Coloured plates/ Planches en couleur
- [x] Show through/ Transparence
- [ ] Pages damaged/ Pages endommagées

---

## Bibliographic Notes / Notes bibliographiques

- [ ] Only edition available/ Seule édition disponible
- [ ] Bound with other material/ Relié avec d'autres documents
- [ ] Cover title missing/ Le titre de couverture manque
- [ ] Plates missing/ Des planches manquent
- [ ] Additional comments/ Commentaires supplémentaires

- [ ] Pagination incorrect/ Erreurs de pagination
- [ ] Pages missing/ Des pages manquent
- [ ] Maps missing/ Des cartes géographiques manquent

"THE VATICAN LIBRARY" I d Bi-Weekly No 9

September 1 1885 Price 20 Cents

# THE CHIEFTAINS OF CHAMPLAIN.

A Story of Adventure in the New World

*With Twenty-three Illustrations.*


NEW YORK

HICKEY & CO "THE VATICAN LIBRARY"

11 BARCLAY STREET

*Entered at the New York Post Office at Second Class Rates*

Annual Subscription $5 for twenty-six numbers, postage paid.

'T
of gr
six, a
met
tined
I
close
warm
ringir
the st
came
Beaup
Ma
and c
band
the ga
the m
wrung
to pas
and th
day to
ered t
purga
ties w
reply
lamen
Marion
often
purgat
Bear
height,
eyes g
that of
pasture
would
Beau
preferr
Arabs,
Still, w
patienc
ders, ca
the gest
than ph

Henry J. Morgan

# THE CHIEFTAINS OF CHAMPLAIN.

*A TALE OF ADVENTURE IN THE NEW WORLD*

## CHAPTER I

### AN ADVENTURE WITH WOLVES

'Twas on the 26th of December, in the year of grace one thousand six hundred and ninety-six, about six o'clock in the evening, that I met with the happy accident which was destined to change the course of my life

I was snugly ensconced in my arm-chair close by the fireside, enjoying the cheerful warmth of the bright winter fire, when a ringing voice smote my ear from the foot of the staircase, and growing in distinctness as it came nearer, admonished me that Marion and Beaupoil were about to enter my room

Marion was housekeeper, maid of all work and cook Beaupoil was her lieutenant, husband and yoke-fellow It was he who tended the garden, took charge of the horse, spread the manure, peeled the carrots and onions, wrung the necks of the fowl, drove the cows to pasture, clipped the vine, swept the kitchen and the stairs, ran of errands, went on market day to Tulle, sowed, mowed, reaped and gathered the corn into the granary, but the most purgatorial of his multifarious tasks and duties was the necessity of submitting without reply all day long to the commands, the lamentations, the reproaches, and gossip of Marion. "Monsieur le Cure," he would often say to me, "I am going through my purgatory here on earth"

Beaupoil was an individual of medium height, well built, his hair light in color, his eyes gray, and his step slow and lazy, like that of a cow returning at evening from the pasture His amiable temper, never ruffled, would have done credit to a philosopher

Beaupoil was not talkative, as a rule he preferred silence, having observed, with the Arabs, that if speech is silver, silence is gold Still, when pushed almost over the border of patience, he would at times shrug his shoulders, careful withal that his wife did not see the gesture, for he was not a whit less prudent than phlegmatic However, he was a good sort of fellow He had married my housekeeper, who was thirteen years older than he, chiefly because she made good soup

And so it was that, having Marion already in my service, I was obliged to take at first Beaupoil and afterward his mother, the aged Jeannette Beaupoil, without counting an ancient hunting dog she had adopted nine years before, whose spats with Marion's cat kept the whole presbytery in one continued uproar

Despite all this, I was as happy as one can be in this valley of misery, having attained without sickness or infirmity the age of thirty-five years, pastor of the parish of Gimel, near Tulle, in the department of Limousin, beloved by my parishioners, in amity with my brethren of the clergy and my bishop, and besides a curé's income of at least five hundred crowns, having for seven years past, through the demise of an uncle, a lawyer at Perigueux, been left sole heir to the nice legacy of one hundred and seventy thousand French livres

Now, friendly reader, you are acquainted with my presbytery and its inmates I, accordingly, return to the loud exclamations of Marion, which, had I known the good woman less, might have occasioned me some disquietude

"Oh, miserable man!" she cried, as she opened the door of my room, "there was nothing more wanting but that 'Tis the last drop in the cup!"

Then, drawing aside a little on the corridor and looking at the luckless Beaupoil, who durst not show himself

"You could not leave them where they were, you great, big simpleton! But M. Beaupoil must play the role of the generous man Beaupoil tenders his services—he conducts people into Monsieur le Curé's house, as if it were his own And what will you give them to eat, I ask you? Where will they sleep? This costs you nothing, 'tis no trouble or expense to you It is Monsieur le

Cure who must furnish the money, I must incur the trouble, but you, what *are* you doing here? Answer, sir! Yes, answer if you can!"

Here I interrupted Marion's tirade, partly to come to the aid of her husband, partly to ascertain the cause of her anger

"What is the matter, Beaupoil?"

Then he advanced to the centre of the room and said

"You will recollect, Monsieur le Cure, that you told me yesterday to catch some trout at the foot of the cascade of Gimel, and that you were expecting to-morrow a visit from Monsieur Tabourney, the King's notary at Tulle, and your intimate friend a rare connoisseur Knowing that, after Vespers and Benediction I took my line and carefully descended to the cascade It was no easy task—even in summer it is slippery on those rocks, but on account of the weather of yesterday—partly snowy and partly frosty—I had to creep on all fours At last I reach the bottom, break the ice, which is not thick, and cast out my line into the river Once twice three times I don't hook even a gudgeon I fancy I am bewitched"

"Come, I say let us pass over your gudgeons, and tell me what happened"

"This, Monsieur le Cure" replied Beaupoil 'At the very last, through dint of casting my line, I catch some gudgeons, and I desire to come home But lo! the night is at hand, the mist is spreading from Tulle to Gimel, and the snow begins to fall heavier than ever I bethink myself 'Beaupoil, if you try to return the way you came hither, you will have broken bones The first false step, down you'll tumble two or three hundred feet, and you shall be eaten up by the gudgeons you had prepared yourself to eat' But I forgot to say my dog had come along with me and watched my fishing Poor Fupiet! he would have done better to stay at home at the fireside But what's the use of talking, his hour had come"

"What happened Fupiet?" I ask "Where did you leave him?"

"Ah! monsieur, where you or I shall never go after him Poor, poor Fupiet! The wolves strangled him, monsieur, and carried him off under my eyes into the woods, at this moment there remain only his bones, nothing more!

"But to resume my story Fupiet, seeing my basket full of trout, anticipates me, goes first, ever and anon making sharp turns and coming back now and then to ascertain if I was following him Carrying as I was the basket and the fishing tackle, I was moving along more slowly, because I had to hang on to the rocks, trees and bushes, to escape rolling into the abyss below All at once, as I had just got to the top of the ascent, I noticed Fupiet returning to me, his head down, his tail curled between his legs, with a terrified look, as if he had just seen something frightful Observing that Fupiet was afraid of somebody I could not see, I grew fearful in turn, and remained without a stir, as if rooted to the spot, for three or four minutes I was desirous of pushing ahead, but I durst not I wanted to cry out, to call for help I did not dare to do it, and I saw poor Fupiet perishing from actual terror by my side All of a sudden I hear at a distance a very soft noise, like the tinkling bells of several horses That arouses me I say to myself That must be some good Christian approaching, and even if it should be the Turks, one will know at least what is the matter, and what we have to contend with Then my voice comes back and I cry out, 'Courage, Fupiet!'

'But Fupiet did not budge and fixed his eyes upon me Ah! the poor beast, they were sad eyes which prayed to me, as if I had been anxious to drive him on to death Then in order that I may have my arms free, I put between the dog's teeth the basket of trout, I carry my line on my left shoulder as if I were about to cast it into the river, and I march first in line Ten feet distant at the turn of the path, what do I see? A pair of blazing eyes glowering upon me, as if eager to swallow me up A huge wolf who was lying in wait for us"

"Ah!" sighed Marion "a wolf!"

"Yes, a genuine wolf," reiterated Beaupoil, "and not alone either His whole family was with him, for there to the right and the left of the way stood more than ten of them, the great monster alone facing me as if to say 'You shall not pass here!'"

"You must have been very much afraid, my poor Beaupoil," Marion remarked

"No, not much," rejoined Beaupoil, with simplicity "I knew then what stopped Fupiet Do you see, monsieur I am afraid of the white wolf * Yes, 'tis true, because I don't know clearly what it is and have never seen it, but for real wolves and men, I know what they are, so I fear them not"

"Did you have a gun?" I inquired.

"No, Monsieur le Curé, and I regret that However, I looked at the wolves without saying a syllable, and the wolves looked at me

* A ghostly wolf much feared by the French peasants of certain districts

I was musing During this pause two or three of the vicious thieves I had not before noticed were wheeling around so as to get to the rear of my position Ah! monsieur, it was a sight to see—my countenance and theirs The old wolf especially, the largest of all of them, as one might call him the head of the family, wore an air of serene gravity and doubtless had an appetite calculated to cause terror"

All at once Marion, who was growing impatient, inquired "Monsieur le Cure, how many covers shall be placed for supper?"

"As many as Beaupoil shall desire, Marion, for it is he who has given the invitations"

"Well," said Beaupoil, "put two on the table beside Monseur le Curé's and a third in the kitchen for the postillion To conclude my story, perceiving that the old wolf was about to spring on Fupiet or myself and that the others would follow his example, I pick up my line in my right hand and hurl it at him as if he were a trout or a pike In the twinkle of an eye, the wolf found himself caught in the snare and began to bellow and roar in a way to make the hair stand on the head of even a bald man His whole family, observing his condition, sprang upon Fupiet Immediately I hear a man's voice halloing at about thirty paces distance 'Courage, friend, hold on! we shall be with you in a second! Ho! Phœbus, ho! my good dog, at him! at him!' At the same moment I saw a great Newfoundland dog, black and white, spring at a bound into the centre of the path, seize by the throat one of the wolves, which was already holding me by the blouse, and strangle him with his teeth Another of the wolves tried to seize the Newfoundland in his turn, fortunately the dog wore a fine collar with sharp points, which broke the wolf's jaw in two

"The man was closely following his dog Ah! what a man, Monsieur le Curé! Six feet high at least, and shoulders to support a house With that, slender of limb like a deer, and strong and daring, a man who fears not to risk his life for his neighbor For the rest, you shall see him presently He was running toward me gun in hand, and making terrible strides At three feet distance he halts, fires at a wolf, and stretches the brute stark dead in the snow One of the pack tries to bite him in the leg, he kills it with a back sweep of his gun And all this without a word, except 'Ho! Phœbus! ho! my good dog!' to encourage the Newfoundland, and also at intervals, 'This way, Patrick! this way!'

"OH, MISERABLE MAN!" SHE CRIED

"Toward the close of the scene, that is two minutes after, Master Patrick came along A fine gentleman, too, but he does not possess the mien of the other, although (I must be just ) he has done me a good service, for he killed one of the wolves with two shots of his pistol and broke the jaw of another that took to his heels howling The rest of the pack, seeing that there was nothing to be gained, followed in his track, carrying away with them poor Fupiet half devoured. Phœbus wanted to chase them, but the gentleman, (for he is one, I am sure of that) called him back Then I desired to thank him. He interrupted me to inquire

"'What is your name?'

"'Beaupoil, sir, at your service.'

"'Are we far from Tulle?'

"'More than two leagues.'

"'Can you conduct us thither this evening?'

"'To-morrow morning, sir, with pleasure, but to-night there are three feet of snow on the mountain, the road is not good even in summer, but in winter it is no longer visible There will be no moon to-night and we shall fall into some pit or hole But if you are willing to come with me as far as Gimel, Monsieur le Cure will be very glad to see and have you sup with him My wife Marion, who is his cook, will do her best to satisfy you, and I, whom you have just plucked out of the wolves' jaws, I—'

"Then he said to his companion 'Well, Patrick, what do you think about it? Will you sup at the Cure of Gimel's?'

"'Yes, yes, I will,' replied Master Patrick

"The tall one then said to me

"'Go before us, Beaupoil We will go after the postillion and the horses we left at three hundred paces from here when we rushed to your succor'

"'But, monsieur, do you know the road?'

"'Phœbus will recognize it easily and point it out to us'

"Thereupon, I came to apprise you of their approach, and to tell Marion to prepare supper Marion would not listen to me"

'Well," cried Marion, "who could have thought that Beaupoil had almost been eaten up by the wolves?"

At the same moment there was a knock at the hall door and Marion sped down to open it I followed close after her with Beaupoil and stood in the presence of my guests

Beaupoil had not said a word too much Although the door of my house was large and high, the traveller who crossed the threshold first seemed to me almost as tall and big as the entrance Everything in the man was strange and attractive, his sun-bronzed complexion rendered ruddy by the action of snow and the cold air, eyes green as ocean's depths, the glance of which could, suiting the occasion, be either smiling or terrible, his nose thin and straight as a sword's blade his chest large like that of the famous Bohemond Prince of Tarentum and Antioch a bright bold countenance, and a voluminous overdress consisting of furs so fine and rare that I have never seen anything like them, which he wore with all the haughty *nonchalance* of a great lord.

Upon entering he held forth his hand and said "Monsieur le Cure excuse me for coming to beg your hospitality"

"Sir," I replied, "after the service you have just rendered my poor Beaupoil, I am too happy to receive you My house is yours, but that is a trifle At Gimel we are far away from everything and I fear our supper—"

"Tis true, indeed," said Marion, adjusting her saucepan "We have nothing fine to-day. Still, we shall receive you not according to your merits, but according to our means"

During this interchange of compliments Beaupoil and the postillion led the horses to the stable and the second traveler entered the house

"Monsieur le Cure," said the taller man, "I have the honor of presenting to you Gerald Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, legitimate descendant of the Kings of Ireland, banished from his country by the usurper, William of Orange, for his fidelity to the Catholic faith and to King James the Second He is a captain in the French service and my intimate friend"

I gave my hand to Lord Kildare "For m' " continued the other, "I am Louis of Montluc, great-grand-nephew of the celebrated Blaise of Montluc, who was a French marshal My father, Baron Hannibal, head of a cadet branch of the family, is lord of Montluc Tower, in Canada, and lawful owner of a hunting-ground one hundred leagues long and twenty-five wide on the banks of Lake Erie"

"And I," said I in my turn, "I am the Cure Lefranc, of Gimel, one of the poorest parishes in the whole diocese, but in one of the finest countries in the world if you love books, solitude mountains, great dense woods, cascades, and your parishioners And now that we are acquainted, gentlemen, here is your room When you will be ready, Marion, we'll be ready too and we shall take supper"

Half an hour later we sat down to table, all three

Marion had surpassed herself Everything was charming, pastries, venison, fowl, fish, side-dishes, everything was cooked to a turn and in a way to gratify the irritable self-love of my servant

If, reader, you are astonished that a country cure away in the depths of Bas-Limousin, in one of the poorest parishes of the diocese of Tulle, was able to offer two hungry travelers in mid-winter, a supper which would not have been unworthy of his bishop, you must recall the fact that I was expecting the next evening the visit of Monsieur Tabourney, who commonly brought with him two or three gentlemen of the chase with great appetites like himself, that hospitality is the sweetest of innocent pleasures, and lastly that Marion, apprised of their expected arrival, had already prepared two cold pates, one of

THE PRIEST WELCOMES HIS GUESTS.

hare and a second of venison, without reckoning a stewed turkey, which was the triumph of her art, and some other minor details.

Add, moreover, that Marion had a hand as ready as her tongue, that, like Cæsar, who could dictate, they say, four dispatches at a time to as many different secretaries, she could operate at once on two pans and five saucepans, fill the one with butter, the other with grease, put them all together on the fire, beat the eggs, powder the salt and pepper, roll out the dough melt the lard, mince the meat, season it, sugar it, salt it, pepper it, dash all round nutmeg, thyme, parsley, taste the

sauce, add a little butter, water or flour, wash the vessels with a loud noise, pile up the plates one upon the other as if they were of iron and not chinaware, scour pots and kettles, wipe them, shed a few tears by way of change, quarrel with her mother-in-law, old Jeannette, administer a kick to the dog, a blow of the broomstick to the cat, a sharp lash of the tongue to poor Beaupoil, her husband, and drive every one except me to distraction.

You will understand that with such a woman and such a preparation supper was immediately served

## CHAPTER II

### HOW BARON HANNIBAL MONTLUC FOUND OUT THE WAY TO SERVE THE KING OF FRANCE AND MAKE HIS OWN FORTUNE

If the Baron Montluc and his fellow-traveler had, from the very first, appeared to me to be gentlemen of high birth, that impression was greatly heightened when they emerged from their room, after having laid aside their fur mantles

The Baron was magnificently attired, but after the fashion of the age of the late regent, Anne of Austria His sword, which he placed aside in a corner as he prepared to take a seat, was a long, large rapier of the 16th century, the handle exquisitely chiseled by a pupil of the celebrated Benvenuto Cellini The sword-belt of buffalo leather, was fastened with a clasp of the purest gold, in which sparkled a diamond of inestimable value The buttons of his dress-coat were of the same precious metal as the clasp and were worth, at least, a hundred livres apiece As to his lace necktie, I doubt if that worn by the King of France could have borne a comparison with it But all that external adornment was nothing beside the look of nobility, simplicity and courage of the young gentleman

The Earl of Kildare, his companion, wore the uniform of the regiment of the Royal-Irish, which had passed over to the service of Louis XIV, in 1690, after the battle of the Boyne He, too, was a noble-looking gentleman, but although dressed in the latest court fashion, Marion, Beaupoil and myself had eyes but for one object, and that was the Baron Montluc

About the middle of supper, when the appetites of my guests were somewhat appeased, the Baron filled our glasses and proposed my health—an honor I hastened to accept and recognize by signing to Beaupoil to bring us two bottles of my best Burgundy.

As the Baron raised his glass to drink with me, I was struck with admiration by a marvelously carved ring on his right hand, upon which were engraved these words *Ego et Rex* (I and the King) He observed my gaze and passing the ring to me that I might have a closer view of it, said

"This legend or device is my father's The diamond, round which it was engraved, formerly belonged to the famous Marquis of Guast, a general of the Spanish army, who was vanquished at Cerisoles in 1544 Toward the close of that battle my great-ancestor, Blaise of Montluc, resolved to capture him if possible, having sworn to seize and lead him to the gallows, because that disloyal knight had caused the assassination, at a time of perfect peace, of a French ambassador, but the Marquis, mounted on a Barbary courser, famed for its fleetness, swept over fence and ditch at a galop, and as Montluc was hot in pursuit and already crying out to the fugitive 'Face around, Marquis, face around, or I shall shoot you in the back,' the Marquis still fleeing, dropped his hat, the clasp of which was ornamented with the diamond you see At this sight my great-uncle dismounted, picked up the hat, kept the diamond and had it mounted in gold with the legend you see, which is that of my family, for the Montlucs have never recognized on earth other command than that of the king"

"And yet," interposed the Irishman with a laugh, "the king is not always master, witness the day your father, with a troop of cavalry, missed carrying him away forcibly over the bridge of Gien, with the Regent and the whole Court"

"These are old stories," rejoined the Baron, "and my father paid dear for the pleasure of causing the Kings of France and Spain successively to tremble, and of crossing swords with the Great Conde His plans were ten times within a hair's-breadth of miscarrying"

And as I was curious to know more, he resumed —

"Monsieur le Curé, these things are old, still, if you will kindly promise to have our horses ready to start at daybreak to-morrow morning, I shall, with great pleasure, tell you the story."

I gave directions to Beaupoil, who, standing erect, with napkin in hand, was listening with the liveliest attention to the discourse of my guests.

"Well, 'twas thus," said the Baron

"About the year 1651, the Prince, now deceased, he who for distinction's sake was called the Great Condé, spoke insulting words in the assemblage of Grandees at the Louvre of Cardinal Mazarin, the first minister, whom he hated. Some days after the Prince was

apprehended. As soon as this news was spread a large number of nobles and gentlemen armed themselves to deliver the Prince, and among them was my father.

"Accordingly, my father, indignant that the Regent and the Minister (a Spaniard and an Italian) should have arrested the first prince of the blood, raised at his own expense a troop of cavalry to the cry of 'Long live the King' *Long live Conde! Down with Mazarin*,' surprised the King's troops at the passage of the Loire and put a large portion of them to flight If Turenne, pressing on in all haste with the other portion of the army, had not renewed the fight, my father on that day would have placed the crown on the brow of the Great Conde"

I could not contain myself

"Monseiur le Baron, that would have been a grave crime"

'Do you think so, Father?" said the Baron, "still, if it was a crime, my father suffered for it, as you shall see The first day so satisfied was the Prince with my father's deeds that he embraced him before the whole army, and swore that Hannibal of Montluc was the most valiant gentleman in France, and his own best friend A month later an envoy was seen arriving at the camp from the King of Spain, and people spoke of a treaty on foot to deliver up two provinces to Spain My father went straight to the Prince and said to him before fifty gentlemen

"My lord, it is reported that you have promised to hand over two provinces to the Spanish King, as the price of his alliance. . Is this true?"

"The Prince, haughty and impetuous as he was, replied to him 'What concern of yours is it, Montluc? Have you the right to question my actions?'

"'It so much concerns me,' said my father, 'that if you decline to answer I will cause the bugle to sound my men to boot and saddle, and I will depart with my regiment" Condé, who became furious, shouted to him 'Traitor' You are about to rejoin Mazarin'' To which my father rejoined 'My lord, there never was a traitor in the family of Montluc, but the Constable of Bourbon, who was willing to deliver the French kingdom to Charles the Fifth, was your grand-uncle' At these words Condé drew his sword. My father followed suit, and they crossed swords The nobles present separated them, and my father takes to horse, withdraws his regiment, and returns to his domains in Perigord."

"Well, my lord, he was right that time."

"You think so, my dear Father? Well, hear the sequel. A year later, the King, the Queen and the Minister having re-entered Paris, my father, who was leading a peaceful country life, cultivating his vines, was informed that the Parliament of Bordeaux was enjoined to inquire into his affairs and proceed against him At this news he bestirred himself He saddled his best steed, put two pairs of pistols in his holsters, sixty thousand gold livres in his pockets, summoned around him ten or twelve of the bravest soldiers of his old regiment, all staunch Gascons or Perigordians, and said to them 'My friends, the King is after us You are to be suspended from a tree or serve him in the galleys I am to have my head cut off It seems we were wrong in fighting for Conde against Mazarin, and Conde is not the strongest power Will you await the execution in your dwellings or follow me?'

"All exclaimed that they would follow him My father added 'The French Kingdom is the King's, the sea is the prize of the bravest So let us be Kings on sea as he is in his Louvre Forward'' After which, without a moment's loss, while the officers of the law were looking for him on the Bordeaux side, he took the Rochelle road, purchased a brig of ten guns, fortified it with three hundred small pieces, with a like number of pikes and boarding-hatchets, enrolled for his crew twenty hardy sailors, and declared his purpose to wage war on the King of Spain, who for twenty years previously had been fighting with the King of France As he was winding up his final preparations and raising the anchor with his ship's crew, he learned that the Parliament of Bordeaux, upon the requisition of the Attorney General, had just condemned him to death and confiscated all his goods, to which, of his own proper motion (of his grace, as the provincial attorney of Saintonje would put it) his Majesty, King Louis XIV, had vouchsafed to append an order setting a price upon my father's head, offering twenty thousand crowns to the person who should deliver him up dead or alive

"My father declared he had learned, with grief, about the price with which his Majesty wished to reward his services, that he hoped time would open his Majesty's eyes, sooner or later, and demonstrate to him that he never had a more faithful and devoted servant than Hannibal of Montluc, and that while awaiting the inevitable return of his Majesty to sentiments more in accordance with his usual sense of equity, he was about to put to sea and chastise upon all the waters all his Majesty's enemies; that he thought, nevertheless, he ought to warn those who had procured his sentence of death, not to come

within his reach, lest he might cut off their ears as he had sworn he would do so

'Do you wish to know how my father kept his promise and waged war on the King's enemies? I shall cite but one instance It will give an idea of others

'One evening, at sunset, as he was sailing along, a hundred leagues from Cadiz, he saw approaching him a Spanish ship from the Indies, which was transporting to the Spanish King the tribute of Mexico and Peru, that is to say, eighty millions of gold and silver in bars or coined money Twelve men of war were escorting this precious treasure and the galleon broad and clumsy-looking was slowly advancing in the centre of this fleet with a majesty truly royal What a capture, if it could only be seized' And what a loss to the King of Spain with whom France was still at war' My father did not hesitate He waited for the night which by good luck, was moonless and almost starless, took advantage of the careless watch of the Spaniards, glided noiselessly and without lighting his fires alongside the galleon and about midnight gave all of a sudden the signal to board her The officer on watch being startled had only time to fire two pistol shots before he was hurled overboard with four sailors The rest of the crew surprised in sleep and without arms were forced to surrender and confined between decks It was the work of three minutes At the same time the other Spanish vessels apprised by the uproar and cries, of the calamity which had just befallen them, approached the galleon to retake her My father, although victorious, was never in a greater danger At this moment the Spanish Admiral, Don Carlos Marquis of Santa Cruz who was in command of the fleet, summoned him to surrender if he did not choose to be hanged like a pirate from the loftiest spar of the galleon

'Marquis'' answered my father through his speaking-trumpet 'you shall one day pay dear for that insolent speech of yours For to-night let us converse politely as befits two gentlemen You think you have me and that would be near the truth if you were doing business with any other person than a Montluc for you are twenty against one, but I have possession of the heart and soul of the King of Spain, that is to say, his millions We are then at each other's disposal or behests Now, here is the treaty I propose'

"At the word treaty, the moustache of the haughty Carlos bristled terribly like that of a tiger in its fury 'I have no commission,' said he, 'to treat with the enemies of the King, my master, but only to hang them.' And turning to his flag-captain, he was about to give the signal for the combat, when my father observed

"'Marquis, you are wrong in not hearkening to me You will regret it instantly How many millions had you in this galleon?'

"'How does that concern you, my Lord of Montluc?' rejoined Santa Cruz

"'More than you think, Marquis These millions are mine and my brave friends' by the right of war and conquest, but if you are wise if you are prudent, if you faithfully and carefully watch the interests of the King of Spain, your august master, I will yield to you one half or a moiety of all I have on condition that I shall be permitted to withdraw in safety and set sail for San Domingo'

"'Surrender'' cried the Spaniard

"Then, my father caused the barrels of gold and silver to be borne on deck

'If they fire upon us' cried he, 'if a single man of mine is killed or wounded, I shall cause these barrels to be dashed overboard and if an attempt at boarding us be made I shall blow up the whole ship'

"'Fire'' exclaimed Santa Cruz Sixty Spanish balls simultaneously bored the ship's side and broke down the mainmast

At the same moment for the two vessels were not more than thirty paces distant, twenty musket shots issued at once from the galleon and brought down on board the admiral's vessel five or six Spaniards

'Now cast overboard two of their barrels' ordered my father And as his crew was hesitating, eyeing them wistfully he added 'Comrades don't regret them it is the share of the King of Spain ours is still untouched' Then giving the example himself he took one of the two barrels and threw it into the sea At this sight Don Carlos caused the firing to be suspended and shouted again through his trumpet Surrender Montluc' I pledge you my word of a Castilian noble that you will suffer no harm, any more than your men'

'My father replied

'Marquis I believe in your pledge in turn trust in mine The galleon is mine with all its precious contents Actuated by a spirit of generosity I consent to share with the King of Spain but if he wants all he shall not have a single small crown Don't be misled then, but be persuaded, if you don't choose to reduce his Majesty, the Catholic King, to the condition of a beggar from all the bankers in Europe'

"The proud Castilian heaved a profound sigh, and said 'If it were but my own affair Baron of Montluc, I should founder you at once, though all the treasures of India and

"THEN, GIVING THE EXAMPLE, HE TOOK ONE OF THE TWO BARRELS AND THREW IT INTO THE SEA"

America should go down with you, but who knows what his Majesty would think of it? Draw up your conditions, since it must be, and I have lived long enough to see the Spanish navy compelled to enter upon terms of treaty with a corsair'

"At this word my father replied

"'Rather elegant, Marquis. This corsair is sprung from as noble an ancestry as all the Santa Cruzes, besides, he is an officer of the King of France, as you are of the King of Spain . But since you ask for my conditions, here they are —

"'Between Baron Hannibal of Montluc, Commandant of the *Ego et Rex*, in the service of his Majesty the King of France, and Mar-

quis Carlos of Santa Cruz, Admiral of the fleet of the King of Spain, the following articles of agreement have been entered upon:

"'*First Article* —The brave men under Baron Hannibal of Montluc's command and the said Baron agree to yield up and surrender to the King of Spain a moiety of the sum of money won through their bravery, that is to say, forty millions

"'*Second Article* —From this sum so given to the Spanish Sovereign must be deducted the two barrels heretofore thrown overboard in consequence of the obstinacy of the Admiral Santa Cruz, and containing each a million French livres in fine gold money and Mexican dollars

"'*Third Article* —To ensure the faithful and speedy execution of the two previous articles, the Marquis of Santa Cruz, in the Admiral's ship *Santiago*, will escort with all his fleet the Baron of Montluc aboard his brig the *Ego et Rex*, which will carry the barrels containing all the gold and silver on board the galleon The Baron and the Marquis contract to travel alongside each other with a good understanding in the direction of La Rochelle and give reciprocal guarantees against all attacks At sight of port the Spanish fleet will salute the *Ego et Rex* with a hundred guns and she will return the salute with all her artillery After which the forty millions which the present treaty concedes his Majesty the King of Spain, will be carried on board the *Santiago* and each of the two contracting parties will have the right of going whither he chooses without a single cannon being fired, one upon the other, for eight days'

"'Agreed upon,' said Santa Cruz. 'Is that all?'

"'All,' replied my father

"'Well . We shall meet soon again, you and I, Lord Montluc'

"'Whenever it shall suit you, Marquis,' politely rejoined my father. 'I shall always be glad to meet you face to face, with glass or sword in hand.'

"At the same time, as the galleon was sinking little by little, he made haste to transfer his precious booty on board the *Ego et Rex*, passed again the whole Spanish fleet, and heading the flotilla sailed to Rochelle alongside the *Santiago* When in sight of the harbor, he delivered to Santa Cruz, as he had promised, thirty-eight barrels full of gold and silver, exchanged with him the most ceremonious salutes and took leave of the Marquis of Santa Cruz.

"While Santa Cruz was sending his barrels well guarded this time to Corona, and was cruising with five vessels a few leagues from Rochelle, my father entered the harbor with his brig and informed the city's Governor he was anxious to see him on board his ship, 'having to transmit through him a very important message on the King's service'

"The Governor having come on board, my father said to him

"'Sir, I have on board eight millions in gold for his Majesty, King Louis XIV, will you please to notify him about it and accept its delivery?'

"'Eight millions'' exclaimed the Governor 'Sir, the sum is large, but you have taken forty millions'

"'Yes,' replied my father, 'but the ordinances of his Majesty enact that he shall have only the fifth of all prizes now the fifth part of forty is eight, then—'

"'Lord Montluc,' the Governor then said, pulling forth from his pocket an order signed in advance, 'you are not aware, perhaps, that the Parliament of Bordeaux has sentenced you to death and confiscated all your present and future goods, then the galleon belongs to his Majesty, and trust me, put your prize on the dry land, take a million, if necessary, and depart without further delay I shall close my eyes to your flight'

"At these words my father gathered together the crew of the *Ego et Rex*, and related to them what the Governor had proposed There was a loud roar of laughter, or rather a general hoot Some wished to hang the insolent fellow, others to throw him into the sea. My father saved his life and kept him as a hostage on board

"Meanwhile he had dispatched a messenger to his Majesty charged to bear the following letter, which was published a month later in the *Amsterdam Gazette*, with the reply of his Majesty This is the letter

"'La Rochelle, October 18, 1863

"'Sire —In accordance with the offer I made your Majesty to fight your enemies on land and at sea, I have the honor to inform you that your very loyal subject, the Baron Hannibal of Montluc, captain of the brig *Ego et Rex*, has captured a galleon from India, which was coming from Carthagena to Cadiz, escorted by the entire Spanish fleet The booty is forty millions, distributed among a like number of barrels The fifth of it is eight millions, which I hold subject to your Majesty's order

"'May I be permitted, Sire, to add to this happy news a suggestion that will not be useless It is to prevent your foreign courtiers from putting their fingers on this treasure before it goes into your coffers

"'Pardon me, Sire, for an advice which is inspired by my ardent zeal for the glory and in-

terests of your Majesty, whose very respectful and devoted servant I shall ever be

"'MONTLUC'

"For answer Minister Mazarin gave orders to arrest the Baron, and the Governor of Saintonje, with the help of some troops, desired to enter Rochelle But the burgesses, won over by the largesses and liberality of my father, shut their gates While there was a parleying night came on, and the *Ego et Rex* was enabled to leave the port unobstructed

"Having succeeded in avoiding the Spanish squadron, my father visited the American continent, married there, and became lord and owner of Lake Erie and all the country surrounding within a radius of one hundred leagues"

At this moment Beaupoil entered, bringing coffee, and Lord Montluc stopped in his narrative I replenished the glasses, and I proposed the health of the Baron, his father, who was doubtless still alive, although he must be very aged

"My father," resumed the young man, "is seventy years and upwards, but the vigil of our departure from France he killed with a gun shot and two blows of his poniard a grizzly bear which weighed nine hundred pounds But hunting is a family characteristic, even my mother herself has sometimes used the gun during my father's absence, now against the bears, and again against the savages"

"How!" I cried out astonished, "does Madame the Baroness—"

"In Canada," interposed Monsieur de Montluc, we are not hedged in like kings, we take care of ourselves If my father has carved out for himself in the midst of forests a domain vaster than Anjou, Touraine, Brittany and Normandy, taken together, it is to his sword in the first place he owes it, and then to the courage of my mother, who has followed him everywhere, up to the day when, in the very middle of Lake Erie, he erected, with the assistance of his companions, a castle, or rather a fortress, which he christened Montluc Tower, in memory of the home of his ancestors. Ah! my mother is not, Father, one of those grand ladies at Versailles who wear hoops and paint and powder and make curtsies—never has a nobler woman, a more beautiful or more worthy woman trod the soil of Europe or America. . . And my sisters, who are all married in Canada, except one, the youngest, ask my friend Fitzgerald if they will not bear comparison with your marchionesses."

"Oh! yes," exclaimed the Irishman, "particularly Mademoiselle Athenäis."

"Athenais, my dear Father," said Lord Montluc, turning towards me, "is my youngest sister, and this poor Fitzgerald is terribly afraid she will marry in his absence"

"But," I then inquired, "was the Baroness, your mother, a Canadian by birth?"

Instead of answering, the young man inquired of me.

"Father, have you an assistant?"

"Yes, sir,"

"Is he young and robust?"

"Very young and very robust"

"You will know presently," he continued, with a laugh, "why I put these questions I return to the marriage of my father, which will interest you and give you an idea of the way we live in Canada"

## CHAPTER III

### HOW BARON HANNIBAL OF MANTLUC WAS RECEIVED IN CANADA

"I have explained how my father left France, pursued on land and sea by the hatred of the two most powerful sovereigns in Europe It's true, indeed, that he was himself sovereign of his staunch brig the *Ego et Rex,* but his companions soon grew weary of leading such a wandering, unsettled life The capture of the Spanish vessel had made them all rich, and they were anxious to enjoy their new-found fortune Most of them dreamed of tranquilly settling down in some fine country, of marrying there and living happily and prosperously in the bosom of their families. And as France was shut against them, my father gathered around him all those who had remained faithful to his checkered fortunes, and after conferring with them, it was resolved that the *Ego et Rex* should head her course for Canada

"'We are eighty leagues from the mouth of the Saint Lawrence,' said my father, 'and shall sail up the river to Quebec The Governor will demand our passports I shall tell him who I am He will wink at the irregularity and suffer us to proceed. He is a friend of mine, Count Bonneval I shall conduct you to Montreal, sixty leagues further on There we shall be in the heart of Canada, in the middle of a forest eighty leagues long by three hundred broad, where you'll find only bears, snakes, wild deer, a few missionaries and some savages. We shall be very unfortunate if we don't find territory enough to build our huts on.'

"The whole crew shouted. 'Long live the Baron of Montluc!—Long live our Captain!'

