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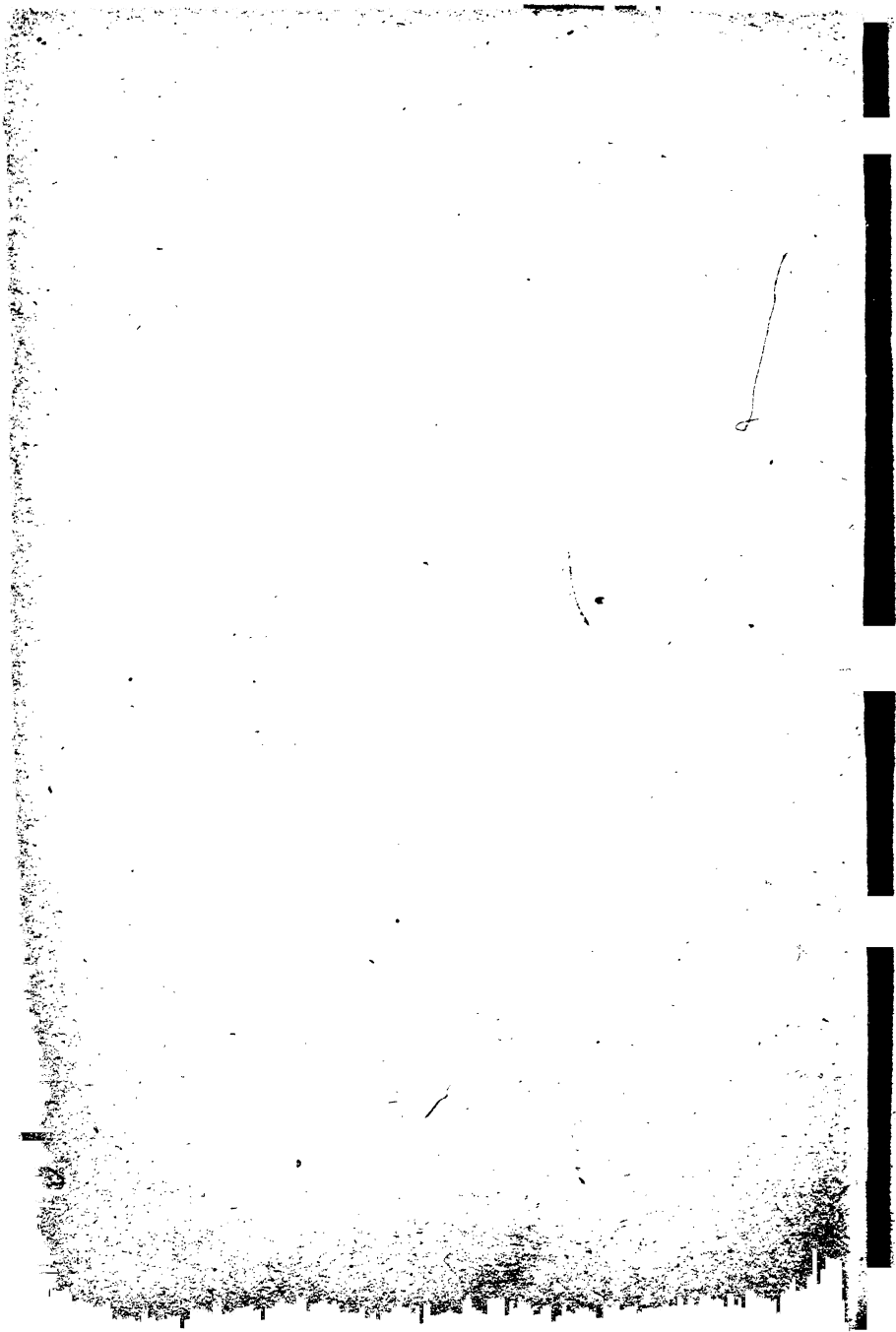
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STORIES  
FROM  
CANADIAN HISTORY,

BASED UPON  
"STORIES OF NEW FRANCE,"

BY  
MISS MACHAR AND T. G. MARQUIS.

EDITED BY  
T. G. MARQUIS, B.A.,  
*Collegiate Institute, Stratford.*

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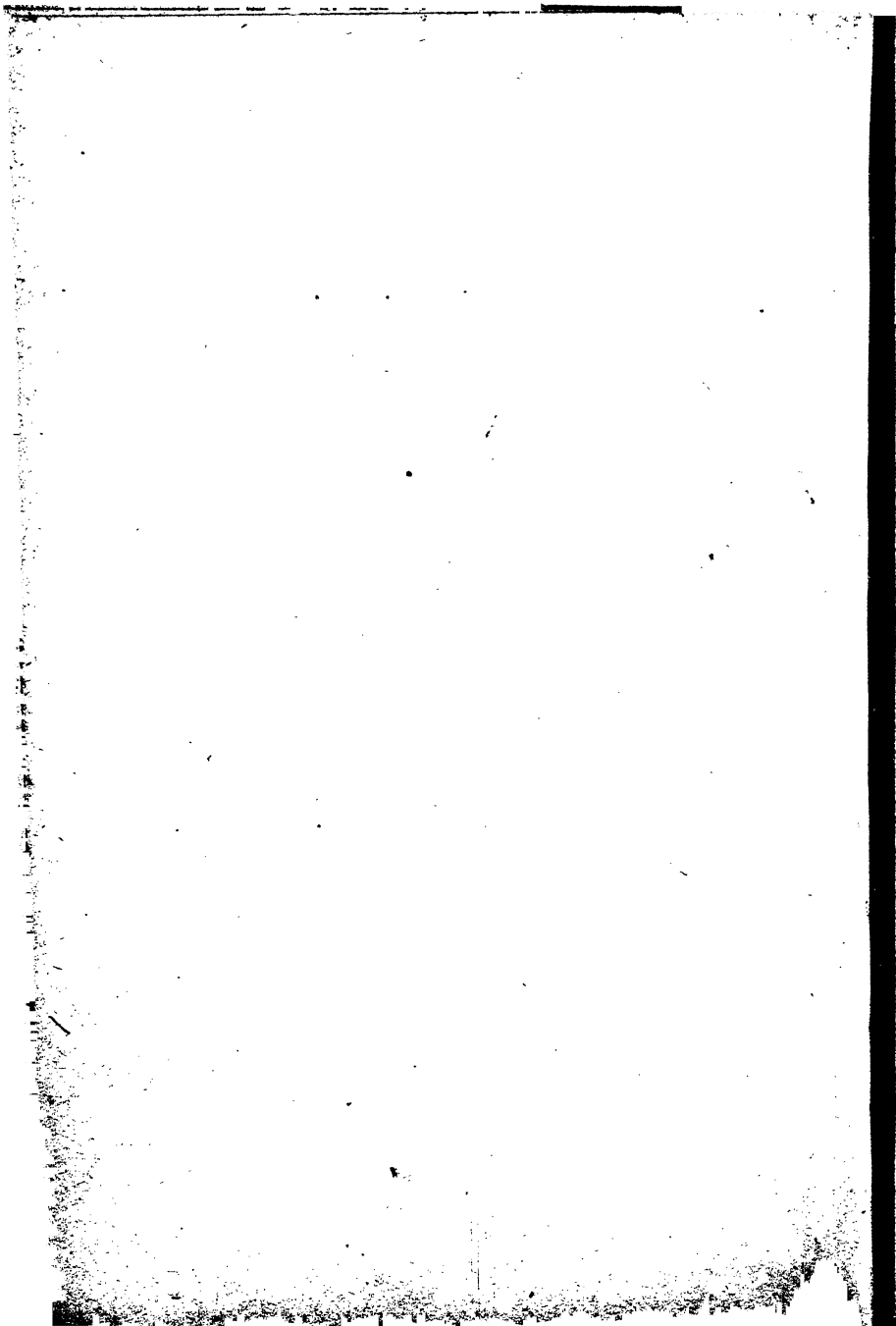
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## PREFACE.

As will be seen by the title-page, this volume is based upon "Stories of New France," published by D. Lothrop Company in 1888. Five of Miss Machar's stories from that book have been, with her kind permission, shortened and arranged to suit the length of the present work. Of the remaining twelve by the Editor six originally appeared in longer form in "Stories of New France." The other six—"The Discovery of America," "The Story of Bréboeuf," "The Story of Michillimackinac," "The Last Siege of Quebec," "The Story of Brock," and "The Story of Tecumseh"—were specially written for these pages.

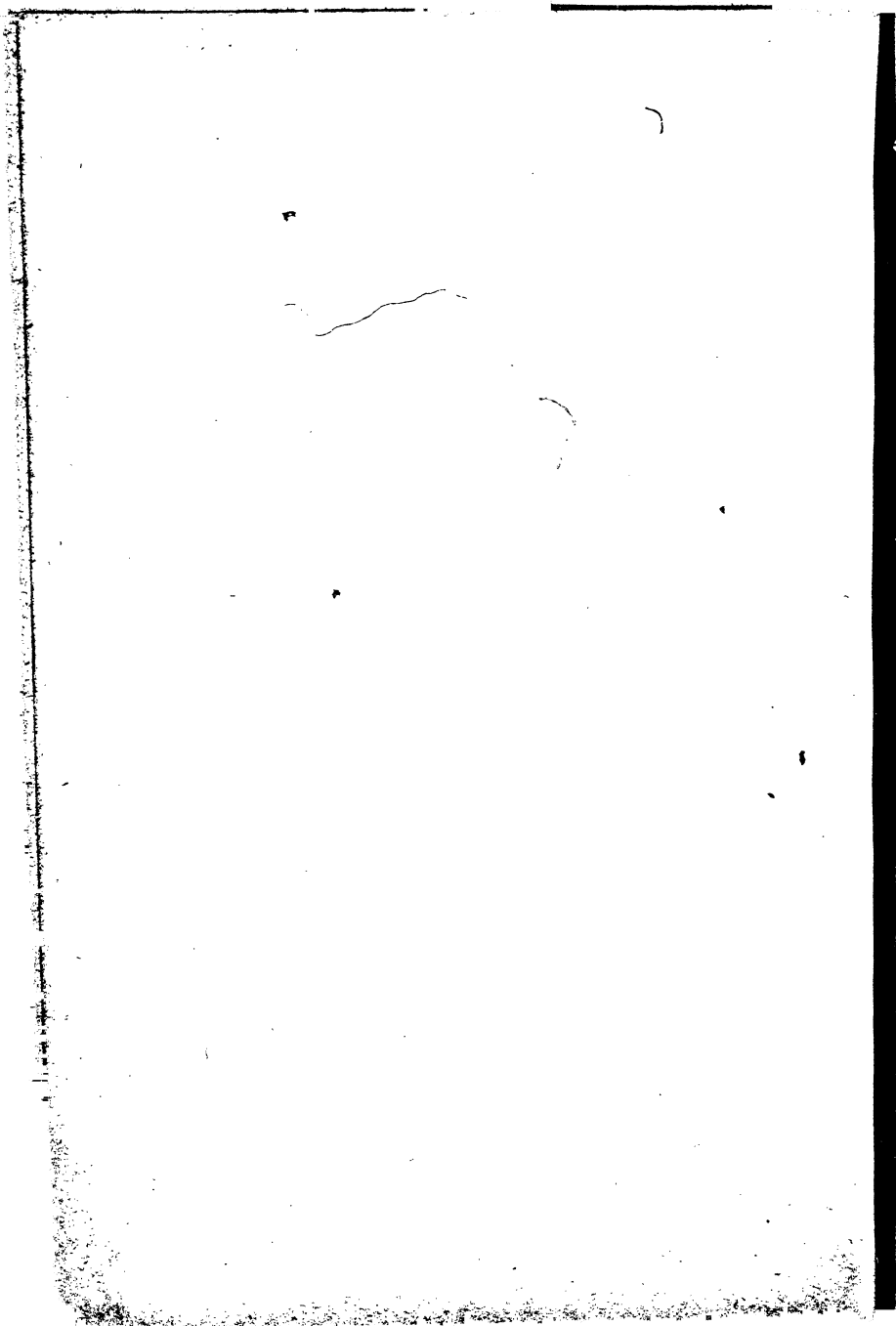
STRATFORD, Ont.  
Sept. 1893.

T. G. M.



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# STORIES

FROM

## CANADIAN HISTORY.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

"Columbus is the *real* discoverer of America."—*High School History*, page 325.

Living in an age when the whole world has been traversed, when there is hardly an island of the sea but has known the foot of the white man, it is hard to realise what the inhabitants of Europe of the fifteenth century imagined about the unexplored parts of the earth. Europe and a part of Asia and Africa made up the then known world, and the superstitious men and women of the time believed the places beyond the explored territory to be inhabited by giants and pigmies, by sea-monsters and land monsters, by men of strange shape and stranger manners. Even our own Shakespeare makes Othello when relating his experience to Desdemona speak of

"The cannibals that each other eat,  
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders."

Henry IV. the large-minded and noble-hearted King of Portugal, did much to dispel this darkness. He sent voyager after voyager forth to examine the coast of Africa, and year by year new capes, new rivers, new peoples, were discovered, until at last Bartholemew Diaz reached the Cape of Good Hope, called by him Stormy Cape. It is a note-worthy fact that on this voyage he was accompanied by Bartholemew Columbus, brother of Christopher.

These discoveries excited the whole maritime world, and many sailors hoped to be the successful ones in the search for the wealth

of the Indies, the kingdom of the legendary monarch Prester John, or the land of the Grand Khan.

There was no larger mind or more daring spirit in Europe at this time than Christopher Columbus, the son of a wool-carder of Genoa. He spent a few brief years at the University of Pavia, and there acquired a knowledge of mathematics and an intense love of geographical science; but before he was fifteen circumstances compelled him to earn his own living, and he went to sea. The many discoveries which were then being made influenced his mind, and he brooded over enterprises that the bravest mariners never dreamed of. It was nothing to him to coast along the African shore. There he would ever be in sight of known land, but his heart yearned after something greater than had yet been done.

The broad expanse of ocean that lay far to the west had a secret that he felt he could discover. There night and day he dreamed he saw the land of the East, the land of wealth and wonders. To this land he would go, and every year he lived made him more fixed in his determination. He married a daughter of Perestrelo, a famous Portuguese navigator, and his father-in-law's books and charts, which fell into his hands, added fuel to his ambition. He perused lovingly the works of Paulo Toscanelli, and the famous "Cosmographia" of Cardinal Aliaco, where wise and accurate knowledge is almost clouded in a mist of absurd fables of lion-bodied men and dog-faced women, of monsters of gigantic size, and of sea serpents and salamanders. Columbus devoured eagerly all that related to the unknown world, and at length determined to ask aid to go forth to discover it for himself.

His first appeal was to the King of Portugal, but the king of his time had none of the enterprise of Henry IV., and so he had to turn his eyes to the court of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain. In 1485 he began his entreaties, and till 1492 he left no stone unturned to get a chance to venture out on the unknown seas. He had but faint encouragement from the court; he was rebuffed by the wealthy, and called a monomaniac by his fellow-mariners; but he had a daring spirit and could not be borne down. When he despaired of aid from Spain, he sent his brother to Charles VIII. of France and Henry VII. of England to get either to help. The noble queen Isabella and her ambitious husband saw that Columbus

was not to be daunted, and probably fearing that some other nation would forestall Spain, consented to aid him. Three vessels were got ready at Palos; the "Santa Maria," a decked vessel, commanded by Columbus, and the caravels, the "Pinta" and "Nina," under the command of the Pinzon brothers, merchants and mariners who had risked considerable wealth in fitting out the vessels for the voyage.

One hundred and twenty men joined the expedition, and on the third of August, 1492, the vessels sailed from Palos, with the hopes and fears, the blessings and prayers of the inhabitants following them long after they had passed out of sight across the ocean.

Columbus' heart burned with a conqueror's joy; for eight years he had prayed for this chance, and for eight years his "proposition was a thing for mockery." Labor, study, struggle, defeat, had made him prematurely gray, but his majestic carriage, fair complexion, and clear blue eye, pronounced him as he stood on the poop of his vessel a man born to command men.

The vessels sailed to the south-west until the Canary Islands were reached, and after some delay they left Gomera, one of the group, on the sixth of September, and shaped their course to the west, hoping to discover a new route to the wealth of the East. From this it will be seen that Columbus was much in advance of his age, believing the earth to be a sphere, while the scholars of his day laughed such an idea to scorn. However Columbus thought the world much smaller than it is, and began to look for the promised land very soon after leaving Gomera.

On the fourteenth of September one of the sailors on the "Nina" saw several tropical birds rarely seen far from shore, and the whole of the voyagers began eagerly to scan the horizon, but nothing met their gaze except the blue waste of leaping waters. On the following night a meteor fell from the skies, and, as they watched its fiery path, they saw in it a warning that they should go no further, and many were for turning back; but the heroic Columbus pushed onward, feeling that land was nearing every instant.

Time and again huge floating plains of seaweed were met, and each time the cry of "land on the starboard bow," "on the larboard bow," or "dead ahead," made all turn their eyes in the direction indicated, only to meet disappointment. Each day brought

new hopes, and each night they were cast into despair : now a flock of birds ; again a cloud-bank ; to-day a pelican, usually seen at a comparatively short distance from land ; to-morrow a sea-weed island ;—seemed to show that the end of their journey was at hand.

Two months had passed since they left Palos, and they only seemed farther from the goal of their ambitions than when they started. The sailors were terrified, and crowded round Columbus beseeching him to return ; but he steeled his heart to their entreaties. He was attempting what man had never before attempted ; he was hazarding everything ; and with heroic energy he had determined to succeed or perish. At last, on the eleventh of October, signs of land that could not be mistaken came to them over the salt waters. A table board and a carved stick, evidently the work of man, were picked up, and shortly afterwards a haw-tree branch, with the fruit on it was eagerly drawn on board. The olive leaf was not more welcome to Noah than this broken branch to the toiling, terrified crew. The horizon was carefully scanned, but not until ten o'clock at night did Columbus, who was anxiously watching from the high poop of the " Santa Maria," discern a light that could be neither star nor meteor. Soon all were on the alert, and e'er morning Rodrigo de Triana, a common sailor on the " Pinta " cried out triumphantly " land." No one went to rest, and with the first signs of daylight a fair island came into view, its beautiful green slopes bathed in the fresh morning sun, and its woods ringing with the songs of tropical birds. The sailors, wild with delight, rent the air with triumphant shouts, and their pent up, grateful hearts found vent in a *Te Deum*, while every eye filled with tears of joy.

Columbus had the boats manned, and he and his captains in complete armor were rowed ashore, and took possession in the name of Ferdinand and Isabella. He named the island San Salvador. His men stood by him and begged his forgiveness for the trouble they had caused him on the voyage. He was triumphant, and could readily pardon ; and all were as happy as only conquerors can be. The natives watched with awe and delight the figures clad in armor, particularly Columbus, who wore, as a mark of his position, a crimson scarf across his breast.

From San Salvador the vessels sailed to other islands of the West Indian group, and every place Columbus touched at he claimed for his sovereign. At length, bearing the joyful tidings of a new world, he set sail for Spain on the fourth of January. The winter storms were sweeping the Atlantic, but the vessels arrived safely on the fifteenth of March. On reaching Palos Columbus was given a royal welcome, and was for a time the hero of Spain. The strange men, the strange weapons, the strange objects of nature that he brought with him, filled all with amazement. The wonders of the new land stirred every mind, and rich and poor were eager to venture all on voyages of exploration.

Although the continent of America was not reached by Columbus on this voyage he deserves the honor of being its discoverer. Others only followed in his steps; and it was mere chance that kept him from touching on the mainland on his first voyage. The Cabots, father and son, were great men, but they were mere imitators. Columbus is truly the Father of America. He crossed four times in all and made important discoveries on each voyage, suffering much both by land and sea. His name is stained by his having taken part in the slave trade, but this was the sin of the age. Like every great man, he made enemies, and they so far succeeded against him, that on one occasion he crossed the Atlantic in chains. Poverty came upon him in later years, and at last he died poor and neglected, in 1506. His body lies in the cathedral of Havana, a fitting resting place for the man who gave a world to mankind.

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## CHAPTER II.

*From "Story of Jacques Cartier," by Miss A. M. Machar.*

"Francis I. sent out from the sea-port of St. Malo, the famous sea captain, Jacques Cartier."—*High School History*, page 325.

One bright spring morning two little ships glided slowly away from the harbour at St. Malo, bound on a long and adventurous voyage. They were manned by a hundred and twenty men, and their commander was Jacques Cartier, a captain specially chosen by King Francis.

The little expedition sailed across the wide Atlantic, reaching Cape Bonavista in Newfoundland about the middle of May. From thence they explored the cold and sterile shores of Labrador and shaped their course to the Magdalen Islands. Cartier thought that there was probably an opening between Newfoundland and Cape Breton, and began to look for a passage by which he might sail westward into the heart of the country. As the sailors rowed their boats close in shore, coasting along bays and inlets, they could sometimes see the naked savages moving about on the beach, or paddling their light birch canoes; after a time they managed to hold some intercourse and traffic with them, by means of signs and little gifts of hatchets, knives, beads, and toys, often having as many as fifty canoes about them.

Cartier tried in vain all the little inlets and rivers opening out of the Bay of Chaleurs, and then sailed along the coast of Gaspé Bay. Here he landed and set up a large wooden cross, thirty feet high, carved with three *fleurs-de-lis*, and bearing the inscription, "Long live the King of France!" By this means he formally took possession of the land for the king.

This done, Cartier and his men returned to their ships and were visited afterwards by many of the Indians, including the chief, his brother, and three sons. Cartier treated the chief hospitably, expressing a great desire to make friends with his people, and promising to return, bringing many useful articles made of iron to exchange for furs. Two of the chief's sons were persuaded to accompany him to France. Then, with good will expressed on all sides, the French captain sailed away, exhorting the Indians to respect the cross he had set up on the shore. When he arrived at home in September, his account of his adventures was eagerly listened to. The two young Indians he had brought with him were objects of great interest to the Bretons, and were taught to speak French, so that they might answer the questions that were asked on all sides. Cartier received great honors for his discoveries, and many people in France were most anxious that he should make a second voyage in order to extend them.

In spite of opposition they succeeded in organizing another and a better equipped expedition. Great preparations were made during the winter, and on May 16, 1535, all St. Malo was astir to

see the great religious ceremonial which celebrated the departure of the little fleet. And in the old cathedral were assembled the officers and men to hear mass, and to receive absolution and the paternal blessing of the bishop on their perilous enterprise. Three days later the flotilla set sail for the setting sun.

It was the fête of St. Lawrence when they entered the gulf, and Cartier bestowed that name on a small bay opposite the Isle of Anticosti, from whence it afterwards extended to the whole gulf and thence to the noble river, then called by Cartier the River of Hochelaga.

