

The World's Story

Canada, Switzerland

VOLUME SEVENTEEN

EVA MARCH TAPPAN

The World's Story

A History of the World in Story, Song and Art

Volume 17
Canada
Switzerland

Edited by Eva March Tappan

Libraries of Hope

The World's Story
A History of the World
In Story, Song and Art

Volume 17
Canada
Switzerland

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CANADA

I

DISCOVERY AND EXPLORATION

HISTORICAL NOTE

It is probable that even before the year 1000 the Norsemen sailed along the Canadian shores; but John Cabot was the first who is known to have landed (1497), and it is chiefly upon his exceedingly slight exploration of the coast that England based her claim to North America. Many years passed, however, before she established herself in what is now Canada; for the French were the first to explore the land and found colonies. As early as 1504 French fishermen began to visit the Newfoundland Banks; in 1518 an attempt was made to found a French colony on Sable Island; and in 1524 Verrazano, under orders of the French King, Francis I, sailed along the coast from the 34th to the 50th parallel of latitude. Ten years later the St. Lawrence River was explored by Jacques Cartier, who took possession of the country in the name of the King of France.

In 1603 Samuel de Champlain, "the father of New France," accompanied a colonizing expedition to the Canadian wilderness. Five years later he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the new colony. Under the guidance of this intrepid and vigorous leader the country was systematically explored, treaties were made with the Indians, and new settlements were founded. As the result of Champlain's efforts, French power was firmly established along the St. Lawrence before his death in 1635.

WHAT THE ITALIANS THOUGHT OF JOHN CABOT

[1498]

FROM TWO CONTEMPORARY LETTERS

[JOHN CABOT, a Venetian, sailed in the service of Henry VII of England with permission to go north, south, or west in the hope of discovering regions "unknown to all Christians." He came upon the coast of North America, perhaps at Labrador, perhaps at Cape Breton. The following letter, written by Lorenzo Pasqualigo to his brothers in Venice, gives an account of Cabot's discoveries.

The Editor.]

OUR Venetian who went with a small ship from Bristol to find new islands has come back, and reports he has discovered, seven hundred leagues off, the mainland of the country of the Gran Cam [Grand Khan, for whom, also, Columbus was ever searching], and that he coasted along it for three hundred leagues, and landed, but did not see any person. But he has brought here to the king certain snares spread to take game, and a needle for making nets, and he found some notched trees, from which he judged that there were inhabitants. Being in doubt, he came back to the ship. He has been away three months on the voyage, which is certain, and in returning, he saw two islands to the right; but he did not wish to land lest he should lose time, for he was in want of provisions. He says that the tides are slack, and do not make currents as they do here.

The king has been much pleased. He has promised for another time ten armed ships, as he desires, and has given him all the prisoners, except such as are confined for high treason, to go with him, as he has requested; and has granted him money to amuse himself till then. Meanwhile, he is with his Venetian wife and his sons at Bristol. His name is Zuam Calbot: he is called the "admiral," high honor being paid him, and he goes dressed in silk. The English are ready to go with him, and so are our rascals. The discoverer of these things has planted a large cross in the ground, with a banner of England, and one of St. Mark, as he is a Venetian; so that our flag has been hoisted very far afield.

[A few months later Raimondo di Soncino wrote as follows to the Duke of Milan, for whom he was an envoy to England.]

Perhaps amidst so many occupations, Your Excellency will not be unwilling to be informed how His Majesty [Henry VII] has acquired a part of Asia [which it was supposed to be then, the intervening continent of America not having been dreamed of, even] without a stroke of his sword.

In this Kingdom there is a Venetian named Zoanne Caboto, of gentle breeding and great ability as a navigator, who, seeing that the most serene kings of Portugal and Spain had occupied unknown islands, meditated a similar acquisition for the said Majesty. Having obtained royal privileges securing to himself the use of the dominions he might discover, the sovereignty being reserved to the Crown, he entrusted his fortune to a small vessel with a crew of eighteen persons, and set out from

Bristol, a port in the western part of this kingdom. Having passed Ibernia [Ireland], which is still farther to the west, and then shaped a northerly course, he began to navigate the eastern part of the ocean. Leaving the North Star on the right hand, and having wandered thus for a long time, he at length hit upon land, where he planted the royal banner, took possession for His Highness, and having obtained various proofs of his discovery, he returned.

The said Messer Zoanne, being a foreigner and poor, would not have been believed if the crew, who are nearly all Englishmen and from Bristol, had not testified that what he said was the truth. This Messer Zoanne has the description of the world on a chart, and also on a solid sphere which he has constructed, and on which he shows where he has been. And they say that the land is excellent, the climate temperate, suggesting that Brazil [wood] and silk grow there. They also affirm that the sea is full of fish, which are not only taken with a net, but also with a basket, a stone being fastened to it in order to make it sink in the water; and this I have heard stated by the said Messer Zoanne.

The aforesaid Englishmen, his partners, say that they can bring so many fish that this kingdom will no longer have need of Iceland. But Messer Zoanne has set his mind on greater undertakings, for he thinks that, when that place has been occupied, he will keep on still farther towards the East, until he is opposite an island called "Zipango," situated in the equinoctial region, where he believes that all the spices of the world, as well as the jewels, are found. He further says that he was once at Mecca, whither the spices are brought by caravan from

distant countries; and having inquired of those carrying them whence they were brought, and where they grow, they answered that they did not know, but that such merchandise was brought from remote countries by other caravans to their homes, and that the same information was repeated by those who brought the spices in turn to them.

Thus he adduces this argument: that if the Eastern people tell those in the South that these things come from a far distance from them, presupposing the rotundity of the earth, it must be that the last turn would be *by the north towards the west;* and it is said that the route would not cost more than it costs now, and I also believe it. And what is more, His Majesty, who is frugal and not prodigal, reposes such trust in him, because of what he has already achieved, that he gives him a good maintenance, as Messer Zoanne has himself told me. And it is said that before long His Majesty will arm some ships for him, and will give him all the malefactors to go to that country and form a colony, so that they hope to make of London a greater place for spices than Alexandria.

The principal people in the enterprise belong to Bristol. They are great seamen, and now that they know where to go, they say that the voyage thither will not occupy more than fifteen days, after leaving Ibernia. I have also spoken with a Burgundian, who was a companion of Messer Zoanne, who affirms all this, and who wishes to return, because the admiral (for so Messer Zoanne is entitled) has given him an island. And he has given another to his barber, who is a Genoese, and they both look upon themselves as counts; nor do they look

upon my lord the admiral as less than a prince! I also believe that some poor Italian friars are going on this voyage, who have all had bishoprics promised them; and if I had but made friends with the admiral when he was about to sail, I should have got an archbishopric at least; but I have thought that the benefits reserved for me by Your Excellency will be more secure. . . .

Your Excellency's most humble servant,

RAIMUNDUS.

JACQUES CARTIER AT QUEBEC

[1535]

BY JOHN FISKE

THERE enters now upon the scene a man of whose personality we have a much more distinct conception than we have of Verrazano. As that accomplished Italian is one of the chief glories of the town of Dieppe, so the Breton seaport of St. Malo is famous for its native citizen, Jacques Cartier. His portrait hangs in the Town Hall. Unfortunately its authenticity is not above question, but if it is not surely a true likeness it deserves to be; it well expresses the earnestness and courage, the refinement and keen intelligence of the great Breton mariner. He had roamed the seas for many years, and had won — and doubtless earned — from Spanish mouths the epithets of "corsair" and "pirate," when at the age of three and forty he was selected by Philippe de Chabot, Admiral of France, to carry on the work of Denys and Aubert and Verrazano, and to bring fresh tidings of the mysterious Square Gulf of Sylvanus.

On April 20, 1534, Cartier sailed from St. Malo with two small craft carrying sixty-one men, and made straight for the coast of Labrador, just north of the Strait of Belle Isle, a region already quite familiar to Breton and Norman fishermen. Passing through the straits he skirted the inner coast of Newfoundland southward as far as Cape Ray, whence he crossed to Prince Edward Island, and turned his prows to the north. The

oppressive heat of an American July is commemorated in the name which Cartier gave to the Bay of Chaleur. A little farther on, at Gaspe, he set up a cross, and with the usual ceremonies took possession of the country in the name of Francis I. Thence he crossed to the eastern end of Anticosti, and followed the north shore of that island nearly to its western point, when he headed about, and passing through Belle Isle made straight for France, carrying with him a couple of Indians whom he had kidnapped, young warriors from far up the St. Lawrence, who had come down to the sea to catch mackerel in hemp nets.

With this voyage of reconnoissance the shadowy Square Gulf of Sylvanus at once becomes clothed with reality. Enough interest was aroused in France to seem to justify another undertaking, and in May, 1535, the gallant Cartier set forth once more, with three small ships and one hundred and ten men. Late in July he passed through the Strait of Belle Isle, and on the 10th of August, a day sacred to the martyred St. Lawrence, he gave that name to a small bay on the mainland north of Anticosti. Whales were spouting all around his course as he passed the western point of the island and ploughed into the broad expanse of salt water that seemed to open before him the prospect of a short passage to the Indian Ocean. Day by day, however, the water grew fresher, and by the September morning when he reached the mouth of the Saguenay our explorer was reluctantly convinced that he was not in a strait of the ocean, but in one of the mightiest rivers of the earth. To these newcomers from the Old World each day must have presented an impressive spectacle; for

except the Amazon and the Orinoco it may be doubted if there be any river which gives one such an overwhelming sense of power and majesty as the St. Lawrence; certainly the Mississippi seems very tame in comparison.

As the Frenchmen inquired the names of the villages along the banks, a reply which they commonly received from their two Indian guides was the word *Canada*, which is simply a Mohawk word for "village." Hence Cartier naturally got the impression that Canada was the name of the river or of the country through which it flowed, and from these beginnings its meaning has been gradually expanded until it has come to cover half of a huge continent. Presently on arriving at the site of Quebec, Cartier found there a village named Stadacona, with a chieftain called Donnacona. Painted and bedizened warriors and squaws came trooping to the water's edge or paddling out in canoes to meet the astounding spectacle of the white-winged floating castles and their pale-faced and bearded people. In the two kidnapped interpreters the men of Stadacona quickly recognized their kinsmen; strings of beads were passed about, dusky figures leaped and danced, and doleful yells of welcome resounded through the forest. Was this the principal town of that country? No, it was not. The town in question was many miles upstream, a great town, and its name was Hochelaga, but it would be rash for the bearded visitors to attempt to go thither, for they would be blinded with falling snow, and their ships would be caught between ice-floes. This ironical solicitude for the safety of the strangers has the genuine Indian smack. The real motive underlying it was doubtless "protection to home industry"; why should

the people at Hochelaga get a part of the beads and red ribbons when there were no more than enough for the people at Stadacona? Recourse was had to the supernal or infernal powers. On a fine autumn morning a canoe came down the river, carrying three scowling devils clad in dogskins, with inky-black faces surmounted by long antlers. As they passed the ships they paddled shorewards, prophesying in a dismal monotone, until as the canoe touched the beach all three fell flat upon their faces. Thereupon forth issued from the woods Donnacona's feathered braves, and in an ecstasy of yelps and groans seized the fallen demons and carried them out of sight behind the canopy of leaves, whence for an hour or so their harsh and guttural hubbub fell upon the ears of the Frenchmen. At last the two young interpreters crawled out from the thicket and danced about the shore with agonized cries and gestures of lively terror, until Cartier from his quarter-deck called out to know what was the trouble. It was a message, they said, from the mighty deity Coudouagny, warning the visitors not to venture upon the dangerous journey to Hochelaga, inasmuch as black ruin would surely overtake them. The Frenchman's reply was couched in language disrespectful to Coudouagny, and the principle of free trade in trinkets prevailed.

With a forty-ton pinnace and two boats carrying fifty men Cartier kept on up the river, leaving his ships well guarded in a snug harbor within the mouth of the stream now known as the St. Charles. A cheerful voyage of a fortnight brought the little party to Hochelaga, where they landed on a crisp October morning. There came forth to meet them — in the magniloquent phrase

of the old narrator — "one of the principal lords of the said city," with a large company of retainers, for thus did their European eyes interpret the group of clansmen by whom they were welcomed. A huge bonfire was soon blazing and crackling, and Indian tongues, loosened by its genial warmth, poured forth floods of eloquence, until presently the whole company took up its march into the great city of Hochelaga. A sketch of this rustic stronghold was published in 1556 in Ramusio's collection of voyages. The name of the draughtsman has not come down to us, but it was apparently drawn from memory by some one of Cartier's party, for while it does not answer in all details to Cartier's description, it is a most characteristic and unmistakable Iroquois town. It was circular in shape. The central portion consisted of about fifty long wigwams, about one hundred and fifty feet in length by fifty in breadth, framed of saplings tightly boarded in with sheets of bark. Through the middle of each wigwam ran a passageway, with stone fireplaces at intervals coming under openings in the high bark roof whereby some of the smoke might escape. Kettles of baked clay hung over most of the fires, and the smoky atmosphere was redolent of simmering messes of corn and beans and fowl, or, if it were a gala day, of boiled dog, while the fumes of tobacco were omnipresent. On either side were the rows of shelves or benches covered with furs, which served as beds; while here and there, overlooking sheaves of stone arrows and scattered tomahawks, there dangled flint knives and red clay pipes and dried human scalps. These spacious wigwams were arranged about a large central square, and outside of them a considerable interval or boulevard

intervened between habitations and wall. Such a town might have held a population of from twenty-five hundred to three thousand souls, but the actual number was apt to fall short of the capacity. The town wall was ingeniously constructed of three concentric rows of stout saplings. The middle row stood erect in the ground, rising to a height of twelve or fifteen feet; and the two outer rows, planted at a distance of five or six feet on either side of it, were inclined so as to make a two-sided tent-shaped structure. The three rows of saplings met at the top, and were tightly lashed to a horizontal ridge-pole, while at the bottom, and again about halfway up, they were connected by diagonal cross-braces, after the herring-bone pattern, thus securing great strength and stability. Around the inside of this stout wall, and near the top, ran a gallery accessible by short ladders, and upon the gallery our explorers observed piles of stones ready to be hurled at an approaching foe. Outside in all directions stretched rugged half-cleared fields clad in the brown remnant of last summer's corn crop, and dotted here and there with yellow pumpkins.

The arrival of the white strangers was the cause of wild excitement among the bark cabins and in the open square of Hochelaga. Their demeanor was so courteous and friendly that men, women, and children allowed curiosity to prevail over fear; they flocked about the Frenchmen and felt of their steel weapons and stroked their beards. Sick Indians came up to be touched and cured, trinkets were handed about, polite speeches were made, and at length amid a loud fanfare of trumpets the white men took their leave. Before they embarked the Indians escorted them to the summit of the neighboring

hill, which Cartier named "Mont Royal," a name which as "Montreal" still remains attached to the hill and to the noble city at its foot.

It was getting late in the season to make further explorations in this wild and unknown country, and upon returning to Stadacona the Frenchmen went into winter quarters. There they suffered from such intensity of cold as the shores of the English Channel never witnessed, and presently scurvy broke out with such virulence that scarcely a dozen of the whole company were left well enough to take care of the rest. In vain were prayers and litanies and genuflections in the snow. The heavenly powers were as obdurate as when Cassim Baba forgot the talismanic word that opened the robbers' cave. But presently Cartier learned from an Indian that a decoction of the leaves of a certain evergreen tree was an infallible cure for scurvy. The experiment was tried with results that would have gladdened Bishop Berkeley, had he known them, when he wrote his famous treatise on the virtues of tar water. Whether the tree was spruce, or pine, or balsam fir, is matter of doubt, but we are told that Cartier's men showed such avidity that within a week they had boiled all the foliage of a tree as big as a full-grown oak, and had quaffed the aromatic decoction, whereupon their cruel distemper was quickly healed.

The ranks had been so thinned by death that Cartier was obliged to leave one of his ships behind. Further exploration must be postponed. It was the common experience. A single season of struggle with the savage continent made it necessary to return to Europe for fresh resources. So it was with Cartier. The midsummer

of 1536 saw him once more safe within the walls of St. Malo, and confident that one more expedition would reveal some at least of the wonders which he had heard of, comprising all sorts of things, from gold and diamonds to unipeds. As we are confronted again and again with these resplendent dreams of the early voyagers to America, we are reminded not only that the wish is father to the thought, but also that the stolid-looking red man is the most facetious of mortals, and in his opinion the most delightful kind of facetiousness, the genuine epicure's brand of humor, consists in what English slang calls "stuffing," or filling a victim's head with all manner of false information.

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT

[1583]

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

[SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT, half-brother of Sir Walter Raleigh, sailed for Newfoundland in 1583 to plant a colony, the first English colony in America. On his return voyage terrible storms were encountered, and the Squirrel, the vessel in which Sir Humphrey sailed, was cast away. In the midst of the storm, the general, "sitting abaft with a book in his hand, cried out unto us in the Hind, 'We are as near to heaven by sea as by land.'"

The Editor.]

SOUTHWARD with fleet of ice
  Sailed the corsair Death;
Wild and fast blew the blast,
  And the East-Wind was his breath.

His lordly ships of ice
  Glisten in the sun;
On each side, like pennons wide,
  Flashing crystal streamlets run.

His sails of white sea-mist
  Dripped with silver rain;
But where he passed there were cast
  Leaden shadows o'er the main.

Eastward from Campobello
  Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed;

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT

Three days or more seaward he bore,
  Then, alas! the land-wind failed.

Alas! the land-wind failed,
  And ice-cold grew the night;
And nevermore, on sea or shore,
  Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,
  The Book was in his hand;
"Do not fear! Heaven is as near,"
  He said, "by water as by land!"

In the first watch of the night,
  Without a signal's sound,
Out of the sea, mysteriously,
  The fleet of Death rose all around.

The moon and the evening star
  Were hanging in the shrouds;
Every mast, as it passed,
  Seemed to rake the passing clouds.

They grappled with their prize,
  At midnight black and cold!
As of a rock was the shock;
  Heavily the ground-swell rolled.

Southward through day and dark,
  They drift in close embrace,
With mist and rain, o'er the open main;
  Yet there seems no change of place.

CANADA

Southward, forever southward,
They drift through dark and day;
And like a dream, in the Gulf-Stream
Sinking, vanish all away.

THE LAST DAYS OF HENRY HUDSON

BY AGNES C. LAUT

[HENRY HUDSON, in search of a Northeast Passage, touched the coasts of Greenland, Spitzbergen, and Nova Zembla. He explored the Hudson River in 1609, and in the following year he made yet another voyage, this time in search of a Northwest Passage. After three months of exploration of Hudson Bay, his vessel was frozen in.