"And so the matter was determined. Five days later, the *Ego et Rex* entered the Gulf of Saint Lawrence, coasted along the Island of

Anticosti and sailed up the river, which at this spot is as wide as an arm of the sea and one hundred fathoms deep A hundred leagues on the vessel stood under Quebec, at the base of a magnificent rock called Cape *Diamant*"

"Every one wanted to land forthwith, but my father was unwilling

"'We must first,' he said, 'see if we shall be received as friends or enemies, for his Majesty Louis XIV may very well have given orders to have our heads cut off, which might prove rather unwholesome for us just now'"

"Then, without further debate or deliberation, my father went ashore to a place about three hundred paces distant from the city with half his crew, and advancing near to the ramparts, besought a citizen of benevolent mien, who was on guard, to inform Count Bonneval, Governor of new France, that the Baron of Montluc, his kinsman, and Captain of the *Ego et Rex*, in the service of his Majesty, desired to pay his respects and take in provisions and water

"'My lord,' said the burgess, 'you arrive quite at the nick of time and the Count will be very glad to see you'

"At the same time he summoned the entire watch to arms In the twinkle of an eye the news was circulated all over the town that a considerable re-inforcement under the command of Baron Hannibal of Montluc had just arrived from France

"Whereupon the whole town rushed forth, followed by the garrison, the Governor and the clergy

"My father was a little astonished at first He did not expect such a reception

"'My friend,' said the Governor as he embraced him, 'tis God that sends you' 'My lord,' added the Bishop, 'you will save all our lives'

"'Impossible,' exclaimed my father 'Are you then quite tired of this country?'

"'Tired,' said the Governor 'Ah' would to heaven we had nothing but that to dread' Do you know, my friend, that every morning, for three months past, we have expected nothing short of death at the hands of the savages? Do you know that half our citizen soldiery spend the night on the ramparts, while the other half sleep at home, sword in hand? Are you aware that but a day since two citizens who had chanced outside the walls of the town were scalped? that three women and five children had their throats cut last week in a neighboring village? that Father Langlois, of the Society of Jesus, was burned alive three weeks ago by the Honnouthonans? that Father Brebeuf had but a few days before received the crown of martyrdom, and that five Froquois tribes, secretly aided by the Puritans of Massachusetts and the Dutch of New York, are threatening to besiege us and put the torch to our town of Quebec? Do you know that you are the first reinforcement his Majesty has sent us in ten years?'

"At these words my father smiled

"'My dear count,' said he, 'if the Very Christian King knew I had landed on these shores he would have my head cut off *here and now*, close to my shoulders' And he related his story

"'This being so, Montluc, we can take each other's hand and form an alliance,' remarked Bonneval as he smiled, too, for, if your head scarcely clings to your shoulders, mine is none the more secure, and a thousand leagues away from Kings and Parliaments it is a happiness to meet again among the savages an unexpected friend. But, by the way, whither do you go? East, West, North, or South?'

"Saying which, my father and the rest went to dinner, my father with the Bishop at the Governor's house, as was his right, and his adherents with the richest citizens of Quebec, who were vieing with one another to extend their hospitality to the strangers Carregue, my father's lieutenant, and those who had remained on board the *Ego et Rex* had their share in the general rejoicings and were almost borne down with the hams of bears, fillets of the elk, legs of the 'possum, the turkey, the wild duck, puddings, sausages, birds of every kind, and all the meats that Canada furnishes in such abundance

"As to the salmon, they are so plentiful and large in the St Lawrence that one needs only to stoop down to catch them, and the Canadians sought to be excused for their poverty in offering such a common kind of food.

"As they were going to table a savage of the Erie tribe entered the room, requesting speech with Bonneval

"'It is the Father of prayers that sends me,' said he The Governor turned to my father and said to him

"'Tis the name the savages give to Father Fleury, who is a missionary on the shores of Lake Champlain, a hundred leagues away'

"The savage handed the Governor a letter, he opened it at once and read it quite low at first, then in a loud voice

"'AT THE MAPLEWOOD CROSS,
On the Shore of Lake Ontario

"'MY LORD GOVERNOR —All is lost if you do not come to our aid. The village was surprised this morning at daybreak by a band of four hundred idolatrous Iroquois, of whom about fifty are armed with guns which the New Eng

land heretics have sold them for the purpose of exterminating us

"'Thirty or forty of our Erie converts were massacred before having had time to address themselves to the task of defense No one would have escaped (for the enemy made the attack from all sides at the same time), had not M Champlain, upon opening his window at four in the morning, fortunately seen the Iroquois gliding along noiselessly among the apple trees, and instantly given the alarm His brother, awakened by the noise, rushed to the gate of the courtyard and both sounded the trumpet to warn our faithful Eries and supply them with an asylum in their dwelling, at the same time that together with their servants they were dispersing the Iroquois with their firearms

"'It was at this juncture that our venerable Father Forbin, consulting only his natural bravery, wished, despite the supplications of the Eries and our own prayers, to go through the village to give absolution to all the dying faithful While discharging this pious duty the pagan Iroquois smote him thrice with their tomahawks He fell, exclaiming "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do" And he yielded his soul to the Lord After which the Iroquois wanted to scalp him, but at this sight nothing could hold back our good Eries Notwithstanding their small number, they sprang upon their savage enemy, the elder Champlain at their head Our party killed seven of the enemy with the musket, nine with battle-axe or tomahawk, took three prisoners, and bore away the body of our sainted martyr

"'I regret to add they have bound their prisoners to the stake, and against all my persuasions, scalped, quartered, and cut them to pieces 'Tis the remains of their pagan training which we have so far been unable to eradicate The Champlains themselves do not believe we should oppose them in this terrible practice

"'However, and although the first assault has been repulsed, the Iroquois are about to receive reinforcements, and besides, taking what these savages assert to be true, they are hired and paid by the Massachusetts Yankees and have already blockaded the house of the Messrs Champlain Our fortifications consist of a stout palisading fronted by a deep ditch We number here twenty-five female savages, young and old, three French women, the chief of whom is Mademoiselle Champlain, who has given an example of courage and all the virtues of her sex, and seventeen men able to bear arms, without counting the wounded, among whom are the two Champlains

"'My Lord Governor, if you can prevent the Christian seed we have sown in this country from perishing under the attacks and at the hands of pagans and heretics, if you will save New France and give to the French nation, the King and our Holy Catholic religion, a country larger, more salubrious and fertile than half Europe, you must send us at once all the help you can afford God grant that you may not come too late! FLEURY, Missionary'

"At the foot of the letter another hand had written:

"'Reverend Father Fleury, who has told you the whole affair, except about the three wounds he received—one in the arm, another in the head, and the third in the breast, but happily none of them being mortal—wished to set out with the messenger and demand help from the Hurons, our allies, but he can scarcely keep up, so weakened has he become through loss of blood We have accordingly kept him here by force . We have provisions for a month If we pass the present crisis we shall get along with the blessing of Providence

"'CHAMPLAIN, Senior'

"A long silence followed the reading of this letter Lord Bonneval, the Governor, seemed to be struck with dismay at the tidings, as well as the Bishop and the other guests The savage alone, with his arms crossed, was regarding the whole company with an impassive air

"'My father Ononthio (Ononthio is the name the savages give all governors), what shall I say to Champlain?'

"'What can I do?' replied the Governor 'We have scarcely enough people, powder and supplies to protect Quebec. Within an hour the Iroquois may make an assault and massacre all our people'

"Then my father spoke 'My cousin,' said he, 'you can do nothing for these brave souls at the Maplewood Cross?'

"'Nothing'

"'And you, my lord?'

"'Alas,' replied the Bishop, 'I am about to order the Forty Hours' Devotions for the salvation of their souls, for, how little their life is worth, you see yourself . '

"Then my father turned toward the savage

"'Is Lake Champlain far from here?' he asked

"'A hundred leagues'

"'By what road did you come here?'

"'I threw myself into the lake by night, I played a trick and surprised a canoe of the Iroquois which was not guarded I took it, rowed all night, and reached by morning the river Richelieu The river bore me to the Saint Lawrence, and the Saint Lawrence hither'

"'How deep is the Richelieu?'

"'From ten to thirty feet from Lake Champlain to the Saint Lawrence,' said the Governor.

"'Then, my dear Bonneval,' said my father, 'accept our thanks for your generous hospitality. We shall leave here in an hour, myself, my friend Carregue, and my entire crew, and the *Ego et Rex*, which draws no more than six feet of water and can go anywhere'

"They wish to detain him He listens to no one He gathers his sailors together, sets sail, goes up again the Saint Lawrence with the savage sent by Monsieur Champlain, and arrives at Maplewood Cross precisely at the hour the assault was about to commence Thirty or forty Iroquois had already broken through the palisades and were combatting hand to hand with the besieged. The others were following hard by

"My father perceives the danger He anchors the *Ego et Rex* by the shore and rakes the Iroquois with grape shot At thirty feet distant, forty-five or fifty were killed or wounded. The rest, terrified and not knowing whence the deathly hailstorm came, flee My father then disembarks with his companions, his sword in one hand and his pistol in the other, hurls back into the ditch the Iroquois, crosses it on a light drawbridge, kills on his way a score more of the savage tribe and would, without doubt, have slain far more, had not those savages, who are fleeter than hares, scattered themselves in the woods like a flock of sparrows, pursued by a hawk "

Here Montluc was interrupted in his recital by an admiring exclamation of Beaupoil, who had just returned unobserved, holding in his hands two bottles of my best Burgundy

"Ah! monsieur, that must be magnificent I should like to see that country I have never seen anything "

"But," I remarked to him, smiling, "do you know, my boy, even where Canada is, what sort of country it is, whether they would receive you there, and Lord Montluc may have other business than returning thither with you "

"As to that, Father," Montluc remarked, "be at rest The country is a good one Men of Beaupoil's years and character are rare and valuable, and as to taking him thither it is my greatest wish, for I am going thither straightway, passing through Bordeaux, where the frigate *La Foudre* is awaiting us, with sealed orders from his Majesty And we have no no time to spare, for the fate of Canada hangs upon our promptness of action, and it may be, likewise, my parent's life "

"And Athenais' life," added the Irishman, with a trembling voice

"Without mentioning that of Lucy," Montluc took up

And as Montluc saw that I knew neither Mlle Athenais nor Lucy, he said

"Athenais is my sister As to Lucy, well— But it is a little late to talk to you about the ladies We are to set out on our journey by five to-morrow morning Let us go to bed now."

At these words he rose, then all at once, seized with some recollection, he searched in his pockets, found nothing and exclaimed

"Heavens! I have lost his Majesty's packet of instructions, which were in a leather pouch Some of those wolves taking the leather for human flesh, will have torn it up without a doubt, and carried it off into the depth of the woods during the conflict "

"What shall we do?" said Lord Kildare "Instructions so important! And so zealously pressed upon us! If the king knew it, he would thrust us both into the Bastille for a hundred and fifty years "

There was a moment's silence I was as much affected by their loss as themselves

Marion sighed, and after her old fashion, threw all the blame on her husband

"It is his fault," she said "If you had not gone out fishing, you should not have met the wolves, you should not have lost Fupiet and obliged these gentlemen to take you out of trouble, and the Baron should not have risked being sent a hundred and fifty years to the Bastille "

During these remarks, the Canadian was reflecting All of a sudden he arose and said

' I must have this packet back Await me here, Kildare, and keep company with his reverence "

"What will you do?"

' Return to the scene of our battle at once Here, Phœbus!'"

I tried to detain him

"My lord, in Heaven's name, don't go out! It has been snowing since five o'clock, and there are bands of wolves in the mountains "

"In such weather as this," added Beaupoil, "a pagan would not be cast out doors A hundred feet from here there are perhaps six feet of snow You will stumble into some abyss "

While Beaupoil was speaking, I double-locked the door of the room, and resolutely put the key in my soutane pocket to prevent Montluc from leaving the house against my will

He commenced to laugh, clasped my hand in a friendly way and said

"You are right, perhaps, Father Let us see then if it is still snowing "

He opened the window, stretched his hand toward the south-west in the direction of Tulle, as if to ascertain from what point the wind was blowing, and looking at his dog, a magnificent Newfoundland, with his long shaggy coat of hair, silky, half black, half white, who was gazing at his master, with eyes almost human in their expression:

"Phœbus," said he

THEN THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN TOOK A SPRING, AND WITH A BOUND ALIGHTED IN THE DEEP SNOW

The dog rose at once, wagging his tail with an air of intelligence "You see what I have lost!" And he pointed out to him with his finger a piece of leather thong which was still hanging from his belt

Phœbus barked

"Well, my good Phœbus, we must look for it together"

Then turning to me "Father," he said, "let us pass. Give me the key."

I replied "My Lord, you see yourself that you are courting certain death You will be the prey of the wolves To-morrow morning we shall all go together with the villagers in search of your lost dispatches"

I firmly resisted all his entreaties and those of Lord Kildare, who wished at the least to follow him, but was finally compelled by him to sit down by the fire

"Since nothing will persuade you, my dear

curé," he said at last, "I take the only course that remains" And pointing the open window to the dog. "Go," said he, "go first, Phœbus!" Without hesitation the dog sprang through the window of the first story and disappeared.

Then the young gentleman took his spring, and with a bound alighted on his feet in the deep snow

Marion shrieked with terror and admiration while Lord Montluc was saying to his friend

"Gerald, throw my sword out the window, and you, Father Curé, wait coffee for me I shall be with you presently"

Lord Kildare complied with his request, and the Canadian followed in the dog's tracks.

I exclaimed as I closed the window "Your friend is lost!" Kildare began to laugh "Lost! he! You don't know Montluc! Just now he has been speaking of his father, through his innate modesty, but if he were willing to talk of himself, you should have to listen three days to the recital of his achievements Ah! he is of a bold stock, my friend Montluc, and has wherewith to support it! Ask him to relate only how he came from Quebec to France last month, and how we three, he and I and Phœbus (for Phœbus was with us), boarded an English frigate"

I begged Lord Kildare to relate the incident himself, and he consented

"Besides," he added, "that will keep us in a patient mood awaiting the return of Montluc and the coffee"

"Would he return?" I asked myself, apprehensively.

## CHAPTER IV

HOW LORD KILDARE BRINGS A SERIOUS TROUBLE UPON HIMSELF ON ACCOUNT OF SOME BARRELS OF WATER, AND WHAT RESULTED THEREFROM

"Let me, first of all," said Lord Kildare, "inform you how I made the acquaintance of the Baron of Montluc My father, like myself called Gerald, was Earl of Kildare, as well as my grandfather. My grandfather, who was a Catholic and a royalist, perished fighting against Cromwell for his religion and country His goods were confiscated and given to English Roundheads Under Charles II my father returned from exile, and retook with arms in his hand a portion of his lost property He was himself unfortunately slain at the passage of the Boyne the day James II fled before the usurper William

"I was twenty years old then, and I was fighting at the side of my father when he fell, stricken down by a ball. I rejoined the army which was retiring to Dublin. Thereupon, the conqueror, having confiscated my father's property, and set a price on my head, I was obliged to take refuge in France"

The young Irishman paused, overcome with melancholy thoughts at this terrible memory

"But," he resumed, "King Louis XIV gave me a command in an Irish company, which I had raised among the Fitzgerald tenantry I was at Steinkerk in the French army with Marshal de Luxemburg, and I then and there had the gratification of returning the English the blows they had administered to us in Ireland.

"I was then in the pay of the French King, I, Gerald Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, and was endeavoring to kill as many Englishmen as I could when I was despatched to Canada, which the English were threatening with an invasion I set out with my Irish regiment It was there I became acquainted with the father of Montluc, and under the following circumstances

"The Canadian governor had despatched me with my Irish troops as a garrison for Fort Calarocony, at the entrance of Lake Ontario I had always heard that the Indians were treacherous and revengeful, but I had little experience with them until de Frontenac sent me among them Once, in Upper Canada, I found an unfortunate traveler almost dead by the wayside He had suffered greatly from a band of Iroquois returning from the war-path, and they had left him for dead I dismounted and assisted him to my house He could scarcely speak, and as he lay on the ground, I thought he was dead, but he recovered, and every year he writes a grateful letter to me From this, as you may imagine, I had conceived no pleasant idea of the gentle savage To give you an idea of the country, conceive five lakes, one pouring itself into the other, and intersecting a great forest From the last lake issues a stream or river which empties right into the Atlantic But the five lakes—Superior, Huron, Michigan, Erie and Ontario—are lakes the largest of which, Lake Superior, is fifteen hundred miles in circumference, and seven or eight hundred feet in depth, the smallest, Lake Ontario, only half the former in depth, is six hundred miles in circumference The forest is Upper and Lower Canada The stream is the St Lawrence, about three miles in width, at least, at its spring from the Ontario, and about ninety miles at its flow into the ocean The depth is, in some places, sixty, a hundred, two hundred, and three hundred feet

"The Canadian governor, de Frontenac, had charged me when setting out 'Be wary above all things, Lord Kildare, of the Indians You are on the frontier At any moment they may feel disposed to attack you The English and the Iroquois are quite near You may have been massacred with all your men a month before I receive any tidings of it'

"'My lord Count,' I rejoined, 'be sure that a Fitzgerald never suffers himself to be surprised, and that if the English should attack me they will find that they have a man to deal with' As I was about to take my departure Lord Frontenac called me back and said 'At least, if you are in danger inform Lord Montluc, your neighbor He is a gentleman of the highest honor courage and experience, a man whom all the savages fear and respect even as they would a god His friendship will profit you more than an army of six thousand men'

"Without replying, I set out on my journey, caring almost as little about making the acquaintance of the Baron of Montluc as of that of the Shah of Persia Youth is naturally presumptuous It seemed to me that a Fitzgerald had nothing whatever to fear

"I reached Calarocony, which is shaped like a long quadrangle made up of six or eight wooden barracks, and surrounded by a rampart and a ditch on the land side and a high palisade on the Lake Ontario side, with four small pieces at the four angles of the figure The fort was not hard to capture but the country was at peace Even better than that, for I had met there only friends The Hurons feted me The Algonquins called me father The Iroquois invited me to the chase of the bear, the roe and the buck in their own forests. The Algonquins were specially devoted to me Thirty or forty of them used to come every morning to present me their compliments and ask for some bottles of French brandy At last seeing my provisions run out and my soldiers murmuring that every thing was going to the savages, I refused downright to continue these liberalities and the Algonquins came no more For a month I had no tidings of them

"Suddenly, one evening at sundown, as I was quietly thinking and making ready for a fishing excursion with four or five of my men, the keeper of the fort, an old French Canadian called Brise-Caillon, looking down the parapet on the lake side shouted, To arms! to arms! the enemy approaches!

"What enemy? I believed the man had become crazy. But as he did not cease to shout to arms I mounted the parapet and directed my glass to the lake A flotilla of twenty or thirty boats was approaching our fort, sculling along with all their might

"They were my friends, the Algonquins I recognized them without difficulty by the shape and lightness of their canoes, which were skimming along the water

"'Don't you see, sir,' said Brise-Caillon, 'these people have a crow to pluck with you since you denied them the brandy, and they are coming to take your scalp'

"'From what do you infer that?'

"'They have neither wives or children with them It is as if they had written on their brows 'Take heeed! we are going to eat the nose off your face!'

'Brise-Caillon was right As the boats approached I could count the Algonquins There were about a hundred or a hundred

"MY FATHER FELL, STRICKEN DOWN BY A BALL"

and twenty, lightly equipped as if for a holiday or for battle They advanced in their course with a show of gaiety, but the shrewd observations of the old Canadian upon the absence from the party of their wives and young ones, and the custom of the savages to surprise their enemies, dictated the policy of being on my guard against them Accordingly I put my whole force under arms—numbering almost forty men I set each man at his post and uneasily waited coming events However, the first move of my Algonquins did not indicate any hostile intentions on their part They came on to the sound of a music that was festive, and not warlike

"At the moment I was preparing to give the signal for combat, the canoes of the Algonquins were not distant more than fifty feet from the wall of the fort, the base of which is bathed by the flow of the lake, which is at this spot more than five hundred feet deep, the largest of the canoes separated from the flotilla, and a chief of haughty mien, making a sign to the rest to remain stationary pushed on to the quay followed by two companions He had his carabine in hand and his tomahawk or hatchet slung across his shoulder like a renowned warrior He at once sprang ashore, and having bowed majestically to me, informed me that in accordance with the usages of his tribe he and his companions had come to present me their compliments and smoke with me the pipe of peace

"My gentleman had the politeness to add that being on the point of setting out on a grand hunting excursion in the mountains of Vermont, he and his friends invited me to go along with them He sat down, his legs crossed and folded under him, like a tailor His two companions followed his example, and all three seemed to be waiting the production of pipes and liquor

"To be candid, I did not know what to do To send this gentleman and his two friends back to their canoes was an easy task, but it would have proved an affront which the savages would not pardon, for they are proud and vindictive To receive them with all their companions would be to deliver to the enemy a place under my command, and cover with dishonor, through a cowardice having all the appearances of treason, the name of Fitzgerald.

"I was silent a few moments Fortunately these savages never being over-anxious to speak themselves, patiently awaited my reply At length, looking around me, I observed at a short distance from the fort a glade situated in the midst of a forest of stately oaks, and I proposed to receive my guests upon neutral ground and smoke with them a half dozen pipes, if need be

"The Algonquin gentleman, who was called *Pied-de-Cerf*, or Stag-Foot, as I learned later on, for his great fleetness of foot, appeared not to perceive my hesitancy and distrust He thanked me very politely for my invitation, as if I had been quite free to act otherwise, and returned to his tribe to report progress He was welcomed with cries of joy, which I could hear from the shore, and all my Algonquins hastened to disembark and betake themselves to the glade

"Meanwhile, Brise-Caillon asked me what I intended to do

"'To keep my promise, Brise-Caillon' I I shall smoke four or five pipes with them An Earl of Kildare has but his word of honor'

"'Well, then and what shall we do in the meantime?'

"'Thirty men will remain to guard the fort The other ten, well armed, will accompany me to our place of meeting There, should they essay an attack, we shall defend ourselves and beat a retreat'

"Brise-Caillon shook his head in disapproval of my plan and said

"'You could not do anything more foolish, sir With these people you must be altogether friendly or altogether hostile If you are a friend, you must give them as much drink as you can, and if you are an enemy, you must shoot them down' He scratched his head a moment and resumed with a profound sigh 'Ah' if we could but find Montluc le Rouge, or if only he could divine our present danger, how he would extricate us from this embarrassing situation' In an instant he would manipulate all these savages like a glove But, then, where is he?'

"'Do you know where he lives? We could send for him'

"'Ah' pshaw' The home of his father, the old Baron, is more than fifty leagues away, in the middle of Lake Erie Before he could be informed of our peril, we shall be all simmering on the frying pan'

"I tried to comfort Brise-Caillon I told him that with forty determined, resolute men we could easily overcome a hundred and fifty of the enemy He answered me by saying

"'The savages in the wood below are only the advance-guard of the tribe The rest are ten times as many and will be here in an hour or two I know them well, but go' It is because they have designed to attack us by surprise that they have not come all at once, but you will see pretty soon.'

"Then I formed a bold resolution 'Kir

culdy, take the command. I am going down to the wood. If the Algonquins are devising some snare against me, don't mind anything, except to resist the assault and prevent them from entering the fort Adieu, and above all consult with Brise-Caillon, who is a man of good judgment, and well acquainted with the country'

"Thereupon I sallied forth from the fort Having reached the centre of the Algonquins, I seated myself upon the trunk of a tree

"I began my speech by repeating as briefly as possible what I had said to *Pied-de-Cerf*, and expressed my gratification at seeing them once more This discourse, interpreted to them by their chief, produced a most desirable effect He responded on behalf of his friends that their gratification surpassed mine, and that they were glad the slight ripple of dissatisfaction which had marred the harmony of our relations was at length to be smoothed away

"It was then he touched upon the slight I had put upon the whole tribe when I refused them two casks of brandy, of which they knew I had a supply on hand. A general outcry was raised against me at this reminder, and I began to feel I was lost I could not make any effective resistance, being all alone and having only my sword and two pistols for defense As to yielding, that is, giving these savages the two casks of brandy they demanded, it would cause them to believe I was afraid and serve to redouble their insolence Besides, who could calculate what they might do in their drunkenness? In my perplexity I believed it better to display firmness

"I, therefore, replied that I should never retract my resolution, that I was the friend of the Algonquins, quite ready to smoke with them the pipe of peace and alliance, but that, as far as my brandy was concerned, they should never taste of it My reply was followed by a terrible uproar All the Algonquins rose up, brandishing their hatchets, yelling their war-cry and throwing themselves headlong upon me Without waiting for their attempt to seize me, I drew from my belt a pistol, which I took in my left hand, with the right I drew my sword, I sprang at a bound across the trunk of the tree I had been sitting upon from the beginning of our conference and ran direct to the fort, crying out to my Irish troops. 'Open' open'' which they did at once But I was not entirely out of the wood for all that The Algonquins, as fleet as myself, were right on my heels in hot pursuit, and a leader of their tribe who had thrown himself in my path to cut off my retreat, sought to stop me. As I sprang past him he dealt me a blow of his hatchet which would have cleft my head in twain, but, luckily, it only swept my hat away I responded with a sharp stroke of the butt-end of my pistol, which caused my man to recoil

"I was not more than twenty paces from the gate, and in two seconds had cleared the distance Brise-Caillon, who held the gate open, was watching me and shut it the moment I got inside the fort. The drawbridge was raised and my fine friends, the Algonquins, quite out of sorts at having suffered me to escape their clutches, showered arrows and curses upon the walls and ramparts of the fort.

"'You have escaped by a miracle'' said the Canadian to me 'I was afraid I should be obliged to attend your funeral' And he added as he gazed upon the lake 'Well sir, what did I tell you an hour ago? That these rogues were only the advance guard and that the rest of the horde would soon be at hand Look''

"And, in truth, we soon perceived on the lake countless canoes manned by Indians who were steering rapidly for the fort

"Luckily, the Algonquins, strengthened by the new comers' arrival, (whether it was that they desired at first to lull us into a false security and then surprise us, or that they were engaged in consultation), kept quiet all night For my part, I kept half my command under arms and let the others sleep on bear-skins or deer-skins, of which we had quite a number

"At sunrise every man was up and the firing began on both sides The chiefs were almost the only savages who had guns powder, and balls The rest had arrows and tomahawks, which are skull-crackers of a hard, seasoned wood, as hard as iron itself On our side we were all provided with muskets, but I had given orders to husband the ammunition To sustain a siege of several days and hours, whether with good or bad results, could not last any shorter, we had only sixty bullets a man Certainly that was quite enough if each shot struck an Algonquin in the head or heart, but my brave Irish, daring soldiers were bad shots and needed to be kept under a strict watch Besides, take into account that our Algonquins, in order to ensure safer aim at us, climbed to the tops of trees, from which point of vantage they commanded the wall of the fort At the same time they sheltered themselves behind the trunk or thick branches, so as to offer no point for our aim, for they are not less wary and cunning than brave

"I PRESENT TO YOU LORD KILDARE, AN IRISH GENTLEMAN"

"Suddenly in the midst of our troubles, Brise-Caillon came to me with an air of triumph and whispered in my ear We are safe monsieur Montluc le Rouge is coming to our assistance' And preceding me to the lake side of the fort he pointed out a sailing boat which was rapidly coming toward us

"To my great astonishment I saw the boat swerve aside from the direction of the fort and make for the camp of the Algonquins in the very midst of the hailstorm of shots Sir' said Brise-Caillon who had become my chief adviser don't be uneasy the Baron of Montluc has begun the business with his usual address'

Brise-Caillon was right for in the twinkle of an eye the firing of the savages stopped cheers resounded from all sides and Montluc

impressed me with the idea of a king returning to his capital I know not what Montluc could have said to the Algonquins, but he was not long before he presented himself alone at the gate of the fort, which was thrown open to him by the Canadian

"He advanced to me without ceremony and said

' 'Sir, you are Gerald Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare and Lieutenant of the King of France in Canada, are you not?'

" Yes, monsieur '

"'I am Louis, Baron of Montluc, son of the Baron Hannibal, whose Castle of Montluc Tower is situated in the centre of Lake Erie, on the Island of Turtles, sixty leagues to the west of this fort My mother, a French-woman, through her grandfather Lord Champlain, he who founded Quebec, is the daughter through her grandmother of the last great chief of the Eries, who used to dwell on the lake of that name, and who were spread all over the country So I have the blood of Champlain and of Erie in my veins, as well as that of Montluc, my barbarian great-grandfather was the host and friend of my French ancesters, and it is for that reason I am everywhere called the 'red Montluc '

"Montluc seeing the Canadian near me pressed his hand, saying

" Ah' it is you, Brise-Caillon? Close the gate behind us, for we are going forth '

' 'What for?' I inquired.

' 'To talk with the Algonquins '

"'But—'

"'Yes, I know,' said Montluc, with a smile

They have told me what happened, and that they designed to scalp you this very night Fortunately I had been thinking so too Yesterday morning about seven o'clock I was bear-hunting forty leagues from here, when I was accidentally informed that my friends, the Algonquins, were preparing an expedition Against whom? No one knew I thought that it might be you My father, Hannibal, (to whom, without any reproach, you owed a neighborly visit) said to me 'Kildare is a gentleman my friends in France have spoken well of him, but he is somewhat foolhardy He thinks he needs no help from any one He unwittingly offends the Algonquins, and will get into some trouble of which the English will take advantage Lend him all the aid you can and watch over him ' So yesterday morning I was out hunting when I learned of this attack I was then in the woods I at once proceeded to the chief village of the Algonquins, where I was informed that the warriors of the tribe had gone forth to cut the throats of yourself and your garrison I crowded on all sail and reached here, as you see, just in good time.'

"Full of confidence in his influence with the savages, I followed him to the middle of the glade, where the Algonquins were expecting his return with glad countenances When he entered the circle of warriors, he was welcomed with numberless acclamations. You would have thought he was the natural head of all the savages assembled.

"He seated himself and made me sit at his side on the trunk of the tree where I had sat the previous evening, and from which I was obliged to flee for my life Then having made a sign with his hand that he desired to speak, he said

' 'My Algonquin brothers, I present to you Lord Kildare, an Irish gentleman in the service of the King of France, and my intimate friend, in order that you may receive him as an ally, and that henceforth there may be no cause of war between you and him '

"Their several voices all together explained the affront I had offered the Algonquins in refusing them the two casks of brandy, although the fort was stocked with a hundred of them

"I protested there were only two, and that I had the King's order to keep them for my men

"After several minutes' confusion, a voice whose European accent struck me came out of the crowd

"'After all,' this voice said, 'the English in Boston have whiskey which is as good as the brandy of the King of France, and they will give it in abundance for our bear-skins and fox-skins"

'This speech produced a wonderful effect on his hearers I did not know what reply to make for it was the truth I began to reflect 'How shall my new friend answer that?"

"But I little knew Montluc to think him embarrassed for so little While the other was speaking from his hiding place in the third line of the crowd Montluc had perceived and recognized him With a bound he cleared the two front lines, seized the squatting figure by the ears, lifted him up without an effort, and threw him, despite his cries, into the centre of the crowd. I was astonished to behold a tall, fair-looking man, of German rather than English build, and in no way resembling the other Algonquins.

"After having disarmed and bound his prisoner, Montluc turned around and said 'Brothers, Algonquins, I guess all. I know who has incited you against France, the

King, and my friend Kildare, it is this man, this old deserter from the German army, and now spy in the service of the English, this Kronmork Is that he? speak, am I right?'

"'Yes, 'tis he!' was heard from all sides

"'This man,' he continued, 'is a traitor who wishes to incite you to make war on your friends and deliver you up to your enemies Is that true?'

"'Yes, the truth indeed'

"'Well, you will judge presently what kind of crime he designed to perpetrate against you As to the crime he has committed against me, I despise it For the rest, you will lose nothing The cellars of Montluc Tower are well filled You wanted to take from Lord Kildare two casks which he could not give you I shall give you ten in my father's house Come for them Follow me'

"This proposal was greeted with genuine transports of joy

"'Let us see,' said Montluc, 'who will say that the gift of a friend is good, but the bribe of an enemy better?'"

"'My Algonquin brothers,' continued Montluc, 'what punishment does that man deserve who has labored to sow the seeds of disunion between two friends, and by falsehood and lying stories drive them to slaughter upon the field of battle?'

"They all shouted

"'Death!'

"Stag-foot, who had been instructed by the missionaries, spoke

"'It is not the death of the warrior that such a man deserves, but the death of the vile, that which was earned by the traitor, Barabas! The gibbet!'

"'Yes, yes—the gibbet!'

"Montluc touched the spy with his foot, and said to him

"'You hear that, Kronmark?'

"The wretch uttered a low groan and with his teeth endeavored to cut the cords he was bound by, but the Algonquins compelled him with their long staves to keep quiet

"Still he had strength to cry for 'Mercy' This cowardice, a new thing to the Indians, who await patiently and submit bravely to the most exquisite tortures, excited the wonder of the Algonquins, but not their compassion. Stag-foot declared that this miserable creature disgraced his race.

"At length, Montluc stretched forth his hand and said:

"'If you are willing, Algonquin brothers, I shall question this man concerning his accomplices and the sincerity of his responses will settle the question of his fate . . Speak! . . Are you willing?'

"'We are!'

"And in fact, aside from the good sense betrayed in the suggestion, this Montluc has the gift of persuading the savages to do whatever he likes

"'And before speaking,' said Montluc to the spy 'remember that your first lie will be the signal for hanging you'

"The prisoner intimated that he would be mindful of the warning, and Montluc demanded whence he came?

"'From Boston, in Massachusetts'

"'By whom commissioned?'

"'By the Governor'

"'Received any money?'

"'Five thousand pounds sterling'

"'Who gave it?'

"'The Governor and the Colonial Assembly'

"'What were the instructions?'

"'To sow discord and dissensions among the Indian tribes of Canada, especially the Iroquois and Algonquins on one side and the French on the other, in order to stir them up to mutual extermination and secure the country for the English'

"Had he succeeded in his mission?

"He had succeeded among the Iroquois, who were about to arm themselves, but had at first need to come to an understanding about the plan of the war He had almost succeeded with the Algonquins when Montluc's arrival deranged all his projects

"'Tis well,' remarked Montluc, 'we do not desire to know any more about them For my part, in exchange for the revelations you have made, I accord you mercy It is for my Algonquin brothers to consider what they will do with you'

"But *Pied-de-cerf* (Stag-foot), and others wished him to be hanged. Some even were anxious to burn him alive, and others were already whetting their long knives for the execution

"'Let us obey a good impulse, Algonquin brothers,' said Montluc 'Be satisfied with scalping him without taking away his life, and suffer him to depart for his own country He will bear the token of your generosity all his life upon his scalped cranium.'

"There was a moment of doubt, then the suggestion was accepted and ten of the most renowned warriors drew lots for the happy fortune of scalping the German. At length, Stag-foot drew the prize and with a glad countenance, smiling and zealous, he drew forth his knife and having drawn the prisoner aside, deftly raised his scalp, despite the howlings of

the poor wretch. Then he returned with this bloody trophy suspended from his belt.

"I looked at my new friend, Montluc He was no more moved by the sight than a cook would be who saw a chicken killed by a cook

"'Even much less than the cook,' he remarked in a whisper to me, for a chicken is innocent and gentle and it is only superior force that gives us any right over it But the traitor is an enemy and a knave over whom I have justly the power of death . '"

Here Lord Kildare turned to Marion who was listening to him with open mouth

"There! charming Marion, it was thus I became acquainted with my friend Montluc, precisely as the swimmer does with a man who extends a pole to him and pulls him ashore

"You may judge what thanks I showered upon him for my garrison and myself, for he was not merely satisfied with having extricated us from our trouble, but he wished with all his energetic nature to reconcile us to the Algonquins as he said, and his success was perfect It cost me a hundred bottles of good brandy, which he promised to replace at his own expense The savages supplied the roast meat (not that it is not plentiful in Canada), and after the feast prepared for their departure, Kronmark was set at liberty, his wallet was filled with five days' food, he was provided with a two-oared boat which was launched on the lake and Montluc called out to him as he pushed from the shore Rascal, go and be hanged in some other place.'

"As soon as Kronmark was out of hearing, Montluc spoke again and said 'My Algonquins, we are among our own now and may speak aloud. 'You set out for war, and not the chase. You wanted to capture Calaracony, strangle my Irish friends, and please your enemies and mine, the English and the Iroquois Is not that true?'

"The savages, ashamed of their conduct, kept silent Stag-foot, who was an orator, replied

"'We were deceived, brother Montluc. The most virtuous men may be deceived.'

"'Well, there is but one way to make amends for your fault,' said Montluc 'It is to go with me'

"'Where?' demanded the assembly, happy to be able to justify themselves

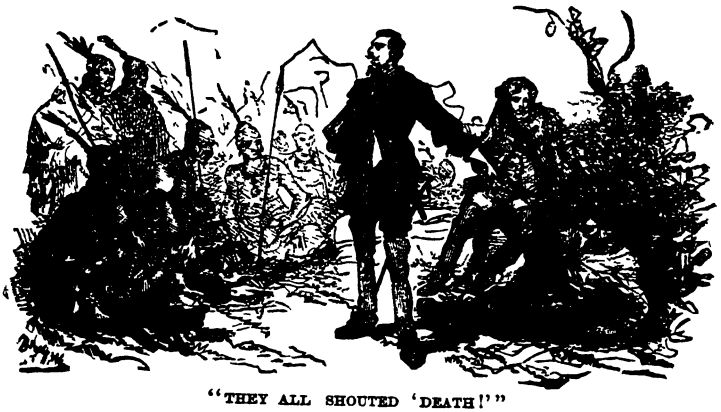
"'To Hudson Bay The English have built a fort There are five hundred soldiers in garrison and two men-of-war of fifty guns a-piece. They do not expect us We shall take them by surprise, scale the fort, and capture the frigates at the mere boarding And we shall have dinner, for the English are always supplied with abundance of pudding and roast beef'

"'Finally—for I don't want to tell all beforehand—we shall become masters of the warehouses of the Hudson Bay Company, and have enough of merchandise and goods to enable us to purchase a hundred thousand casks of the best French brandy, if that is our taste'

"(Ah! most assuredly it was their taste! At this picture they gaped with laughter, and their eyes sparkled in daylight like those of wolves in the dark).