Piloted by the young Indians who had accompanied Cartier to France, they sailed up the St. Lawrence until they dropped anchor at last on the lee of a fair island, known now as the beautiful Island of Orleans, whose purple mass divides the river below the rock of Quebec. As the ships approached the shore and cast anchor, the Indians could be seen watching them with great interest and wonder. At first they seemed disposed to fly, but Cartier sent ashore his two young Indian pilots. Very soon curiosity overcame fear, and the red men's birch canoes were seen swarming about the ships.

Cartier's two young Indians could now speak French pretty well, and acted as interpreters. Next day their old chief Donnacona came in state to visit Cartier. He left ten canoes at a safe distance, and approaching the ships with two others he began a long oration, inquiring whether the strangers had come for peace or war. With the help of his interpreters, Cartier succeeded in reassuring him, and invited him into his cabin, where he regaled him before they parted, the old chief kissing Cartier's arm and placing it round his own neck, as the greatest mark of respect he could show him.

From this place Cartier sailed on till he reached the mouth of the St. Charles. Here the St. Lawrence became a mile wide strait. On one side were the wooded heights of Point Lévis; on the other, rising grand and sheer from the river, the great brown rock of Cape Diamond. Cartier moored his ships in the St. Charles, and Donnacona came with a train of five hundred Indians to welcome him to his village of Stadacona that nestled at the base of the mighty rock. At this village the French captain and his

friends were received with great joy—the men and boys screeching out welcome, and the squaws dancing knee-deep in the water.

But Cartier had heard that miles away up the mighty river lay a large Indian town called Hochelaga, the capital of a great country. Thither he wished to proceed, with his two young Indian guides as interpreters. He now laid up his two larger vessels in the St. Charles, and in his smallest vessel, the Hermerillon, he set sail again on the noble river. The Hermerillon grounded in Lake St. Peter, and from thence the party proceeded in small boats, till, on the second of October they approached the beautiful forest-crowned slopes of the hill below which lay the renowned Hochelaga. As they drew near the Indians thronged to the shore, dancing, singing, and shouting their rude welcome, offering ready gifts of fish and maize, in return for which they joyfully received beads and knives.

In the early dawn of the third of October Cartier landed with his men in all the splendor of full dress and martial accoutrement. They were met by an Indian chief, followed by a numerous train. The chief made them a long address in his own language, and received, with much satisfaction, the gifts of hatchets, knives, and a crucifix. Marching on a little way through the forest, they came out on the cleared fields of yellow, rustling maize that encircled the Indian town, of which nothing could be seen at first, but the protecting palisades.

In the middle of this town was an open square, about a stone's-throw in width, and here Cartier and his companions held a conference with the inhabitants, who swarmed out of their huts—men, women, and children—to survey and touch the mysterious strangers. But the "braves" called the village to order, sent the women and children indoors, and squatted round the French in rows. The ruling chief, a helpless, paralyzed old man, was carried out on a deer-skin, and laid down at Cartier's feet. He could only point to his powerless and shrivelled limbs, silently imploring from the white strangers the touch in which Indian superstition supposed a mysterious healing power to lie. Cartier willingly fulfilled the request, though we are not told whether it did any good; and the grateful old man gave him a fillet he wore in token of his thanks. A throng of sick, lame, infirm, and blind people then crowded about the French captain to share his healing touch.



Sorely puzzled what to do, Cartier pronounced over his patients a portion of St. John's Gospel, with a prayer not only for the healing of their bodies, but of their souls as well. After that there came what they understood much better—the distribution of gifts.

Before departing Cartier and his friends ascended the beautiful hill above the village. Delighted with the magnificent view of broad river and boundless forests and distant cloudlike mountain, he called the hill *Mont Royal*—Montreal. Cartier would gladly have pressed on up the enticing river that lay before him, past the foaming rapids whose snowy crests he could see flashing to westward, but he had no means of doing so, and the season was growing late. So, turning his back on the "Royal Mountain," he and his companions began to retrace their way to the ships and men they had left on the St. Charles.

At Stadacona Cartier was again kindly received by Donnacona. His men had built a palisaded fort round their ships, and Cartier, thinking it well to be wary in dealing with the savages, whose friendliness might not last, strengthened the little fort with some of the guns from his ships.

Now the face of the country was changed indeed. The winds howled through the leafless forest, great masses of ice began to drift down the St. Lawrence, and soon a solid bridge of ice was formed across the river. But a worse foe than cold attacked the unfortunate explorers. The terrible scurvy broke out among them, and spread until only three or four healthy men were left to wait on the sick. Twenty-six died before April, and the survivors, too weak to break through the ice-bound soil, buried the dead in the snow-drifts till spring should return. Still Cartier did not lose his faith in God, who, as he said, "looked down in pity upon us and sent to us a knowledge of the means of cure."

One of their young guides, who had himself been suffering from scurvy and had recovered, told Cartier of the remedy which had cured him—a decoction from an evergreen called Ameda, supposed to have been the spruce fir. The sick men eagerly tried it, and drank it in such quantities, that in six days they had boiled down a tree as large as a French oak; and very soon all the invalids were restored to health, courage, and hope.

At last the great snow-drifts melted away under the warm spring

sunshine, and the ice slowly broke up, and the blue water, sparkling in the sunshine, gladdened the eyes of the imprisoned French. Cartier and his men joyfully prepared for departure; but in leaving the country he committed a base and ungrateful act of treachery. He wanted to take home some trophies of his enterprise, and as the chief Donnacona had travelled far and professed to have seen many wonders, Cartier carried him and some of his braves off by force. This cruel and false act was a foul stain on the honor of the brave explorer, and, like most such actions, brought its just recompense in future disaster.

It was five years before Cartier again saw the shores of the New World; and then it was without his captives, who had all died in France. He lied to the Indians about their fates, saying that Donnacona was dead, but that the others had married grand ladies in France, and lived there in state like great lords. But the Indians would not trust them again. A cold, dreary winter followed, with justly estranged Indians around them, and bitter cold chilling their blood and depressing their spirits in this lonely and savage spot. And as soon as spring returned, the disheartened "colonists" hastened to set sail to return to France.

Cartier had nothing this time to show, save some quartz diamonds, scales of mica, and yellow dust. However, he received a patent of nobility for his discoveries, and seems to have settled down quietly in his little manor-house near St. Malo. He was on the whole, a brave and gallant explorer, and his name must always be honored as the discoverer of Canada.

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### CHAPTER III.

*From "Story of Port Royal," by Miss A. M. Machar.*

"For the next few years the efforts of the French were directed to establishing a colony at Port Royal,"—*High School History*, page 326.

The next great attempt to colonize Canada was inspired by the energetic young explorer Samuel de Champlain. The fierce cold of the St. Lawrence terrified the French sailors, and so they shaped their course to the south and settled on a small island in the St.

Croix River, in New Brunswick. Here they suffered so much during the winter that with the first breath of spring they broke up their colony and sailed for the sheltered haven of Port Royal.

The winter was milder here, but it did not pass without suffering, though less from cold than from lack of food. The settlers had only a hand-mill for grinding their corn, and bread was consequently scarce. De Monts, their lieutenant-general, was away in France, fighting for the colony against the indifference and prejudices of even its friends, and the active hostility of its enemies. Baron de Poutrincourt, a leading spirit in the new enterprise, despite urgent business in France, started for Canada in a ship bearing the curious name of the Jonas. He brought with him his enthusiastic and poetic friend, Marc Lescarbot, who was said to be as able to build up a colony as to write its history.

After a long and tedious voyage the Jonas sailed into the calm harbor of Port Royal, and soon reached the spot where, amid the deep green of the almost unbroken forest, were clustered the wooden buildings of the little colony. They saw no sign of human existence till an old Indian appeared cautiously paddling a birch canoe. Then a Frenchman, armed with his arquebuse, came down to the shore, and at the same moment a shot rang out from the little wooden fort. But the white flag at the mast reassured the two lonely Frenchmen who were left on guard in the absence of their comrades, gone to look for French fishing vessels and secure supplies.

The long-imprisoned emigrants leaped on shore, and the lately silent settlement resounded with the merry voices of the Frenchmen.

Poutrincourt and Champlain soon started on a voyage of discovery, which occupied two months. It proved very fruitless, and was at last cut short by the autumn gales.

Lescarbot had, however, remained at Port Royal, where his activity, energy, and bright, cheery spirit made him a most useful member of the colony. He spurred the others on by example as well as precept, to cultivate the low meadows by the river, and to lay out gardens in which he would often work busily till late in the summer moonlight. He set the colonists to construct a water-mill, in place of the primitive hand-mill, to make fire-bricks and a fur-

nace for preparing pitch and turpentine from the pines and firs, to lay out roads in the forest and make charcoal for fuel.

The winter that followed was a cheery one, with a very different record from that of the miserable winters previously spent by Frenchmen in Canada. In order to produce a little variety in their solitary and monotonous life, as well as to secure a regular provision for their table, Champlain organized the famous Order of the Good Time [*Ordre du Bon Temps*]. The knights were fifteen in number, and a Grand Master or Steward was appointed for each day, whose duty it was to provide for the table of the company.

The bill of fare included moose meat, caribou, deer, beaver, otter, hares, bears, and wildcats, with ducks, geese, grouse, and plover, as well as sturgeon, trout, and other varieties of fish. They dined at noon, with no little pomp and formality; the fifteen knights each carrying a dish filed into Poutrincourt's great dark-ceilinged dining-hall, the Grand Master at their head.

The colonists were much assisted by an old chief called Membertou, who became their staunch friend and ally. He was, unlike the Indians generally, bearded like a Frenchman, and was said to have been a cruel and treacherous warrior, notwithstanding his kindness to the French. But the busy life of the colony suddenly came to an unexpected close.

One fine spring morning Membertou's keen eyes discovered a distant sail. The colonists hailed the sight gladly, supposing it to be the long expected vessel of De Monts. But it was a bearer of bad news. The discontented traders who had been shut out of the fur trade had combined, by money and influence, to secure the withdrawal of De Monts' patent of monopoly. This was a death-blow to the colony, as the projects of the company would no longer bear the expense of it; and Port Royal must be abandoned.

There was nothing for Poutrincourt to do but to prepare for leaving his Acadian domain. No one showed more sorrow for the sad necessity than old Membertou, who had built a palisaded village near Port Royal, in order to be near his kind and generous friends. He wept at taking leave of the Frenchmen, who generously bestowed on the Indians ten hogsheads of meal and all the crops that stood ready for the sickle.

In October the whole of the little colony was on its way to

France, Poutrincourt alone cherishing the determination to return to the place which he claimed as his own.

Nearly four years passed away, however, before the watching Indians espied the welcome gleam of Poutrincourt's returning sail. He had to find a wealthy ally in order to meet the necessary expenses, after the loss of his trading monopoly; and when this was done he had to bear many other vexatious delays. The Jesuits were now very powerful at court, and very zealous about the work of converting the Indians. Poutrincourt was very unwilling to admit them into his colony on account of their political views, and, though he could not keep them out, he managed at least to postpone the arrival of Père Biard, the chosen pioneer of the mission. He himself set out in February, 1610, in a bark loaded with supplies for Port Royal, and after a long passage, once more entered the beautiful harbor, and received a joyful welcome from the aged chief, who was said to be over a hundred years old.

Poutrincourt desired to show the Jesuits that he too was in earnest in the Indian mission, and a priest whom he had brought, named La Flèche, at once began to instruct Membertou and his tribe. The old man was a willing pupil, and ere long he had confessed his sins and renounced the service of the devil, whom, as he said, he had served for a hundred and ten years. He and his entire family—twenty-one in all—were baptized on the shore, in presence of the whole colony, while the *Te Deum* was chanted and a peal of cannon celebrated this first baptism in the Canadian wilderness. The new converts received the names of the royal family of France.

Two Jesuit fathers, Père Biard and Père Enemond Massé, ardently desired to come to Canada and at length gained the object of their desire. They set sail for Port Royal, and after a very long voyage, and meeting many huge icebergs, they reached at last the new and strange land in which they so desired to plant the Cross beside the Lily of France. Shortly after their arrival the old Sagamore, Membertou, died. His death-bed had been faithfully attended by the Jesuit Fathers, who had persuaded him to forego his natural desire for burial beside his heathen forefathers, so that he might give, even in death, this evidence that he had fully accepted the Christian faith.

The white men sadly missed the old chief during the dreary

winter that soon closed around them. There was no Lescarbot or Champlain to plan little festivities or "spectacles," no knightly *Ordre du Bon Temps* to provide good cheer for their table. Provisions ran very low, and they had to economize their stores by putting each man on a small daily allowance of food. Occasionally some one from Membertou's household would bring them a present of game, and then all would be gaiety and good cheer, and courage would return to their drooping hearts.

The winter wore slowly and drearily away, and the two Fathers did their best to console their disconsolate countrymen. But the life of the Jesuits at Port Royal, as well as the existence of the little colony itself, was nearly at an end. The Jesuits in France were now ready to take possession of their great territory of North America, and in the spring of 1613 a ship from Honfleur, bringing two more Jesuits, arrived at Port Royal, and carried off the Fathers Biard and Massé to find a new site for their Mission.

After exploring the coast for some distance they selected a site near Mount Desert, where they pitched their tents and planned houses and fields. But here they had to meet a new and unexpected obstacle. The King of France was not the only monarch who claimed all North America as his own. King James of England made the same claim, to the exclusion of all others. And against this powerful rival monopoly would not hold. Before the party had had time to break ground for building their houses, an armed vessel, with blood-red flag, bore down upon them "swifter than an arrow." It was the ship of Samuel Argall, one of the unscrupulous adventurers of the time.

There was no time to organize a defense. Saussaye, the cowardly French captain, fled to the woods, and after a slight resistance, the ship, tents, and stores were seized by Argall.

Taking his own ship and that captured from Saussaye, Argall steered northward on an errand of still more sweeping destruction. He first landed at Mount Desert and levelled its unfinished defenses, then steered for St. Croix, and did the same to all that remained of that deserted post.

He had lost so much time in searching for St. Croix, and in finding an Indian to guide him to it, that he now nearly gave up designs he had on Port Royal, and Père Biard endeavored to induce

him to do so. But unhappily he persevered, entered the beautiful harbor and descended upon the unsuspecting little colony. There was no attempt at resistance. The English seized all the stores, plundered the buildings, killed or carried off all the animals they found, and then burned the whole settlement to the ground. They then destroyed the harvest also, and having thus completed the devastation, returned to their ships.

Baron Poutrincourt, ignorant of these events, returned in the following spring to Port Royal, to find his domain laid waste, his buildings in ashes, and his son, with the other settlers, wandering shelterless in the woods. Even he was at last driven to despair by this calamity, and, losing heart and hope, returned finally to France. There he fell, some years later, sword in hand, leading the royal forces into battle, a brave and gallant leader, who at least deserved the success he failed to grasp.

But though Port Royal as a colony was ruined, the French still kept a foothold<sup>4</sup> in Acadia. Poutrincourt did not altogether desert Port Royal, and the traders' huts at least kept the spot from returning to utter solitude. New France was by no means crushed in the ruins of Port Royal. But this high handed act of destruction, committed in time of peace between the two great nations who were contending for the prize of the great continent, was but the beginning of a long and bitter conflict—the fruitful source of misery and death, until it ended at last with the ebbing lives of Montcalm and Wolfe on the blood-dyed Plains of Abraham.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

*From "Story of Champlain," by Miss A. M. Machar.*

"This led to the founding of the city of Quebec at the foot of the cliff Cape Diamond."—*High School History, page 336*

In 1608 Champlain and Pontgravé sailed up the St. Lawrence, passing the green island of Orleans and the white fall of Montmorency, till the bold promontory of Quebec rose above the winding river.

The view of dark, unbroken forest, winding river, and purple hills, was a charming one even then; and, here in the shadow of the great rock, Champlain determined to found his settlement. The place was called, by the wandering Algonquins, Quebec or Kebec—a word meaning a strait—and Champlain kept the old name. In a short time he had built a sort of wooden fortress, surrounded by a loopholed gallery, and enclosing three buildings. A tall dove-cote, like a belfry, rose from the courtyard, and a moat, with two or three primitive cannon, completed its defenses; a magazine being built close by. Champlain had his garden too, and enjoyed cultivating his roses as well as his vegetables.

In September, Pontgravé went to France leaving Champlain with twenty-eight men to brave the terrors of the winter, so fatal to the parties of Cartier. The cold did not seem quite so severe, possibly because Champlain and his men were better housed and fed. Yet nevertheless, out of the twenty-eight, eight only survived till spring, the rest having fallen victims to the inevitable scurvy which had broken out towards the close of the winter.

At last the dreary winter was over, and it was a welcome sight when a sail rounded the Isle of Orleans, bringing Pontgravé's son-in-law, with the news that he himself was at Tadousac. Thither Champlain hastened to meet him and discuss an intended voyage of discovery. It was his cherished hope to realize the dream of a short passage to India and China, and he desired as ardently to gain influence over the Indians and convert them to the true faith. To these aims his life was devoted.

But to his exploring zeal there was a formidable barrier. These vast forests were infested by a ferocious Indian tribe called the Five Nations or Iroquois, warlike and powerful, whose tomahawks were ever ready for action, and to whom an explorer must almost certainly fall a victim, sooner or later. The Huron and Algonquin tribes pleaded with him, not in vain, to help them to overcome these strong foes. And he naturally believed that if he could do them this service he would gain over them great influence which he could use to promote both his cherished projects. He had little idea, however, of the power and numbers of the savages whose enmity he so rashly provoked.

It was about the middle of May, 1609, that Champlain set out



with a war party of Montagnais, bent on ascending, under their guidance, the *Rivière des Iroquois*, as the River Richelieu was then called. The eager explorer soon found how little he could depend on the aid of his new allies. They encamped for two days on the way, and quarrelled, the greater number going back in disgust to their homes. He found, too, that the ascent of the stream was barred by rocky ledges, over which the white surging rapids dashed with furious force. He was obliged to send home his own boat and men, keeping only two Frenchmen with him, while the Indian warriors carried their canoes through the tangled forest to the smooth stream above.

At last, however, Champlain had the satisfaction of entering the beautiful lake that still bears his name. Its shores were the hunting grounds of the fierce Iroquois, and the valley of New York State beyond it was dotted with the palisaded villages that formed their strongholds. To pass from Lake Champlain to Lake George and thence by portage to the Hudson, and attack the Mohawks in their home, was the plan of the Indian warriors, provided they did not meet the enemy on the way.

But at Crown Point this expedition of red men discovered at nightfall, through the dusk, a flotilla of the Iroquois canoes. Dark as it was the enemies recognized each other with savage war-cries. The Iroquois landed close by and labored all night, as Champlain could see, at the work of entrenching themselves behind a barricade made of trees felled on the spot. Champlain's allies lashed their canoes together with poles and danced and shouted till morning broke.

The three Frenchmen lay concealed, each in his canoe, till the critical moment approached. When the attacking canoes reached the shore and their owners landed, Champlain could see some two hundred tall, strong Indian warriors advancing from the forest to meet them. As they approached the attacking Indians called for their gallant defender, who came forward before the astonished Iroquois in the imposing garb of a French soldier, and fired his arquebuse. As its report resounded two of the Iroquois warriors fell. The savages replied with a yell and showers of arrows, but shots in rapid succession soon broke their advance into a retreat, and they fled in terror and confusion.

Satisfied with this successful skirmish, and probably fearing speedy vengeance, the party turned their canoes toward home. At the mouth of the Richelieu the expedition broke up, and Champlain sailed for Tadousac.

Champlain soon sailed for France with Pontgravé, where they spent the winter, and early in the following spring returned to Canada. Champlain had various schemes for exploring expeditions ready to carry into action. One of these was to go with the Hurons to see the great lakes and near them the copper mines, which they had promised to show him. They met, accordingly, at a rendezvous on the Richelieu. But while they were preparing for a dance and a feast, a canoe came, swiftly paddled toward them, bearing the news that a battle was going on in the forest between Algonquins and Iroquois. Champlain and his friends pressed on through the forest jungle as best they might, stumbling over fallen trees and entangling vines, wading through swamps, until at last they came to the scene of action.

Champlain was wounded in the battle that followed; but he fought on undaunted, and again won the day for his Indian allies, who rejoiced that a heavy blow had been dealt to their enemies. The tumultuous savages celebrated their success with songs and dances, and then, decorated with ghastly scalps, set out for home in their canoes, without a thought of following up the blow they had struck. Neither did Champlain insist on their guiding him on to the great lakes he had set out to reach. For startling tidings from France seemed, for a time, to drive these projects from his mind.

Henry the Fourth had fallen beneath the dagger of Ravaillac. This was sad news for the hopes of Quebec. Champlain must hasten home, to look after the interests of his colony.

When he returned in the following spring he chose a site for a new trading-post at the foot of the beautiful Mont Royal, where he thought he could establish a trade with the great tribes of the interior as they came down from the Ottawa. Not far from the place where had once stood the Indian town of Hochelaga, on a spot now covered by the massive stone warehouses of Montreal, he cleared a site for his trading-post, and built a wall of bricks of his own manufacture, to preserve it from damage by the "ice-shove" in the spring.

At this appointed rendezvous a band of Hurons were the first to arrive, paddling their canoes down the dashing surges of the Lachine rapids. They invited Champlain to visit their country, buy their beavers, build a fort, and teach them the true faith. Champlain promised to protect them from their enemies, and went to visit them at their camp on Lake St. Louis, from whence they conveyed him down the rapids in their canoes.

Shortly after this Champlain again went to France, where he remained until the spring of 1613. When he returned to Canada he ascended the Ottawa on another exploring expedition, to which he was lured by the false report of a young Frenchman who had volunteered to winter with the Indians. This young man brought to France a wonderful story of having ascended a northern river from the interior, and having discovered the shore of the eastern sea. Champlain believed him, and hastened to Canada to follow up the welcome discovery. He, with four Frenchmen and two Indians, set out from Mont Royal in two small canoes, which they dragged with great labor up the foaming rapids near Carillon, and reached the calmer stream which sweeps on between high hills to the present capital of Canada. They lighted their camp-fires at night on the shore, passed the snowy cascade of the Rideau, and drew up their canoes below the point where the great caldron of the Chaudière sends up its clouds of boiling spray.

Paddling on over Lake Chaudière they reached at last the settlement of the Ottawa chief Tessouat, with its maize fields and bark wigwams. Here he found, to his great vexation, that the young Frenchman's story was a lie, and that he had never gone farther than the settlement of Tessouat. Disappointed and disheartened, Champlain returned to Montreal, and, magnanimously leaving the deceiver unpunished, sailed in a trading ship for France.