The Editor.]

THE miserable winter dragged on. Snow fell continuously day after day. The frost giants set the ice whooping and crackling every night like artillery fire. A pall of gloom was settling over the ship that seemed to benumb hope and benumb effort. Great numbers of birds were shot by loyal members of the crew, but the ship was short of bread and the cook began to use moss and the juice of tamarack as antidotes to scurvy. As winter closed in, the cold grew more intense. Stone fireplaces were built on the decks of the ships. Pans of shot heated red-hot were taken to the berths as a warming-pan. On the whole, Hudson was fortunate in his wintering quarters. It was the most sheltered part of the bay and had the greatest abundance of game to be found on that great inland sea. Also, there was no lack of firewood. Farther north on the west shore, Hudson's ship would have been exposed to the east winds and the ice-drive. Here, he was secure from both, though the cold of James

Bay was quite severe enough to cover decks and beds and bedding and port windows with hoar frost an inch thick.

Toward spring came a timid savage to the ship drawing furs on a toboggan for trade. He promised to return after so many sleeps from the tribes of the south, but time to an Indian may mean this year or next, and he was never seen again. As the ice began to break up in May, Hudson sent men fishing in a shallop that the carpenters had built, but the fishermen plotted to escape in the small boat. The next time, Hudson himself led the fishermen, threatening to leave any man proved guilty of plots marooned on the bay. It was an unfortunate threat. The men remembered it. Juet, the deposed mate, had but caged his wrath and was now joined by Henry Greene, the secretary, who had fallen from favor. If these men and their allies had hunted half as industriously as they plotted, there would have been food in plenty; but with half the crew living idly on the labors of the others for a winter, somebody was bound to suffer shortage of food on the homeward voyage. The traitor thought was suggested by Henry Greene that if Hudson and the loyal men were themselves marooned, the rest could go home with plenty of food and no fear of punishment. The report could be spread that Hudson had died. Hudson had searched the land in vain for Indians. All unconscious of the conspiracy in progress, he returned to prepare the ship for the home voyage.

The rest of the Discovery's record reads like some tale of piracy on the South Sea. Hudson distributed to the crew all the bread that was left — a pound to each man

without favoritism. There were tears in his eyes and his voice broke as he handed out the last of the food. The same was done with the cheese. Seamen's chests were then searched and some pilfered biscuits distributed. In Hudson's cabin were stored provisions for fourteen days. These were to be used only in the last extremity. As might have been expected, the idle mutineers used their food without stint. The men who would not work were the men who would not deny themselves. When Hudson weighed anchor on June 18, 1611, for the homeward trip, nine of the best men in the crew lay ill in their berths from overwork and privations.

One night Greene came to the cabin of Prickett, who had acted as a sort of agent for the ship's owners. Vowing to cut the throat of any man who betrayed him, Greene burst out in imprecations with a sort of potvalor that "he was going to end it or mend it; go through with it or die"; the sick men were useless; there were provisions for half the crew but not all —

Prickett bade him stop. This was mutiny. Mutiny was punished in England by death. But Greene swore he would rather be hanged at home than starve at sea.

In the dark, the whole troop of mutineers came whining and plotting to Prickett. The boat was only a few days out of winter quarters and embayed in the ice halfway to the Straits. If such delays continued, what were fourteen days' provisions for a voyage? Of all the ill men, Prickett alone was to be spared to intercede for the mutineers with Sir Dudley Digges, his master. In vain, Prickett pleaded for Hudson's life. Let them wait two days; one day; twelve hours! They called him a fool! It was Hudson's death, or the death of all! The

matter must be put through while their courage was up! Then, to add the last touch to their villainy, they swore on a Bible to Prickett that what they contemplated was for the object of saving the lives of the majority. Prickett's defense for countenancing the mutiny is at best the excuse of a weakling, a scared fool — he could n't save Hudson, so he kept quiet to save his own neck. It was a black, windy night. The seas were moaning against the ice-fields. As far as human mind could forestall devilish designs, the mutineers were safe, for all would be alike guilty and so alike pledged to secrecy. It must be remembered, too, the crew were impressed seamen, unwilling sailors, the blackguard riffraff of London streets. If the plotters had gone to bed, Prickett might have crawled above to Hudson's cabin, but the mutineers kept sleepless vigil for the night. At daybreak two had stationed themselves at the hatch, three hovered round the door of the captain's cabin. When Hudson emerged from the room, two men leaped on him to the fore, a third, Wilson, the bo'swain, caught and bound his arms behind. When Hudson demanded what they meant, they answered with sinister intent that he would know when *he* was put in the shallop. Then all pretense that what they did was for the good of the crew was cast aside. They threw off all disguise and gathered round him with shouts and jeers and railings and mockery of his high ambitions! It was the old story of the ideal hooted by the mob, crucified by little-minded malice, misunderstood by evil and designing fools! The sick were tumbled out of berths and herded abovedecks till the shallop was lowered. One man from Ipswich was given a chance to remain, but begged to be

set adrift. He would rather perish as a man than live as a thief. The name of the hero was Philip Staffe. With a running commentary of curses from Henry Greene, Juet the mate now venting his pent-up vials of spleen, eight sick men were lowered into the small boat with Hudson and his son. Some one suggested giving the castaways ammunition and meal. Juet roared for the men to make haste. Wilson, the guilty bo'swain, got anchors up and sails rigged. Ammunition, arms, and cooking-utensils were thrown into the small boat. The Discovery then spread her sails to the wind — a pirate ship. The tow-rope of the small boat tightened. She followed like a despairing swimmer, climbing over the wave-wash for a pace or two; then some one cut the cable. The castaways were adrift. The distance between the two ships widened. Prickett, looking out from his porthole below, caught sight of Hudson with arms bound and panic-stricken, angry face. As the boats drifted apart the old commander shouted a malediction against his traitor crew.

"Juet will ruin you all —."

"Nay, but it is that villain, Henry Green," Prickett yelled back through the porthole, and the shallop fell away. Some miles out of sight from their victims, the mutineers slackened pace to ransack the contents of the ship. The shallop was sighted, oars going, sails spread, coming over a wave in mad pursuit. With guilty terror as if their pursuers had been ghosts, the mutineers out with crowded sails and fled as from an avenging demon! So passed Henry Hudson down the Long Trail on June 21, 1611! Did he suffer that blackest of all despair — loss of vision, of faith in his dream? Did life suddenly

seem to him a cruel joke in which he had played the part of the fool? Who can tell?

What became of him? A silence as of a grave in the sea rests over his fate. Barely the shadow of a legend illumines his last hours; though Indians of Hudson Bay to this day tell folklore yarns of the first Englishman who came to the bay and was wrecked. When Radisson came overland to the bay fifty years later, he found an old house "all marked by bullets." Did Hudson take his last stand inside that house? Did the loyal Ipswich man fight his last fight against the powers of darkness there where the goddess of Death lines her shores with the bodies of the dead? Also, the Indians told Radisson childish fables of a "ship with sails" having come to the bay; but many ships came in those fifty years: Button's to hunt in vain for Hudson; Munck, the Dane's, to meet a fate worse than Hudson's.

Hudson's shallop went down to as utter silence as the watery graves of those old sea vikings, who rode out to meet death on the billow. A famous painting represents Hudson huddled panic-stricken with his child and the ragged castaways in a boat driving to ruin among the ice-fields. I like better to think as we know last of him — standing with bound arms and face to fate, shouting defiance at the fleeing enemy. They could kill him, but they could not crush him! It was more as a viking would have liked to die. He had left the world benefited more than he could have dreamed — this pathfinder of two empires' commerce. He had fought his fight. He had done his work. He had chased his Idea down the Long Trail. What more could the most favored child of the gods ask? With one's task done, better to die in harness

than rot in some garret of obscurity, or grow garrulous in an imbecile old age — the fate of so many great benefactors in humanity!

It needed no prophet to predict the end of the pirate ship with such a crew. They quarreled over who should be captain. They quarreled over who should be mate. They quarreled over who should keep the ship's log. They lost themselves in the fog, and ran amuck of icebergs and disputed whether they should sail east or west, whether they had passed Cape Digges leading out of the Straits, whether they should turn back south to seek the South Sea. They were like children lost in the dark. They ran on rocks, and lay ice-bound with no food but dried sea moss and soup made of candle grease boiled with the offal left from partridge. Ice hid the Straits. They steered past the outlet and now steered back only to run on a rock near the pepper-colored sands of Cape Digges. Flood tide set them free. They wanted to land and hunt, but were afraid to approach the coast and sent in the small boats. It was the 28th of July. As they neared the breeding-ground of the birds, Eskimo kyacks came swarming over the waves toward them. That day, the whites rested in the Indian tents. The next day Henry Greene hurried ashore with six men to secure provisions. Five men had landed to gather scurvy (sorrel) grass and trade with the fifty Indians along the shore. Prickett, being lame, remained alone in the small boat. Noticing an Eskimo boarding the boat, Prickett stood up and peremptorily ordered the savage ashore. When he sat down, what was his horror to find himself seized from behind, with a knife stroke grazing his breast. Eskimo carry their knives by strings.

Prickett seized the string in his left hand and so warded off the blow. With his right hand he got his own dagger out of belt and stabbed the assailant dead. On shore, Wilson, the bo'swain, and another man had been cut to pieces. Striking off the Indians with a club, Greene, the ringleader, tumbled to the boat with a death-wound. The other two men leaped down the rocks into the boat. A shower of arrows followed, killing Greene outright and wounding the other three. One of the rowers fainted. The others signaled the ship for aid, and were rescued. Greene's body was thrown into the sea without shroud or shrift. Of the other three, two died in agonies. This encounter left only four well men to man the ship home. They landed twice among the numberless lonely islands that line the Straits and hunted partridge and sea moss for food. Before they had left the Straits, they were down to rations of half a bird a day. In midocean they were grateful for the garbage of the cook's barrel. Juet, the old mate, died of starvation in sight of Ireland. The other men became so weak they could not stand at the helm. Sails flapped to the wind in tatters. Masts snapped off short. Splintered yardarms hung in the ragged rigging. It was like an ocean derelict, or a haunted craft with a maimed crew. In September, land was sighted off Ireland and the joyful cry of "A sail!" raised; but a ship manned by only four men with a tale of disaster, which could not be explained, aroused suspicion. The Discovery was shunned by the fisher-folk. Only by pawning the ship's furniture could the crew obtain food, sailors, and pilot to take them to Plymouth. Needless to say, the survivors were at once clapped into prison and Sir Thomas Button sent to hunt for Hudson;

but Hudson had passed to his unknown grave, leaving as a monument the two great pathways of traffic, which he found — Hudson River and the northern inland sea, which may yet prove the Baltic of America.



THE LAST VOYAGE OF HENRY HUDSON

BY HON. JOHN COLLIER

THE illustration represents a desolate scene in the North. The water is full of floating ice; towering bergs are threatening to crush the little open boat in the foreground. In this boat sits Henry Hudson, with long gray beard and glassy, unseeing eyes. His left hand still grasps the tiller, but he is evidently paying small attention to the course of the vessel. At his feet sits his son, gazing up into the father's face in hopeless appeal. At the left a sick man in the bottom of the boat is drawing the skin of a polar bear about him. It is the very embodiment of desolation and hopelessness.

WHY THE IROQUOIS HATED THE FRENCH

[1609]

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

[In order to win the friendship of the Algonquins, Champlain agreed to assist them in their war against the Iroquois. *The Editor.*]

In the spring of 1609 the expedition set out. Up the St. Lawrence the company paddled, and up the Richelieu River. There were sixty Indians, Algonquins and Hurons, in the canoes, and two white men besides Champlain. When the first night came and they were ready to encamp, they went ashore, and in two hours they had made shelters of bark, cut down trees and piled them into a barricade. They then lay down to sleep. Champlain told them that they ought to set a guard. "But we are tired," they replied. "We have worked all day, how could we watch all night? The scouts have looked through the forest a long way ahead, and they have found no tracks of the Iroquois."

The Indians set no guard, but they did one thing that seemed to them of far more importance; they consulted their soothsayer, or medicine man, to see whether they would win the fight. He shut himself into a little wigwam of poles covered with skins, while the rest of the tribe crouched about it, watching and listening with fear and wonder and curiosity. First a mumbling and a groaning came to their ears, then the tent shook. "That

is the power of the spirit, the manitou," the Indians whispered to Champlain. "Soon you will see fire and smoke coming out of the hole in the peak of the wigwam." The white man watched as closely as they, but he saw neither fire nor smoke. He did see, however, that not the manitou, but the soothsayer, was shaking the poles. The tones of the medicine man grew louder; then little squealing, wailing sounds were heard. "That is the voice of the manitou," said the Indians. "He is in the wigwam. He looks like a stone." After a while all was quiet. Then the conjurer came out and declared that the manitou promised them a great victory.

When they were once assured of success, they set to work to plan their battle. The chief brought a bundle of sticks a foot long, one to represent each Indian, with two longer ones to stand for the two lesser chiefs. These sticks he carried to a level spot and arranged them as he wished his men to stand in battle. The Indians watched every motion, and when he told them to take their places, they made no mistakes. This drill was repeated two or three times, and then the warriors felt that only one thing more was needed to make them certain of victory, and that was the report of their white friend that he had had a good dream. "What did you dream?" they asked him every morning. "Did you dream of the Iroquois?" At last he answered, "I dreamed that I saw the Iroquois drowning in the lake, and that you said, 'Let them drown, they are no good.'" Then the Indians were delighted, for victory was sure.

Up the beautiful island-studded lake which is named for Champlain they paddled. Each day they grew more watchful, for they might catch sight of the Iroquois at

any moment. Soon they began to sleep by day and move on only by night. Late one evening the canoes of the enemy were seen. Both parties gave exultant shouts, and the Iroquois made for the shore. "Want to fight?" called the Algonquins. "Nothing else," shouted the Iroquois. "Come on, then!" cried the Algonquins. "When the sun rises," the Iroquois answered. They cut down trees for their barricade, then they danced and sang, and called out insults to their foes. The Algonquins replied even more jubilantly than the Iroquois, for in the bottom of each of three canoes lay a white man with his fire-throwing stick.

When the sun rose, the Algonquins landed, and the Iroquois marched out to battle. The chiefs wore tall plumes, and many of the men carried shields of interwoven twigs or of wood covered with skins. The Algonquins and Hurons ran forward, then they opened a path between them for Champlain the great champion, in his breastplate and casque of steel. He fired, and two of the Iroquois fell. For a moment their friends were too amazed to move. Then came a storm of arrows from both sides; but one more shot from a second white man routed the enemy, and the fiercest tribe of Indians in the forests of the New World fled like rabbits. They could meet warriors, but not demons with sticks that breathed out fire.

This fight took place near the site of Fort Ticonderoga, and on that ground, a century and a half later, was fought a terrible battle between the English and the French. And yet, this little skirmish between two parties of Indians in the wilderness, one side aided by three white men, was of far more significance in the history of

America. From that day the Iroquois were the bitter foes of the French, and when the struggle came between France and England to decide who should rule in America, the fierce enmity of this most savage of Indian tribes did much to answer the question.

CHAMPLAIN AND THE IMPOSTOR VIGNAN[1]

[1613]

BY FRANCIS PARKMAN

[IN 1611, one of Champlain's company, a young man named Nicholas de Vignan, asked permission to spend a winter with the Algonquins who lived beyond the head of Lake Coulange. The following year he returned to Paris, telling a wondrous tale of having discovered a river flowing north and emptying into a great sea. Here he had found, he declared, the wreck of an English ship. His wide-eyed listeners thought that this was surely the remains of Henry Hudson's vessel, and Champlain could hardly wait to set out on a journey of discovery. Under the guidance of Vignan, he reached the cabin of Tessouat, the Algonquin chief. There he stopped to hire canoes for the rest of the journey.
The Editor.]

CHAMPLAIN asked for guidance to the settlements above. It was readily granted. Escorted by his friendly hosts, he advanced beyond the head of Lake Coulange, and, landing, saw the unaccustomed sight of pathways through the forest. They led to the clearings and cabin of a chief named Tessouat, who, amazed at the apparition of the white strangers, exclaimed that he must be in a dream. Next, the voyagers crossed to the neighboring island, then deeply wooded with pine, elm, and oak. Here were more desolate clearings, more rude cornfields and bark-built cabins. Here, too, was a cemetery, which

[1] From *Pioneers of France in the New World.* Copyright (U.S.A.), 1865, 1885, 1897, by Little, Brown & Company.

excited the wonder of Champlain, for the dead were better cared for than the living. Over each grave a flat tablet of wood was supported on posts, and at one end stood an upright tablet, carved with an intended representation of the features of the deceased. If a chief, the head was adorned with a plume. If a warrior, there were figures near it of a shield, a lance, a war-club, and a bow and arrows; if a boy, of a small bow and one arrow; and if a woman or a girl, of a kettle, an earthen pot, a wooden spoon, and a paddle. The whole was decorated with red and yellow paint; and beneath slept the departed, wrapped in a robe of skins, his earthly treasures about him, ready for use in the land of souls.

Tessouat was to give a *tabagie*, or solemn feast, in honor of Champlain, and the chiefs and elders of the island were invited. Runners were sent to summon the guests from neighboring hamlets; and, on the morrow, Tessouat's squaws swept his cabin for the festivity. Then Champlain and his Frenchmen were seated on skins in the place of honor, and the naked guests appeared in quick succession, each with his wooden dish and spoon, and each ejaculating his guttural salute as he stooped at the low door. The spacious cabin was full. The congregated wisdom and prowess of the nation sat expectant on the bare earth. Each long, bare arm thrust forth its dish in turn as the host served out the banquet, in which, as courtesy enjoined, he himself was to have no share. First, a mess of pounded maize wherein were boiled, without salt, morsels of fish and dark scraps of meat; then, fish and flesh broiled on the embers, with a kettle of cold water from the river. Champlain, in wise distrust of Ottawa cookery, confined himself to the

simpler and less doubtful viands. A few minutes, and all alike had vanished. The kettles were empty. Then pipes were filled, and touched with fire brought in by the duteous squaws, while the young men who had stood thronged about the entrance now modestly withdrew, and the door was closed for counsel.

First, the pipes were passed to Champlain. Then, for full half an hour, the assembly smoked in silence. At length, when the fitting time was come, he addressed them in a speech in which he declared, that, moved by affection, he visited their country to see its richness and its beauty and to aid them in their wars; and he now begged them to furnish him with four canoes and eight men, to convey him to the country of the Nipissings, a tribe dwelling northward on the lake which bears their name.

His audience looked grave, for they were but cold and jealous friends of the Nipissings. For a time they discoursed in murmuring tones among themselves, all smoking meanwhile with redoubled vigor. Then Tessouat, chief of these forest republicans, rose and spoke in behalf of all.

