

OUR EMPIRE STORY



“No man was safe. No life was sure.”

OUR EMPIRE STORY

BY

H. E. MARSHALL

with illustrations by

J. R. SKELTON



YESTERDAY'S CLASSICS

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA

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TO
FRED AND ARNOLD

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ABOUT THIS BOOK

“The Empire upon which the sun never sets.” We all know these words, and we say them with a somewhat proud and grand air, for that vast Empire is ours. It belongs to us, and we to it.

But although we are proud of our Empire it may be that some of us know little of its history. We only know it as it now is, and we forget perhaps that there was a time when it did not exist. We forget that it has grown to be great out of very small beginnings. We forget that it did not grow great all at once, but that with pluck and patience our fellow-countrymen built it up by little and by little, each leaving behind him a vaster inheritance than he found. So, “lest we forget,” in this book I have told a few of the most exciting and interesting stories about the building up of this our great heritage and possession.

But we cannot

“Rise with the sun and ride with the same,
Until the next morning he rises again.”

We cannot in one day gird the whole world about, following the sun in his course, visiting with him all the many countries, all the scattered islands of the sea which form the mighty Empire upon which he never ceases to shine. No, it will take us many days to compass the journey, and little eyes would ache, little brains be weary long before the tale ended did I

try to tell of all “the far-away isles of home, where the old speech is native, and the old flag floats.” So in this book you will find stories of the five chief portions of our Empire only, that of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and India. But perhaps some day, if you greet these stories as kindly as you have greeted those of England and of Scotland, I will tell you in another book more stories of Our Empire.

The stories are not all bright. How should they be? We have made mistakes, we have been checked here, we have stumbled there. We may own it without shame, perhaps almost without sorrow, and still love our Empire and its builders. Still we may say,

“Where shall the watchful sun,
 England, my England,
Match the master-work you’ve done,
 England, my own?
When shall we rejoice agen
Such a breed of mighty men
As come forward, one to ten,
 To the song on your bugles blown,
 England—
Down the years on your bugles blown?”

H.E. MARSHALL

Oxford, 1908

CANADA

NOTE.—Except the verses from Grey's *Elegy* at the end of Chapter XVII., all the poetry in this part of the book is by Canadian authors.

CHAPTER I

HOW LIEF THE SON OF ERIC THE RED SAILED INTO THE WEST

MANY hundred years ago, Lief, the son of Eric the Red, stood upon the shores of Norway. His hair was fair and long, and his eyes as blue as the sea upon which he looked. And as he watched the sea-horses tossing their foam-manes, his heart longed to be out upon the wild waves.

For Bjarne the Traveller had come home. He had come from sailing far seas, and had brought back with him news of a strange, new land which lay far over the waves towards the setting of the sun. It was a land, he said, full of leafy woods and great tall trees such as had never been seen in Norway. Above a shore of white sand waved golden fields of corn. Beneath the summer breeze vast seas of shimmering grass bowed themselves, and all the air was scented with spice, and joyous with the song of birds.

“I will find this land,” cried Lief Ericson, “I will find this land and call it mine.”

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All day long he paced the shore, thinking and longing, and when the shadows of evening fell he strode into his father's hall.

Eric the Red sat in his great chair, and Lief, his son, stood before him. The firelight gleamed upon the gold bands round his arms and was flashed back from his glittering armour. "Father," he cried, "give me a ship. I would sail beyond the seas to the goodly lands of which Bjarne the Traveller tells."

Then Eric the Red poured shining yellow gold into the hands of Lief, his son. "Go," he cried, "buy the ship of Bjarne and sail to the goodly lands of which he tells."

So Lief bought the ship of Bjarne the Traveller, and to him came four-and-thirty men, tall and strong and eager as he, to sail the seas to the new lands towards the setting sun.

Then Lief bent his knee before his father. "Come, you, O my father," he cried, "and be our leader."

But Eric the Red shook his head. "I am too old," he said. Yet his blue eyes looked wistfully out to sea. His old heart leaped at the thought that once again before he died he might feel his good ship bound beneath him, that once again it would answer to the helm under his hand as his horse to the rein.

"Nay, but come, my father," pleaded Lief, "you will bring good luck to our sailing."

"Ay, I will come," cried Eric the Red. Then rising, the old sea-king threw off his robe of state.

HOW LIEF SAILED INTO THE WEST

Once again, as in days gone by, he clad himself in armour of steel and gold, and mounting upon his horse he rode to the shore.

As Eric neared the ship the warriors set up a shout of welcome. But even as they did so his horse stumbled and fell. The king was thrown to the ground. In vain he tried to rise. He had hurt his foot so badly that he could neither stand nor walk.

“Go, my son,” said Eric sadly, “the gods will have it thus. It is not for me to discover new lands. You are young. Go, and bring me tidings of them.”

So Lief and his men mounted into his ship and sailed out toward the West. Three weeks they sailed. All around them the blue waves tossed and foamed but no land did they see. At last, one morning, a thin grey line far to the west appeared like a pencil-streak across the blue. Hurrah, land was near! On they sailed, the shore ever growing clearer and clearer. At length there rose before them great snow-covered mountains, and all the land between the sea and the hills was a vast plain of snow.

“It shall not be said that we found no land,” said Lief; “I will give this country a name.” So they called it Hellaland.

Then on again they sailed. Again they came to land. This time it was covered with trees, and the long, low sloping shore was of pure white sand. They called it Markland, which means Woodland. Again they sailed on, until at length they came to a place where a great river flowed into the sea. There they made up their minds to stay for the winter.

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So they cast anchor and left the ship and put up their tents upon the shore. Then they built a house of wood in which to live. In the river they found fish in great plenty, and in the plains grew wild corn. So they suffered neither from cold nor hunger.

When the great house was finished, Lief spoke: "I will divide my men into two bands," he said. "One band shall stay at home and guard the house. The other shall walk abroad and search through the land to discover what they may."

So it was done. Sometimes Lief stayed with the men at home. Sometimes he went abroad with those who explored.

Thus the Northmen passed the winter, finding many wonderful things in this strange new land. And when spring came they sailed homeward to tell the people there of all the marvels they had seen and all that they had done. Then the people wondered greatly. And Lief they called Lief the Fortunate.

Afterwards many people sailed from Greenland and from Norway to the fair new lands in the west. This land we now call North America, and the parts of it which Lief discovered and called Hella-land and Markland we now call Labrador and Nova Scotia. So it was that five hundred years before Columbus lived, America was known to these wild sea-kings of the north.

CHAPTER II

WESTWARD! WESTWARD! WESTWARD!

MANY hundreds of years passed. Amid strife and warfare the wild Northmen forgot about the strange country far in the West which their forefathers had discovered. They heard of it only in the old, half-forgotten tales which the minstrels sometimes sang. They thought of it only as a fairy country—a land of nowhere.

Then there came a time when all the earth was filled with unrest. The world, men said, was round, not flat, as the learned ones of old had taught. Then, if the world was round, India might be reached by sailing west as easily as by sailing east. So brave and daring men stepped into their ships and sailed away toward the setting sun. They steered out into wide, unknown waters in search of a new way to lands of gold and spice.

Columbus, the great sailor of Genoa, sailed into the west, and returned with many a strange story of the countries which he had seen and claimed for the King of Spain. Then there came to England a

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sailor of Venice, called John Cabot. If the King of Spain might find and claim new lands, he asked, why not the King of England too?

So one fair May morning the little ship named the *Matthew* sailed out from Bristol harbour. Crowds of people came to see it as it spread its white wings and sped away and away into the unknown. Followed by the wishes and the prayers of many an anxious heart it glided on and on until it was but a speck in the distance, and the sailors turning their eyes backward, saw the land dwindle and fade to a thin grey streak and then vanish away. They were alone on the wide blue waters, steering they knew not whither.

To the West they sped, week by week. A month passed. Still there was no sign of land. Six weeks, seven weeks passed, still no land. Master John Cabot walked apart on the deck, his sailors looked askance at him. Would their faith hold out? he asked himself. How much longer would they sail thus into the unknown? These were days of danger and dread. For Master John well knew that the passion of man's heart and the madness of famine and despair, were more to be feared than the howl of the winds and the anger of the waves.

But at length one bright June morning there came a cry from the sailor on the outlook, "Land ahoy." Master John Cabot was saved. He had reached at last the port of his golden hopes. They still sailed, the tide running gently and bearing them onward,

WESTWARD! WESTWARD! WESTWARD!

and so on the 24th of June 1497 A.D., John Cabot landed on “New-found-land.”

Where he landed he planted a cross with the arms of England carved upon it. The flag of England fluttered out to the sound of an English cheer as the brave sailor claimed the land for Henry VII., King of England and France, and lord of Ireland.

Cabot called the country St. John’s Land, because he first came there on St. John’s Day. The exact spot is not known, but it is thought to have been either at Cape Breton or at some point on the coast of Labrador.

After staying a little time, Cabot and his men set sail again, and turned their vessel homeward. The country that they had found seemed fertile and fruitful. But it was not the land of gold and spice, of gems and silken riches which they had hoped to find. So they returned with empty hands, and but little guessing upon what a vast continent they had planted the flag of England. They returned, little knowing that the people of England would carry that flag across the continent to the sea beyond, and that in days to come state should be added to state till the great Dominion of Canada was formed.

But although Cabot returned with empty hands, the King of England received him kindly. He was, however, “a king wise but not lavish.” Indeed, he liked but little to spend his gold. So as a reward he gave Cabot £10. It does not seem much, even when we remember that £10 then was worth as much as £120 now. Still, Cabot had a good time with

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it. He dressed himself in silk and grandeur, and walked about the streets, followed by crowds who came to stare and wonder at the man who had found “a new isle.” Later, the king gave Cabot £20 a year. Not much more is known about his life, but it is thought that he, with his son Sebastian, sailed again—perhaps more than once—to the “Isle beyond the Seas.”

CABOT

Over the hazy distance,
Beyond the sunset's rim,
For ever and for ever
Those voices called to him,
Westward! westward! westward!
The sea sang in his head,
At morn in the busy harbour,
At nightfall in his bed—
Westward! westward! westward!
Over the line of breakers,
Out of the distance dim,
For ever the foam-white fingers
Beckoning—beckoning him.