Two years after this he returned to Canada, and set out once more to explore the region of the Ottawa. He reached the limit of his former journey, and pressed onward, till he reached the shore of Lake Nipissing. After exploring this region he kept his steady way westward until, paddling down French River, he came out on the great expanse of Lake Huron. Exploring its shores for a hundred miles, he left his canoe somewhere near Thunder Bay, and followed an Indian trail through the forest till he met the

welcome sight of the broad fields of maize and pumpkins that surrounded the palisaded villages and long bark lodges of the great Huron nation.

Champlain continued his journey to the capital of the Hurons, Cahiagué, near Lake Simcoe, and then followed the devious chain of lakes and rivers till he came out at last on the shore of Lake Ontario. Crossing it to what is now the American shore, Champlain, with a Huron army which had followed him from Cahiagué, pursued his way into the country of the Iroquois.

An attack on one of their towns failed through the uncontrollable rashness and stupidity of the undisciplined Indians. Champlain was wounded, and the crestfallen Indians would not renew the attack but retreated in despondency. They refused to escort Champlain to Quebec, and he found himself obliged to spend the winter with them in the country northeast of the present city of Kingston. He joined his hosts in their deer-hunts, and once lost himself in the forest, in which he wandered shelterless for days and nights. He shared their marches through mud and slush, or on snow-shoes through the snow-clad forests. Finally, he returned to Cahiagué. After settling a quarrel between the Indians and exhorting them to keep peace among themselves, and the alliance with the French, and getting a promise from the Nipissings to guide him to that northern sea which he still hoped to reach, he began his long and circuitous journey homeward.

This was the last of Champlain's long voyages of discovery. He had penetrated into the depths of the wilderness far beyond where any white man had gone before him. He seems to have begun to feel the futility of wasting his time and risking his life in the skirmishing forays of the savages, which led to no result. At all events, he now applied his whole strength to fostering the struggling life of his little colony, whose growth was so weak and slow. At Quebec he lived and worked until his active life, so devoted to New France, closed on Christmas day, 1635. The whole colony mourned with good cause, for the brave leader and true knight who had entered into his well-earned rest.

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## CHAPTER V.

From "*Story of Ville Marie de Montreal*" by Miss A. M. Machar.

"Out of this interest came the founding of Montreal as a Mission, in 1642."—*High School History*, page 336.

The little settlement of Quebec, so carefully tended by Champlain amid so many difficulties and disasters, had grown very slowly since his death. His successor, M. de Montmagny, a Knight of Malta, was a fairly good governor, and although without Champlain's enthusiastic devotion, he tried to do his duty towards the settlement and the Mission.

But there were, as yet, very few settlers at Quebec. The new Company of the Hundred Associates had undertaken to send out from France two thousand colonists. But it was not easy to induce many to go to settle in that savage country. Only the self-sacrificing enthusiasm of those devoted men and women who left their homes for the sake of converting the Indian, proved stronger than even the love of gain, and kept life and spirit in the little colony. It was to this enthusiastic missionary devotion that Montreal owed its origin.

A tax-gatherer of Anjou, named Dauversière, and a priest named D'Olier, the founder of the Seminary of the Sulpitians, were inspired with an ardent enthusiasm for establishing an Indian Mission on the island of Montreal. They soon found wealthy friends willing to help to found a mission at this central spot which might throw its light far into the surrounding darkness.

Forty men were sent out to clear and cultivate the land and entrench themselves securely on the spot; while the founders occupied themselves in collecting mission workers. They found an admirable leader in a brave soldier and Christian knight, Paul de Maisonneuve. A devoted lady named Mademoiselle Mancee had also become deeply interested in the proposed plan, and resolved to join the mission. There were delays in the start, and the party reached Quebec too late to proceed to Montreal that season.

At last the icy barriers of winter broke before the soft breezes of April, and the deep blue of the river greeted the longing eyes of

the colonists. Early in May, all were embarked in a little flotilla, consisting of a pinnace, a flat-bottomed barge with sails, and two row boats.

On the seventeenth of May, 1642, the little expedition drew near the forest clad slopes of the stately Mont Royal, and as they approached it, a hymn of grateful praise went up from all the boats. Maisonneuve was the first to spring to shore. The tents and baggage were soon landed, and then an altar was erected in a pleasant spot near the river. This was tastefully decorated by the ladies of the party with the wild flowers that grew in such abundance around them. Then the whole party gathered about it—M. Vincent, the Superior of the Jesuits, in his rich ecclesiastical robes; the Governor, Montmagny, in his state dress; the tall soldierly figure of Maisonneuve; the ladies with their female attendant, and all the sailors, soldiers, and artisans. Each knelt in solemn silence as the ceremony of high mass was performed by M. Vincent.

Next day everybody was early astir and hard at work. The men began to fell the great forest trees, and very soon all the tents were surrounded by palisades, and the altar was sheltered by a little chapel of birch-bark. In a short time small wooden houses took the place of the tents, and the little settlement had some visible existence. The first experiences of the colonists here were all pleasant ones, with charming summer weather, with a fair landscape spread around them, rich in noble outlines of distant hills and dense masses of forest.

But that summer of 1642 was an exciting one in the eventful history of New France. The hatred of the fierce Iroquois tribe had been silently smouldering ever since Champlain had unhappily commenced his warfare with them thirty-two years before. They declared that they would sweep away not only the Algonquins and Hurons, but the French also, and carry off the "white girls" (the nuns) to their villages. The colonists were harrassed by sudden attacks on passing boats and canoes, or stealthy descents on French traders, or on the settlers near Quebec and Three Rivers, while crafty ambuscades were laid for the Hurons also, as they brought their furs to the trading posts.

With the frosts of December came the first great troubles to the settlement of Ville Marie. The swollen river, dammed up by the

accumulating ice, rose rapidly and threatened to sweep away their whole summer's work. Powerless to stop the advancing flood, the colonists had recourse to prayer. V

Maisonneuve raised a wooden cross in front of the flood and vowed to plant another cross on the mountain summit as a thank-offering for deliverance. The advancing river stayed its course just as the waves were threatening to sap the powder-magazine; and as it soon began to recede, the colonists felt that they were safe. Maisonneuve at once prepared to fulfill his vow. A path was cleared through the forest to the top of the mountain, and a large wooden cross was made and blessed for the purpose. On the sixteenth of January a solemn procession ascended the newly-made pathway, headed by the Jesuit Du Peron followed by Maisonneuve, bearing on his shoulders the heavy cross which had taxed even his strength to carry up the steep and rugged ascent. When the cross had been set up, the leaders received the sacrament on the summit of Mont Royal.

The winter—little less severe than the winter of Quebec—was passed by the colonists in tolerable comfort. Still it was with gladness that they again saw the snows melt away and give place to the fresh foliage and flowers of spring. In the following August they had the joy of welcoming a vessel from France which brought them new helpers—Louis D'Aillebout, a brave and devout gentleman who afterwards succeeded M. de Montmagny as Governor of Canada, with his wife and her sister, both as zealous as himself, to devote their all to the Canadian Mission.

A lady in France had contributed a large sum of money for the equipment of a hospital, which was built accordingly, though as yet there were no patients, and provided with all the necessary furniture, linen, and medicines. Mademoiselle Mance was duly installed in it, to wait for the Indian patients whose bodies and souls were to be cared for within its walls. Meantime, she and the other ladies made pilgrimages to the mountain cross, to pray for the success of their work. Sometimes fifteen or sixteen of the settlers would join in these pilgrimages. They seized every opportunity of gaining an influence over the Indians who came near Ville Marie. Their efforts were crowned with some apparent success, and among their professed converts was numbered a chief famed for his savage and

crafty nature—Le Borgne. He was christened by the name of Paul, and presented with a gun, as an encouragement to others to follow his example.

The French did all they could, however, to stimulate the Indians to the more peaceful pursuits of agriculture, giving them implements for tilling the ground and showing them how to use them. But the dreaded Iroquois were perpetually lurking near, ready to harass and destroy.

A party of Hurons, coming down in June to sell their furs, were startled by finding at Lachine a rough Indian fort, held by a large party of Iroquois. The Hurons, to save themselves, turned traitors to their French friends, and professed great friendship for the Iroquois, telling them all they knew about Ville Marie, and assuring them of an easy victory if they would attack it. The Iroquois were very ready to do this, and sent out a party of their warriors, who surprised six French laborers hewing wood near the fort, killing three and taking the others prisoners. The treachery of the Hurons, however, returned upon their own heads, for the Iroquois fell upon them unawares, and killed or captured all but a few fugitives, who fled to Ville Marie, where the unsuspected traitors were kindly received and sheltered.

After this successful raid, the vicinity of Ville Marie was more than ever infested by the blood-thirsty savages, who would hide, singly or in large parties, waiting for their prey. In the latter case, they would send out a few men to try to allure the French to attack them. But Maisonneuve was a very prudent commandant. He knew that the wisest plan for his small band was to keep within the shelter of their fortifications, and that a single defeat would mean ruin to the whole settlement. So, although his men often murmured, at being kept in forced inaction, he maintained this wise policy, until an occasion arose when he thought it best to act differently, and by one brilliant exploit he silenced the complaints of his men and inspired the whole party with renewed courage.

One March morning in 1644, Pilot, a sagacious watch-dog, scented Indians and rushed towards the fort over the eastward clearing, barking furiously. The soldiers crowded about their commander asking if they were never to go out to meet this invisible enemy. Maisonneuve answered promptly that he would lead them out



himself, and would see if they were as brave as they professed to be.

Quickly the little band was put in battle array. Guns were shouldered, and all the available snow-shoes were tied on. At the head of his troop of thirty men, Maisonneuve crossed the clearing, and entered the forest beyond, where for some time they saw no sign of human presence. But after wading for a good way through the deep snow, they were suddenly saluted with a shower of arrows and bullets from some eighty Iroquois springing from their ambush.

Maisonneuve ordered his men to take shelter behind the trees and fire at the enemy. For a time, they stood their ground, though three of their men were killed and several wounded. But their ammunition began to fail, while the Iroquois still pressed them close with a galling fire which broke the steadiness of the men and made them begin a retreat. They covered their retreat by turning frequently to fire, but when they reached the beaten track leading to the fort, they made such a wild rush that they were mistaken for enemies by their friends, and, but for an accident, they would have received a fatal fire.

Maisonneuve gallantly stood his ground to the last, retreating backward with a pistol in each hand, with which he kept back his pursuers. The Indians were anxious to take him alive, and therefore would not shoot him. The chief wished himself to have the honor of capturing the French commander, and was in the act of seizing him, when Maisonneuve shot him dead. This caused such a confusion among the Iroquois, who rushed to secure the dead body of their chief, that Maisonneuve escaped during the excitement and was soon safe in the fort. Thenceforward his men recognized him as a hero, and the wisdom of his generalship was unquestioned. For some time after this Ville Marie enjoyed comparative peace. The scene of this brilliant action of Maisonneuve is believed to have been what is now the Place d'Armes, close to the great church of Notre Dame.

But there were still many dark days and bloody struggles in store for the little settlement. Rumors of raids being planned continually reached the ears of the settlers, and the outlook for Montreal as for the whole colony, was just at the darkest point

when both were saved by a gallant feat of arms, which will be narrated in another story. It was as heroic as that of the Greeks at Thermopylae, and like it saved the country for a time by the voluntary self-sacrifice of a few devoted men.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### A CANADIAN THERMOPYLAE.

"The story of Daulac des Ormeaux recalls the bravest deeds of the best days of the ancient Greeks and Romans."—*High School History*, page 330.

During the latter part of the winter of 1660, the little settlement of Montreal was kept in perpetual excitement by rumours of the warlike designs of the Iroquois. Hunters, trappers, and friendly Indians were all agreed as to the vast numbers of these irrepressible savages who were wintering in Canada, far from their villages to the south of Lake Ontario, in order to be ready for their murderous and plundering raids just as soon as the French should begin to break up the soil and sow their spring crops.

While many hearts trembled with fear, there was one young man in Montreal whose breast burned with the warrior's delight at these reports, greatly exaggerated as they often were. This young man was Adam Daulac, Sieur des Ormeaux. Though but twenty-five years old, he had already seen a good deal of service; but, while a soldier in Old France, he had in some way stained his character, and was longing to wipe out the disgrace by some heroic deed. He felt that now was the time for action. Having obtained leave from Governor Maisonneuve to collect a party of volunteers to go forth to meet the Iroquois before they could reach the settlements, he at once went to work, and his energy and enthusiasm soon attracted to his leadership sixteen brave followers.

The inhabitants of Montreal looked upon them as a band of heroes, and on a bright morning in early spring the people flocked in crowds to the chapel of the Hôtel Dieu to see them make what would probably be their last confession, and receive the last sacraments.

Having secured an abundant supply of arms and ammunition for

the undertaking, and a quantity of hominy or crushed corn for food, they took a solemn and tender farewell of their friends, who inwardly felt they would never again see their brave defenders. The seventeen youths then embarked in several large canoes, and began their arduous journey. A week was spent in attempts to pass the swift waters of Sainte Anne at the head of Montreal Island. After passing this they toiled across the Lake of the Two Mountains and up the Ottawa, until the fierce current at Carillon was reached. Here they took a brief rest, and then began the heavy labor of poling and hauling their canoes up the rapid torrent. But their energy soon left this obstacle behind them, and they joyously paddled on till they heard the hoarse roar of the foaming "Long Sault."

These rapids were much more difficult to pass than those of Sainte Anne or Carillon; and as the Frenchmen gazed at the furious waters boiling and seething around boulders and sunken rocks, they decided that it would not be possible to make the ascent. They knew that a large party of the Iroquois were encamped on the Upper Ottawa, and that they would have to shoot the rapids on their way down; and so thought it best to wait and give them a hot reception as soon as their canoes appeared. While debating this matter, they saw at the foot of the rapid a partially cleared spot in the midst of which was a rude palisaded fort that an Algonquin war party had erected in the previous autumn.

Worn out as they were, the Frenchmen gladly took possession of it, and, after unloading their canoes and hauling them up on the shore, they stored their provisions and ammunition in the fort. They were so fatigued by the journey that instead of setting to work to repair the fort, much dilapidated by the winter's storms, they slung their kettles by the shore, partook of a hearty meal, then wrapped themselves in their blankets and lay down for a much needed rest.

A few days after this a heroic Huron named Etienne Annahotaha, with forty followers, and an Algonquin named Mituvemeg, with several of his tribe, joined Daulac's party, much to the delight of the little band. Scouts were now constantly sent out to give timely warning of the approach of the foe. Early one morning several scouts of Etienne's band rushed into camp with the news

that two canoes were speeding down the rapids Daulac hastily concealed a few of his men near the shore, where he thought the Iroquois would land after their exhausting labors, ordering them to be ready to fire on the foe, and if possible to allow none to escape.

The ambushed party waited patiently for their victims, who were not long in appearing, their canoes bounding down the seething water. Daulac had chosen the spot for ambush well, for the Iroquois turned their canoes to the shore just at the point where he expected them. As they were about to land Daulac's men fired a too hasty volley and some of the Indians escaped to the forest before the Frenchmen had time to pursue them or to re-load their guns. The Indians who escaped rushed up the Ottawa to warn their companions. Burning for revenge, the whole party straightway broke up camp, launched their canoes, and paddled swiftly towards the "Long Sault."

The French, with their Indian allies, after this attack set to work to prepare their morning meal, when suddenly they were interrupted by the news that a fleet of almost one hundred canoes was already on its way down the Sault. Scarcely had the alarm been given when the foremost boats were seen in the distance. For a moment they all stood watching the canoes as they came skimming, dancing, shooting, down the turbulent waters, now swiftly gliding over some calm stretch, then rushing with face-horse speed towards a boulder, only to be turned aside at the right moment by the skillful paddle of the steersman; again plunging down some little waterfall and sending the spray about their prows like the foam on the mouth of a spirited charger,

As soon as they began to reach the smooth water at the foot of the rapids, the anxious watchers left their kettles and dishes on shore, and rushed into the fort to prepare for the onset. The Iroquois on landing saw their slain comrades, and, maddened with rage, charged upon the fort, but were driven back with considerable loss. They then endeavored to induce Daulac to surrender, holding out favorable terms, but he only derided their demands.

Before renewing the assault they built a fort in the forest, to which they might retreat in case of a second repulse. While they were thus engaged the French party were not idle. Some busily plied their axes in cutting down small trees and erecting a double

row of palisades; others worked diligently with the pick and shovel, filling up the space between the two rows with earth high enough to protect a man standing upright. In the earthwork were left twenty loopholes large enough to allow three marksmen to use their muskets to advantage at each. Just as they were throwing the last shovelful of earth between the palisades, they were called to arms by the savage yells of the Iroquois, who had completed their fort, and were returning to the attack. This time they were trying a new plan. They had broken up the canoes of the besieged, and, setting fire to the pieces of bark, rushed forward at full speed with these blazing torches, endeavoring to throw them against the palisades, and burn out their foes. But the muskets of the fort kept up an incessant fire, and torch-bearer after torch-bearer fell dead. Still their comrades pressed on, but the hot, close fire was too much for them, and they hurriedly retreated, leaving behind them many dead and wounded.

After a brief rest they renewed the attack, ably led by a daring Seneca chief, whose spirit so inspired his men that they seemed likely to reach the palisades. But a bullet struck the leader, and his followers fled. Several of the young Frenchmen, desiring to show their courage, and strike terror into the hearts of the Iroquois, volunteered to go out and bring in the head of the fallen chief. Their comrades stood by the loopholes, and every time an Indian showed himself, poured a volley in his direction. Protected by this heavy fire, they succeeded in reaching the dead chief, cutting off his head, and returning to the fort unhurt. With exulting cheers they set the head up on the most prominent part of the palisades, right in the face of the enraged enemy. This filled them with savage determination for revenge. Again they rushed forward to take the little fort, but again they were repulsed with severe loss. After this third repulse they felt that, with their present force, it would be impossible to succeed.

After debating what would be the best course to follow, they decided to send a canoe to five hundred of their companions encamped on the Richelieu, to ask them to come at once and to help them crush the band intrenched in the rude little fort. After their messengers had departed, a continuous fire was kept up on the fort, and every now and then they feigned a rush, so as to keep the

besieged in a constant state of anxiety, and weary them out with toil and watching.

The Frenchmen, in the meantime, suffered terribly from hunger and thirst, cold and want of sleep. The only food they had was hominy—poor fare for men constantly at work. In their hasty rush from the shore at the approach of the canoes down the Sault, they had failed to bring any of their large kettles, or any supply of water, and as there was none to be had about the fort, the thirst of the whole party soon became almost unbearable. Besides it was quite impossible to eat the dry food alone without being almost choked in the effort.

In despair some of the bravest determined to dare the fire of the Iroquois, in order to bring water from the river. Collecting all their small vessels, they boldly sallied forth, under cover of the fire of their comrade's muskets, and without loss of life succeeded in their task. This supply, however, was soon exhausted; and the Iroquois, who had not anticipated this rush to the river, had now posted their men in such a position that it was impossible to repeat the attempt. Unable to bear the thirst, they went eagerly to work, and dug vigorously until their hearts were gladdened by the sight of a little muddy water welling up through the soil.

They had another great misfortune to bear in the desertion of all the Huron allies excepting Etienne. Among the Iroquois were many adopted Hurons, who eagerly besought their kinsmen with Daulac to desert, and the poor Hurons, starved and suffering, knowing that sooner or later they must perish if they remained in the fort, listened to the voice of the tempters, and at every fitting opportunity leaped over the palisades and fled to the Iroquois, who received them with shouts of joy. At last Annahotaha and the Algonquins alone remained with the French. This desertion greatly weakened the hopes of the little party, now reduced from sixty to twenty. Yet when they were again asked to surrender, they boldly refused, nothing daunted, and firm in their intention of holding out to the death.

In a few days the five hundred warriors from the Richelieu joined the besiegers, and the Iroquois now thought that the only thing to be considered was how to win the victory with the least loss of life. Calling a council, they decided to advance cautiously

at first, and when near the palisades to rush en masse, and burst in on the besieged. They advanced accordingly, but as soon as any one showed himself he was met with a volley. At last the whole body made a dash for the palisades, but the French were prepared for it, and made such havoc in their ranks that they were forced to flee.

For three days and nights a series of attacks, without order or plan, was made on the fort. Nothing was gained, and not a few of the Indian warriors fell before the unerring aim of the besieged. The Iroquois began to look upon them as aided by the Manitou, and many wanted to give up the seemingly useless contest and return to their lodges. But all their bravest warriors cried out against such a course. A council was called, and the more daring among them made soul-stirring speeches, calling on their brother warriors to uphold the honor of their race.

After the speeches small sticks were tied up in bundles and thrown on the ground, and each one willing to risk all, and join in a determined attack, showed his readiness by picking up a bundle. Warrior after warrior eagerly stepped forward and seized one, while grunts of approval rose from their companions. Soon nearly all were enrolled, few daring to keep back lest they should be regarded as cowards.

When the task of enlisting volunteers was completed, they went earnestly to work to plan an attack. To take the fort by assault was out of the question; they therefore decided to remain as much as possible under cover, until they should reach the palisades. How to do this puzzled them greatly. At last an Indian, more ingenious than his fellows, proposed that trees be cut down and large wooden shields made, behind which they could take shelter without much danger of being struck by the bullets. His suggestion was acted upon, and busily they plied their hatchets. They then made shields by binding three or four short logs closely together. Soon the many hands had enough ready for the braves who were to lead the attack. After a brief rest, the order was given to advance. Slowly but surely the chosen ones led on; while protected by them and their shields, the rest of the Iroquois followed closely behind.

When the French saw this peculiar, fence-like body advance, they did not at first know what to make of it, but they were soon

roused from their bewilderment, and began a rapid, despairing fire on the wooden wall, without much effect. Occasionally a shield-bearer would be seen to fall, but the place of the fallen brave was quickly filled by those in the rear. They did not waver for an instant, and when within a few feet of the palisades—casting their shields from them—they leaped forward, hatchet in hand, and began hacking and tearing at the palisades, to force their way into the fort.

The brave little garrison felt that the end had come. As they had fought like heroes they were ready to die like heroes. When they had undertaken the expedition, they had determined to take no quarter; now they knew they need expect none. Daulac strengthened them by word and actions. Eager to repulse the foe, he crammed a large musketoon—a kind of small cannon—to the muzzle with powder and shot, and lighting the fuse, attempted to throw it over the wall. It struck the top of the palisades, and fell back into the fort, bursting as it struck the ground. Some of the Frenchmen were blinded and wounded by the explosion, and, in their excitement, left the loopholes. The Indians, taking advantage of this, began to fire upon them from the outside. A breach was soon made through the wall, and eager warriors rushed in, but equally determined Frenchmen met them, knife and axe in hand. Their courage had excited the admiration of the savages, and they were anxious to take them alive, that they might kill them by slow deaths. Orders were given to capture all alive if possible. Again and again the Iroquois crowded into the gap, but Daulac's axe and knife, or those of his companions, went crashing through their skulls or pierced their breasts till a great heap of dead lay about the entrance. At last Daulac was struck down, but his men took his place and kept up the fight.