"We always knew you for our best friend among the Frenchmen. We love you like our own children. But why did you break your word with us last year when we all went down to meet you at Montreal to give you presents and go with you to war? You were not there, but other Frenchmen were there who abused us. We will never go again. As for the four canoes, you shall have them if you insist upon it; but it grieves us to think of the hardships you must endure. The Nipissings have weak hearts. They are good for nothing in war, but

they kill us with charms, and they poison us. Therefore we are on bad terms with them. They will kill you, too."

Such was the pith of Tessouat's discourse, and at each clause, the conclave responded in unison with an approving grunt.

Champlain urged his petition; sought to relieve their tender scruples in his behalf; assured them that he was charm-proof, and that he feared no hardships. At length he gained his point. The canoes and the men were promised, and, seeing himself as he thought on the highway to his phantom Northern Sea, he left his entertainers to their pipes, and with a light heart issued from the close and smoky den to breathe the fresh air of the afternoon. He visited the Indian fields, with their young crops of pumpkins, beans, and French peas, — the last a novelty obtained from the traders. Here, Thomas, the interpreter, soon joined him with a countenance of bad news. In the absence of Champlain, the assembly had reconsidered their assent. The canoes were denied.

With a troubled mind he hastened again to the hall of council, and addressed the naked senate in terms better suited to his exigencies than to their dignity.

"I thought you were men; I thought you would hold fast to your word: but I find you children, without truth. You call yourselves my friends, yet you break faith with me. Still I would not incommode you; and if you cannot give me four canoes, two will serve."

The burden of the reply was, rapids, rocks, cataracts, and the wickedness of the Nipissings.

"This young man," rejoined Champlain, pointing to

Vignan, who sat by his side, "has been to their country, and did not find the road or the people so bad as you have said."

"Nicholas," demanded Tessouat, "did you say that you had been to the Nipissings?"

The impostor sat mute for a time, then replied, —

"Yes, I have been there."

Hereupon an outcry broke forth from the assembly, and their small, deep-set eyes were turned on him askance, "as if," says Champlain, "they would have torn and eaten him."

"You are a liar," returned the unceremonious host; "you know very well that you slept here among my children every night and rose again every morning; and if you ever went where you pretend to have gone, it must have been when you were asleep. How can you be so impudent as to lie to your chief, and so wicked as to risk his life among so many dangers? He ought to kill you with tortures worse than those with which we kill our enemies."

Champlain urged him to reply, but he sat motionless and dumb. Then he led him from the cabin and conjured him to declare if, in truth, he had seen this sea of the North. Vignan, with oaths, affirmed that all he had said was true. Returning to the council, Champlain repeated his story; how he had seen the sea, the wreck of an English ship, eighty English scalps, and an English boy, prisoner among the Indians.

At this, an outcry rose, louder than before.

"You are a liar."

"Which way did you go?"

"By what rivers?"

"By what lakes?"

"Who went with you?"

Vignan had made a map of his travels, which Champlain now produced, desiring him to explain it to his questioners; but his assurance had failed him, and he could not utter a word.

Champlain was greatly agitated. His hopes and heart were in the enterprise; his reputation was in a measure at stake; and now, when he thought his triumph so near, he shrank from believing himself the sport of an impudent impostor. The council broke up; the Indians displeased and moody, and he, on his part, full of anxieties and doubts. At length, one of the canoes being ready for departure, the time of decision came, and he called Vignan before him.

"If you have deceived me, confess it now, and the past shall be forgiven. But if you persist, you will soon be discovered, and then you shall be hanged."

Vignan pondered for a moment; then fell on his knees, owned his treachery, and begged for mercy. Champlain broke into a rage, and, unable as he says, to endure the sight of him, ordered him from his presence, and sent the interpreter after him to make further examination. Vanity, the love of notoriety, and the hope of reward, seem to have been his inducements; for he had, in truth, spent a quiet winter in Tessouat's cabin, his nearest approach to the Northern Sea; and he had flattered himself that he might escape the necessity of guiding his commander to this pretended discovery. The Indians were somewhat exultant. "Why did you not listen to chiefs and warriors, instead of believing the lies of this fellow?" And they counseled Champlain to have him

killed at once, adding that they would save their friends trouble by taking that office upon themselves.

No motive remaining for farther advance, the party set forth on their return, attended by a fleet of forty canoes bound to Montreal for trade.

II

HEROES AND HEROINES OF EARLY CANADA

HISTORICAL NOTE

DETERMINED to convert the Indians, zealous missionaries of the Jesuit Order made their way to the Hurons, the Algonquins, and even the fierce Iroquois. W. J. Robertson says of them: "Among the Algonquins they suffered want and hardship, dwelling in wretched tents full of smoke and filth, and often ill-treated and despised by the people they were trying to benefit. At first their efforts were of little avail; even the Hurons, the most intelligent, kindly, and well-to-do of the Indian tribes, thought the missionaries brought them trouble in the shape of drought, sickness, and ill-success in hunting and war. But no amount of failure could discourage these patient and unselfish men. After a while the Indians began to respect them, and then came a general willingness to be baptized and to accept the religion taught by the missionaries. It was not long before nearly all the Hurons became converted to Christianity, and left off their heathen practices and habits. Two names will always be remembered in connection with these Huron missions, those of Father de Brébeuf and Father Lalemant; the first strong in frame, brave of heart, and capable of enduring any amount of hardship; the second, delicate, refined, loving, and unselfish. Other missionaries took their lives in their hands and went among the cruel and treacherous Iroquois, hoping to do some good to the fiercest enemies of the colony. But little, however, came of these missions. The Iroquois did not trust the French, and the missionaries after a brief stay were either murdered or compelled to escape for their lives. The name of Father Jogues, who suffered, first, mutilation, and later on, death, at the hands of the Iroquois, is one that shines bright on the roll of martyr missionaries.

"Equally courageous and devoted were the women who left homes of wealth and luxury to brave the awful dangers of the Canadian wilderness in their eagerness to save the souls of the savages who sought only their torture and death."

THE STORY OF JEAN BRÉBEUF

[1633–1649]

BY REV. J. O. MILLER

JEAN BRÉBEUF was one of the devoted band of French missionaries who went out with the first Canadian colonists to preach the Gospel to the heathen. He came of a noble family; was a man of immense strength of body and firmness of will; and was filled with a deep love of his fellow men. Giving up the ease and pleasures of his life at home he came to Canada to devote himself to the conversion of the Indians.

After studying the Huron language at Quebec, he was sent in July, 1633, with two other priests, Daniel and Davost, up the Ottawa. He followed the route of Champlain and Le Caron. The journey of nine hundred miles was made in canoes, and the priests barefoot, and unaccustomed to paddling, suffered no small hardships. With great toil they reached Lake Nipissing, paddled down French River, and along the coast of the Georgian Bay, arriving at their destination at Thunder Bay a month after leaving Quebec. They were well received by the Indians, who helped them to build their house and chapel; and the mission made a favorable beginning.

Let us see them in their home. The house was built of poles stuck into the ground close together, and covered on the outside with bark. Differing from an Indian house, which was one long room, it was divided into three; one outside room, a hall and place for storage;

the other, the chapel. The living-room between had the fire on the ground, with a hole in the roof for the escape of smoke. At the sides were two large platforms on which they kept their clothing, and under which they slept on sheets of bark, covered with skins.

The Indians were delighted with two things they had never seen before—a hand-mill, and a clock. The latter they called the captain, and, hearing it strike, thought it was alive, and asked what it ate, and what it said. "When he strikes twelve times," answered Brébeuf, "he says, 'Hang on the kettle,' and when he strikes four times, he says, 'Get up, and go home.'" Thus the missionaries got a quiet hour to themselves in the evening.

Brébeuf found the work of converting the Indians to Christianity an almost impossible task. The constant answer of the chiefs was, "Your religion is good for the French, but we are a different people." He directed most of his efforts to teaching the children, and to caring for the sick and dying. In other ways he was of much service to the Hurons. They lived in perpetual fear of the Iroquois, and would flee to the woods on getting news of a war-party. He taught them how to build strong forts, and procured for them a few muskets.

All went well with Brébeuf and his companions so long as the Indians were free from trouble; but when sickness or famine visited them they accused the priests of being the cause of it. When a long drought threatened the crops in 1635, they blamed the red cross on the chapel; when disease entered their towns the lives of the missionaries were no longer safe.

In 1636 the pestilence fell upon the Huron towns and with it the smallpox. Careless of contagion, Brébeuf and

his companions went about from village to village, giving their simple medicines — often only sugar-water and raisins — and trying to comfort the sick with the consolations of religion, and, where possible, to baptize them before death. When the people were dying in great numbers a council was called, and Brébeuf was asked, "What must we do that your God may take pity on us?" He answered: "Believe in Him; keep his commandments; abjure your faith in demons; take but one wife; renounce your assemblies of debauchery; eat no human flesh; never give feasts to demons; and make a vow that if God will deliver you from this pest you will build a chapel to offer Him thanksgiving and praise." The stern demands of the faithful priest met with no acceptance; the Indians turned for help to their sorcerers.

These men, who looked upon the priests as their natural enemies, spread the report that they had introduced the pestilence. Everything about the mission was suspected. A small streamer, fastened on top of a tree to show the direction of the wind, was said to send forth the disease. Brébeuf had to stop the clock, as its striking was thought to be the signal of death. He and his companions were threatened with sacrifice; their destruction was openly advocated at a great council.

It was a custom among the Hurons for a man condemned to give a parting feast. Brébeuf, determined to show the Indians that he was not afraid to look death in the face, gave a farewell feast for himself and his friends. When the guests were seated, Brébeuf preached to them as they ate. His words were received with scowls; each guest, when he had finished his repast, rose and departed without a word. For some days Brébeuf lived in sus-

pense, unable to tell what his fate would be. Then the clouds of suspicion began to roll away, and friendliness was slowly restored.

In November, 1640, Brébeuf set out on a mission to the Neutral Nation, which occupied the Niagara Peninsula. These Indians were among the most ferocious in North America, so that they were left in peace between the Iroquois and the more peaceful tribes to the west and north. Brébeuf visited eighteen of their towns, and was in danger of his life wherever he went. Only fear of the French kept the Neutrals from destroying him.

"Go out and leave our country," said an old chief, "or we will put you into the kettle and make a feast of you." And another, "I have had enough of the dark-colored flesh of our enemies; I wish to know the taste of white meat, and I will eat yours." After a terrible experience of hunger, cold, and harsh treatment during four months, Brébeuf was obliged to return. We must admire the zeal and courage and Christian fortitude which made the missionary ready to suffer even torture and death in such a cause.

For some years he continued to labor among the Hurons. But this tribe, numerous though they were, were doomed to destruction by the ruthless Iroquois. Brébeuf found the Hurons harassed by them when he first arrived; he was to fall in their final onslaught. Year by year they made it more and more impossible for the Hurons and Algonquins to go down the Ottawa to trade, so that at length the missionaries became isolated from their friends in Quebec. To add to the power of the Iroquois, the Dutch at Albany provided them with guns, thus rendering them irresistible to other tribes.

Latterly the priests had many converts. The Hurons, decimated by the pestilence, and in constant dread of their foes, became willing to listen to the exhortations of the missionaries. Thus men in trouble turn to God. The accounts of work in the missions sent to Quebec were full of joy at present success, and of hope for the future.

In the summer of 1648 a large band of Iroquois invaded the Huron country. They first attacked the large town, called by the French, St. Joseph. Most of the men were away hunting. Father Daniel, who had come to the mission with Brébeuf, was there, and urged the people to flee, while he calmly remained. He put on his vestments and boldly came out of the chapel to meet the Iroquois. They stood for a moment in surprise, and then pierced him with a volley of arrows and bullets. The little church was set on fire, and his body thrown into the flames.

In March, 1649, they returned in greater numbers, captured the town of St. Ignace, and attacked St. Louis, where were Brébeuf and Lalemant. The Indians begged them to escape, but Brébeuf indignantly refused. After a bloody battle the Iroquois, twice beaten back, were victorious, and all within the towns were taken. It was set on fire, and most of the captives were burned to death.

A more dreadful fate was reserved for the heroic missionaries. They were stripped, bound with thongs, driven naked, and flogged with sticks, two miles back to St. Ignace. There Brébeuf was bound to a stake. He began to speak words of comfort to his people, when the savages rushed upon him, cut away his lower lip, and

thrust a red-hot iron down his throat. As he refused to show signs of pain, they brought out Lalemant, that Brébeuf might see his brother tortured. They tied strips of bark covered with pitch around him and set fire to them. He called out to Brébeuf with his last breath, in St. Paul's words, "We are made a spectacle to the world, to angels, and to men."

The torturers now hung a collar of red-hot hatchets around Brébeuf's neck, but he maintained his silence. Then in mockery of Christian baptism they slowly poured boiling water upon his head, crying, "We baptize you that you may be happy in Heaven." Still the hero stood steadfastly looking upon them with the face of an angel. Enraged, the Indians cut strips from his flesh, and devoured them in his presence. At last they scalped him, and, piercing his side, came to drink his blood, that they might acquire his marvelous courage.

Thus died Brébeuf, adding a martyr's crown to a life of self-sacrifice, freely spent in the service of God, for the conversion of the savage tribes that once claimed this land for their own.

THE WOMEN WHO FOUNDED THE URSULINE CONVENT AT QUEBEC

[1639]

BY W. S. HERRINGTON

THAT historic pile [the Ursuline Convent] stands to-day a fitting and everlasting monument to the heroism and Christian devotion of Madame de la Peltrie, its founder, and Marie de l'Incarnation, the first mother superior. The former was a wealthy widow much sought after in the social world. In her home in Paris she was surrounded with all the comforts and luxuries the age could produce. She had learned of the settlements of her fellow countrymen in the New World and of the numerous tribes of Indians to whom the faithful priests were carrying for the first time the glad tidings of the Prince of Peace. The thought occurred to her, what could she do to alleviate their condition? The more she considered the problem the stronger became her conviction that it was her duty to sacrifice her fortune and her life in an effort to give a Christian education to the young women of the New World. She did not act upon the impulse of the moment, but after prayerful consideration she formed her plan. Her old associates endeavored to dissuade her from such a mad act, for the mere thought of a voyage across the ocean in those days suggested weeks, and sometimes months, of sore discomfort. The ships were slow, of small tonnage, and had none of the luxurious appointments of the sea-going palaces of the twentieth century.

To Madame de la Peltrie's friends there appeared every reason for her abandoning the idea she had conceived. Wealth, beauty, youth, and popularity seemed to them all that was necessary to secure a happy and contented life. But deep down in her heart there was a voice summoning her to action, the voice of duty, which her more worldly-minded friends could not hear. She bravely, yes, gladly, responded to that call; she sacrificed her rich estates and worldly possessions and devoted them all to her pious undertaking. She secured Marie de l'Incarnation to take charge of the institution she was about to establish. The rest of their staff consisted of three hospital nuns, three Ursulines, and Père Vimond. They sailed on the 4th of May, 1639, and in eight weeks from that day landed at Quebec, where they were received with great rejoicing. We are told that "the Governor received the heroines on the river's bank at the head of his troops with a discharge of cannon, and after the first compliments he led them, amid the acclamations of the people, to church, where *Te Deums* were chanted as a thanksgiving."

The devoted women immediately entered upon their duties. Within two years from their arrival the convent was completed. It was a rather pretentious building, being ninety-two feet in length by twenty-eight broad. The chapel, occupying one end of the structure, was seventeen by twenty-eight feet. The building had four huge chimneys, and the historians inform us that they consumed one hundred seventy-five cords of fuel a year. For thirty-two years Madame de la Peltrie devoted her life, fortune, and talents to the spiritual welfare of the maidens of New France, and her work was established

on so firm a basis that it has continued for nearly three hundred years, and no institution of its kind on the continent to-day has a record to compare with the Ursuline Convent at Quebec. The mother superior, lovingly remembered to this day as the St. Theresa of New France, worked hand in hand with Madame de la Peltrie, and survived her by one year. These two pious women, who voluntarily renounced the comforts of home and civilization and devoted their entire lives to the good of others, who had no other claim upon them than the silent appeal of the heathen of to-day has upon each of us, certainly deserve a place among the heroines of our country.

THE STORY OF VILLE MARIE DE MONTREAL

[1642]

BY AGNES MAULE MACHAR

[In 1641, a brave soldier named Paul de Maisonneuve, a devout woman called Mademoiselle Mance, and forty-three others set out on the difficult journey to Canada to found a colony at Montreal. They were so late in reaching Quebec that they were obliged to remain there through the winter. *The Editor.*]

At last the icy barriers broke before the soft breezes of April, and the deep blue of the river greeted the longing eyes of the colonists. Early in May, all were embarked in the little flotilla, consisting of a pinnace, a flat-bottomed barge with sails, and two row-boats. As they slowly made their way up the windings of the wide river, the forest was beginning to put on its garment of delicate green, and the balmy fragrance of the opening buds floated to them on the soft sunshiny air. All seemed peace and promise to the outward eye, though the adventurers well knew that unseen and terrible dangers lurked behind the fair sylvan scene.

On the 17th of May, 1642, the little expedition drew near the forest-clad slopes of the stately Mont Royal, and as they approached it, a hymn of grateful praise went up from all the boats. Next day, after gliding past the green solitary shores that now bustle with warehouses and factories, the settlers landed at the rivulet-bordered meadow, called Point Callière, which

Champlain long before had chosen as the site of the settlement.

Maisonneuve was the first to spring to shore. The others quickly followed, and all fell on their knees and joined in enthusiastic songs of thanksgiving. The tents and baggage were soon landed, and then an altar was erected in a pleasant spot near the river. This was tastefully decorated by the ladies of the party with the graceful wild flowers that grew in such abundance around them. Then the whole party gathered about it — M. Vincent, the superior of the Jesuits, in his rich ecclesiastical robes; the governor, Montmagny, in his state dress; the tall, soldierly figure of Maisonneuve; the ladies with their female attendants; and all the sailors, soldiers, and artisans who made up the complement of the expedition. Each knelt in solemn silence as the ceremony of high mass was performed by M. Vincent. At the close, he turned to the colonists and addressed them in these words: "You are a grain of mustard seed that shall rise and grow till its branches shall overshadow the earth. You are few, but your work is the work of God. His smile is on you, and your children shall fill the land."