"It was then agreed that they should follow him to Hudson Bay, but to go at first for orders and directions to the old Baron Montluc, who was the recognized and revered head of all the savage tribes who were friends of France, and in particular of the Algonquins.

"Montluc said to me 'Hand over the command of your garrison to your lieutenant,



"THEY ALL SHOUTED 'DEATH!'"

Kirculdy, and accompany me, Kildare There is room in my little craft for a friend And then you will be well pleased to become acquainted with my father and be presented to the ladies'

"I needed no further solicitations, and after giving my orders to Kirculdy, I embarked with Montluc

"Twelve hundred Algonquins—who had just come near scalping me—followed us in their fishing canoes and ascended in our wake Lake Ontario, to the very foot of the famous cascade where Lake Erie dashes along through a deep channel into Lake Ontario This channel is called the Niagara River

There we made a defile by the right bank bearing our skiffs on our shoulders nearly three leagues, which is anything but pleasant we took to the water again in Lake Erie and as a favorable wind filled our sails arrived in two days at the Island of Turtles at the foot of the rock on which stands the celebrated Montluc Tower, the baronial residence of my new friend's family It was there I encountered my destiny Father—met her who one day will be Countess of Kildare"

## CHAPTER V

### WHICH TREATS OF THE POWERS OF PHŒBUS AND MARION'S COFFEE

Lord Kildare had gone thus far with his story and was perhaps about to continue I was enjoying the grateful warmth of the fire with my feet on the fender, comfortably wrapped in my soft cloak, my coffee properly sugared, and thanking God who had vouchsafed me birth in a country far from the Iroquois the heretical English and even Catholic Algonquins, who scalp their enemies in anything but a Catholic manner when a bold voice suddenly rang forth from the outside although its tone was a little muffled by the snow

'Marion' Marion' if you have a little coffee remaining still for me if his reverence and Lord Kildare have not swallowed it all open the door' Phœbus and myself are almost frozen But, thank God, I have regained my despatches"

It was the Baron You may judge whether Beaupoil and Marion rushed down stairs to open the door, take his sword to a safe corner and relieve him of the bag of despatches which he was holding in his hand

All this was done in an instant Phœbus was made the recipient of nearly similar attentions, and he fully deserved them, for he was a brave and courageous animal, but Montluc did not wish to keep him in the room.

"It is too warm here," he said. "Phœbus is a Greenlander and loves only snow and ice . I am sure that with his instinct as a dog, he despises my friend Kildare warming himself by the fire like a genuine dandy"

"And what of me?" I asked with a smile, but with some shame at having earned the character of an exquisite in the eyes of Phœbus

"Oh' you Father" replied Montluc, with a smile also "Phœbus would not dare to think other than with respect for yourself and gratitude for the hospitality you have offered him and the marrowy bones which Beaupoil has been heaping upon him Is not that so, Phœbus?"

The dog gazed at him wagging his tail with a look of intelligence

Right, Phœbus—right my good dog' Go kiss the hand of the Cure of Gimel"

And Phœbus kissed, or, if you prefer it, licked my hand without giving me a chance to be excused

I inquired of Montluc if he had much trouble in his search after the bag and his despatches

'Not the least," he said "Phœbus, to whom I had given his lesson conducted me right to the scene of battle, where we found twenty or thirty wolves devouring the remains of their slain comrades When they saw us, and after my first pistol shot, they took to their heels Phœbus, guided by his instinct, which is surer than the reason of many people found my despatch bag, took it in his mouth and here we are' Marion, your coffee is excellent"

At these words Marion at once vain and modest, answered

You are very kind I have done my best You know when we do what we can, we do what we ought"

"Well spoken, Marion' Well, I will give you with my own hand two or three packages of it and of the best (next to yours, to be sure) that will come from Mocha direct round the Cape of Good Hope it will cost you no more than me—a big thank you . . That astonishes you, Father"

"Not particularly I suppose you have an estate in that country and that your tenants—"

At these words Montluc and Kildare burst into a laugh

"An estate'" exclaimed Montluc . "Tenants—I have something better than that I have a friend' my friend Gandar of Marseilles This friend, who is rich, has built a little brig lighter than the wind, which skims along the sea as Phœbus flies along the plain. In times of war, as at present, he scours the

STAG-FOOT RETURNS WITH HIS BLOODY TROPHY

sea, the great pot as he calls it, and he carries away all the cargoes of English or Dutch vessels returning from India, Persia, the Red Sea or elsewhere He goes out to watch them on the African coast, hidden behind the Cape of Good Hope, like a huntsman in his carnage He possesses himself of all the best things in the cargo, coffee, silk, ivory, gold and silver He puts the goods taken ashore at the nearest place of landing, invariably taking care to burn their vessels to prevent them from returning to Europe for two or three years, and my faith, he has met with great successes and the king also, for he takes his part Also his warehouses at Marseilles are always full and he can make presents to all his friends "

"Then it is in this way you have your share in these things?" I was shocked.

"Precisely so, Father On my last voyage to Europe, I had an opportunity to render

him a slight service with the aid of Kildare and Phœbus "

"How? of Phœbus?"

"Yes, my Father, of Phœbus whom you see there and who is not any more proud on account of it But I will tell you of it later on. What were you talking about on my arrival, Gerald?"

"I was giving" said Kildare, "an account of my first visit to your father at Montluc Tower"

"Ah! ah!" said the Baron, smiling, "well, continue the story if it is not too fatiguing for his reverence"

I protested that I could hear nothing more interesting But I wished to send for Marion and Beaupoil, who begged me to let them hear the stories of the travelers Then I caused more firewood to be brought, for the weather was sharp, the cold piercing and the stars were shining over the forest of Gimel, in the country abroad nothing was heard but the noise of the cascade and the distant howling of the wolves Indeed, although it was almost midnight, we felt ourselves happy sitting up by the fire and talking cheerfully with barred doors And besides what can be more agreeable than to listen to the story of the adventures of the chase or war in winter, when you have your feet on the fender and a good-humored guest to look at?"

## CHAPTER VI

### LORD KILDARE ARRIVES AT THE CASTLE OF MONTLUC

Lord Kildare proceeding with his story, said

"I shall never forget that it was on a Saturday in the month of April Montluc and myself, with our train of twelve hundred Algonquins, came in sight of the Isle of Turtles It was almost half-past five in the afternoon, when I beheld with a feeling of astonishment Montluc Tower, a regular castle built upon the model of those in France, with four great towers at the corners, and two little turrets like pepper-boxes crowning each of the great towers. I believe it is unique in the two Americas The only difference between it and those in Europe is that it is built of hard wood, with neither mortar nor stone used in its construction What struck me most in the castle was its situation, standing as it does on a single lofty rock sixty feet high, on three sides surrounded by Lake Erie, and having no communication with the rest of the island, save by a road thirty feet wide, which, with a gentle slope, leads to the castle ramparts Before entering Montluc Tower, we were, of course, obliged under range of two heavily charged cannon, to cross a deep, wide ditch fed by the waters of the Lake. When within five hundred paces of the Island we could notice that we had been seen, and that the inhabitants were preparing to receive us Montluc blew like a huntsman upon his horn, and a response came from the summit of the rock

"'My father is there,' said Montluc, 'I was afraid he might be hunting, or making a tour of the country as he usually does He must have had bad news about the Iroquois, and is therefore on the look-out Perhaps he is disturbed about me, I must reassure him'

'At the same time he sounded his bugle once more, and the castle-horn sent forth a joyous welcome in reply As we neared the Island I observed a venerable-looking gentleman with a snow-white moustache and flowing beard, clad in the fashion of the late King, Louis XIII, who stood leaning against the parapet close to one of the cannon, and kept watching us as we entered the bay and steered up to the castle It was Baron Hannibal himself, the old enemy of the Great Conde Turenne and Mazarin, the man who vanquished Santa Cruz, the famous Admiral of Spain, the grandest looking and most imposing gentleman I have ever met

"After my friend Montluc, who is here with us, had given the requisite orders for the landing and reception of the Algonquins, he took me by the arm and presented me to his father, who received me as a king receives a subject, a father, his son

"After the first words of courtesy were exchanged, he was kind enough to say 'Lord Kildare, you will look upon yourself as at home here I have been aware of your arrival in this part of the world Father Fleury, my chaplain, who knows everything, knew that you were coming from France, and that M de Frontenac, the Governor of Quebec, had given you letters of introduction to me Please, where are those letters?'

"I confessed in a somewhat embarrassed manner that they were at Calaracony The old gentleman smiled. He observed that no harm was done, and continued 'You were in no hurry to make the acquaintance of an old gentleman of a century almost gone by, is not that so? But wait a little and you will see that in this land we always need all our friends, even those we do not know'

"'My Lord Baron,' I hastened to say, 'the garrison of Calaracony and myself are both already indebted to your son for our lives'

"And in a few words I described the dangers we had escaped and our happy deliver-

ance by Louis de Montluc The old baron replied gravely that his son had only done his duty, possessing, as he did, all the rights of high magistrate over Lake Ontario as well as Lake Erie, on condition of recognizing the suzerainship of the King of France 'But,' he added, 'while he is arranging for the reception of our friends, the Algonquins, with whom I must have a little talk myself this evening, come with me, Lord Kildare, while waiting supper, I shall present you to my wife and daughters'"

Here Lord Kildare broke off a moment and said

"Assuredly you have seen many things in your day, Father "

"Yes, my Lord," I replied, 'I have seen the Cathedral of Tulle"

'But have you not seen something even more beautiful than the Cathedral?"

"Yes," said Montluc, smiling, "do just fancy that, nothing more! But fancy with me at the same time, also, that my sister Athenais is not so big as I am—although, indeed, she is far handsomer, which makes up for her lack of size, that Gerald three months ago demanded her hand in marriage, that she has consented, subject to certain conditions she has imposed, which he has declined to tell me, and that the ceremony will be solemnized the day after we return to the castle, that is to say about the month of June—at least we all hope so But if I suffer my friend to tell you in detail concerning all the fine things he enjoyed that day, we shall never finish the story, and Marion, who is now trying to keep her eyes open, will fall asleep in her chair!"

"Lord Montluc, why stop my praises of those I love? But hear the sequel of my

MONTLUC SOUNDS HIS HORN

"I have seen the peak of Sancy, which is the grandest of all the mountains in France, and the Dordogne, which takes its source there, and is the noblest of all our rivers Why do you put this question? "

"Father," said he, "the day I set foot in the Castle of Montluc, away in the very bosom of Lake Erie, my eyes were greeted by a vision a thousand times more beautiful than the finest cathedral, the grandest mountain, or the noblest river in France, I beheld the most amiable, dignified, charming creature that ever came upon earth to brighten Europe or America. She had magnificent black hair, blue eyes, an aquiline nose, and a smile proud, but gracious. But excuse me, Father, this description can scarcely interest you. . Fancy that she greatly resembles my friend, Louis of Montluc, and learn that she is his sister "

story—I am bold enough to hope it will afford you some interest

"For my part, when the old gentleman had spoken of presenting me to his daughters, I was no less surprised than curious, for my friend Montluc had not breathed a syllable about his mother or his sisters I did not even know that they were living The Baron led the way and introduced me into the grand saloon, in which the Baroness was seated, surrounded by several ladies

"'Ladies,' said Lord Montluc, advancing a few paces 'I present you Monsieur Gerald Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare in Ireland, captain in the service of his Very Christian Majesty, the King of France, and Commandant of Fort Calaracony Lord Kildare, this is my wife—these my two daughters, Athenais and Lucy.'

"Her ladyship held out her hand, which I respectfully kissed.

"'Lord Kildare,' she said, 'we have been expecting you for two months I see, at last that Louis has gone after you and been fortunate enough to take you back with him'

"I stammered forth at random some words of explanation, so dazzled was I by the majestic presence of Madame Montluc, and still more by the sight of her daughter, Athenais Nevertheless I had sufficient presence of mind, or rather instinct, to understand that the best means to enter into the good graces of the ladies was to recount the service Louis had rendered me, and I did relate it It was a happy stroke of genius I had no sooner pronounced the name of this gentleman, whom you see so carelessly stretched before the fire, trying hard to feign sleep, than the three ladies (for there were three, mother and two daughters) fastened upon me their eyes beaming with pleasure, joy, and curiosity to learn what achievements he had accomplished at the Fort of Calaracony, and how he had saved from the tomahawk of the savages myself and my garrison

"I repeated in few words what I had already told Monsieur de Montluc, which produced great wonder and joy

"I now remember I have said nothing to you about Mademoiselle, or rather Miss Lucy, for she is Irish like myself, as I learned that very evening, and connected with the Montluc family only by the ties of the closest tenderness The old Baron had picked her up when but a year old, during the burning of a Massachusetts village, and wrapped her in his cloak, after the savages, his allies, had massacred her parents He took her with him to his Castle of Montluc, educated her with his own children, and treated her always as his own daughter You may easily conjecture that it will not be long before she shall be bound to him by a nearer tie, and that the marriage of my friend, Montluc, is to come off at the same time as mine, that is to say, the day we shall plant our feet together on the Isle of Turtles The ceremony is waiting only for us

'After all these introductions and the exchange of compliments (for I had my share of them, Lord Montluc having had the goodness to say that he had heard me spoken of in very flattering terms by his friends at Quebec, among others, de Frontenac, the Governor of that town), we were summoned to supper, and I offered my arm to Lady Montluc with all the reverence and respect I should have manifested at Versailles toward Marie Therese, had I enjoyed the honor of having been presented to her.

"The chaplain of the castle, Father Fleury, just then rejoined us with my friend Montluc, whom here and hereafter, to distinguish from his father as well as because it is the name he bears in all Canada and in the English Colonies down to Chesapeake Bay, I shall call the red Montluc

'Toward the end of supper, the Baron said to me

"Lord Kildare, we are going to speak freely about our own affairs in your presence, and the dangers to which we are all exposed I know you, you are not out of place here'

I thanked him for his confidence

"I know you,' he resumed, 'as for my wife and daughters, who are daughters and sisters of soldiers, they may also share in our conference Besides, the danger is too great to allow of dissimulation Only one member of my family is absent Charles, my youngest son, who asked my permission three months ago to make a voyage of discovery along the Illinois river and the Ohio under the conduct of Father Lallemand, one of our most devoted missionaries Charles, who is only fourteen years old, but like his brother in physique, wished to go, rifle in hand, to the Gulf of Mexico Thence he hopes to cross the Isthmus of Panama, strike America in the south and return to Canada by the Pacific Ocean and the Polar Sea Children have no misgivings, but believe all is possible to them

"'Father Lallemand has promised to watch over him all the time he shall not be engaged preaching the Gospel to the Iroquois, the Illinois and the Esquimaux

"'Three months ago we had nothing to fear I permitted Charles to depart on his journey Who knows where he is now? In the country of the white bear and the seal or in the Sea of Mexico Perhaps he is occupied discovering the passage of the North Pole, which will one day be the great highway between Europe, America and Asia

"'What consoles me for his absence is that he shall not be able to be at the battle I foresee Young and ardent as he is, he could not be kept back, and who knows but we should have some calamity to bewail? It is enough to have lost my eldest born seven years ago in the service of the King, and to have had two other little ones massacred, long ago, by the savages . . I wish to keep what I now have, or at least run no unnecessary risks . Ah! If the Great Monarch, Louis XIV, instead of erecting palaces all around Paris, and throwing away millions of money and the lives of four hundred thousand picked soldiers in order that he might reap the barren glory of capturing a half dozen little villages in the Netherlands, had all these years

MADAME MONTLUC

sent here ten thousand poor families to people this continent, which will one day be the mightiest empire in the universe, he would become the greatest sovereign in the world, and in one hundred years, with or without our wishes, we should have made converts of all the nations to the Catholic faith, commencing with our neighbors, the English Puritans of Massachusetts and Connecticut . What do you say to that, Monsieur Fleury?

The aged missionary, who was looking out at Lake Erie through the open window and seemed absorbed in his reflections, raised his head and answered

'Monsieur le Baron, these are views of human policy which Monsieur Colbert would

doubtless have approved, if he were suffered by his master to do so, but Divine Providence has His views also, which He wraps in impenetrable mystery, and which the mind of man cannot pierce. Perhaps He is unwilling to give the empire of the earth to a single race in the fear that puffed up by pride in its strength, it might follow the example of the rebel angels, and forget the respect it owes the Creator'

"'Well,' said the Baron, with a smile, 'Let us do our best What do you think, Louis?'

"'I think you are right, father, now as ever, and I am ready to execute your orders whatever they are'

"The old Baron then said

"'Before coming to any definite determination we must ascertain where we stand, and no one knows that better than our good chaplain, who plays the rôle of the modest man, and would feign have us believe he leaves all things to the will of God, but, in reality, no one digs more industriously—nay, devotedly—in the Lord's vineyard Let us hear, Father Fleury, what the Iroquois, among whom you have lately been, are doing? The tidings were not assuring when you set out on your tour last month, and, indeed, to speak frankly, you had been threatened with such menaces that I scarcely dared hope to see you again when you gave us your blessing'

"Father Fleury smiled sweetly, and replied

"'I was not myself sure of returning, but when one has passed his eighty-fourth year and is full of trust in the promises of Him who has said "Go and teach all nations," martyrdom suggests hope rather than fear I was starting then direct for the country of the Agniers'

'I interrupted Father Fleury to inquire who the Agniers were

"He answered

"'Lord Kildare, the Iroquois are a nation of savages, cunning, proud, intrepid, and divided into five tribes, the chief of which is the Agniers, who dwell to the south of Lake Ontario, about a hundred leagues from here I had been informed that I must commence with these, or, if you will, take the bull by the horns I embarked here I landed about fifty feet from the first village of the Agniers, get lost in a by-way, and luckily meet a good Indian squaw, who, at ever so great a distance from me, made the sign of the cross, cast herself upon her knees, asked my benediction, and cried out "Father Fleury, whence do you come? Whither are you going? Will you accept the hospitality of your servant?"

"'I cordially accept this very reasonable offer She was a poor widow, whose only son, a boy of ten years, I had cured of a wound which he had received the year before in the chase Upon the same occasion, I had converted and baptized mother and son

"'Moreover, God was with me, for everything seemed to succeed that day The village, usually quite full, seemed then almost deserted, or at least there were none but women and children around. I inquired if they were hunting or on a warlike expedition

'"They are hunting," answered the friendly squaw, "and preparing provisions, for they won't be long before they set out to make war"

"'At these words I suspected what had happened, I interrogated the good woman, and ascertained that a low, cowardly fellow named Kronmark, in the employment of the Massachusetts, English and the Hudson Bay Company, had arrived among them ten days ago, that he proposed to the Iroquois an alliance with the English against France, that the Iroquois signed the treaty, and that twelve thousand of them, fully equipped, and provided with arms by the English, are about to march on Quebec, which is garrisoned by not more than a hundred militiamen, and that they purpose to exterminate all the French. You may conceive my uneasiness. I reflect for a moment, while the poor Indian was hastening to serve me with a little smoked 'possum, the only kind of food I believe she had in her larder

"'At length I took my departure, for time pressed, and I desired my hostess to summon all the other women to the open space in the village, and inform them that I wished to announce something of serious moment to them, on behalf of the Great Spirit. As all the husbands were absent, the squaws were engaged gossiping at the doors of their wigwams and the news that I had arrived brought them crowding in in five minutes

"'Then I prayed God to inspire me, and I told them that they must, above all things beware of the English, who entertained no other purpose than the extermination of the red man, and supplied them, in the sale of whisky, with the means of cultivating drunkenness, the mother of all vices I had no trouble in convincing them that all the bad treatment they received from their husbands was attributable to brandy and whisky, and if these foolish creatures contented themselves with water or cider—two beverages which, thank God, this country abundantly supplies—they, the women, would be ten times happier

"'They were so struck all round by this part of my discourse, that they went for all

the brandy and whisky their husbands had left in the cabins, and threw it all, under my eyes, into Lake Ontario

"'I praised them for this courageous act, and closed my remarks by telling them that they had no other way to prevent the replacing of the whisky, than by keeping the Iroquois from making terms with the English This they promised to do

"'This was not, however, easy, for the treaty of alliance was signed after the fashion of the savages, and according to their customs

"'In fifteen days I visited the whole country, village after village, I succeeded in bringing together secretly the principal chiefs on an island in Lake Ontario I made them comprehend that they could gain nothing by destroying the French, that the English, if they became any stronger, would exterminate them, and that, without asking them to break the treaty they had recently signed, they might be satisfied with taking their time in executing it.

"'They swore they should do as I suggested, and I know they will not break their oath

"'Then having fulfilled the mission which I had undertaken in the interest of France and of our holy religion, I have returned in good health, as you see, Lord Montluc'"

## CHAPTER VII

LORD KILDARE CONTINUES THE NARRATIVE OF HIS ADVENTURES, AND UNDER THE EXCITEMENT OF THE STORY THE CURE OF GIMEL IS LED TO FORM A BOLD PURPOSE.

"The old Baron rose, and affectionately embracing the venerable missionary, said to him 'Father Fleury, what fear we all had of losing you! But are you sure the other tribes of the Iroquois will follow the example of the Agniers?' The aged missionary smiled with his usual good nature, and replied 'Do you think I have left my work unfinished? Do you know me so little? I made the tour of the five tribes in the wake of the principal chiefs of the Agniers, who were charged with the task of preparing the other tribes to listen with favor to my proposals, and I have the promise of all'

"'God be praised" said Montluc, 'for it was none too soon It is reported from Quebec that seven thousand English soldiers are about to sail from Boston, that five thousand militia from Massachusetts are going to join them, that the Iroquois are with them (but as to the latter, thanks to you, I am satisfied now), and that all together are about to precipitate themselves upon the colony and sweep away the entire French people in Canada. Monsieur Frontenac writes that he has not exceeding five hundred men in Quebec—soldiers or militia—to defend the St Lawrence, and hardly twice as many more to preserve the frontiers of Acadia. Fortunately, my son-in-law, M. Ville-Castin, is there with his Abenaquis. He protects Acadia as I protect the great lakes, and La Ville-Castin is not to be trifled with—he is a terrible sentinel He is in his peninsula like the angel armed with a flaming sword at the entrance to the earthly paradise And it is not La Ville-Castin who will falter"

"And thus it was, Father, that I became little by little acquainted with the whole family and the friend of all, even before I saw them, for in Canada five hundred leagues cannot separate hearts Down there, at the first summons, brothers, friends, rush forward, arms in hand, to one's assistance Is it a hunting excursion, an expedition or a ball—it matters not—every one is always ready Sometimes it is for all three together, for the Canadians have time for everything. Look at my friend, Montluc the Red, he is a fine specimen of the race, and a high-spirited gentleman? What do you say, Beaupoil?"

"Ah! Lord Kildare," answered Beaupoil, admiringly, "after what I have seen him do against the band of wolves that were hungering to devour me, I believe he can do anything"

Then Montluc, whom his friend called Montluc the Red, and who was either asleep at the fire or pretended to be asleep, arose and said with a smile

"So! so! Beaupoil, and you, Kildare, will you soon finish your eulogy upon me? The cure of Gimel must be anxious to retire"

But I protested that nothing was more interesting to me than his adventures, and Lord Kildare added

"I shall be brief, but by St Gerald my patron! nothing will prevent me from relating how we, or rather you, captured Fort Hudson, in the Bay of that name, despite the cold, snow, storm, English artillery, three men-of-war, five hundred of a garrison, provisions for a year, powder for forty thousand discharges of cannon, and fifteen hundred thousand musket shots, furs enough to clothe all the women in the British Isles, a million francs, and I know not what more

"We were only forty setting out, Father—forty and no more! . . Then, we had only our muskets, our snow-shoes to glide along the ice, ten days' rations, and fifty rounds of ammunition each. It was not much, as you see, but time was pressing. We must conquer or perish.

"The day following the arrival of Montluc and myself at the Castle of Montluc, there was a council of war for six hours in the forenoon, and the principal Algonquins were admitted to it The old Baron explained that an early attack by the English was expected, that we must arm ourselves, that bows and tomahawks would not suffice for success, that there was not enough of guns and powder for every one, that the arsenal at Quebec was empty, and that there was but one way to provide ourselves with what we wanted and that was to take it from the enemy He added that forty men would be enough led by his son whom they all knew, and that the latter would himself select his companions one-half of whom would be French and the other half Algonquins

'Every one present raised his hand for enrollment for with such a leader all appeared sure in advance of victory but Montluc le Rouge declared that to afford no ground for jealousy, he would take the forty best shots Then and without any one drawing back from the trial commenced the competition with the Algonquins

'You have heard Father, of the olden tournaments where lances were broken in the light of fair ladies' eyes This was something similar The only difference was, that our lances were muskets

And for our ladies the judges they were Madame de Montluc and her daughters

All these savages entertain an extraordinary respect for them and especially for their mother regarding her as the last descendant of the ancient chiefs of the race of the Eries, and the respect of the French-Canadians is none the less for she is granddaughter of Samuel Champlain, founder of Quebec and was born in Canada

But I shall not weary you with an account of our trial at the target Stag-foot won the first place He fired three shots (that was the number agreed upon) and hit with all three a white mark of four inches diameter at three hundred feet distance Next came Carragamy fifth son of Monsieur de Montluc's aged lieutenant on board the *Ego et Rex* Who took third place I know not

'Having then chosen his companions among whom he did me the honor of including, Montluc made the following address 'Brothers, French and Canadian, I do not thank you for taking me as your leader It is not to me personally that you award this honor, but to the blood which flows in my veins, to my father, who has fought for you for forty years, and whose house has always been open to you, to my mother, my sister, and my dear Lucy, whose attentions have never been wanting in your affections. Then, myself, I have no other right among you than to march in the advance-guard against the English Upon our return you will know if Montluc le Rouge is worthy of this honor, and fit to be called your leader' Every one shouted out 'Yes' yes' Long live Montluc le Rouge"

A few minutes after, our preparations having been ended, the Algonquins were sent back to their own territory, laden down with all kinds of presents and compliments, the most prized of which was an immense supply of brandy We then took our leave, myself first, of the Baron and the ladies, and set forth with the blessing of Father Fleury, whose advanced years would not suffer him to accompany us

'Thus we left that hospitable house, and proceeded, snow-shoes in hand, to Hudson Bay where the English awaited us with bayonet and gun

'You do not know, Father, that stretch of table-land which separates Lake Erie from the Bay of Hudson, which is three hundred leagues further north

"Fancy at the close of spring time—we then were in that season, but the Canadian spring is like the winter in Auvergne—fancy I say something like the upland *Mille-Vaches* that great stretch of high ground which we traversed yesterday, January 15th, 1697, on our way from Aubossin to Tulle, covered with ten feet of snow Suppose the same depth of snow and a country sixty times vaster, no protecting shadow of a mountain, immense forests of naked oak and beech, and you will have some idea of the route we had to travel in order to attack Fort Hudson The wind blew from the North Pole morning and evening for this country—which is wonderfully fertile where plagues and sickness of any kind are unknown, where man could easily live to the age of Methusalem, that is, provided he had no need to be suspicious of his own kind, and fearful every morning and evening of being scalped—this country, I say, has the disadvantage that morning and evening a furious wind blows, that is not a whit mitigated or diminished by the forests around

'And what a wind! It comes across the ice-bound waters of the Arctic Ocean, and carries with it all the refreshing coolness of ice When the snow falls, it beats against your face so as to blind you and accumulates such heaps of snow at a time that it buries an entire village at a sweep When it has fallen for a while, it hardens and that is the favorable time for men-hunters or deer-hunters. Away we start

THE AGED MISSIONARY SMILED

on our snow-shoes shooting along and skating faster than a horse at a galop . But nothing can give you an idea of this pleasure!

"Some day Father if you will leave for an instant your good parish of Gimel, where the fire burns so brightly, the soup tastes so delicious, the wine drinks so agreeably, and Marion makes such a perfect cook—and should you choose to come with us among the savages to preach the holy word I promise you that my friend Montluc and myself will show you in three days more game, elks, bears, deer caribous, beavers and coyotes than you could kill in thirty years and a hundred times more savages than you could baptize in six months But this is too good a place to leave. Our poor Canada could not hold out any allurements to you"

I felt a little piqued at my Lord Kildare's pleasantry, and answered pretty sharply

Why then should I not go to Canada, Lord Kildare, if it is God's will?"

"Certainly," said the Irishman with a smile, "if it is God's will, but everything proves to me that it is not God's will"

I fancied that Lord Kildare was poking a little quiet fun at me, or perhaps it was the result of a mysterious vocation which all at once was revealed to me, and which was destined to conduct me where I am now, ever so far away from my beloved parish of Gimel

All at once I exclaimed, as if seized with a sudden inspiration of the Holy Ghost

'What would you say of me, Lord Kildare, if I should accompany you back to Canada?"

He burst into such a good-humored laugh that I was fully disconcerted

Who will make your soup every forenoon, your very fine soup?"

I don't want soup Father Fleury has no soup many a day, I suppose And yet he lives'

That is so," said he, "but he became hardened by sixty years' practice'

'Well, in sixty years I shall have acquired hardiness, too'"

'Then you are decided? You have duly reflected on the step?"

Frankly, I had spoken somewhat hastily, as people often will, and I was far from being resolved upon the subject, but the question of Lord Kildare chafed me so that I made up my mind on the spot

Marion stood up and said "Then, Father, you are about to go alone?"

I scarcely know what rejoinder I should have made, when Beaupoil broke in "His reverence will not go alone," and he spoke unhesitatingly, "for I shall accompany him"

Was this a wish on his part to follow my fortunes, or to abandon his wife? I knew not Besides, Marion, just as promptly as he had done, cried out Well, that is so We shall all go together"

This time Lord Kildare fairly roared with laughter, and asked

'Is there no one else to go?"

Beaupoil replied, stiffly "Lord Kildare, when the reverend Cure of Gimel took me into his service, there was a sort of understanding entered into (the notary did not witness it, but it is a just one), that neither of us would ever leave this place without the other, except, to be sure, when the question of going to paradise would arrive, where his reverence has his place already marked for him, but, indeed, it depends on God whether I shall follow him thither, and as Marion causes me to swear a hundred times a day, I am greatly afraid that when I quit this world, I shall be obliged to pass through purgatory"

While Beaupoil was speaking, Marion could scarcely keep quiet

"How is that?" she said, "I make you curse a hundred times a day' You should be too happy, you great good-for-nothing, to have met me, and to be, by the Divine permission the authority of the reverend cure and my goodness, tied to my apron-strings'

Without me, what could you do in that country, will you be good enough to answer? Do you know even a trade? Are you in a condition to earn your own living?"

She would have said much more, and as I was wholly engaged just then in reflecting on the step I had almost thoughtlessly resolved to take I was not listening, but the Baron who for a long time had said nothing, but seemed to be wrapped in a revery, suddenly exclaimed

Marion I shall take you'"

Ah' now you see'" she said to her husband with an air of triumph

You will be our cook, Marion"

"And his reverence?" asked Marion, "who will attend to him?"

He stays with us You shall not leave him Nor you, either Beaupoil"

'Ah' ah' listen' Nor you either, my beloved'' continued Marion, ever happy to show that her husband could not be separated from her

But Beaupoil said

"Who will take care of my mother, Marion? My poor old mother, who has not three months to live, according to Monsieur Fovrachaux the physician at Tulle"

'Well" said Marion, 'take care of her yourself I am no daughter of her's you know I am her daughter-in-law She is my mother, she is my mother-in-law'"

Lord Montluc arose, stretching his arms and yawning pretty audibly "Marion," he said, you are right' Marion stepped back to Beaupoil with an air of triumph

"You understand," she said, 'I am right"

Beaupoil retorted

"I well understand that the Baron Montluc le Rouge said you are right It is a proof—"

"Proof of what?"

"Proof that he does not know you."

"How so? he does not know me?" cried Marion, in a fit of anger "Perhaps he does

not know I am the servant of his reverence, the Cure of Gimel"

"He knows that"

"Well, then?"

"Yes, but he does not know that you are—"

Beaupoil paused with all the appearance of not liking to finish the sentence

"Say then what I am," said Marion, "just to let us see"

"Do you wish it?"

"Yes"

"Well, my Lord does not know that you are half crazy"

"Half crazy!" cried Marion, advancing toward him with her nails in readiness "Say that again, Beaupoil, just dare repeat it, that I am half crazy"

Then the poor henpecked fellow mastered up courage enough and said

"Yes I do dare and shall always dare it And, in truth, it is only through politeness that I say *half* crazy, for you are not merely half a fool, but a full, thorough-going one"

At this, Marion sprang to arms Her eyes shone like a tiger's before battle She uttered a sharp cry which almost froze the marrow in my bones, and prepared herself to spring upon Beaupoil, whom she would have, perhaps, fearfully scratched, but he being not less wary than brave, opened the door of the room, ran down the stairs, entered the kitchen, bolted the door, and kept this barricade between himself and his enraged spouse for more than an hour

This explosion served as a signal for my tired guests to retire for the night Montluc said to me

"Father we are about to retire Think over the promise you have just made my friend Kildare to follow us to Canada If you persist in your determination by to-morrow, in ten days we shall be at Bordeaux where our friend Grandas is waiting to carry us to the mouth of the Mississippi We shall wait for you twenty-four hours, two days if necessary, we shall put you aboard, cross the Atlantic, enter the Mississippi, a river twenty times larger and deeper than the Seine, which flows through boundless forests of pine and larch, we shall turn to the right into the Ohio, the finest river in the world, which receives fifteen tributaries, navigable rivers, and whose banks are covered with forests of oak, and the noblest prairies in America, thence we shall go to Lake Erie, where my father is lord and master, where old Father Fleury is only waiting for his successor, you will convert the Hurons, the Algonquins, the Iroquois, the Sioux, the Mohawks, and all the unfortunate red-skins who know not yet the saving word of the Gospel, you will be our preacher, our cure, our bishop You shall have a diocese larger than a kingdom in Europe, you will scatter upon a fruitful soil the Divine seed, and should any heretic, pagan, or ill-advised savage menace you, count upon us!"

"Oh! yes—count upon us!" added Kildare, with a smile, upon Montluc le Rouge, particularly He is the best and most generous fellow living, but he cannot bear the sight of a wilful heretic His dislike for them overpowers him When he hears one speak ill of our holy religion he becomes terrible, and it is not good for such a one to cross his path But when his friends are attacked, he is far worse He then becomes a very jaguar It is indeed the Erie blood which flows in his veins"

Just then the clock (or rather the little cuckoo) which was lazily marking the seconds in the ante-chamber struck two o'clock in the morning

Montluc held out his hand and said

"Father, let us retire, for we shall be obliged to depart early in the morning"

To which I replied with feeling

"Could you not delay your departure?"

He said

"It is the King's order! Besides the safety of Canada depends on it"

And as I looked at him with an uncertain disturbed countenance, he added

"To-morrow, Monsieur le Cure I shall tell you all—our mission our adventures, the urgent need of our departure despite wind or tide Good night!"