Maddened by this resistance, the leaders of the Indians gave the order to fire, and a score of muskets carried death to the survivors of the heroic party. With fiendish yells the Iroquois leaped into the fort in search of scalps. Only three Frenchmen had any life left, and these were at once burned before the heartless crowd. Longing for more blood, they turned for revenge upon the Huron deserters; and some of them were put to death at the stake, with the cruelest torture. Others they reserved for a like fate, when



they should reach their villages. Five of these escaped on the route, and brought the details of this tragedy to the ears of the French.

Montreal mourned her heroes; and well she might. The Iroquois were on their way to sweep the French from this continent, but the heroic stand of Daulac and his men made them dread meeting a nation of such valor. For many years the name of the young leader was held in deserved honor; and whatever may have been the stain that rested upon his name, he had nobly wiped it out at last with his life's blood.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### THE STORY OF BRÉBŒUF.

"By far the most interesting portion of the history of French Canada is the story of the Jesuit missions among the Indians."—*High School History*, page 328.

In the latter part of May, 1633, Champlain, after one of his many voyages across the stormy Atlantic, reached the rocky fortress of Quebec. This time he brought with him a number of missionaries who were to spread the Gospel among the benighted Indians. Among the missionaries was one figure more striking than the others, Jean de Brébeuf, a man of a noble family of Normandy. He was a tall man, with broad athletic shoulders and sinewy limbs. Even in his black robe one could not but feel that he was a born soldier. His face, too, wore the stern expression of a man accustomed to deeds of daring and commanding rather than to the milder aspect of a preacher of the Gospel of Peace. He had been in Canada for several years before this time, and in his labors had found that the Hurons on the shores of the Georgian Bay needed him most, and that the difficulties of that mission were just what his daring spirit needed. He now came to Canada anxiously looking for an opportunity to return to his former field of labor, and to what was to prove the scene of his martyrdom.

The Hurons came to Quebec in July on their annual visit, with their canoes laden with furs. A feast was held in their honor, and at the feast Champlain introduced the three missionaries, Daniel,

Davost, and Brébœuf to the red men. The Indians had ever found the "Black Robes" loving and helpful, and several of the chiefs welcomed them with stirring speeches. Brébœuf could speak their language, and replied with fitting words. The Indians had heard of him, but his noble bearing, and able, diplomatic address filled all with unbounded admiration, and many vied for the honor of carrying him in their canoes. The feast broke up, and the Fathers made preparations for a long and trying journey.

However they met with a disappointment. A difficulty arose between the French and the Indians, and the latter paddled to their country refusing to carry the missionaries with them. The Fathers lost no time, however, for they earnestly went to work at the Huron language, and spent the long Canadian winter in obtaining a speaking knowledge of it.

Next year when the Hurons came down they took back with them the missionaries, who with glad hearts faced the journey of nine hundred miles. The canoes left Quebec and paddled slowly but steadily up the St. Lawrence till the Ottawa was reached; and then began the real difficulties of the way. The rapids of this great northern river caused them to portage again and again, and not unfrequently they had to wade waist deep in the boiling flood, dragging their canoes with them. The Fathers, unaccustomed to such work, felt it keenly, and even Brébœuf, strong as a lion, was almost exhausted. But they bore up manfully and did their share of the work, helping to carry the canoes past the rapids, or bending under loads of baggage, as they struggled over rocks or through dense woods. Nor had they proper food for such exhausting work. A little corn crushed between two stones and mixed with a little water was almost the only nourishment they had in the dreary thirty days journey from Three Rivers to the Georgian Bay. But the heroic missionaries did not heed the trials and dangers, they were only anxious to save souls, and at night, as they lay on the rocks or hard earth and read their breviaries by the camp fire or the light of the moon, they rejoiced that God had put it into their power at last to labor in their chosen field.

The canoes bearing them became separated on the journey, and when Brébœuf reached his destination on the shores of Thunder Bay his comrades were nowhere near. The Indians had agreed to

carry him to this spot, and without a word deserted him and went to their respective villages. But he was not one to be disheartened. He hid his baggage in the forest and went in search of his future flock. He had spent three years in Toanche, a town not far distant, but it had been destroyed by fire. He passed by the ruins of this place, and soon saw before him the roofs of the village of Ihonatiria.

The villagers had probably heard that their old teacher was near them once more, for when his tall, athletic figure was seen emerging from the thick forest they rushed out to meet him with the wildest enthusiasm, crying out "Echom has come again," "Echom has come again!" He was led in triumph to their village, and feasted and cared for, and here he rested and awaited the arrival of his companions who were many days longer on the journey.

The Hurons were glad to have the "Black Robes" among them once more, and several of the villages combined to build them a fitting residence. Before the autumn leaves had all fallen from the trees a house thirty-six feet long by twenty feet wide was erected, and finished in a manner that did credit to its savage builders. The Jesuits fitted it up as well as possible under the circumstances. Among other things that they displayed in their abode were some that filled the Indians with awe. A magnifying glass and multiplying lens puzzled their untutored senses; and a hand-mill made them reverence the ingenuity and skill of the white men. But the most amazing of all objects was a clock that struck the hours. The Hurons christened it the "Captain," and were never tired of sitting waiting to hear it strike. They asked what it ate, and what it said when it struck. The Fathers put this last question to good purpose, and declared that when it struck twelve times it said "hang the kettle on," and when four, "get up and go home." The Indians acted on the answer, and ever after at four o'clock the missionaries were left alone to worship together, to pray for the success of their labors, to study the Huron language, and to plan their work.

Their labor was far from being pleasant. They had many difficulties to contend with and much to discourage them. The Indian sorcerers did all in their power to stir up enmity against them; the savages were so deep-rooted in wickedness that they seemed little higher than the brute, and those that did confess their sins and receive baptism, too often did it for some present they expected

from the scant store that the devoted men had brought with them. But Brébeuf was not to be daunted, and he went steadily and cheerily on with his work, helping his weaker comrades to bear up against their trials.

A difficulty arose during the first summer of their sojourn among the Hurons. A severe drought had been burning the fields and withering the crops, and their enemies declared that it was caused by the red cross on their mission house, that scared away the bird of thunder. A council was held, and it was decreed that the cross should be cut down. To save the emblem of their faith the Fathers offered to paint it white, and when it was done, and the drought did not cease, the Indians thought that they must try some other means of bringing rain. The sorcerers exerted themselves to bring it about, but their efforts were fruitless. At length the missionaries formed religious processions, and offered up earnest prayers that the dry time might end; and as rain came shortly afterwards the Indians as a people put great reliance in the white "medicine" men, but the sorcerers hated them with an intenser hatred than at first.

Soon after this small-pox broke out and swept with deadly might through the whole Huron nation. The Jesuits worked nobly. Night and day Brébeuf's commanding form might have been seen, passing from hut to hut, caring for the sick, nursing them with his own hands, toiling for the life of their bodies, and earnestly seeking to save their souls. They besought him to tell them what they should do to be saved, and Brébeuf answered, "Believe in God; keep his commands; give up all your superstitious feasts; renounce your sins, and vow to build a chapel to offer God thanksgiving and praise." These were difficult things for the Indians to do, but several whole communities promised, and for a time struggled against their savage natures. But an evil day was at hand for Brébeuf and his comrades. Their old enemies, the sorcerers, came among their flock and drew its members away to the worship of the Indian gods and to the practice of savage, disgusting cures against the disease.

It was soon rumored abroad that the Jesuits had cast a spell over the Indians to get them into their power. They were held responsible for the plague, and the objects that had formerly pleased the wondering savages were now looked upon as things to be

dreaded. The clock had to be stopped, the religious pictures in the mission-house were turned from with horror, and even a small streamer they had set up was dreaded as a source of the disease.

Day by day the antipathy increased, till at last they were shunned, hooted, pelted with sticks and stones, and even their lives were threatened, but Brébœuf bore an undaunted presence, and met all their accusations with a calm courage that filled the red men with admiration even in their hate. At length, however, after several councils had met, their death was decreed, and it was only the superstitious dread that the red men had of the great "white sorcerers" that kept the blow from falling. Brébœuf and his companions felt that the end was nigh, and assembled their flock to a great "*festin d'adieu*," a farewell feast of one expecting death. Their courage in meeting their fate with their eyes open turned the tide in their favor, and, although the sorcerers still kept a large party among the Indians stirred up against them, their lives were never after in danger.

In 1640, Brébœuf struggled to found a mission in the Neutral nation, but after four months of effort he returned to the town of Sainte Marie in the Huron country, and among his chosen people he labored for the next eight years, till he met his death at the hand of the Iroquois.

These savages hated the Hurons with a deadly hatred, and in 1648 planned an attack on their towns. They waited for the Huron traders to make their annual descent to the French posts. A sharp fight ensued; all the Hurons were slain or captured, and the victorious enemy rushed on to the town of St. Joseph, which was soon laid in ashes. Here was slain the noble Daniel, and his body burned in the ruins of his church. Other towns were raided and destroyed, and the Iroquois, with scalps dangling from every belt, hurried back to their palisaded homes.

In the following March they were once more on the war-path, and the populous town of St. Ignace was soon given to the flames. From St. Ignace they impetuously dashed on St. Louis, where labored Brébœuf and Lalemant. In a short time the town was taken and given to the flames. Brébœuf and his comrade played heroic parts, and died as perhaps martyrs never died before. Brébœuf particularly excited the vengeful spirit of the Indians, who

were unable to make him cry for mercy. Above their savage yells his voice rang out, exhorting his flock to remain in their belief, and to die Christians. So greatly was his spirit admired that the Indians, to gain something of his strength and courage, with savage superstition drank his blood, and their most noted chief ate his heart.

So ended the labors of these heroes; and that the Indians of Canada held to the French with such affection was due almost altogether to the struggles and earnestness of perhaps the most devoted and heroic missionaries the world has ever seen.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

*From "Story of Robert de la Salle," by Miss A. M. Machar.*

'The story of Joliet's exploit filled La Salle with the desire to explore the West.'  
—*High School History, page 334.*

Although Champlain had failed to discover a short passage to China and India, others still looked with hopeful eyes towards the west, and this hope, combined with a desire to profit by the fur trade, and to convert the Indian hordes, created the exploring spirit in many noble Frenchmen.

Chief among the French explorers in America must stand the name of Robert Cavalier, afterwards entitled De la Salle. He had an earnest and devout nature, and early in life joined the Jesuits, but with a small fortune came to Canada in 1666 to seek with restless energy first the western passage to China, and afterwards to open up and hold the heart of this continent for his king.

At this time Montreal still lived in terror of the Iroquois, and the priests of St. Sulpice, who held an undisputed supremacy at Montreal, were anxious to defend it by a line of outposts along the river front. Queylus, the superior of the seminary, offered La Salle a large grant of land close to the rapids of St. Louis, which he gladly accepted. He at once laid out the area of a palisaded village, and began to clear the ground and erect buildings, remains of which may still be found at Lachine, as La Salle's settlement

was soon called, in allusion to his dream of a short western passage to China.

The Seneca Iroquois, who had so terribly harassed the colony, were at this time on friendly terms with the French, and some of them came to visit La Salle at his new home. Taking a fancy to the adventurous young Frenchman, who hid a burning enthusiasm under a veil of almost Indian reserve, they told him of a great river called the Ohio, that rose in their country and flowed at last into the sea. He eagerly drank in this welcome tale, for he thought that this great unknown river must flow into the "Vermilion Sea," as the Gulf of California was then called, and so would supply the long-dreamed of western passage to China. To explore this great river, to find it an easy water-way to the Pacific and the East, and to take possession of this route and the great surrounding territories for the King of France, was the magnificent idea that now took possession of his imagination, and to which—somewhat modified—the rest of his life was devoted.

He went down to Quebec, and unfolded his project to the Governor De Courcelles and the Intendant Talon, who readily gave the endorsement of letters patent for the enterprise. In order to procure money for the expedition, he sold his seigniory of Lachine, and bought four canoes with supplies for the journey, for which he also hired fourteen men. He joined his forces with an expedition which the seminary was just then sending out, to attempt to found a Mission among the heathen tribes of the Great West. They set out in July and journeyed together till September, passing the mouth of the Niagara and hearing the roar of the great cataract. But, near the present city of Hamilton, the priests determined to make their way to the northern lakes, and La Salle parted company with them, to spend the next two years in exploring alone the interior of the continent to southward. In the course of these wanderings, if he did not reach the Mississippi, he discovered at least the important streams of the Ohio and the Illinois. But the discovery of the "Father of Waters" was reserved for two other explorers—Louis Joliet and Père Marquette; the one a hardy and intelligent trader, the other a humble and devoted missionary.

Shortly after this Frontenac came to Canada as Governor, and in him La Salle found an able ally; together they planned Fort Fron-

tenac, and the wily Governor and enthusiastic explorer got a grip on the region of the lakes, and on the hearts of the Indians that no other man seemed able to secure. After establishing Fort Frontenac the Governor returned to his capital, Quebec, and soon the canoe of Joliet followed him with the good news that the Mississippi had been discovered.

La Salle's interest was, of course, intensely excited, chiefly by the representation that it was possible to go in a bark canoe from Fort Frontenac, on Lake Ontario, to the Gulf of Mexico, only one "carrying place" being mentioned, at what we know as Niagara Falls. He found in Frontenac a discriminating and helpful friend; and he now received from him the command of the new fort, where he was to reside while maturing plans of discovery and preparing to execute them.

La Salle had never meant Fort Frontenac to be anything more than a step towards industrial colonies in the rich southwestern wilderness, and a commercial route down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico; so in 1667 he sailed for France, and laid before the king's trusted minister, Colbert, a representation of the discoveries he had made. His memorial was considered, and in May, 1678, he received a royal patent authorising him to proceed in the labor of discovery, and to build within five years as many forts as he saw fit; and giving him, besides, a monopoly of buffalo hides.

Having secured several large loans he sailed from Rochelle, taking with him about thirty men and two lieutenants—La Motte and Henri de Tonti, an Italian officer who became his most faithful follower. At Quebec they were met by Father Hennepin, an adventurous friar, who had for several years been making long journeys among the villages of the Iroquois—by canoe in summer and on snow-shoes in winter.

All soon reached Fort Frontenac, and La Motte and Hennepin sailed westward till they beheld the great cataract of Niagara Falls. La Motte built a fort on the Niagara River, and was joined by La Salle, who at once began to build a vessel for the navigation of the great lakes beyond. In February, needing to go to Fort Frontenac, he walked all the way thither on snow-shoes, through the snow-blocked forest and over the frozen lake. A dog drew his baggage



on a sled ; and for food the party had only parched corn, which ran out two days before they reached Fort Frontenac.

It was August when he returned with three friends to Niagara. Before that time the new vessel, "The Griffin," had been launched with firing of cannon and great rejoicings, and anchored well out in the lake, out of the reach of Indian attacks. In a few days she was ready for her westward voyage, and after a parting salute spread her white wings on the blue waters of Lake Erie, which had never borne a sail before.

Early in September La Salle passed on into Lake Michigan and anchored at Green Bay. Being exceedingly anxious to raise money at once, he unhappily determined to send back the Griffin to Niagara with a valuable freight of furs collected by an advance party ; while he and his men pursued their voyage in four canoes, in which they carried a heavy cargo, including a forge and tools.

They reached safely the mouth of the St. Joseph, which he called the Miamis. Here he was joined by Tonti and his men, and here he looked anxiously for news of the Griffin, which had now had plenty of time for her return voyage from Niagara, and La Salle had a dark foreboding as to her fate. But whatever betided he must push on to his goal.

Early in December the party re-embarked, and the canoes began to ascend the St. Joseph in what is now the State of Michigan, on their way to the sources of the Kankakee, one of the heads of the Illinois, which course, in turn, would lead them to the Mississippi. On they pressed over the great prairies of Indiana, into the valleys of Illinois, and at last rested at an Indian village near Peoria Lake. Six mutinous members of La Salle's band deserted him here—a desertion that cut him to the heart, and made him feel that in addition to the difficulties of his enterprise, he had scarcely four men whom he could trust. It is no wonder that, when, in January, he built his new fort on a hill above the Illinois River, he called it Fort Crèvecoeur—Fort Heartbreak. In addition to other vexations the loss of the Griffin, which had probably been sunk by her treacherous pilot, was now only too certain.

As the lost ship had on board not only a valuable cargo of furs, but also the rigging and anchors of a vessel to be built for the descent on the Mississippi, it was necessary for La Salle to return all

the way to Fort Frontenac, if he were to persevere in the enterprise. He set out, and, after many delays caused by the difficulties of the way, reached the log cabin on the banks of the Niagara, where the Griffin had been built, and where some of the men had been left. Leaving three of his exhausted followers here he pushed on through floods of spring rain to Fort Frontenac.

Here there was little but trouble in store for him. His agents had robbed him, his creditors had seized his property, and the rapids of the St. Lawrence had swallowed up several richly laden canoes. He hurried on to Montreal, astonishing both friends and foes by his arrival, and succeeded within a week in getting the supplies he needed for the party left at Crèvecoeur. But just as he was leaving Fort Frontenac two voyageurs arrived with letters from Tonti, telling him of the desertion of nearly the whole garrison, after destroying the fort, and plundering and throwing into the river all the stores they could not carry off. The deserters, twenty in number, had also destroyed Fort St. Joseph, carried off a store of furs from Michillimackinac, and plundered the magazine at Niagara. Some of them had taken refuge on the English side of the lake, while the rest were on their way to Fort Frontenac, with the design of killing La Salle himself.

La Salle was always ready for an emergency. He embarked at once in canoes, with nine of his trustiest men, lay in wait for the plunderers as they came down by the shore of the lake, and succeeded in intercepting them all, killing two, compelling the rest to surrender, and taking them as prisoners to Fort Frontenac. All his work had now to be begun anew ; but, however the accumulated disasters may have tried his courage, he could not give way to despair. He must at once go in search of Tonti, and if possible save him and his handful of men. Taking with him his lieutenant, La Forêt, and twenty-five men, he again journeyed westward by the shorter route of the Humber, Lake Simcoe, and Lake Huron, till the western prairies were reached.

The party reached Fort Crèvecoeur at last to find it ruined and deserted. Pursuing their course down the stream of the Illinois, they reached its mouth and glided out on the placid waters of a broad river. La Salle was at last on the long-dreamed-of Mississippi. But the present load of anxiety left little room for

exultation. On an overhanging tree he hung a hieroglyphic letter for Tonti, should he pass that way. His companions offered to accompany him if he chose to go on to the sea ; but he would not abandon the men he had left, nor discontinue his search for Tonti.

Ascending towards Lake Huron by a different branch of the river the party came upon a rude bark cabin, in which La Salle's quick eye discovered a bit of wood cut by a saw, a proof, he thought, of its recent occupation by Tonti and his men.

Through a severe snowstorm of nineteen days' duration, accompanied by severe cold, the wayfarers at last reached Fort Miamis, which had been restored by the men left there. Here La Salle spent the winter, and in May, 1681, set out to revisit Fort Frontenac, and on his way, to his great joy, found Tonti at Green Bay.

Paddling their canoes a thousand miles farther, La Salle again reached Fort Frontenac, where he had to do his best to retrieve his embarrassed affairs. He went to Montreal, and succeeded in getting new credit by parting with some of his monopolies. Then he once more set out with a band of thirty Frenchmen, and more than a hundred Indians, for the southwestern wilderness. His laden canoes once more paddled slowly along Lake Huron, and were beached at last, on a gray November day, at Fort Miamis. Weakened by the desertion of some of his band, he pursued his way down the Mississippi, holding peaceable interviews with the Indian tribes on the shore, till at last, on the sixth of April, his canoes glided out on the shoreless expanse of the Gulf of Mexico. Here he erected a wooden column bearing the arms of France, and formally took possession of the whole region he had travelled over in the name of the King of France.

This work accomplished, he returned to Fort Frontenac, only to receive a severe blow. Frontenac had been succeeded by Lefebvre de la Barre, a weak and avaricious old man, who soon made common cause with his enemies. La Salle's situation soon became intolerable ; and bidding a final farewell, as it turned out, to Canada, he sailed on his last voyage to France.

In Paris his friends and patrons gained him access to Louis the Fourteenth, and in a private audience he unfolded his discoveries and his great designs. He received all the power he asked for, and four vessels were given him for a voyage to the mouth of the

Mississippi, and a numerous body of soldiers and colonists for a proposed colony on this river was mustered at Rochelle.

In July, 1685, the little squadron set sail, and with the loss of one vessel reached the Gulf of Mexico, where La Salle unhappily missed the point where the Mississippi flows into the Gulf. He passed it by some four hundred miles, and at last established his colony on the shores of Matagorda Bay. To complete the tale of misfortune, another vessel was wrecked on a reef, and ere long the large gunship, the Joly, being out of supplies, was obliged to sail away.

In October La Salle set out in quest of his "fatal river," but in March he and his men returned exhausted, after fruitless wanderings and adventures with savage tribes. This vain journey, added to the loss of his last vessel, threw him into a dangerous illness. But on his recovery, still undaunted, he determined to make another attempt to find his way back to Canada by the Mississippi and the Illinois, to procure succor for his now destitute colony. He set out again in April, 1686, with about twenty of his men fitted out for the expedition with garments patched with much care, or borrowed from those who remained in the fort. They were obliged, however, to return without other result than the exploring of a magnificent country.

La Salle had long endured undaunted "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." One other, which released him from all, was in store for him. In March as he and his party were encamped in the northern part of Texas, a few of his men set out on a hunting expedition. A dispute arising about the division of their game, three of the men were murdered by the rest, who then saw no chance of safety from punishment, except in the death of their brave leader.

On March 19, 1687, La Salle, uneasy at the long absence of the hunters, set out in search of them. As he walked on with the Friar Donay through the Texan wilderness his keen eyes noticed two eagles circling in the air as if attracted by some carcass. He fired his gun as a signal to any of his men who might be within hearing, and immediately after one of the conspirators appeared and answered his inquiries with ostentatious insolence. La Salle rebuked him, and unconsciously drew near an ambuscade from which a traitor called Duhaut fired on him, and the dauntless

leader fell dead. Thus, by the bullet of a treacherous assassin, was closed the tragic career of one of the most heroic spirits of a heroic age, who, against all odds, had pursued for twenty years an object that seemed ever destined to elude him just as he was on the point of achieving success. The recital would seem almost too sad, but for the light of heroic endurance that shines upon his story.