.

All honour to this grand old Pilot,
Whose flag is struck, whose sails are furled,
Whose ship is beached, whose voyage ended;
Who sleeps somewhere in sod unknown,
Without a slab, without a stone,
In that great Island, sea-impearled.
Yea, reverence with honour blended,
For this old seaman of the past,
Who braved the leagues of ocean hurled,
Who out of danger knowledge rended,

WESTWARD! WESTWARD! WESTWARD!

And built the bastions, sure and fast,
Of that great bridge-way grand and vast,
Of golden commerce round the world.

.

Yea, he is dead, this mighty seaman!
Four long centuries ago.
Beating westward, ever westward,
Beating out from old Bristowe,
Far he saw in visions lifted,
Down the golden sunset's glow,
Through the bars of twilight rifted,
All the glories that we know.
Yea, he is dead; but who shall say
That all the splendid deeds he wrought,
That all the lofty truths he taught
(If truth be knowledge nobly sought)
Are dead and vanished quite away?

.

Greater than shaft or storied fane
Than bronze and marble blent,
Greater than all the honours he could gain
From a nation's high intent,
He sleeps alone, in his great isle, unknown,
With the chalk-cliffs all around him for his
mighty graveyard stone,
And the league-long sounding roar
Of old ocean, for evermore
Beating, beating, about his rest,
For fane and monument.

WILFRED CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER III

HOW A BRETON SAILOR CAME TO CANADA

YEARS passed on. England did little more than plant her flag in the New World, as the lands beyond the seas came to be called. Now and again indeed the English tried to found colonies. But the settlers sickened and died, and the attempts failed. Sir Humphrey Gilbert, half-brother of the famous Raleigh, was among the gallant captains who sailed the seas and claimed strange lands in the name of the great Queen Elizabeth. He landed upon the shores of New-found-land—the island which is still called by that name to-day. There he set up the royal arms of England, and, with solemn ceremony, taking a handful of soil in his hand. Sir Humphrey declared the land to be the possession of Elizabeth, Queen by the Grace of God.

So Newfoundland became a British possession, and thus claims to be the oldest of all our colonies.

Meanwhile Spain and Portugal were busy gathering wealth and glory in the New World. But

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the King of France thought that he too should have a share. He sent a message to the King of Spain asking him if it was true that he and the King of Portugal meant to divide all the world between them without allowing him a share as a brother. "I would fain see in father Adam's will where he made you the sole heirs to so vast an inheritance," he added. "Until I do see that, I shall seize as mine whatever my good ships may happen to find upon the ocean."

So the French King sent men to explore America. And all that they explored he called New France, taking little heed to the fact that the flag of England had already been planted there.

Many daring men sailed forth with the French King's orders, but Jacques Cartier, a Breton sailor, is perhaps the most famous. He made four voyages to the New World, and brought back many wonderful tales of the things he had seen there. He told how he had met with wild and savage folk with dark skins. They painted their bodies in strange fashions, and their only clothes were the skins of beasts. Their black hair was drawn up on the top of the head and tied there like a wisp of hay, and decorated with bright feathers sticking out in all directions.

These men were the Red Indians of North America. They are not really Indians at all. But when the first people found America they thought that they had reached India by sailing west, and they called the natives Indians. We have called them so ever since.

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Cartier told too of great beasts like oxen which had two teeth like the tusks of elephants and which went in the sea. Strange fish he saw, “of which it is not in the manner of man to have seen,” some with the head of a greyhound and as white as snow, some that had the shape of horses and did go by day on land and by night in the sea.

Besides these tales of strange beasts and men, Cartier told of a fairy city of which he had heard. This city was called Norumbega. The Indians believed that somewhere beyond the rivers and the mountains it lay full of untold wealth and splendid with starry turrets and glittering gem-strewn streets. There the sun shone for ever golden, the air was sweet with the scent of richest spices through which rang, all day long, the song of birds. And when they heard of it, many left their homes and sailed away to seek this city of Delight. Cartier himself sailed many a league. He went where no white man had been before. But he never found the Golden City.

The wild people were not unfriendly. They looked in wonder at the strange men with pale faces who came to their country in winged boats. For although the Indians had canoes made of birch bark, in which they travelled up and down their rivers and great lakes, they had never before seen a boat with sails.

It was while Cartier was exploring that Canada received the name by which we know it.

“Cannata,” said the Indians pointing to their village of huts.

HOW A BRETON SAILOR CAME TO CANADA

Cartier thought that they meant that the country was called Cannata. So he called it Cannata or Canada. But the Indians had only meant to show the pale face their village, and the word in the Indian language really means a village.

Upon the shores of the Bay of Gaspé, where Cartier landed, he raised a great cross of thirty feet in height. To the cross-bar he nailed a shield on which were carved three *fleurs-de-lis*, the emblem of France. Above the shield, in large letters, were carved the words, "Long live the King of France." When the cross was planted in the ground Cartier and his men joined hands, and, kneeling round it in a circle, prayed. About them stood the astonished, wondering Indians. They were a little ill-pleased that these pale strangers should raise this unknown sign upon their land without leave. But they could not guess that in years to come, before the sign of the cross, before the foot of the white man, the red man should vanish away as snow before the sun.

Cartier was kind to the Indians. They grew to love him, and when, upon his second voyage, they heard that he meant to leave them and explore inland they were very sorry. Perhaps, too, they did not want any other Indians to have the beads and ribbons and pretty things which Cartier gave them in exchange for their furs. So they did all they could to prevent him from going. They even tried to frighten him. Three Indians dressed themselves as evil spirits. They painted their faces black, stuck great horns a yard long upon their heads, and covered themselves with black and white dogskins. Then in a war canoe

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they came paddling down the river, howling dismally all the time. When they came in sight the other Indians began to shriek and howl too. They ran to Cartier and told him that these were spirits which had been sent by their god to warn him not to go up the river as he intended. "If you go, O Pale Face, fearful things will come upon you," they said. "Wind and storms, ice and snow, will bar your way. None will return alive. Our god will lead you into the spirit land."

But Cartier was not at all afraid. He laughed at the Indians. "Your god is powerless," he said. "My God is all powerful. He Himself has spoken to me, and He has promised to keep me safe through every danger."

So Cartier started on his journey and travelled up the river, now called the St. Lawrence, to an Indian village named Hochelaga. There he climbed a hill and looked around upon the fair country. As far as the eye could reach land rolled before him. Over dark forest and wild prairie, over lake and hill and valley swept his wondering gaze. He followed the grand and shining river, as it wound its way along, until it was lost in the dim distance. It was not indeed the fairy land of which he had heard, but it was very splendid. "It is Mount Royal," he said. And to-day it is still called Mount Royal, for that little Indian village has grown into the great city of Montreal.

When Cartier returned to France after his first voyage to Canada, he took with him two Red Indi-

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These iron coasts by rage of seas unjarred,—
What fields of peace these bulwarks well secure!
What vales of plenty those calm floods supply!
Shall not our love this rough, sweet land make sure,
Her bounds preserve inviolate, though we die?
 O strong hearts of the North,
 Let flame your loyalty forth,
And put the craven and base to an open shame
Till earth shall know the Child of Nations by her name!
 C. G. D. ROBERTS.

CHAPTER IV

THE STORY OF HENRY HUDSON

WHEN brave men first sailed across the broad Atlantic they had no thought of finding new lands. What they sought was a new way to the old and known land of India—a new way to the lands of spice and gold. When they reached America, many of those old sailors thought that they had reached India. But when the new land proved not to be India, they said, “These are but islands. Let us sail beyond them and still reach India.”

Not until many voyages had been made, not until the white-winged ships had been turned back again and again from the rocky shores of America, were men convinced at last that these were no islands, but a vast continent which barred the way. Then the vision of a new way to India took another shape. Then began the quest for a narrow inlet or passage round or through the great continent. By sailing north-westward it was hoped to find a way which, leading through snow and ice, should at last bring men beneath the glowing sun of India. And thus began the famous quest for the North-West

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Passage. So it was that Englishmen, instead of making use of the lands which Cabot had found and claimed, almost forgot that claim and gave their lives and spent their gold trying still to find the new way to the land of sunshine.

Among the many brave men who sailed the seas in search of this passage we remember Henry Hudson, because he gave his name to a great inland sea in the north of America, and to the strait leading to it.

Hudson sailed four times to the land of snow. He, too, like Cartier, met with Red Indians. On one voyage he gave them presents of hatchets, spades, and stockings. When he returned next time he was very much amused to find that the Indians had hung the spades and hatchets round their necks as ornaments, and had made tobacco-pouches of the stockings. Amid much laughter the Englishmen put handles on the spades and shafts to the hatchets, and showed the simple savages their proper use by digging the ground and cutting down trees.

One story told about Hudson is interesting, because it is very like a story found in English history. Perhaps Hudson had read that story when he was a little boy.

It is said that once Hudson and his men landed. As usual, the Indians came about them, wondering at the great winged canoes and the pale faces of the men who had come in them. Hudson managed to make himself understood by the savages, and after a time he told them that he wanted

THE STORY OF HENRY HUDSON

some land as he would like to live there. The red men did not wish to give him any land. "Then give me as much as this bullock skin will enclose," said Hudson, throwing it down.

"Yes, you may have that," said the Redskins grinning and laughing at the white man's jest.

Then Hudson and his men began to cut the skin round and round into a long rope no thicker than a child's finger, being careful always not to break the rope. When it was finished they spread it out in a great circle enclosing a large piece of land.

The Indians were very much astonished when they saw how clever the white men were. They did not know that it was in this same way that the Britons had been cheated by the Saxons, hundreds of years before.

On the 17th of April 1610 A.D., Hudson, in the good ship *Discovery*, sailed out from the Thames. He had started upon his last voyage from which he was never to return. Up to the north of Scotland steered the brave adventurers, then away to Greenland and the land of ice. When June came, and the birds were singing in the sunshine at home, these daring men were sailing a wintry sea where great ice-mountains floated.

These ice-mountains were a terrible danger, for suddenly one would overturn and plunge into the sea. Had the little ship been near, it would have been crushed beneath the falling mass and sunk in the icy waters. So the sailors tried to steer away from them.