If the speaker could have seen as in a vision the French Canada of to-day, with its stately churches and convents, he would have felt that his confident words had been justified, and the self-sacrificing labors of the pioneers rewarded. In all things, men reap as they sow. As the soft May sunset melted into twilight, the fireflies began to sparkle among the dusky woods. The eager colonists caught them and festooned their altar with their living light. And then as the bright camp-fire blazed out in the gathering gloom and lighted up the outlines

of the tents pitched for present accommodation, the tired but hopeful colonists lay down to rest, and dreamed, perchance, of the future glory of Ville Marie de Montreal.

Next day everybody was early astir and hard at work. The men began to fell the great forest trees, and very soon all the tents were surrounded by palisades, and the altar was sheltered by a little chapel of birch bark. In a short time small wooden houses took the place of the tents, and the little settlement had some visible existence. The first experiences of the colonists here were all pleasant ones, with charming summer weather, with a fair landscape spread around them rich in noble outlines of distant hills and dense masses of forest as yet bearing no trace of human habitation.

On Sundays after mass the colonists loved to ascend the beautiful hill above them for the magnificent view, the main features of which civilization has but little altered, and to stroll in the surrounding meadow and the fair green woods that skirted it, enjoying the abundance of wild flowers so new and strange to them.

Madame de la Peltrie and Mademoiselle Mance had already some pupils to teach and catechise among the Indians who stopped at Ville Marie on their wandering course. On fête days they had solemn services, processions of the colonists, salutes from their cannon, all of which much impressed the savages. And so the summer passed at Ville Marie in quiet and tranquil labor.

But that summer of 1642 was an exciting one in the eventful history of New France. The hatred of the fierce Iroquois tribe had been silently smouldering ever since Champlain had unhappily commenced his warfare with

them thirty-two years before. The Iroquois were now pretty well supplied with arms by the Dutch settlers of the eastern coast, and their natural pride and ferocity were now stimulated to such a degree that they could be satisfied with nothing less than sole possession of the country. They declared that they would sweep away not only the Algonquins and Hurons, but the French also, and carry off the "white girls" (the nuns) to their villages. The hospital nuns were obliged to leave Sillery, to take refuge within the walls of Quebec. The colonists were harassed by sudden attacks on passing boats and canoes, or stealthy descents on French traders, or on the settlers near Three Rivers and Quebec, while crafty ambuscades were laid for the Hurons also, as they brought their furs to the trading posts. . . . With the frosts of December came the first troubles of the settlement of Ville Marie. The swollen river, dammed up by the accumulating ice, rose rapidly and threatened to sweep away their whole summer's work. Powerless to stop the advancing flood, the colonists had recourse to prayer.

Maisonneuve raised a wooden cross in front of the flood and vowed to plant another cross on the mountain summit as a thank-offering for deliverance. The advancing river stayed its course just as the waves were threatening to sap the powder-magazine; and as it soon began to recede, the colonists felt they were safe. Maisonneuve at once prepared to fulfill his vow. A path was cleared through the forest to the top of the mountain, and a large wooden cross was made and blessed for the purpose. On the 16th of January a solemn procession ascended the newly made pathway, headed by the Jesuit De Peron, followed by Maisonneuve, bearing on his

shoulders the heavy cross which had taxed even his strength to carry up the steep and rugged ascent. When the cross had been set up, the leaders received the Sacrament on the summit of Mont Royal.

The winter — little less severe than the winter of Quebec — was passed by the colonists in tolerable comfort. The greater part of the community lived with the two Jesuit fathers in one large wooden house, which they kept warm with blazing log-fires, and as all were animated by one spirit of devotion to their aim, — the conversion of the Indians, — their social life was one of peace and harmony.

Still it was with gladness that they again saw the snows melt away and give place to the fresh foliage and flowers of spring. In the following August they had the joy of welcoming a vessel from France which had safely passed through the perils of Iroquois ambuscades, and brought them new helpers — Louis D'Aillebout, a brave and devout gentleman who afterwards succeeded M. de Montmagny as governor of Canada, with his wife and her sister, both as zealous as himself, to devote their all to the Canadian mission. D'Aillebout was skilled in the art of fortification, and under his direction earthen ramparts and bastions soon replaced the primitive palisades that had been the only defense of the settlement.

A lady in France had contributed a large sum of money for the equipment of a hospital, which was built accordingly, though as yet there were no patients, and provided with all the necessary furniture, linen and medicines. Mademoiselle Mance was duly installed in it, to wait for the Indian patients whose bodies and souls were to be cared for within its walls. Meantime, she

and the other ladies made pilgrimages to the mountain cross, to pray for the success of their work. Sometimes fifteen or sixteen of the settlers would join in these pilgrimages, proving their sincerity by giving up to them the greater part of the day, when time was very precious. They seized every opportunity of gaining an influence over the Indians who came near Ville Marie, succoring and clothing them and sharing with them in time of need the provisions sent to them at great cost from France. Their efforts were crowned with some apparent success, and among their professed converts was numbered a chief famed for his savage and crafty nature — Tessouat, or, as the French called him, Le Borgne. He was christened by the name of Paul, and presented with a gun, as an encouragement to others to follow his example.

The French did all they could, however, to stimulate the Indians to the more peaceful pursuits of agriculture, giving them implements for tilling the ground and showing them how to use them. But the dreaded Iroquois were perpetually lurking near, ready to harass and destroy; and unfortunately, in their pursuit of some Algonquins, these ferocious savages discovered the new settlement to which the fugitives fled for safety. Thenceforth, their ambuscades infested the vicinity, and none of the colonists could venture to any distance from the settlement, except in armed parties, prepared for sudden assaults. Pilgrimages and woodland strolls were no longer practicable, except at the risk of life; so crafty and vigilant was the cruel and stealthy foe.

A party of Hurons, coming down in June to sell their furs, were startled by finding at Lachine a rough Indian

fort, held by a large party of Iroquois. The Hurons, to save themselves, turned traitors to their French friends, and professed great friendship for the Iroquois, telling them all they knew about Ville Marie, and assuring them of an easy victory if they would attack it. The Iroquois were very ready to do this, and sent out a party of their warriors, who surprised six of the French laborers hewing wood near the fort, killing three and taking the others prisoners. The treachery of the Hurons, however, returned upon their own heads, for the Iroquois fell upon them unawares, and killed or captured all but a few fugitives, who fled to Ville Marie, where the unsuspected traitors were kindly received and sheltered. The marauding band speedily made off, carrying with them, besides their prisoners, the furs they had taken in the Huron canoes, and also letters and papers from the Jesuits at the Huron mission in the Far West.

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

The settlement had received from France a welcome reinforcement in a present of a number of watch-dogs, whose sagacity and courage made them most valuable scouts and sentinels. Chief among them was one called Pilot, who not only herself daily went the round of the woods and fields near the fort, but brought up her numerous family to follow her example. If one of her puppies seemed unwilling to follow her in her rounds, she would bite it to stimulate its zeal, and when any one was so cowardly as to run home, it received a similar punishment on her return. As soon as she scented an Iroquois she would bark furiously and run back to the fort followed by her family. But when there were no Indians near, she much preferred to amuse herself by hunting squirrels.

One March morning in 1644, Pilot and her family were seen rushing toward the fort over the eastward clearing, all barking furiously. The soldiers crowded about their commander, asking if they were never to go out to meet this invisible enemy. Maisonneuve answered promptly that he would lead them out himself, and would see if they were as brave as they professed to be.

Quickly the little band was put in battle array. Guns were shouldered, and all the available snowshoes were tied on, though of these there were not nearly enough for all. At the head of his troops of thirty men, Maisonneuve crossed the clearing, still covered with deep snow, and entered the forest beyond, where for some time they saw no sign of human presence. But after wading for a good way through the deep snow, they were suddenly saluted with a shower of arrows and

bullets from some eighty Iroquois springing from their ambush.

Maisonneuve ordered his men to take shelter behind trees and fire at the enemy. For a time, they stood their ground, though three of their men were killed and several wounded. But their ammunition began to fail, while the Iroquois still pressed them close with a galling fire which broke the steadiness of the men and made them anxious to retreat. Maisonneuve directed them to follow a sledge-track used for drawing timber to the fort, which afforded firm footing, he himself remaining to protect the rear and help the wounded to escape. The men covered their retreat by turning frequently to fire, but when they reached the sledge-track, they made such a wild rush to the fort that they were mistaken there for the enemy, and but for an accident — dampness in the priming of the gun that commanded the sledge-track — they would have received a fatal fire from their own friends.

Maisonneuve gallantly stood his ground to the last, retreating backward with a pistol in each hand, with which he kept back his pursuers. The Indians were anxious to take him alive, and therefore would not shoot him. The chief wished to have himself the honor of capturing the French commander, and was in the act of seizing him, when Maisonneuve shot him dead. This caused such a confusion among the Iroquois, who rushed to secure the dead body of their chief, that Maisonneuve made good his retreat during the excitement, and was soon safe in the shelter of the fort. Thenceforward his men recognized him as a hero, and the wisdom of his generalship was unquestioned. And for some time,

at least, Ville Marie enjoyed comparative peace. The scene of this brilliant action of Maisonneuve is believed to have been what is now the Place d'Armes, close to the great Church of Notre Dame.

MADAME DE LA TOUR AND HER DEFENSE OF FORT ST. JOHN

[1645]

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD

[BETWEEN Charles de la Tour and D'Aulnay Charnisay there was a bitter rivalry for the possession of Acadia, which then included New Brunswick. While De la Tour was away from home, Charnisay swept down upon his fort at St. John. For two days Lady de la Tour defended herself with a slender garrison. At length Charnisay offered honorable terms of capitulation, and to save the lives of her faithful men, Lady de la Tour yielded. Then came the act for which he has ever since been despised and which is described in the following extract. The brave woman was carried to Charnisay's abode at Port Royal, and there, within three weeks, she died heartbroken.

The Editor.]

D'AULNAY ordered the gates shut. He would have shut out Father Vincent, but it could not be managed without great discourtesy, and there are limits to that with a churchman. The household and garrison ready to depart saw this strange action with dismay, and Marie stepped directly down from her hall to confront her enemy. D'Aulnay had seen her at Port Royal when he first came to Acadia. He remembered her motion in the dance, and approved of it. She was a beautiful woman, though her Huguenot gown and close cap now gave her a widowed look — becoming to a woman of exploits. But

she was also the woman to whom he owed one defeat and much humiliation.

He swept his plume at her feet.

"Permit me, Madame de la Tour, to make my compliments to an amazon. My own taste are women who stay in the house at their prayers, but the Sieur de la Tour and I differ in many things."

"Doubtless, my Lord De Charnisay," responded Marie, with the dignity which cannot taunt. "But why have you closed on us the gates which we opened to you?"

"Madame, I have been deceived in the terms of capitulation."

"My lord, the terms of capitulation were set down plainly and I hold them signed by your hand."

"But a signature is nothing when gross advantage hath been taken of one of the parties to a treaty."

The mistake she had made in trusting to the military honor of D'Aulnay de Charnisay swept through Marie. But she controlled her voice to inquire, —

"What gross advantage can there be, my Lord D'Aulnay — unless you are about to take a gross advantage of us? We leave you here ten thousand pounds of the money of England, our plate and jewels and furs, and our stores except a little food for a journey. We go out poor; yet if our treaty is kept we shall complain of no gross advantage."

"Look at those men," said D'Aulnay, shaking his glove at her soldiers.

"Those weary and faithful men," said Marie: "I see them."

"You will see them hanged as traitors, madame. I

have no time to parley," exclaimed D'Aulnay. "The terms of capitulation are not satisfactory to me. I do not feel bound by them. You may take your women and withdraw when you please, but these men I shall hang."

While he spoke he lifted and shook his hand as if giving a signal, and the garrison was that instant seized by his soldiers. Her women screamed. There was such a struggle in the fort as there had been upon the wall, except that she herself stood blank in mind, and pulseless. The actual and the unreal shimmered together. But there stood her garrison, from Edelwald to Jean le Prince, bound like criminals, regarding their captors with that baffled and half-ashamed look of the surprised and overpowered. Above the mass of D'Aulnay's busy soldiers timber uprights were reared, and hammers and spikes set to work on the likeness of a scaffold. The preparations of the morning made the completion of this task swift and easy. D'Aulnay de Charnisay intended to hang her garrison when he set his name to the paper securing their lives. The ringing of hammers sounded far off to Marie.

"I don't understand these things," she articulated. "I don't understand anything in the world!"

D'Aulnay gave himself up to watching the process, in spite of Father Vincent de Paris, whose steady remonstrances he answered only by shrugs. In that age of religious slaughter the Capuchin could scarcely object to decreasing heretics, but he did object as a man and a priest to such barbarous treachery toward men with whom a compact had been made. The refined nurture of France was not recent in D'Aulnay's experience, but

he came of a great and honorable house, and the friar's appeal was made to inherited instincts.

"Good churchman," spoke out Jean le Prince, the lad, shaking his hair back from his face, "your capote and sandals lie there by the door of the tower, where Edelwald took thought to place them for you. But you who have the soldier's heart should wear the soldier's dress, and hide D'Aulnay de Charnisay under the cowl."

"You men-at-arms," Glaud Burge exhorted the guards drawn up on each side of him and his fellow prisoners, "will you hang us up like dogs? If we must die, we claim the death of soldiers. You have your pieces in your hands; shoot us. Do us such grace as we would do you in like extremity."

The guards looked aside at each other and then at their master, shamed through their peasant blood by the outrage they were obliged to put upon a courageous garrison. But Edelwald said nothing. His eyes were upon Marie. He would not increase her anguish of self-reproach by the change of a muscle in his face. The garrison was trapped and at the mercy of a merciless enemy. His most passionate desire was to have her taken away that she might not witness the execution. Why was Sieur Charles la Tour sitting in the stockade at the head of Fundy Bay while she must endure the sight of this scaffold?

Marie's women knelt around her crying. Her slow distracted gaze traveled from Glaud Burge to Jean le Prince, from Renot Babinet to François Bastarack, from Ambroise Tibedeaux along the line of stanch faces to Edelwald. His calm uplifted countenance — with the horrible platform of death growing behind it — looked

as it did when he happily met the sea wind or went singing through trackless wilderness. She broke from her trance and the ring of women, and ran before D'Aulnay de Charnisay.

"My lord," said Marie,— and she was so beautiful in her ivory pallor, so wonderful with fire moving from the deep places of her dilated black eyes that he felt satisfaction in attending to her,— "it is useless to talk to a man like you."

"Quite, madame," said D'Aulnay. "I never discuss affairs with a woman."

"But you may discuss them with the king when he learns that you have hanged with other soldiers of a ransomed garrison a young officer of the house of De Born."

D'Aulnay ran his eye along the line. The unrest of Edelwald at Marie's slightest parley with D'Aulnay reminded the keen governor of the face he had last night seen under the cowl.

"The king will be obliged to me," he observed, "when one less heretical De Born cumbers his realm."

"The only plea I make to you, my Lord D'Aulnay, is that you hang me also. For I deserve it. My men had no faith in your military honor, and I had."

"Madame, you remind me of a fact I desired to overlook. You are, indeed, a traitor deserving death. But of my clemency, and not because you are a woman, for you yourself have forgotten that in meddling with war, I will only parade you upon the scaffold as a reprieved criminal. Bring hither a cord," called D'Aulnay, "and noose it over this lady's head."

Edelwald raged in a hopeless tearing at his bonds.

The guards seized him, but he struggled with unconquered strength to reach and protect his lady. Father Vincent de Paris had taken his capote and sandals at Jean le Prince's hint, and entered the tower. He clothed himself behind one of the screens of the hall, and thought his absence short, but during that time Marie was put upon the finished scaffold. A skulking reluctant soldier of D'Aulnay's led her by a cord. She walked the long rough planks erect. Her garrison to a man looked down, as they did at funerals, and Edelwald sobbed in his fight against the guards, the tears starting from under his eyelids as he heard her footfall pass near him. Back and forth she trod, and D'Aulnay watched the spectacle. Her garrison felt her degradation as she must feel their death. The grizzled lip of Glaud Burge moved first to comfort her.

"My lady, though our hands be tied, we make our military salute to you," he said.

"Fret not, my lady," said Renot Babinet.

"Edelwald can turn all these mishaps into a song, my lady," declared Jean le Prince.

Marie had that sensation of lost identity which has confused us all. In her walk she passed the loops dangling ready for her men. A bird, poised for one instant on the turret, uttered a sweet long trill. She could hear the river. It was incredible that all those unknown faces should be swarming below her; that the garrison was obliged to stand tied; that Lady Dorinda had braved the rabble of soldiery and come out to wait weeping at the scaffold end. Marie looked at the row of downcast faces. The bond between these faithful soldiers and herself was that instant sublime.

"I crave pardon of you all," said Marie, as she came back and the rustle of her gown again passed them, "for not knowing how to deal with the crafty of this world. My foolishness has brought you to this scaffold."

"No, my lady," said the men in full chorus.

"We desire nothing better, my lady," said Edelwald, "since your walking there has blessed it."

Father Vincent's voice from the tower door arrested the spectacle. His cowl was pushed back to his shoulders, baring the astonishment of his lean face.

"This is the unworthiest action of your life, my son De Charnisay," he denounced, shaking his finger and striding down at the governor, who owned the check by a slight grimace.

"It is enough," said D'Aulnay. "Let the scaffold now be cleared for the men."

He submitted with impatience to a continued parley with the Capuchin. Father Vincent de Paris was angry. And constantly, as D'Aulnay walked from him, he zealously followed.

The afternoon sunlight sloped into the walls, leaving a bank of shadow behind the timbered framework, which extended an etching of itself toward the esplanade. The lengthened figures of soldiers passed also in cloudy images along the broken ground, for a subaltern's first duty had been to set guards upon the walls. The new master of Fort St. John was now master of all southern and western Acadia; but he had heard nothing which secured him against La Tour's return with fresh troops.

"My friends," said D'Aulnay, speaking to the garrison, "this good friar persuades in me more softness than

becomes a faithful servant of the king. One of your number I will reprieve."

"Then let it be Jean le Prince," said Edelwald, speaking for the first time to D'Aulnay de Charnisay. "The down has not yet grown on the lad's lip."

"But I pardon him," continued the governor, "on condition that he hangs the rest of you."

"Hang thyself!" cried the boy. "Thou art the only man on earth I would choke with a rope."

"Will no one be reprieved?"

D'Aulnay's eye traveled from scorn to scorn along the row.

"It is but the pushing aside of a slab. They are all stubborn heretics, Father Vincent. We waste time. I should be inspecting the contents of this fort."

The women and children were flattening themselves like terrified swallows against the gate; for through the hum of stirring soldiery penetrated to them from outside a hint of voices not unknown. The sentinels had watched a party approaching; but it was so small, and hampered, moreover, by a woman and some object like a tiny gilded sedan chair, that they did not notify the governor. One of the party was a Jesuit priest by his cassock, and another his *donné*. These never came from La Tour. Another was a tall Hollandaise; and two servants lightly carried the sedan up the slope. A few more people seemed to wait behind for the purpose of making a camp, and there were scarce a dozen of the entire company.