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## CHAPTER IX.

### THE THREE WAR-PARTIES.

"Bands of French and their Indian allies made frequent raids in New York and other colonies."—*High School History*, page 336.

The French and English colonies had long been quarrelling over territory and the fur trade, and the struggles of the mother countries in the Old World gave their children an opportunity of drawing the sword in the New. Border raids were common, and wholesale invasions were threatened. Frontenac had been absent from Canada for several years, and on his return in the Autumn of 1689, a rumor that the New Englanders were planning a vast expedition for the following spring reached his ears. With his usual promptness of action he determined to strike the first blow.

Knowing that the English would suppose that the great barriers of snow-drifts and ice-bound rivers would give them comparative safety, he determined to take them by surprise. For this purpose he called together his best marksmen and tried soldiers, and planned with some of the friendly Indians a threefold invasion on the unsuspecting foe.

He permitted no delay in getting up the parties which were to work such havoc on his enemies, but at once began at Montreal, Three Rivers, and Quebec, to fit them out for their winter march. That mustered at Montreal was the first ready, and at once started for the south. The party was made up of a motley crowd, numbering in all about two hundred and ten men. It was composed mainly of the savage Senecas, who had lately, through the visits of De Courcelles and others, the christianizing influence of the Jesuit missionaries, and the diplomacy of Frontenac, become able allies of the French.

Next in number to the Senecas were the *Coureurs du Bois*, or "Runners of the Woods," who were but a step in advance of the civilization of their Indian allies. Besides these two classes of men a number of young French nobles who had come to Canada in search of adventure and fame found in these expeditions a fitting opportunity to show their courage, and eagerly joined them.

About mid-winter the party set out from Montreal. They made a picturesque appearance as they toiled along on their snow-shoes, the hoods of their blanket coats drawn over their heads, and their knives, hatchets, and tobacco-pouches, slung at their belts,—braving the long journey and the bitter-cold just to inflict devastation and death and then retreat home again. As they travelled southward spring approached, and with it the march became more and more difficult. The heavy falls of snow now became slush that clung to their snow-shoes in such a way as to compel them to abandon their use. On they plodded through the slush, knee-deep, fearing every moment that the expedition would have to be abandoned.

At last, on the banks of Lake Champlain, they decided to halt for a rest, and to consider what would be the best course to pursue. The Indians, when they learned that their commanders intended making the strongly fortified town of Albany their destination, began to murmur, and many of the *Coureurs du Bois* joined them in their protests against such a course. Their leaders recognised the wisdom of directing their march to the nearer and weaker settlement of Schenectady; and when they came to a place where the Albany and Schenectady roads met, took the latter.

The terrible march was continued, making daily but little progress, until almost within sight of the Mohawk river, on whose banks Schenectady was built. Suddenly a change in the weather occurred. The hot March sun that had been melting the winter snows disappeared behind a cloud; the warm south wind changed to a piercing north-easter, and soon the path beneath their feet hardened under the crisp, frosty air. The change was too sudden. They were totally unprepared for it, and suffered severely. Their clothes, soaked by the rain water, now hardened about their limbs. The snow, turned to ice, was almost as difficult to march on as when there was nothing but slush. To add to their ills, a driving snow-storm came up, beating in their faces and almost blinding them.

Once more their spirits began to droop, and after a night of disheartening suffering, they were thinking that perhaps it would be better to try to make a friendly approach to Schenectady, when one of them descried through the storm the bluish white smoke of a wood fire rising from a hut in the distance. At sight of this the hopes of all rose, and with eager steps they hastened towards it.

As they approached the snow covered-hut, they moved cautiously, in order to surprise the inhabitants, and keep them from escaping and alarming the people of Schenectady. They succeeded so well in this, that they reached the very door before the inmates—four Mohawk squaws—were aware of their approach. Eagerly the worn out party crowded into the hut and heaped wood on the fire. Their feet and hands were almost frozen, and in their efforts to warm them they made the walls of the hut resound with stamping and clapping.

A Mohawk village was not far distant, and after a brief rest they decided to push on to it. The frightened squaws were compelled to guide them. They arrived at the village just as darkness was wrapping the ice-bridged river in its embrace, and here a halt was called. As Schenectady was further down and on the opposite side, a few men were sent out to reconnoitre. In several hours' time they returned with a very encouraging report. No one was on the alert; not a single sentry could be seen. And they added, moreover, that sounds of music and laughter were heard within the palisades, as if the people of the village were enjoying themselves, in happy ignorance of the impending danger.

This was indeed the case. The inhabitants of Schenectady—Dutch people now under English rule—through their long freedom from attack had become careless. There was a division of opinion in the place, and while the wise few had counselled watchfulness, the foolish many had laughed them to scorn, thrown both gates open, and, in mockery of their desire to have sentinels posted, moulded snow men and set them up at the gates with sticks by their sides to represent guns. On this very day all Schenectady was feasting to show how secure they felt themselves, and to remind them of their fatherland.

On hearing the report of the scouts, the leaders at first determined to wait until after midnight before bursting in upon the

village, but the piercing cold that caused discontent among their followers changed their intention, and they at once recommenced their march down the frozen Mohawk. In three hours the walls of the village were sighted, and the utmost caution was used not to alarm the inhabitants.

At last one of the gates was reached. The party now split, the one half going to the right in single file, the other to the left, until the two met. When the leaders faced one another, the signal was given, and a fiendish shout arose from the throats of their followers. The people of Schenectady, tired with the pleasures of the day, were wrapped in deep sleep; but at this cry they sprang in terror to their feet, fathers and sons rushing for their weapons, mothers clasping their little ones to their breasts, all feeling that a horrible moment was at hand. It was too late! Many of their doors were unlocked and the rest were insecurely fastened, so that, before any of the men could rally to the defence, the enemy were upon them. The Indians and *Coureurs du Bois* seemed to have become intoxicated with blood. They spared no one, from the gray-haired grandsire to the babe nestling at the breast. At last their commanders ordered them to cease their slaughter, but not before devastation and death had visited almost every house.

A few of the inhabitants escaped to Albany and alarmed their countrymen, but before a force could reach the scene of slaughter, the French were hurrying back to Montreal, where leaders and men were lionized as heroes.

The second war party was but small in numbers, consisting of the leader François Hertel and about fifty soldiers. But it was no less destructive than the one that destroyed Schenectady. After a rapid march from Three Rivers they reached Salmon Falls,—a small settlement on the stream separating New Hampshire and Maine,—fell upon the inhabitants, slew everyone they could get in their power, and exultingly retreated,

On their way back Hertel fell in with the third party that had set out from Quebec to attack Fort Royal on Casco Bay, and, eager for more bloodshed, joined them. This party at first consisted of one hundred and ten men, but on their frequent halts they had been joined by many others, anxious to wreak vengeance upon their



English enemies, until now, as they neared their destination, they numbered between four and five hundred.

Scouts were sent out to examine the country, and reported that, besides the fort, there were four block-houses protecting the village. Fort Royal was large and strongly built on a rising ground ; surmounting it there were eight cannon capable of doing good work, if properly handled. The French leaders determined if possible to take the place by surprise ; but, unfortunately for this scheme, several of the Indian scouts met a farmer on the border of the forest, and forgetting the orders to be careful in no way to reveal themselves, rushed on him with a savage yell, slew him and carried off his scalp. The yells reached the ears of the garrison, and every available man was at once summoned to hold himself in readiness for an attack, while the frightened villagers rushed to the protection of the fort.

Portneuf, the leader of this party, had expected that he might have to lay siege to the fort, and for this purpose had brought shovels and picks to dig trenches ; with these and many others obtained from the settlers' houses, his band went to work. Busily the work went on, and in three days they were almost up to the wall of the fort.

While they were performing this task, Sylvanus Davis, the commander of the fort, kept up a regular fire from his cannon and small arms, but on account of the trenches but few of the enemy were killed. On the enemy's side some worked while others returned the fire of the foe with deadly effect. Many of them had been for years constantly using the rifles in search of furs, and were marksmen of exceptional skill, so that rarely was a form seen at a loophole or on the roof, loading and directing the cannon, but a death cry was speedily heard to follow.

On the fifth day of the siege the English were startled by a bright light almost under their very walls. On looking out, they saw that the enemy, by means of long poles, were pushing a platform loaded with several blazing tar barrels and planks smeared with oil, up to the palisades that surrounded the fort. This was too much for the besieged. They felt they could hold out no longer. Davis resolved to stand firm, but the women and children clung about him urging

him to save them ; and the men, who knew that it was only a question of time, begged him to surrender if he could obtain permission for them to depart with their lives.

Davis, knowing that if there were none but Indians in the party he could expect but little mercy, under a flag of truce desired to know if there were any Frenchmen among them. With joy he learned that the party was commanded by Frenchmen. At once he agreed to surrender on condition that mercy should be shown to the garrison, and that all should be allowed to retreat to the next English village.

Portneuf, without the slightest hesitation, granted his request, confirming his reply by oath.

Great joy reigned within Fort Royal when they learned that their lives were to be spared. Speedily preparations were made for the march. First the men filed out, and Portneuf's awaiting band received their arms. As they, one by one, surrendered them, they had an uneasy feeling that all was not well. The lowering scowls on the savage faces boded ill for the lives of those at their mercy. The women and children hurried out next, trembling at the array of plumed and painted foes whose very names had for years sent a chill of terror to their hearts. Scarcely had the last one left the gate when with heart-appalling yells the Indians fell upon them and began a brutal slaughter.

Davis cried out against this treachery and demanded why the French did not interfere. Perhaps they could not ; the Indians in the party outnumbered the French five to one. For years they had been at war with the English, and it would have been no easy matter to keep them now from wreaking their spite on the foe. However, Portneuf offered no such excuse. He told Davis that both he and the garrison were rebels against James the Second, who had been driven from the English throne, which William, Prince of Orange, now occupied, and that as rebellious subjects they deserved no better fate.

When the horrible slaughter was over, Portneuf began his homeward march. About the middle of June, this last of the three famous war parties arrived at Quebec, with Davis and four other prisoners, the sole survivors of the massacre.

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## CHAPTER X.

## THE FIRST GREAT SIEGE OF QUEBEC.

"Phips then sailed up the St. Lawrence to take Quebec."—*High School History*,  
page 336.

The havoc wrought by the War-Parties aroused in the English a spirit of revenge, and they determined to make a united effort to crush their enemies to the north. No help could be had from the motherland, and as a preliminary step Sir William Phips was sent out from Boston to procure funds for the war by ravaging Acadia.

Phips soon returned laden with spoil, and preparations were now hurried on. A twofold invasion by land and water was planned. The land force, under Generals Winthrop and Schuyler, was to march on Montreal by way of Lake Champlain, while the fleet was to steal up the St. Lawrence and surprise Quebec.

The expedition on Montreal was a total failure, and the troops, when almost within sight of the enemy's country, beat a hasty and inglorious retreat to Albany, without striking a blow.

The fleet, under Phips and Major Walley, at least reached its destination. It looked tolerably imposing with its thirty-two ships, great and small, the largest carrying forty-four guns, the smallest being a fishing-smack. Phips was what is usually styled a self-made man. He had under his command about twenty-two hundred men, including sailors; an exceedingly large force when we consider how few people then inhabited New England, and that thirteen hundred men were with Winthrop and Schuyler marching on Montreal.

The soldiers were principally farmers and fishermen, quite unaccustomed to the use of warlike weapons, and the commanders of the vessels were ship-owners and ship-captains, who had had experience neither in the management of artillery nor in the use of small arms. The militia officers were recruited from the merchant's desk and the plough, so that they had yet to learn the art of war. This fleet, with its untutored warriors, sailed from Nantasket on the ninth of August, 1690, followed by prayers for success from every church and every home in New England.

Scarcely had Montreal rejoiced over the news that Winthrop and Schuyler had retired to Albany, when Frontenac, at Montreal, was told that a fleet was advancing on Quebec. An Abenaki Indian had discovered from a woman captured by his tribe that a fleet had left Boston for Quebec. Being friendly to the French, he determined to warn them of the impending danger. There was but one way to do this, and that was by speeding on foot across the country from his home in Maine to Quebec. Unmindful of the hardships of the way, only remembering the kindness done to his people by the French, he eagerly toiled over the many weary miles until he arrived at the Chateau St. Louis.

As the danger threatening Montreal was removed, Frontenac with all possible speed hastened to Quebec, eager to reach the rocky fortress before the foe, and on his way he ordered the commanders of the various forts to send on their men after him. To his delight he succeeded in reaching his destination before any of the enemy's vessels could be seen from the citadel. When the anxious watchers in Quebec saw him approaching their hearts beat with renewed hope, and, as soon as he reached the shore, he was met with a royal welcome; the warm-hearted Frenchmen forgetting their usual "*Vive le roi*," burst out with "*Vive le Frontenac*," and showed their joy by a most boisterous salute. As the old gray-haired warrior toiled up Mountain Street—the steep path leading from the lower to the upper town—he felt the youthful blood surge through his veins, and as he thought of the threatened attempt to storm Quebec—his Quebec—his eyes flashed and his lips were firmly pressed together with the determination to leave his bones on the rocky heights before he would permit the *Fleur-de-lis* to be lowered before the Union Jack of hated England.

With the greatest alacrity he at once began examining the fortifications. Prevost, his lieutenant, although he had heard of the approaching fleet but a short time before, had everything fairly well secured. The city gates had had large beams strung across them, and were barricaded with casks of earth; palisades had been erected along the St. Charles, extensive entrenchments had been thrown up, and from every available point the black-lipped cannon loomed over the river. Frontenac was much pleased with the work done,

and in two days after his arrival had everything in readiness to meet his foes with a strong resistance.

At last the foe came in sight of Quebec, and vessel after vessel dropped anchor in the basin just below the grand old rock. The sailors and rustic soldiers were filled with misgivings as they gazed at the frowning heights, and even the sanguine Phips felt his hopes fall many degrees.

Shortly after the fleet had anchored, Phips despatched an officer under a flag of truce to Frontenac. As soon as the boat touched shore the officer was blind-folded and led to the chief. The French did all in their power to impress him with their strength, leading him by a very circuitous route, and dragging him over barricade after barricade, much to the delight of the mirth-loving inhabitants. As he passed through the garrison the soldiers made as much noise as possible by clash of weapons and heavy tramp of feet; and, by the time he reached the council chamber, he had a greatly exaggerated idea of the strength of the garrison. When he was ushered into the council chamber, men in uniforms glittering with gold and silver lace gazed at him with haughty disdain.

At last he found courage enough to give Phips' message to Frontenac, who ordered it to be read aloud in French, for the benefit of all. The letter was a brief demand in the name of William and Mary for an unconditional surrender. The closing paragraph ran: "Your answer positive in an hour, returned by your own trumpet, with the return of mine, is required upon the peril that will ensue." The very mention of the names—"William and Mary"—so hated by Frenchmen of that time, made Frontenac's blood boil, and when the English envoy handed him his watch, stating that, as it was now ten o'clock, Sir William Phips would expect his reply by eleven, he burst into passionate words of indignation, and in a voice of anger defied Phips and his armament.

As the thunder of the old man's voice ceased, the walls of the chateau rang with the applause and approval of his subordinates. The envoy stood silent and trembling until the applause had ceased; and then timorously requested Frontenac to write his reply.

"No!" burst forth the haughty old general; "I will answer your general only by the mouths of my cannon, that he may learn

that a man like me is not to be summoned after this fashion. Let him do his best and I will do mine !”

The messenger then returned to the fleet, and his report spread dismay through all hearts. Their hopes were to have a still severer shock, for that same day a strong contingent under De Callières, the Governor of Montreal, succeeded in reaching Quebec, and were welcomed with shouts of joy.

After another day's delay on account of unfavorable weather, the siege of Quebec began in earnest. Major Walley landed, with about thirteen hundred men, near the mouth of the St. Charles. Frontenac felt that he had nothing to fear from the landing of these troops, and did not oppose them until they had formed on the muddy banks of the river. But as soon as they attempted to advance French sharpshooters kept up a continuous fire on them from sheltered positions.

This was unexpected by the English, and threw them into disorder; however, after a short baptism of fire, they showed the stern front that Englishmen always have opposed to danger, and calmly waited their commander's order to charge the foe. At last they received the command, and, with the impetuous daring of the Briton rushed on the enemy's position—visible only by puffs of smoke rising from behind trees and rocks. Volley after volley was poured into them as they advanced, but, nothing daunted, they continued their charge until the French turned and fled. When they had reached a safe distance they halted, took shelter, and renewed the attack. Walley, seeing it would be useless to charge them again, called back his men and encamped.

While Walley was doing his poor best on land, Phips dropped down in front of the citadel and began bombarding it. A steady cannonade was kept up from both the fleet and the rock, without doing much harm to either party, until darkness came on, when the fighting ceased, only to be begun next morning.

On the second day of the fight the boldness of the English gave their foes an opportunity of doing good work. The French gunners were old experienced soldiers, and all over the fleet torn sails and falling spars told how effective was the answer from the “cannon-mouths” that Frontenac had spoken of.

One of the first shots aimed at Phips's vessel, carried away his flag, and as it fell into the water a great shout rose from Quebec. It was to the French a sign that the defeat would be to the British flag and not to their *Fleur-de-lis*.

As the flag floated down stream several foolhardy Canadians determined to bring it ashore to hang it below their own. Leaping into a birch canoe, they bent their ashen paddles as they sped in the direction of the desired trophy, but their movements were observed by the enemy, who began a heavy fire on them. One of the youths leaped from the canoe, and swimming—now diving, now sinking, to divert the enemy's aim—succeeded in reaching the flag, and, with a strong effort, managed to bring it ashore, amid the exultations of his countrymen.

The English guns were not doing anything like the work of their opponents. The soldiers, at any time poor marksmen, were exceptionally so under this heavy fire, and many of their shots fell harmless into the water, or, striking against the cliff, rolled back in seeming derision. The expedition had set out ill supplied with powder, and now the gunners had to use their scanty supplies with the utmost care; so much so that many of the balls did not pierce the houses on which they fell, and but little injury was done Quebec.

Poor Walley and his men had all this time been suffering terribly. The cold Canadian October weather had settled down upon them, and, after their retreat, they were forced to realize more and more the task they had undertaken. As they lay in camp on the muddy shore, they passed a sleepless night, owing to the intense cold. Shivering they arose, made another feeble attempt to advance, only to be repulsed. Small-pox had broken out among them, cutting off many. Never was there a more hopeless spectacle; a large fleet many miles from home, with but little ammunition, facing an insurmountable rock, without any regular plan of attack; a large army gathered on the shore, not knowing what to do next, suffering physically, and tormented by the constant fire of sharpshooters.

Phips saw no other course open but to recall Walley and then retreat to Boston. Boats were put ashore, and Walley and his men re-embarked in the utmost confusion, leaving behind them five pieces of artillery.

When the inhabitants of Quebec realized that the enemy had

withdrawn, they burst into shouts of exultation. Even those who hated Frontenac now joined with the others in doing him honor. A procession was formed in honor of France, of the king, of the victory, of Frontenac, and of the Saints, to whose intercession they ascribed the victory. At the head of the procession was borne in derision the flag that had been shot from Phips' vessel. This rejoicing was kept up all day long; men, women, and children joining in the general thanksgiving; and when the last rays of the sun faded behind the hills, a huge bon-fire in honor of their white-haired preserver was lighted on the summit of the rock, its blaze turning the night into day. Frontenac's heart was overflowing with joy. He had suffered much in Canada, but this honor from his children was, he felt, a sufficient reward.

The story is almost finished. The hasty and ill-managed expedition on its way home suffered even greater damage than it had done before Quebec. The Gulf and Atlantic were then darkened with the autumn storms, and many vessels were lost. Hundreds of the brave fellows were washed ashore on Anticosti, then as now the seaman's dread. When the fleet at last arrived in Boston, it was found that between the havoc of battle, disease—particularly the small-pox—and shipwrecks, they had lost in all about a thousand men, and had accomplished nothing.

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## CHAPTER XI.

### HEROINE OF CASTLE DANGEROUS.

"These seigneurs generally settled near Quebec, Three Rivers, and Montreal, along the banks of the St. Lawrence."—*High School History*, page 333.

Foremost among the heroines of New France stands Madeleine Verchères, the daughter of a seignior living about twenty miles from Montreal, on the south side of the St. Lawrence. His seigniory was directly in the way of the Iroquois, as they marched against the settlers; and subject as it was to constant attack, it was called the "Castle Dangerous" of Canada. This seigniory, like the others,



was a large tract of land, partially cleared, on which lived the seignior and his tenant farmers. For protection they all resided in a fort with four bastions, and a large, strong block-house, connected with it by a covered passage. In this block-house the women and children might take refuge, while the men in the fort defended them, or, in case of their being driven from the latter, the block-house would serve as a place of refuge for all. To the right and left of this fortified post, they cleared tracts of land running along the river, always within a short distance of the stronghold, both by land and water. In case of a surprise but a few minutes need elapse before all the men working in the fields could be under cover.

One sunny morning, late in October of 1692, as the farmers were going, by land or by boat, to their little open patches either to clear new fields or to break up the soil with their rude ploughs, the fair young daughter of Seignior Verchères, a little maid of fourteen years, came out of the gate of the fort. Accompanied by a servant she proceeded to the landing place by the river. She was expecting a visitor. Madame Fontaine, a young French woman from Paris had lately joined her husband at the settlement; and since her arrival Madeleine had enjoyed a few pleasant days of feminine companionship. She had invited her visitor to remain all day at the fort, of which she had charge, her father being in Quebec and her mother on a visit to Montreal.

"Lavolette," she said to the serving man as they stood on the little pier, "is that Monsieur Fontaine's boat I see coming down the river?"

"*Mais non*, Mademoiselle; that is one of the men going to his farm. I do not think Monsieur Fontaine will be here for some time."

Scarcely had he spoken when the report of a gun in the distance arrested their attention.

"Lavolette," she exclaimed, "I wish you would go to that little hillock, and see if you can find out why that gun was fired."

The man went as directed, while Madeleine anxiously awaited his return. In a few minutes he came rushing down the slope, crying out, "Run Mademoiselle! the Iroquois! the Iroquois!"

Turning round, she saw some fifty of the dreaded foe not many yards off. Offering up a hurried prayer she fled to the fort. As

soon as she was within hearing distance, she bravely began to cry out "aux armes! aux armes!" But the inmates were paralysed with fear, and did not heed her cries. On reaching the gate, she met two women, loudly lamenting their husbands who had just been killed; and Madeleine, knowing that they too would be slain if they remained outside, promptly ordered them in, and closed the gate against the advancing foe. With the experience gained from her brave father and heroic mother, she at once took command, and hastened to the defence. On examining the walls, she found some of the palisades thrown down, leaving spaces through which the enemy could make an easy entrance. She at once ordered them to be set up again with all haste, helping the men to carry them into position herself.