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But ever thicker and faster they gathered around the ship.

With despair in his heart but keeping a brave face Hudson sailed on. But still thicker and thicker the cruel, white ice-mountains gathered. They were like a pack of hungry wolves eager to crush the frail little vessel between their angry jaws. At last the ship was so shut in that it could move no more.

Then there were murmurs loud and angry among the crew. Hudson came to them. In his heart he never expected to see home again. Still he kept a brave face and tried to encourage his men. He brought his map and showed them that they had sailed further into the land of ice and snow than any Englishman had done before. Was that not something of which to be proud?

“Now will ye go on or will ye turn back?” he asked.

“Would that we were at home, ay, anywhere if only out of this ice,” they replied.

“Why has the master brought us to die like dogs in this Far North?”

“Had I a hundred pounds I would give ninety of them to be at home.”

“But nay,” said the carpenter, “had I a hundred pounds I would not give ten in such a cause. Rather would I keep my money, and by God’s grace would bring myself and it safe home.”

And so there was much useless talk and many angry words. But at length, leaving their grumbling,

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the men set to work to save the ship from the ice, and after much labour and time they cleared the ice-blocks and steered again into the open sea.

Then once more they sailed onward escaping many dangers, enduring many hardships. Sometimes they saw land, sometimes there was only the sea around them. They suffered from cold and hunger too. In the ship at starting there was only food enough for six months. Now eight months had passed, it was November, and they were far from home. Their hands and feet were frost-bitten. Many of them fell ill and could work no more.

Hudson did all he could. He took great care of the food which was left, and he offered rewards to any of the men who should kill beast, bird, or fish. For they could not hope to live to see home again unless that they found much wild game to help out their scanty store of food. At one time they caught many sea-fowl. At another they could only find moss and such poor plants as grew upon the snowy land. So the winter passed and spring came and their store of food grew less and less.

They were fierce, unruly men, those daring sailors, and now they greeted their master with dark and sullen looks. They were starving, and they believed that he had stores of food which he kept hidden from them. So to quiet them Hudson served out a fortnight's bread at one time. But this made matters no better. They were so hungry that they could not make it last. The terrible gnawing pain was

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such that one man ate his whole fortnight's allowance in a day.

Louder grew the murmurs, darker the looks with which the master was greeted. Men met and whispered together in dim corners. They would no longer wait, they would no longer suffer, and at last their wicked plans were made. As Hudson stepped on deck early one June morning, two men seized him, while a third pinned his arms behind. In a few minutes he was bound and helpless.

"Men," he cried, "what is this? What do you mean?"

"You will soon see," they replied, "when you get into the boat."

Then looking over the side Hudson saw the ship's boat ready launched. He understood. These cruel men meant to turn him adrift on the icy waters.

But all were not against the master. One man who had a sword fought fiercely. But several of the mutineers threw themselves upon him and soon he too was bound. Another, the carpenter, had been kept prisoner below. Now he broke free and rushed on deck.

"Men," he cried, taking his stand beside the captain, "what are you doing? Do you all want to be hanged when you get home?"

"I care not," answered one; "of the two I would rather hang at home than starve abroad."

"Come, let be, you shall stay in the ship," said another.

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“I will not stay unless you force me,” boldly replied the carpenter as he faced the sullen, angry men. “I will rather take my fortune with my master.”

“Go, then,” they said, “we will not hinder you.”

Then the sick and the lame were dragged out of their cabins and thrust into the boat along with Hudson and his son who was but a boy of about sixteen. Only one of the sick they did not send away. He crawled to the cabin door, and there, on his knees, he prayed the mutineers to repent of what they were doing. “For the love of God,” he cried, “do it not.”

“Keep quiet,” they answered, “get into your cabin. No one is harming you.”

At last, nine wretched men were packed into the little boat. Then the ship moved out of the ice dragging it behind. As they sailed slowly along, Hudson and the other poor fellows were not without hope that the mutineers would relent and take them aboard again. But there was no chance of that. Even while Hudson was still upon the ship, some of the sailors had begun to break open the chests and rifle the stores. Now all law and order was at an end. They seized upon the food like hungry wolves. They sacked the ship as if it had been the fortress of an enemy. There was no thought of taking aboard again the master who had held them in check.

As they steered clear of the ice, a sailor leaned over the ship’s side. He cut the rope which bound the little boat to the stern. Then they shook out their

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“THESE CRUEL MEN MEANT TO TURN HUDSON ADRIFT
ON THE ICY WATERS.”

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sails and fled as if from an enemy. Soon they vanished from sight, and the little boat was but a speck upon the cold grey waters.

That little boat was never seen again. What became of brave Hudson and his son, of the gallant carpenter who stood by him, and of all the poor sick men thus cast adrift upon the icy waters, will never be known. Let us hope that death came to them quickly, that the blue waves upon which Hudson had loved to sail were kind to him, and that soon he found a grave beneath them. Where he lies we cannot tell, but the great bay and strait which bear his name are a fitting monument for so gallant a sailor.

Of the mutineers few reached home. Some were killed in a fight with savages. Others died from hunger and cold. The sufferings of those who remained were terrible. They had at length little to eat but candles. One of them, who lived to come home and who told the tale afterwards, said that the bones of a fowl fried in candle-grease and eaten with vinegar made a very good dish.

At length the wretched men became so weak that they could no longer work the sails. Only one had strength to steer. They were but gaunt skeletons, haggard and pale, when their ship drifted to the coast of Ireland, and they at last reached home.

As soon as they arrived in England they were all put in prison. But they were soon set free again. Perhaps the sufferings through which they had passed had been punishment enough even for their ill deeds.

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Our fathers died for England at the outposts of the world;
Our mothers toiled for England where the settlers' smoke upcurled;
By packet, steam, and rail,
By portage, trek, and trail,
They bore a thing called Honour in hearts that did not quail,
Till the twelve great winds of heaven saw the scarlet sign unfurled.

And little did they leave us of fame or land or gold;
Yet they gave us great possessions in a heritage untold;
For they said, "Ye shall be clean,
Nor ever false or mean,
For God and for your country and the honour of your queen,
Till ye meet the death that waits you with your plighted faith unsold.

"We have fought the long great battle of the liberty of man,
And only ask a goodly death uncraven in the van;
We have journeyed travel-worn
Through envy and through scorn,
And the faith that was within us we have stubbornly upborne,
For we saw the perfect structure behind the rough-hewn plan.

"We have toiled by land and river, we have laboured on the sea;
If our blindness made us blunder, our courage made us free.
We suffered or we throve,
We delved and fought and strove;
But born to the ideals of order, law, and love,
To our birthright we were loyal, and loyal shall ye be!"

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O England, little mother by the sleepless northern tide,
Having bred so many nations to devotion, trust, and pride,
Very tenderly we turn
With willing hearts that yearn
Still to fence you and defend you, let the sons of men discern
Wherein our right and title, might and majesty, reside.

BLISS CARMAN

CHAPTER V

THE FATHER OF NEW FRANCE

WHILE Englishmen were seeking the North-West Passage, Frenchmen were working to found New France, for after Cartier, other men tried to found colonies in the lands beyond the seas. Each failed as Cartier had failed. But at last there came a man who was so determined and so brave that he succeeded in doing what others had not been able to do. This man was Samuel de Champlain, often called the Father of New France.

After the discovery of Newfoundland, sailors had been quick to find out what a splendid place it was for fishing. So men from all countries came to fish in the waters there. Others came to trade with the Indians for furs. But they all came and went again. None thought of making their home in that far-off land.

At length a Frenchman, seeing what a lot of money might be made out of furs, asked the King of France to allow him alone to have the fur trade. This is called a monopoly. Monopoly comes from two Greek words, *monos*, alone, and *polein*, to sell. So if you get a monopoly of anything it means that you

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are the only person who is allowed to sell that thing to others.

The King of France said this Frenchman might have a monopoly of furs if he would found a colony in New France. To this he agreed, and set sail with some friends. All the other fur merchants of France were, however, very angry, because they knew that if only one man was allowed to buy furs from the Indians and sell them to the French, he would become very rich and they poor.

But the colony, which was now founded, did not succeed any better than those before it had done. It was not until Champlain and some other adventurers came to help that things went better. Champlain was a soldier-sailor. He was brave, and wise, and kind too— just the very best sort of man to treat with savages and found a colony.

Champlain did not at first go as a leader, but only to help two gentlemen called Poutrincourt and De Monts. Soon, however, it became plain that he was the real leader, and later he was made Governor of New France.

Champlain and his friends landed first in Acadie. That is the part of the Dominion of Canada which we now call Nova Scotia. On an island at the mouth of the river St. Croix they built their fort, and prepared to spend the winter. But they soon found that they had chosen a very bad place. It was cold and barren. There was neither wood for fires nor fresh water to drink. So after passing a winter of pain and trouble, during which many died, they went over

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to the mainland, and there built their fort anew. There the city of Annapolis now stands. Then the colonists called it Port Royal.

The new colony had a hard struggle. The second winter was almost as bad as the first. The settlers had eaten all the food which they had brought with them from France, and as the ships which they expected with more did not arrive, they began to starve. Then Champlain made up his mind to take all his people home to France. For he knew that it would be impossible to live through another winter without help. Two brave men offered to remain behind to take care of the fort until the others returned, and a friendly old Indian chief promised too to stay near.

So good-byes were said; the little ship sailed out of the bay, and the two brave men prepared to spend the long autumn and winter alone between the forest and the sea, far from any white man, and with only savages near.

But about nine days after Champlain had sailed, the old chief saw a white sail far out to sea. The two Frenchmen were at dinner and did not notice it. The old chief stood for a little time watching the white sail as it came nearer and nearer. Then, in great excitement, he ran shouting to the fort, "Why do you sit here?" he cried, bursting in upon the two men. "Why do you sit here and amuse yourselves eating, when a great ship with white wings is coming up the river?"