Marie had borne without visible exhaustion the labors of this siege, the anguish of treachery and disappointment, her enemy's breach of faith and cruel parade of her. The garrison were ranged ready upon the plank;

but she held herself in tense control, and waited beside Lady Dorinda, with her back toward the gate, while her friends outside parleyed with her enemy. D'Aulnay refused to admit any one until he had dealt with the garrison. The Jesuit was reported to him as Father Isaac Jogues, and the name had its effect, as it then had everywhere among people of the Roman faith. No soldier could be surprised at meeting a Jesuit priest anywhere in the New World. But D'Aulnay begged Father Jogues to excuse him while he finished a moment's duty, and he would then come out and escort his guest into the fortress.

The urgent demand, however, of a missionary to whom even the king had shown favor, was not to be denied. D'Aulnay had the gates set ajar; and pushing through the aperture came in Father Jogues with his *donné* and two companions.

The governor advanced in displeasure. He would have put out all but the priest, but the gates were slammed to prevent others from entering, and slammed against the chair in which the sentinels could see a red-headed dwarf. The weird melody of her screaming threats kept them dubious while they grinned. The gates being shut, Marie fled through ranks of men-at-arms to Antonia, clung to her, and gave Father Jogues and Van Corlaer no time to stand aghast at the spectacle they saw. Crying and trembling, she put back the sternness of D'Aulnay de Charnisay, and the pity of Father Vincent de Paris, and pleaded with Father Jogues and the Hollandais for the lives of her garrison as if they had come with heavenly authority.

"You see them with ropes around their necks, Mon-

sieur Corlaer and Monsieur Jogues, when here is the paper the governor signed, guaranteeing to me their safety. Edelwald is scarce half a year from France. Speak to the governor of Acadia; for you, Monsieur Corlaer, are a man of affairs, and this good missionary is a saint — you can move D'Aulnay de Charnisay to see it is not the custom, even in warfare with women, to trap and hang a garrison who has made honorable surrender."

A man may resolve that he will not meddle with his neighbor's feuds, or involve a community dependent upon him with any one's formidable enemy. Yet he will turn back from his course the moment an appeal is made for his help, and face that enemy as Van Corlaer faced the governor of Acadia, full of the fury aroused by outrage. But what could he and Father Jogues and the persevering Capuchin say to the parchment which the governor now deigned to pass from hand to hand among them in reply? — the permission of Louis XIII to his beloved D'Aulnay de Charnisay (whom God hold in his keeping) to take the Fort of St. John and deal with its rebellious garrison as seemed to him fit, for which destruction of rebels his sovereign would have him in loving remembrance.

During all this delay Edelwald stood with his beautiful head erect above the noose, and his self-repressed gaze still following Marie. The wives of other soldiers were wailing for their husbands. But he must die without wife, without love. He saw Antonia holding her and weeping with her. His blameless passion filled him like a great prayer. That changing phantasm which we call the world might pass from before his men and him at the

next breath; yet the brief last song of the last troubadour burst from his lips to comfort the lady of Fort St. John.

There was in this jubilant cry a gush and grandeur of power outmastering force of numbers and brute cunning. It reached and compelled every spirit in the fortress. The men in line with him stood erect and lifted their firm jaws, and gazed forward with shining eyes. Those who had faded in the slightest degree from their natural flush of blood felt the strong throbs which paint a man's best on his face. They could not sing the glory of death in duty, the goodness of God who gave love and valor to man; but they could die with Edelwald.

The new master of Fort St. John was jealous of such dying as the song ceased and he lifted his hand to signal his executioners. Father Jogues turned away praying with tremulous lips. The Capuchin strode toward the hall. But Van Corlaer and Lady Dorinda and Antonia held with the strength of all three that broken-hearted woman who struggled like a giantess with her arms stretched toward the scaffold.

"I *will* save them — I *will* save them! My brave Edelwald — all my brave soldiers shall not die! — Where are my soldiers, Antonia? It is dark. I cannot see them any more!"

THE CHILD WHO DEFENDED CASTLE DANGEROUS

[1692]

BY THOMAS G. MARQUIS

FOREMOST among the heroines of New France stands Madeleine Verchères, the daughter of a seignior living about twenty miles from Montreal, on the south side of the St. Lawrence. His seigniory was directly in the way of the Iroquois, as they marched against the settlers; and, subject as it was to constant attack, it was called the "Castle Dangerous" of Canada. This seigniory, like the others, was a large tract of land, partially cleared, on which lived the seignior and his tenant farmers. For protection they all resided in a fort with four bastions, and a large, strong blockhouse, connected with it by a covered passage. In this blockhouse the women and children might take refuge, while the men in the fort defended them, or, in case of their being driven from the latter, the blockhouse would serve as a place of refuge for all. To the right and left of this fortified post, they cleared tracts of land running along the river; always within a short distance of the stronghold, both by land and water. In case of a surprise but a few minutes need elapse before all the men working in the fields could be under cover.

Madeleine Verchères was not the first woman who distinguished herself in this fort. Two years before the time of this story, her mother, with three or four men,

had nobly defended the place against a numerous party of Iroquois until relieved by a detachment of French troops. By inheritance and family tradition, she seemed born to the heroism she displayed at a moment of deadly peril to herself and others.

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

Impatient to meet her friend, she went down to the river to watch for her arrival. As she stood by the broad, placid stream, she seemed much out of place in that rude waste. Her delicate, active figure, soft, spirituelle face — intelligent forehead, brilliant eyes and well-cut lips — all bespoke gentle breeding. But on closer observation one could easily see that the fragile young form was sustained by a very strong will.

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

"Mais non, mademoiselle; that is one of the men

going to his farm. I do not think Monsieur Fontaine will be here for some time."

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

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

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

Turning round, she saw some fifty of the dreaded foe not many yards off. Offering up a hurried prayer, she fled to the fort. The Iroquois hoped to take her alive, but seeing that she was too fleet for them and was likely to escape, they began to fire. Happily, however, their bullets failed to take effect. As soon as she was within hailing distance of the fort, she bravely began to cry out, "To arms! To arms!" But the inmates were paralyzed with fear, and did not heed her cries. On reaching the gate, she met two women, loudly lamenting their husbands who had just been killed; and Madeleine, knowing that they, too, would be slain if they remained outside, promptly ordered them in, and closed the gate against the advancing foe. With the experience gained from her brave father and heroic mother, she at once took command and hastened to look to the defense. On examining the walls, she found some of the palisades thrown down, leaving spaces through which the enemy could make an easy entrance. She at once ordered them to be set up again, with all haste, helping the men to carry them into position herself.

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

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

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

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

While they were debating what course to follow, Mad-

eleine inspired her men with sufficient valor to begin fire from the loopholes; and she and her two brothers did good work with their weapons. Louis and Alexander, although so young, were not inexperienced with firearms, and many a squirrel, partridge, and rabbit had they brought down; but they had never before fired at human beings. However, as they took aim at the savages their courage did not fail them. They were born soldiers. The only tales that had enlivened their Canadian home were stories of heroic adventure, and their eager young hearts had been longing for such an occasion. Inspired by their daring sister, they made good use of the opportunity.

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

Giving up the attack, the yelling demons went rushing through the fields in search of the settlers who might be in hiding; and the watchers in the fort saw not a few of their friends fall before the bloody tomahawks. The women within, some of whose husbands were being thus ruthlessly murdered, began to utter heartrending shrieks. Madeleine, fearing lest their cries would reach the enemy and lead them to believe the fort but weakly manned, ordered them to stop. She drew a picture of the terrible cruelties the Indians would wreak on them if they should be captured; and the poor women, paralyzed with fear, ceased their outcries of grief.

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

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

All through the bright October day a careful watch was kept, and every time an enemy showed himself, a shot followed. An occasional yell of pain told that the fire was not altogether ineffectual. As the sun was setting a sudden change took place in the weather. A cold, piercing, northeast wind began to blow, and dark, leaden-hued clouds covered the skies, heralding a snowstorm. Very soon a blinding snow and hail storm came up and the air grew ominously dark. Madeleine, fearing that the Iroquois would try to enter the fort under cover of the darkness, prepared with a veteran's foresight to post her sentries. She assembled her little company of six — the two soldiers, Pierre Fontaine, the old man of eighty,

and her two brothers — and earnestly addressed them in the encouraging words: "God has saved us to-day from the hands of our enemies, but we must take care not to fall into their snares to-night. As for me, I want you to see that I am not afraid. I will take charge of the fort, with an old man of eighty and another who never fired a gun; and you, Pierre Fontaine, with La Bonté and Gachet, will go to the blockhouse with our women and children, because that is the strongest place. And," she continued, with a look of determination brightening her young face, "if I am taken, don't surrender, even if I am cut to pieces and burned before your eyes! The enemy cannot hurt you in the blockhouse if you make the least show of fight."

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

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

About one in the morning the old man on the bastion near the gate cried out, "Mademoiselle, I hear something!" Madeleine left her post at once and went to him. Carefully peering through the darkness she saw some of the cattle which had escaped the marauders. Her friends, knowing that they would need the poor beasts

if the siege lasted for any time would at once have opened the gates to admit them; but Madeleine, with the prudence she had displayed since the arrival of the enemy, would not at first consent. Aware of the cunning of the Iroquois, she feared that they might be following the cattle, covered with skins of slain beasts. However, after carefully observing the movements of the animals, she thought she might let them in without risk. Before opening the gates, she posted her two young brothers with their guns at the entrance, to fire upon any one who might be concealed among the cattle. Happily her suspicions were groundless, and the animals came in safely without any disguised Iroquois among them. All once more took up their positions on the towers, and through the rest of the dark, cold, dismal morning the cheery watchword "All's well!" was carried to the ears of the disappointed and astonished Iroquois.

With the rising sun the hopes of the besieged rose, as they felt that another day might pass without any serious misfortune. Madame Fontaine was the only timid member of the party, and the nearness of the foe so terrified her that she earnestly begged her husband to steal away with her to some other fort. He, however, was so influenced by Madeleine's brave conduct, that he declared his intention of remaining in the fort as long as she saw fit to hold out against the Indians. Madeleine replied that she would rather die than give it up to the enemy. She cheered and comforted Madame Fontaine, whom she pitied as being "a Parisian woman," and therefore unfamiliar with such perils; and the girl of fourteen soon succeeded in allaying the fears of the terrified woman. All day she went from the bastions to the

blockhouse, keeping a careful watch and encouraging all within by her smiling face and cheering words. The two soldiers, who had at first proved themselves such cowards, were now inspired by their noble little commander's example, and aided materially in soothing the fears of the women and children left to their care.

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

But the urgently needed succor was already on its way. A few of the laborers in the fields had managed to escape the foe, and carried to Montreal the sad news of the massacre and of the weak state of Seigniory Verchères. The governor, Monsieur de Callières, dispatched Lieutenant de la Monnerie, with forty men, to the scene of the conflict. On the seventh day of the siege, about one in the morning, the boy Alexander heard voices and the splashing of paddles on the river and promptly cried out "*Qui vive?*" Madeleine, on hearing the cry, rose from the table at which she was taking a short sleep, and went to the bastion. Her brother told her he had heard what he thought to be voices speaking their language. Madeleine, hearing the voices, cried out "Who are you?" and the glad news was carried to her ears, "We are Frenchmen; it is La Monnerie who comes to

bring you help." Madeleine, overjoyed by the good tidings, rushed down from the bastion and gladdened the hearts of all within the blockhouse. They need no longer despair. Help was, even now, before the walls.

Madeleine, after posting a sentry, opened the gates and went down to the river to meet her countrymen. On seeing Monsieur de la Monnerie she saluted him with the dignity of a soldier and said, "Monsieur, I surrender to you my arms." The gallant La Monnerie smilingly replied, "Mademoiselle, they are in good hands!" Entering the fort he examined it and found everything in good order. He at once relieved the worn-out sentinels on the bastions. When he learned the story of the siege and the gallant conduct of Madeleine, his heart bounded with admiration as he gazed at his heroic little countrywoman and her two boy brothers.

Next morning a sally was made on the Iroquois, who now learned of the reinforcement. Seeing that they had no chance against this strong French force they hurriedly made preparations for departure, taking with them about twenty prisoners.

Shortly after their departure for their own territory, a band of friendly Indians from Sault St. Louis visited Seigniory Verchères, and learning of the attack hastened on the trail of the retreating foe and succeeded in overtaking them and surprising them resting on the shores of Lake Champlain. A brief battle ensued. Many of the Iroquois were slain and the rest put to flight, leaving behind them their prisoners, who joyfully returned to their sorrowing friends.

La Monnerie sent an elaborate report of Madelcine's heroism to the governor of Montreal and to her father,

who was on duty at Quebec. Monsieur de Verchères obtained leave of absence, and joining his wife in Montreal, they returned to their homes to rejoice over their two brave little sons and their lion-hearted young daughter. This brave girl developed into as brave a woman, and appeared as the heroine of another adventure with the Iroquois, when, rifle in hand, she gallantly saved the life of Monsieur de la Perade, who afterward became the husband of his brave preserver. She is still known in Canadian history as the heroine of Castle Dangerous.

III
LIFE IN THE FRENCH SETTLEMENTS

HISTORICAL NOTE

LAND in New France was held on the feudal system. Great tracts ("seignories") were granted by the Crown to the prominent settlers known as "seigneurs," who in turn granted sections of their land to the smaller settlers or "habitants." The settlements were made along streams, each settler receiving a narrow strip of land fronting on the water, so that the houses were not grouped about a common center, as in the English settlements, but stood in a long line.

Up to 1663, fur companies, aided by priests, had governed Canada; but at that date a governor was appointed to be at the head of military affairs; a bishop, who was to control church matters; and an intendant, who was to take charge of legal and financial business. These three seldom limited the exercise of their authority to their own departments, and there were frequent disputes among them. The colonists had no voice in their own government. Courts were established which were presided over by seigneurs. As many settlers as possible were brought out by the seigneurs, and the French Government sent out young women to become their wives. Many young men took to the woods, and became *coureurs de bois*, or wood-rangers. They lived in Indian fashion, took Indian wives, and made a great deal of money by selling furs. The English colonies to the south progressed rapidly, were independent and self-supporting; but the French colonies were not allowed to manage their own affairs, and only a few men were allowed to trade. These few grew rich at the expense of the colonies.

IN THE DAYS OF FRONTENAC

[1672–1698]

BY REV. J. O. MILLER

LOUIS DE BUADE, Comte de Frontenac, was the godson of Louis XIII of France. He was born in 1620, and lived at court until he was fifteen years of age, when he went to the war in Holland to serve under the Prince of Orange. For the next thirteen years he was constantly engaged in fighting; he was made colonel at twenty-three, and brigadier-general at twenty-six. In 1648 he married a high-spirited lady of the court; but Frontenac's temper made him a difficult person to live with, and his wife soon separated from him. For several years he lived a somewhat reckless life, and wasted what wealth he had. In 1669 he made a considerable military reputation in commanding the Venetian troops against the Turks. In 1672 the king appointed him governor of New France.

Frontenac came to Canada a ruined man. He at once set to work to repair his shattered fortune. He built Fort Frontenac in order to monopolize part of the fur trade, and, naturally, made many enemies. The first ten years of his rule in Canada was taken up with violent quarrels with the intendant, the bishop, and other officials; so that in 1682 the king was obliged to recall him.

During the years of his retirement the colony of New France dwindled away. The growing power of the Iroquois made them a terror to the French as well as to the Canadian Indians. Armed by the Dutch they became

irresistible in war, and almost destroyed the Western tribes who traded with the French. The town of Quebec was also ruined for some years by a disastrous fire, and its trade paralyzed by the Eastern Iroquois.

Feeling their power it became the purpose of the Iroquois Nation to divert all the fur trade through their own territory to the Dutch and English. This was the secret of La Salle's failure to plant colonies on the Illinois and Mississippi. Frontenac had, before he left Canada, obtained great influence with the Iroquois, and had tried to stem their yearly encroachments; but he retired just when he was most needed.

Succeeding governors made war upon the Iroquois, but without other result than stirring them to revenge. In August, 1689, a large war-party descended in the night upon Lachine, and began a frightful massacre of the inhabitants. They set all the houses on fire and butchered men, women, and children. Two hundred were fortunate enough to be slain on the spot; but one hundred and twenty were carried off. On the next night the Iroquois were seen at their camp-fires, torturing, roasting, and devouring their captives. Most of them, however, were distributed among the Indian villages and there tortured for the amusement of their captors.

There was despair in the French colony. Trade ceased; famine threatened; James II of England had been succeeded by William of Orange, and there was war between England and France; and no help was forthcoming for the stricken colony.

Frontenac was again made governor of Canada. He arrived at Montreal soon after the massacre of the settlers. To his dismay he learned that the fort at Niagara

and his own Fort Frontenac had been destroyed by his predecessor. He wrote home: "So desperate are the needs of the colony, and so great the contempt with which the Iroquois regard it, that it almost needs a miracle either to carry on war or make peace." Nevertheless, though he was now seventy years old, he set to work with all his former vigor to retrieve the losses the colony had suffered.

His first object was to restore his influence with the Iroquois. But they were now too deeply involved with the English and Dutch, and treated his embassies with disdain. There was nothing left but to show them that the power of France was still supreme. With great boldness he planned three attacks upon the English. The first, consisting of about two hundred men, was sent to strike at Albany. It set out on snowshoes in the depth of winter, and after an arduous march reached Schenectady in February, 1690. A night attack took the terrified inhabitants by surprise. Sixty persons were put to death and nearly a hundred captured. The Iroquois prisoners were treated with kindness and released, in order to bring waverers over to the French side. The victors, laden with booty, made a safe return.

The second expedition left Three Rivers for New Hampshire at the end of January. It numbered barely fifty in all, and spent three months tracking through the wintry wilderness of Maine. At the end of March it reached the settlement of Salmon Falls, where was a fortified house, with two stockade forts. About thirty New Englanders were slain, and fifty-four made prisoners. While returning it was overtaken by a force of one hundred and fifty, but beat them back and continued on

its way home until it met Frontenac's third war-party going from Quebec to attack the English at Fort Loyal, now the city of Portland. This place was besieged and taken after a stubborn defense, and a large number of the luckless inhabitants were massacred by the Indians.

These successes roused the drooping spirits of the French, and made them eager to follow Frontenac's lead, but the Iroquois did not submit as he had hoped. They succeeded in getting the English to join them in a combined attack upon Canada. Montreal was to be attacked by land and Quebec by sea. The force intended for the invasion by land gathered at Albany and slowly made its way up Lake Champlain. But it was attacked by dysentery and smallpox, and its effective numbers daily decreased.