He went to rest at the same time as his companion

---

## CHAPTEL VIII

LORD KILDARE RESUMES THE STORY OF HIS ADVENTURES, WHEREIN MASTER CHAPLOT COMES UPON THE STAGE

Happily my guests were obliged by the force of the wind cold and snow combined to stay with me Accustomed to the Canadian climate, the wind and cold were of small consequence to them but the snow fell so thick and grew so deep that it surpassed by five feet the stature of a man on horseback, and we should have been forced to cut a path in the mountain, with the fear that at the first ray of sunshine an avalanche might swallow the venturesome travellers

Fortunately too, provisions were not wanting at the presbytery After Mass, we sat down to table A stewed turney appeared and disappeared. A roast hare followed. A

half dozen of the finest trout that ever glided with their silvery backs in the limpid waters of the river just served to urge on the turkey and the hair The veal *pate'* with its mixture of ham, made a brave resistance to our assault, for it was of reasonable dimensions, twenty-five inches in length by fourteen in width and ten inches deep, but finally it succombed to our repeated onslaught, and the Earl of Kildare declared, scornfully pushing aside the napkin, that we might do something better than eat all day

I inquired what that better thing was

He answered that if eating was good, drinking was still better

And he held forth his glass so pleasantly that I sent Marion to the cellar, for I feared that Beaupoil might conceive an idea similar to that of Lord Kildare and that, by active experience discovering that to drink was better than to eat, drain some flasks of my best Burgundy

When we had all heartily breakfasted or dined (whatever you choose to call such a repast as I have described), as the snow was falling in thick flakes and covering the whole country so that every one was kept indoors, and only the wolves were abroad, I begged my guests, for their occupation and diversion, and partly too that I might know them better, to finish the account of their adventure

Montluc thanked me for my interest in their exploits and said "It is for you to talk, Kildare' You are eloquent, because you are Irish besides"

At the same moment Marion entered under a pretext She had overheard all She had her arms laden with a pile of plates and dishes, enough to fill a chest three feet long, six feet wide, and three feet deep She placed upon the side-board this huge mass of china, and placing her shut fists upon her hips she began to smile as she knew how to do that is to say, in a way to terrify a warrior less valiant than Beaupoil

I thought to prevail upon her to attend to the premises, but she would do nothing, and gave as her reason 'It does not inconvenience me at all, Father, to have the gentleman speaking while I am here, that does not hinder me from arranging my plate and china on the side-board On the contrary, talk away, Lord Kildare, talk on I am not listening On the contrary'"

Lord Kildare regarded her with a smile, as he usually did, and said "Since that is so Marion, and you give me permission, I shall take up my narrative. But at first (it was a stroke of malice on the part of the Irishman), fetch Beaupoil I wish Beaupoil to hear me If Beaupoil does not come, I shall say nothing"

She shrugged her shoulders and went after her husband, who was himself hastening to come up as soon as he could Coffee having been served, the Earl of Kildare began where he had left off "We were at the Bay of Hudson expedition, isn't that so?" I explained that it was a matter of going a hundred leagues from Montluc Tower, Lake Erie, and all our friends, of capturing without artillery a fort mounted with sixty cannon, protected by five hundred men, three frigates and their crews, prepared for a long siege To be candid, it was absurd, for the English were on their guard, and they had thirty times as many men as we But it was an heroic task The old Baron of Montluc said this expedition was necessary for the salvation of the colony, which needed arms and ammunition Montluc le Rouge added that it was safe and that he took the responsibility Then we had confidence in him, and so we set out forty strong, believing that under his leadership we were equal to four thousand of the enemy As for myself, who had known him only five days, yet loved him already as a brother, I followed him with a belief in him which would have astonished our old European captains

"If you inquire of me why I followed him and reposed this confidence in him, I, whom nothing except my own will placed under his command, I must confess that my motives were rather difficult to analyse even for myself, but, in the main, I had a fierce desire to demonstrate to Mademoiselle Athenais of Montluc who seemed to think no one in the world could equal her father and brother, that Gerald Fitzgerald had nothing to fear from comparison with any man, and that if there was a question of risking his life, he was as ready as any living man to do so

'And, by the faith of Kildare' I was not wrong in embarking at hazard in this enterprise for I had scarcely announced my resolution, when I was regarded with a glance of those blue eyes, which would have given me courage, not only to face single-handed the whole English army, but also go from Hudson Bay to the North Pole and thence to the South Pole

"But to leave these beautiful blue eyes which have no great interest for you, Father and to proceed with my story we marched along for nine days toward Hudson Bay across forests, ponds, and frozen rivers, and a deep, but hard snow, upon which we glided along with our snow shoes, when, one night, as we had just cut down a number of trees

to erect a temporary log cabin and sleep around the fire under the protection of our two sentinels, lo! we heard a mournful howl in the depths of the wood.

"Immediately every one sprang to his feet and looked at his arms, Montluc le Rouge first of all. He listened. A second shriek more terrible and sinister than the first was heard, and if I must confess, it made me shiver to the very marrow in my bones

Indeed, in this forest three hundred leagues wide, in the midst of wild beasts of every kind, far from any human creature, town or village, those great tall, leafless trees resembled monstrous burnt skeletons stretching out their blackened stumps, and then two shrieks appeared to come from yawning churchyards I believe that several of our company had the same impression.

"A third shriek broke upon the the ear, nearer than the two former One of our savages cried out "They are the coyotes, and are attracted by the scent of the venison.

"'I inquired: 'What are the coyotes?' Montluc answered very quickly, 'They are the wolves of this country' But he is mistaken, if they were coyotes, I should hear their pattering on the snow

"Just then a fourth howl was heard, followed up by a strange caterwaul. You would have said it was a wild cat facing a wolf.

"Montluc then signed to all to sit or lie down, and said. 'It is Buffalo!' At these words every one seemed at ease'

"Buffalo was, without doubt, the friend of all who were that night gathered under the oak trees I, without knowing why, was satisfied to know that Buffalo was approaching

"Is he alone?" I inquired of Montluc, "No, there are two He who howls is Buffalo, he who *miaws* is Charlot."

"What Charlot?"

"My young brother, whom you don't know yet Buffalo is the sole survivor of the Erie tribe of which he formerly was the priest As my mother is a descendant of the last chief of the tribe Buffalo, when all the others were exterminated (his escape was almost miraculous) attached himself to our family Father Fleury, who would have converted the false prophet Mahomet, if the old rascal had passed his door, desired to convert Buffalo.

"The trial lasted a long time—Buffalo did not wish to be converted. Father Fleury is persevering Buffalo is obstinate. There were fierce controversies between them, and my mother, who loved them both, used to have great difficulty in reconciling them. Guess what prevented his conversion. Buffalo was quite willing to believe and follow in everything the counsels of Father Fleury, but he wished also to preserve the right to scalp his enemies.

When he was told that we must love one another, he observed "Do you mean to say that the Iroquois love us, they who massacred all my brothers of the Erie tribe? Do the English love us—they who shoot us down wherever they meet us? . . . No, no, I scalp my enemies while I shall be able, and if Father Fleury won't have me use my scalping-knife, I will not embrace his religion" At last, one day, while Father Fleury was away, my father, who laughed at Buffalo's expressions, said to him "listen Buffalo, you and I are too old companions in war, is it not so? . . . . And you never saw me do anything unworthy a man of honor, white or red, eh?" And as Buffalo agreed with him. "Well," continued my father, "you also know that I am a good Catholic, although I have not always acted up to my faith, and Father Fleury is pretty sure of it now, and he will tell you so whenever you ask him . . . Still have you ever seen me fly before those who would unexpectedly massacre my friends and children? . . . Our religion allows us to defend ourselves"

"'Since it is so,' said Buffalo, 'I shall get baptised at once' And he did so, was baptised and became a very good Catholic And in proving his faith, my mother is often obliged to put a check to his zeal. But when she has spoken, it is as if he had heard the word of God himself, he can do nothing but obey

You understand now how Buffalo has undertaken the education of my brother, Charlot He has taught him how to run, to climb trees, to swim, to shoot with the musket, to fish—in a word, everything he knows And Charlot, who has extraordinary aptitudes, very speedily surpassed his tutor He has learned the bear dance, the bark of the Esquimeaux dog, the miawl of the wild cat, the cry of the beaver and five or six other accomplishments of which you of European descent have no conception, but which are prized in this country just as much as the art of bowing, dancing and playing the gallant at Versailles. Another thing—Charlot and Buffalo are scarcely ever apart. Buffalo is after Father Fleury, our oldest friend. When requisite, he acts as our interpreter and embassador with the savages. Above all, he is the sentinel who watches over Lake Erie, whom nothing could terrify or corrupt

When my father and myself go forth on any expedition, it is Buffalo who takes command of Montluc Tower. Now, as my father

"YOU DID NOT EXPECT ME, BROTHER!"

is at home, Buffalo has been enabled to act as guide for Charlot . . . And hold! here they come, both

Immediately we saw glide over the frozen snow two figures as rapidly as two streaks of lightning Montluc le Rouge was not mistaken, it was Buffalo and Charlot.

While the old redskin stood motionless at a distance, in an attitude full of respect and dignity, the boy sprang into his brother's arms, saying "You did not expect me, brother!"

"No, Charlot," said Montluc smiling, but since you have come, you are welcome I thought you were on the banks of the Mississippi with Father Lallemand.

"Ah!" rejoined the boy with a sigh, "Indeed, I should be there but we cannot always do what we wish"

"Father Lallemand did not wish to be incommoded by you?" inquired Montluc "You embarrassed him in the work of his conversions"

"Father Lallemand will never more convert any one,' replied Charlot

'What has happened?'

"'He was scalped To tell you in two words, it happened thus The ninth day after our departure, he and I were on the bank of the river Illinois and had just (that is Father Lallemand had) erected a little cross upon a hillock and said Mass

"As soon as mass was over, I went to hunt for something for breakfast for we had with us only salt and a little dried meat Father Lallemand began to look around for wood to light a fire and cook any game we could procure At the end of an hour, I came across a flock of wild turkeys, I shot two on the wing and was taking them to the good Father But misfortune! a band of Illinois who were hunting in the locality met and questioned him The good father had been preaching to them Taking him for a sorcerer, they had bound him to a tree, half-scalped him and were dancing around him One of them without doubt the chief of the tribe, approached with a knife and began to carve him alive as he was His companions laughed, sang and yelled Seeing that, I crawled through the grass, which was tall and thick (I could not be seen) covered the savage at the moment Father Lallemand was about to give up the ghost, and I hit him square in the forehead His business in this life was of no long duration He fell stark dead The Illinois not knowing where this sudden shot came came from, fancied they saw the visible hand of the Lord chastising them for their crime Every one of them fled without even looking behind As soon as I was left alone, I loosened Father Fleury, who gave me his blessing and died in my arms, exhorting me with his last breath to return to Montluc Tower What could I do, being all alone? I took his advice, after having buried his remains at the foot of the cross he had himself erected, and I arrived home just twenty-four hours after your departure My mother wished me to stay, my father hesitated a little Father Fleury said that God, who so visibly protected us on that unhappy expedition, would no doubt never tire of watching over me.

"And you," asked Montluc, "what did you think?"

'I," said the boy, "was burning with impatience to join you, and afraid you might take Fort Hudson without me, but, thank God, here I am, here you are, and here are we all! Thanks to God and old Buffalo, who has kindly served as a guide, in spite of his sixty-five years By the way, when will the attack be made?'

"After to-morrow," answered Montluc

I almost forgot," said Charlot, "my father gave me letter for you Here it is'

'MY DEAR SON—Charlot has just arrived He will inform you concerning the martyrdom of good Father Lallemand it is a great misfortune to the colony He was not merely content himself with converting the savages but he made them friends of yours and gained many faithful allies for France Charlot wished to join you I have permitted him to do so Watch over him carefully, as a Montluc should be watched over Keep him only out of useless perils. In a word show him his duty as I have showed it to you when you where of his age Father Fleury has gone again among the Iroquois, in a little while we shall have some news from him With what impatience we are awaiting tidings from you you may fancy Your sister, Athenais, does not sleep Your mother spends half the day at the foot of the crucifix As for Lucy, she says nothing, but is every moment studying our old map of Hudson Bay Territory formerly drawn by Father Fleury, she measures the distances, and counts the days required to go and return in a word, she is scarcely alive to anything else For my part, I expect you in fifteen days and a conqueror Your enterprise is of such a nature that there is no middle course between victory and death but I have entire confidence that you will succeed

MONTLUC'

My compliments to Lord Kildare

Having read this letter, Montluc desired Charlot and me to go to rest, and we remained alone with Buffalo

---

## CHAPTER IX

### WHEREIN LORD KILDARE MEETS A VALUABLE ALLY AMONG HIS ENEMIES

After a moment's silence, Lord Kildare continued his recital in these words

Five hours later we resumed our journey. We now had not more than fifteen or twenty leagues to accomplish and should arrive by midnight at the environs of the fort.

The weather was so severe that we had no fear the English would be on their guard. They believed us a hundred leagues away,

and Montluc, who knew this well, counted rather upon surprise than force to capture the fort and three frigates For my part, to be candid, quite determined as I was faithfully to discharge my duty, I was not without some misgivings as to the success of the enterprise But I was very far from knowing the mental resources of my friend, Montluc The coming day was destined to confer honor on France and Ireland, and I returned with interest the blows I had received at the battle of the Boyne

"About five in the morning we were under arms, hidden behind deep snow ridges and blowing on our fingers while we waited for the signal. Fort Hudson was two hundred paces away, on the shore of the bay, and the rampart, half-wall, half-palisade, like all their constructions in that country, was washed by the waves in summer

"But at this time the cold was so intense that the whole bay was sheeted with a thick coating of ice at least two feet deep Of the three English men-of-war we were calculating upon finding in the bay, two had returned to Europe The third alone watched the fort, and looked herself like a fortress—held at anchorage by huge cables to the shore Through the open port-holes we could see peeping forth the mouths of forty-eight pieces ready to belch forth ball and shell upon the enemy The officer of the watch was pacing the bridge wrapped from head to foot in an immense brown bear-skin, such as is found in the forests of Canada His dark profile was sketched upon the white snowy back-ground of earth, sky, and sea.

"I shall reserve him with the frigate for myself" whispered Montluc le Rouge "To you who are a land officer I shall assign the fort Weigh well what I now say, that we have but one moment to succeed, and if that single moment is lost we shall leave our bones at the foot of this fort For my part, in such an event, I shall not be found alive "

"Montluc le Rouge " I answered, "You shall see to-day what a Fitzgerald can do "

Then he called Pied-de-Cerf and two other Algonquin chiefs, and gave them his instructions in my presence I looked around for Buffalo and young Charlot Both had vanished

They are at work already," said Montluc smiling "Their task is to open the ball, and if you knew them, you would be confident of their success! Old Buffalo is as wary and cunning as a rattlesnake And Charlot, he is supple and vigorous as a leopard."

Just then we perceived two men, one of them very tall but unarmed, appeared to be marching as if pushed on by the other, who was rather small, yet who kept digging the other's ribs with a sword

Montluc stepped a little forward to ascertain who they were, and said as he turned round with an appearance of great satisfaction

"Hold, 'tis Charlot What has he got? A prisoner?"

"You have said it, brother," replied the boy "I thought you would like a prisoner 'Tis the sentinel While his back was turned we sprang upon him, half choking him, to prevent any outcry As he had his gun in his arms and his two hands crossed in his cuffs, he could neither call for help nor defend himself, we gagged and disarmed him There he is What will you do with him?"

"Very good," said Montluc, "father will be content with you What have you done with Buffalo?"

"I left him in the sentry box," said the boy with a smile, "wrapped up in the bear-skin, and armed with the enemy's musket He is on duty for the English now, but awaits your orders "

Montluc then caused the gag to be removed from the prisoner's mouth, and interrogated him He was a fine soldier, strong and well built, who had been surprised at his post Otherwise, it would have been necessary to kill him, he was just the sort of fellow to make a bold defence At the first words, I recognized the Irish accent I then asked permission to question him myself which Montluc willingly acceded, and I addressed him in the Celtic tongue

"Your name?"

"Patrick "

"Country?"

"Ireland—County Kildare."

"Religion?"

"Roman Catholic "

"How!—rascal!" I cried out, with indignation "You are a Catholic, and from the County Kildare, and you are in the service of King William—a heretic and usurper!" He appeared confounded.

"Did you ever hear," I asked, "of Gerald Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare?"

He regarded me closer, recognized me, and exclaimed as he kissed my hands

"Why, it is yourself, my lord!"

"Yes, 'tis I But what do you do here, miserable traitor to Ireland?"

"Ah! my lord," he replied, "if you could but know all I was with you, you remember, at the Battle of the Boyne, where King James (God guard him), saved himself like a

hare The day following, there was nc one to be seen, no officers, no king, in a word, nothing, and into the bargain, not even a morsel of black bread to put under one's teeth. I did what others have done in the like circumstances I took to the road, that is to say, I levied a toll upon the farmers and travelers, especially those who were English I was taken myself, at last, and sentenced to be hanged. Fortunately recruits were wanted for King William's service So I got the choice to enlist or be hanged I decided upon the former What would you have done in my place, my lord? I am but a poor man, and with little wit I do what I am told to do I fight when I am told to fight What have I got to do with the matter, provided I am paid? Do I know the men I kill? And if I should not obey my officer, would not the cat-o'-nine tails descend on my shoulders? Should I not be whipped like a little boy, or shot for a coward?"

"The poor fellow is right," said Montluc "What does he know about the quarrels of King James and King William?"

Then, turning to Patrick "Hear me," he said, "You will not fight for James, who is too much of a coward, nor for William, who is too much of a villain, but for Lord Kildare, who is your natural chief, takes you into his service, and is himself fighting for green Ireland, the Very Christian monarch, and the Holy Catholic religion. Will you come with us?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Patrick, "I ask nothing else!"

And he furnished us with a thousand valuable points of information upon the condition and internal arrangements of the fort, the supplies, and the general lack of discipline of the whole garrison, he informed us upon a point that was highly valuable, that nine-tenths of the garrison took exercise every morning outside the ramparts, that the rest stayed close around the fire in a large guard-room to escape the cold, and that a sentinel was the only protection they spent upon the powder magazine, which contained three hundred thousand pounds of powder, without at all mentioning the bullets, shells, and other ammunition He told us that the commandant of the fort, an old German colonel in the English service, spent his days smoking drinking in his quarters playing cards with his lieutenant-colonel, that, moreover, the French and the Savoys were believed to be three hundred leagues away, and that no one was keeping guard.

Then, as Montluc was still a little distrustful, he drew from his pocket a little medal of the Blessed Virgin, and said to me "My Lord, when I was leaving Ireland, my poor mother gave me this medal, making me swear at the same time that I should never forget it . Well, my lord, I swear by this medal that I have spoken nothing but the truth, and I swear, too, that I shall follow the Earl of Kildare wherever he is pleased to lead me"

Indeed the poor fellow was sincere, and could be relied on Montluc felt it, and said: "Give back his arms Patrick, you shall guide us to the fort" This he did at once

We followed, one by one, in Indian file, each placing his feet in Patrick's tracks, in such a manner as not to betray our advance on the fort, and march along in a sort of pathway between two ridges of snow, from twelve to fifteen feet high

Charlot went first behind Patrick, in order to identify the path he had already traversed. Montluc, his sword in one hand, his pistol in the other, followed Charlot, and I, Montluc. The rest kept in my wake It was in this order of battle that at the end of one hundred paces we arrived quite near Buffalo, who, wrapped in Patrick's heavy coat, was pacing slowly like a sentinel, keeping his ear alive on the side of the fort to what was going on there, and impatiently awaiting us. Just then we heard the roll of the drum.

"That is the signal to relieve guard," said Patrick, "and quit the fort to take exercise in the plain below"

"Attention!" cried Montluc, "Here comes the game Silence in the ranks If a single word is uttered I shall send a ball through the speaker's head"

And, my faith for it, he would have done so, for he does not understand pleasantry in moments of seriousness At the same time he took Patrick aside, put a few questions to him, seemed satisfied with the answers he got, signed to me to approach, and said in a low voice "Kildare, this is what you will have to do Listen attentively and don't lose a word All our lives depend on this . . You will put on the skin of an English sergeant"

I interrupted him, thinking he was slightly crazy or that he was making fun of me, but he was in perfect possession of all his senses and speaking seriously

"But we have no Englishman to flay," I exclaimed, "and if we had."

"You would not do it?" added Montluc, smiling, "and you would not be wrong What I call the skin of an Englishman is his hairy coat, or, if you prefer it, his bear-skin overcoat. Just, for example, like the one my friend Buffalo has only recently borrowed

from my other friend Patrick You will possess yourself, accordingly, of the skin of an English sergeant I shall provide the Englishman and the skin You will charge yourself with the task of putting it on, and enter the fort with Patrick, who will act as guide as soon as the garrison shall have come out You will both proceed to the guard-room where the poor fellows who stay in are forced, on account of the cold, to crowd around the fire, take hold of the guns that must be hanging on the rack, shoot down whoever attempts to prevent you, keep the loaded pieces, with the priming in order, and await my arrival to support you "

"But I shall be recognized at the first glance "

"You will not," said Montluc, for I shall give you a sergeant's big overcoat These Fitzgeralds, they always fancy that one can see written on the tips of their noses that they are Earls of Kildare! Go to my lord go to—when you shall be recognized it will be too late for that recognition to profit the enemy "

Then, with a gesture enjoining silence on all, he glided toward Buffalo with his friend *Pied-de-Cerf* and made me a sign not to breathe a word of his instructions to any one At the same moment I heard the hard snow crackle under the measured tread of the soldier I moved my head forward and saw a sergeant and a private come out of the fort and advance toward Buffalo who was pretending to be walking to and fro, but who kept watching from one corner of his eye Frankly speaking, my heart was beating a little, for these two doomed soldiers must be not only killed, but killed noiselessly The least outcry would have roused the fort and ruined our game I understood then why Montluc had been unwilling to entrust this task to any of us "

' The path followed by the sergeant and the relief-guard took a sharp turn to the right, where, from the depth of the snow, it was impossible for them to see the danger that lay in their way All at once I saw Montluc stretch out his arms, and with two iron palms, seize the sergeant around the neck and bring him to the ground without giving him time to speak Pied-de-Cerf, on his side, had a little more trouble, but the sight of the bayoneted-gun which Buffalo placed near his throat before he had time to make a defense reduced the soldier to silence.

"'Now,' said Montluc, to his two prisoners, 'off with your uniforms and bearskins Let you, Kildare, put on the sergeant's uniform, and Patrick will put on the private's, for we must respect order, and go together to the guard-room like a good sergeant and a good private who have just come on relief Patrick will point the way and you will do what I have said Above all let there be no undue haste Wait until the garrison shall have left the fort for their exercise '"

Just then a second roll of the drum was heard "

That means,' said Patrick, ' that Colonel Boz Karentbock is passing down the lines, and examining if the uniforms are all buttoned according to ordinance 'Tis the most important part of the day's service It will last at least half an hour

And after inspection,' inquired Montluc, what comes next?'

' At the third roll of the drum,' said Patrick, 'the whole garrison begins to move out of the fort, except the fifty men in the guard-room, and the Colonel goes to his room to drink, smoke, and play cards with his lieutenant '

' There was a long silence We awaited impatiently the third roll of the drum At length a ra-ta-ta was heard, somewhat muffled by the snow, and we could hear the regular tread of the soldiers as they marched in silent rows before falling into line in the plain It was the decisive moment They passed within thirty feet without seeing us, for a bulwark of snow completely hid us from view, and it was fortunate for them and us They were ten times more numerous than we, and if we joined battle we should have perished without doubt but not without a deadly struggle "

"When they had got about five hundred paces away Patrick and I assumed the role of advance guard, entering with the air of good fellows, the guard-house, which was at the entrance of the fort, under a wooden covering Patrick, who knew every nook and corner of the room, went first As he was known by his comrades he showed his face I followed him closely, taking care to show only my profile, and the sergeant's bear-skin coat almost entirely concealed my figure The men who were guarding the post were all seated or stretched and symmetrically arranged near the great fire-place, where an old oak was blazing, trunk and branches together The soldiers that were reclining on a pile of planks, were sleeping or yawning or trying to sleep Those who were seated were playing cards and drinking, for what can a man do at Hudson Bay if he does not play cards and has a parched throat? One of the players, an Irishman, saw Patrick and said to him—"You've been fortunate, Paddy "

"HALT, COMRADE!"

Patrick turned about with an air of indifference

"How fortunate, Jemmy?"

"Not to be in the ranks when old Boz Karentbock was inspecting the ranks"

"Why?" asked Patrick, approaching the gun-rack where the muskets were hung, while I was executing the same little manœuver.

"Oh!" replied Jemmy, "the old fellow was in a murderous humor to-day He distributed, right and left, more than five hundred cuffs And if you had been there you should have had your share"

"Ah!" said Patrick, looking at me to see if it was time to throw off the mask, "then you got it in my absence, you glutton!"

Everyone burst out laughing Mean-

while Patrick and I had got to the two extremities of the gun-rack, and no one could come near it without our consent I looked to the door, to see if Montluc was at hand. I had left it half opened, so that a cold breeze was coming in.

"Come, Patrick," cried one of the soldiers, "it is freezing in here, go shut the door"

'Close it yourself, if you want to," said Patrick, "Am I your servant?"

The soldier arose, grumbling at Patrick's ill-nature All of a sudden, as he was shooting the bolt of the door, Montluc appeared, pistol in one hand and sword in the other, and cried out, "Halt! Comrade"

These two words '"Halt comrade!"—continued Lord Kildare—spoken in French, and in a loud commanding voice, had an extraordinary effect upon the whole guard. There was astonishment, fright and almost admiration among the soldiers

Montluc dropped the bearskin he wore, and presented himself just as you now see him, in his fine Louis XIII. costume, with its silver lace and gold buttons, magnificent as a prince, yet terrible and imposing as a lion.

The soldier in his fright shouted "To arms! the enemy!" At once all the others rushed forward to get their guns, but I administered such a blow with my sword to the first that he fell sprawling on the floor, and the others were discouraged by the fate of their comrade As for Patrick, he was satisfied with drawing his bayonet without firing Montluc, who was closely followed by his men, said to Pied-de-Cerf "Kill any one that moves, but don't use firearms, lest you be heard by the men on the plain. Don't fire till everything else fails." This order, which was so wise, was obeyed as well as it could be Unfortunately, twelve or fifteen of their soldiers were old Germans, used to surprises and sudden defences, they seized the wooden benches they had been sitting upon and offered battle. Two of our men were killed, a Frenchman and an Algonquin. Then Montluc showed no further consideration. He said to the soldiers who remained "I brought you peace You have desired war So much the worse! let all those who wish to surrender lie down and not stir The rest shall be put to death." Only seven refused to obey Two of the bravest of these picked up a hatchet and a gun which had fallen in the scuffle, and tried to spring upon him He shot down one of them, and run the other through with his sword. At the same time the other five, who made a stout fight for their lives, were slain. All those who had obeyed the order of Montluc were spared, and left together in a corner, their feet and hands bound.

Unfortunately poor Patrick suffered the penalty of his courage and loyalty to Kildare One of the soldiers who had surrendered, and was lying on the ground, glided on his hands and feet behind him, and stabbed him with a poniard while poor Patrick was disposed to fight like a brave man

"Traitor!" cried the soldier, as he plunged his knife into the poor fellow's side

I was greatly afflicted at the loss, the fellow was brave and a good hitter, I could see it that day Had he lived he would have rendered great services to our dear country

While I was receiving the last sigh of poor Patrick. Montluc was having the gates of the fort closed. He placed four sentinels in the guard-room with instructions to kill instantly the first prisoner who should make any disturbance or cry out loud. He took possession of the powder magazine and fortifications, which were scarcely guarded at all on account of the cold and the distance it was believed the French were from the fort, and without noise (for the wonderful part of the whole undertaking was, that thanks to his precautions, except four or five shots which could not be avoided in the guard-room, everything was done with the hatchet, the sword or the bayonet), became absolute master of the whole place I must add that the snow deadened all noises, and the savages, except on rare occasions, when they bark like wolves, are by habit the most silent of men. As to the soldiers of Colonel Bozkarentbock, they would doubtless have made an outcry but for the certainty that at the first sound they would be shot down Montluc le Rouge was too well known in Canada and all the English Colonies to have his word doubted. Accordingly he was obeyed, and he said to me

"Friend Kildare, to finish our work, we have but one thing more to do, that is to take Colonel Bozkarentbock prisoner"

I volunteered on the spot

Montluc rejoined with a smile "If that were all, I should let you do it and afford you all the pleasure of the enterprise But the essential thing is to work without noise, for we have but gone through the first stage of the business, and if the soldiers who are outside and the marines on the man-of-war should assault us all together, our expedition would wind up worse than it has begun. . Remain here then, keep the gate closed, maintain discipline, prevent my good Algonquins from scalping the prisoners or pillaging, for I perceive they are burning with impatience for

this double enjoyment But I am off to Colonel Bozkarentbock."

He went up, followed by two men, into the Colonel's room, entered without knocking, and found this brave superior officer engaged at a game of *ecarté* with his lieutenant The room was spacious, but badly furnished, containing only an oak bedstead, a table and a few plain rustic chairs

At the noise of the door opening, the Colonel, who had just lost in the game, and was therefore in a testy humor, cried out in a brusk tone of voice "Who's there? What do you want?" At the same moment Montluc entered, followed by his two Canadians, and said to him "Colonel Bozkarentbock, in the name of the King of France, surrender your sword" And he advanced to receive it

But Bozkarentbock no longer exhibited any hesitation, he was an old soldier, a German it is true, but a courageous man and a fighter for thirty years in Europe and America He arose, pushed aside his chair with his foot, took down two loaded pistols which were hung over his head like a pair of antlers, armed himself promptly with them, pointed them at Montluc and his companions, crying out "Reitenfels! attention! Help!" Poor Reitenfels would have been very glad to render him assistance, but he was fat, rather clumsy in his movements, and did not have time even to unsheath his sword

But the affair was already over Montluc, who had his sword in hand, observing the Colonel grasping his pistols, saw that he would have to cut off his head at once, so the very instant the Colonel raised his pistol to take aim, Montluc ran his sword through his heart, killing him outright The poor German fell, letting his arms drop out of his stiffening fingers

By a singular chance one of the pistols, the one aimed at Montluc, which might have killed him, hung fire altogether so as to be perfectly useless The other, on the contrary, on falling to the earth, went off without being aimed at any one, and struck Reitenfels' foot just at the very moment he was making ready to help his chief He raised his leg, cursing

"Awkward simpleton," he shouted, "he aims at you and he hits me!"

Then Montluc, who is the most serious gentleman you can find in Europe or America, observed gravely to him "Excuse the poor dead man, monsieur He did not do it intentionally, and has been punished enough for his want of skill" Then turning to the two Canadians who had accompanied him "Take away Colonel Bozkarentbock and put him with the rest of the dead, after having first shown the remains to the prisoners, so that they may fully know they cannot count on him any more As for you, Reitenfels, surrender your sword" And Reitenfels obeyed and was in no wise obstreperous, for he well knew that he was at the mercy of one stronger than himself

The fort was taken but the undertaking was not yet complete Far from it, indeed! There was the English frigate, the *Valorous*, a ship of fifty great guns, with two hundred and fifty picked marines on board, and under the command of Captain John Smith, a genuine sea-dog who had ten times over given proof of his ability and courage

The morsel was hard to bray, enormous to swallow, and fearful to digest, but, as Father Fleury says, Montluc le Rouge, aye, this fine gentleman with the smiling face whom you see there, Monsieur le Rouge would grind, swallow and digest iron and bronze!

He chose twenty of his followers, half of them French, half our allies, the Algonquins picked them out one by one, and when they were ready to set forth said to me "Kildare, to you I confide the care of the fort "

I interrupted him I wanted to follow him and share his perils, but he said to me in a low voice

"If we both went together, the Algonquins whom I leave with you, no longer having any one to restrain them, would amuse themselves by scalping our prisoners, which would be dishonorable in the first place, and furthermore might stir up contention between them and my good Canadians Blood would flow, the English who are outside would reap the profit of the disorder, and occupy the fort once more Remain here"

But how will you with twenty men attack a frigate manned by a crew of ten times your number, and equipped with artillery to boot

"I shall tell you," he replied, smiling, "on my return, that is, if I should ever return Au revoir"

---

## CHAPTER X

WHEREIN IT IS SEEN THAT SPLEEN IS A DANGEROUS ENEMY

Montluc having chosen twenty men, made them put on the red coats and furred coats of the English soldiers, attired himself similarly ordered the gate to be opened, and gave the word to march The little band marched toward the frigate *Valorous*, which was gently dozing on the sea like a child in its cradle held firmly in its place at first by its anchors.

THE DEATH OF THE COLONEL

but later on by the ice which clung to its sides

What took place afterwards I did not see, the fort, from which I looked, being five or six hundred feet distant from the frigate, but I heard all the details from Charlot and Buffalo But let me explain to you in the first place how things went aboard the English ship You will thereby the better understand what follows

The luckless vessel had been ice-bound for five months and the entire crew were wearied to death Their only distraction was eating salt beef, salt pork salt mutton and salt seal Everything that they ate was salty, except the herring, and that was smoked, When one

eats food that is always salty, and too salty, and is reduced to eating spoiled victuals at every meal, then every man reveals his true disposition Some catch the spleen, others the scurvy

Spleen, or, if you like the word better, hypochondria—Father—is a malady of the soul, scurvy, a disease of the body That is the difference But they have a terrible resemblance, both put you in the same box So the *savants*, and especially Father Fleury, set almost the same estimate upom them

They the crew of the *Valorous*, were afflicted by symptoms of the two maladies, and were likely to melt away in this land of snow like a lump of sugar in a glass of water Five sailors died of the scurvy in the first month some of half spleen half scurvy, at the end of the second month twelve others, at the end of the third month matters were growing worse, as you see, every day

Old John Smith, who loved his men, and was in turn loved by them, became sadder and sadder He felt that discipline was growing lax, and yet dared not be too rigorous lest he might drive his men to despair At last, to amuse and at the same time afford them exercise, he permitted them to hunt the seal and the bear, gave two or three holidays at a time to the officers—a permission that seemed unaccompanied by any danger, this was so remote from any of the French colonies, even himself, he now and then rambled about, entrusting his command sometimes to his lieutenant, and sometimes to a mere midshipman

From Father Fleury and the Algonquins, Montluc le Rouge ascertained all these details before leaving home, 'twas this information which had furnished his father and himself with the idea of an expedition so venturesome yet so glorious, and in the event of success, so beneficial, for all the provisions and supplies of the English in food, arms, costly merchandise and furs were stored in Fort Hudson To seize the fort by strategy was to ruin for a year all their enterprises in that immense country that lies to the north of Canada.

In all the amusements which old John Smith had been obliged to accord his crew for their distraction and enlivenment but one was wanting—and that was boxing This was the reason for the omission John Smith was a zealous puritan of the strait-laced school of the Scottish Cameronians, who believe that it is unlawful to enjoy the smallest pleasure in this world, unless it is of the strictest and gloomiest kind Dancing, boxing, breaking heads and noses or contributing thereto in any manner, were joys too delightful for old John Smith to permit to his crew Hunting and fishing—well and good. And still so great was the passion for this sport that the poor sailors of the *Valorous* were obliged to box in secret, in obscure corners, like sweet-toothed little girls who particularly prey on sweetmeats and jam-pots Montluc was aware of this, and calculated upon it as an element of his enterprise

He also knew that John Smith, rigid and severe as he was, was not at the same time adverse to hunting the white bear On the contrary, he was passionately fond of that pastime, and just a little distance from the fort and the frigate, not more than thirty or forty leagues, he had been informed that he should find a discreet place, a perfectly exquisite little retreat, where thirty families of white bears had taken up their quarters There, at least, one would not run the danger of starving

Upon this report, furnished by an Esquimeaux, whom Father Fleury had converted to the Catholic faith, Captain John Smith set out in all haste with his entire staff, save the young midshipman, scarcely eighteen years old, who was left to take charge of the ship and was angry at not being able to accompany the others on the chase While he was chafing with vexation and from the top of the frigate aimlessly regarding the horizon (except the fort nothing was to be seen but a great illimitable stretch of plain, covered all over with snow and ice) Montluc debouched slowly with his little band of followers, with no visible arms, their pistols and swords being concealed by their cloaks, and halted at thirty feet from the frigate

---

## CHAPTER X —(*Continued*)

### HOW A BOXING MATCH MAY BE USED TO CAPTURE A MAN-OF-WAR

THE astonished midshipman, Kildare, went on and asked himself what the red-coats were doing there on his grounds I say *his grounds*, although, in point of fact, it was rather his ice, for Montluc was five hundred feet from the shore, you could not distinguish land and sea, both being frozen He looked through his telescope at the newcomers, recognized none of them, but observed that they had come to a halt, that half a dozen of the party had taken off their bear-skins, and that two of the number were undressing themselves

The midshipman was surprised

A boatswain who was a little behind him, at a respectable distance, as in duty bound,

but who was watching the proceedings just as attentively as his superior officer, was as much surprised as his companion

As the midshipman turned round toward the boatswain, the latter must have thought that it was an invitation to converse with his chief, and exclaimed "There's fun!"

"Johnny," rejoined the officer, "it looks to me as if they were getting ready for a boxing match. What do you think?"

"That is my idea," said the boatswain.

Just then the two Canadians, who had divested themselves of their vests, made a movement as if to take off their shirts and dispense with everything but their trowsers and boots.

"Decidedly," said the midshipman, "these fellows are going to enjoy themselves more than we do."

"I think so too, sir," said the boatswain, heaving a deep sigh. "But if you would only allow!—"

"What?"

"We might have a little boxing match aboard, while the Captain is away."

"Oh!" the midshipman indignantly exclaimed, "and the instructions, Johnny! You know your duty."

"Yes, sir," replied the abashed boatswain.

"You take command of the vessel, then," said the middy, "for I am going down to see this match."

And with that he spoke through his speaking trumpet to the Canadians:

"Hallo, friends! Wait a moment."

Montluc was gravely reading from a paper the conditions of the match.

He turned aside his head, began to laugh and remarked to his men: "Attention! the gudgeon has taken the bait!"

At the same time he made a sign to suspend the preparations for the match, and with a deferential air awaited the arrival on the scene of the midshipman who, in order that he might reach the place the sooner, and not lose the sport had cleared the bulwarks of the frigate and rushed on headlong like a race horse in his course.

Montluc held out his hand to the midshipman who clasped it cordially, and remarked—

"From what I can see, lieutenant" (Montluc had assumed a lieutenant's uniform) "yourself and your men are having a holiday!"

"As you say," replied Montluc in good English, "and you, sir?"

"Oh! as to us," said the middy, with a sad expression of face, "we are doing penance."

"For Captain Smith's sins to all appearances?" added Montluc with a smile.

"Just as you say, lieutenant for his sins. The worst of it is, that old Smith is most zealous to convert us, while he denies himself no kind of pleasure . . . Would you believe that at this very moment he is off bear-hunting, and has left me alone with thirty-three men to watch the *Valorous*. But it seems that you are more fortunate, and that old Bozkarentbock does not keep you under such restraint?"