Having filled up the breaches, she hurried to the block-house, where the ammunition and arms were kept, and found the only two soldiers in the place hiding, terror-stricken, from the foe. One of them, named La Bonté, was standing near the powder with a lighted match in his hand. Madeleine, seeing him, cried out, "What are you going to do with that match, La Bonté?"

"Light the powder and blow us all up and save us from the fiendish torture of the Iroquois!" said the man sullenly.

"You are a miserable coward!" she cried; and dashing the match to the ground angrily stamped out the flame. She then ordered La Bonté and his comrade Gachet to leave the block-house and go to the defence of the fort. Inspired by her words, and awed by her dauntless bearing, they at once obeyed. Throwing off her bonnet she put on a hat, and taking a gun, said to her two little brothers—Louis, a boy of twelve, and Alexander, a little fellow of ten—"Let us fight to the death. We are fighting for our country and our religion! Remember that our father has taught you that gentlemen are born to shed their blood for the service of God and the King!" With these words the three young warriors went to join the other defenders of the fort.

The Iroquois were standing at some distance, parleying as to what it would be best to do. They did not know that the fort contained but two soldiers, a serving man, two boys, an old man of eighty, and a number of women and children; and that the commandant was a girl of fourteen. Had they known they

would certainly have rushed upon it and made short work of the inmates.

Madeleine, knowing that many laborers were in the surrounding fields and forest, ordered the only cannon of the fort to be fired to warn them of the danger. When the Iroquois heard the report of the cannon, and saw the ground torn up by the shower of bullets that fell near them, they gave up the idea of taking the strong-hold by assault, but determined to try to take it by stealth.

Very soon a canoe was seen approaching the landing place, which, on closer observation, proved to be that of the Fontaine family. The warm-hearted girl was filled with alarm as she saw them approaching. If the Iroquois were to observe them they would fall an easy prey. She tried to devise some way of saving them. At last she determined to send some one out to warn them, thinking that the Iroquois, seeing anyone boldly leave the gate, would imagine it a ruse to beguile them within range of the muskets, and especially of the much-dreaded cannon, and would not come to the attack.

She tried to persuade La Bonté and Gachet to go to the river; but they feared the scalping knives of the Iroquois too much to undertake such a task, and Madeleine decided to go herself. She posted her servant Laviolette at the gate, and bravely started for the river. The Iroquois were misled as she expected, and did not molest her, and she succeeded in getting the Fontaine family safely within the fort.

All through the bright October day a careful watch was kept, and every time an enemy showed himself, a shot followed. An occasional yell of pain told that the fire was not altogether ineffectual. As the sun was setting a sudden change took place in the weather. A cold, piercing, north-east wind began to blow, and dark, leaden-hued clouds covered the skies, heralding a snow storm. Very soon a blinding snow and hail storm came up, and the air grew ominously dark. Madeleine, fearing that the Iroquois would try to enter the fort under the cover of darkness, prepared with a veteran's foresight to post her sentries. She assembled her little company of six—the two soldiers, Pierre Fontaine, the old man of eighty, and her two brothers—and earnestly addressed them in the encouraging words: "God has saved us to-day from the hands of our enemies, but we must take care not to fall into their snares to-night. As for

me, I want you to see that I am not afraid. I will take charge of the fort, with an old man of eighty, and another who never fired a gun; and you, Pierre Fontaine, with La Bonté and Gachet, will go to the block-house with our women and children, because that is the strongest place. And," she continued, with a look of determination brightening her young face, "if I am taken, don't surrender, even if I am cut to pieces and burned before your eyes! The enemy cannot hurt you in the block-house if you make the least show of fight."

After listening to her inspiring words the three men went to the block-house; and Madeleine, with her two manly young brothers and the old man, took up positions on the bastions. Every few minutes the words "all's well!" were passed from fort to block-house.

As soon as darkness came on the Iroquois called a council and began planning a night attack on the palisades. In the middle of their consultations the cry "all's well!" was carried to their ears. So often and regularly was this cry repeated, that they began to imagine the fort full of watchful soldiers, and had not courage enough to try to enter it.

For a week the siege continued; and during that time Madeleine took but hasty meals, and, like the brave little warrior she was, contented herself with brief naps at a table, pillowing her head on her arms folded over her gun, so as to be ready for action on the shortest notice. Her two young brothers emulated her in all things, and never once faltered or displayed signs of fear. The Iroquois now and then showed themselves, but never found the French unwatchful, and a hastily discharged musket warned them to keep carefully under cover.

But the urgently needed succor was already on its way. A few of the laborers in the fields had managed to escape the foe, and carried to Montreal the sad news of the massacre, and of the weak state of Seigneur Verchères. The Governor, Monsieur de Callieres, despatched Lieutenant de la Monnerie with forty men to the scene of conflict. On the seventh day of the siege, about one in the morning, the boy Alexander heard voices and a splashing of paddles on the river, and promptly cried out "*Qui vive!*" Madeleine, on hearing the cry, rose from the table at which she was taking a short sleep, and went to the bastion. Her brother told her he had heard

what he thought to be voices speaking their language. Madeleine, hearing the voices, cried out, "Who are you!" and the glad news was carried to her ears, "We are Frenchmen; it is La Monnerie who comes to bring you help."

Madeleine, after posting a sentry, opened the gates and went down to the river to meet her countrymen. On seeing Monsieur de la Monnerie she saluted him with the dignity of a soldier, and said: "Monsieur, I surrender to you my arms." The gallant La Monnerie smiling replied, "Mademoiselle, they are in good hands!" Entering the fort he examined it and found everything in good order.

The Iroquois, who now learned of the reinforcement, saw that they had no chance against this strong force and hurriedly made preparations for departure, taking with them about twenty prisoners.

La Monnerie sent an elaborate report of Madeleine's heroism to the Governor of Montreal and to her father, who was on duty at Quebec. Monsieur de Verchères obtained leave of absence, and joining his wife in Montreal, they returned to their home to rejoice over their two brave little sons and their lion-hearted young daughter.

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## CHAPTER XII.

### THE EXILE OF THE ACADIANS.

"It was decided to remove the Acadians from their homes."— *High School History*, page 392.

In the year 1710 General Nicholson compelled Subercase, Governor of Acadia, to surrender Port Royal to the British. He changed the name of the place to Annapolis, in honor of Queen Anne, and never again did the French flag float over the Acadian capital. This conquest was final, but peace did not follow.

The English felt that Annapolis was not strong enough to overawe the French population, should a general rising occur. To remedy this weakness they resolved to establish another stronghold on Chebucto Bay. In 1749 Edward Cornwallis sailed up the bay with a fleet carrying two thousand five hundred settlers, and soon

the foundation of the present city of Halifax was laid. The Acadians hated the new settlement, and hovered about the outskirts, applying the torch to some of the newly erected houses, and killing any unwary settlers who strayed into the woods.

Abbe Le Loutre, who had come to Acadia as a missionary to the Indians, did all he could to embroil the Acadians with their new masters. He feared lest long familiarity with the English might make them at length willing to submit to the rule of the hated intruders, and endeavored to persuade them to leave the peninsula. Not a few were led, either by force of persuasion, to leave their farms and seek new abodes on Ile St. Jean, Cape Breton, or in the woods of New Brunswick. This was, perhaps, a more cruel exile than the wholesale one which shortly followed, for the poor French had no heart to begin life over again in a strange land. Le Loutre in doing this work was merely acting as a zealous servant for his masters, La Jonquiere and Louis the Fifteenth.

The first two governors of Nova Scotia—Cornwallis and his successor Hobson—were warm-hearted, sympathetic men; both realized the position of the poor Acadians, and tried to make them contented and loyal subjects. They gave them assistance in loans; they left them in peaceful possession of their farms, and they did not ask them to fight with the English against their own countrymen.

The first great breach between the English and the Acadians occurred at the Isthmus of Chignecto, which was supposed to be the boundary between the French and the English possessions. The French had encamped on a little hill called Beau Séjour, to the north of a small stream on the boundary, with a strong force under two officers, Boishébert and La Corne. On the south side of the stream lay the quiet hamlet of Beau Bassin, with its numerous and thrifty villagers.

The French officers encouraged and aided the peaceful farmers to leave their homes on the English side and come over to the French territory, and the ever vigilant Le Loutre greatly exerted himself in helping on this emigration. Besides this, these simple people were easily led to keep up petty attacks on the English in concert with their Indian allies. Cornwallis saw that the only way to put an end to this annoyance was to occupy Beau Bassin with a strong force, and to erect a fort to counteract the effect of the troops at Beau

Séjour. He, therefore, in the spring of 1750 sent Major Lawrence with four hundred men to take possession of Beau Bassin. When Lawrence arrived, he sent his troops ashore, but as La Corne came out to give him battle with a force twice his number, he quickly re-embarked. In September he returned with a much larger force, and taking possession of Beau Bassin, erected a palisaded fort, naming it after himself—Fort Lawrence.

For the next five years the colony was in a troubled and excited state. The Acadians longed to come back to their deserted farms, and would have been gladly welcomed by both Cornwallis and Hobson, but all their efforts were thwarted by Le Loutre. The next governor of Nova Scotia was a man of a very different character from the two first. Governor Lawrence was much sterner than either of his kindly predecessors. When he came into power Nova Scotia needed a strong, sure, and perhaps severe hand.

The French ministry and Du Quesne, the Governor of Canada, were planning a general rising of the Acadians still left in the Province and an attack by the French troops on the British colony. Le Loutre was corresponding with Du Quesne, and to him was assigned the task of exciting the Acadians to rebellion, while Vergor, the commandant of Beau Séjour, was to bring his soldiers to their aid. Governor Lawrence, knowing that the small body of troops in Nova Scotia would stand a poor chance in case of a general uprising, determined to go vigorously to work at once and take the aggressive. He wrote to Shirley, Governor of New England, telling him of the intended invasion, and especially of the attack planned on Fort Lawrence, adding that he thought it "high time to drive them [the Acadians] from the north side of the Bay of Fundy."

Monckton was the bearer of Lawrence's letter, with authority to induce Shirley to raise two thousand soldiers in New England for attacking Beau Séjour and the surrounding forts. Shirley readily agreed and commissioned John Winslow to collect the troops. After many delays, on the twenty-second of May, 1755, the vessels that were to bear the troops to the scene of conflict were ready for sea, and they arrived at their destination on the fifteenth of June.

When the sun rose next morning it revealed the fleet lying off Beau Séjour, to the great alarm of the commandant. He at once

called in all the men fit for bearing arms, and sent messengers to rouse the other forts in his vicinity. Monckton, now in command of the force sent by Shirley, landed his men, encamped round Fort Lawrence, and began preparations for the siege. Vergor held out for a fortnight, but an unexpected incident led him hastily to come to terms.

One morning, while a party of officers were breakfasting in what they supposed to be a bomb-proof room, a shell burst in among them, killing six and wounding others. Vergor began to tremble for his life, and speedily concluded to call a truce. He ran up a white flag over the fort, much to the amazement of the besiegers, who were preparing for a long siege.

A settlement was very quickly arrived at, and the British took possession of Beau Séjour, changing its name to Fort Cumberland.

Governor Lawrence strongly desired to secure the Acadians as British subjects; but it was indispensable that they should take the oath of allegiance to the English king. After Beau Séjour fell, the whole peninsula was absolutely in the hands of the British. Still the Acadians stubbornly and stupidly refused to take the oath. Lawrence saw no other course than the severe one of compelling them to leave the isthmus altogether. Before doing so, however, he gave them another chance. He sent for messengers to report from the people in the various hamlets. No satisfaction was received. The deputies were even insolent to the governor, who learned that the Acadians were expecting a French descent on the province, and that this was why they so obstinately resisted his commands.

It was plain that even if they did take the oath they could not be trusted. The council met in Halifax to receive the deputies, and, after carefully considering the past and present conduct of the Acadians and the possibility of making them peaceful citizens, they decided that the only safe course for the colony was to banish them from the peninsula.

Monckton, then at Beau Séjour, was informed of the decision of the Council, and ordered to make prisoners of all the adult males in and about the fort. He at once obeyed orders and summoned the men and boys to appear. About a third complied, and the re-



mañuder fled to the woods and escaped the soldiers sent out to bring them in.

Colonel Winslow was ordered to perform the same task at the Basin of Minas, where occurred the sad events so pathetically pictured in Longfellow's "Evangeline." Major Handfield, in command of Annapolis, had to perform the same duty in his portion of the country.

Great care was taken not to alarm the inhabitants of the Basin of Minas, and the exile from this region was sudden and complete. Colonel Winslow left Monckton's camp at Beau Séjour on his painful mission about the middle of August. On the second of September he issued an edict "to the people of Grand Pré, Minas Basin, River Canard, and other adjacent places, requiring both old and young men, as well as the lads of ten years of age, to attend at the church in Grand Pré on the fifth instant, at three o'clock in the afternoon, that we may impart what we are ordered to them." The astonished farmers hastened to finish their harvest so as to be able to take a holiday on Friday to obey the summons; and on Thursday evening the setting sun saw scarcely any grain in the fields.

On Friday, the little chapel was crowded with anxious faces, and a death-like silence reigned while Winslow announced to them the decision of the king as committed to him by Governor Lawrence: "That all the French inhabitants of these districts be removed; and that, through his Majesty's goodness, I am directed to allow you the liberty of carrying with you your money and as many of your household goods as you can take without overloading the vessels you go in."

There were four hundred and eighteen men assembled in the church,—which was now their prison,—when this startling edict was announced; and their heavy hearts could scarcely comprehend the voice that told them that they should no longer enjoy the tranquil life of their lovely valleys. They could not realise that Winslow actually intended to drive them out of Nova Scotia. They imagined that it was only a new scheme to induce them to take the oath of allegiance.

Some of the old men begged permission to visit their families and tell the cause of their imprisonment. Winslow consulted with his officers, and, in order to show them as much kindness as possible,

they determined that twenty should each day visit their hofies. Messengers were sent to the friends of the prisoners, telling them of the position of their relatives and asking supplies of food. All the millers were permitted to return to their mills and keep them at work, but strict guard was maintained over the rest.

About the middle of the week following their capture, ominous glances were noticed among the prisoners, and a rising was dreaded. In order to avoid any such calamity, Winslow determined that fifty of the men should be placed on board each of five transports lying a short distance from the mouth of the Gaspereau River. The prisoners misunderstood the movement and thought it a ruse to get them on board the vessels that were to bear them away at once. They refused to go. A squad of soldiers were ordered to fix bayonets and advance on them.

On seeing the cold steel they began to waver, and when Winslow seized one of the foremost young men by the shoulder he tremblingly obeyed. Slowly the whole company followed, praying, singing, and crying. The women and children, ever near the church, had heard of the intended embarkation, and as their friends marched along the dusty road to the river, they met them weeping and praying,—mothers, sweethearts, and wives—lamenting the dear ones who they believed were being torn from them.

At length the vessels the English had been awaiting arrived, and on the eighth of October the cruel exile was begun in earnest. No sadder scene could be imagined. Weeping mothers carrying their weeping children, strong sons and daughters wheeling their aged parents in carts, all lamenting the forced and cruel removal. There was now no chance of escape. They must say farewell to Acadia. Winslow felt for the inhabitants, and did all he could to make their lot as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. He did not permit any of his soldiers to ill-treat them or pillage their goods, and severely punished those who disobeyed this order. Great care was taken to embark all the members of families on board together, and not to add to the miseries of exile that of separation.

On the twenty-seventh of the month, all were on board whom the transports could carry, and they put out to sea with their sorrowful cargo of human souls. This was not the end of the

gloomy undertaking. Six hundred prisoners were still left behind at Grand Pré, and Winslow could not depart till they were shipped to other lands. Several months elapsed in weary waiting for the needed transports, and about two days before Christmas, "the last of the Frenchmen passed Cape Blomidon on the way to the land of the stranger."

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### CHAPTER XIII.

#### THE CAPTURE OF QUEBEC.

"Quebec surrendered, and Canada practically ceased to be a French possession."  
—*High School History*, page 346.

In the year 1759 the British determined to make a mighty effort to get possession of the entire continent of America. Cape Breton, Acadia, and the Ohio Valley had been won. They would next attack the three remaining strongholds; the forts at Lake Champlain, at Niagara, and, chief of all, Quebec. Generals Amherst and Johnson were chosen to proceed against the first two points, and General Wolfe was appointed to the almost superhuman task of storming the seemingly impregnable rock of Quebec.

Montcalm was in command at the French capital. France at this time, did not own a cooler head and braver heart than Montcalm's. England, likewise, had not a truer soldier than young Wolfe. The encounter was indeed to be a meeting of heroes, and a long and severe struggle was expected.

In the spring of the year, the news reached Quebec that the English fleet was en route for the St. Lawrence. At first the inhabitants were terror-stricken, as they were not prepared to stand a long siege, but their fears were dispersed by the arrival of a fleet of eighteen sail, with supplies from France.

On the twenty-first of June a portion of Wolfe's fleet arrived in the north channel of Orleans Island. Several vain attempts were made to destroy them with fire-ships and fire-rafts. Soon all the vessels passed the difficult navigation of the St. Lawrence, and anchored south of the island. The next day was a busy one for the British soldiers; boats loaded with troops plied busily between

the ships and the island until the entire army was landed and drawn up on the beach.

On this same day a furious gale arose and lasted for some hours. While it lasted it drove the ships hither and thither, and in spite of the utmost vigilance, some were driven ashore and others collided, causing no small damage. When the storm went down, the French again determined to try the effect of the fire-ships on the invaders. These ships had been equipped for their present work at enormous cost. To make their deadly work almost certain, they had been filled with pitch, tar, and other inflammable material, besides having on board fire-arms and cannon crammed to the muzzle, together with every other conceivable explosive.

Vaudreuil, the Governor, appointed Deluche, a distinguished naval officer, to the hazardous task of guiding the fire-ships to the fleet of the foe, and firing them at the right time. Fortunately for the English, Deluche's courage failed him, and he set fire to his vessel much too soon. One after another the vessels leaped into flame, and soon the whole river was as light as day. The flames soon reached the explosives, and the air was filled with the clash of loud reports and the whizzing of shot and shell. However, Deluche had been so hasty in his work that no harm was done to the British vessels. Some of the fire-ships ran ashore before reaching them, and others were towed out of the way by the energetic English sailors, who rowed out and grappled them. One of the fire-ships blazed so rapidly that its captain and a number of the crew were burned before they could escape in their boats.

Wolfe determined to begin active hostilities at once. He carefully considered every available point of attack, and concluded that his best move would be to take up a position on Point Levis, directly opposite Quebec. He dispatched General Monckton thither with his brigade, on the twenty-ninth of June, and on the next day went over himself and chose the most commanding point, from which his cannon might play upon the city. As soon as his intention was discovered, the guns of Quebec poured an iron shower upon his workmen. Many were killed, but the work of entrenchment was vigorously continued, and they soon had secured a very strong position. An attempt was made to storm their entrenchments, but without success. When all was ready, the besiegers turned their

guns upon the city. The people fled to the country in terror. In all directions bursting shells set fire to the houses, and among other buildings, their revered cathedral was given to the flames. This fire made the inhabitants realize that a more formidable foe than Phips was before their walls.

Near the end of July, Admiral Holmes succeeded in passing the fortress with several vessels, and took up his position above the city, where he captured several French vessels. As Wolfe had already begun an attack from the Falls of Montmorency, the French were now attacked from three points, Montmorency, Levis, and the river beneath the plateau above Quebec. Montcalm, though vigilant, smiled at the efforts of his foes. He knew his own strength, but wisely determined to remain on the defensive.

Vaudreuil's fire-ships had been a failure, but he decided to make another similar effort. He had some seventy rafts, boats and schooners joined together and loaded with guns of all sorts, crammed to the muzzles with grenades, bombs, and other explosive weapons. This "gigantic infernal machine" was carefully directed, and seemed as if it would utterly destroy the fleet. But British courage was too much for French ingenuity, and the hardy sailors gallantly manned their boats, and grappling the blazing raft, towed it ashore, with bursting cannon and showers of bullets falling about them. Shout after shout went up from their lusty throats, as one piece of the raft after another struck ground and blazed itself out. The French turned away in disgust. It was no use to try to intimidate such men. The only thing they could do was to keep them outside of the city, and this at least seemed easy enough.

Wolfe, from the commencement of the siege, had longed to meet the French in the open field; but Montcalm knew that his raw militia were much more serviceable behind entrenchments than they could be in a fair, hand to hand engagement; and so would run no risks. Wolfe, on his first arrival in the country, had anxiously looked to the heights above Quebec, and now he once more turned to the hope of getting up on the broad plains.

On the twentieth of August great sorrow spread through the British troops. Wolfe, who had exhausted himself by ceaseless toil and thought, and who was to be seen everywhere strengthening the weak and encouraging the strong by his hopeful spirit, was seized

with illness so severe that he was confined to his bed, and lay restlessly tossing with fever in a farmhouse at Montmorency. He recovered, however, about the end of the month; so far, at least, as to be able to devise another plan of attack.

On the last day of August, he was able to leave the house for the first time since his illness, and his presence greatly raised the spirits of the army. He had not much hope of success, but he was determined that they should not have it to say in England that he had not done his duty. His first task was to concentrate his forces along the upper bank of the river. He sent up to join Admiral Holmes all the ships he could spare from his fleet below Quebec. Seeing that his men at Montmorency were of no practical use, he at once decided on evacuating his position there. Montcalm, observing this move, sent a force to harass the retreating British troops. But Monckton, who had been viewing the operation from Point Levis, dispatched a considerable force to attack Montcalm in front, compelling him to recall his men; and the English were thus enabled to retire without loss.

This work had been too much for the heroic Wolfe, and on the fourth of September he was again prostrated on a bed of sickness. This unfortunate event affected every man in the army. Wolfe, however, had a will capable of crushing down pain, and overcoming bodily weakness; and on the following day was once more among his men, haggard and worn, but as energetic as ever. He at once began to look for a scaling place. Every cove, bay, and rock was eagerly scanned with the telescope, and he at length fixed upon a place where he thought it possible to scramble up. It was evidently a weak spot in the cliff, for the white tents of a guard could be seen gleaming in the September sunshine. This was the Anse du Foulon, perhaps the weakest point anywhere about Quebec. The French expected that Wolfe would not leave without trying this point. A strong guard was therefore posted for its protection, under command of Captain de Vergor of the colony troops. Besides this guard, the battalion of Guienne was within hailing distance, and the batteries on the headland of Samos, and on the heights of Sillery, could work havoc on any approaching boats.