Frontenac was awaiting the enemy at Montreal, when a great band of friendly Indians from the Far West arrived, laden with their furs. It was a grand triumph for the governor to have succeeded once more in opening the great avenue of trade. He made a solemn treaty with the Indians, and ratified it by seizing a hatchet, singing the war-song, and dancing the war-dance. It was the first time a governor had put off his dignity and placed himself on a level with the chiefs; but it had a marvelous effect. They all swore to be true to the death. In a few days came another glad surprise. The English expedition, harassed by the smallpox and the quarrels of its chiefs, melted away.

Frontenac now hastened to meet a new danger at Quebec. Sir William Phips had arrived with a fleet of thirty-four ships, coming round from Boston, and retaking Fort Loyal on his way. He expected Quebec to fall

without much resistance; but Frontenac had spent the previous winter in fortifying the place on all sides, and treated with contempt his summons to surrender. The attack was carried on for several days with great boldness; but Phips knew nothing of the art of war, and Frontenac, though old in years, fought with all the vigor of youth, and had lost nothing of the military prowess that in earlier days had won him a European reputation.

When Phips had expended all his ammunition he found himself no nearer success than when he began, and after a week's fruitless fighting he was obliged to sail for home. Frontenac was hailed as the savior of Canada, and was rewarded by the king. Next year he had still much fighting to do against the swarming Iroquois war-parties; but his men were so filled with enthusiasm for, and belief in, the governor that they drove the savages back at all points, and once more a great fleet of canoes, laden with furs, brought prosperity and happiness to Montreal. Frontenac was called "Father of the People, Preserver of the Country."

The great military governor had been fighting all his life, and he was to fight to the end. After all danger of invasion had passed, war was still waged, in the East for the possession of Acadia and Newfoundland, in the West for control of the fur trade, upon which the very existence of the colony depended. In Acadia the French were assisted by the friendly Abenaki Indians; and, after varying successes on the part of English and French, both by land and sea, the country remained in the hands of the latter. Iberville conquered Newfoundland, and drove the English from Hudson Bay, so that the fur

trade in the North was, for the time being, protected and extended.

Frontenac's chief anxiety centered in the great West. So long as the power of the Iroquois, supported by the English, remained unbroken, the fur trade was in danger, and upon it depended the existence of the French possessions in North America. He determined to strike a blow at the heart of the Iroquois confederacy.

On the 4th of July, 1696, he set out from Montreal with over two thousand men. He crossed Lake Ontario from Fort Frontenac and marched to the fortified town of Onondaga — the present city of Syracuse. The aged governor, seventy-six years old, was carried in an armchair, from which he directed the operations. The savages would not stand to fight, but set fire to their towns and fled. After devastating the country, and taking many prisoners, Frontenac returned from his last fight in triumph. The result was far-reaching. Iroquois depredations came to an end, and though Frontenac did not live to see a treaty of peace signed by them, it was the first work accomplished by his successor.

His health now rapidly failed, and late in the year 1698 he was seized with a mortal illness. He died in Quebec on the 28th of November. One who knew him well, wrote: "He was the love and delight of New France; churchmen honored him for his piety, nobles esteemed him for his valor, merchants respected him for his equity, and the people loved him for his kindness."

HOW PEOPLE LIVED IN NEW FRANCE

[Seventeenth century]

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

THE houses of the habitants, the tillers of the soil, were small cabins, humble but warm, with wide, overhanging eaves, and consisting at most of two rooms. The partition, when there was one, was of boards. Lath and plaster were unknown. The walls within, to the height of a man's shoulders, were worn smooth by the backs that leaned against them. Solid wooden boxes and benches usually took the place of chairs. A clumsy loom, on which the women wove their coarse homespuns of wool or flax, occupied one corner of the main room; and a deep, box-like cradle, always rocking, stood beside the ample fireplace. Over the fire stood the long black arms of a crane, on which was done most of the cooking; though the "bake-kettle" sometimes relieved its labors, and the brick oven was a stand-by in houses of the rich habitants, as well as of the gentry. For the roasting of meats the spit was much in use; and there was a gridiron with legs, to stand on the hearth, with a heap of hot coals raked under it. The houses even of the upper classes were seldom two stories in height. But they were here furnished with a good deal of luxury; and in the cities they were sometimes built of stone. A typical country mansion, the dwelling of a seigneur on his domain, was usually of the following fashion. The main building, one story in height but perhaps a hun-

dred feet long, was surmounted by lofty gables and a very steep roof, built thus to shed the snow and to give a roomy attic for bedchambers. The attic was lighted by numerous, high-peaked dormer windows, piercing the expanse of the roof. This main building was flanked by one or more wings. Around it clustered the wash-house (adjoining the kitchen) coach-house, barns, stable, and woodsheds. This homelike cluster of walls and roofs was sheltered from the winter storm by groves of evergreen, and girdled cheerily by orchard and kitchen garden. On one side, and not far off, was usually a village with a church spire gleaming over it; on the other a circular stone mill, resembling a little fortress rather than a peaceful aid to industry. This structure, where all the tenants of the seigneur (the *censitaires*) were obliged to grind their grain, had indeed been built in the first place to serve not only as a mill but as a place of refuge from the Iroquois. It was furnished with loopholes, and was impregnable to the attacks of an enemy lacking cannon.

The dress of the upper classes was like that prevailing among the same classes in France, though much less extravagant. The hair was worn powdered and in high, elaborate coiffures. Men's fashions were more picturesque than those of the present day. Their hair, curled, powdered, and sometimes tied in a queue, was surmounted by a graceful, low-crowned hat with caught-up brim. This headdress was superseded on occasions of ceremony by the stately, three-cornered hat. The long, wide-frocked coats were of gay-colored and costly material, with lace at neck and wristbands. The waistcoat might be richly embroidered with gold or silver.

Knee-breeches took the place of our unshapely trousers, and were fastened with bright buckles at the knee. Stockings were of white or colored silk, and shoes were set off by broad buckles at the instep. These, of course, were the dresses of ceremony, the dresses seen at balls and grand receptions. Out of doors, and in the winter especially, the costumes of the nobility were more distinctly Canadian. Overcoats of native cloth were worn, with large, pointed hoods. Their pattern is preserved to the present day in the blanket coats of our snowshoers. Young men might be seen going about in colors that brightened the desolate landscape. Gay belts of green, blue, red, or yellow enriched the waists of their thick overcoats. Their scarlet leggings were laced up with green ribbons. Their moccasins were gorgeously embroidered with dyed porcupine quills. Their caps of beaver or marten were sometimes tied down over their ears with vivid handkerchiefs of silk. The habitants were rougher and more somber in their dress. A black homespun coat, gray leggings, gray woolen cap, heavy moccasins of cowhide, — this grave costume was usually brightened by a belt or sash of the liveliest colors. The country women had to content themselves with the same coarse homespuns, which they wore in short, full skirts. But they got the gay colors which they loved in kerchiefs for their necks and shoulders.

In war the regulars were sharply distinguished from those of the British army by their uniforms. The white of the House of Bourbon was the color that marked their regiments, as scarlet marked those of the British. The militia and wood-rangers fought in their ordinary dress, — or, occasionally, with the object of terrifying their

enemies, put on the war-paint and eagle-quills of the Indians. The muskets of the day were the heavy weapons known as flintlocks. When the trigger was pulled the flint came down sharply on a piece of steel, and the spark, falling into a shallow "pan" of powder called the "priming," ignited the charge. The regulars carried bayonets on the ends of their muskets, but the militia and rangers had little use for these weapons. They depended on their marksmanship, which was deadly. The regulars fired breast-high in the direction of their enemy, trusting to the steadiness and closeness of their fire; but the colonials did not waste their precious bullets and powder in this way. They had learned from the Indians, whom they could beat at their own game, to fight from behind trees, rocks, or hillocks, to load and fire lying down, and to surprise their enemies by stealing noiselessly through the underbrush. At close quarters they fought, like the Indians, with knife and hatchet, both of which were carried in their belts. From the ranger's belt, too, when on the march, hung the leathern bag of bullets, and the inevitable tobacco-pouch; while from his neck swung a powder-horn, often richly carved, together with his cherished pipe inclosed in its case of skin. Very often, however, the ranger spared himself the trouble of a pipe by scooping a bowl in the back of his tomahawk and fitting it with a hollow handle. Thus the same implement became both the comfort of his leisure and the torment of his enemies. In winter, when the Canadians, expert in the use of the snowshoe and fearless of the cold, did much of their fighting, they wore thick peaked hoods over their heads, and looked like a procession of friars wending through the silent forest

on some errand of piety or mercy. Their hands were covered by thick mittens of woolen yarn, and they dragged their provisions and blankets on sleds or toboggans. At night they would use their snowshoes to shovel a wide, circular pit in the snow, clearing it away to the bare earth. In the center of the pit they would build their camp-fire, and sleep around it on piles of spruce boughs, secure from the winter wind. The leaders, usually members of the nobility, fared on these expeditions as rudely as their men, and outdid them in courage and endurance. Some of the most noted chiefs of the wood-rangers were scions of the noblest families; and, though living most of the year the life of savages, were able to shine by their graces and refinement in the courtliest society of the day.

The French Canadians of all classes were a social people. Quebec and Montreal, even when Wolfe's cannon were startling the hills of the St. Lawrence, found heart for the delights of dance and dinner-party. The governor and the high officials were required by etiquette to entertain with lavish generosity. Balls were kept up till six or seven in the morning. Conversation was a fine art with these sprightly and witty people. The country homes of the seigneurs, such as we have described, were the scene of many gayeties. Driving-parties, picking up guests from each manor house as they passed it, would gather at some hospitable abode. When tired of the stately dances then in fashion, the guests would amuse themselves with games such as now, when men seem less light-hearted or more self-conscious, are mostly left to children. Society was so limited in numbers that all the members of it knew each other intimately, and the mer-

riest freedom was possible. "Hide the Handkerchief," "Fox and Geese," "My Lady's Toilet," and various games of forfeit, were among those that made life cheerful for the Canadians of old. Then there was riding in the summer; and in winter sledging over the crisp, glittering snow. Baptisms, betrothals, and weddings were made occasions of feasting; and on May-Day the hoisting of the Maypole in front of the seigneur's house was accompanied by much merrymaking, — eating, drinking, bonfires, and the firing of guns. This feast was the affair of the habitants, who were for that day guests of the seigneur. The Maypole, presented and erected by them, was a tall, peeled fir tree, with a tuft of green left on its top, and surmounted by a red and green weathercock. The whiteness of the peeled trunk was speedily blackened by the salutes of blank powder fired against it.

During most of the year the habitant fared very plainly. A feast, therefore, was something to make the most of. On such occasions he drank a good deal of brandy. Among the upper classes drunkenness was a disgrace, and all but unknown. During the early days of the colony the habitants had lived chiefly on bread and eels. Throughout the early part of the eighteenth century they lived on salt meat, milk, and bread for the greater part of the year. But in winter fresh meat was abundant. Traveling was pleasant, and from Christmas to Ash Wednesday there was a ceaseless round of visits. Half a dozen sleighs would drive up to a habitant's cottage. A dozen of his friends would jump out, stable their horses, and flock chattering into the warm kitchen. The housewife at this season was always prepared for guests. She had meats of various kinds roasted and put

away cold. All she had to do was to thrust them into the hot oven, and in a few minutes the dinner was ready. At such times bread was despised by everybody, and sweet cakes took its place. When the habitants, as on May-Day, were feasted by their seigneur, the table was loaded with a profusion of delicacies. Legs of veal and mutton, roasts and cutlets of fresh pork, huge bowls of savory stew, pies of many kinds shaped like a half-moon, large tarts of jam, with doughnuts fried in lard and rolled in maple sugar, were among the favored dishes. The habitant cared little for the seigneur's wines, because they did not, to use his own expression, "scratch the throat enough." Among the upper classes breakfast was a light meal, with white wine and coffee, usually taken at eight o'clock. Dinner was at midday, and supper at seven. Soup was always served at both these meals. On the great sideboard, filled with silver and China, which usually occupied one end of the dining-room and reached to the ceiling, stood cordials to encourage the appetite. In one corner stood a water jar of blue-and-white porcelain, at which guests might rinse their hands before going to table. The table was served with a great abundance of choice fish and game. Each person's place was supplied with napkin, plate, silver goblet, spoon, and fork; but every one carried and used his own knife. Some of these closed with a spring, and were carried in the pocket. Others were worn in a shield of morocco, of silk, or of birch bark, quaintly wrought with Indian designs in beads and porcupine quills. This sheath was generally worn hanging from the neck by an ornamental cord. The habitants often used a clasp-knife with no spring, which had to be kept open when in use by means

of the thumb. To use such a knife was a feat requiring some practice. Among the dishes specially favored by the upper classes was one of great size and richness, and of very elaborate construction, called the Easter pasty. This pasty was eaten cold. Lest it should break in the cooking, and so lose its flavor, the lower crust was an inch in thickness. The contents were nothing less than a turkey, two chickens, partridges, pigeons, and the thighs of rabbits, larded with slices of pork embedded in balls of force-meat and onions, and seasoned with almost all the spices of the pantry. With such a dish to set before them it is no wonder that the Canadians of old enjoyed their banquets. To keep up the cheer of hearts that aids digestion, all the company sang in turn about the table, the ladies bearing their full share with the men. It was a happy and innocent life which sped in the manor-houses of the St. Lawrence, where the influence of Bigot and his crew was not allowed to reach. Though many of the seigneurs were ruined at the conquest, and many others left the country, those who remained kept up their ancient customs long after the flag of France had ceased to wave above Quebec; and some of these venerated usages survive in the province to this day.

THE *COUREUR DE BOIS*

BY SAMUEL MATHEWSON BAYLIS

In the glimmering light of the Old Régime
A figure appears like the flushing gleam
Of sunlight reflected from sparkling stream,
  Or jewel without a flaw.
Flashing and fading but leaving a trace
In story and song of a hardy race,
Finely fashioned in form and face —
  The old *Coureur de Bois.*

No loiterer he 'neath the sheltering wing
Of ladies' bowers where gallants sing.
Thro' his woodland realm he roved a king!
  His untamed will his law.
From the wily savage he learned his trade
Of hunting and wood-craft; of nothing afraid:
Bravely battling, bearing his blade
  As a free *Coureur de Bois.*

A brush with the foe, a carouse with a friend,
Were equally welcome, and made some amend
For the gloom and silence and hardships that tend
  "To shorten one's life, *ma foi!*"
A wife in the hamlet, another he'd take —
Some dusky maid — to his camp by the lake;
A rattling, roving, rollicking rake
  This gay *Coureur de Bois.*

Then peace to his ashes! He bore his part
For his country's weal with a brave stout heart,
A child of nature, untutored in art,
  In his narrow world he saw
But the dawning light of the rising sun
O'er an empire vast his toil had won.
For doughty deeds and duty done
  Salut! Coureur de Bois.

IV

CANADA BECOMES A BRITISH PROVINCE

HISTORICAL NOTE

As time passed, more colonies were founded by both France and England. Troubles between them were frequent, sometimes aroused by European wars, sometimes by disagreements between the colonists themselves. In 1689 war arose between England and France. The English were aided by the fierce Iroquois, and the French retaliated by raids against the border colonies. In 1690, Sir William Phips, of Massachusetts, captured Port Royal and attempted in vain to capture Quebec. At the close of the war Acadia, Newfoundland, and the Hudson Bay Territory were ceded to England by the Peace of Utrecht (1713).

In 1745, Louisburg, which was regarded as only second to Gibraltar in strength, was taken by Sir William Pepperell with a company of New England farmers and fishermen. In 1754, hostilities broke out in the valley of the Ohio, and two years later war was formally declared between France and England. The great event of this war was the capture of Quebec, which resulted in the yielding of all Canada, together with the territory between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi River, to the rule of England.

At the time of the American Revolution, an attempt was made to invade Canada in the expectation that the French would gladly join the American forces. Quebec was attacked, but the attack failed. This was the fifth and last siege of Quebec. The American Revolution was a great help to Canada, for some thirty or forty thousand loyalists found the United States uncomfortable and sought homes for themselves across the line. New Brunswick and Ontario were founded by these loyalists, and to this day their descendants constitute a most important element in the population of these provinces.

THE EXILE OF THE ACADIANS

[1755]

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

[ACADIA was founded by the French, but later fell into the hands of the English. The Acadian farmers would not leave their homes, but they still hoped to be again under France, and did what they could to aid the French in their conflicts with the English. At length the English governor told them that they must make a choice, and within one year they must either leave the country or take the oath of allegiance to England. Finally, as they still refused, troops were sent to seize those who would not yield and scatter them along the coast of the English colonies. At Grand Pré the commander ordered the men of the Acadian settlement to come together in the little chapel. The first of the following selections describes what he said to them; the second, their sorrowful march to the shore of the Gaspereau, their first steps into exile.

The Editor.]

I

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.
Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in the churchyard,
Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the headstones
Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.

Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement, —
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.
Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.
"You are convened this day," he said, "by His Majesty's orders.
Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness,
Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch;
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds
Forfeited be to the Crown; and that you yourselves from this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!
Prisoners now I declare you, for such is His Majesty's pleasure!"

As, when the air is serene in sultry solstice of summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his windows,
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-roofs,
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their inclosures;
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then arose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the doorway.
Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of the others
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he shouted,
"Down with the tyrants of England! We never have sworn them allegiance!
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!"
More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

II

Four times the sun had set; and now on the fifth day
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farmhouse.
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the seashore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland.
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen,
While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and there on the sea-beach
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.
All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply;
All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,
Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the churchyard.

Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church doors
Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy procession
Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers.
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and wayworn,
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended
Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their daughters.
Foremost the young men came; and, raising together their voices,
Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions:
"Sacred Heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain!
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience!"
Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood by the wayside
Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine above them
Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed. . . .
Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.

Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties. . . .
Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twilight
Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the refluent ocean
Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery seaweed.
Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the wagons,
Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.

THE SECOND CAPTURE OF LOUISBURG

[1758]

BY AGNES C. LAUT

[THE first capture of Louisburg was made in 1745, by Pepperell and the New England militia. At the close of the French and Indian War, in 1748, Louisburg was given back to France in exchange for Madras in Hindustan, which France had taken from England. Eight years later, the Seven Years' War broke out, and in 1758 Louisburg was again taken from the French.

The Editor.]

LOUISBURG first.