"Indeed," said Montluc, "the Colonel puts no restraint on his men."

"And he is not trying to convert you?"

"No, indeed, he never again will convert any one," Montluc replied, gravely.

The midshipman, who knew nothing about what had taken place in the fort, was not astonished at this reply. Montluc was purposely protracting the conversation awaiting some further development.

Meanwhile this was what was happening on board the *Valorous*. Seeing his superior officer descend from the ship, the boatswain thought of following his example and witnessing the fight. Accordingly he, in his turn, had come down. The soldiers had followed the boatswain, and even the watch on guard himself, laying aside his musket and attracted by the general curiosity, had hurried along, hiding behind all the others. At the same moment, Charlot and Buffalo, gliding along behind the snow-heaps, boarded the *Valorous*, set fire to the Captain's berth, the berths of the officers, the quarter-deck, and a barrel of whiskey which they rolled up against the powder-magazine, and sliding with all speed down a rope which hung down the hull of the frigate, retraced their steps to the place where Montluc was, just as the two Canadians were posturing for the combat.

"Fire! fire!" cried Charlot.

At this cry the midshipman turned round and beheld a dense smoke issuing from the frigate. This time he forgot the boxing and boxers, looked around him, recognized his crew who had followed him, and full of alarm rushed toward the vessel commanding his men to follow. At the same time Montluc made a sign to his men to dress as speedily as possible and betake themselves to the fort.

I saw them returning at full speed, while the English soldiers were running in the opposite direction toward the frigate, and I could scarcely comprehend this double and unique movement of the two leaders. But all at once a huge flame leaped from the frigate midships and was almost instantly followed by a terrible explosion. The *Valorous* had been—but it was no more. Two or three sailors, who were quicker than the others to reach their ports, were blown up at the same time. The

THE GROUP ON THE ICE

rest, with the midshipman, were only splashed all over with muddy water

## CHAPTER XI

### THE PROLOGUE OF THE THIRD ACT

I had caused the gate of the fort to be thrown open, and Monluc Rouge and his men came tumbling in panting and out of breath, but full of rejoicing We hastened to re-lock, barricade and load the cannons

Montluc's first word was The piece consists of three acts The first and second have been completely successful Now, for the third Beware of the assault ' We no longer have to make the attack, but to withstand it "

He distributed among his men a double allowance of salt beef and ham, of which there was abundant supply in the storehouse of the fort a double allowance of beer and whiskey,

put all his prisoners in a sort of cell or dungeon —dark, but not unwholesome—so that we might not have to fear an enemy inside as well as outside, and issued the order that no one, under pain of death, should leave his post

Having taken these precautions he awaited the English with the same serenity and gaiety of manner with which he would receive the visit of a friend or relative Accordingly, we were all on our guard, full of confidence in our success, when suddenly the roll of the drum was heard at a short distance

There's the enemy," exclaimed Montluc

The garrison of the fort scattered over the plain at their exercise, formed into line at once upon hearing the explosion of the *Valorous* An officer had run on to ascertain the cause of the disaster, and the others were hurrying forward their men in all parts to the fort, not knowing what danger could be menacing them

The officer who had gone to ascertain about the frigate, returned almost immediately He had met the crew all terror-stricken at the mysterious disaster, and the midshipman who was tearing his hair in despair At this news the soldiers altered their course, and under officers' commands went to bear succor to the marines of the *Valorous* But there was nothing for them to do Everything was scattered about, demolished into little pieces

When the two branches of the service had came together, the major, who had been directing the manœuvers of the regiment, demanded of the midshipman

' How did this disaster occur, Jones ?"

Can any one tell ?" replied the midshipman Does any one ever know how these things occur? 'Tis the devil that is intermeddling with our affairs "

' Then you were not aboard the frigate since you saw nothing ?" rejoined the Major, who was an old soldier, and not without great presence of mind

"What business of yours is it, Major," sharply replied Jones, much embarrassed, "to know where I was, you are not my superior officer Am I obliged to render an account of my actions to a land officer ?"

' Jones," cried the captain, "if you won't answer the questions of an officer of the land forces (and I believe it would be neither just nor expedient), perhaps you will answer mine."

"I am ready, Captain," modestly replied the unlucky midshipman

"Jones," continued Smith, "who is the gentleman to whom I entrusted the command of the *Valorous* during my absence ?"

"I am the person, Captain "

"Jones, what is the principal duty of a gentleman in the commission of his Majesty, and delegated by his superior to guard a fort in time of war ?" And as Jones bowed his head and remained silent—"Should it not be," continued Smith, "to guard that fort night and day ?" Jones did not budge "If this is so," continued the Captain, "does not the gentleman who has failed in duty expose himself to the punishment of high treason ?"

"Captain," said Jones, raising his head at this accusation, ' I was absent, it is true, but others besides me, of higher grade in the service, were absent also I am not the only gentleman in his Majesty's service who has taken leave "

This was such a home thrust that Captain Smith, whose conscience was not at ease, any more than the rest of the officers of the frigate hastened to interrupt Jones, saying "My lad, 'tis a generous matter, every one has his faults, and each must repair his own as well as he can But, upon my soul, there never was a more terrible or unforseen calamity Where were you during the burning ?"

"Alas, Captain," answered Jones modestly, "I had left the ship to look on at a most magnificent boxing match between two hearty fellows "

"A boxing match !" cried Smith, "well I knew that boxing was and will be a temptation of Belzebub " But, then, you know at least—he said after a moment's reflection—"who won the match ?"

"I do not know," replied Jones The fighters, the seconds and some soldiers who accompanied them, vanished when we cried out "Fire !"

"'Tis strange," said the Major, ' no one spoke of boxing this morning Well, we shall doubtless find them in the fort Come with us, Captain, you and your brave marines, our soldiers will make room for them at the fire and the candle light while forming some resolution, you need have no fear about either your men or yourself, Captain Smith We have two years' provisions in the fort And, meanwhile, I shall order a breakfast that will serve as a dinner "

John Smith thanked him with feeling

"Should we not," replied the Major, "treat our friends in this way? Would not you do the same for me if I were in the same unfortunate circumstances !"

"I should try to do even more if it were in my power," rejoined Smith, but that will not prevent us from fully appreciating all your kindness

"By the way " added Major Steingold,

"the blowing up of the frigate must have carried off your clothes and money"

"Everything, even my three changes of wigs," said Smith "Oh, the devil does many a thing when his hand is once in"

And thus the two officers were philosophizing as they approached the fort (You will presently know how I have been able to repeat even to the least detail of their conversation) The last words of Steingold were these "I promise you a bowl of turtle soup that you will lick your fingers after My head cook is a marvel at turtle soup"

Then he raised his eyes suddenly to the entrance of the fort, and saw floating in the breeze the white flag with the *Fleur de lyse* If ever man was amazed, it was the Major

'My God!" he cried, "what flag is that?"

Then Montluc, who from the height of the ramparts, was surveying the plain, began to speak and politely answered

"Major,' 'tis the flag of his Majesty the King of France and mine Salute it!'

---

## CHAPTER X —(*Conclusion*)

### ONE AGAINST A THOUSAND

LORD KILDARE, with a smile, continued his narrative, which filled me with the liveliest interest

"The amazement of Major Steingold," said he, "soon gave way to fury"

"'Surrender, rascals!' he shouted, 'or I will put you to the sword!'"

"'Major,' replied Montluc, 'an English gentleman should always be polite'"

"'I don't want to be polite,' rejoined the Major, 'I am no Englishman I am Major Steingold, a gentleman of Westphalia Surrender the fort, or I will have you hanged!'"

"'Be off,' said Montluc, 'or I will give you a dose of grapeshot, and if I take you alive, I shall employ you to black my boots'"

"At this time he directed six guns to be so placed that they might cover the soldiers and marines who were in the rear of Steingold and John Smith. But the latter, who had a cooler head than Steingold, and, besides, was not involved in any dispute with Montluc, raised his hand as if to intimate that he wished to ask a queston

"'Sir?'"

"'I am Montluc le Rouge, eldest son of Baron Hannibal of Montluc'"

"At these words Steingold seemed to be confounded. The name of Montluc le Rouge was so dreaded in all North America, that he saw all his soldiers shudder, and old John Smith frowned uneasily. For all that he continued to speak"

"'It is you, then, Monsieur Montluc, who have just burned my frigate?'"

"'So it seems'"

"'And you have taken the fort?'"

"'As you see'"

"'What has become of Colonel Bozkarentbock?'"

"'He is dead.'"

"'And Lieutenant-Colonel Reitenfels?'"

"'He has a ball in the heel Otherwise he is well, and presents you his compliments'"

"'What have you done with the garrison?'"

"'Killed twelve of them, and wounded twenty-four There are seventeen others who are my prisoners The wounded and the prisoners are as well treated as the place and the means at hand will permit As to the dead, if you wish to bury them with military honors, I am ready to deliver their remains to you'"

"'And in order to burn the frigate and take the fort,' asked John Smith, with a heavy sigh, 'how many men did you have?'"

"'How does that concern you, Captain Smith?' Montluc asked. 'Does a bold English mariner count his enemies? We may be four we may be forty, perhaps we number four hundred, perhaps four thousand, or forty thousand Who will ever know our numbers excepting yourself, if you make an attack?'"

"John Smith took Steingold aside and conferred with him"

"'By the way,' said Montluc, 'let me give you some advice, Captain Smith'"

"'Advice to me,' said the Englishman, haughtily, drawing himself up to his full height"

"'Yes, to you, Captain You have not had breakfast, is not that so?'"

"'Montluc le Rouge,' said the Captain, 'we have provisions for six months, and if you do not deliver up the place gracefully, we shall proceed with the assault'"

'You are wrong,' retorted Montluc 'You have but one way to get your breakfast, that is, to give up your arms, pile them in a heap thirty paces hence, where I shall cause them to be taken, and obey me in everything, for, by my honor, except some deer, which are better runners than you, there is not within two hundred leagues in circumference a pound of meat or bread I don't speak, to be sure, of the provisions in the fort, which are immense, as I have just assured my eyes Surrender your arms, if you don't chose to die of hunger'"

"Steingold began to blaspheme To surrender or die of hunger! For what did they take him? for some poor peasant? Yet, his

principal grief was the idea of losing his breakfast John Smith, a practical kind of fellow, neither swore nor blasphemed He took a clear, dispassionate view of the situation, and he said, "Comrades, we are all unfortunate, and I have lost my frigate, you have lost your fortress out and out!"

"I have lost it!" exclaimed the German 'Not I,—I did not suffer the fort to be captured, but Colonel Bozkarentbock——'"

"'Just exactly my case,' said Smith, bursting into a laugh 'I did not allow the *Valorous* to be burned up, but Jones did In your case, it is your superior who was guilty of folly, in mine, my inferior It comes to the same after all, Steingold'"

"'Then why talk to me about it?' demanded the still furious Westphalian"

"'To tell you, dear friend, that, not having bread, wine, beer, vegetables, nor even water fit to drink—for the only well here is in the fort—we must make a desperate assault on the enemy, or perish, or, on the other hand, surrender unconditionally, for there is no other means of procuring our breakfast in this life'"

"'Well, let us storm the fort Have you any ladders?'"

"'I have not,' answered Smith, 'but my brave sailors will make them presently out of the debris of the *Valorous*, and you will see what they can do, Steingold'"

"'I can do better than that' remarked the cunning Westphalian, you shall see, Smith'"

"At the same time he went from rank to rank and gave secret instructions We beheld the German soldiers little by little approaching the drawbridge They must have calculated upon rushing headlong across it, before we should have time to raise it, breaking open with the butts of their muskets the gate and retaking the fort by a surprise As they were just springing on the drawbridge Montluc, who seemingly indifferent, was still all on the alert, cried out 'Fire'"

"Six pieces, charged to the muzzle and levelled at the same point, went off in one boom It was like a heap of heads and legs all round Thirty or forty men fell at once The others took flight and did not halt until they were five hundred paces from the fort, quite near the relics of the frigate where the marines, headed by John Smith, already preceeded them This time the two commanders halted to consult, and this was their conversation as I heard it related since then

'Major,' said John Smith to Steingold, 'you are a brave man Your idea would have been a good one if it had succeeded, but——'"

"'What shall we do?' inquired Steingold, for we are not here for reproaches'"

"'Attention!' replied Smith, at the same time turning to his men 'My lads,' he said, 'we have no luck to-day, and old England will not be pleased with us when she learns we have allowed the *Valorous* to be burned But let us say no more about this mishap Let us try to repair it, if we can Stick up all the hatchets and cordage you can find among the remains of the *Valorous* and construct horn-ladders as speedily as you can for if we loiter twenty-four hours, with the cold of this land and the coming snow, hunger will prove unendurable There are no provisions except in the fort We must re-take it if we want to get anything to eat'"

"At this terrible announcement every one set to work From the summit of the ranparts we could observe these brave lads digging with a will, picking up hatchets here and there, pulling in a heap all the boards they could find, splitting, sawing, and boring holes

"Montluc took me aside and said 'Kildare, I may be slain' And as I was exclaiming, 'Every one else may be slain,' he continued

"'In such event, you shall assume the command Meanwhile you shall take charge of the Smith side of our fortress I guess that Steingold, who is a devil, will desire to attack us in the rear, and that John Smith, quite the contrary, will face us with his sailors They will undoubtedly make the assault from two opposite quarters, and I should like to find myself face to face with John Smith, who is a brave man and has won a reputation'"

"'Then you leave Steingold to me because he is inferior game?'"

"'What would you have Kildare,' replied Montluc, with a smile, 'I am Commander-in-Chief, and naturally I chose the best morsels for myself Go, to! You shall have your turn Besides, you would be wrong to complain Steingold is a brute, 'tis true, but a brave brute, or, speaking more accurately, he is an ill-bred gentleman, as you can see' He broke off abruptly, looked at the enemy, and lending me his glass, observed 'What did I predict? Look this way at John Smith, who is approaching stealthily under cover of the snow-ridges, but face front, nevertheless, like a brave, solid English marine, who has no doubt of the hardness of his fists and the weight of his hatchet Look at these men carrying along beams, ladders, hammers and ropes, and in the advance rank the men who were hunting the white bear, and have not

"COME, BOYS, BE QUICK, CLIMB AHEAD!"

eaten a morsel in five days Look! notice their long, sharp, biting teeth! By Jupiter's locks! they are gallant fellows!"

"And, as I pointed out another band more numerous, which was making a detour to the left, and pursuing the bye-paths, creeping along, so as not to be seen—

"'These fellows,' said Montluc, 'are Steingold's command They will approach on your side of the fort Be it yours to make it hot for them Go and command your post!'

"'I am going with Lord Kildare, brother, exclaimed Charlot!"

"'Why? Stay with me Father will not be pleased if he learns you left my side!'"

"'With you,'—*naively* echoed the boy—"there is no glory to be won by any one but

you. With Lord Kildare there is a chance to have a share of fame, at least!' "

"I did not take his freedom in bad part, and held out my hand to him, saying

"'Charlot, I shall not leave you any more than your brother, you will see!' "

"Naturally, Buffalo followed his pupil, for they were never asunder.

"In five minutes the assault began each of us being at our post and quite ready to do our duty, the drum beat on the side the marines were advancing with Captain Smith at their head, and, by a very natural ruse, as the snow, which was fifteen feet where deep pathways had been formed, concealed them often from our view, they took advantage of this fact to beat the charge on one side, so as to bewilder us the best way they could, while their men, drawn up in good order, were moving on the other. But Montluc had foreseen it. What is there that he does not foresee? Accordingly, when he heard the drum beating on one side, he looked at the other, and saw all at once, at ten feet from the moat, thirty-five or forty guns covering him at the same time. He had barely time to lower himself behind the bulwarks A volley was poured along the whole line at once, the bullets whistled over his head, and rebounded thirty feet beyond the fort

"A prolonged hurrah followed upon this discharge As he was seen no more—the English believed him dead, and John Smith thinking we were all in despair at so terrible a misfortune, sprang toward the rampart, crying to his men "

"'Hurrah! my boys, you have just made a fine hit! Montluc le Rouge is dead! Hurrah! Forward! Place the ladders!' "

"Indeed, it seemed as if there was nothing more to be done than raise the ladders, and that no further resistance would be encountered. No one showed himself this side of the fort, and Montluc, still down and sheltered by the bulwarks, gave commands by signs "

"On the English side you could hear the ringing voice of John Smith "

"'Come, boys, be quick, climb ahead! Don't lose time reloading, use your boarding-hatchets and cutlasses '"

"At this moment poor Jones solicited the honor to lead the storming party, for he was eager to repair his fault and avenge the loss of the *Valorous*. Old Smith looked cross at him and said 'Master Jones, you are not worthy of this honor No—you are not worthy of t, but I shall not prevent you from getting killed in the service of their Majesties, King William and Mary, whom God defend! Go and do your best!' "

"The young midshipman did not wait for a repetition of the order He seized hold of the first ladder (there were five or six planted against the walls), sprang up the steps more nimbly than a squirrel, and was the first to place his foot upon the rampart with the cry 'Hurrah for old England!' But his joy was short-lived Montluc, who was watching and waiting for him, rose up suddenly, seized him by the throat with one hand, and with the other struck him with his sword and threw him fainting and almost dying into the interior of the fort "

"At the same time he gave this command 'Hurl the ladders into the moat' It was done on the spot, but as the ladders were long, sixty or eighty arms or thighs were broken in the fall, and the enthusiasm of the besiegers was cooled "

"Montluc, who had caused the great guns to be reloaded, then sent a heavy fire of grape-shot into the sailors of the *Valorous* It was a genuine massacre which did not last six seconds, but in which John Smith saw a fifth of his crew perish."

"Upon witnessing this first disaster, he caused a retreat to be beaten, or rather he sheltered his men behind the ridges of snow, formed by the paths which furrowed the plain In this asylum of retreat, whither no one desired to follow him, he execrated the deliberations of Steingold, who should have come to his assistance, yet suffered the brave warriors of the *Valorous* to perish, perhaps that he might reserve for himself the sole credit of victory "

---

## CHAPTER XII.

### A SPEEDY VICTORY—BARON STEINGOLD COMES DOWN A LITTLE FROM HIS LOFTY STATION

"At the same time, went on Kildare, or perhaps five minutes later, the combat commenced on my side Steingold, as Montluc had predicted, craftily sought to surprise me from the rear Cunning, like all the people of his country, this good Westphalian believed that no one could suspect his stratagem As he told me himself, later on, he wanted to make a cork-screw movement "

"There is, Father, a strong and a weak point with great captains When it succeeds it is their strong point, but when it fails, it is their weak point You are about to ascertain what success Steingold had that day."

"I must tell you in the first place, that Montluc's orders were not to fire until the enemy should reach the bank of the moat. The reason was that the result would be greater, all our shots being likely to tell at

that distance, while hidden behind the parapet, we should afford the enemy little chance of taking aim at us."

"At twenty feet from the moat, Major Steingold, brandishing his sword, cried to his men 'Forward! forward!' and was already standing aside to let them pass, when an accident compelled him to pause a moment, and delay the assault."

"The fort, on that side, had no door or window, the dwelling portion being closed from within, and without communication with the ramparts. Accordingly, he must either make a breach with his artillery (an impossibility, for Steingold had no cannon), or attempt the assault with ladders."

"But why should I protract the narrative of the battle, Father? You may well distrust it, seeing Montluc and myself in such good health and with such hearty appetites in your presbytery. In two words, I may say that we suffered six assaults the same day, that old John Smith was slain upon the rampart by Montluc himself, after having wounded him with a pomiard, that Steingold was neither slain nor wounded, but repulsed with his men, for we returned cannon balls and grape shot for their bullets, and that seeing their ammunition exhausted, night approaching and hunger preying on their vitals, they finished by capitulation."

"It is here you will appreciate the profound wisdom of my friend Montluc. When the envoy of the Major presented himself, for Steingold, by Captain Smith's death, had become chief of the two forces, Montluc would grant no other condition than this one: 'That the English and Germans should have their lives spared.'"

"Steingold swore and blasphemed according to his wont. (We could hear him from the fort.) Then night came as bright as it ordinarily is in Polar regions, but bitterly cold and fraught with the saddest reflections."

"The soldiers, having left the fort without knapsacks, for they thought in the morning of only going on parade, were shivering in their red coats. Mustered with the marines, they built with great difficulty, a wooden barrack, out of the wreck of the *Valorous*, but as the barrack was only three hundred feet from the fort, Montluc waited until the fire was lighted, and the soldiers and sailors seated or stretched all around, half-frozen, hungry, overcome by the misfortunes of the day, and disheartened at those which they foresaw for the morrow. . . When he was sure they wanted nothing more, officers and soldiers, than a little rest, he caused the artillery of the fort to play on the barrack. The first discharge swept away the frail shelter, killed four or five men, extinguished the fire, scattered the firebrands, and put the whole party to flight."

"As I was reproaching him for his severity, for, indeed, these unfortunate fellows were no longer to be feared, they asked only to sleep, he observed: 'Kildare, my dear friend, I applaud your generosity, it is good to be generous when one is brave, I would be generous if I had time for it.'"

"'How!' what do you mean? 'if you had time for it.'"

"I mean what I say. My father, when I was setting out from here, imparted to me secrets I must keep to myself. But know this, that the safety of Canada depends on a delay or a start of twenty-four hours. If we had not surprised the fort or taken it three days later, twenty savage tribes with whom we have treaties of alliance, would have gone over to the English, believing us ruined. We get nothing from France—neither reinforcements, ammunition, money. We can only hold out by the force of audacity. My father makes war on the English at his own expense. He sends the Canadian Governor, Frontenac, money which the king will never repay. He knows it, laughs at it, and says he likes it better that the King of France should be under an obligation to him, than that he should be beholden to the King of France. There's the situation, my dear Kildare. Steingold must surrender before the night closes, with all his men, so that I may be able to set out at ten o'clock to-morrow morning for Montluc Tower. My father is impatiently awaiting my return to take command of the Algonquin warriors, the Hurons, and all our western Canadians, who obey only him. In his absence, I watch Montluc Tower. If the tower was without a protector a single instant my mother, sister and Lucy would run very serious dangers. Understand now, Gerald, why I cannot be generous to-day. My generosity, my good Kildare, might cost the lives of all I love in this world."

"I agreed that he was right and that it was better to shoot the enemy than suffer the death of his father, mother or sister. As I made this avowal, we heard a single blast of the trumpet. It was Steingold's envoy come to open parley."

"The poor fellow was frost-bitten, his eyes moist, he was shivering in his overcoat, and his teeth were chattering. He was perishing of cold and hunger. Montluc himself took pity on him and gave him a glass of whiskey. The unfortunate man thanked him and appeared revived."

THE ENVOY

Speak now ' said Montluc "

" My Lord,' said the envoy, 'I have a scheme of treaty which Major Steingold commission me to propose to you ' "

' Let us see "

" These are Lord Steingold s conditions

" First "

" ' You need not go further,' said Montluc, ' does he surrender at discretion, the only condition being to spare life ?' "

Not quite . He would desire "

" Tell him then, I shall make no other conditions, and you may depart "

" But the ambassador did not budge He drew from his pockets full powers and a blank signed by Steingold "

" Montluc burst out laughing, and said to him 'My poor comrade, you do well to come to a decision at once, for upon my soul, you

would have to negotiate for thirty years, before obtaining from me anything other than your lives. . . . Write!'"

"He dictated and the envoy wrote and filled in the blank under his dictation"

"'Now,' added Montluc, after having signed, 'you want supper, don't you?'"

"'Oh, yes,' exclaimed the envoy, 'without that do you suppose—'"

"'You would have surrendered your arms? No, I do not believe you would Also, I thank God, the Blessed Virgin and Saint Louis, my patron, for the protection they have accorded us You, my friend, go to Steingold, tell him to withdraw his own men and the marines of the *Valorous* a distance of three hundred feet, without arms I am about to send food and clothing for your men, who must be in sore need of them Go!'"

"'Ah, Lord Montluc,' cried the envoy, 'you save our lives, for we are famishing of hunger and cold'"

'Then, without delay, the German regiment and the crew of the *Valorous* having laid aside their arms, and retired far enough, Montluc directed the guns, pistols and swords to be taken to the fort, and five barrels of salt seal, salt pork, salt beef, more than two thousand pounds of biscuit and five casks of beer to be distributed among the men, but he rfuseed to give whiskey 'Whiskey,' he remarked, 'would turn the heads of these poor fellows and stimulate them perhaps to try a new assault, which would be dangerous although they no longer have guns, we should be obliged to kill a hundred of them before making the others listen to reason, for number and despair can make up for all Besides, I have no time to write 'And now,' he added, 'the commissioned officers are about to repair to the fort and become hostages In the event of any soldier or non-commissioned officer disobeying my orders, I shall have him hanged without quarter, and if it is impossible to hang him, I shall have an officer hanged in his place'"

"'I sought to soften down these conditions," but he replied "

"My friend Kildare's generosity is out of place in this matter My prisoners are ten times more numerous than my men If I did not use a rod of iron, they would strangle us I don't desire to do them any harm, but between their life and that of my brave Canadians, I shall not hesitate, my choice is made Go to rest. To-morrow morning, at ten o'clock we shall leave this.'"

"'And you—will you not retire, too?'"

"'Yes, when you shall arise at five, to take my place As for the rest, I am at ease, Old Buffalo, who never sleeps but with one eye open and can hear the deer frisking about at thirty leagues away, is on the watch for all of us'"

"Thus we passed the night, friends and enemies Our men were lying down, but with their hands on their arms and sleeping, except four sentinels posted at the four corners of the fort The English and the Germans, less comfortable, but satisfied at having supped (for they were afraid they should never sup again), were sleeping, also, under a sort of barrack constructed from the *Valorous*, and lying close to one another in five thick rows around the fire"

"Luckily a heavy snow fell all night and prevented the north wind from attacking them—which would have frozen them alive The barrack was without partition or wall, but its roof, rather deftly constructed by the carpenter, and the sail of the *Valorous*, preserved them from the snow"

"It was a terrible night, and dragged along slowly, like all nights in the vicinity of the pole, where the sunlight even reflected by the sun, is scarcely brighter than that of a dark lantern Conquerors and conquered, we were all very ill at ease, except two, Montluc and Buffalo They had, no doubt, been made of peculiar metal by the Almighty and cast into a mould different from ordinary Christians

"About five o'clock as I was fast asleep, stretched near the fire-place beside the others, I was awakened by Montluc, who lightly touched my arm and notified me to take his place in a sort of sentry-box, placed on the rampart, from which you could command the whole plain For recreation, I had the right, wrapped in thick furs, to march double-quick as if charging an invisible enemy with the bayonet From time to time I rubbed my nose with snow for fear of getting frost-bitten"

"'Ah!' assuredly I was glad to have taken or assisted to take Fort Hudson, which, I dare say, is an achievement by the side of which those of Alexander and Cæsar would pale, but I could not help thinking of my old Fitzgerald in the beautiful county of Kildare, where an entire oak is thrown on the hearth to make a fire, and from the window of which the greenest and most fertile meadows in the whole world are seen But I had no choice."

"Moreover, God, who leads us whither He lists, and by the paths that please Him best, had doubtless resolved to conduct me to happiness by this, so that the snow, the frost the gun-shots and the forced marches were

"AH, I SHALL NEVER FORGET THAT AWFUL SCENE'"

only unusual means to give me this knowledge of paradise upon earth You shall see how"

"About nine in the morning, Montluc arose, had the drum beat, and our men stand under arms. He then said 'We are now about to divide the booty,'"

"At these words the eyes of our Canadians, Algonquin's or French sparkled with pleasure It is quite natural, for the King of France, for whom we were fighting, had rarely given any pay, and yet one must live, is not that true?"

"'Certainly,' I answered, "but in a country so wild and savage, where only ice can be seen, of what could the booty consist?'"

"'The Hudson-Bay Fort was filled with merchandise of great value, beaver and other skins, the finest and most valuable in two

hemispheres Our Canadians are savages, but they are not dolts, they knew well what they were doing in marching with Montluc to the conquest of the fort In victuals, ammunition, guns, every kind of arms, skins and hides, gold and silver coin, brandy whiskey and other commodities, there were about eight or ten millions of French livres' worth The single item of silver coin was quarter of this sum, for the store houses in the fort served as warehouse and treasury or, if you prefer, as bank for the great English Company trading with all the savages, when certain it is to be paid cash down in advance The great difficulty was to transport this precious booty To burthen ourselves with it was to place ourselves at the mercy of our prisoners, who, their hands once free, would not have failed to fall upon us To abandon or burn it was very hard, for our Algonquin braves and Canadian hunters had no other reward for their bravery "

"Montluc reflected At last a sudden thought flashed across his mind, and he summoned Baron, or Major Steingold, and Midshipman Jones, the only officers of the *Valorous* who had survived the last evening's assault "

"'Major,' said Montluc, "I desire to make a proposition '"

"'Ah! ah!" said the Westphalian, who thought he wanted him and wished to show his worth, 'let us hear that proposition, Baron Montluc '"

"'Will you enter my service?' said Montluc "

"The other was so astonished that he did not believe his ears, though they were naturally large enough, and shaped like window shutters "

"'My lord, I cannot have properly understood you, I have no doubt? It is impossible that ——'"

"'On the contrary, Major Steingold, it is so possible that it is true I propose to you to enter my service '"

"'Oh" cried Steingold, indignantly, "the service of the King of France, do you mean?'"

"'No, no, into my service, the service of Montuc le Rouge, here present '"

"'But the truth,' implored Steingold, 'what do you understand by entering your service, Baron?'"

"'Nothing more simple and easy, Major You will personally black my shoes every morning at sunrise, light the fire, make the soup, brush my clothes, my hat, my bearskin, and you shall be polite. devoted and respectful, like a good servant '"

"'Then,' exclaimed Steingold, 'you intend that my soldiers and myself are to e your domestics?' '

"'Yes, if you desire to eat and drink '"

"'Never" said Steingold."

"'As you please, Major '"

"The Westphalian was about to leave the fort when Montluc re-called him 'I forgot to tell you two things One, that your soldiers and yourself will carry our booty on your backs, the other, that you will receive wages for your work '"

"'Wages for me, Von Steingold of Westphalia!'"

"'Do you prefer not?' asked Montluc with his customary serenity At your pleasure, Major '"

"'Never' never! better die of hunger' said Steingold "

"He was crossing the drawbridge but after reflection, he turned back to the fort, and demanded 'What are those wages, Monsieur le Baron?'"

"'I shall give you,' said Montluc, 'half what you carry on your backs, plunder victuals and provisions '"

'To this answer Steingold did not make any rejoinder, except by closing the door with a savage air, and rejoining his men "

"Montluc looked at his watch and said 'It ten o'clock, Steingold is a punctual man and very methodical, he dines at twelve every day Mind me, Kildare, he will come here about a quarter to twelve '"

"He was mistaken by a good quarter of an hour, for Steingold arrived, as will be seen punctually, when it was only twenty-five minutes past eleven "

---

## CHAPTER XIII

WHICH DESCRIBES HOW THE LITTLE BAND OF HEROES RETURNED TO MONTLUC TOWER — STRANGE TIDINGS AND A STRANGE MESSENGER

Lord Kildare having paused a moment to empty a bumper of my old wine, went on with his story

"'As soon,' he continued, 'as Steingold had left, Montluc turned to the young midshipman and said '"

"'Your turn now, sir' 'You are the commanding officer of the *Valorous*?'"

"'Yes, sir,' replied Jones mournfully. 'All my superior officers were killed in the assault I am the only officer now. Ah, I shall never forget that awful scene, when I saw the frigate blown up through my carelessness!'"

"'Fortune is fickle,' said Montluc. 'You are young, the next time you will have your revenge. Meanwhile you must imitate Steingold and help to transport my booty home '"

"Never!" said Jones

"You too!" Well, as you please! I shall force no one Liberty, *libertas!* But if you die of hunger, it will be your own fault However, observe this, Jones, I am offering you more honorable terms than to the insolent Steingold. You should not have to black my boots, you Well, it is true that you did not threaten to hang me"

"'My Lord,' said Jones, 'my comrades, the gallant marines of the *Valorous* and your humble servant are not beasts of burden We prefer to remain alone and without resources in this frozen desert than submit to your dishonorable conditions'"

"'You are right, Jones,' said Montluc after a moments thought, 'you speak like a man of honor, but you quite embarrass me To leave you here is out of all question, it would be to bury you alive, for I propose to blow up the fort and burn up everything I shall not take away To give you provisions would be to furnish you the means to rebuild the fort, and that would make my expedition useless . By my faith! I will set you free, I shall give you three hatchets to cut wood for a fire, and the bear, elk and coyote for your subsistence After that, let God take care of you I wish you no harm, but you are really too headstrong'"

"The young midshipman thanked him cordially, received two days' rations for himself and his men, about seventy, all told, and set out in the direction of Lake Superior, for the illimitable West The marines of the *Valorous*, having been supplied with only two days' provisions, probably perished of hunger and cold before the end of the week Anyhow, Montluc heard no more about them As to Steingold's bold Germans, they did not need pressing They carried on their shoulders goods and commodities of all kinds, gold and whiskey being reserved for the Canadians and Algonquins, and slowly bent their laborious march to Montluc Tower and Lake Erie"

"But before leaving we blew up the fort with all it contained and whatever we could not take with us, all the artillery was buried in Hudson Bay in a spot over three thousand feet deep, indeed, Montluc had taken all possible precautions to obliterate every trace or mark of cinders or unsightly *debris*, so that the English could never ascertain the site of their ancient strong-hold."

"And now, father, I approach the sweetest and solemnest period of my life But let me tell you in the first place why I am detailing to you our history and adventures, as if you were a friend of a hundred years, and our confessor."

"Last night before going to bed we talked a good deal about you, and formed certain plans in your regard"

"What plans?"

"You will learn presently You please us you suit us, your hospitable ways have won over and charmed us, in a word, you are just the man we need, and it is God Himself, I feel sure of it, who has placed you in our path"

"But to return to our expedition We were pretty near Lake Ontario—about a days' journey—when, to my great astonishment, we received strange news from Montluc Tower, and by a messenger no less strange Fancy who was the messenger"

"Doubtless a savage"

"A savage! Not at all A being, the gentlest, bravest and boldest that ever consorted with earthly mortals One of those who, though they walk on four feet, are still our devoted friends Come here, Phœbus, come, you understand the Curé of Gimel who calls you a savage He is wrong, and will confess it presently But you must not harbor any ill-feeling toward him When he knows you better, he will love you just as we do You understand me, Phœbus"

"The great Newfoundland, big and strong as a lion, supple as a deer, graceful as a cat stood upon his hind feet, his fore-paws upon Lord Kildare's shoulders, looked him earnestly and tenderly in the face, as a friend looks upon his friend, and at a sign of my Lord's came over to my side and began to fawn upon me I warmly patted him in return"

Lord Kildare continued his story

"One morning, then, while our little band was slowly wending its way through an open space in the woods and fully taken up escorting our prisoners who were bending under the weight of the luggage, I was in the van, between old Buffalo who was our guide through the forest, and young Charlot, Montluc's brother, who, true to his wandering instincts, would now keep a hundred paces ahead of all the others and then drop back into our lines, when Buffalo stopped short as if he heard something, and said 'Phœbus'"

"Charlot listened, yet heard nothing Buffalo repeated 'Phœbus,' a league away—he has recognized us—and is lurking and approaching at full speed."

"Four or five minutes afterward Charlot heard the barking and ran forward to meet the dog, who was shooting through the air like an arrow, having just recognized his friend."

"No words can describe the mutual joy of Phœbus and Charlot. Phœbus kept barking, Charlot crying and laughing. The boy

threw his arms round the dog's neck, the dog with his paws returned the embrace"

"This lasted some time, during which we were glad to enjoy a little rest, quite tired as we all were Montluc, who was in the rear forcing in the laggards, ran up to the head of the column and saw Phœbus"

"The good dog sprang to his neck, then sat down gravely on his haunches, and with his right fore-paw rubbed his spiked collar, to indicate that something was troubling him there"

"Montluc took it off and found a note inside, then re-fastened it, and Phœbus, satisfied at having discharged his commission, looked up at his master with an attentive air, like an *aide-de-camp* who has fulfilled an important mission, and is awaiting the answer of his general"

"Montluc read the note, summoned old Buffalo, and said to us"

"'These are my father's orders'"

"'MONTLUC TOWER, 15th Oct, 1696'"

"'Startling news!'"