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In much astonishment and some dread the two men sprang up. One seized his gun and ran to the shore. The other ran to the cannon of the fort. Both were ready to fight as best they might should the strangers prove to be enemies. Eagerly they watched as the ship came on. Was it friend or was it foe, they asked themselves. At last it was quite near. At last they could see the white flag of France, with its golden *fleur-de-lis*, floating from the mast. With fingers which trembled with joy, the man at the cannon put a match to the muzzle, and a roar of welcome awoke the echoes of the bay.

Right glad were the newcomers to hear it, for they had been anxiously watching the fort which seemed so silent and deserted, and with thunder of guns and blare of trumpets they joyously replied.

Soon the little fort was full of busy life again, and Champlain, who had not gone far on his journey, hearing that help had come, turned back to join his friends again.

Among the colonists who came in this ship was a lawyer from Paris, called Marc Lescarbot. He was very merry and gay. Always in good spirits himself, he kept others in good spirits too. After the newcomers had settled down, Champlain and some of the men sailed away to explore the country, leaving the others to take care of the fort. They worked hard, felling trees and digging the ground, cutting paths through the forest, and planting barley, wheat, and rye. But when work was done there was plenty of fun, for Lescarbot kept them merry. Among other

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things he prepared a play with which to greet the travellers when they came back.

Champlain returned somewhat weary and disheartened. He had not succeeded in exploring much further than before. The Indians had proved unfriendly, and several of his men had been killed by them. So with the coming of winter he turned back to Port Royal. They arrived there one gloomy November afternoon. But those who had been left behind were watching for them. As Champlain and his men drew near they saw that the whole fort was a blaze of lights.

Over the gateway hung the arms and motto of the King of France, wreathed with laurels. On either side hung those of De Monts and Poutrincourt, two of the leaders. The gate, as the travellers came near to it, opened, and out came no less a person than old Neptune, sitting upon a chariot drawn by Tritons. His hair and beard were long, a blue veil floated about him, and in his hand he held his trident, and so with music and poetry he welcomed the travellers from the sea.

After Neptune came a canoe, in which were four savages, each with a gift in his hand. These they presented, each in turn making a speech in poetry. Poutrincourt, who entered into the game at once, listened to Lord Neptune, his Tritons and savages with drawn sword in hand. Then after he had made a speech of thanks, the Tritons and savages burst into song, and the returned travellers passed beneath the

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wreathed gateway to the sound of trumpets and the roar of cannon.

Lescarbot wrote a history of New France in which he tells about all this. He gives there the poetry which was said and sung, not because it is very good poetry, he says, but because it shows that in that unknown country, far from friends and home, they were not sad.

Thus the long, cold winter began, but Lescarbot had many devices for making the dark, dreary days pass merrily. He formed all the chief men of the colony into an order which he called the Order of Good Times. Each member was Grand Master of the order for one day. It was his duty to see to the meals during that day. Each Grand Master tried to manage better than the one before. He would hunt and fish and invent all sorts of dainties, so it came about that there was always enough to eat, and plenty of change, and as a result there was not so much sickness nor so many deaths as there had been during the winters before.

The officers of the Order of Good Times did everything with great ceremony. When dinner-time came the Grand Master marched into the hall wearing his fine chain of office round his neck, a napkin over his shoulder, and a staff in his hand. He was followed by the Brethren, each carrying a dish which he placed upon the table. Then they all sat down to dine. At supper there was much the same ceremony. Then when it was over and the great wood fire burned and roared up the chimney, its flames danc-

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ing and flickering and making strange shadows upon the wall, songs were sung and stories were told. And in the circle which gathered round the glowing hearth, many a time a dark-skinned chieftain, gay in paint and feathers, might be seen sitting side by side with the French gentlemen-adventurers, who listened with delight to the quaint tales he told. Then the wine cup and the pipe went round, and when the last pipe was smoked, the last bowl empty, the Grand Master of the day, his duties done, would give up his chain of office to the Brother who should succeed him. And so with laughter and with song the dark days passed and spring came once more.

With spring came bad news. The monopoly had been withdrawn. The colony must be given up. Sad at heart, the colonists left their new home, which they had worked so hard to found, and went back to France.

CHAPTER VI

THE FOUNDING OF QUEBEC

THE little colony at Port Royal had to be given up, but in less than a year Champlain was back again. This time he did not go to Acadie but to the St. Lawrence. Up the great river he sailed, until he reached a place called, in the Indian language, Kebec, which means narrows. There, on 3rd July 1608 A.D., he landed. The first tree was felled upon that wild and unknown river bank, and on the rocky heights above, the foundations of the first house of the town of Quebec were dug. Once again a few brave, white men built their home, and settled down to live far from their friends, among the wild Indians.

The Red Indians were divided roughly into two great tribes, the Iroquois and the Algonquins. These two tribes hated each other bitterly and were nearly always at war. Both the Iroquois and the Algonquins were divided into clans or families, each clan having its own name. But in war they all took sides, either with the Iroquois or with the Algonquins. The Iroquois are sometimes called the Five Nations, from the five chief clans of which they

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were made up. They are also sometimes called the Long House from the shape of their huts.

The Red Indians were among the most fierce and cruel of all savages. After a battle they held wild orgies, at which the prisoners were tortured with dreadful cruelty, and which often ended with a sickening feast upon the dead bodies of the enemy. One of the horrible things they did was to scalp their enemies, that is, with their stone hatchets, called tomahawks, they would cut off part of the skin of the head with the hair upon it. The more scalps a warrior could gather the greater and braver was he thought. Often a chief's cloak would be decorated with a fringe of the scalps which he had taken.

Before the Indians went to battle, they would paint their faces and bodies and often shave their heads, but the "scalp lock" was always left as a kind of challenge and defiance to the enemy.

Champlain was filled with two great ideas: to found a colony, by means of which the fur trade might be carried on, and to explore and claim for France the vast unknown regions of Canada. He saw that to do this he must be friendly with one or other of the tribes of Indians. The Algonquins had their homes along the St. Lawrence and around Quebec, so Champlain made friends with them, and promised to help them in their battles against the Iroquois. But Champlain did not know then, as he found out later, that the Iroquois were far stronger and more clever than the Algonquins.

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About a year after the founding of Quebec, Champlain set out with the Algonquins to help them against their enemies, as he had promised. They travelled together, Champlain and two or three Frenchmen in a flat-bottomed boat and the Indians in their canoes, far up the River Richlieu and along the lake since called Lake Champlain. All went well for some time. Then one day the Red Men had a quarrel among themselves, and in hot anger more than half of them went home, leaving only about sixty braves to fight the enemy. These however went on, nothing daunted, every day coming nearer and nearer the country of the Iroquois. Then they travelled with great caution, paddling up the river during the night, and hiding in the forests the most of the day. At last one evening they saw a great crowd of canoes filled with savages coming towards them. These were Iroquois. Each side greeted the other with yells of hatred. They did not, however, begin to fight at once, but spent the night dancing, singing, and shouting insults at each other.

When day came Champlain and his few white men lay down in the bottom of the canoes to watch the savages land and begin the fight. Both sides advanced slowly, uttering their horrible war shout or scalp cry, “aw-oh-aw-oh-aw-o-o-o-o-h.” But suddenly the ranks of the Algonquins opened, and Champlain with his loaded gun marched down the centre. The Iroquois, who had never before seen a white man, paused in fear and astonishment. Champlain took aim, fired, and two chiefs fell dead. Then the fear which took hold upon the savages was great

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indeed. What was this awful thunder and lightning which struck men dead in a moment? They knew not. Never before had they seen such magic. Champlain paused to reload, and one of his men fired. Again a savage fell dead. Then fear was turned into wild terror. The Red Men took to their heels and ran madly to the shelter of the forest, pursued by their shrieking, victorious enemies.

So ended the first battle between the French and the Indians. It was fought at a place called Ticonderoga, which means the meeting of the waters, and which afterwards became famous for another great battle.

The Algonquins took many prisoners, whom they treated with abominable cruelty. Champlain at last cried out in horror against it, and himself shot one prisoner dead, rather than see him tortured more.

To the French this battle was but the firing of a few shots. To the Iroquois it meant the beginning of a bitter hatred, a hatred which was never to be allowed to sleep. Ever after this day they were the enemies of the French and the friends of their old foes, the English.

CHAPTER VII

HOW A BOLD ANSWER SAVED QUEBEC

QUEBEC was founded, and for many years the little colony struggled on in the face of difficulties. There were many comings and goings between France and New France. Again and again Champlain crossed the sea to plead his cause with king and councillors, with merchant and with prince. But in spite of all his pains and trouble, New France grew but slowly, and after twenty years Quebec was still hardly more than a village.

Besides founding a colony, Champlain wished to make the wild Red Indians Christian. "To save a soul," he said, "is of more importance than to conquer a kingdom." So he brought priests and ministers from France, and tried to teach the heathen about Christ. But already Christian people had begun to quarrel among themselves about religion. They were divided into two parties. Those who kept to the old religion were called Roman Catholics, those who followed the new were called Protestants. In France the Protestants were called Huguenots.

HOW A BOLD ANSWER SAVED QUEBEC

At first both Roman Catholics and Huguenots came to New France. But they hated each other. Even on board ship while they were sailing over the sea to teach the heathen to love each other, they would quarrel, and the quarrel often ended in a fight. Then the sailors would gather round to watch, some crying, "Down with the Huguenots," others, "Down with the Papists." The sailors thought that it was good fun, but it made Champlain sad. "I know not which was the bravest, or which hit hardest," he says, "but I leave you to think if it was very pleasant to behold."

On land things were not much better, and once, when a minister and a priest died at the same time, the sailors buried them in one grave "to see," they said, "whether being dead they would remain in peace, since they could so little agree whilst living."

At last, for several reasons, the King of France forbade any Huguenots to go to New France. This was a pity, for the Huguenots were good merchants, many of them were rich, and they would have been a great help to the new colony. Besides, the Huguenots were ready to go through much toil and to suffer many hardships for the sake of their religion. Had they been allowed to worship God in their own way in the new land, many would have gone there gladly, and the colony would have grown quickly. On the other hand the French Catholics had to be persuaded to go, as they were quite comfortable at home. So the colony grew slowly.