No more dillydallying and delay "to plant cabbages"! The thing is to reach Louisburg before the French have entered the harbor. Men-of-war are stationed to intercept the French vessels coming from the Mediterranean, and before winter has passed Admiral Boscawen has sailed for America with one hundred and fifty vessels, including forty men-of-war, frigates, and transports carrying twelve hundred men. General Amherst is to command the land forces, and with Amherst is Brigadier James Wolfe, age thirty-one, a tall, slim, fragile man, whose delicate frame is tenanted by a lion spirit; or, to change the comparison, by a motive power too strong for the weak body that held it. By May the fleet is in Halifax. By June Amherst has joined Boscawen, and the ships beat out for Louisburg through heavy fog, with a sea that boils over the reefs in angry surf.

Louisburg was in worse condition than during the

siege of 1745. The broken walls have been repaired, but the filling is false, — sand grit. Its population is some four thousand, of whom thirty-eight hundred are the garrison. On the ships lying in the harbor are three thousand marines, a defensive force, in all of six thousand and fifty heavy guns, cannon, and mortars. Imagine a triangle with the base to the west, the two sides running out to sea on the east. The fort is at the apex. The wall of the base line is protected by a marsh. On the northeast side is the harbor protected by reefs and three batteries. Along the south side, Drucourt, the French commander, has stationed two thousand men at three different points where landing is possible, to construct batteries behind barricades of logs.

Fog had concealed the approach of the English, but such a ground swell was raging over the reefs as threatened any ship with instant destruction. For a week Amherst and Wolfe and Lawrence row up and down through the rolling mist and raging surf and singing winds to take stock of the situation. With those batteries at the landing-places there is only one thing to do, — cannonade them, hold their attention in a life-and-death fight while the English soldiers scramble through the surf for the shore. From sunrise to sundown of the 8th, furious cannonading set the green seas churning and tore up the French barricades as by hurricanes. At sunset the firing ceased, and three detachments of troops launched out in whaleboats at three in the morning, two of the detachments to make a feint of landing, while Wolfe with the other division was to run through the surf for the shore at Freshwater Cove. The French were not deceived. They let Wolfe approach within range,

when the log barricade flashed to flame with a thousand sharpshooters. Wolfe had foreseen the snare and had waved his troops off when he noticed that two boat-loads were rowing ashore through a tremendous surf under shelter of a rocky point. Quickly he signaled the other boats to follow. In a trice the boats had smashed to kindling on the reefs, but the men were wading ashore, muskets held high over head, powder-pouches in teeth, and rushed with bayonets leveled against the French, who had dashed from cover to prevent the landing. This unexpected landing had cut the French off from Louisburg. Retreating in panic, they abandoned their batteries and fifty dead. The English had lost one hundred and nine in the surf. It is said that Wolfe scrambled from the water like a drowned rat and led the rush with no other weapon in hand but his cane. To land the guns through the jostling sea was the next task. It was done, as in 1745, by a pontoon bridge of small boats, but the work took till the 29th of June. Wolfe, meanwhile, has marched with twelve hundred men round to the rear of the marsh and comes so suddenly on the Grand and Lighthouse Batteries, which defend the harbor, that the French abandon them to retreat within the walls. This gives the English such control of the harbor entrance that Drucourt, the French commander, sinks six of his ships across the channel to bar out Boscawen's fleet, the masts of the sunken vessels sticking above the water. Amherst's men are working like demons, building a road for the cannon across the marsh and trenching up to the back wall; but they work only at night and are undiscovered by the French till the 9th of July. Then the French rush out with a whoop to drive them off, but the Eng-

lish already have their guns mounted, and Drucourt's men are glad to dash for shelter behind the cracking walls. It now became a game of cannon play pure and simple. Boscawen from harbor front hurls his whistling bombs overhead, to crash through roofs inside the walls. Wolfe from the Lighthouse Battery throws shells and flaming combustibles straight into the midst of the remaining French fleet. At last, on July 21, masts, sails, tar ropes, take fire in a terrible conflagration, and three of the fleet burn to the water line with terrific explosions of their powder magazines; then the flames hiss out above the rocking hulls. Only two ships are left to the French, and the deep bomb-proof casemates inside the fort between outer and inner walls, where the families and the wounded have been sheltered, are now in flame. Amherst loads his shells with combustibles and pours one continuous rain of fiery death on the doomed fort. The houses, which are of logs, flame like kindling wood, and now the timber work of the stone bastions is burning from bombs hurtling through the roofs. The walls crash down in masses. The scared surgeons, all bloody from amputating shattered limbs, no longer stand in safety above their operating tables. It is said that Madame Drucourt, the governor's wife, actually stayed on the walls to encourage the soldiers, with her own hands fired some of the great guns, and, when the overworked surgeons flagged from terror and lack of sleep, it was Madame Drucourt who attended to the wounded. Drucourt is for holding out to the death, until one dark night the English row into the harbor and capture his two last ships. Then Drucourt asks for terms, July 26; but the terms are stern, — utter surrender, — and Drucourt

would have fought till every man fell from the walls, had not one of the civil officers rushed after the commander's messenger carrying the refusal, and shouted across the ditches to the English: "We accept! We surrender! We accept your terms!"

THE FALL OF QUEBEC

[1759]

BY GEORGE BANCROFT

As soon as the floating masses of ice permitted, the forces for the expedition against Quebec had repaired to Louisburg; and already Wolfe (the English commander), by his activity and zeal, his good judgment and the clearness of his orders, inspired unbounded confidence. His army consisted of eight regiments, two battalions of Royal Americans, three companies of rangers, artillery, and a brigade of engineers, — in all, about eight thousand men; the fleet under Saunders had two-and-twenty ships of the line, and as many frigates and armed vessels. On board of one of the ships was Jervis, afterwards Earl St. Vincent; another, which followed, bore as master James Cook, the navigator, who was destined to explore and reveal the unknown paths and thousand isles of the Pacific. The brigades had for their commanders the brave, open-hearted, and liberal Robert Monckton, afterwards governor of New York and conqueror of Martinique; George Townshend, elder brother of Charles Townshend, soon to succeed his father in the peerage, and became known as a legislator for America, a man of quick perception, but unsafe judgment; and the rash and inconsiderate James Murray. For his adjutant-general, Wolfe selected Isaac Barre, an old associate at Louisburg; an Irishman of humble birth, eloquent, ambitious, and fearless. The grenadiers of the army were

formed into a corps, commanded by Colonel Guy Carleton; a detachment of light infantry were to receive orders from Lieutenant-Colonel, afterwards Sir William, Howe.

On the 26th of June, the whole armament arrived, without the least accident, off the Isle of Orléans, on which, the next day, they disembarked. A little south of west the cliff of Quebec was seen distinctly, seemingly impregnable, rising precipitously in the midst of one of the grandest scenes in nature. To protect this guardian citadel of New France, Montcalm had of regular troops no more than six wasted battalions; of Indian warriors few appeared, the wary savages preferring the security of neutrals; the Canadian militia gave him the superiority in numbers; but he put his chief confidence in the natural strength of the country. Above Quebec, the high promontory on which the upper town is built expands into an elevated plain, having towards the river the steepest acclivities. For nine miles or more above the city, as far as Cape Rouge, every landing-place was intrenched and protected. The river St. Charles, after meandering through a fertile valley, sweeps the rocky base of the town, which it covers by expanding into sedgy marshes. Nine miles below Quebec, the impetuous Montmorency, after fretting itself a whirlpool route, and leaping for miles down the steps of a rocky bed, rushes with velocity toward the ledge, over which, falling two hundred and fifty feet, it pours its fleecy cataract into the chasm.

As Wolfe disembarked on the Isle of Orléans, what scene could be more imposing? On his left lay at anchor the fleet with the numerous transports; the tents of his army stretched across the island; the intrenched troops

of France, having their center at the village of Beauport, extended from the Montmorency to the St. Charles; the city of Quebec, garrisoned by five battalions, bounded the horizon. At midnight, on the 28th, the short darkness was lighted up by a fleet of fire-ships, that, after a furious storm of wind, came down with the tide in the proper direction. But the British sailors grappled with them and towed them free of the shipping.

The river was Wolfe's; the men-of-war made it so; and, being master of the deep water, he also had the superiority on the south shore of the St. Lawrence. In the night of the 29th, Monckton, with four battalions, having crossed the south channel, occupied Point Lévis; and where the mighty current, which below the town expands as a bay, narrows to a deep stream of but a mile in width, batteries of mortar and cannon were constructed. The citizens of Quebec, foreseeing the ruin of their houses, volunteered to pass over the river and destroy the works; but, at the trial, their courage failed them, and they retreated. The English, by the discharge of red-hot balls and shells, set on fire fifty houses in a night, demolished the lower town, and injured the upper. But the citadel was beyond their reach, and every avenue from the river to the cliff was too strongly intrenched for an assault.

As yet no real progress had been made. Wolfe was eager for battle; being willing to risk all his hopes on the issue. He saw that the eastern bank of the Montmorency was higher than the ground occupied by Montcalm, and, on the 9th of July, he crossed the north channel and encamped there; but the armies and their chiefs were still divided by the river precipitating itself down its

rocky way in impassable eddies and rapids. Three miles in the interior, a ford was found; but the opposite bank was steep, woody, and well intrenched. Not a spot on the line of the Montmorency for miles into the interior, nor on the St. Lawrence to Quebec, was left unprotected by the vigilance of the inaccessible Montcalm.

The general proceeded to reconnoiter the shore above the town. In concert with Saunders, on the 18th of July, he sailed along the well-defended bank from Montmorency to the St. Charles; he passed the deep and spacious harbor, which, at four hundred miles from the sea, can shelter a hundred ships of the line; he neared the high cliff of Cape Diamond, towering like a bastion over the waters, and surmounted by the banner of the Bourbons; he coasted along the craggy wall of rock that extends beyond the citadel; he marked the outline of the precipitous hill that forms the north bank of the river,— and everywhere he beheld a natural fastness, vigilantly defended, intrenchments, cannon, boats, and floating batteries guarding every access. Had a detachment landed between the city and Cape Rouge, it would have encountered the danger of being cut off before it could receive support. He would have risked a landing at St. Michael's Cove, three miles above the city, but the enemy prevented him by planting artillery and a mortar to play upon the shipping.

Meantime, at midnight, on the 28th of July, the French sent down a raft of fire-stages, consisting of nearly a hundred pieces; but these, like the fire-ships a month before, did but light up the river, without injuring the British fleet. Scarcely a day passed but there were skirmishes of the English with the Indians and

Canadians, who were sure to tread stealthily in the footsteps of every exploring party.

Wolfe returned to Montmorency. July was almost gone, and he had made no effective advances. He resolved on an engagement. The Montmorency, after falling over a perpendicular rock, flows for three hundred yards, amidst clouds of spray and rainbow glories, in a gentle stream to the St. Lawrence. Near the junction, the river may, for a few hours of the tide, be passed on foot. It was planned that two brigades should ford the Montmorency at the proper time of the tide, while Monckton's regiments should cross the St. Lawrence in boats from Point Lévis. The signal was made, but some of the boats grounded on a ledge of rocks that runs out into the river. While the seamen were getting them off, and the enemy were firing a vast number of shot and shells, Wolfe, with some of the navy officers as companions, selected a landing-place; and his desperate courage thought it not too late to begin the attack. Thirteen companies of grenadiers, and two hundred of the second battalion of the Royal Americans, who got first on shore, not waiting for support, ran hastily toward the intrenchments, and were repulsed in such disorder that they could not again come into line; though Monckton's regiments had arrived, and had formed with the coolness of invincible valor. But hours hurried by; night was near; the clouds of midsummer gathered heavily, as if for a storm; the tide rose; and Wolfe, wiser than Frederick at Colin, ordered a timely retreat. A strand of deep mud, a hillside, steep, and in many places impracticable, the heavy fire of a brave, numerous, and well-protected enemy, were obstacles which intrepidity and discipline

could not overcome. In general orders, Wolfe censured the impetuosity of the grenadiers, as able alone to beat back the whole Canadian army.

This severe check, in which four hundred lives were lost, happened on the last day of July. Murray was next sent, with twelve hundred men, above the town, to destroy the French ships and open a communication with Amherst. Twice he attempted a landing on the north shore, without success; at Deschambault, a place of refuge for women and children, he won advantages over a guard of invalid soldiers; and learned that Niagara had surrendered; that the French had abandoned Ticonderoga and Crown Point. The eyes of Wolfe were strained to see Amherst approach. Vain hope! The commander-in-chief, though opposed by no more than three thousand men, was loitering at Crown Point, nor did even a messenger from him arrive. Wolfe was alone to struggle with difficulties which every hour made more appalling. The numerous body of armed men under Montcalm "could not," he said, "be called an army"; but the French had the strongest country, perhaps, in the world on which to rest the defense of the town. Their boats were numerous, and weak points were guarded by floating batteries. The keen eye of the Indian prevented surprise. The vigilance and hardihood of the Canadians made intrenchments everywhere necessary. The peasantry were zealous to defend their homes, language, and religion. Old men of seventy and boys of fifteen fired at the English detachments from the edges of the wood. Every one able to bear arms was in the field. Little quarter was given on either side. Thus for two months the British fleet had ridden idly at anchor; the

army had lain in their tents. The feeble frame of Wolfe sank under the energy of his restless spirit, and the pain of anxious inactivity.

Yet, while disabled by fever, he laid before the brigadiers three several and equally desperate methods of attacking Montcalm in his intrenchments at Beauport. Meeting at Monckton's quarters, they wisely and unanimously gave their opinions against them all, and advised to convey four or five thousand men above the town, and thus draw Montcalm from his impregnable situation to an open action. Wolfe acquiesced in their proposal, and, with despair in his heart, yet as one conscious that he lived under the eye of Pitt and of his country, he prepared to carry it into effect. Attended by the admiral, he examined once more the citadel, with a view to a general assault. Although every one of the five passages from the lower to the upper town was carefully intrenched, Saunders was willing to join in any hazard for the public service; "but I could not propose to him," said Wolfe, "an undertaking of so dangerous a nature and promising so little success." He had the whole force of Canada to oppose, and, by the nature of the river, the fleet could render no assistance. "In this situation," wrote Wolfe to Pitt, on the 2d of September, "there is such a choice of difficulties that I am myself at a loss how to determine. The affairs of Great Britain require most vigorous measures; but then the courage of a handful of brave men should be exerted only where there is some hope." England read the dispatch with dismay, and feared to hear further tidings.

Securing the posts on the Isle of Orléans and opposite Quebec, he marched with the army, on the 5th and 6th

of September, from Point Lévis, to which place he had transferred all the troops from Montmorency, and embarked them in transports that had passed the town for the purpose. On the three following days, Admiral Holmes, with the ships, ascended the river to amuse Bougainville, who had been sent up the north shore to watch the movements of the British army, and prevent a landing. New France began to feel a sentiment of joy, believing the worst dangers of the campaign over. De Lévis, the second officer in command, was sent to protect Montreal with a detachment, it was said, of three thousand men. Summer, which in that climate hurries through the sky, was over; and the British fleet must soon withdraw from the river. "My constitution," wrote the general to Holdernesse on the 9th, just four days before his death, "is entirely ruined, without the consolation of having done any considerable service to the State, and without any prospect of it."

But in the mean time, Wolfe applied himself intently to reconnoitering the north shore above Quebec. Nature had given him good eyes, as well as a warmth of temper to follow first impressions. He himself discovered the cove which now bears his name, where the bending promontories almost form a basin with a very narrow margin, over which the hill rises precipitously. He saw the path that wound up the steep, though so narrow that two men could hardly march in it abreast; and he knew, by the number of tents which he counted on the summit, that the Canadian post which guarded it could not exceed a hundred. Here he resolved to land his army by surprise. To mislead the enemy, his troops were kept far above the town, while Saunders, as if an attack was

intended at Beauport, sent Cook, the great mariner, with others, to sound the water and plant buoys along that shore.

The day and night of the 12th were employed in preparations. The autumn evening was bright; and the general, under the clear starlight, visited his stations, to make his final inspection, and utter his last words of encouragement. As he passed from ship to ship, he spoke to those in the boat with him of the poet Gray, and the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." "I," said he, "would prefer being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French to-morrow"; and while the oars struck the river as it rippled in the silence of the night air under the flowing tide, he repeated: —

> "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Await alike th' inevitable hour;
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Every officer knew his appointed duty, when, at one o'clock in the morning of the 13th of September, Wolfe, with Monckton and Murray, and about half the forces, set off in boats, and, without sail or oars, glided down with the tide. In three quarters of an hour the ships followed, and, though the night had become dark, aided by the rapid current, they reached the cove just in time to cover the landing. Wolfe and the troops with him leaped on shore; the light infantry, who found themselves borne by the current a little below the intrenched path, clambered up the steep hill, staying themselves by the roots and boughs of the maple and spruce and ash trees that covered the precipitous declivity, and, after a little firing, dispersed the picket which guarded the height. The rest

ascended safely by the pathway. A battery of four guns on the left was abandoned to Colonel Howe. When Townshend's division disembarked, the English had already gained one of the roads to Quebec, and, advancing in front of the forest, Wolfe stood at daybreak with his invincible battalions on the Plains of Abraham, the battlefield of empire.

"It can be but a small party, come to burn a few houses and retire," said Montcalm, in amazement as the news reached him in his intrenchments the other side of the St. Charles; but, obtaining better information,— "Then," he cried, "they have at last got to the weak side of this miserable garrison; we must give battle and crush them before midday." And before ten, the two armies, equal in numbers, each being composed of less than five thousand men, were ranged in presence of one another for battle. The English, not easily accessible from intervening shallow ravines and rail fences, were all regulars, perfect in discipline, terrible in their fearless enthusiasm, thrilling with pride at their morning's success, commanded by a man whom they obeyed with confidence and love. The doomed and devoted Montcalm and what Wolfe called but "five weak French battalions," of less than two thousand men, "mingled with disorderly peasantry," formed on ground which commanded the position of the English. The French had three little pieces of artillery; the English one or two. The two armies cannonaded each other for nearly an hour; when Montcalm, having summoned Bougainville to his aid, and dispatched messenger after messenger for De Vaudreuil, who had fifteen hundred men at the camp, to come up before he should be driven from the ground,

endeavored to flank the British and crowd them down the high bank of the river. Wolfe counteracted the movement by detaching Townshend with Amherst's regiment, and afterwards a part of the Royal Americans, who formed on the left with a double front.