"'Six thousand English troops on foot Fort Richelieu taken, Montreal threatened The Saint Lawrence blocked up with ice No hope of assistance from France Quebec unprovisioned Farms everywhere ravaged and fired Lord Frontenac entreats me to join him'"

"'Victorious or not, come to the fork of the River Renard, upon Lake Ontario If you have prisoners, leave them in charge of Lord Kildare I shall await you five days I shall be alone with two of our Canadians, the two Currizaray brothers I have left their father, with his three other sons, at Fort Montluc, to protect your mother, sister, and Lucy from any sudden attack, and also thirty men as a garrison As for me, I can travel alone From the great lakes to Quebec there is not a man bold enough to put finger upon me HANNIBAL OF MONTLUC'"

"'P S—No definite tidings about the Iroquois There's a report that they have again joined the English, and are all marching together on Quebec. But Father Fleury has confidence in them, and I have confidence in Father Fleury Yet, if any calamity should strike our house, my son, you must watch over it. I send you this note by Phœbus, the swiftest and truest of *aides-de-camp* He will suffer death in any business if necessary, and should he be taken captive, he will reveal nothing, for he is no prattler Your mother sends a thousand kisses to Charlot, and two thousand to you. Charlot has lost a third of his caresses, for he set out in spite of her entreaties For myself, I can only say I love you both. As to Lucy and Athenais, not knowing of the departure of Phœbus and myself, who propose to travel by night so that our journey may be ascertained only the last moment in the enemy's country, they have not written, but they hold on to their vigils, bravely offering up morning and night ardent prayers and novenas for the happy return of yourself and your comrades'"

"Montluc tore up the letter, then he turned to Phœbus, and said to him 'Tis well done, my friend I will carry the answer myself Go to your dinner meanwhile' And indeed poor Phœbus wanted it He had made a hundred leagues on foot, which is as trying for dogs as men, and even more so, for they use the sole of the foot, while men use the sole of leather On his journey he devoured a fox and a coyote, or at least Buffalo, who is a learned adept in these matters, thought he saw the traces of such a banquet round the dog's mouth But, as Charlot correctly remarked, Phœbus carried no napkin about his neck like the crier, Monsieur Dubois' dog—ready for a fashionable city dinner—so he seldom wiped his mouth after meals You will excuse him when you consider he is only a quadruped, born in Newfoundland—an island where you find only uneducated seals—and that he had never seen the Court"

"Phœbus having taken advantage of the permission to dine plentifully—for Charlot cared for him like a brother—Montluc said to Buffalo, who was his confidential adviser, the undaunted Pied de Cerf who commanded the Algonquins, and swore only by him, and to me, his designated successor—'My friends, you must travel faster, and accompany me as far as the fork of River Renard My father will give us his orders I can gather from the tone of his letter that a terrible danger hangs over the whole colony Otherwise nothing could have caused him to quit my mother and sister, who are themselves in the centre of enemies'"

"Then, collecting his prisoners, he spoke in a loud voice 'We must move forward at a sharp trot, and cover two leagues an hour'"

"Most of them cried out as they were falling from fatigue"

"Montluc resumed, without a trace of feeling 'I promised you life, but I did not promise to sustain it Whoever stops here will be left without food or arms These forests are full of famished wolves, whose barks you hear, and who follow in our footsteps.'"

"Then, and at a stretch—each one having eaten heartily—we resumed our journey to Lake Ontario, making two leagues an hour"

"The wretched German prisoners bent under their weighty burdens, they puffed away like sea-porpoises, grew red in the face, and, despite the bitter weather, were bathed in sweat As to our Canadians and the brave Algonquins, our allies, you would have said if you saw them running over the frozen snow, that they were not men half frozen, but fish swimming in water, so inured were they to forced marches and this rude climate"

"At ten at night we arrived at the fork of the river Renard, where the old Baron Montluc had fixed the meeting Phœbus, with Charlot and Buffalo, had gone ahead of us—three friends who were seldom asunder—and seemed to have the same taste for adventure and distant journeys"

---

## CHAPTER XIV

### MAJOR STEINGOLD LOSES HIS CAUSE—FATHER FLEURY AND THE IROQUOIS

'We were quite surprised on our arrival,' resumed Lord Kildare 'Instead of finding the Baron Hannibal all alone with two men, as he had written, we beheld an encampment of savages and numberless fires I was somewhat disgusted at the sight, but Montluc removed my apprehensions'

'Pied-de-Cerf, our friend, the Algonquin blew the hunter's horn The camp rang out a response at once"

'These are our friends, the Algonquins said Montluc 'But who could have brought them thither My father wished to come alone'"

Just then the old Baron who was awaiting us on the border of the lake observed our arrival and took a few steps forward to welcome us"

'After the first embraces Montluc le Rouge said Father, I have made you wait'"

'Five days only,' answered the old Baron, 'and I was afraid it would be much longer but, as you see, I have not wasted any time I notified our friends, the Algonquins, that I needed their services They came at once, and there they are Lord Kildare I am glad to see you again Charlot has told me, you behaved very well in the affair of Fort Hudson I expected nothing less from you, and the blood of the Fitzgerald's which flows in your veins'"

"This compliment afforded me much pleasure, but I had no time to reply, for without a moment's delay, he demanded an account of the whole expedition He approved the entire proceeding, taking exceptions, however, to some details, and in particular the imprudence of his son in entrusting the burning of the *Valorous* to Charlot and Buffalo Montluc modestly excused himself for yielding to the ungovernable rashness of Charlot"

'This over, the old Baron said in a commanding tone 'Now to rest You will start at five in the morning The Algonquins shall take care of the prisoners'"

Then Major Von Steingold, who since our departure from Hudson Bay had not uttered a single syllable yet punctually discharged the lowly functions imposed upon him by Montluc le Rouge, approached the old Baron, and having saluted him, said

Baron, I come to complain '

Of whom ?'"

Your son'"

Hannibal looked at him with disdain and called Montluc le Rouge"

Now' said he, speak'"

The Major from Westphalia went on"

He has treated me with indignity, my Lord Baron, in such a fashion that, in my person he dishonors the entire German nobility'

And he explained how Montluc had obliged him to polish his boots for the past fifteen days"

Really' said the Baron' 'and why ?'"

Then Montluc explained that before the assault Steingold had threatened to hang him, if he did not surrender'

The Baron paused"

Then he still insulted—'"

'Was it with a stick or a whip, or such other weapon he compelled you to do this blacking business ? How did he go about it ?'"

'He prevented me from getting anything to eat before his shoes were polished''

And you obeyed ?'"

'How could I have disobeyed in a land where there is nothing but snow and ice'"

Well, Steingold, be grateful for my son's moderation and clemency for if you had threatened me, not only should you have polished my shoes for a whole month, but I would have you hanged at the end '"

At these words poor Steingold shuddered, and withdrew, followed by old Buffalo, who, to console him, said"

"Too silly, Major Tongue too long Avoid the Great Black Bear (This is the old Baron's name among the savages in Canada) Hand opens, and full of present for

THEY WERE THREE WARRIORS OF LOFTY STATE AND COMMANDING ASPECT

Le friend Great Black Bear Naked Sword enched fist for the enemy Generous always but never forgiving And hard as iron Sharp as steel

I did not wait to hear the other objurgations of Buffalo who was amusing himself I fancy by enhancing the Westphalians fright and at a sign of the old Baron I rejoined him with his son There we held council or rather he gave us his orders "

He said [illegible] I am satisfied with your Rougeot It was his term of affection [illegible] executed your task speedily and well It was also necessary for everything to give way to this colony The King sends no supplies The Minister Pont Chartrain writes to Frontenac Governor of the Colony that he relies upon his courage, administration and military talents Frontenac shrugs his shoulders, forwards on the

despatch, and writes that he has neither men nor money, that a body of three hundred militia men were surprised and defeated by the English army, that half of them perished after a terrible struggle, and the rest have been taken to Boston, where, however, they are well treated He finishes by saying that he has no one to hope in but me, and that I must furnish everything, even arms and money ' Accordingly you shall set out '"

"'Alone, father?'"

"'No, with Lord Kildare'"

"'For Quebec?'"

"'No For Montluc Tower You will see your mother, and sister and Lucy Take five hundred thousand livres of the Spanish gold ounces, that were once aboard the famous galleon, which I captured from the Castillian Admiral, and of which you will take it by water to Quebec, together with two hundred of the muskets you captured in the fort The rest will remain in our arsenal for the Algonquins, who, for the most part, have only their bows and arrows '"

"'But you, father?'"

'Don't be uneasy for me I remain with my savages and your prisoners, whom I shall myself conduct to within thirty leagues of Boston Then I shall propose the exchange of our unfortunate militiamen '"

'But, Baron,' I ventured to say, 'our prisoners are three times as many as those of the English There is no equality '"

"'My dear Kildare' he answered, 'you don't know our men Each of them is worth four English mercenaries for sobriety, strength, activity, and skill in the use of arms, and as to their courage—no one surpasses, if any one equals them, which I don t believe Our Canadians' Did you not see them the day of the assault? The bargain will be a good one for us, and the English will accept it with pleasure, believing it still more advantageous to them ' '

"'But who will command Fort Calaracony in my absence?'"

"'Your lieutenant As for yourself, in my absence, you will take command of Montluc Tower, and be admiral and commander-in-chief over Lake Erie, until myself and my son return Does this arrangement suit you? Montluc le Rouge will take care that Lord Fortenac gives his consent '"

"Ah! yes, indeed, the arrangement did suit me It did even more it made me happy, and I already flattered myself with the pleasure of going over my exploits and those of Montluc with the ladies But I was far from foreseeing what did await me there '

"The next day, at dawn, we took leave of Baron Hannibal, who, on his side, allowed us to take away the men who had followed us to Hudson Bay He set out himself for Boston with his prisoners, whom the Algonquins had in a few seconds despoiled of everything, except their most indispensable articles of clothing They were led along in a leash like dogs Little was wanting to make them massacre the poor unarmed Germans, but old Montluc prevented them, not without saying to me, 'I am not sorry at this beginning We must terrify these fellows to make them march on, and I must go quick '"

"As for Montluc le Rouge, he was so earnest also, but for other reasons, to reach the end of his journey, that he did not allow us a moment s rest, and, whether on land or by water (some rowing, while others were reposing) we made a hundred leagues in three days, and set foot on land in the Island of Turtle, at nine o'clock in the morning, on the fourth day "

"I shall not say how we were received, especially Montluc le Rouge, for the three ladies gave him the most enthusiastic welcome on the pretext that he was their son, their brother and betrothed. Old Carrizaray, himself a Basque, eighty-four years old, who guarded the Castle and watched the lake in Baron Hannibal's absence, threw himself into the arms of Rongeot (he used the same name as his father), and observed quite loud "

"'The son will equal the father It is all a Christian can do, for the Great Black Bear, look you, is a man who never had a master in the order of nature If the King only knew what he was doing, it is he who should be named Governor of Canada, and things would get along differently, I assure you, my children '"

"To which my friend Montluc replied, with a smile and embrace in his turn, 'Father Carrizaray, sons never have been as good as their fathers in any age or any clime, but we shall do our best, my sons and myself, to come near it'"

'Despite the joy of seeing us again, which was fully equal on both sides, our company did not appear to be at ease Father Fleury was telling anecdotes that fell flat on us, and was himself pre-occupied with some controlling thought He was expecting something Finally, as he arose to survey the lake Charlot, who stood up at the same time, but being younger, had better sight, cried out 'Smoke!'"

It was far enough, for we were three leagues from the shore, but I took the sea-

glass and saw, in fact, at thirty feet almost, from one another (as well as I could distinguish from the distance) three big fires lit along the very same line '

"Then Father Fleury raised his hands to heaven, and said in a voice broken yet strong, 'God be praised Carrizaray, get my boat ready I wish to go below '"

"We wanted to keep him back, but he insisted, when we saw a boat suddenly shooting from the opposite shore and steer for us at full speed The boat was manned by three savages"

"'They are my friends, the Iroquois,' said Father Fleury, 'They have kept their word and are come to announce the fact to me The Colony is saved '"

"'I knew his negotiation with the Iroquois would not be barren,' remarked Montluc to me 'You are about to see its fruits '"

"Some minutes afterward the three Iroquois came ashore They were three warriors of lofty statue and commanding aspect Each of them carried his tomahawk upon his shoulder, his scalping-knife and six scalps hung from his belt, and his gun in hand They moved majestically through the saloon, saluted, after the Iroquois fashion, Madame Montluc and requested audience from Montluc le Rouge and Father Fleury"

"Then the three Iroquois, who were invited by Father Fleury and my friend Montluc, to take seats, squatted themselves on the floor, and the eldest of the number spoke"

"'Father of prayers,' he said (it was Father Fleury's name among the savages) 'it is despite our efforts that war has broken out We desired only peace, but the Pale Faces whose reason the Great Spirit has obscured, desired distinction Two thousand five hundred have perished and are buried on the banks of the great river '"

"This is how it happened The six Iroquois tribes had promised to send three thousand warriors to help the English to take Quebec, and cut down the French to a man They kept their word We stopped on the banks of the river Richelieu—we to hunt, the English to await supplies, for these Pale Faces do not rely upon the Great Spirit to maintain them, but upon store-houses stocked with meats, bread and whiskey We were encamped higher up the river, the English, lower down. Four days later a pestilence broke out in the English camp and lasted six days After this, all the men who were still alive, took the road back to Boston Meanwhile two thousand five hundred of them perished, that is to say, a third of the army"

"'And how many of your own men?' asked Montluc le Rouge, who was listening attentively to this recital"

"'Not one,' answered the Iroquois 'The Great Spirit protects his red children Father of Prayers, we promised you the English would not go to Quebec You see we have kept our faith with you '"

"'You have done well,' said Father Fleury And as I wished to inquire what had caused the pestilence, he closed my mouth with a word 'My son, it is the will of God, whose ways are mysterious '"

"I was obliged to be satisfied with this explanation, the Iroquois not having shown any disposition to say more about it, and Father Fleury exhibiting no curiosity to hear more Some days later, we ascertained the truth from Buffalo, who went to hunt up information on the point The Iroquois by dint of heaping around the camp the carcasses of animals slain in the chase, poisoned a stream hard by from which the unfortunate fellows used to draw water Thereupon a horrible typhus fever spread through the camp, and while it destroyed the third part of the army disabled for some time the rest Fathe Fleury, who had some suspicions of this abominable stratagem which made him shudder, was quite cautious about making inquiries which would have raised none of the dead to life, and might serve to alienate from us the Iroquois"

## CHAPTER XV

### A HUNTING PARTY—CURIOUS USE MADE OF AN ELK'S BACK

"'Two hours later,' resumed Lord Kildare, 'our Iroquois friends departed laden down with presents, of which the most precious in their eyes was a small case of brandy, containing about three pints, which they promised to drink to the health of the Great Black Bear the name by which, as I have already said, the Baron was known to the savages"

"Soon after, in accordance with the directions of Montluc le Rouge, I assumed the command of the island and all Lake Erie Montluc prepared for his journey, shipped five hundred muskets with the requisite ammunition, and stowed away in the hold the two hundred thousand *livres* in gold, which his father had instructed him to bring to Quebec He then proposed an excursion on the lake"

'It being a time of peace, the ladies wished to be of the party, and Montluc willingly acceded to their wishes We each took a canoe, Mademoiselle Athenais going with me, and Mademoiselle Lucy with Montluc He and I

rowed, and the ladies steered. Charlot desired to join in our excursion with Buffalo, Madame Montluc and old Carrizaray, who, notwithstanding his great age, was not the last or least skilful pilot among us."

"We had resolved to fish by torch light at the mouth of a little river, which flows into Lake Erie, two leagues from Montluc Tower, salmon in which is as plentiful as gudgeons are in France, but, as it was not the proper time (which is in the night), we carried some provisions ashore, and enjoyed a merry supper."

Father Fleury had not been able to start with us, being engaged in religious colloquy with some of the Algonquins but he arrived in good season in his own canoe, which was rowed by two stout Canadians To amuse us and while away the time till dark, he recounted some of his travels among the savages upon which he had—and he sighed as he made the assertion—escaped martyrdom a hundred times."

'Then,' said Montluc le Rouge, with a laugh 'you don't still hope to become a martyr?'"

"'Alas! no, not at my age Think only, my child, that I am over ninety years of age!' And as he perceived that this thought only saddened all his hearers he added Instead of begging me to stay always here below, a thing which wholly depend upon God's will, you should, my dear children, be looking out for my successor!'"

'Never, never!' cried Montluc 'And first of all who could marry us, Lucy and me, if you should forsake us?'"

'Oh! no one!' said Lucy, laughing I should prefer never to be married at all!'

'I hope I may see you happy,' said Father Fleury."

'I was considering Mademoiselle Montluc, her mother, her brother, this grand lake of emerald green, these fertile islands where you can see only the brier and the grass, and the deer, squirrel, elk, and kine grazing at will I was thinking of that old Baron, head of an illustrious race, who had been driven from his country and condemned to death, who had come here with his good sword in his hand and some brave companions in search of freedom, who had carved out for himself a territory larger than three provinces, which he governed under the triple authority of magistrate, chosen for his equity by his fellow-citizens, hero, who protects his friends and himself, and citizen who bears on high the arms and glory of his country, and secures for the future new generations I was reflecting upon this aged priest who possessed nothing on earth—if you except a wooden crucifix—yet preached to the most ferocious savages the Christian precept 'Love one another' Who gave the example in his own life, going alone without arms and without fear, into the midst of scores of hostile natives with the most horrible tortures ever staring him the face, who dreamt of martyrdom as his only reward, yet was covered by the Lord wherever he went with a buckler, not fearing blows, or wounds, or the most atrocious and last discovered tortures, but with sadness and sinking of heart, hoping for heaven as his recompense, yet not hastening a whit the day of delivery."

'I was looking also at my friend, Montluc le Rouge—a friend of six weeks, whom I believed I had loved before my birth—the son of old Baron Hannibal, the pupil of Father Fleury, sprung from the union of two illustrious races of France and Canada, just as the Ohio, the finest river in North America springs from the confluence of the Allegheny and Monangahela, first of Pale Faces by his father, first of redskins by his mother, feared by his enemies as a thunderbolt, worshipped by his friends and followers in battle with a blind trust, like a god of war among the savages, the friend who had once already saved my life as if for amusement and I thought, in the depths of my soul, shall I again see the home of the Fitzgerald and my verdant County of Kildare? Shall I be for life a wandering unhappy exile, without family home or friends when these, my new-found acquaintances, open their arms to me and bid me welcome as a brother? And then, these reflections, and others, sadder which I shall not describe, Father, as they suit my state rather than yours, and the desire to found a new family, a new race of Fitzgerald and a new County of Kildare, a new home in the endless forests of the New World, and draw thither all the Catholic people of Ireland, suggested a project which I shall soon talk over with you."

"Lord Kildare was at this stage of his narrative, when Lord Montluc arose and said"

"'The sun is shining, Father While my friend Gerald is detailing our history and his own particular views, which you must learn sooner or later, I shall go with Phœbus to see if the snow begins to melt, so that we shall have it soon in our power to set out The mission entrusted to me by the King is urgent, and we shall depart as soon as possible' Then turning to Beaufoil 'Come with me,' he said, 'You shall point out the way to Tulle, and like me, take your rifle We can't know what may happen. Our wolves of yes-


"MY LORD KILDARE, IS IT LONG SINCE YOU LEFT IRELAND?"

terday will perhaps be looking out for reprisals'"

"'Ah! my Lord,' said Marian, raising her voice, 'don't take him with you I beseech you, or if you do, take good care of him My poor Beaufoil will be lost in the snow'"

"I shall bring him back again, take my word for it,' answered Montluc, laughing"

"'Yes, Marian,' cried Beaufoil, irritated, 'if you don't keep your mouth closed, and continue railing at me, spending your days disgracing me with your tongue, I shall leave you here all alone with my mother You will live on forever wrangling His reverence, too will leave you here, preferring to convert savages and cannibals than hear you, night and morning scolding and teasing a man a hundred times better than you'"

This threat either appeased or frightened

Marian, I don't know which, but it made her keep silent, and afforded Beaufoil a chance to go with Lord Montluc and Phœbus without further molestation. Then she went down to the kitchen, and left me alone with Lord Kildare, who took up the thread of his story, and went on in these words "

"'We were chatting pleasantly, as you have just seen, thinking of the future, here below and in the hereafter, and of paradise where we all hoped, without doubt, to secure a place some day, when Charlot, who could brook but ill any kind of serious talk, arose and said to his sister "

"'Athenais, will you come with me? I see Phœbus full of life, scenting around after something, he wags his tail and looks at me as if to say that he has discovered some big game Certainly there is something or some one in the neighborhood. I know not whom or what, but there is some thing, surely '"

"'Perhaps a bear,' said the mother And she wanted to keep them back. But Montluc said to me, with a soft laugh, 'Kildare, I entrust them to you. Athenais is not a great shot with the rifle, but Charlot, if he took time to aim, would be perfect, but he is always too much in a hurry. Remember to reserve your shot for the last moment and to fire at close range. If you should encounter a bear, he will be a tough customer '"

"Fortified with these instructions, we all four set out, for I count Phœbus, who I should confess, led, rather than followed us He leaped about to the right and to the left, into the woods, and into the heath, and into the open spaces in the wood where the savages had encamped, but very different from us who were proceeding at random, he seemed to be following a fixed track, and hunting some game which his instinct had long since located. Charlot followed, encouraging, cheering, calling him back again and again, and both dashing here and there through the forest All this time I was walking by the side of Mademoiselle Montluc I am not eloquent by nature, God knows, I leave that to advocates and those who live by it Yet, I can talk, if necessary, and even very fairly, as judges will say, five languages—I can speak the Gaelic, the language of the ancient Hibernians and of all true Irishmen I am passable at Latin, I could speak English as my mother-tongue if I wished, but I do not, for fear of growing like the Saxon enemies of my race And I speak French, as you see, that is to say—very tolerably However, I make myself intelligible, which is the main point Well, would you believe that with such gifts and means at hand to say agreeable things, I did not find a word to utter, when I perceived I had a chance of chatting with Mademoiselle Montluc in the forest, for Charlot and Phœbus were at times so far away that you might have looked upon them as absent, if you did not hear, at intervals, the cry of the one and the joyous bark of the other "

"Why could I find nothing to say? I know not But I was as silent as a pitcher at a well, and this silence easily lasted over a quarter of an hour When the young lady observed that I was not speaking, she opened the conversation with a voice clear and distinct as crystal

"'My Lord Kildare, is it long since you left Ireland?'

"'Six years, Mademoiselle '

"This question afforded me lively pleasure, it broke the oppressive silence which lay like a pall over me, and gave me at the same time life and breath

"But she did not confine her curiosity to that, the beautiful girl She wished to know if the County Kildare was a fine country

"Certainly, Mademoiselle, the finest in the universe '

"'Finer than Canada?'

"I answered that it was impossible to believe that a country she lived in was not the finest on earth

"Then she began to laugh, and inquired if Kildare Castle, the home of my ancestors, was also the finest of all castles

"'After Montluc Tower, yes, Mademoiselle '

"Then she asked how many towers the castle had, how many windows or casements were in each tower, how many principal apartments there were, whether we had a fine guard-room, armors, swords, lances, old-time arquebuses, which I regretted next to my father and the tenantry of the Fitzgeralds

"I replied to each, glad that so beautiful a creature, my best friend's sister, took such an interest in all my affairs

"Just then, Charlot, without speaking, made a sign from a distance to stop, and with a motion ordered Phœbus down

I carefully examined the priming of my rifle, which Mademoiselle Montluc also did for herself, and we waited in silence

"Charlot approached us, creeping through the tall shrubs He was followed by Phœbus, who seemed to have understood, or rather given some sign that something serious was occurring in the neighborhood.

"The forest we were in was traversed by the river at whose mouth we had encamped.

Like most Canadian forests, it consisted of oak trees twice as lofty and bulky as those in France, running back for the most part to the early days of Christianity Among these stately trees rose still finer beeches whose leafy branches reflected, in fine weather, the thousand rays of the sun Beneath and around the oak and beech trees which grew far apart you discovered a velvety sward, where the stag, deer, elk, squirrel and all the beasts of the forest were wont to browse In the open spaces the grass is almost as tall as a man From this you can form a picture of the scenes, Father

"You must know also that we were not more than five hundred feet from the lake where the river has its inlet This will enable you to understand the catastrophe that took place As soon as Charlot was within fifty feet of us he straightened himself up, for he had been crawling through the long grass, and exclaimed

"'Attention! Beware! There they are!"

"Who?"

"But Charlot made no reply He was too much absorbed in deciphering some invisible object Mademoiselle de Montluc caused me in turn to look to the West, on the forest side, and showed me two fine elks approaching us slowly, like two philosophers, with their flanks exposed to Charlot

"The elk, Father, is a rare animal now although it once covered the whole continent It is four-legged, mammiferous, full-horned, akin to the deer and therefore to the hind, whom he resembles, but his antlers are larger and stronger He is about as tall as a large Normandy horse and unsurpassed for fleetness of foot In striking with his antlers (or, if you prefer, his horns), he far excels the fiercest bull, and with his hoofs he could break an anvil No animal can hope to outstrip him in a gallop Very gentle when let alone, he is terrible when attacked

"The two elks approached us at an easy trot, without heeding the barks of Phœbus or seeing us

"All of a sudden Mademoiselle de Montluc raised her rifle to her shoulder, took slow aim, and was about to fire at the larger of the two animals, when Charlot anticipated her and fired at the first, the other elk. Then, without further aim she fired in her turn

"Following the recommendations of Montluc le Rouge, I had reserved my fire and was awaiting, finger on trigger, the result of the first shock. The two animals were hit, but in a different manner Charlot's ball broke half way one of the antlers of the smaller elk, which appeared to be the female, and staggered the animal just as a stout blow would have done

"In reality, however, it was not wounded, but the affront it had received rendered it furious It turned on Charlot and charged with such impetuosity that Charlot, who was only seven or eight feet from the enemy, did not have time to load his piece, or even put himself on his defense

"I could not come to his assistance, for I was myself otherwise occupied, as you shall see, and assuredly I needed all my strength and presence of mind

"But good blood cannot belie itself He was of too good a stock to be confused Above all, as he fully perceived, that he could not sustain the shock, he bethought himself of going round the trunk of a big oak to let the elk pass by, for the latter was advancing like a storm, overturning or clearing at a bound the bushes which separated him from Charlot

"Phœbus, who had gone a round-about way followed him, but at a distance of twenty feet If the elk had succeeded in striking the boy with his hoof or horns, he would have disembowelled him or broken all his bones Now see what occurred"

"Charlot did not have time to wheel round the tree The animal was already so near that felt almost its breath Accordingly, he resolved himself at once, and springing almost four feet, he seized a branch of the oak, raised himself by the wrists, so as to sit on the branch and thus see passing beneath him his astonished enemy"

"He then began to laugh, clapping his hands to make fun of the elk, then he wanted to load his rifle, but he had no time for it The masterful animal, which in its furious attack had shot by the oak several feet, came again to the charge, and rising on its hind legs, with its forefeet against the trunk of the tree, endeavored to strike it with the antlers which were still quite redoubtable weapons, although one was half broken"

"Charlot, who was quite composed, climbed to a higher branch, and thence, as from the top of tower, bade defiance to the foe"

"Unfortunately, the branch, being too weak to support his weight, broke all of a sudden He was loading his rifle and trying to keep his balance, but this mishap obliged him to let it drop, together with the powder and bullets, and so resulted in leaving him unarmed."

But, still worse, he came tumbling down on the elk, and in his efforts to stop his descent he caught hold of the antlers with his

hands—a comical but dangerous position but for his presence of mind.

"The elk, indignant and restive at this unwonted burden, tried to horn him, by tossing her head back, but did not succeed, and Charlot, now astride her back, seeing that he had no arms and that his adversary could make use of hers no longer, gaily shouted, as he spurred her forward with his heels "

"'*Hoy! Hoy! au galop!*'"

"For her part, the elk, as if understanding French, at once obeyed and dashed away at a furious gallop By good luck, she took the direction of the valley on the lake side, and was accompanied all along her mad course by Phœbus, who was endeavoring to catch her, but could not succeed "

"After racing thus about three quarters of a mile, they arrived all together at the place where Montluc le Rouge, Madame Montluc and Lucy were encamped with our Canadians "

"You may imagine the cries and amazement of the whole party, the fright of the mother and the delight of our brave Chariot, who, flushed in the face, and mad with merriment, was almost as much out of breath as the elk herself. He cried out as he approached, 'Make way! clear the course for my horse and myself" They did indeed make way, for the elk swept through the encampment like a streak of lightning and plunged into the waters of Lake Erie "

"All the spectators uttered a shriek of terror, all, I mean save Montluc le Rouge, and old Buffalo, who, without a particle of excitement, ran, the one for his rifle, the other for his canoe "

"Carrizaray and his two sons untied the boat in the twinkling of an eye, and plied their oars in pursuit of Charlot and his strange mount "

"Phœbus, who was swimming close behind the elk, forced her to change her course and return to the shore But there to the right and to the left were old Carrizaray and Buffalo, each in his canoe, and Montulc le Rouge covering her between the eyes with that rifle of his that never misses "

"Then the poor beast perceived that her fate was sealed, and wished at heart to render her last sigh on the soil where her ancestors had lived And as she swam at each stroke nearer her shore of doom, she kept moaning in a pitiful fashion.

"Charlot was touched by her distress, and when Buffalo was drawing his bow to dispatch her, he cried out 'Don't hurt her, Buffalo! don't hurt her, I beg. She cannot harm me'"

"Scarcely had the elk planted her foot on the shore than Charlot jumped from her back at a bound, and the poor animal, being set free, shot off at full speed, tired though she must have been after her previous race and bath in Lake Erie She was anxious, I suppose, to rejoin her companion with whom Mademoiselle Montluc and myself found it hard to part You shall learn why."

---

## CHAPTER XVI

### A MIRACULOUS TAKE OF FISH FOLLOWED BY A DISQUIETING VISIT

"'This did not end,' said Lord Kildare, 'that unexpected hunt, during which we successively experienced so many and such various emotions, but I will, by way of variety, finish it later'"

"Night had approached, and the fish began to show in the river This time and for precautions sake, as the water was very deep, it was agreed upon that those who had acquired a reputation for rashness should not be allowed to engage in the enterprise and run the risk of being drowned. This ukase was aimed at Charlot and Mademoiselle Montluc Their brother was commissioned to watch over them, for he is naturally a guardian wherever he goes, being born to direct and command, just as others are borne to follow and obey I, being more staid in my habits, received permission to keep beside the sportsmen."

"We lighted torches whose flames were reflected by the river The stars were bright in the heavens, the evening, very cold and a wind from the North began to breathe its frozen breath over Lake Erie "

"While the Canadians were swinging their torches along the surface of the water, we observed a strange movement like that of carps, which dart headlong after a morsel of bread. It was the light attracting all the large fish, especially the salmon They came in shoals, hasty and hungry While we were waiting to see them flock toward a huge bait which old Carrizaray had cast into the river, the Canadians had been stretching across from bank to bank, two nettings, which were lowered to the bed of the river so as not to disturb them One of the two nets prevented their escape into the lake The other, about three hundred feet higher up the river, was designed to cut off their retreat "

"These precautions taken, Carrizaray with his sons, threw the light upon the river, and the great piece of fresh meat which served for bait, and we saw the salmon advance Some approached, coquetted, drew back, turned to the right, to the left, were appar-

ently undecided, then, slashing the water with their tails and coming finally to a determination, they went to inform the rest of the tribe that there was a favorable opportunity of enjoying a good repast, of which it would be foolish not to take advantage, although they could not make out where the wind-fall came And as proof of the sincerity of their invitation, having given this advice to their relations and friends, they made haste to return, conducting all their guests with them "

"We raised the nets, and drove more than three hundred salmon into a little creek where we had already decided to do our fishing "

"Montluc le Rouge in the first place took the largest salmon in the whole shoal by the tail and sent it whirling to the bottom of the big fishing boat, then, old Carrizaray, who in his younger days, had been a professional salmon catcher; then myself, who had quite often already fished in our fine rivers in Ireland, and finally Charlot and the two young ladies who performed wonders on their part "

"You may say that I subject your credulity to a test! Nevertheless, nothing is more true The ladies, Athenais and Lucy, hunted the salmon with the rifle, as did Charlot also They all took the salmon on the wing "

"You have never seen these magnificent creatures out of water? Well, when they go up a river and try to shoot a dam, they halt like well-tempered steeds full of fire, back thirty or forty paces, then prepare their spring and jump clear over the barrier. It is at this lightning movement that you must fire, and Charlot calls it, "*Shooting on the wing*"

"Twenty-five or thirty were wounded and caught while trying to clear the netting. The bullet had broken their backs and so they fell again into the river between the two nettings All that then remained to be done was to take them in your hand and keep out of the way of their tails, which were still flapping The others, killed by a blow from the oar, or pierced with a three-pronged fork, or imprisoned and huddled into a small space, were taken aboard the canoe, and as the wind began to blow colder and sharper, old Carrizaray cried out to us that it was time to quit, for there was fear of a storm before night ended, and perhaps a bitter frost, and that in either case, the return to Montluc Tower would be attended with no small difficulty "

"'Then let us be quick,' said Montluc to me, 'for the old man knows the lake as if he had made it, and when he says there will be a storm, you can believe, my friend, that it will come. Carrizaray is not scared at trifles Phœbus, into the boat, be quick, sir, unless you choose to swim! But, my fine fellow, you are tired. Come, sir, in and be quick!'"

"Everything being settled to the general satisfaction, with oar and sail we returned to the Island of Montluc Tower, where we counted, I especially, upon enjoying a well-earned repose But this repose was not destined to last long, as you shall see presently

"Next morning at five o'clock, Montluc, who slept in the room next mine, and whom I had heard all through the night going in and out, giving orders, and full of business, came to awaken me and said

"'I am off, my boat is ready. If you wish to accompany me, get up'"

"I arose and followed him Every one in the house was already astir Montluc embraced his mother, sister and Lucy He shook hands with all the rest "

The mother and Lucy were a little pale, Mademoiselle Athenais, of a more courageous fibre, was also affected but not with fear Charlot wanted to follow him

"Father Fleury, who had just said Mass for him and for the success of his journey, said

"'My child, God is with you, but don't expose yourself unnecessarily! Think that the colony needs your strong arm'

"At the same time he imparted to him the benediction and we set out together in the same boat, which was laden with arms, silver and all kinds of supplies.

"A smaller boat followed to take me back, for I was to be absent only a few hours from the happy island.

"He took with him three Canadians and three Algonquins to Quebec Old Carrizaray and Buffalo were alone in my boat, which they sent whizzing along the lake with the speed of a swan

"Then Montluc made me sit at the stern of the boat and gave me many and various instructions, assuring me that he should return in three weeks at farthest, and that he put under my care what was dearest to him in the world, namely, his mother, his sister and Lucy

"I swore by all that was possible, and with all sincerity, you may well believe, that I should lay down my life in their defence—to which protestations he replied with a smile 'It is very fine to die for one's friends, but it is better to live and fight for them . . . To have an ardent love of life and a lofty contempt for death, is what we should all aspire after I believe you shall not be killed, but that you shall score up many heaps of slain savages. For your reward, I hereby in-

"MONTLUC BIDDING FAREWELL TO KILDARE"

vite you to my marriage which will come off as soon as I return'"

"'Has it been all arranged?'"

"'This very morning, in my mother's presence Who could oppose it? My father and mother desire it. So does Lucy, and as for me, I should seek her out amid a hundred thousand swords!'" . . .

"He thought a moment and began again

"'However, I don't set out now with my usual hopefulness I am almost in a melancholy mood, and I know not why. It is not my wont, for sadness is the sister of faint-heartedness and cowardice I think, however, that some misfortune threatens me, or rather, her.'"

"'What is it?'"

"'Do I know? And, strange enough too, old Buffalo, who is something of a sorcerer, or at least, was so before his conversion by Father Fleury, is a little disturbed like myself'"

"I tried to laugh down this presentment But Montluc was serious

"He made a sign to the old savage, who kept in our wake, to come into our boat and said to him

"'Buffalo, repeat for my friend Lord Kildare, what you told me this morning'"

"The savage collected himself, dropped his hand in the waters of Lake Erie, and made eccentric signs opposite the four points of the compass He pronounced some cabalistic terms, and went on

"'Montluc le Rouge, mighty chief"

"'I know him"

"'Invincible chief"

"'Next?"

"'Threatened with a great misfortune"

"'Death perhaps?" inquired Montluc

"'Not death," said Buffalo, shaking his head.

"'A worse calamity Maid with pale face"

"'Well, conclude"

"'Will be the cause of terrible things"

"'Who is the girl with the pale face? There are only two in my father's house My sister and Lucy

Is it my sister?"

"'Oh! no! cried Buffalo," Athenais always happy"

"'Lucy, then?"

"The old sorcerer indicated that it was she

"'You see, Kildare!" said Montluc, "you see, or rather hear!"

"'This old savage is crazy," I answered quite low

"'Pale Face," said Buffalo who had an ear more acute than a European has, "high nobility, little wisdom, light head, incautious tongue"

"I believe he would have said much more of me, to take revenge for my incredulity, if Montluc had not made a sign to stop

"Dear friend," he added, "what disquiets me, who am never disturbed, is that I slept scarcely an hour last night and during that short sleep, I had frightful dreams I arrived suddenly from a distant voyage . My father's house had disappeared My father himself was I know not where, in the land of spirits . . My mother and sister had joined him, and Lucy, carried away by brigands, was stretching out her arms to me in the distance I tried to rush upon them, but I remained glued to where I stood despite my efforts, and they were fleeing farther and farther all the time"

"'Bah! a dream. You must have lain on your left side!'"