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At this time the Stuart kings were ruling in Great Britain. They too, like the French king, tried to force all their people to be of one religion. But the people would not be forced, so many of them sailed away over the sea to the New World in the hope of finding freedom. They found it too, for although the Stuart kings were despots at home, they allowed much freedom to the colonies, indeed they paid little attention to them. So it came about that the British colonies grew much faster than the French. And soon the British wanted all the land in North America, even Canada which the French claimed.

In the year 1628 France and Britain were at war. For the people in Quebec, the winter had been long and hard. Nearly all the food which the colonists had had was eaten, and Champlain was anxiously looking for more from home, when bad news reached him. He heard that British ships were sailing up the river seizing all the French ships they met. A farm upon which Quebec depended for food had been attacked and burned, and all the cattle carried off. This was bad news indeed. As soon as Champlain heard it he prepared for battle. Each man in the fort was given a post. Guns were loaded and the walls strengthened as well as might be. When evening fell every man was ready for the foe.

That night all was quiet, but next day a little boat flying a white flag was seen sailing up the river. It brought a letter from Captain Kirke, the leader of the British ships. Calling all his chief men together, Champlain read the letter aloud to them.

HOW A BOLD ANSWER SAVED QUEBEC

It was very polite. It told how Captain Kirke had been sent by the King of Great Britain to take possession of all the country of Canada. It told how he had already taken many ships, and how, knowing that there was but little food within the walls of Quebec, he had also destroyed the farm. "And in order that no vessel may reach you, I have made up my mind to stay here till the end of the season so that you may get no more food. Therefore see what you wish to do, if you intend to give up the settlement or not. For, God aiding, sooner or later I must have it. I would desire for your sake that it would be by courtesy rather than by force, to avoid blood which might be spilt on both sides.

"Send me word what you desire to do.

"Waiting your reply, I remain, gentlemen,

"Your affectionate servant,

"DAVID KIRKE."

What was to be done? Yield? There was but fifty pounds of powder in all the fort, and hardly any food. Seven ounces of peas was all that was served out to each man daily. Weak, pale and thin, the French could not hope to hold out against the British for more than a few hours. But their hearts were stout and strong. Not a man was willing to yield without a struggle.

"If Captain Kirke wants to see us near at hand," they said, "he had better come, and not threaten us from so far off."

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Then Champlain sat down and wrote as bold and polite a letter as that he had received. "My fort is well furnished with food," he said. "It and we are in good condition to resist you. My soldiers and I would deserve severe punishment from God and man did we yield without a fight. We will await you from hour to hour, and when you come will try to show you that you have no claim to our fort. Upon which I remain, sir,

Your affectionate servant, "CHAMPLAIN."

The letter was sealed and sent, and each man stood to his post, ready to sell his life as dearly as might be. But boldness won the day. When Captain Kirke read the letter he sat gravely thinking. No man, it seemed to him, who was in great straits would have answered as Champlain had answered. He must have been deceived. He was not strong enough to risk a siege and perhaps a defeat. So up sails, and away sped handsome, swaggering Captain Kirke, down stream.

The brave hearts at Quebec waited hour by hour for death which did not come. And at last the good news, that the British had sailed away, was brought to them. They were saved.

CHAPTER VIII

HOW THE UNION JACK WAS HOISTED UPON THE FORT OF ST. LOUIS

By his boldness, Champlain had saved Quebec. But almost at once another misfortune fell upon the brave little garrison. As Kirke sailed down the river he met a fleet of ships bringing food, powder, shot, fresh soldiers and colonists to Quebec. These he attacked and after a desperate fight he captured every one of them. Some of the ships Kirke burned and sank, two he sent back to France with the new colonists who had just come from there, and the rest he carried in triumph to England.

Months went on. In those days news travelled but slowly. The little garrison at Quebec knew nothing of what had happened to their ships, and they waited in vain for the promised food from home. The men haunted the woods for roots and berries. They trapped wild animals and fished the river. But soon they had few hooks or lines left and their powder they dared hardly use for killing game. It was a terrible time. The little children in the fort cried with

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hunger, and their mothers had nothing to give them. At last the famine became so dreadful that some of the settlers left the fort and went to live among the wild Indians until help should come.

Then one July morning a ship came sailing up the river. A white flag, in sign of peace, floated from the mast. Champlain, as soon as he saw it, hoisted a white flag upon the fort too. The ship came to anchor. A little boat put off and made for the shore. A young British officer sprang to land and asked to be led to Governor Champlain. He was the bearer of a letter from Kirke's two brothers, Louis and Thomas.

“Sir,” said this letter, “our brother told you last year that sooner or later he would have Quebec. He has charged us to assure you of his friendship as we do of ours. Knowing very well the extreme need in which you are, he desires that you shall surrender the fort to us. We assure you that you will receive every courtesy from us, and honourable terms.”

The state of the garrison was desperate. Yet Champlain would not give in without a struggle. So he sent a priest to talk to Louis and Thomas Kirke. But nothing he could say would move the swaggering, reckless British sailors.

“If Champlain gives up the keys of the fortress,” said Louis, “we will treat you well and send you all home to France. If he will not give them up peaceably we will take them by force.”

“Give us fifteen days' grace then,” begged the priest.

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“No.”

“Eight days.”

“No sir, not a day. I know well your miserable condition. You are all starving. Your people have gone to gather roots in the forest lest you die of hunger.”

“Still give us a few days,” begged the priest.

“No, no,” said Thomas, “yield the fort or I shall ruin it with my cannon.”

“I want to sleep within it to-night,” said Louis, “and if I do not I shall waste the whole country round.”

“Have a care,” said the priest proudly. “You deceive yourselves if you think that you can win the fort so easily. There are a hundred men within it well armed and ready to sell their lives as dearly as may be. You may not conquer so easily. You may find defeat and death instead of victory. Once more I warn you. Be careful.”

Once again, as a year before, bold words had an effect. Thomas and Louis Kirke hesitated. Could it really be as the priest said? Was the garrison still so strong? They were doubtful what to do, so they asked the priest to go aside a little while they talked to their officers. These all agreed that Champlain must be made to give in at once. “Let him have three hours in which to make up his mind,” they said.

So the priest returned to the fort with this sad news. Champlain now saw that it was useless to hold out any longer. Indeed it was worse than useless, for

if he yielded without firing a shot the Kirkes had promised that every man should be spared, but if they resisted they need hope for no mercy. Champlain had only fifty men and they were weak and ill. There was not ten pounds of flour left in the fort and hardly any gun powder. To fight would only mean the throwing away of life. So he decided to yield.

But the people were angry. They still believed that they could fight the British. “Even if we lose the fort,” they said, “let us show them that we have courage.”

“How can you be so foolish?” replied Champlain. “Are you tired of living? We cannot hope to win. We have no food, no powder or shot, and no hope of getting any. Would you throw your lives away?”

Truly, how could the strongest fort hold out when in its walls there were neither soldiers, shot, nor food?

When at last the bitter talk, this way and that, was over, it was evening, so no more could be done that night. The worn-out garrison spent a last sad night within the fort. The British lay in their ship opposite. Next morning Champlain stepped on board the waiting vessel. There he gave up the keys and signed away his right to the town which he had founded, and cherished, and loved. So without the firing of a shot Quebec became a British possession. The *fleur-de-lis* of France was hauled down from the Fort St. Louis, as the house which Champlain had

HOW THE UNION JACK WAS HOISTED

built for himself was called, and in its place floated the Union Jack.

This is called the first siege of Quebec, although it was really no siege, for not a shot was fired.

In their own rough way the conquerors treated Champlain with courtesy. They made a list of all that was found in the fort and gave Champlain a receipt for it. "As for a list of provisions," said Kirke, with grim humour, "we will not need to waste paper and ink upon it. I am not sorry, for it is a great pleasure to us to give you all that you need."

"I thank you," said Champlain bitterly, "but you make us pay dearly for it."

Some of the Frenchmen went back to France, others chose to remain with their new masters. Louis Kirke took possession of Quebec and Thomas sailed triumphantly homeward with the spoils of war. But his triumph was short-lived, for as he landed, he was greeted with the news that in April peace between France and Great Britain had been signed. Quebec had been taken in July. It must therefore be handed back to France, as it had been taken unlawfully when the two countries were at peace.

But Charles I. did not lightly let go what he had seized. He was bland and courteous, promised much and delayed much. Meanwhile the British kept possession of Quebec and of Canadian fur trade. Not until three years had come and gone did Champlain once more land upon the shores of his beloved New France as governor. He was then sixty-six years

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old. As a soldier, as a sailor, as a traveller and explorer, he had suffered all the hardships of life. He had endured bitter cold, scorching heat, wounds and famine, but, in spite of all, he was as eager as ever to fight and labour for New France.

If Champlain was glad to return, his people were no less glad to receive him. Frenchmen and Indian alike joined to welcome him home. As the grey-haired governor stepped on shore the air was rent with cheers. Then with drums beating and colours flying they led him up the steep and winding pathway to his old fort of St. Louis. There once more he received the keys which three years before he had given up with so much bitterness of heart.

Three years later, after nearly thirty years of labour and hardship, Champlain died. He died as he would have wished, in the service of his country, still Governor of New France.

CHAPTER IX

THE FEAST OF EAT-EVERYTHING

AFTER Champlain came many rulers. Some of them were strong and brave, others were weak and foolish. All of them had to fight against their deadly enemies the Iroquois; and for many years the story of New France was one of suffering and terror. The hate of the Red Man never rested, and time after time he fell upon the French with savage strength. He swept through the land, leaving behind him a memory of blood and torture.

When the whites first came to Canada, the Indians were as wild and ignorant as our forefathers had been when the Romans first landed upon the shores of Britain. In some ways, indeed, the Red Man was more savage, for the Britons in that far-off time had swords of iron and copper. The Red Man knew nothing of metals. His tomahawk was of stone, the head being fastened to a wooden handle by thongs of leather. His arrow heads were of flint. His greatest treasure was "wampum," that is, beads made of shells. These beads were used for making belts,

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and a belt of wampum was the grandest present which an Indian could give to any one.