On the twelfth of the month, Wolfe issued his last general orders. He felt that at length the time had come to strike, and the sooner a

battle was fought the better. He was confident of success, and his hopeful spirit inspired both officers and men. They were ready to follow him anywhere, and knew that if they could but once meet the enemy in battle the siege would be as good as finished. He had but eight thousand four hundred men that he could land, and the enemy numbered double as many.

The first task was to choose an advance party, to undertake the hazardous feat of scaling the cliff and surprising the guard, so as to clear the way for the troops. Among such men it was not difficult to find twenty-four volunteers ready to face even death; and Wolfe had soon mustered a party of men as brave as ever led a forlorn hope. Seventeen hundred were to go ashore with the scaling party, to be ready to follow them to the heights in case of success.

On this same day French deserters brought in the welcome news that during the night supplies were to pass down to Montcalm's camp under cover of the darkness. Wolfe at once thought that his boats might seize the opportunity of going down in advance of them, deceive the sentinels along the river, and gain the Anse du Foulon without opposition. He had some fear that Montcalm might suspect his intention, and so might be in force on the Plains to oppose his landing. To avoid this, Admiral Saunders, who was in command of the fleet in the Basin of Quebec, was to storm Montcalm's position, while he led the attack above the city. At nightfall, Saunders began a fierce fire on the entrenchments and sent off boats loaded with men to pretend a landing. Montcalm was completely deceived, and as the battle grew hot and vigorous, he called his troops together to resist what he supposed to be a concentrated attack.

While Saunders was doing such effective work on Montcalm's entrenchments, Wolfe was patiently awaiting the ebb of the tide. At two o'clock in the morning two lanterns were raised in the main-top of his vessel. This was the signal for work, and the boats at once began to float towards their destination. Wolfe was in one of the foremost boats, and while he was being rowed ashore he recited the celebrated poem—Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard"—saying as he finished, "Gentlemen, I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec."

As they neared the shore a French sentinel seeing the boats cried out "Qui vive!" "France!" was the reply of a Highland officer

familiar with the French language. After a few words more the troops passed on unmolested. They were again challenged at the headland of Samos, but this, too, they passed in safety, by replying to the sentinel, "Provision boats! Don't make a noise; the English will hear us!" In a few minutes after passing this point they landed at the Anse du Foulon, and quickly disembarked. The volunteers at once began scaling the wooded heights, scrambling up through the rough bushes that clustered thickly on the steep bank. De Vergor was not on his guard, but had gone to bed. He relied too much on the difficulties of the ascent. The foe were upon him before he could dress. He endeavored to escape, but was shot in the heel and captured. The guard was soon overpowered, and the troops below came scrambling up after their victorious comrades. (At day-break, the heights were held, not only by a large force, but also by several cannon that had been dragged up the difficult pass. Wolfe at once looked about him for a battle ground, and soon decided on drawing up his troops on the rough plateau known as the "Plains of Abraham.")

Meantime, in the early September morning, Montcalm, in his tent, was roused by the startling news of this unforeseen landing effected by his gallant antagonist. With break-neck speed he galloped to the scene of action, and to his amazement found the Plains occupied by a strong force. For the first time since the commencement of the siege he seems to have lost his head and acted rashly, and to have begun the engagement with undue precipitation. He hoped that Vaudreuil would join him with a strong force, but in this he was disappointed. He would not wait. His men were eager for action, and with them he went at once to meet the foe. His thrilling voice urged on his excited troops to the charge for the honor of France, and on his spirited black steed he galloped from point to point, brandishing his sword and urging his men to their arduous and perilous task.

The English troops waited steadily the charge of the foe, holding their ground with admirable steadiness, notwithstanding the harassing fire of skirmishing parties. Wolfe went from company to company, cheering his men by word and deed. At ten in the morning he saw that the moment had come for the decisive blow.

The French assembled on a ridge in front of him, and collected



their strength for the final charge. In a few moments the whole force was in motion, Montcalm, on his black charger, leading the way. Volley after volley poured from their ranks as they rushed on the steady phalanx of the foe. Not an Englishman moved from his post, save where one fell and a comrade took the vacant place. When the enemy was within forty paces, the command "Fire"! rang out, and as one man the whole body poured a leaden hail into the advancing ranks. A second almost instantly followed which made the French troops pause and waver in their advance. A third volley changed the advance into a retreat. The British troops were then ordered to "charge"! and with a true British cheer they drove the scattered enemy in full flight towards Quebec.

Montcalm received a shot through the body, in the retreat, but succeeded in reaching the city, where he died a hero's death. Wolfe had been three times wounded. The last time a charge lodged in his breast, and he fell, to rise no more. He was carried to the rear, where, in reply to his eager "Who run?" the glad news reached his dying ears, "The French!" A happy smile passed over his face. But even at that moment his own duty was not forgotten. "Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton," he said, "and tell him to march Webb's regiment down to the Charles River, to cut off their retreat from the bridge!" Then, as he felt that his work was done, and done well, he turned on his side, with the words, "Now, God be praised, I die in peace!"

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## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE STORY OF FORT MICHILLIMACKINAC.

"A famous Indian chief Pontiac, stirred up the Indian warriors to seize the rude forts in the West recently handed over by the French to the British."—*High School History, page 347.*

Although Quebec fell in September, 1759, Canada was not handed over to the British till the following year. De Lévis succeeded Montcalm as commander of the forces, and with ten thousand men made a giant effort to retake the Gibraltar of America. Murray, who succeeded Wolfe, struggled nobly against a force vastly greater

than his own, until aid came from Britain, and De Lévis was compelled to retreat to Montreal, where he and the governor of Canada, Vaudreuil, made a final stand.

But it was of short duration, General Murray, with all the strength he could collect, followed De Lévis up the St. Lawrence; Colonel Haviland, with three thousand men, hastened from Crown Point against the fated city; and General Amherst, with ten thousand soldiers and a number of Indian allies, advanced from Albany. These three armies reached Montreal almost simultaneously, and on the 8th Sept., 1760, sixteen thousand men began the siege of the city. Vaudreuil saw how useless it would be to hold out, and wisely capitulated, surrendering the whole of Canada to the British; and soon the flag of England was raised on every fort in the West, from Montreal to Michillimackinac.

The Indians, with the exception of the Iroquois, had ever shown more love to the French than to the English, and had great faith in the power of France. They could not understand this change of rulers, and did not take kindly to it. As one of them expressed it, they believed, "The King of France is old and infirm; and that, being fatigued with making war upon your nation, he is fallen asleep. During his sleep you have taken advantage of him, and possessed yourselves of Canada. But his nap is almost at an end. I think I hear him already stirring, and inquiring for his children, the Indians; and when he does awake, what must become of you? He will destroy you utterly. Our father, the King of France, employed our young men to make war upon your nation. In this warfare many of them have been killed; and it is our custom to retaliate until such time as the spirits of the slain are satisfied."

Chief among the red men at this time was the famous warrior Pontiac, a savage of marvellous intelligence, strength of will, and diplomacy. He had an overwhelming ambition to rule over the forest tribes as a monarch, and would not at first brook England's interference in the West. At last, however, thinking it might add to his own power, he consented to become their ally. But the English soldiers and traders were very unlike their French predecessors in their attitude towards the Indians. Where the French had fraternised with them, adopting their manners and dress, the British kept aloof, and treated them with scorn and too often insult.

For a time they endured it sullenly, but suddenly the smouldering volcano of wrath burst forth, and the whole West was overrun with war-parties. Pontiac took the lead; and by his strong personality and diplomacy succeeded in uniting the tribes of the Upper Lakes, of the Ohio Valley, of Virginia, of Maryland, and of Pennsylvania, into one confederacy.

He determined to strike the first blow against the British in person, and as Detroit was the strongest position in the West, in May, 1763, with a horde of savage warriors, he began the siege of this fort. Plot after plot was tried without success, and for fifteen months a siege unparalleled in the history of Indian warfare continued, and was only raised when General Bradstreet, with a force of twelve hundred men, came to the rescue of the garrison.

Before beginning his attack on Detroit, Pontiac had sent messengers to all the tribes in the confederacy to be ready to aid him. To his western brethren he sent the war-belt of black and purple wampum, and at a meeting of the Ojibwas and Ottawas, the red war hatchet, which Pontiac's messengers flung at their feet, was taken up, and all agreed to enter into the fight against the English.

At this time the British were far from being strong in the West. They had there three forts in all, Sault Ste. Marie, Michillimackinac, and Green Bay. But Sault Ste. Marie had been partially destroyed by fire in the previous winter and had been disbanded. At Green Bay there were but seventeen men under Lieutenant Gorell, and the strength of the force at Michillimackinac was but thirty-five all told. About them were hundreds of dusky warriors, hating them as only savages can hate, and within these posts were French-Canadians who were not to be trusted.

Towards the end of May, the Ojibwas, living on the beautiful island of Mackinac, learned that Pontiac had made an attack on Detroit. They had been hoping for war, and now that the English were fully occupied at Detroit and in the East, they felt that the time had come to strike a blow in their own territory. A tribe of the Ottawas lived at L'Arbre Croche on Lake Michigan, but as the Ojibwas wanted to have all the glory to themselves, they determined to attack Fort Michillimackinac without sending word to their Ottawa friends.

Captain Etherington was in command at the fort, and, like many

another British officer in Canada, was totally ignorant of the people he had to govern. The Indians seemed so docile and friendly that he would not believe anything that was said against them, and although he received frequent warnings that a rising was impending, he would not heed them, and even went so far as to threaten to send prisoner to Detroit anyone who brought in further reports on the subject.

At this time there was living at Michillimackinac a famous trader named Henry. He had reached the fort before the English took possession, and, as he was met with very hostile demonstrations on his arrival, he well knew how little the savages could be relied on. Time and again his own life had been in danger among them, and now, as the war-cloud was gathering, he felt that something was wrong. He had been adopted as a brother by an Ojibwa chief, named Wawatam, who had taken one of the strange likings, so common among the Indians, for him. Now, when danger threatened the settlement, Wawatam and his squaw, who were in the plot and dared not reveal it, came and besought him to go with them to Sault Ste. Marie. They dropped various hints about the situation, but Henry seemed only to grasp them vaguely, and refused to accompany them; and the two loving Indians pushed their canoe from the shore, and paddled away with aching hearts. Henry reported his interview with Wawatam to Etherington, who treated it as lightly as he had done all other reports.

The day following was King George's birthday. The British soldiers had a holiday, the canteen was thrown open, and many of them went in for a complete day's enjoyment. Near the palisades was a large encampment of Ojibwas, and not far off several bands of Sac Indians had thrown up their rude dwellings. These Indians took advantage of the holiday to carry out a deep laid plot. Seemingly in all friendliness their chiefs came to Etherington and offered to enliven the day with a game of lacrosse between the Ojibwas and Sacs. Etherington, like every British soldier, was a true lover of sport, and readily consented, not only to witness the game himself, but to allow his whole garrison to enjoy the contest.

It was a hot afternoon when the rival tribes lined up. They had a host of spectators. Under the shelter of the palisades could be seen nearly all the soldiers in the garrison in undress uniform, not

even having their side-arms with them. Here and there among them were chiefs and warriors who were not taking part in the game, and by the gates was a concourse of squaws, silent as only squaws can be when in the presence of warriors. Each was wrapped in a thick blanket, which she held tightly grasped about her body, though the day was hot and sultry. The *habitans*, too, had come out in holiday attire. Had Etherington been an observant commander he might have noticed that they had lost something of their gay French lightheartedness. The gates were thrown back, and within the palisades could be seen the houses, with windows and doors wide open, the very picture of peace.

The contestants were soon at work. The game was not played as at the present day, with a limited number of men on each side, and with laws governing almost every movement of the player. It was Sac against Ojibwa, and hundreds took part in it. The aim of each tribe was to defend its goal when in danger, or to force the ball through the enemy's when it had the advantage. The game was a boisterous one. The naked savages bounded hither and thither, yelling and leaping, more like demons than men. The spectators loudly applauded the play, and the rougher it became the more thoroughly they seemed to enjoy it. There was no one to take account of the "foul play," and if a warrior was not able to "body-check" an opponent he had little hesitation in knocking him down, with either his fist or his stick. Backward and forward sped the ball; now the Sac goal was in danger, and again the Ojibwas despaired of the victory. At length the play became centered in the middle of the field; contest followed contest at close quarters; tripping, slashing, striking, occurred on all sides. Suddenly an Indian, seemingly more agile than the others, got the ball on his stick, eluded his opponents, and, turning rapidly, threw it far out of the field of play. It fell close to the gate, and the spectators, admiring the strength of the throw, forgot to notice the strange movement of the players.

This was a part of the plot. The whole field made a wild rush for the ball, even the goal-keepers leaving their posts to start in pursuit. In a moment they were among the spectators, and the yells that had been urging on the game were suddenly changed for their appalling war-whoops. The squaws had hatchets concealed be-

neath their blankets, and the warriors, seizing these weapons, rushed madly on the unprepared garrison. Captain Etherington and Lieutenant Leslie, who had been betting on the results of the game, were rudely seized, bound, and hurried to the woods. While some of the Indians turned their attention to the soldiers without the fort, others rushed through the open gates and slew or captured every Englishman they could find. The attack was over in a moment, and the strongest point west of Detroit was in the hands of a howling mob of merciless savages.

A few prisoners were reserved for, perhaps, a worse fate, but they were afterwards fortunately rescued by the Ottawas, who were jealous that the Ojibwas had not taken them into the plot.

For several days the Indians caroused over their victory, and then started with their prisoners for Isle du Castor, near the mouth of Green Bay, but when they were approaching L'Arbre Croche a hundred Ottawas rushed into the lake, seized their canoes, and took their English prisoners from their hands. So jealous were they of the Ojibwas that, they determined to take the British back to Michillimackinac, and so, much to the prisoners' surprise, they were soon on the return journey to the scene of the late massacre.

From Michillimackinac Etherington sent a letter to Gorell at Green Bay, requesting him to come to his aid "with all your garrison, and what English traders you have with you, and come with the Indians who give you this, who will conduct you safe to me."

Gorell was an able soldier and a diplomatic commander. His rule had won the friendship of the Indians about Green Bay, and when he called upon them to aid him many were ready to do so. On the twenty-first of June, accompanied by his soldiers and ninety warriors he started for L'Arbre Croche, where Etherington, Leslie, and eleven soldiers had finally been taken as prisoners. On the thirtieth he arrived there, and the Ottawas desired his party to surrender their arms, but Gorell presented such determined opposition to this that the Ottawas were afraid to press their wish.

The only thing now left the English to consider was how to get out of the West without loss of life. Several councils were held,

and after much difficulty, and many threats on the part of the Ojibwas, the few Englishmen left alive in this region started for Montreal by way of Lake Huron and the Ottawa, and left the entire upper lake country to the savage hordes, and the few French settlers who had become rooted to the soil.

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## CHAPTER XV.

### THE LAST SIEGE OF QUEBEC.

"The Americans united their forces under Generals Montgomery and Arnold, and advanced against the famous old fortress.—*High School History*, page 351.

The American colonies had drawn the sword against the motherland and had determined to drive the British from this continent. Washington, the commander of the forces, knew that while the British held Montreal and Quebec, they really held the key to this continent, and so he despatched Montgomery against Montreal and the West, and Colonel Benedict Arnold against Quebec, by the difficult route of the Kennebec and the Chaudière. In case Arnold were unsuccessful in his attempt, Montgomery was to join him, and the two were to make a united effort to drive the English from the stronghold Wolfe's courage and perseverance had won.

Arnold's march is one of the most remarkable in the history of war. He embarked on the Kennebec towards the latter part of September, and struggled for days against that rapid stream, then portaged his canoes across the high land to the Chaudière, and swept down that turbulent river towards the St. Lawrence. After thirty days of severe toil, his troops found themselves reduced to the necessity of killing some dogs they had with them for food, and some even endeavored to devour the very moccasins they wore. On the fourth of November they reached a French settlement, where they procured food, and some of the famished soldiers ate so greedily that they died from the effect of their gluttony, and left their bones to bleach on the line of march. On the eighth, Point

Levis was reached, and after five days delay they succeeded in crossing the St. Lawrence, and landed unobserved at the very spot where Wolfe had landed sixteen years before.

Arnold expected that the *habitans* would eagerly rush to his banner, but in this he was disappointed. The French had no love for the British flag, but they found their lot under it much easier than it had been under France and her governors. Again, they had less love for the New Englanders: the hated *Bostonnais* had ever been their enemies, and so, of the two English speaking masters, they preferred the out-and-out Englishman. But Arnold and his men had come far and suffered much, and were eager to have their reward, so, although they had no encouragement from the inhabitants of Canada, they drew up before the walls of Quebec, and demanded an unconditional surrender.

When the citizens of Quebec saw the formidable force of the "Continental" army they trembled for the safety of their city, but their engineer, Mr. James Thompson, was far from being hopeless. He had received orders from General Carleton to put Quebec into a state of defence. Palace, Hope, and St. Louis gates, and the whole brow of Cape Diamond were fortified without loss of time. In the Lower Town all the windows facing the river were closed, loopholes alone being left for musketry. The defences were done hastily, but Thompson had no doubt that they would keep out the foe, till General Carleton arrived to take charge of the city, and to cement the English and French within the citadel into one grand resisting force.

Thompson's hopefulness diffused itself among the citizens, and when Arnold requested them to open their gates, they treated his demand with derision, climbing on the walls and hurling at him the opprobrious name "Horse Jockey," in reference to his having traded with them as a horse-dealer on former occasions. Thompson treated his demand in a more serious way, levelling at his troops a twenty-four pounder, that had the effect of showing them that they had watchful enemies within Quebec. Arnold's force had been reduced by desertion by one-third of its number, and he felt that, with his present strength, it would be impossible to storm the city, so he retreated to Pointe-aux-Trembles to await the arrival of General Montgomery and his army.



In the meantime the British had been suffering in the West. Fort St. John's, Fort Chambly, and Montreal had surrendered in rapid succession, and it was with difficulty that Guy Carleton escaped from Montreal.

When Montreal fell, Governor Carleton felt that the only hope of saving Canada from the invading forces was to hasten to Quebec at once. Captain Bouchette, a hardy Canadian, undertook to pass him through the American lines. On a pitch dark night in November, the Governor of Canada, accompanied by several trusty officers, began his flight in a skiff propelled by muffled paddles. Not a word was spoken; and the commands were given by signs. Time and again they were almost discovered as they crept down the river past the watch-fires of the enemy. So near did they approach the sentinels at times, that they were compelled to stop paddling altogether, and to allow their skiff to drift as lifeless as a log down the stream. Once when in danger of drifting on the shore, they kept their skiff out in mid-stream by propelling it for nine miles with their hands. They halted at Three Rivers and went to an Inn to rest, and the tired Governor, resting his head on his arms, fell into a much-needed slumber. But he was soon rudely awakened by the loud talking of American soldiers in an adjoining room. He despaired of escaping, but Captain Bouchette with great cleverness succeeded in passing him and his party through their midst, and without loss of time their skiff was once more on its way to Quebec. They soon met and boarded the armed brig "Fell," and before long a favorable breeze had swept them to their goal. There was great rejoicing in the city at their arrival, and the shouting and firing of joy-guns reached Arnold on his retreat to Pointe-aux-Trembles. Without delay Carleton examined the fortifications, and soon had everything in a fit state to stand a protracted siege.

On the first of December General Montgomery reached Arnold's camp, and the men, impatient from their inactivity, met him with exulting shouts. They clamored to be led against Quebec at once. Montgomery acquiesced in their wish, and on the fifth of the month they were marched along the frozen roads to the city. When it was reached the American commander at once sent in a flag of truce, but Carleton would have no communication with rebels, and the siege commenced in earnest.

The Canadian winter had set in, and although Montgomery was not prepared for a lengthy siege, he placed several guns on the far side of the St. Charles, four on Point Levis, and a strong battery of six pieces before St. John's Gate, and began to bombard the city. In the meantime his men took possession of the country round about, and soon from every important point could be seen the crimson, or red and black flag of the "Continental" army.

The inhabitants, particularly the French, began to think that Carleton would yet have to surrender, and not a few living outside of the city walls became sympathisers with the rebels. The suburb of St. Roch was particularly disloyal; every house sheltered one or more of the enemy, who kept up a constant series of petty attacks on the city. The famous palace erected by the Intendant Bigot in this suburb offered an excellent opportunity to the foe, and they crowded its cupola with riflemen, who succeeded in picking off several of the British sentries; but Carleton turned a nine pounder on this position, and soon the lordly palace, so famous in the history of New France, was laid in ruins.

All through the month of December the siege lasted with but little injury being done to either side. The Americans were becoming disheartened, and many believed that their long and trying march had been all in vain. Their only hope lay in attempting to take the city by assault, and their general decided on adopting this course. Towards the end of the month the order was given for every man to hold himself in readiness for a night attack. A gathering storm was to be the signal for assembling, and eagerly the officers and men watched the heavens for the propitious sign. Several times they were called out, but the moon swept from behind the clouds just as the advance was about to be sounded, and all were sent to their quarters.

At last, on the night of December the thirtieth, leaden clouds swept down from the north, and all felt that the decisive time had arrived. The skies grew darker and darker, and at two o'clock on the following morning Montgomery called out his men, and gave the officers their orders.

Colonel Livingstone, in command of a regiment of mercenary Canadians, and Major Brown, with a part of a Boston regiment, were detailed to make a false attack on St. John's Gate, and if

possible to set it on fire. Colonel Arnold at the head of a strong force was to march round by the way of the suburb of St. Roch; while General Montgomery took upon himself the almost foolhardy task of leading a band round the base of the cliff, in face of the fact that a strong guard was posted in this position. If he and Arnold were successful, they were to unite their forces at the foot of Mountain Hill, and the forcing of Prescott Gate, and the taking of the Upper Town would be a comparatively easy task.

Shortly before daybreak they moved to the attack. Colonel Livingstone's command, for some unexplained reason, was altogether unsuccessful, and retreated without even attempting to carry out their orders. Some ascribe it to the depth of the snow, that made their advance impossible, while others say that the Canadian mercenaries failed the Americans at the critical moment.

Montgomery and his men crept slowly along the St. Lawrence from Wolfe's Cove, till they reached the base of the cliff on which stands the modern citadel. Here, under the frowning heights that loomed up threateningly through the piercing storm, they found the narrow passage, known as *Près-de-ville*, protected by pickets, and they were compelled to halt and reconnoitre.