"'Indeed, it may be so, but these intimations of Buffalo, who has the same presentiment too! Really, if I could forget it, I should not go away this morning I would have awaited my father's return But you, Kildare, watch you over all my family during my father's absence, and distrust all the stratagems of the English and the savages in their fury'"

"He then embraced me and proceeded on his journey, while I returned to Montluc Tower"

"The ten days which followed were among the happiest of my life Fishing, hunting, walks by the lake, the joy of seeing my friends and especially Mademoiselle Montluc, the cordial and generous hospitality of this noble family who almost from the first had became my own, the hope I was beginning to form that I should never leave it, the delight I felt at being placed there as a sentinel to watch over and defend them all that plunged me in a sea of happiness"

"Father Fleury who, in the absence of old Montluc and his son, appeared to direct the whole colony, encouraged me in projects which I did not yet disclose, but which it was only too easy to divine"

"One day, as we were seated together in a boat, for I made my regular nightly rounds on the lake, around the island and three or four little islets which were two or three leagues away, he interrupted me in a panegyric of Mademoiselle Athenais, and said"

"'My lord, you are right, Mademoiselle Montluc is worthy of her father, her mother and her brother, and you would have great difficulty to find her equal in Europe or America, but,' he added, with a smile, 'she has one great fault'"

"I protested indignantly"

"'She! a fault!'"

"'Yes, yes—a great fault, my lord'"

"'Impossible! She is only too perfect'"

"'A fault, my lord, and the most terrible that can exist, that which ruined Satan and hurled him from high heaven into the bottomless abysses of hell—pride!'"

"Here I began to grow troubled."

"Father Fleury added"

"'And it is a pride that nothing can eradicate, for it is hereditary Her mother, Madame Montluc, whom you behold here respected by all as if she were Queen of France and savage land, was just like Athenais when she was the same age. She had the pride of

the daughter of Samuel Champlain, the founder of the colony, and of the granddaughter of the great chief of the Eries, who probably were the first inhabitants of Canada. Our princesses of the royal blood of France, which is indeed the noblest in the universe next to that of the Chinese empresses, would have received at her hands only the salutation of an equal. And yet——'"

"As I laughed, he added "

"'I often said to her, when she was a young girl, that she would never find the hero she dreamed of, for she dreamed of a hero for her husband.'"

'"Ah! but Providence, who does everything well, had His views about her, sent to Canada, Montluc, who from the first won the affections and admiration of the French and savages so entirely that she clearly saw her fate had come, and she married him '"

"I then asked, but rather carelessly, and from the pleasure of talking than any curiosity I had "

"'She has not repented her choice, I suppose?'"

"'Repented'' said Father Fleury. 'My lord, never was wife prouder of husband than she. No! never! never! Never had wife so much love for a husband! She has but one soul with him, one heart, one thought! She has centred in him her joy and pride at the same time as her tenderness When she was young she was with him everywhere, at the chase and even in battle '"

"I cut short the speech of Father Fleury, who was never done praising Lady Montluc, and I reach his conclusion, which was that Mademoiselle Athenais, not being less haughty than her mother (and perhaps still more so, for she combined in one the pride of the Montlucs, the Champlains and the Eries), would never wed except the man who, to win her, should have performed prodigies of valor "

"Thereupon, perhaps you think, Father, that Gerald Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare grew disheartened and gave up all hope of obtaining her hand? That would be quite a mistaken idea So far from being discouraged, I was filled with an ardent desire to show her that a Fitzgerald who counts among his ancestors, kings, was capable of anything, and I swore in my soul to deserve her or perish in the attempt.

"And you will presently see that I was very near doing both at the same time Montluc le Rouge, who was there, will be able to say what he thinks of it."

"You may well conceive that the words of Father Fleury, who read my soul as he would an open book, yet did not boast of the gift, plunged me into a deep silent meditation. While he was reciting his breviary, looking upwards at the stars, and our boat borne along by a favorable wind, was conveying us almost without effort, to Montluc Tower, I, all of a sudden, saw a bright light, like the beacon of a light-house, on the top of the highest tower which overlooked the lake. Divers signals followed in succession, like warnings to hasten back, and without suggesting a present danger, showed that something strange had just taken place."

"A hundred feet from the shore, old Buffalo, always a sentry, cried out to us "

"'Yankees! Yankees!' The name of the English as the savages pronounce it."

"I was very much surprised and asked through my speaking trumpet."

"'Friends or enemies?"

"Buffalo did not answer; so I began to be sensibly disturbed I took my gun, already loaded, and approached the shore where the first figure I perceived was that of an English officer in full uniform, who addressed me in good French "

"'We are friends, Earl of Kildare '"

"And as he saw I feared a knave, he added "

"'You may believe me I am the Governor of Massachusetts. A treaty has been concluded between us preparatory to a definitive peace, and I have come to pay a visit to the Baron of Montluc and his lady, and also to make the acquaintance of my cousin, Miss Lucy Carroll.'"

"This speech which informed me of many things in very few words, one of which the most singular, although the easiest to comprehend, was that Miss Lucy, the betrothed of Montluc le Rouge, was niece of the very Governor of the English province of Massachusetts, redoubled the astonishment into which all these incidents and the conversation of Father Fleury had plunged me "

"I went ashore with Father Fleury I left the task of mooring to the two Algonquins who had steered for us and shook hands with our unknown guest, the Governor, who in my absence had arrived and installed himself in the Castle of Montluc "

"But as I was pointing out to the Englishman the road to the Castle, old Buffalo caught me hastily by the hand and said "

"'Beware! beware!'"

"I turned around to interrogate him, but he had vanished."

## CHAPTER XVII.

### HOW MADEMOISELLE MONTLUC SUBDUED AN ELK, AND WHAT FOLLOWED.

Lord Kildare continuing his story, said

"Now I will tell you why I had reason to remember the elk hunt. While Charlot was firing at his elk, Mademoiselle Athenais had fired at hers. Charlot broke an antler, Mademoiselle Athenais wounded a shoulder As Charlot's elk was savagely springing upon him, that of Mademoiselle was furiously rushing upon us—I say us, for I threw myself before Mademoiselle to defend her more easily The elk came plunging along with angry bellowings, like that of a bull. But, thank God his bellowings and rage were not enough to disturb me"

"Accordingly, without any faltering, I took Mademoiselle by the hand, and placed her behind an immense tree which threw its shade over the scene of the combat Then, kneeling on one knee, I awaited the charge, and covering with my rifle the foe, now not more than twenty feet distant, I pulled the trigger"

"I have a steady nerve, Father, and an excellent aim, for I have never tired myself out reading Greek and Roman authors, or works treating on Geometry, I am, thank heaven, abundantly endowed with presence of mind, as a shot with the rifle, leaving out Montluc le Rouge and two or three other of my Canadian acquaintances. I have met no superiors, few equals, then I was not distracted by any thought, save that of rescuing Mademoiselle Montluc. The form of the foe, as you are pleased to call him, was of splendid dimensions, with almost the shape and color of a grand Norman steed, you must then think that with my rifle on my shoulder, my finger on the trigger, and several seconds infinite care, taking aim at an object not twenty feet distant, I must have killed him at the first shot, or at least severely wounded him. No such thing"

"I pulled the trigger It snapped fire, and of course, did not go off At the very moment I was about to fire, or rather half a second previously, a mysterious drop of water fell into the pan, dampened the powder and completely disarmed me My rifle was now no more than a stick, to be sure it was longer, heavier, dearer and clumsier than an ordinary stick, but it was just as little adapted to protect me against the elk."

"The elk came rushing on, quite unaware of my mishap. Quick as the thunder-bolt he swept down upon me, and to avoid the shock I threw myself flat on the ground. He returned again. I avoided him again and in the same fashion. I have no doubt that he believed me the cause of his wounds and sought revenge. I did not like to undeceive him Was I not too happy to turn upon myself the rage of this ferocious animal?"

"This little strategy to avoid the brunt of the attack—for my rifle being now only a useless piece of furniture—engaged both of us for some minutes which seemed the toughest of my life To fire on the elk was impossible. To seize the animal round the body like a bear and stab him in the grasp was even more impossible, for the animal was of very unusual figure. Fancy a man trying to hold in his arms and smother a great Norman horse! Madness, is it not? Well, sir, I had no other resource to extricate myself from my dangerous situation."

"To be frank, I was happy to be able to give my life for Mademoiselle Montluc, but, frankly also, I would have been still more happier to preserve it for her, and unfortunately I was afraid I had the choice no longer"

"It was at this moment that Mademoiselle Montluc all at once conceived an idea, to which I owe my life, and which finished the combat. But before explaining this idea and the success which concerned it, I must give you a brief description of the ground. You may judge if I was at my ease"

"In the centre of the thicket where we were both struggling—the elk and myself—there was a magnificent oak tree, from whose roots sprang four immense trunks, or, rather, four bulky trees between which, a man of ordinary size could easily slip and shelter himself from the elk's horns I wheeled round the oak and entered this open space whither the elk, blinded by his fury, and wishing at any price to kill me, tried to follow, but he got entangled by the horns so that he could get only one of them through with difficulty. I had anticipated him, and avoided the charge by going out at the opposite opening"

"The fearless beast wished then to release himself, but as it often happens to us when we try to unravel a skein of tangled thread, he embarrassed himself only the more His second antler got fastened in another trunk, and he stood motionless, yet tossing and shaking his head like a madman. He bowed his head, he raised it, he struck with his head a third trunk which was in front of him and prevented his going forward, as the others hindered him from going back, in one word he was a prisoner, and that was precisely what I had been hoping for."

DON'T FIRE!

"I cried out to Mademoiselle Montluc, who had just re-loaded her rifle, to lend me it a moment, for I was quite sure of being able to fire close upon him before he could get out of the scrape. She passed it over to me But at the very moment I was about to fire, she stood face to face with the elk, and the poor beast, beholding Mademoiselle Athenais, began to wail so pathetically that she was touched by it, and cried out quickly, while I was putting my finger on the trigger 'Don't fire' The poor animal has a look so sorrowful and appealing, look at his beautiful eyes, as they appeal to me for mercy'"

"I paused, and while the elk was still tossing about impatiently, but still unable to change his position, Mademoiselle Montluc carressed and stroked him down like a pet dog

"That lasted for a few minutes. For greater security I kept holding on to the right

antler with all my strength But this position was very painful, and the elk might escape and flee away any moment, or even return again. Accordingly it was necessary to come to some determination at once "

"I took off my necktie, which luckily was very long and pretty strong I made a running knot, which I passed around the antler and tied it to one of the stoutest branches of the tree Mademoiselle Athenais did the same with her scarf and attached the other antler in the same way "

"We had been so far victors certainly, but we were rather uneasy and did nof know what to do with our spoils, when we suddenly heard something or somebody who rushed upon us at full speed It was our friend, Phœbus, the best and most intelligent of dogs, who, upon seeing Charlot all safe, came to see about Athenais, and, if necessary, help us "

"But his zeal was very near causing us trouble, for the elk, seeing this new foe arrive, made a terrible effort to release himself, and with his forepaws beat the earth furiously Then Mademoiselle made a sign with her hand to Phœbus to keep quiet For more security she took him by the collar with one hand, and threatening him with the other, but in a friendly admonishing way "

" 'Phœbus,' she said, 'be wise! Look me in the face! Try to understand! Here is a friend whom I have conquered, with my Lord Kildare's assistance. And now I think of it, Phœbus, I want you always to love Lord Kildare for my sake He saved my life, while you were with Charlot scouring the forest want you to thank him ' "

"Upon my faith, I think the dog understood this little speech from beginning to end, for, before I could thank Mademoiselle for her kind words, Phœbus was licking or, as she said, kissing my hands and gambolling around me to show his joy and gratitude for the service I had rendered his mistress "

"Their was a long silence, during which Mademoiselle took care of the poor elk She wet her pocket handkerchief in the water of a stream hard by, and bathed his wound, which, luckily, was not serious The bullet had broken no bone, but merely passing through the skin twice dropped a short distance from us. Indeed, she tended him as a nurse does an infant, staunched the blood and removed the necktie, which was keeping his head too high "

"A new sound was heard in the forest, and I presently saw Charlot, who had scarcely came out of Lake Erie, rush again into the forest to search for his sister."

"For further caution, Montluc le Rouge and the two sons of Carrizaray followed him at the top of their speed, skimming the snow with their snow shoes "

'Montluc beheld our elk taken and tied to the tree, and congratulated us upon our dexterity He commended his sister for not suffering me to kill the poor animal "

"As the reward of my courage and address, I had the honor and happiness of walking beside Mademoiselle Montluc, which was more to me than the conquest of a province in the country of the Turks I thought so at least, and my belief would have been approved by every gentleman who could have seen the charming damsel, who, for beauty, grace, wit and attractions, has scarcely an equal in the wide world "

"Unhappily, among so many fine qualities which would awaken the jealousy of twenty crowned queens and forty princesses in their own sight, she has a slight defect—if that can be called a defect, or fault, which is an additional charm. Besides it is the fault of her race. In two words she lives to command, and it is therefore that I am here against my inclinations, I assure you, greatly as your generous and cordial hospitality has touched my heart Yes, it is no fault of mine that I have re-crossed the Atlantic with Montluc le Rouge, it is because she so commanded, and I could do no less than obey Know that next to the pleasure of commanding those we do not love, there is nothing more delightful than to obey those whom we love.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

LORD KILDARE HAS AN IMPORTANT CONVERSATION WITH THE GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.

"I had great confidence," continued Monsieur de Kildare, "in Buffalo's instinct which was akin to genius, and Montluc le Rouge had always impressed upon me the fact that the aged savage was a half wizard or sorcerer Accordingly I narrowly watched the unexpected guest of Montluc Tower "

"He was a large, robust looking gentleman, red as a brick in the face from underdone roast beef and whiskey, of which he imbibed large quantities. His black hair was thick, his limbs strong, his eyes gray, bold and remorseless He had an air of respectability, that is to say, as they understand the term in England, an appearance of wealth and self-complacency You could see at a glance that he was no borrower or lender of money, but that he was ready to give or lend his friends all sorts of other things more precious than silver or gold, though generally less esteemed

by people, I mean sound advice and moral exhortations"

"In two words, the respectable gentleman had the appearance of a rich, healthy, powerful, somewhat avaricious man. These qualities are, as you know, often found united, wealth and avarice especially, which are scarcely ever separated and seem to lean on one another like beloved sisters"

"The Governor began to walk by my side and explain the motives of his journey Be good enough to listen attentively to this part of my story, Father, I am sure it will interest you. I shall not alter a word of it"

"'It is to the Earl of Kildare I have the honor of speaking?' he inquired"

"'To himself, sir,' I replied Then, after a pause 'But you must have known that already, for only just a moment ago you addressed me by my name?'"

"'My lord,' he replied, gravely, 'it is never wrong to be very cautious'"

"I looked at him, and in the glare of the torches which were lighting our path, the Canadians who bore them, and the meaning of his smile, I recognized that the gentleman's appearance was in keeping with his words Evidently he was afraid of compromising his business and plans by explaining them at hard and to the first comer"

"'First, Sir,' I asked, 'can you explain what brings you into this country and island, and how it has happened that you were not welcomed with powder and shot?'"

"He looked at me with a smile, and answered"

"'My lord, we were received in that fashion and every one of my retinue has been fatally shot. But then, without responding we hoisted the white flag of parley, and Monsieur Carrizaray, an old white-haired gentleman, who appears to command in your place, suspended the fire and signed us to approach We assured him that we came to bring peace and harmony, and when he demanded our arms we willingly surrendered them to remove all grounds of uneasiness He begged us to await your return so that we might together enter the castle and be presented to Madame de Montluc'"

"'But, Governor, who can have prevailed upon you to come to visit us in time of war, in the garb of a friend, at the risk of being shot like your followers?'"

"'My conscience,' he answered"

"I began to think he was a little crazy, and I believe he suspected my thought, for he went on"

"'Yes, my conscience' But first of all, my lord, permit me to inform you that I proposed to Monsieur de Frontenac, Governor of Quebec and New France, an eight day's treaty for upper Canada, from Montreal to the western borders of Lake Superior, and that he has accepted my proposal'"

"'Strange!'"

"And Buffalo's whisper came back to my mind 'Treachery!'"

"'My business is this' resumed the Governor 'In the first place the war between the King of France and the King of England is very nearly finished Our young readers must not regard all Lord Kildare's statements as strictly historical Peace will be concluded in the spring Hence, it would be folly for us to fight in the snow and frost while our reflective and respected sovereigns, the one in London, the other in Versailles, with their feet on the fender, are calmly conferring like lawyers to ascertain if such a province, which makes no return except reports of skirmishes, belongs to one or the other So as they are going to consult instead of fight in Europe, let us lay aside our arms! What do you say?'"

"I confess that he had the appearance of a reasonable man, and that his reasoning was that of a sensible one But I still doubted."

"He went on"

"'Why I have come here and to the house of Monsieur de Montluc rather than elsewhere Ah! there comes in my concern, or, if you prefer it, that of my conscience'"

"And as I seemed astonished at his refusing confidence in me without knowing me, he added

"'I know you, my Lord Kildare, and I shall soon need your good services, only hear my history. You are more interested yourself in it than you think'"

"He paused a moment and then asked"

"'Do you not know my name?'"

"I ponder the question in my turn, and then a vague memory of things long since forgotten comes back to me"

"'You are Sir Richard Carroll, of Carroll Castle in Ireland, is not that so?'"

"'The very person,' he replied."

"'Your grandfather was a Catholic and land owner in County Mayo?'"

"'Yes'"

"'Your father was his younger son?'"

"'True'"

"'In Oliver Cromwell's time, your grandfather's head was cut off for fighting for our holy religion?'"

"'Yes Oliver Cromwell was without pity and spared none of his enemies.'"

"Here I hesitated a little, from a sense of politeness, Sir Richard begged me to go on."

"TREACHERY!"

"Then your father, seeing that the immense estates of the family were about to be confiscated, hastened to be converted to Protestantism, and was put by Cromwell into Carroll Castle and all the paternal property, and the Stuarts who were restored later on have never thought of doing justice to the eldest brother of your uncle"

"Sir Richard Carroll looked at me fixedly, and said with his impassible air

"My Lord Kildare, you are right. How do you know all these details?'"

"'In the simplest way in the world, but I don't know that I ought in a time of truce'"

"It was hard to say it, but the baronet, with emotion, made me a gesture to speak freely"

"'Hundreds of times I have heard your father called by one of the two names Carroll the Traitor, or Carroll the Apostate'"

"Although this was a bitter pill, hard to

swallow, harder to digest, he made a motion that I was right, and that indeed it was after this fashion they spoke of his father in Mayo He merely added, doubtless to justify the memory of the old baronet "

"'Tis true, my lord, that disagreeable rumors were circulated about my father at the time of his conversion It is true, too, that his enemies related that he had succumbed to the desire of possessing the immense fortune of his father and despoiling his eldest brother, the lawful heir. Well, my lord, if even this report were true, instead of being a contemptible lie, don't you think it was better by a conversion feigned or sincere, to keep in the family immense estates than leave them in the hands of the grasping soldiers of Cromwell?'"

"He paused and said "

"'What do you say, my lord?'"

"I simply answered "

"'He should have kept Carroll Castle and fired upon the Cromwellian soldiers'"

"Then Sir Richard went on "

"'My father did better When his father's domains had been confiscated, he became a convert to the new doctrines, he procured the restoration of his paternal estates, while his eldest brother, always faithful to the Stuarts, who cared very little about him, was forced to take refuge at first in France, then in Massachusetts, where, in 1680, he perished in an invasion of savages and Canadians, who took him for an Englishman and slew him with all his family, except a little girl two years old, my first cousin Lucy, who was adopted by Baron de Montluc'"

"'So Miss Carroll is your cousin?'"

"'Yes.'"

"'Who told you?'"

"'My father, he whom you have heard called Carroll the Traitor, Carroll the Apostate but who never forgot his brother'"

"'My uncle, proscribed in England and Ireland, forced to flee to Massachusetts, and work with his hands for a living; moreover, indignant at what he regarded as his brother's treachery, took good care to keep the fact of his existence a dead letter'"

"'Hidden in the forests, occupied building a wooden house—his log-cabin—and in securing it against the attacks of the savages, (you see he was always unlucky), certain likewise that the Stuarts would never do him justice, he took no interest in what happened in England or Ireland Meanwhile my father became a baronet and a respecter of English law and the decrees of Cromwell—and after all, the decrees of the Usurper were better than those of the lawful kings.'"

"'You think so?'" I interrupted.

"'A little later on, thanks to the favor of King William,' he continued, 'I was made Governor of Massachusetts, and by a strange chance which it would be too long to describe in detail, I learned that Miss Lucy was my cousin, own child of Sir Henry Carroll, my uncle, and his sole heir'"

"And as I gazed upon him with astonishment, awaiting the conclusion of his story, he remarked "

"'And it is to obey the last wishes of my father and my own conscience that I have come here'"

"I asked 'What do you intend to do?'"

"'Introduce myself to my cousin, in the first place For the rest, I shall be guided by circumstances'"

"I observed 'Doubtless you wish to make restitution?'"

"'No . . '"

"I involuntarily placed my hand on the hilt of my sword "

"'I have nothing to restore'"

"And then?"

"'Then . . . then . . . Oliver Cromwell's decrees are immutable as those of Providence itself, and the property that great man gave to my father could not be taken from him or his lawful heirs without a forcible violation of all laws, human and divine . . but . . '"

"But . . "

"'But there is perhaps a way to restore to Lucy the wealth of which a rigorous decree, I avow, has despoiled her to the advantage of my father and myself'"

"'What means?'"

"I pretended te have no suspicion. In reality I guessed his reply "

"He said with a lofty, dogmatic air "

"'My Lord, have you read the Bible?'"

"'Seldom, Sir Richard'"

"'Do you know it is said somewhere in Genesis, I think, that between husband and wife everything should be common'"

"'I was ignorant of that, Sir Richard. But even if that were so, what do you understand by it? What do you mean?'"

"'I mean that Lucy Carroll is not married, and that I am not married.'"

"'And that a lawful marriage will merge the rights of two branches of the Carroll family. Is not that it?'"

"'Perfectly conceived! Do you see any obstacle?'"

"Then I thought of my friend Montluc le Rouge, occupied in Quebec with the affairs of the colony, who had entrusted to me the defence of his family and of his interests."

"I said to Sir Richard 'Monsieur, your project is excellent and wise To restore and at the same time keep the goods of another is admirable work, or rather a master-stroke of policy It is awarding justice with interest Also, I am sure Miss Lucy would be enchanted by your proposal, if , "

"I paused. He asked "

"'If she were not already betrothed to my friend, Louis de Montluc ' "

'At this news Sir Richard cried out "

"'Montluc le Rouge ' "

"Yes, Monsieur "

"'That barbarian ?' "

"I bowed You flatter my friend "

"'That red-skin' that cannibal' "

"He would have said more depreciatory of his rival, but I saw Charlot coming at a race toward me, and I made a sign to be silent if he did not wish to get into a quarrel, for the boy was not of a disposition to suffer his brother to be insulted in his absence, and there were plenty of Canadians and savages on the island who would not have asked better sport then scalping his Excellency, Sir Richard Carroll, Governor of Massachusetts "

"The baronet understood my gesture, and kept silent "

---

## CHAPTER XIX

### A SPY IN TOWER MONTLUC—SIR RICHARD CARROLL RETIRES

"Upon joining us," Lord Kidare continued, "Charlot shook my hand warmly, American fashion, and said "

"'Ah! Gerald' my dear friend! How I longed to see you! I have so much to tell you We have had a great deal of news in your absence We have had a friend call upon us, who says he is a cousin of Lucy's ' "

"Then, noticing Sir Richard, who was keeping a little out of the way, he recognized him and added "

"'Yes, there he is, Sir Richard Carroll, why don't you come here? One would think you were hiding! Don't be so retiring! They are making supper for you inside How did you find the fishing and hunting, Gerald? Good? Eh?' "

"I pointed at some wild duck slung across the shoulders of one of our Algonquins "

"The boy then chattered away "

"'Sir Richard brings good news A treaty is concluded and peace is to follow speedily My father and brother are going to return, and Lucy will be married in less than a fortnight She is greatly pleased, and so are we all, mother, myself and sister Athenais. We shall dance for three weeks. I have already invited three hundred Algonquins with their squaws and I am counting upon Iroquois and Hurons If necessary, I shall go after the Patagonians to South America ' "

"We were thus far in the description of Charlot's plans, when we arrived in front of the Castle, which stands, as I believe I have explained, on one side upon a lofty cliff of perpendicular granite, which sentinel-like, looks down upon Lake Erie, while on the other, it commands a gently sloping plain a distance of a quarter of a league "

"The draw-bridge, as in time of war, was lowered to receive us Sir Richard appeared surprised at this display of vigilance, and remarked upon it pretty audibly "

"Old Carrizaray, who was there, sword in hand and pistol in his belt, to receive us, answered as if to a question "

"'English Lord, while Baron Montluc and his son are not on this island, and the Earl of Kildare is out hunting or fishing, I, who represent them here, shall suffer no one to enter without demanding his name, his arms and his passport And if any one does not like that . . "

"Sir Richard, seeing that the old Basque was waxing wrathy, answered "

"'I am quite satisfied with your rule ' "

"'Well, so much the better,' rejoined Carrizaray, 'because it would be all the same anyhow You should have to submit to it ' "

"The old Basque was plainly no better pleased than Buffalo at the Englishman's visit

"To soften his ill-humor, I made a sign to Sir Richard to precede me, and drawing Carrizaray aside, asked him "

"'What has happened this evening?' "

"'Scarcely anything We killed an Englishman, that's all ' "

"'But you appear in bad sorts, Carrizaray ?' "

"'Yes! indeed! but not because we killed an Englishman Why did he come here without permission in time of war?' "

"'Well ?' "

"'But it is on account of the man we have opened our gates to ' "

"'Then he should not have been received ' "

"'True, my lord, but when he displayed the flag of truce and made all kinds of signs that he came as a friend, we could not prevent his entering He shouted 'Great news! peace! peace!' and did not return our fire. Then Madame Montluc, who is good, said "

"'Don't fire, Carrizaray! ' "

"'I replied ' "

"'Madame, in Lord Kildare's absence, I

an answerable for you What would the Baroness say if he learned that in time of war the English were enabled to visit this island?' "

"'She answered '"

"'Carrizaray, you shall not be accountable '"

"'You know, Lord Kildare, that Madame the Baroness is clothed with authority in such matters Finally, I procured her consent to send my two sons to the Englishman who showed his passports—but what good was that? The poor boys never learned to read, any more than myself '"

The elder, however, who is no fool, demanded the Englishman's papers and took them to Madame Montluc who is a scholar She said Sir Richard was regular, that there was a truce, that Lord Montluc, the Governor of Quebec, had attached his name and seal to the paper, in fine, that all the necessary formalities appeared on the face of the passports So I permitted the Englishman and his retinue to enter But for precaution I have taken their rifles and pistols—for no one knows what may happen '"

'Why do you suspect the party, Carrizaray, when their papers are regular?'"

'Ah! there it is They are more than twenty, and their appearances don't please me But there's a coat! Look'"

'"Where?'"

'"There, my lord '"

'Just then we saw coming towards us a man, of a forbidding mien, who wore a big wig and walked with a curious, searching glance which he cast from right to left as if he were counting the stones in the walls or appraising the price of Montluc Tower with a view to purchasing it "

"I was quite astonished at the sight of this man I had seen him before, but where I could not tell Yet I believed I knew him "

' When he perceived that I was attentively regarding him, and that Carrizaray was pointing him out with his finger, he recognized me without doubt, for he turned on his heel and walked back "

"'Who is he?' I asked the old Basque "

"'The major domo of Sir Richard, according to their joint story, for, so far as I am concerned, I distrust both Governor and major domo This one is a mere spy!'"

"This term and the wig opened my eyes at once, I remembered, it was the German Kronmark whom our good friend, *Pied-de-Cerf*, the Algonquin, had so deftly scalped at the Fort "

"Accordingly I said to Carrizaray "

"'Keep an eye on him. He is a spy.'"

"'You are sure of that, my lord?'"

"'Very sure.'"

"And I related to him the history of Kronmark Carrizaray reflected a minute and said "

"'If he is a spy, we have only one thing to do '"

"'What?'"

"'Put a stone round his neck and drown him '"

"That was exactly my opinion But, if Sir Richard had come in the faith of any treaties, it was rather hard to drown his major domo like a miserable dog "

"Hence, I opposed Carrizaray's resolution and was contented with admonishing him to be very watchful "

"'Oh! as far as that goes, my lord! Myself and Buffalo sleep with one eye open, if the German, this Kronmark, the rascal should try to play any of his games on us, in less than a minute he would find himself dead '"

"And he would have done as he said, for the old Basque had a quick wit and a quicker hand despite his years, and as to scruple, he had none, it is true, but not in regard to spies, or traitors, as he said himself "

"Having again cautioned great vigilance, I entered the large castle—here, where supper was laid out, Madame Montluc and Mademoiselle Athenais awaited us, with Miss Lucy "

"The Englishman was enjoying their company Charlot was moving about uneasily, always having a great appetite, as his father would say, and particularly on such a day and at such an hour, for the arrival of the Englishman and the various little incidents of the afternoon had delayed supper "

"What occasioned still more delay was the absence of Father Fleury, who had come home at the same time as I had but by another path, he seemed to be in no hurry to leave his room!"

"They went after him several times He said nothing, except that he was coming down, but was detained looking for something "

"No one, save the baron himself, being held in higher respect in the household, and indeed in all Canada, they waited patiently, for the good priest must have unknown but strong reasons for not using greater expedition, and the more so (an observation I made later) as when leaving the boat he avoided meeting Sir Richard "

"At length he did come down, but last of all, holding in his hand a bag or wallet which contained all sorts of papers—the character of which it would be hard to guess "

"Madame Montluc advanced to meet him with her usual grace and majesty, and presented Sir Richard to him "

"BON VOYAGE"

"He respectfully bowed to the Father, and said he was very happy to know a man, whose reputation for knowledge and holiness had been so long established in New France and even in the English colonies."

"The aged priest regarded him with eyes which were gentle, yet piercing, and replied to the compliments."

"'I have the honor also of slightly knowing your Excellency, Sir Richard, for in my young days I was intimately acquainted with Sir Edward Carroll of Carroll Castle, Ireland, your grandfather. He was a zealous Catholic, sir, and a martyr who shed his blood for the faith of his ancestors.'"

"Sir Richard bit his lip at this compliment."

"In the meantime we had taken our places at the table"

"We were silent during the earlier part of the supper, for in the first place, all the company had good appetites and besides we were awaiting with curiosity the explanation of Sir Richard's strange journey"

"Indeed every one was embarrassed The suspicions of old Buffalo and Father Fleury had worked upon me Although it had been proved by documentary evidence and genuine signatures that the treaty had been made, I began to fear some snare'"

'At length we rose from the table, and sat in the balcony which overhung the cliff and Lake Erie, and his Excellency having no one save Montluc's family, Father Fleury and myself to hear him, related what he had already told me and added that he came for Miss Lucy to take her back with him to Boston, restore the inheritance of her father and if she pleased marry her'

"To be sure, the one would not go without the other, for just as he had taken pains to repeat it several times, if his conscience admonished restitution, his interest prompted him to keep it, and he should steer a fair middle course between his duty and his interest"

"Madame Montluc and Mademoiselle Athenais said nothing Miss Lucy listened attentively"

"At the end, she broke the silence and inquired"

"'Sir Richard Carroll you are my cousin?'"

"'Yes, Miss Lucy'"

"'And you will not make restitution unless on condition of marrying me, that is to say, keeping all?'" . . .

"The Englishman seemed embarrassed"

"'Your silence is an answer,' she said, 'Keep all, I will remain here'"

"At these words Athenais embraced her exclaiming"

"'Dont be uneasy My brother will give you a hundred times more'"

"Then Father Fleury raised his voice and said"

"'Sir Richard Carroll, I know your history as well as yourself It is not to restore, even one-half, the estates of Miss Lucy you have come here, it is because you are aware that her uncle, indignant at seeing her despoiled of everything by abominable laws, has bequeathed to her large estates in Kent, England, of which she is not to take possession till the date of her marriage. It is not the fortune you already enjoy that brings you here, it is the other, the one you can never take from Lucy except by marrying her"

"This unexpected revelation caused the Englishman to blush"

"How do you know it?' he demanded"

"Father Fleury began to laugh, and answered"

"'Don't I know everything?'"

"'Since you know everything," rejoined Sir Richard, "I have nothing more to do than to say my adieus Lucy, you see what I offer you and immense fortune composed of two inheritances I am also Governor of Massachusetts, which is equivalent to a vice royalty in America"

"'Sir,' said Miss Lucy, as we all escorted him to his boat, 'I have the honor to bid you adieu . If you please to restore my father's fortune, I shall accept it joyfully If you do not, I shall direct my future husband, Lord Montluc, to retake it'"

"Then Sir Richard signed to his boatmen to take the oars, and remarked"

"'Miss Lucy, you shall repent your impudent speech'"

"Every one shouted to him"

"'*Bon voyage!* Safe passage'"

"The moment the boat got into the open water I was astonished to see at the stern, a strange figure, the chin and almost the nose wrapped in a red woolen muffler, the forehead and eyes covered with a shaggy wig, just like a merry andrew"

'I thought I had seen that figure somewhere"

"'But where?'"

"All at once old Buffalo touched my elbow, and said again"

"'Treachery! treachery!'"

"And our friend *Pied-de-Cerf* who was behind him added"

"'Lord Kildare, did you not see the man with the wig? I recognized him at once It was Kronmark!'"

"'Kronmark?'"

"'That German spy I scalped at the Fort'"

"'I said I remembered too, and had already recognized him'"

"Buffalo remarked"

"'That man prowled around all the evening A questioner—pale face Bad sign He who never questions, don't tell him everything'"

"'But what did he ask, Buffalo?'"

"'Where was the treasure?'"

"'What treasure?'"

"'The treasure of Montluc, taken from the Spaniards forty years ago by the Great Black Bear Hidden here or elsewhere No one knows except old Montluc, his son and old Buffalo When the three die, the treasure is lost forever."

"As to Father Fleury, he only said "

"'Be vigilant, Lord Kildare, I feel we are on the eve of a great danger Perhaps you were wrong in suffering Sir Richard Carroll to depart'"

---

## CHAPTER XX

HOW LORD KILDARE AND MONTLUC LE ROUGE ACCOMPLISHED THEIR MISSION—THE PASTOR OF GIMEL, SUCCEEDS FATHER FLEURY

Lord Kildare continued his story as follows

"Two days after, serious news reached our happy Island of Montluc Tower This news, or rather the letter containing it, was written by my friend, Montluc le Rouge It ran thus "

QUEBEC

"'MY DEAR GERALD—Whet your sword, gird your loins, and make ready to start with me for Europe You will, no doubt, inquire by what route, for the Saint Lawrence has been frozen these two days We could travel on foot from here to Newfoundland if the enormous ice-bergs, that are ever moving and whose sole weight would crush to pieces the largest man-of-war, did not render such travelling impossible'"

"'But no matter, we must go at all hazards Lord Frontenac, the Governor, has entreated me—adding that, if I refused, New France, attacked on all sides by the English and the savages, and without provisions of money, must succumb to her foes'"

"This is true And so I do not hesitate'"

"'But I want a companion, a King's officer, for a Canadian savage like me, the son, moreover, of an ancient rebel, would *not* win much favor in the eyes of Louis XIV I saw this at once, and de Frontenac did not try to cloak it either He has left me the choice of my companion, and I have pitched upon you, Gerald There are twenty chances to one that we shall perish before reaching our destination, but I saw at Hudson what you were capable of, I told Lord Frontenac, and he said'"

"'That is the man I want The Irish and French were always first cousins, and more than ten years ago became brothers Do prevail upon him to go'"

"'I am trying to do so now and hope, my dear Kildare, you won't disappoint me'"

"'In three days I shall be at Montluc Tower We shall depart the next day, for time presses, and the English now reconciled with the Iroquois and other savages, might invade New France during Winter In such an event our brave Canadians would perish, borne down by numbers'"

"'Affectionately, Kildare, yours,

"'MONTLUC LE ROUGE'"

"Montluc arrived five days later at the Castle He had made a detour of twenty leagues to consult his father, who was returning from his expedition after having exchanged the prisoners, one hundred and forty-three Canadians for five hundred Englishmen or Germans"

"On their arrival, we held council The whole of the Montluc family was admitted, including Father Fleury, old Buffalo and myself"

"This council lasted three days, of which the two first were devoted to public interests, the third to my private affairs"

"In other words, father, it was decided, among other things which are the secrets of de Frontenac, the Lords of Montluc and King Louis XIV, and consequently not to be divulged—that if Mademoiselle Athenais did not entertain too lively a regret at changing her name to that of Countess of Kildare, we should be married at the same time as Montluc le Rouge and Miss Lucy Mademoiselle Athenais was good enough not to say no Madame Montluc consented with pleasure (at least she said so), the old baron, her father, said that my conduct in Ireland and in the attack at Fort Hudson gave the good opinion that this marriage would be alike honorable to France and Ireland Montluc le Rouge declared he looked upon me as a brother, and Carrizaray and his sons confirmed the remarks by the assurance that they had never seen a lord such a '*bon enfant*' as I was Father Fleury added a single word 'Go, but return speedily if you wish to receive my nuptial benediction' And really at ninety years of age, however robust we may be, we cannot but mistrust the future"

"I shall not go over the affecting adieus next day of every one, men and women, when we set out on our journey by way of the Mississippi, accompanied by only ten Canadians Enough to say that we seemed to be carrying away the hearts of the colony"

"Some other day I shall relate to you our adventures on this great river still so little known, and yet fed by fifty navigable rivers, the smallest of which is wider and deeper than the Seine at Paris Fancy a valley of at least six hundred leagues almost flat, which drains itself completely into a canal, and you see Louisiana, a country wherein is four hundred leagues from north to south, seven hundred from east to west, which contains almost

two hundred and fifty to three hundred thousand savages, immense prairies upon the right bank of the river, dense forests on the left, and as much game as all the rest of the globe If I could summon thither all my poor Irish countrymen, and join them with the French, who already possess America from the St Lawrence in the North to the outlet of the Mississippi in the South, before two hundred years the Celts of Paris and Dublin would be the masters of the earth and the King of France the king of kings"

"It was this scheme that old Lord Montluc and Father Fleury unfolded to me and charged me to repeat to the ministers at Versailles, but the wind did not blow that way Neither Lord Pontchartrain, with his self-conceit, nor Madame de Maintenon could comprehend it They were absorbed in a project that looked to the conquest of some little town in Flanders or on the Rhine, and they were willing in order to accomplish it to sacrifice three hundred thousand men instead of giving homes to twelve or thirteen thousand on the Mississippi, who should become the fathers of the most powerful nation in the universe!"