The Indian soon found out that for a few skins he could buy shining steel axes and long, keen knives from the Pale faces. For many skins he could buy the magic sticks which spoke death at great distance. And the Red Man was clever. He learned quickly. Soon he was as good a shot as the white man. Then the rattle and bang of firearms was added to the war-cry of the Indian, and the wonder is that the few white men were not swept from the face of Canada. Indeed, it seemed at times as if it was not the courage of soldiers and settlers, but of the priests, which kept them from being utterly blotted out. Champlain was a very religious man, and many priests had come with him, until Canada had seemed more of a mission than a settlement. The early story of Canada is full of the brave deeds of the “black robes,” as the Indians called the priests.

In 1642 Montreal was founded at the place which, a hundred years before, Cartier had called Mount Royal. It was founded, not by traders, but by men with the zeal of saints and the spirit of martyrs. It was founded by men eager to carry the news of the story of Christ to the wild heathen, and both ready and eager to die for the Cross. Some of these brave priests went far into the country, among the tribe called the Hurons, teaching them to be Christian. For many years they lived and worked among them. But the Iroquois, who were the deadly enemies of French and Hurons alike, waged war against these missions. They ravaged and slew, burned and

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tortured, until the Hurons as a nation were utterly destroyed. The few who remained fled, seeking shelter now with one tribe now with another. But wherever they fled the Iroquois followed, and at last by famine and war, the race was blotted out.

Many of the brave priests found the death of martyrs. Those who were left returned sadly to Quebec, taking with them a few remaining Huron converts. They had worked hard and endured much; and at the end of fifteen years they had nothing to show for all their suffering and struggle.

The Iroquois were fierce, and strong, and treacherous. They cared not what means they used, so long as their enemies were tortured and killed. Now one of the Five Nations pretended that they would be pleased if some of the "black robes" would come to live among them, and teach them as they had taught the Hurons. The French could hardly believe that these fierce enemies really wanted to be taught. But they were glad at the thought of peace, and about fifty brave men, ten only of whom were soldiers, resolved to go and live among the Iroquois.

They were received with much joy. The savages danced and feasted, smoked the pipe of peace, sang songs, and made speeches, and pretended to be so glad that one of the priests said, "If after this they murder us, it will be from changeableness and not from treachery." But he little knew the blackness of the Iroquois heart.

Soon the forest rang with the sound of axe and hammer as the Frenchmen, priest and soldier

alike, worked side by side to build their new homes. Meanwhile another of the Five Nations heard what the French priests had done, and they were angry and jealous. In their anger they took to their war-canoes, and paddling down the St. Lawrence to the Isle of Orleans they attacked, killed, and took prisoner, the helpless Hurons who were now living there. Before the town of Quebec the whole river was black with canoes filled with naked savages, howling, dancing, and singing. And as they howled and yelled they taunted the governor, making a great show of their prisoners, who were the white men's friends. And the governor, who was weak and fearful, dared do nothing. He dared not fire a shot to protect his red-skinned friends, lest their savage foes should revenge themselves by attacking the brave priests who had gone to live among the Iroquois. At last, tired of insulting the helpless Frenchmen, and full of scorn and contempt for the white man, the Indians paddled away up the river with their prisoners.

Days and weeks went past; the priests who had gone to live among the Iroquois taught, and worked, and prayed. In the great forest this handful of white men lived alone among the prowling savages, "who came like foxes, fought like lions, and disappeared like birds"—but in their faith they had no fear.

At length, however, dark whispers of treachery came to them. Friendly Indians warned them that the chiefs had met in council, and had vowed to kill them all. The black robes found it hard to believe

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that the men who treated them with such smiling kindness meant to kill them. But they were not left long in doubt, for a dying Indian, repenting of his treachery, told them all the plot. Every man was to be killed before the spring.

The Frenchmen now knew that they must escape, and that quickly. But how? All day long the Indians strolled about, following their every step, watching their every movement, in make-believe friendliness. At night they slept around the gate of the mission, ready to spring awake at the slightest sound. To try to escape through the forest was impossible. There was but one hope, and that was to cross the lake near which the mission was built and sail down the river to Montreal. But to do this they needed boats, and they had only eight canoes, which were not nearly enough to carry them all.

The Frenchmen were desperate but not hopeless. Over the mission-house there was a large loft. There the Indians seldom came, and there the priests began in secret to build two large boats. They were soon ready. The next thing was to find, or make, a chance to use them.

Among the Frenchmen was a young man of whom the Indian chief had become very fond. One morning he went to the chief pretending to be in great trouble. "I have had a dream, my father," he said. "It has been shown to me by the Great Spirit that I shall certainly die. Nothing can save me but a magic feast."

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The Indians believed very much in dreams. They thought that those who did not do as they told them would be sorely punished. So the chief at once replied: "Thou art my son. Thou shalt not die. We shall have a feast, and we shall eat every morsel."

These magic feasts were called Feasts-of-eat-everything. At them each guest was bound to eat all that was set before him. No matter how much he had eaten, no matter how ill he felt, he was bound to go on until the person whose feast it was said he might stop.

As soon as the day was fixed the priests set to work with right good will to make a great feast. They killed their pigs, they brought the nicest things out of their stores, they concocted the most tempting dishes. But the chief thing they thought of was to have a great quantity.

The evening came. Great fires were lit around the mission-house. About them the Indians gathered. First there were games, dances, and songs. One game was to see who should make the most noise by screaming and yelling. The Frenchmen gave a prize to whoever could yell loudest, so that the savages exhausted themselves trying to win the prize. At last, wearied with their efforts, they all sat down in a circle. Great steaming pots were brought from the fires, and each man's wooden basin was filled. As soon as they were empty they were filled again and yet again. The Indians were hungry, and they ate greedily. While they gorged the Frenchmen beat drums, blew trumpets, and sang songs, making as

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much noise as they could. This they did to cover any strange sound that might come from the shade of the forest to the sharp ears of the savages. For in the darkness, beyond the glare of the firelight, a few white men were straining every muscle to carry the heavy boats unseen and unheard to the lake. With beating hearts and held breath, now stopping fearfully, now hurrying onward, they reached the lake. The boats were safely launched.

The hours went on, and still the feast did not end. The gorged savages could eat no more. "Is it not enough?" they cried. "Have pity on us and let us rest."

"Nay," replied the young Frenchman, "you must eat everything. Would you see me die?"

And although the Indians meant to kill him, perhaps the very next day, they still ate on, for this was a magic feast. It had been ordered in a dream by the Great Spirit whom they must obey. Making strange faces, rolling their eyes wildly, choking, gulping, they ate till they could not move.

"That will do," said the young man at last. "You have saved my life. Now you may sleep. And do not rise early to-morrow. Rest till we come to waken you for prayers. Now we will play sweet music to send you to sleep."

Stupid with over-eating, dazed with drink, the savages slept. For a little time one of the Frenchmen played softly on a guitar. Soon loud snores told him that there was no more need of his music, and he crept silently to the boats. Meantime the priests had

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fastened the doors and windows of the mission-house, and locked the gate in the high fence which surrounded it. Then one by one they glided stealthily to the boats, until the last man was safe aboard.

It was March and still very cold, and now snow began to fall so that their footprints were covered over.

The lake was still lightly frozen over, and as the first boat pushed off men leaned from the bow and broke the ice with hatchets. The rowers pulled with all their strength, forcing the boat through the shattered ice. The second boat followed in its track. Last of all came the canoes. Thus they crossed the lake, and reaching the river were soon carried swiftly down stream. On and on they went through the dark night, fleeing from death, and torture worse than death. When the sun rose, shedding pale wintry gleams on dark forest and swift-flowing stream, they were far away.

All through the night the Indians slept their sleep of gluttony. When late in the morning they awoke they still felt dull and stupid. But at last arousing themselves they found that all around was still and silent. No sound came from the mission-house, no smoke rose from its chimney. What could it mean?

Full of curiosity the Indians pressed their faces against the fence, trying to see through the cracks in the wood. There was nothing to see. A dog barked in the house, a cock crew in the yard. All else was still.

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At last, impatient to know what was happening within, the Indians climbed the fence, burst open the door, and entered the house. It was empty.

Great was the anger of the savages, greater still their astonishment. How could the Black Robes have escaped? they asked themselves. They had no boats, so they could not escape by water. There was no trace of them on land so they had not escaped by the forest. There was only one explanation. This was the work of the Great Spirit. The Black Robes and their followers had flown away through the air during the night. And with this thought, fear fell upon the heart of the Red Man.

Meanwhile the Black Robes were speeding on their way down the river. On and on they went, hardly pausing for rest, until a month later they reached Quebec. They were saved, but the mission had been an utter failure.

CHAPTER X

A KNIGHT OF NEW FRANCE

“Where a northern river charges
By a wild and moonlit glade,
From the murky forest marges,
Round a broken palisade,
I can see the red man leaping,
See the sword of Daulac sweeping,
And the ghostly forms of heroes
Fall and fade.”

A. LAMPMAN.

THE Red Terror grew and spread. There seemed no hope of taming the savage, no safety for the white man but within stone walls. At last the Iroquois began to gather in force, swearing to sweep through Canada and utterly crush their enemies.

Then it was that a little band of seventeen brave men went out to fight the savages. They were headed by a young French noble of twenty-five, named Adam Daulac.

In olden days, when knights rode forth against fell giants and awful beasts, they spent the night in some quiet church, kneeling in prayer. So now these brave men who knew that they were going to certain

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death, knelt for the last time in the little wooden church of Montreal, confessed their sins and received the holy sacrament. Then, after a solemn farewell, with the prayers and blessings of the people ringing in their ears, they rowed slowly up the river and passed from sight. They were knights, as true and fearless as ever laid lance in rest.

Up the stream they rowed, beneath the bending branches of dark and ancient trees, through wild and almost unknown regions, until they came to a ruined and deserted Indian fort. Here they resolved to await the foe, and here they were joined by some thirty friendly Indians.

They had not long to wait. Soon a whole fleet of war canoes, filled with two hundred yelling savages, came leaping down the rapids. The Frenchmen had not expected the enemy so soon. They were taken by surprise, and were outside the fort, cooking their dinner by some fires which they had just lit. So suddenly had the savages come upon them that they had no time even to seize their pots and kettles, but were obliged to leave them behind and run for the fort.