The British had expected an attack from this side, and had not only protected the pass by pickets, but had erected in it a blockhouse in which was a battery of three guns. Here a force of about fifty men was stationed under Captain Barnafare, a master of a transport. On this fateful morning the men were on the alert, and the presence of the Americans soon became known.

Montgomery went forward with his carpenters to cut away the palisades, and helped pull them down with his own hands. This work completed, he and several of his officers, with great foolhardiness, advanced along the pass towards the blockhouse. As they saw no light they took it for granted that the soldiers there were not watchful. But this was what the British had hoped for. Captain Barnafare gave the command to fire, and Sergeant Hugh McQuarters, who was in charge of the guns, sent a shower of grape-shot hurtling along the pass. At the same time the small-arms of the guard rang out with telling effect. Through the storm several men were seen to plunge forward and fall, never to rise again. They were General Montgomery, his two aides-de-camp, and a

number of brave soldiers. His bewildered troops did not even attempt to carry off the body of their commander, but beat a hasty retreat, leaving him to be covered by the thickly-falling snow. They could not have done otherwise ; for ten minutes the small-arms, of the soldiers rang out, and in the narrow defile no one could have shown himself without meeting instant death. So ended the attack from the Près-de-Ville side of the city, and it might be added that the siege itself was virtually at an end, for the hope of the Americans lay dead in the narrow pass with three death-wounds, one in the chin, one in the groin, and one through the thigh.

The sound of this conflict had reached the Upper Town, and every bell in the city was ringing furiously to call the people to arms. The walls were soon lined with anxious faces, and the troops of Arnold, now slowly advancing along Sault-au-Matelot street, through a blinding storm of sleet, had a vigilant foe awaiting them. Several barricades had been erected to guard this entrance to the city, and on these they boldly advanced. Arnold was wounded, and had to retire, but as he was carried to the rear he urged his brave followers on with cheering words. Nothing daunted they bent forward in the face of the stinging blast, and plunged through gathering snow-drifts till the first barrier was reached. Here, a short, sharp fight took place, but with heroic dash they entered the embrasures, and overpowered the guard. They advanced to the second barrier, but this was more powerfully and skillfully constructed, and was guarded by a stronger and more determined force, and after a desperate struggle they were compelled to meditate a retreat. But before they could put their thoughts into action, Captain Laws at the head of two hundred men marched out of Palace Gate and captured a large body of them. Some of the more daring, seeing that the retreat was cut off, boldly dashed across the uncertain ice in the bay of St. Charles, and found safety on the opposite shore.

Once more the rocky citadel had withstood a siege, for although Arnold remained in the vicinity of Quebec till spring with some eight hundred men, it was never again in danger of being captured.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE STORY OF BROCK.

"Brock's tall figure and bright uniform had made him a mark, all too good, for the American riflemen."—*High School History, page 363.*

In the year 1769 three of the world's military heroes were born, Napoleon, Wellington, and our own Brock. The last named from his earliest years had set his heart on a military career, and began his life's work as an ensign at the age of sixteen. In a little more than seven years his noble character and sterling intellect had advanced him to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel of the 49th, a regiment with which he was to be identified till the day of his death.

He first saw active service in Holland, where, at the battle of Egmont-op-Zee, he acquitted himself with great courage, and where he narrowly escaped death. He was with Nelson, too, in the Baltic, and proved himself both a wise soldier and careful commander at Copenhagen.

But his career began in earnest when his regiment was ordered to Canada in 1802. After three years service in this country he was made a full Colonel, and returned to England on leave of absence to visit his friends. But his heart was in Canada, and his stay in the Old World was to be cut short.

From his arrival in this country he felt that sooner or later the Americans and British would come to blows, and, while he was in England, news came across the waters that made him tremble for his adopted home. Without delay he sailed for Canada, and on his arrival began to make the defences as secure as possible. Darker and darker grew the war cloud, and fearing that in case of an invasion the Americans would make Quebec their first point of attack, he had it strengthened by every means in his power.

Brock grew in popularity both in Canada and England. He was the idol of his men, and he was deemed such a worthy commander that in 1808 he was made a Brigadier-General. In 1810 he was sent to the Upper Provinces, and established himself at Fort George on the Niagara frontier. This district was in such close proximity to the United States that an invasion was to be expected here, and

Brock carefully examined the whole frontier, studying the country, and making preparations for the struggle that must take place.

In the year after his arrival in the Upper Provinces, Francis Gore, Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, went to England, and our hero was left in entire control of the Province, being first both in civil and military affairs.

On the 18th of June, 1812, the long anticipated war was declared, and seven days later Brock received word of it at Fort George. He at once saw to the defences of the entire West, visiting in person every important point from Niagara to Detroit. The Eastern frontier, with Kingston as its chief point, was in equally imminent danger, and this he confided to an able officer, Major-General Shaw.

The blow was not long in falling. On the 12th of July, Brigadier-General Hull marched into Canada with a strong force, and issued a proclamation threatening dire vengeance to all who dared resist his progress, and promising peace and plenty to those who would aid him. Brock was not in the least alarmed, and replied to his arrogant threats that England was prepared, not only to defend, but to avenge, all her subjects, whether red or white. And the province was prepared to aid him in making good his reply. No sooner was the invasion known than men from all districts rushed to his standard, and he soon had more soldiers than he could supply with arms, and hundreds had to return disappointed to their homes.

Hull had not the success he expected. The Canadians held aloof from him, and he soon found himself in a foreign country with a large body of troops, and without means of providing food for them, except by carrying it long distances. He sent letters by Major Van Horne to the American headquarters, in which he stated his difficulties, and added further that his army was in a demoralized condition. Proctor was in command at Amherstburg, and hearing of Van Horne's mission sent out Tecumseh, a brave Shawnee chief, to intercept him. Tecumseh was successful, and captured not only a large amount of spoil, but the very important letters that had been intrusted to Van Horne. When news of this disaster reached Hull, he became alarmed for his own safety on Canadian soil, and on the 7th and 8th of August withdrew his men to Detroit, after having wasted a month.

All this time Brock had been busy making hurried preparations

at York [Toronto]. On the 6th of August all was ready, and he set out for Burlington Bay. After a severe and fatiguing journey by day and night, across a rugged country, and in boats that offered no shelter from the weather, he drew up his squadron of a little over three hundred men at Amherstburg on the night of August 13th. Here he received the correspondence Tecumseh had captured, and when he learned of the weak state of the American force, he determined to strike a quick, sure blow.

Hull was at Detroit, and although the fort was a strong one, Brock hoped to take it by a prompt assault. He sent Tecumseh with six hundred warriors across the river, and that wily Indian placed his men so as to cut off all communication with the fort. The night after the successful passage of Tecumseh's forces was a dark one, and, under cover of the darkness, the Canadian boats plied across the river. At the first grey of morning three hundred and thirty regulars and four hundred militia, who made up in eagerness what they lacked in experience, were drawn up at Springwell, four miles below Detroit. Brock summoned Hull to surrender. The American general took two hours to deliberate, and then sent back a refusal. Without delay the Canadians advanced; they were confident of success, and eager for a fight. The main body while it advanced was ably supported by Tecumseh's braves on the left flank, and by a small vessel of war, the Queen Charlotte, on the right.

The untried York volunteers were thrown forward as a skirmishing party, and so vigorously and bravely did they do their work that the Americans hurriedly abandoned a strong outpost, and retreated to the fort, leaving behind them two twenty-four pounders. They brought such an exaggerated report of the numbers of the enemy, that, just when Brock had his men in readiness for an assault, Hull sent out an officer with a flag of truce, and surrendered without a struggle. Detroit was won, and with it was given up the whole of Michigan territory, a ship of war, thirty-three pieces of cannon, abundant stores, one stand of colors, a military chest, and a large body of troops. News of this victory soon spread through Canada. Brock's name was on every lip, and all felt that the country was safe while it had such a brave and dashing commander to lead its hardy sons to battle.

Although victorious at Detroit, Brock had great misgivings for the safety of the Niagara frontier. Brigadier-General Van Rensselaer was stationed there with a strong force, and prompt action was, in Brock's mind, the only thing that could save Canada at that point. But an armistice was agreed on between the foes, and Brock had to go to Niagara, and remain there, deploring the inactivity that only gave his enemies a chance to concentrate their forces and get in supplies. But the armistice was of short duration, and early in October the two peoples were at war once more.

A spy who had ventured into the British camp brought to Van Rensselaer the false information that Brock had left Niagara for Detroit. The American general knew the spirit of the man opposing him, and hoped in his absence to take the strong position known as Queenston Heights. This spot, one of the most picturesque in Canada, is a noble plateau rising two hundred and fifty feet above the turbulent Niagara River. It is to the West what Quebec is to the East of Canada, a natural fortress that a few brave men might defend against an army. But Van Rensselaer had a strong force, and did not hesitate to attempt its capture.

On the 11th of October he made an effort to cross to the Canadian shore, but utterly failed. Two days were spent in preparations, and by the 13th all was ready. Early in the morning, before the autumn sun had risen to glorify the gorgeous foliage of the maples, the thunder of cannon was heard resounding above the furious roar of the river. General Van Rensselaer, at the head of a few brave fellows was attempting the passage. Two companies of the 49th, and two hundred soldiers of the York militia were energetically opposing them. An eighteen pounder, on a place of vantage on the cliff, swept the river with a deadly fire; but the Americans protected their men by a strong battery of four pieces, and the first detachment was soon across with but little loss. Busily the boats plied, and before long thirteen hundred men were drawn up in order of battle. It was to be a fight to the death. General Van Rensselaer was no coward, and though wounded in four places, cheered his men on to the conflict.

Brock was at Fort George. He had been expecting an attack, and when at daybreak he was aroused by the roar of cannon, he knew that Queenston Heights were in danger. In a few minutes



he was in the saddle, and galloping furiously to the battle-field. He did not check his horse until he reached the eighteen-pounder battery that had been placed to sweep the river, but which was now useless, since the Americans had crossed. Here he dismounted, and swept the field with a general's eye. Suddenly the rattle of musketry above him told that the enemy had gained the height, and he and his staff were compelled to desert their position.

Captain Wool and a number of American soldiers had scrambled up a fisherman's path, and had won a position, one hundred and eighty feet above the river. Lustily they cheered as the Canadians deserted the gun, and calmly they awaited Williams of the 49th, who came against them with one hundred men. These were compelled to retire with great loss, but they were joined by others, and rushed again to the battle, driving the Americans to the margin of the precipice. Their position was a trying one, and some of the soldiers attempted to raise a white flag, but Wool tore it down in great anger, and urged his men on to the fight. Brock was now at the head of a strong party, and as he gallantly rushed up the height shouting "Push on the brave York volunteers," a ball struck him in the breast, and he fell. Unmindful of himself, thinking only of his adopted country, he begged, with his dying breath, that his death should be kept from his men.

On pushed the volunteers under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel McDonnell; but this noble fellow, too, received a mortal wound, and the Canadians had to retire to await reinforcement; but not before the Americans had lost many brave officers and soldiers, and so crippled were they that unless help came from the opposite shore they must either surrender or plunge into the seething torrent below.

General Sheaffe, in command at Fort George, was rapidly speeding to the fight with three hundred regulars, two companies of militia, and a few Indians. On his way he was reinforced by a number of others, and about noon he reached the Heights with eight hundred men.

The Americans were now encircled by a strong force, determined to avenge their fallen commander, and by the seething Niagara. Their friends offered them no assistance, and as the Canadians came to the final charge they awaited their fate like Spartans. The men

were commanded to hold their fire till the enemy were within forty yards. Soldiers were stationed in the rear of the troops to shoot down any man who fired before the word was given. Steadily the foe advanced, and calmly the Americans awaited them ; when they were almost upon them a deadly, telling fire swept the hill. But there was no stopping the rush, and in a few minutes the Heights were won. Some surrendered ; the hill was strewn with dead and dying, and many brave fellows who would not yield cast themselves into the stream, and in their efforts to escape perished in the ruthless waters.

The victory was a noble one, but Canada wept over it. Her heroic Brock was no more, and she deemed the battle dearly bought. England, too, had recognized his worth, and on the very day of his death the guns of the Tower of London roared forth rejoicingly over his victory at Detroit, and his sovereign had made him a Knight of the Order of the Bath. Even his foes had learned to respect their brave enemy, and, on the day of his funeral, the commander of Fort Niagara hoisted his flag at half-mast, and fired minute guns, shot for shot with the Canadian mourners.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE STORY OF TECUMSEH.

"Proctor fled and left Tecumseh and his Indians to uphold the honor of British arms."—*High School History*, page 365.

In casting the eye back over the pages of Canadian History many noble savages are seen to stand out as actors in prominent events in our young country's life. Two strike the reader as being more closely connected with our past than the others ; and as one of them, Pontiac, the enemy of the English, has already been treated at some length in "The Story of Michillimackinac," Tecumseh, our friend, will form a fitting subject for the closing story of this book.

Tecumseh was born about the same year as Brock, and was a member of the Shawnee tribe, living in the valley of the Miami, in

Ohio. The Americans had for years been encroaching on the Indian lands, and from his youth Tecumseh endeavored to put a stop to their inroads. Before his twenty-fifth year he had several times faced the "long-knives," as he called the American soldiers, and had proved himself a valiant foe. In 1794 the Indians suffered a severe defeat, and were compelled to surrender a large portion of their territory. This made Tecumseh an even bitterer enemy to the Americans than he already was, and with a vigor and intelligence not often seen in a savage he endeavored to form a league among the Indians to compel the white men to surrender the land already seized, and to keep them from advancing farther west.

In 1804 his brother, Elskwatawa, announced himself a prophet, and warned his red brethren that if they wished to regain their old power they must lead the life of their fathers who inhabited this continent before the whites appeared among them; that they must cast away their woollen garments, and clothe themselves in skins; and that they must entirely give up the use of ardent spirits.

The fame of this prophet soon spread through the Indian villages and a vast concourse of savages came to dwell near one who was believed not only to be sent by the Great Spirit, but who, it was held, had the power of working miracles.

It is difficult to tell whether Tecumseh believed in his brother's supernatural powers, but at any rate he used the belief of others to unite all in his confederacy. The authorities, becoming alarmed, ordered Tecumseh and his brother to change their homes, and they removed to the Wabash, where the work of uniting the people went on.

A brief extract from a speech delivered by Tecumseh before a large assemblage of braves will give some idea of the character of the man and his aims.

"Brothers,—We are friends; we must assist each other to bear our burdens. The blood of many of our fathers and brothers has run like water on the ground, to satisfy the avarice of the white men. We, ourselves, are threatened with a great evil; nothing will pacify them but the destruction of all the red men.

"Brothers,—We must be united; we must smoke the same pipe; we must fight each others battles; and, more than all, we must love

the Great Spirit ; he is for us ; he will destroy our enemies, and make all his red children happy."

In 1811 the Americans under General Harrison met Tecumseh's Indians at Tippecanoe in the absence of their chief, and utterly defeated them. This defeat rankled in the breast of Tecumseh, and when, in the following year, war was declared between the United States and Britain, he was one of the first to rush to the British standard, with him went an immense following, ready to fight to the death against their lifelong enemies.

Tecumseh was soon to see active service. General Brock was unable to proceed to the scene of action at once, and so dispatched Colonel Proctor with a number of men to take command at Amherstburg. Proctor, wishing to strike the enemy a blow, sent across to Brownstown—a village twenty-five miles from Detroit—a part of the forty-first regiment and a number of Indians under Tecumseh. Major Van Horne was known to be on his way from Detroit with important papers, and Tecumseh and seventy of his braves lay in ambush. When the Americans reached their place of hiding the Indians suddenly sprang upon them, and in the short battle that followed the troops were completely routed. Many of them were killed, and the important dispatches were seized by Tecumseh. In a few days Hull, in command at Detroit, sent a strong force against the foe at Brownstown, and compelled them to retreat to their own side of the river.

On the 13th of August, Brock reached Amherstburg, and the Indians, learning that so brave a soldier had arrived, began firing their guns to show their joy. But powder was scarce, and Brock, anxious to save it, sent for their chief,—for whom he ever after had the greatest admiration. Tecumseh came, and after a short conversation with Brock saw that the firing ceased.

The chief made such an impression on the General and his staff that one of the aides-de-camp, Captain Glegg, has given us a faithful pen-picture of him.

"Tecumseh's appearance was very prepossessing ; his figure light and finely proportioned ; his age I imagine to be about five and thirty ; in height, five feet nine or ten inches ; his complexion, light copper ; countenance, oval, with bright hazel eyes, beaming cheerfulness, energy, and decision. Three small silver crowns, or

coronets were suspended from the lower cartilage of his aquiline nose ; and a large silver medallion of George the Third, which I believe his ancestor had received from Lord Dorchester, when Governor-General of Canada, was attached to a mixed colored wampum string, that hung round his neck. His dress consisted of a plain, neat uniform, tanned deer-skin jacket, long trousers of the same material, the seams of both being covered with neatly cut fringe ; and he had on his feet leather moccasins, much ornamented with work made from the dyed quills of the porcupine."

On the following day Brock called a council at which about one thousand Indians were present. Brock spoke lovingly to the red men, and told them that their great father over the ocean had sent him to aid them in their fight against the "long-knives ;" he finished his speech by saying that he soon hoped to drive Hull from Detroit. His speech was joyfully received by the warriors, and with one voice they called upon Tecumseh as a fitting brave to reply to so noted a leader as the English general. Tecumseh replied with suitable words, and closed an eloquent speech by saying that all present were ready "to shed their last drop of blood in their great father's service." Other speeches were made by noted chiefs, and all only reiterated the words of their leader. Brock was so deeply impressed by Tecumseh's wisdom that he determined to take him into his confidence, and after the council was ended he led him apart with several other chiefs, and told them of a proposed plan to attack Detroit at once.

Nothing could have pleased Tecumseh better. In Detroit were the 4th U. S. Infantry, a part of the troops which had laid his village waste and slaughtered his braves at Tippecanoe.

Brock asked the chief if he could give a description of the country about Detroit. Without a moment's hesitation Tecumseh took a piece of birch bark, spread it on the ground, placing a stone on each corner to keep it in position, and with a scalping knife sketched upon it an accurate plan of the district, locating hills, woods, rivers, roads, and morasses with the skill of a trained military engineer. Brock was delighted, and deemed that the best course would be to send Tecumseh and his warriors across the river to take up a position in the woods before sending over his regulars and militia. After the capture of the fort, Brock feared that the

Indians might fall upon the Americans and slaughter them, but to a hint of the kind Tecumseh replied, with great haughtiness, "I despise them too much to meddle with them." All through the war he seemed to have not only a restraining hand upon his own tomahawk and scalping knife, but to have been able to hold in check his fellow-warriors when prisoners fell into their hands.

The British leader was so pleased with the conduct of the brave Shawnee at the capture of Detroit that he took off his silken scarf, and wound it round the body of his red friend. On the following day Tecumseh was seen without it. Brock wondered at this, as the chief had expressed, in his stoical way, great pleasure, at the honor his general conferred on him,—and on inquiring learned that he had given it to Round-head, a Wyandot chief, who, he claimed, was an elder and abler warrior than himself.

All through this year he fought bravely, and when Brock fell at Queenston, he had no sincerer mourner than the chief, who had learned to love him as a worthy brother warrior. After the general's death, he lost something of the enthusiastic hope he had had in the British arms, but he still fought on, never once playing the coward's part; and when the war was waged with increased vigour in 1813, no hero stands out more prominently than this noble red man.

In this year the British met with severe reverses, and Proctor, in command at Detroit, was compelled to desert that stronghold and fall back upon Canadian soil. Tecumseh was with him, and with a heavy heart joined in the flight till an Indian village, known as Moraviantown, was reached. Here they received intelligence that the enemy was rapidly coming down upon them. Proctor had retreated hastily and with great lack of forethought. The very bridges he crossed were left standing, and his worn-out troops were no match on the march for the lightly-armed Kentucky riflemen that served under General Harrison.

The Americans greatly outnumbered the Canadians, but Proctor determined to make a stand on the banks of the Thames, and give them battle. His men were drawn up in a favorable position; on the left flank was the Thames, on the right an impassable cedar swamp. From the river to the swamp the distance was in all about five hundred yards, and in the centre of this space Proctor planted

the only gun—a six-pounder—that he had managed to bring with him. Tecumseh and his warriors were posted in the swamp, where the mounted infantry of the Americans could not advance, and where their trusty rifles might work havoc among the foe. When all was ready, Tecumseh took leave of Proctor with the encouraging words "Father! have a big heart!" and joined his warriors to await the signal to begin the fight, which was to be the firing of the gun.

Never did the warrior present a more heroic picture. His every movement bespoke the soldier, and as he joined his braves all eyes looked trustingly to the commander who had for two years led them through so many hard fought fights. This day was an important one for him, and while the British officers donned their uniforms bedecked with gold and silver lace he rolled his handkerchief in the form of a turban, and as a mark of his rank stuck in it a white ostrich feather that nodded royally in the breeze as he passed along the British line.

Proctor seems to have acted with great negligence. He awaited the foe without making an effort to entrench or protect his men by barricades. There were abundant trees about him, and the two hours that elapsed before the battle would have given his troops ample time to erect a protecting barrier.

Stealthily the enemy advanced, sheltering themselves by the trees growing along the river bank, till almost on the British line; and then charged with great dash. They were met by a bold resistance, but the British, outnumbered, and exhausted by their trying march, gave way before the impetuous charge, and the gun was soon in the hands of the Americans. Proctor saw that all was lost, and left the field in headlong flight, nor did he stop till he was safe at Burlington Heights.

While the right division of the foe had been sweeping everything in the open before them, the left division under Colonel Johnson were meeting worthy foes in the swamp. They saw that the only hope of success was to draw the Indians from their strong position and twenty brave fellows under their Colonel advanced into the very "jaws of death." Johnson alone lived to return to his soldiers. Tecumseh and his braves, overjoyed at this first success, rushed boldly to the battle and fought with dauntless courage.

Success seemed to be crowning their efforts, and the foe was slowly but surely giving ground. Johnson, the commander, was wounded in four places, and as he reeled in his saddle from loss of blood, Tecumseh dashed through his followers, and endeavored to strike him down with his tomahawk. The American leader's pistol was in his hand, and as the blow was about to descend he pointed it at Tecumseh, pulled the trigger, and the noblest of the red men fell dead, with four buck shots and a bullet in his breast.

The Indians, led by Tecumseh's son, a boy of seventeen, who was at his father's side when he fell, fought on bravely, but were at last compelled to surrender, and the entire field was in the hands of their foes.

This, however, was not the end of the war. For another year the bloody and useless struggle continued, and not till the Treaty of Ghent gave peace to this continent were the Canadians left free to build up the prosperous Dominion of the present day, that glories in its heroes,—from Cartier to Tecumseh.

THE END.



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