"Here Lord Kildare paused to ask me"

"'What do you think of it Father?'"

"To which I modestly answered 'My lord, I think you are right, but I cannot give you any assurances, for I am not in politics'"

"This made Lord Kildare laugh, and Beaufoil, bolder than I was, said 'My lord, I think, with due deference, that His Majesty lacks common sense'"

"At this rather uncivil opinion, Lord Kildare laughed, and then went on"

"Of all our adventures I shall relate but one, Father, because it will explain how without brig, man-of-war, frigate or money nor even merchant vessel in our service, but on the contrary, a great English and Dutch fleet to bar our progress, we arrived in France"

"Hatchets, rifles, powder and ball, pistols and swords, with some fishing lines composed our equipment, except three or four barrels of biscuit and smoked salmon, which were our sole means of subsistence"

"Thus, with a crew of ten men, not including Montluc and myself, we arrived at the mouth of the Mississippi, which we easily recognized, for the waters of the Atlantic, especially about there, are green as an emerald, while the river is of the hue of coffee with milk in it"

"The Mississippi becomes so swollen in high flood time that you cannot see one bank from the other"

"Arrived there, that is at the mouth of the river, we held council, for it was hard to venture across the ocean and make seven hundred leagues in a small boat adapted to inland waters, but which the first big sea on the Atlantic would fill up and founder with all the crew"

"Accordingly Montluc le Rouge held conference, or rather said"

"'We have no time to lose It is the 15th of January We must reach France in two months and return to Quebec by the 20th of May So we must set out'"

"You would have thought to hear him speak, that we were going in a ferry boat across a river ten feet wide and six deep"

"I inquired"

"'Shall we go in this boat?'"

"He answered without showing any surprise"

"'Yes, if necessary'"

"And all his Canadians, who believed him capable of anything, applauded the reply"

"He added"

"'But it is unnecessary' We shall presently possess a splendid vessel, well-rigged, and well-manned, which will only cost us the trouble of taking it'"

"That made the whole crew laugh"

"I must tell you, Father, that the sea of the Antilles belongs almost wholly to the English and Spaniards, who are enemies to the King of France, and if you except two or three small islands which belong to the French, and occupy in this sea, about as much space as two or three sea-gulls or a big lake His Majesty's officers and soldiers have not an inch of ground upon which to raise the flag of France"

"However, as my friend Montluc appeared sanguine of success, I did not hesitate to follow him"

"Almost at the beginning he ascertained from San Domingo buccaneers who prowl about these seas, after their prey—the gold-laden Spanish galleons—that a great flotilla of English, Dutch and Spanish vessels were cruising fifty leagues away, and were making some prizes among the French merchantmen, but were specially engaged in convoying Spanish galleons to Cadiz"

"At this news, Montluc said to me"

"'Kildare, am I not unlucky?'"

"'How'"

"'Because, like my father, I should carry away one of these galleons right under the nose of the convoy, but if I try I shall arrive too late in France, which would ruin the colony, or (much worse) I shall not arrive at all.'"

"'Well?'"

"'Well, I forego the enterprise, but we must have some reward for our abstinence'"

"And we did have it Two days later, we met a fine, large Dutch merchantman moving slowly along like a wealthy, big-paunched burgher returning from market borne down with supplies"

"The poor fellows having no suspicions of danger and fancying themselves protected by their fleet, were captured at night by the mere act of boarding As they had no arms we did not harm them, beyond putting them ashore in Louisiana, and warning them to be on the look out for the savages who massacred every stranger We also left them three guns, some ammunition and provisions for two weeks After this master-stroke we sailed under the French flag straight down upon a frigate which was as trim and coquettish as a young damsel—armed withal with forty great cannon, and which, perceiving our approach, bore down upon us and at the first sweep ran alongside of us'

'The frigate—we already knew of her from the report of the San Domingo pirates in consequence of which Montluc had cast his eyes upon her—was called the *Mouette*, and like the bird whose name she bore, she skimmed the waters She was also a scent or light-ship for the great cruising Anglo-Dutch fleet"

"The first move of the Captain of the *Mouette*, who was an Englishman, was to discharge a cannon at us The ball shattered a soup tureen on deck the very moment the master cook had come to pour out the soup To tell you that we bore this mishap in silence would be to lie to the Eternal, for the chief cook was a fine, big Hollander, who knew, as he admitted when we engaged him, but two things in the line of cookery, that is to make turtle soup and saur kraut So for two days we had nothing else in the way of dishes But as the turtle soup is far harder to get ready than the *Sauer Kraut* it is impossible to describe the rage of the cook And the Canadians, who had lived for two weeks on smoked salmon, were just as infuriated"

"Montluc remarked to us"

"'We must dine, but we shall have a better dinner before night Let all get ready without noise'"

"Then he quietly directed the manœuvre which was to obey the Englishman's order, and run our big merchantman close alongside the frigate"

"All that, without saying a word in reply to the Captain of the *Mouette*, who must have believed us resigned to our fate, and was himself rejoicing at such a fine, easy prize"

"But scarcely had twenty well-armed English sailors boarded us, thinking they had merely to take possession of the merchant vessel, than Montluc, who till then wore a grieved and almost despairing countenance, cried out, 'Forward, boys' With a bound, he cleared from our vessel to the other, which was an easy task for the hulls were close together"

"We all followed him, boarding hatchets in one hand, double-barrelled pistols in the other, and in less than a minute, thanks to the confusion of the English we cut down thirty of their men In the hand to hand struggles our Canadians have no equals Their hatchets fell with terrifying rapidity on the heads of their opponents The blood of the wounded splashed on our garments The pistol shots did wonders"

"Luckily, the English crew, although ten times more numerous than ours, was not keeping watch Believing that he was dealing only with peaceable merchants, the Captain of the *Mouette* had taken no precautions, which was the chief cause of our victory"

"That and something else"

"While the Captain, a little recovered from his surprise, was rallying his men, and gallantly defending himself, chance threw Montluc in the way of hearing, in the middle of the bloody conflict and crash of rifle and pistol, strange cries proceeding from between-decks"

"'Help! help!'"

"He said to me"

"Kildare, go on with the conflict don't mind me I have a suspicion I hear French spoken below'"

"And, beckoning to another Canadian, he forced his way down the hatchway, knocked down two sentinels, broke the door open and discovered thirty French prisoners who were crying as loud as they could, to make themselves heard by us"

"He said but a word to them"

"'Come'"

"Fortunately it needed no more"

"These brave fellows followed him at once, picking up every sort of weapon they could find on the decks, hatchets, pikes handspikes, swords, broken doors and Montluc in front, arrived just in time to turn the tide of battle in our favor, for we were beginning to give way to numbers and the Canadians themselves seeing their leader no longer, believed him dead and lost hope of victory"

"But when he re-appeared with a new and fiery band, the face of the combat was changed. The Captain of the *Mouette* and his officers were slain with more than fifty of

the crew The rest surrendered and went down between decks to fill the places lately occupied by the French prisoners "

"Among these, one especially, Gandar, the Marseilles Captain, had given a heroic example When we were masters of the *Mouette*, Montluc, who had noticed his conduct in the fight, asked him his name "

"'I am Gandar, the former owner of the *Mouette* And you?' "

"'I! I am Montluc le Rouge What were you doing down there?' "

"'In that hold' said the Marseillese, 'in that cavern? Well, I have travelled the seas for ten years for my own profit and that of the King of France I kill his enemies, and give him silver coins, although he has more money than I have, and four hundred thousand men besides me, to fight his enemies But I am generous, 'tis my disposition You don't change at my age—fifty years—is not that so? In two words, I am a pirate, and I have letters from His Majesty to run down all those who are not willing to grant that the very Christian king is the greatest king on earth Ten years, as I have said, I have plied this trade which pays well and furnishes a fortune for my little one, a lad I shall one day show you, when you come to Marseilles, whose mother, my poor dear dead wife was in the days of her life queen of one of the Islands situated between Java and China. I have already earned more than nine millions, of which the King has had his fifth, to play great lord at Versailles and my crew the half to encourage them in well-doing And then—

"'But you have suffered yourself to be taken' said Montluc "

"'Ah what would you do? We are not always in luck was cruising here last month, in search of some merchantmen, like a hunter after his game All of a sudden a hurricane arose which lasted three days At the end of the third day, I found myself without knowing it in the middle of the great Anglo-Dutch fleet—one against fifty The cowards! They attacked me and took me And then! You have saved me! You look like a good fellow! And when you shall come to Marseilles, I shall welcome you more heartily than the King, and show you the boy If you are not pleased, you will surprise me And now, between us two it is for life! for death!' "

"'Twas thus we became acquainted with our friend Gandar "

"Thanks to him, his rescued crew and his frigate which in speed beats the wind, we reached Havre in five weeks without any mishap "

"'Where shall I await you,' asked Gandar' "

"'At Bayonne,' answered Montluc' "

"Gandar again to sea We went to Versailles where Lord Pontchartrain the Minister of the Marine did not deign to receive us, but Montluc le Rouge unconcerned, drew out of his pocket a handful of Spanish doubloons, gave them to the usher of the king's antechamber and entered the waiting-room with me Upon seeing Louis XIV, a little old man, with a majestic countenance pass, he advanced and said

"'Sire!' "

"The little old man looked at him with an expression of astonishment "

"'Sire,' continued my friend, Montluc, who is not the son of old Baron Hannibal for nothing 'we have journeyed, the Earl of Kildare and myself, three thousand leagues in a hostile country and in the midst of the English fleets to see Your Majesty and bring you news from Canada' "

"'Ah" said the King, growing attentive "

"'Well, sire, Lord Pontchartrain has shut his door upon us as if we had come to ask alms' "

"His Majesty frowned "

"'Who are you, sir?' "

"'Sire, I am the son of Baron Hannibal of Montluc, who has fought for Your Majesty for fifty years My mother is the daughter of Samuel Champlain, who has given you a kingdom, New-France, six times, larger than this, and grand-daughter of the great Chief of the Savage Eries I am Montluc le Rouge, and if Your Majesty has not heard of me, your enemies know me and often saw me sword in hand' "

"The King turned to an usher and said "

"'Call Lord Pontchartrain You, sir, follow me' "

"Then he inquired my name and appeared to remember me "

"'Your father, Count Kildare, was a brave gentleman, he was killed at the battle of the Boyne, in King James' service You were wounded yourself in my service at Steinkerk. I am glad to see you' "

"For Montluc he had not the slightest compliment The King, who is spiteful, remembered his father had been rebellious, and discovered in the son all the pride of the father "

"Notwithstanding, after the arrival of Pontchartrain and the perusal of the despatches of Lord Frontenac, his majestic brow cleared Lord Frontenac had written such an eulogy of Montluc and his exploits that the King dismissed him, saying "

"'Lord Montluc, in recompense of your services, I am willing to forget the past faults of your father.'"

"At these words, Montluc arose indignant"

"'Sire, my father and myself regret nothing, if it is not having lost the good wishes of Your Majesty, and we ask nothing, if it be not the favor of shedding our blood against the enemies of France and retaining a province which shall one day become the greatest empire in the universe. My friend, Lord Kildare, will take Your Majesty's orders and lead the troops you deign to send to Quebec For my part, I take my leave It is too much to suffer in one day the insolence of a Minister and the favor of a King'"

"Thus having spoken he left the room"

"I did not follow I felt I must mend matters I already heard Pontchartrain suggest in a whisper to send this rebel to the Bastile Then I began to speak and said"

"'Sire, pardon Lord Montluc's warmth His father is in his eyes and those of half the Canadian people, the defender and real bulwark of New-France Twenty times almost alone has he preserved the colony with loss of his own money and blood'"

"And indeed I urged his cause with all eloquence of friendship The King sent for him, and said graciously"

"'Lord Savage, son of a rebel, I do not pardon you, I give you my hand, and I restore to your father all his goods that were confiscated forty years ago Say to him that I appreciate your services and his own I know that at all times and even when he felt coldly to Cardinal Mazarin he valiantly defended, sword in hand, the honor and the rights of the French crown. Say to him that I restore him my friendship As a proof, I confer upon you the order of the Holy Ghost, which is conferred upon only the most illustrious and bravest gentleman in my kingdom Lord Pontchartrain is about to equip six vessels of troops for Canada. Lord Kildare, on his arrival, will take command of the Royal-Irish, vacant since the death of the gallant Lord Sarsfield. Lord Kildare, I make you Colonel, and charge myself with the expenses of the regiment'"

"As I kissed his hand to thank him and take my leave, he added."

"'Lord Kildare, if you prefer to stay in France——"

"I declined. He appeared astonished and I explained my motives for declining—the chief of which was my marriage with Mademoiselle Montluc"

"His Majesty was pleased to smile and regretted he could not be on hand to sign my marriage contract"

"Then, as my friend Montluc bowed respectfully to leave with me, the King deigned to say"

"'Are you satisfied, Lord Savage, Lord Montluc le Rouge?'"

"To which he answered"

"'Sire, I expected nothing less from your justice and bounty'"

"'And,' added the King, who escorted us to the door of his chamber, in sight of all the Court, 'I desire to reconcile you to Lord Pontchartrain'"

"'Sire,' rejoined Montluc, 'I thank you. It is unnecessary. Lord Pontchartrain will be my friend so long as he serves Your Majesty faithfully'"

"Pontchartrain winced, and the King smiled, saying"

"'Savage!'"

"That very evening we set out with his instructions signed by himself, and here we are!'"

"As Lord Kildare finished his story, Montluc le Rouge came in with Phœbus"

"'We must go, he said, I have examined the road It is not a good one, but we have worse in Canada"

"It was in vain that I pressed him to stay."

"'My dear Curé,' he said, 'you have shown me such splendid, hearty hospitality, yourself, Marian and Beaufoil, that I shall take you to Canada all three, if you wish We need a good pastor to console us for the approaching loss of Father Fleury Will you come?'"

"To my great surprise, this proposal appeared to please every one Beaufoil's mother having left him for a better world, he had nothing to leave behind him, and he longed for adventures Marian followed Beaufoil as his shadow, while a hundred times a day storming at him As to myself, I was dreaming of the exploits of Father Fleury and the conversion of idolators I envied the death of Saint Ignatius of Antioch and many other saints. Indeed, I rather liked adventures, and I loved to see new lands"

"Hence it was, that nine days later (in the meantime Montluc le Rouge had gone to take possession of the old Castle of Montluc, formerly confiscated, but now restored) I arrived at Bayenne, which Lord Montluc also reached the same time"

# SWEET REVENGE.

"So the children have a new governess!"

"Yes—a French girl She is a nice little thing, too, but, of course, there is no saying how long she may stay Not a great while, I expect—she'll be a startling exception to a well-established rule if she does I defy anyone falling far short of angelic perfection to put up with Connie's temper for long together"

"Oh, I say, Will, I can't stand that, you know You must speak respectfully of your sister in my presence, or you and will quarrel"

"All right, old fellow," said Will, lazily "I'll be as mute as a fish—if you like—it's too hot to argue—and I'm far too much exhausted to point out that I had just paid you a delicate compliment"

"How?" asked Gordon Letheby, smiling at the idle youth before him.

"Why, by admitting your near approach to perfection, of course *You* have managed to get on with Constance for a considerable period. May it continue, that's all I say"

"Of course it will. When does she come home? In her last letter she said it was uncertain when she would be back, but I quite expected to find her here when I came down,"

"Or else you wouldn't have come down I suppose," growled Will. "Well, *chacum a son gont*. Anyhow I hope you won't run away again. My sweet sister writes that she has promised to stay for some theatricals or something of the kind, but expects to be home in two or three days Like us she didn't think you would be back from Germany for another week."

"I finished my business sooner than I expected, and ran down unannounced, being vain enough to hope I might give you all a pleasant surprise," said Gordon. with a little laugh.

"So you have," said Will, heartily, as he rose from his recumbent position on the grass, "and I'm precious glad Con *is* away, because I shall perhaps have the pleasure of seeing something of you this time. We'll have a jolly long day's shooting to-morrow, and no women to spoil the fun, by turning up with the luncheon baskets."

"Well, I'm ashamed of you! You're a regular young misogynist!"

"Not I I like some women," replied Will, with lofty tolerance "Women like *that*, for instance"—and he nodded in the direction of the house, approaching which, in company with three robust, rosy-cheeked children, was a graceful girl of about nineteen years of age, simply but elegantly attired in a dress of some cool-looking grey material"

"The new governess?" queried Gordon

"Yes Come along, and I'll introduce you. You'll have to know her, staying in the house—and she's a perfect lady—not like some of them we've had."

So, in a few minutes the two young men met the advancing group, and Will Markham presented Gordon Letheby to Mademoiselle Dovalle

The young Frenchwoman raised a pair of very large dark, innocent-looking eyes to the handsome face of this new acquaintance, whose great height caused him to tower far above her own modest proportions; and Gordon told himself at once that it was not wonderful that Will liked her, for the sweet, truthful expression of her pretty face was singularly attractive—perhaps because its frank simplicity was so rare in the days when affected "baby-stares" on the one hand, and looks of almost defiant boldness on the other, are so unhappily common.

They chatted on the terrace for a short time, the children clamoring for Gordon's recognition, and then a bell gave warning of the school-room tea.

"Will you give us a cup of tea this afternoon, Mademoiselle?" pleaded Will. "There's no five o'clock tea in the drawing-room when Connie is away—and I've discovered that the governor generally finds his way to the school-room about this time"

"Yes, do come, both of you," broke in Julia, without giving her governess time to reply. "Papa often does, and it is such fun. Mam'selle sings to us after tea always"

"May we?" asked Gordon, smiling

"Assuredly, if you wish it, monsieur," replied the governess, politely, and they all went in together.

Mr Markham was a widower for the second time By his first marriage he had two children—Will and the Constance, of whom frequent mention has been made, an exceeding handsome young lady of imperious dis-

position, and a considerable fortune in her right, she having been made the sole heiress of a childless uncle Since the death of the second Mrs Markham, shortly after the birth of the youngest child, the whole household had been under the supreme rule of Miss Markham; her father, an elderly, studious man, constantly engaged in scientific researches, having gladly placed all domestic power and authority in her hands Will had not long returned from college, and did not agree with his sister quite as well as would have been desirable

They made a merry party in that cool old school-room that afternoon, and when the children's appetites for bread-and-butter and fruit had been appeased, Mr Markham called for some music, and the time sped away till the dinner hour approached.

"Don't you call it a shame?" said Will indignantly, as the three gentlemen assembled in the drawing room To exclude a lady like Mademoiselle Dovalle from our table at late dinner? I call it an insult—it's treating her as if she were a servant I *have* protested—but Con declares it is necessary, so that the poor girl has to spend her evenings alone in that dreary school-room after the children go to bed—at least, unless Con wants some one to play her accompaniments for her, when she is politely asked into the drawing-room for half-an-hour"

"It is usual, I believe, Will," remarked his father mildly "At any rate, I have no doubt Mademoiselle Dovalle prefers the present arrangement during Constance's absence"

Will muttered something about "gross inhumanity" and "unfeeling disposition"—but as he was known to be a youth of rather extreme views no one took any notice of him, and they adjourned to the dining room

Next day a letter came from Constance saying that the theatrical entertainment had been postponed for a few days, but that she hoped to return at the end of the week, and that if Gordon should arrive he was to be induced to remain and await her coming

Will was a lazy fellow and had a very profound antipathy to early rising Not as Gordon Letheby, who made a point, when in the country, of being up with the lark and revelling in solitary enjoyment of the first sweet dewy hours of day

It chanced that Mademoiselle Dovalle was also an early riser. She was a Catholic, and a devout one, and every morning when the weather permitted she walked half a mile to the chapel of a neighboring convent, where she heard Mass at seven o'clock, and was back in ample time to preside at the children's breakfast table. This Gordon casually discovered on the morning after his arrival at Fernwood, and it seemed only natural that his morning stroll should afterwards take the direction of the convent and that the two should walk home together

I must do Gordon the justice of saying that he had no intention of acting disloyally at first He was much attracted by this modest and refined young girl, but that attraction was merely friendly, he thought Besides it was such excellent practice for him in speaking French that he really ought not to neglect any opportunity of doing so For this reason doubtless, although Armande Dovalle's English was exceedingly good, Gordon always addressed her in her own language—somewhat to Will's annoyance, it must be confessed, for that young gentleman's French was decidedly insular in expression and pronunciation, and he became conscious of the fact to the extent of mortification, when his sister's *fiance* rattled away so gaily and carelessly

Gordon Letheby went farther than he intended Carried away by his admiration for Armande's piety, grace and simplicity he plunged into what he called "flirtation"—while she, innocent soul, vaguely believed it to be the dawn of a happy and honored life, in which she should be loved and cherished as she never had been since she was left a lonely orphan

One afternoon, Gordon and Will had joined Armande and her pupils in the wood near the house, as they returned from shooting Will was instantly seized upon by Alfred and his sisters to aid them in discovering the abode of a squirrel, which had eluded their efforts to trace it. Armande rose from her mossy seat to follow them

"Sit down," said Gordon. "Sit down, Armande The children are safe with Will—and I want to speak to you."

She flushed at his using her first name—but not with anger—he spoke so gently and respectfully Besides, the children were within sight—surely there was no necessity to refuse to listen to Mr. Letheby.

So she resumed her seat and Gordon began what he intended to be an explanation But it was rather a difficult business, he found This young girl was so innocent and trustful that it was not agreeable to have to tell her that all his attentions to her counted for nothing, and that he was betrothed to another He had never felt so thoroughly ashamed of himself before, and so he foolishly tried to pave the way by using a

great many half-tender phrases, to which Armande listened with downcast eyes and a fluttering heart.

"So this is the manner in which you take care of children placed in your charge, Mademoiselle Dovalle!" exclaimed an angry scornful voice beside them

Both started up to confront the indignation of Constance Markham

"Constance!" cried Gordon. "Is it really you, we did not expect you till later"

"So it appears," she retorted, her lips quivering with passion. "Mademoiselle, be kind enough to take the children to the house. I will speak to you presently."

Trembling with undefined fears, and only partly aware of her offense, Armande did as she commanded, leaving Gordon and Constance together

Half an hour later the latter entered the school-room and said coldly, with angry, glittering eyes

"This envelope contains a cheque in payment of your services, Mademoiselle Dovalle I shall be glad if you can make it convenient to leave here by the first train to-morrow morning."

"Leave? Oh, Miss Markham, why? What have I done?" asked the poor girl, her face blanching to a death-like pallor

"Done! echoed Constance, passionately "How can you ask me such a question, girl? Your artfulness is really beyond belief! I think you were to be trusted, but I find you are nothing better than a heartless and deceitful coquette!"

"Mademoiselle!" gasped Armande, in breathless supplication.

"It is true," Constance went on furiously "Not content with doing your utmost to entrap my brother, you could not even allow my affianced husband——"

Armande interrupted her with a little cry

"Mr Letheby is your affianced husband?" he asked

"Oh, don't pretend you did not know," retorted Constance scornfully "You will deceive me no longer—I understand you now I have heard about your morning walks and all the rest of it, and I tell you candidly that you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Armande for a moment struggled painfully with her emotion. Then she found sufficient calmness to reply quietly:

"You are doing me an injustice. I was not aware of your engagement to Mr. Letheby, no one ever told me of it—and I saw no impropriety in his walking by my side if he chanced to meet me as I came from Mass. If it was wrong I did not know it. I never sought his society, nor did I ever endeavor to attract your brother's attention. But, of course, after this, I can no longer remain here I will go to-morrow morning."

The children were inconsolable when they were told that their patient gentle governess was about to leave them, but Constance said nothing about it to the other members of the family until after Armande's departure Whereupon Will had a fresh quarrel with his sister, and left home for an indefinite period, and even quiet Mr Markham felt impelled to asks his daughter's reasons for such a summary proceeding.

Of course she did not give the real ones; but in a short time the rupture between Gordon and herself was healed and the wedding-day was fixed.

Gordon was by no means ardently in love, but he admired his bride's beauty, accomplishments, *and fortune*, while she liked him perhaps better than anybody else and considered that his probable succession to a baronetcy was a strong point in his favor. How many marriages daily take place actuated by similar motives!

* * * * * * *

Terror and confusion reigned in a handsome London House. The servants were talking in hurried whispers in the intervals of packing their boxes and preparing for a precipitate flight The terrible enemy small-pox had taken up his abode there, and no entreaty or persuasion would induce them to remain.

"I am sure I don't know what is to be done," cried Mrs Letheby, helplessly. "There is not a nurse to be had—and I dare not go into the room I have always had such a horror of small-pox, and they say your are more likely to take it when you are afraid, don't they? What can we do Dr. Eade? None of the servants will stay now they know what my poor husband's illness is—except the cook, and although she has had it, she positively refuses to go into his room. It is horrible how these selfish people are!"

Dr. Eade could hardly repress a smile; but the matter was a serious one, and his half-bitter amusement was short-lived.

"I called at the convent of the Sisters of Mercy as I came along just now, and stated the case to the superior," he said. "There was no sister disengaged just then, but she promised to send one as soon as possible."

"I wish she would," said Mrs. Letheby in tones of fretful weariness. "I feel half ill myself—no wonder, with all this worry. I can't sleep and my hands burn as though I had a fever. Feel them."

The doctor took one of her jewelled hands in his own and quietly felt her pulse

"You must endeavor to keep yourself quiet and calm But don't think of trying to go away—you are really not well enough to travel"

"You don't think I am going to have it, Dr. Eade?" she exclaimed in violent alarm, clutching him eagerly by the sleeve, "Say you don't think so! Oh it would be too horrible, too—"

"A person to speak to you ma'am," interrupted a servant flinging open the door.

"Ah, sister, you are a welcome sight," said the Doctor heartily, as a young woman, in the quaint distinctive garb of a Sister of Mercy, entered the room

Mrs Letheby had thrown herself upon a sofa, pallid and shivering, and she offered no greeting. The Sister glanced enquiringly from her to the Doctor, who drawing her aside, whispered.

"You will have your hands full. Husband and wife, both, I fear It is a bad business. "You are not afraid?"

"Afraid!" repeated the Sister, with the faintest foreign accent imaginable, as she smiled a quiet fearless smile. "Certainly not. It is, however, my first case of this kind, so you must forgive me if I require much teaching. Perhaps a more experienced Sister will join me in a day or two."

So Sister Mary Gabriel was installed as nurse; and next day, as Dr Eade predicted, she had two patients on her hands. Somehow, as the Doctor left the house, he was thinking more how pitiful it would be to behold the Sister's sweet peaceful face seamed and disfigured by the hideous disease, than of the sadness of a similar catastrophe destroying the proud beauty of the future Lady Letheby.

* * * * *

Neither of the patients died. Dr Eade declared that the recovery was chiefly owing to the wonderful nursing they had had—nursing which had worn the tireless, devoted young sister to a mere shadow of her former self.

Mrs. Letheby had recognized her from the first—had known her for the same Armande Dovalle she had treated, as she afterwards found, with such harsh injustice five years before but she could not resist, and she had to submit to the humiliation of availing herself of the priceless services of one whom she had wronged.

"You need me no longer—I am to return to the convent to-morrow," remarked Sister Mary Gabriel, when Gordon Letheby had feebly crawled to a chair in his wife's boudoir where she equally feeble, though her attack had been much slighter, awaited him, and after a few half-sad jests upon their weakness and mutual congratulations upon their recovery had passed

"To-morrow? What shall we do without you?" said Constance. I can't let you go," she continued, with a hasty glance at her husband, "without mentioning a very painful subject I want to apologize for——"

"Not only you, but I also, Constance," interposed Gordon, with a dark flush rising on his pale face

"Hush!" said Sister Mary Gabriel, lifting her finger admonitorily, with a bright smile "I must not allow any mention of painful subjects But, of course, I know what you mean and so I will say that all is forgiven and forgotten Perhaps I was foolish and a little vain—very likely it was so—I did not understand And you believed yourself justified, madam But I have long been glad that it happened so It made me think seriously, and I believe it led to my discovering my true vocation I thank the good God for it It is impossible that I could ever have been so happy otherwise as I am now."

They could not doubt her happiness as they gazed at her placid face with its quietly joyous smile, and looked into the depths of her earnest innocent, child-like eyes

"You have revenged yourself nobly," murmured Gordon, feeling humbled and shame-stricken as he thought of the past.

"Do you call this revenge?" asked the Sister, laughing. "Then the saying is true that 'revenge is sweet' for I have found it very pleasant"

* * * * *

It is a trite remark that "Time works wonders," but perhaps it was never more clearly exemplified than in the fact that the once lazy, half-cynical Will Markham has become not only a Catholic, but a most energetic and hard-working priest. Gordon Letheby has succeeded to the baronetcy now, but though Constance has thus attained the summit of her ambition, she is no longer as selfishly haughty and imperious as of old. Her illness did her good, people say, and her beauty suffered but little

As for Sister Mary Gabriel she pursues her chosen career of holy self-devotion with peaceful mien and happy heart. The Lethebys never knew that she had entreated and obtained permission to exchange duties with the Sister who was to have been sent to the small-pox stricken house, and so had intentionally earned her "Sweet Revenge."

# LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.

In olden times there was a man named Offerus, of such immense size and strength that men looked upon him almost as a giant, but they loved him greatly for his kindness and good nature Offerus determined to employ himself in serving others, and while he was very young he set forth on a journey to find the most mighty prince the world contained, to whom he might offer himself. He was directed to the Court of a powerful king, who rejoiced in possessing a servant of such enormous size and strength, and Offerus was well content, until one day he saw his royal master, at the mention of the name of the devil, make the sign of the Cross in evident alarm

"What is that for?" asked Offerus.

"Because I fear the devil," replied the king

"Then if you fear him, he is more powerful than you, and I will serve you no more," said Offerus. "I have resolved to give my strength to him who is mightiest, so I must take the devil for my master," and with that he left the Court

After having travelled far, Offerus came upon a large company of horsemen, whose chief was black, and who spoke to him, asking what he sought

"Oh, I am seeking the devil. I wish to serve him "

"I am he If you wish to belong to my servants, I will receive you. Follow me " And thus Offerus was enrolled amongst the servants of Satan.

It happened that in one of their journeys the troop came to a large Cross standing at the corner of a road The devil ordered them to retreat

'What is that for?" said Offerus

"Because I fear the image of Christ "

"Then you are not so mighty as He, so I will serve this Christ " And Offerus passed alone before the Cross, and continued his journey.

After awhile he met a holy hermit, of whom he inquired where he should find Christ.

"Everywhere," was the answer

"I don't understand *that*," said Offerus, "but if such is the truth, can a strong man like myself be of use to Him?"

'You can serve Him by prayer, by fasting, by vigils, my son," replied the holy man But a shadow passed across the face of Offerus.

"Is there no other way in which to please Him?" he asked.

The hermit took him to the edge of a torrent, which came down from the mountains, and said "The poor pilgrims who wish to cross this stream get wet, and are almost borne away by its force sometimes Stay here, and bear across all those who come to the bank, and if you do this simple service for the love of Christ, He will one day acknowledge you among His followers "

The plan pleased Offerus, and he began to build a little cabin, in which he dwelt by the water's edge, and by day and by night he carried across the torrent any pilgrim who asked his help

One night, when he was sleeping, Offerus heard a childish voice calling him by his name three times It was a dark night, and the stream was very deep and strong, but the great powerful man had no fear, and taking the little child who had called to him upon his shoulders, he stepped into the water

When he reached the middle of the stream the torrent was unusually strong, and as he struggled through it with difficulty he had never felt before, it seemed as if the child he carried became as heavy as a leaden weight. The thunder rolled overhead, lightning gleamed upon the water, and Offerus felt as if his burden increased every moment

"How is it, little child, that you appear so heavy?" he said at last "It seems as if I was carrying the world itself "

"Not only the world, but He who made it," said the little silvery voice. "I am Christ, thy Maker, thy God, thy Master In return for the service thou hast offered Me, I baptize thee, in the Name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and I name thee 'Christopher,' the bearer of Christ "

They gained the shore, and a sweetness filled the soul of the newly-made Christian, He fell prostrate in adoration before the Divine Child, Who thus addressed him

"Rise, Christopher, and fix thy staff in the earth. To-morrow it shall bloom with white and fragrant roses, as a token that Christ has been thy burden this night," and then the Holy Child disappeared amidst the bright and glowing flame.

The sun's earliest ray fell upon Christopher, still kneeling in silent adoration as he had knelt before his Lord and Master, and by his side was the staff, which had been dry and withered, now covered with fragrant roses such as once bloomed in Eden.

# LEGEND OF THE ENTRANCE TO HEAVEN.

According to an old, old story, there was a day when the Holy Apostle St Peter placed along the golden streets of the Heavenly City with a look of pain upon his face, as if he was sorely troubled and St John, meeting him thus, inquired what ailed him.

"Hast thou not seen here the faces of many who seem scarcely fitted for so glorious a home?" replied St Peter, sadly. "Little has it cost me to enter here, and yet we know that heaven must be gained by many a battle bravely won, by many a struggle and pain and temptation conquered"

"But thou dost guard the keys of heaven?" said St John

"I do But though such is my post, it is St Joseph who causes me this distress No matter how sinful his life may be, if in death a person cries to him in faith and love, he brings them here. How they enter I can scarcely tell, for they do not pass the gate at which I stand, but I see them here, and it perplexes me, and I must speak to our Divine Master, lest He may think me careless in my guarding the entrance to the Heavenly City"

St John smiled "Thou art Peter, and the Lord Jesus loves thee well," he said, "and yet I tell thee that if St Joseph plead against thee, thy cause is lost"

The great Apostle bethought him then of the night upon which St John had rested his head upon the Sacred Heart of Jesus when He was on earth Surely the love of the Lord for John was as great as He would feel for His foster-father

"Come with me," he said, "thou hast ever been called the Beloved Apostle, no fear but the Master will listen if thou art by my side"

Together they stood before Jesus, who had Mary and Joseph on either side of Him.

"What is it, Peter?" said the gentle Voice

"I am troubled, dear Lord," replied the Apostle, raising his eyes to the Divine Face. "It seems to me scarce just to those who serve Thee well on earth, if so many who spend their life in sin, gain heaven after all. And yet it is St. Joseph who does this All who call to him when they have to die are sure of his protection, and he brings them here among Thy martyrs and Thy saints"

"O Peter! dost thou not yet know that when I pardon the greatest sinner he wins life eternal? No soul is brought to heaven by St Joseph which has not first sought Me, and been cleansed by the Blood which flowed on Calvary for the salvation of the world"

"Lord, I know that those who die in Thy grace shall surely see Thee," replied St Peter "I know that thus the dying thief found an entrance here, and many, many more Yet, surely, it is not well for the Church on earth that St Joseph should so easily gain admittance for all who cry to him. How, then, will sinners believe in the punishment of sin, and the judgment, severe and just, which follows death?"

"True, Peter," said the Master, "yet what can I refuse my father, who guarded My childhood on earth, who worked and suffered for Me when I was a weak and helpless Babe?"

The Apostle bowed his head, still but half convinced, and, seeing this, the sweetest smile illumined the face of the Saviour

"Ah, Peter, Peter," He said, "Thou wouldst have none here but My chosen few, who gain heaven by true and faithful service Dearly I prize this service, justly I reward it, but know also that I give heaven for love, that I who suffered so much to save mankind will have here in glory every sinner who dies contrite, nor do I wish that one should be shut out, however guilty, however miserable, who has turned in his last moments to Me, the lover of sinners Does this mercy indeed displease thee? Wouldst thou choose a company of thine own, and not admit those who cry, 'Jesus, Mary, Joseph,' as they pass from earth?"

Then the Apostle bowed low at the feet of his Saviour and King:

"Lord, Thou knowes best," he murmured. "Thy Will I love, and to tha Will I bend."