The Indians expected an easy victory, but from behind their ruinous fort the Frenchmen met them with such a steady fire, that the savages fell back in confusion.

The Indians then began to build a fort opposite the French camp. While they were busy with this, the Frenchmen strengthened and repaired their own fort. They heightened the wooden palings and

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strengthened them with earth and stones, leaving loopholes all round through which to fire upon the enemy. But before the work was finished the Indians were upon them again.

Calmly the Frenchmen awaited the attack. At the word of command their guns rang out. Every shot told, many a savage warrior fell dead, and, seized with a nameless terror, the others fled. But again and again they rallied, again and again they returned to the attack, answering the cannonade of the Frenchmen with a hail of bullets. Then seeing that in spite of all their efforts they could not take the fort by storm, they made up their minds to burn it. With yells of savage glee they seized upon the Frenchmen's boats, smashing them to pieces before their eyes. Of the splintered fragments they made torches, and each man carrying a flaring, smoking light, they rushed to the wooden walls of the fort. But the fire of the Frenchmen was so sharp, their aim so true and deadly, that not a savage got near enough the fort to set it on fire.

The fight went on. At length the savage chief was shot. Then fury of revenge and desire of blood maddened the Iroquois. Night and day they howled and yelled around the little fort. Night and day the Frenchmen fought and prayed by turns. Worn by want of sleep, tortured by hunger and thirst, shivering with cold they still fought on. They had nothing to eat but a coarse kind of meal made from Indian corn. They had nothing at all to drink. With blackened tongues and dry, parched throats it became impossible to swallow the meal. Frantic with thirst, a

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few made a rush for the river. For two hundred yards they ran through the spattering fire of the enemy. They risked death for a few drops of water. For their big kettles and pans had all fallen into the hands of the savages, and they had only cups in which to carry the water, and what they brought back was scarcely enough to wet the lips of the gasping garrison.

For seven days the terrible fight lasted. The Frenchmen's supply of shot was growing smaller and smaller. They knew that they could not hold out much longer. The friendly Indians grew weary of the struggle, and they leapt over the wall and fled to join the enemy. So the seventeen Frenchmen were left with only five Indians to help them against hundreds.

On the seventh day of the siege the air rang with cries more loud and savage than before, and the earth, and river, and sky, seemed to tremble with the echo and re-echo of gun shots. Five hundred more savages had arrived and their war-cries mingled with the shouts of welcome from their friends.

Armed with new courage, the whole force of nearly seven hundred savages rushed to the attack. But every loophole of the fort belched forth fire, and many a Redskin fell. Half dead though they were with want and weariness, the Frenchmen still fought fiercely. Three more days passed; days of prayer and agony within the fort, while without, thrown back again and again by the steady fire, the dark savages surged and yelled.

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At last the Indians made a yet more determined assault. Protected by huge wooden shields, which covered them from head to heel, they rushed upon the fort with axe and firebrand. In spite of the Frenchmen's fire, the savages were able now to reach the walls. There they hacked and burned trying to make an entrance.

The case of the defenders was now desperate. Daulac then made a bomb by setting a slow match to a small barrel of gunpowder. This he tried to throw over the wall, hoping that it would explode among the Indians. But the Frenchmen were weak with famine and weariness. They could not throw the barrel high enough. It caught upon the top of the wall, and rolling back, burst within the fort, wounding many and blinding others, so that for a few minutes they could not see to fight.

In the confusion which followed, more Indians crowded to the walls, and they gained possession of the loopholes. One moment showed their savage, triumphant faces in the openings, the next the shining barrels of their guns gleamed there, and a hot rain of bullets showered upon the Frenchmen. Shut within the encircling walls, there was little for them but to die.

A moment later the men, who had been hacking at the walls, succeeded in making a breach. Indians poured through it, others scrambled over. On all sides the Frenchmen were surrounded. Dearly they sold their lives. Muskets were thrown aside, with sword in one hand and knife in the other they

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fought the yelling fiends, till the dead lay thick about them. At length the ghastly fight was over, and the last white man fell dead upon the heaps of slain. Thus fighting against fearful odds, died valiant Daulac and his brave followers. Nor did these gallant Frenchmen die in vain. It was a splendid defeat, far more glorious than many a victory. It saved their fellow-countrymen in Canada. "If seventeen white men behind a wooden fence can hold seven hundred warriors at bay, what will they not do behind stone walls?" the Indians asked. And so, cowed for the time, they turned homewards to mourn their dead and await a day of revenge.

CHAPTER XI

THE BEGINNING OF THE HUDSON BAY COMPANY

AFTER Henry Hudson, many English explorers sailed for Hudson's Bay seeking the North-West Passage. They suffered much and learned little. Then, as if weary with the cruel struggle with ice and snow, these bold adventurers ceased their voyages for a time, and not for forty years did a British ship steer its way among the icebergs of the great inland sea. Then again adventurers sailed to the Far North. But this time they came not to explore, but to trade.

Prince Rupert, the dashing cousin of King Charles II., helped to fit out the expedition, and himself became the governor of the new land which was now claimed by the British. And this land was called after him Prince Rupert Land.

The adventurers received a charter or writing from King Charles, giving them leave to trade and found colonies wherever they would around the shores of Hudson Bay. The company was called the "Honourable Company of Adventurers of England

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trading into Hudson's Bay," and later it became famous as the Hudson Bay Company.

Soon a British fort was built upon the barren shore, and the red flag of St. George fluttered out in the lonely waste. But the French were ill pleased that any man should set foot in the land they wished to own. So the next year the French king sent a gentleman named De Lusson to take possession of the great North-West. This gentleman did not trouble to go to the North-West, but upon a hill at the Saulte St. Marie, where the three great lakes meet, he held a solemn ceremony.

Here many tribes of Indians were gathered together hideous with paint of various colours, bedecked with feathers and wampum. They were feasted, they danced and played games and smoked the pipe of peace. And at last one sunny day in June they climbed the hill, and upon the top, with much pomp and little understanding what it meant, set their names to a paper. In this paper the great White King claimed the whole of North America from the Arctic Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the coast of Labrador as far west as land might be, for then the west was but a pathless wilderness, no man knowing how far it might reach.

It was a wild and strange scene. Gay Frenchmen in bright uniforms, priests in rich robes, half-naked savages gaudy in paint and feathers, all were there. When the paper was signed, a great cross blessed by the priests was raised, and planted near it was a post carved with the lilies of France. Then

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kneeling around the cross with bowed bare heads, the Frenchmen sang a Latin hymn—

“The banners of Heaven’s King advance;
The mystery of the Cross shines forth.”

Prayers were said. Then with drawn sword in one hand, and a sod of earth in the other, De Lusson claimed all the countries, rivers, and streams, both those which were discovered and those which at any time might be discovered, for his most Christian Majesty, the King of France. And as he ceased, the silence was broken, the air rang with cries of God save the King, mingled with the roar of gunshot and the savage yells of Indians.

A priest then spoke to the Red Men. He told them that powerful though their chiefs might be, they were as nought to the great White King, whose riches were untold, who walked in the blood of his enemies, and who had slain so many in battle that no man might number them. This he told them to strike awe into their hearts, and greatly marvelling at the power of this fearful unknown white lord, the Red Men scattered to their homes again, uttering wild yells or grunting hoarsely as they went.

So once more France and Britain clashed, and France claimed what Britain had taken. Still for some years the Company built forts, traded with the Indians, and grew rich, undisturbed by the French. Then the French too formed a fur-trading company called the Company of the North, and trouble began.

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Again and again the British forts were attacked and destroyed. Again and again with dogged courage the British returned to them, and rebuilt them.

Even when they were not fighting, the French did all they could to prevent the Red Men trading with the British. But the Red Men soon found out that the British gave them more in exchange for their furs than the French, and so, of course, were glad to trade with them.

Nowadays, if we wish to buy anything, we must give money for it. But to a savage, money is of no use, for he has no shops to which he may go to buy things. So in exchange for furs the traders gave the Redskins tobacco, guns, beads, hatchets, gay clothes, and blankets. During the winter the savages would hunt and trap the wild animals and gather great stores of skins, then when spring came, and the frozen rivers melted, they would load their bark canoes and paddle away to the Company's forts. They had often to travel hundreds of miles, and the journey was full of difficulties and dangers. In those days, through the wilderness of the Far North, there were no roads at all. The rivers and lakes were the only highways. But upon the rivers there were rapids where the waters rushed in white foam over the river bed. So clever were the Indians in managing their canoes that sometimes they could shoot these rapids, that is row over them. But at other times, when the rapids were more dangerous, they would land, unload their canoes, and carry them and their goods along the river banks, and launch again in the smooth water below the rapids. This was called mak-

ing a portage. Portage comes from the French word *porter*, to carry. Sometimes, too, when a river no longer flowed in the direction in which the traveller wished to go, he would unload and carry his canoe over the portage to another river which did flow in the right direction, and there launch anew. Sometimes a portage might only be a few yards, sometimes it was several miles.

Often the difficulties of travelling were so great that the Indians, worn with hunger and fatigue, became too weak to carry their loads. Then, before they reached the trading fort, they would throw away many of the skins which they had gathered with such skill and care during the winter months, thus losing the reward they had hoped to gain for their labour.

But the fort at last reached, all difficulties and dangers of the journey were forgotten. With shouts and firing of guns the Indians landed. Leaving the women to unload the canoes and do the other hard work, the chiefs marched to the fort. There they were received by the white men, and sat in state, while pipes were passed round the circle. Then followed days of drinking and feasting, sometimes of fighting too. For the Redskin, alas! loved the “fire water” of the white man, and when the heat of it warmed his blood, he cared not what he did.

At length came the great day. Dressed in a red coat trimmed with cheap lace, brave in many coloured stockings and feathered hat, the chief and his warriors gathered to smoke the pipe of peace. Its long stem was decorated with bears’ and eagles’

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claws, and bright with feathers, and as it passed around the circle each took a whiff. Then when the tobacco burned low in the bowl, speech began. With much flowery talk, and many flowing words, the furs were exchanged for tobacco and guns. It was a long business, but at length the barter was done. Then the Redskins paddled away again, once more leaving the fort to its wonted stillness, and the traders to pack and store the furs ready to be sent off when the next ship from home should arrive.

Such were the beginnings of the great company which for a time ruled a large territory, and which still exists to this day. It was no easy or safe life, for the French looked upon the whole land as their own. Again and again they attacked the company's posts and swept them away. Again and again the British returned, strengthened their outposts, and pushed their conquests farther and farther into the wilds. At last they gained such a firm footing that neither the rage of the Frenchmen, nor the wiles of the Indian, could dislodge them.

CHAPTER XII

THE ADVENTURES OF LA SALLE

FOR a long time Canada was under the rule of fur-traders and companies, and it did not prosper well. The whole people did not number two thousand. Most of those lived in Quebec, Montreal, and Three Rivers, and in the forts, scattered and few, stretching inland along the banks of the river St. Lawrence to the great lakes. But in 1663 Canada was made a crown colony, and King Louis XIV. took the ruling into his own hands.

Canada was now ruled by a Governor, a Bishop, and a third man called an Intendant. One of the Intendant's chief duties was to look after the money and see that it was properly spent. In a different way he was quite as powerful as the Governor, and the Bishop also had great power.

The Sieur de Courcelle was the first governor under the new arrangement. And now, from having utterly neglected the colony, the king began to take a great interest in it. With Courcelles came the Marquis de Tracy, the Viceroy of all King Louis' western

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colonies and possessions, in order that he might see for himself what the land of New France was like. He brought with him a famous regiment of soldiers called the Carignan-Callieres, from the names of two of their leaders. They were the first real soldiers that had ever come to Canada. Besides the soldiers, the marquess brought many settlers and a great train of servants and courtiers.

In a day the population of Canada was doubled. Fresh life seemed to have been poured into the colony. The towns were gay with courtiers in ribbons, lace, and feathers, through the trackless woods marched the brightly-clad soldiers of the line. But though they seemed gorgeous as peacocks, they were brave as lions. Soon the pride of the Iroquois was humbled. The white man was no longer bullied by haughty, half-naked savages, and for twenty years Canada had peace from the Red Man.

Louis de Baude, Count Frontenac, was one of the greatest of the governors of New France. Next to that of Champlain, his name is perhaps the best remembered in the history of the colony. He was the first man who tried to give the people of Canada freedom. Until Frontenac came, the people had no say in ruling. Now the governor tried to form a parliament. He asked the townspeople to come to talk about the affairs of the colony together with the priests and nobles. But when the French king heard about it, he was very angry. He did not wish the people to be free. He wished to keep all the power in his own hands, and Count Frontenac was forbidden to call his little parliament together again.

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Although Frontenac was not allowed to do all he wished, he was a very powerful ruler. But he was proud and haughty, and often quarrelled with the Intendant and with the Bishop. The Indians, however, dreaded and respected him more than any other “Onontio,” as they called the white rulers.

Onontio means “great mountain” in the Indian language. One of the governors of New France had been called Montmagny. The Indians had been told that in the French language that meant Great Mountain, and from his name they called all the governors who came after him, Onontio or Great Mountain.

But never had Onontio been respected as Frontenac was respected. The Indians felt that he was their master. He would not call their great chiefs “Brother,” as other rulers had done. He called them his children and he was their Great Father. Yet though they feared him, they loved him too, for he would laugh and jest with them, play with their children, and give their wives strings of beautiful beads. Then, too, at times he would paint his face and dress himself like an Indian chief, and with tomahawk in hand would lead the war-dance; or again he would sit by the council fire making speeches as fine as any savage warrior.

It was while Frontenac was ruler that the great time of Canadian exploration began. In spite of both French and British colonies, little was known of the vast continent of America. The French forts stretched inland along the river St. Lawrence to the

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great lakes; the British crept along the seashore from Florida in the south to Acadie in the north, and were shut out from the great west by the Alleghany Mountains. But what was behind and beyond none knew.

The British, when they went to live in the New World became fishermen and farmers, settling down quickly to a peaceful home life. Not so the Frenchmen. Priest, soldier, or colonists, each seemed filled with the roving spirit of the forest, the desire for adventure and the thirst for knowledge and conquest. Indeed the desire for a wild and roving life became so strong in some, that they could no longer remain in towns and villages, and they wandered away into the woods to live among the Indians. They dressed like Indians and married Indian women. They were reckless, fearless men, loving the forests and the lonely lakes and rivers, and instead of taming the Redskins they themselves became almost like savages. In vain the King of France made laws forbidding the young men to wander away and live in the woods. The woods called them, and they could not resist the call. These men became known as "wanderers of the woods," or, in the French language, *Coureurs de bois*.

These forest adventurers were great fur-traders. They knew all the haunts and habits of the wild animals. They read the signs of sky and wood as we might read a book. In winter, alone across the trackless snow, they found their way. In summer the pathless forest had no terrors for them. They were warriors and explorers as well as trackers and traders.

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Lawless and brave, they were looked upon as outlaws, and sometimes in battles they might be seen fighting for Indians, sometimes for the French.

“Give me freedom, give me space,
Give me the open air and sky,
With the clean wind in my face
Where the quiet mountains lie.

I am sick of roofs and floors,
Naught will heal me but to roam;
Open me the forest doors,
Let the green world take me home.

I am sick of streets and noise,
Narrow ways and cramping creeds;
Give me back the simpler joys;
Nothing else my spirit needs.

For the road goes up and the road goes down,
And the years go over and by,
And soon will the longest day be past,
Soon I must lay me down.”

When these wanderers of the woods came to the towns to sell their furs, they brought with them many wonderful stories of the sights they had seen far in the unknown wilds. Among other things, they talked of a “great water” of which the Indians told wonderful tales. They called it the Mississippi or Father of Waters. Then men began to ask what this great water was. Was it perhaps the fabled passage to the Indies, which many a brave sailor had given his life to find? If it could be found, would it lead at last

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to the Vermilion Sea, to China, to the spice lands, and the glories of the East?

Many people set out to find this great water, and at last a priest named Marquette and an explorer named Joliet discovered the Mississippi. They sailed far down it, past where the yellow, angry waters of the Missouri join it. On and on southward they went, until at length they became sure that the great river did not flow across America and fall into the Pacific Ocean as they had thought, but southward into the Gulf of Mexico. Having made sure of this they turned home again with the news of their great discovery.

Among the many French adventurers was a man named René Robert Cavelier, Sieur de la Salle. He is generally called La Salle, and is one of the best known of the Canadian explorers.

Like others, La Salle had heard of the great water and was eager to follow it all the way to its mouth. So with a friend called Tonty he gathered a company, and went to explore.

Tonty, like La Salle, was brave and fearless, and he was much dreaded by the Indians. He had only one hand, the other having been shot off while he was fighting once in Europe. So he had an iron hand made to replace the one he had lost, and he always wore a glove over it. Once or twice when the Red Men had been unruly he had brought them to order by knocking them down with this hand. Not knowing that it was of iron, they wondered at his

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“ALONE ACROSS THE TRACKLESS SNOW.”

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power and strength, and called him a “medicine man” and feared him greatly.

La Salle was one of the most unlucky of men, and now he had many and terrible difficulties to fight. He had enemies who did their best to hinder and ruin him. His own men even were not true to him, besides which he had to fight with storms, and cold and heat, hunger and thirst, and not least, with savage Indians. But he was so brave and determined that nothing made him give in.

Before La Salle began his exploration, he built a ship which he called the *Griffin*. In it he sailed up Lake Erie and Lake Michigan. It was the first time that a sailing-boat had ever been seen on these great inland seas, and the Indians came to wonder and stare at it in astonishment.

La Salle had not much money, so from Lake Michigan he sent the *Griffin* back to Montreal with a load of furs, giving the captain orders to sell them and return with goods needful for the expedition, as soon as possible.

When the *Griffin* had sailed, La Salle journeyed on with the rest of his men to the head of Lake Michigan, and there he awaited the return of his ship.

But the *Griffin* never came again. In vain La Salle waited and watched for a white sail. No white sail ever appeared. What became of the *Griffin* will never be known. Somewhere upon the great lakes it was lost, with all the men on board. Not one returned to tell the fate of the others.

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While La Salle waited and watched in vain for the return of the *Griffin*, the good days were passing, winter was coming. At length he gave up hope of seeing his ship again, and made up his mind to go on without the fresh supplies he had sent for. So, through many trials and dangers, suffering from cold and hunger, the little band pushed on. For La Salle, perhaps, the hardest trial of all was that his men did not believe in him. Nearly all were discontented, and many were afraid of the difficulties and dangers of the way. Two, indeed, were so afraid that they ran away.

At length La Salle made up his mind to rest for the winter on the banks of the river Illinois. Here he built a fort which he called Fort Crève-Coeur, or Heart-Break. But in spite of the sad name he gave his fort, La Salle showed that he had not quite lost heart, for he began to build another ship to take the place of the *Griffin*.

But soon La Salle found that he had not many things which were needed for the ship. To get them, some one must return to Montreal, and La Salle resolved to go himself.

Taking with him one Indian and four other Frenchmen, La Salle set out on his terrible walk of a thousand miles. Tonty with the rest—some sixteen men—remained behind to guard the fort and work at the ship until their leader's return.

This journey of La Salle was tiresome beyond belief. With the first days of spring the snow began to thaw, and thawing it turned the prairies into wide

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and endless marshes, in which the travellers sank to their knees, or sometimes even to their waists. They could not walk upon the rivers, for the melting ice was not strong enough to bear them. Neither could they sail down them, for the broken ice would have smashed their frail canoes to pieces. So they scrambled along the banks, sometimes forcing their way through forests so dense, that their clothes were torn to rags and their faces so scratched and bleeding that they hardly knew each other.

They had to suffer both from cold and heat. The sun at midday blazed upon them, at night the frost was bitter. During the day they were often drenched with rain or half-melted snow, at night their soaking clothes would freeze. At night, wet and weary, they lay down to sleep around their camp fire, in the morning they awoke to find themselves encased in frosted armour.

Worn out with the terrible hardships of the journey, one after another the men fell ill. But at length, after more than two months crowded with pain and toil and danger, they reached Fort Frontenac, and found rest and shelter.