Waiting no longer for more troops, Montcalm led the French army impetuously to the attack. The ill-disciplined companies broke by their precipitation and the unevenness of the ground; and fired by platoons, without unity. The English, especially the Forty-third and Forty-seventh, where Monckton stood, received the shock with calmness; and after having, at Wolfe's command, reserved their fire till their enemy was within forty yards, their line began a regular, rapid, and exact discharge of musketry. Montcalm was present everywhere, braving danger, wounded, but cheering by his example. The second in command, De Sennezergues, an associate in glory at Ticonderoga, was killed. The brave but untried Canadians, flinching from a hot fire in the open field, began to waver; and, so soon as Wolfe, placing himself at the head of the Twenty-eighth and the Louisburg Grenadiers, charged with bayonets, they everywhere gave way. Of the English officers, Carleton was wounded; Barre, who fought near Wolfe, received in the head a ball which destroyed the power of vision of one eye, and ultimately made him blind. Wolfe, also, as he led the charge, was wounded in the wrist, but still pressing forward, he received a second ball; and, having decided the day, was struck a third time, and mortally, in the breast. "Support me," he cried to an officer near him: "let not my brave fellows see me drop." He was carried to the rear, and they brought him water to

quench his thirst. "They run, they run!" spoke the officer on whom he leaned. "Who run?" asked Wolfe, as his life was fast ebbing. "The French," replied the officer, "give way everywhere." "What," cried the expiring hero, "do they run already? Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton; bid him march Webb's regiment with all speed to Charles River to cut off the fugitives." Four days before he had looked forward to early death with dismay. "Now, God be praised, I die happy." These were his last words as his spirit escaped in the blaze of his glory. Night, silence, the rushing tide, veteran discipline, the sure inspiration of genius, had been his allies; his battlefield, high over the ocean-river, was the grandest theater on earth for illustrious deeds; his victory, one of the most momentous in the annals of mankind, gave to the English tongue and the institutions of the Germanic race the unexplored and seemingly infinite West and North. He crowded into a few hours actions that would have given luster to length of life; and filling his day with greatness, completed it before its noon.

Monckton, the first brigadier, after greatly distinguishing himself, was shot through the lungs. The next in command, Townshend, brave, but deficient in sagacity and attractive power and the delicate perception of right, recalled the troops from the pursuit; and when De Bougainville appeared in view, declined a contest with a fresh enemy. But already the hope of New France was gone. Born and educated in camps, Montcalm had been carefully instructed, and was skilled in the language of Homer as well as in the art of war. Greatly laborious, just, disinterested, hopeful even to rashness, sagacious in council, swift in action, his mind was a well-spring of

bold designs; his career in Canada a wonderful struggle against inexorable destiny. Sustaining hunger and cold, vigils and incessant toil, anxious for his soldiers, unmindful of himself, he set, even to the forest-trained red men, an example of self-denial and endurance; and in the midst of corruption made the public good his aim. Struck by a musket-ball, as he fought opposite Monckton, he continued in the engagement, till, in attempting to rally a body of fugitive Canadians in a copse near St. John's gate, he was mortally wounded.

On hearing from the surgeon that death was certain, — "I am glad of it," he cried; "how long shall I survive?" "Ten or twelve hours, perhaps less." "So much the better; I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec." To the council of war he showed that in twelve hours all the troops near at hand might be concentrated and renew the attack before the English were intrenched. When De Ramsay, who commanded the garrison, asked his advice about defending the city, — "To your keeping," he replied, "I commend the honor of France. As for me, I shall pass the night with God, and prepare myself for death." Having written a letter recommending the French prisoners to the generosity of the English, his last hours were given to the hope of endless life, and at five the next morning he expired.

The day of the battle had not passed, when De Vaudreuil, who had no capacity for war, wrote to De Ramsay at Quebec not to wait for an assault, but, as soon as his provisions were exhausted, to raise the white flag of surrender. "We have cheerfully sacrificed our fortunes and our homes," said the citizens; "but we cannot expose our wives and children to a massacre." At a

council of war, Fiedmont, a captain of artillery, was the only one who wished to hold out to the last extremity; and, on the 17th of September, before the English had constructed batteries, De Ramsay capitulated.

America rang with exultation; the towns were bright with illuminations, the hills with bonfires; legislatures, the pulpit, the press, echoed the general joy; provinces and families gave thanks to God. England, too, which had shared the despondency of Wolfe, triumphed at his victory and wept for his death.



THE FALL OF QUEBEC

FROM AN OLD PRINT

Of the capture of Quebec, John Fiske says, "Thus came to a close one of the greatest scenes in the history of mankind, the final act in the drama which gave the North American continent into the keeping of the English race instead of the French; and perhaps there has never been a historic drama in which the leading parts have been played by men of nobler stuff than Montcalm and Wolfe."

THE TROUBLES OF THE LOYALISTS

[About 1783]

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

[DURING the American Revolution there were many thousand colonists who stood by England. At the close of the war they were in a pitiable condition. Their property had been confiscated, and Congress had no power to oblige the different States to return it, even if it had been anxious so to do. Moreover, the feeling against the "loyalists," as they were called, was so bitter that the United States was certainly not an agreeable home for them, and indeed hardly a safe one, and many of them began to think of going elsewhere.

The Editor.]

"BUT where shall we go?" they questioned. "Shall we go to Canada?" Then they thought, "The flag that we love will float above our homes, but we shall be ruled in many matters by French law," and they hesitated. They thought of Nova Scotia, which then included the present New Brunswick. "There we should be under English law," they said, "and Nova Scotia has had English government for twenty-five years. We will go to Nova Scotia." Many English were already in that country, for after the expulsion of the Acadians seven thousand had gone from various parts of New England and settled in the "garden" of the peninsula, the fertile lands of the Annapolis and other valleys. There was also a colony on the St. John River, composed of people from

Massachusetts. Several thousand loyalists now decided to go to the St. John River. The British Government furnished ships to carry them and also gave them farming implements and clothes. Food, of course, had to be provided for at least two years. Land was to be granted, but when the pilgrims landed, it had not yet been surveyed. There were not many surveyors, and to people who had heard wild stories of the Arctic cold of the country, every day's delay before they could build their houses and prepare for winter seemed an age. Many of these settlers had been soldiers, and accustomed to military promptness as they were, the slowness and lack of system seemed to them unpardonable. They blamed the governor, and he retorted, "I know the surveying is slow; it would go on faster if you would help; but not one of you will carry the chain unless you are sure of good pay." The government provided them with food, but they were poorly protected for the winter. A log hut was a luxury, and many lived in wigwams or camps made of bark. Some had no shelter but canvas tents covered with boughs of evergreen and partially shielded from the biting winds by deep snowbanks.

When the winter was over and the days began to be warmer, other troubles came to the front. The earlier settlers had sympathized with the American colonies in their revolt against England, and neither they nor the loyalists were happy in their new companionship. Probably the "new inhabitants," as the loyalists were called, had as much human nature as other people. It is said that they made strict investigation into the grounds on which the "old inhabitants" held their lands, and

that they took special delight in returning tit for tat by seizing every farm to which the holder could not exhibit a flawless title deed.

To what is now Nova Scotia the loyalists went in large numbers. Some pressed on to Cape Breton or to Prince Edward Island. Some went directly to Halifax, and there they were sheltered in the churches until other arrangements could be made for them. The secretary of the New York Society of Loyalists had once visited the harbor of Shelburne, and was enthusiastic about its value. "I tell you that it is no ordinary place," he said to his friends. "It has the finest harbor on the Atlantic Coast, and there is no reason why we should not found a city whose commerce shall go far beyond that of New York." Several thousand persons became as enthusiastic as the secretary, and they made generous preparations for a removal. They engaged twenty vessels of all sorts, from men-of-war to sloops, and loaded them with not only their household belongings but with houses themselves all ready to set up. Then they started out in good spirits for the city in which they were all to become millionaires.

A few months later another fleet with the same kind of load set sail for Shelburne; and soon there were fourteen thousand persons in the new city. The harbor was as beautiful and commodious as any of them had dreamed, and there was plenty of good water. They laid out a town with broad streets and built great, roomy houses. The king sent them a present of a fire engine, and they put up in the parish church the royal coat of arms which they had brought from New York. Then they began to live in their pleasant houses, to entertain guests, and to

plan what they should do when the town was ten times as large as then.

It was all an air castle. It had only the harbor for a foundation, and, beautiful as the sheet of water was, there was no reason why ships should come to anchor in it. Neither harbor nor the rocky, unfruitful land that lay around it would pasture flocks and herds or raise grain and vegetables, and, indeed, the aristocratic citizens seem to have made no special effort to farm or fish or trade. They had nothing to export, and after a while they had no money with which to buy imports. The king no longer supplied them with food; and it was not long before they scattered not only over Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, but even to the region of the Great Lakes, as if they wished to be as far away as possible from the beautiful harbor that had beguiled them. The lavish, hospitable city became a veritable "deserted village." A few of the old mansions are still standing, some were taken down and carried away to other parts of England's domain, but many decayed and fell in ruins or were used for firewood by the few settlers who remained.

Throughout the years of war there had been more or less migration of loyalists to Canada, for it was easier to reach from New York and some of the Southern States than either Nova Scotia or New Brunswick. In spite of their unwillingness to be ruled by French law, many settled in districts between Vermont and New Hampshire and the St. Lawrence, longing to be under the flag of Great Britain, no matter where it might wave. One who was taken ill on the journey said to his friends, "If I die on the way, don't leave me, but carry my body with you and bury me in British soil."

Much interest began to be felt in Upper Canada. It was said that the ground was rich and fertile; and a part of the stream of emigration began to flow in that direction. There were two ways of making the journey. One was by Lake Champlain and the Richelieu River, and thence to Lachine. There bateaux had been built to carry the emigrants and their families to their new homes in Ontario, if it could be called "carrying" when four men had to stand in the boat and pole, while the other men walked on the bank of the river and pulled the bateau along, being often obliged to wade waist-deep in the cold waters of the river or lake. Four or five families were in each boat, and twelve boats went in company. Emigrants could not always choose their time of going, and sometimes the journey had to be made in the winter, when the path through the woods must be traced by the blazes. Then, instead of boats, there was a train of long, rudely made sleighs, drawn by several horses harnessed tandem. Another way of going to the country west of the Niagara River was by the Mohawk. When a loyalist was about to journey thither with his family, the first thing for him to do was to buy a boat; and even this first step in emigrating was difficult, for the boat must not be so heavy that it would be unmanageable at the portages, and yet it must be large enough to carry a goodly load.

England was generous to these friends of the Government, and was ready to provide farming implements, food, and clothes; but when aid is to be given to large numbers of people, some must always come last. Therefore the loyalist who was both able and wise put upon the boat together with his family a supply of spades, axes, saws, and other tools, clothes, groceries, kettles, and fur-

niture. The boat was taken up the Hudson, then up the Mohawk, over the portage to Lake Ontario, and up the lake to Niagara.

When the family came to their land, a new life opened before them. They had perhaps lived in the utmost comfort in some one of the colonial cities, but now they had nothing except the earth and the forest and the few things they had brought with them. Their first occupation was to prepare some kind of shelter. They had a tent, perhaps, for the early weeks, but they must try to build a log house before the coming of cold weather; and a substantial log house was luxury itself in this new country.

> "The front was logs, all straight and sound,
> The gable was logs, all tight and round,
> The roof was logs, so firmly bound,
> And the floor was logs, all down to the ground."

The chimney was a wide and mighty structure built of rough stones. If the settler could not spare the time to make a chimney of stones, he made one of mud and sticks, which was not very safe, but served fairly well for a while. Few log houses were as elaborate as the one in the above rhyme, for often the roof was made of bark, and the logs, instead of being "all straight and sound," had wide crevices between them, which were stuffed with moss or twigs and clay.

The wilderness stretched around the little home. At night the howling of bears and wolves was heard, and the settler often tied his cow to the kitchen door that he might be sure of owning a cow in the morning. The same dangers that beset the cow made life full of perils for the sheep. Therefore, the first comers had to depend chiefly

upon flax and hemp and buckskin for their clothes. Spinning and weaving were carried on in the log house. The work of the mill was done either within it or near it, for after the grain was grown, it must in most cases be ground by hand. Sometimes this work was done in Indian fashion, by pouring the seed into a hollowed-out stone and crushing it with another stone. Sometimes the bowl was a hollow in a hardwood stump. In this case a heavy wooden pestle was used.

In 1787, just when life would have been expected to be growing a little easier for the pioneers, there was a hard season, the "hungry year," it was called. The settlers around the Great Lakes were the greatest sufferers, and all the long, cold winter they were near to starvation. The Government had agreed to provide food for three years only, and it was time for that supply to cease. The crops were a failure. When the settlers looked back upon that long struggle with want, they wondered how they had endured those months. England did not forsake them, but the ships bringing food were frozen into the lower St. Lawrence. The starving people ate roots and nuts and almost anything that would give them a little nourishment. One man offered to sell his farm for fifty pounds of flour, but no one had flour enough to be a purchaser. There was game in the woods; but the settlers had not the Indians' skill with the bow, and powder was not plenty. When spring came, matters were a little better, for the early buds of the basswood are nutritious, and these were gathered and boiled for food. As the ice melted, those who were near rivers or ponds could catch fish; and yet there was so little food that as soon as the ears of rye, oats, and barley began to show

that a kernel had been formed, people gathered them to boil, or even ate them raw in the fields.

So it was that Ontario was first settled. The sufferings and privations of these loyalists in the new land were no greater than those of other pioneers. Glory is due to them, not because they bore these hardships, but because of the motive that brought them into such hardships. Most pioneers choose the life of the wilderness from love of adventure and change, or with the hope of bettering their fortunes; the early loyalist emigrants were forced into exile for the one reason that they were true to him whom they believed to be their rightful sovereign.

LOYALIST SHELBURNE

[1783]

BY DANIEL OWEN

THE story of the growth and decay of Shelburne, Nova Scotia, that loyalist haven of refuge, is as romantic as it is fascinating, and dates back to that memorable day in October, 1781, when Lord Cornwallis and his army of seven thousand men surrendered to Washington.

At that time there were many wealthy families living in New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore who were still loyal to the British Crown and had no desire to live in the Republic which all realized must follow the surrender of Cornwallis. They knew that to remain in the United States, possessing as they did British sympathies, meant confiscation of all their property and imprisonment for themselves until they should be willing to renounce their allegiance to the flag of England and subscribe to the Constitution of the new Republic. This they were resolved never to do, and they therefore decided to emigrate to some other part of the empire. Accordingly meetings were held in the three cities to discuss ways and means. From these towns went representatives who formed a "Union Committee," with full power to decide upon the new home for the loyalists whom they represented. Before this committee appeared one Gideon White, of Plymouth, Massachusetts, who, possessing a personal knowledge of Shelburne, strongly advocated the advisability of emigrating to that place.

Impressed by the claims of Shelburne, which were so ably presented by White, the committee, after long and heated debate, which at one time threatened to dissolve the meeting and also the committee itself, decided that on the south shore of the Province of Nova Scotia the loyalists of the three premier cities of America should seek safety from the imminent persecutions of a victorious enemy.

The next step was to take the matter up with the Imperial Government, which, through a lieutenant-governor, controlled Nova Scotia. For this purpose a committee consisting of seven members was appointed: Joseph Durfee, of Newport, Rhode Island; James Doyle, of Albany, New York; Peter Lynch and Joseph Courtney, of Boston; William Hill, Joseph Ponchon, and Joshua Pell.

The Imperial Government gave the intending settlers every possible encouragement and inducement. It promised them large grants of land. Every family was to have a town lot measuring sixty by one hundred feet, a water lot on the harbor, and a fifty-acre farm back of the town. In addition the refugees were promised free lumber with which to build and food as long as it should be necessary.

As soon as all the arrangements were completed, the exodus began. Palatial residences were taken apart and placed on ships which were to carry them to Shelburne, there again to be erected in all their grandeur and dignity.

The new settlers, men and women of noble family, the élite of three great cities, to the number of five thousand, arrived in twenty ships, bringing with them all their

worldly possessions. These were followed by six thousand more in the following September.

With surprising rapidity the new settlement took shape. The town was laid out perfectly, like a city, the plans having been prepared in New York, and to this day may be seen the ruined mansions, built over as large an area as that on which many a city of thirty thousand souls now stands; but alas! Shelburne to-day is inhabited by less than a thousand people.

Seven million dollars was spent in modeling and improving the town. Beautiful gardens were laid out, fronting on graceful boulevards; stately buildings were erected with magnificent appointments, all forming a fitting setting for the wealth and aristocracy that made up the population of Shelburne.

It was at this juncture that the citizens received from His Majesty George III of England a gift to which the citizens of the Shelburne of the present day point to with the utmost pride — to wit, one fire engine. But what a fire engine! It came with the king's compliments to protect the property of those who had remained loyal to his crown and person, and with the assurance that it was the most modern and very latest thing in fire-fighting appliances. It was necessary to first carry the water in buckets to the "tub" and then pump it out again to quench the flames.

Ere long romance gave way to stern reality, and soon the new settlers realized that the founding of a city in the rocky forest was not as easy as it had been represented.

Another has so graphically described the tragic ending of that loyalist haven that I will let him tell the pathetic story, in part at least: —

"They built their homes in New York and brought them with them — houses of oak that would stand for centuries, with stairways of mahogany and mantels of marble. They brought their slaves with them to do their work, and they furnished their mansions in a style fitted to their station. When Governor Parr sailed a year later from Halifax to visit the new city, they had already expended upon it nearly three million dollars, a trivial sum now, but lavish in those days; and they entertained the governor right royally; and they changed the name of the capital from New Jerusalem which they had first called it, to Shelburne, in honor of England's Prime Minister. Prince Edward, the father of Queen Victoria, also visited the famous seaport on the south shore, and the whole city came forth to do him honor. Never before was there so gay a metropolis. They dined and feasted. No one worked, for no one knew how to work. And why should they work? The English Government furnished all their supplies. The neighbors in Yarmouth and Barrington and Lockport, hard-working seafaring men from Massachusetts, looked upon the newcomers with amazement, and contemptuously styled them 'the dancing beggars.'

"But the day of reckoning came. The Government supplies were cut off, and the gay capital began to grow hungry. They would not fish and they would not trade in furs — these occupations were beneath them — and it was not a farming country; and so they starved. Famine followed feasting; lamentations took the place of mirth. They had houses — palatial houses, — but these, unfortunately, were not edible, and so they began to desert and scatter. Some turned back to the States;

some went to the neighboring towns. One after another they gathered their movable possessions and turned their backs upon the New Jerusalem. And their stately mansions, with mahogany balustrades and marble mantels, were left for the birds to build their nests in.

"Never did a city rise so grandly and fall so miserably. The fourteen thousand soon became a beggarly four hundred. Boys wandered through the streets and amused themselves with stoning out the windows, with no one to chide them — for there were windows to spare. Some of the houses were torn down and carried away to other towns to build again, and others of these stately mansions, brought from the States at so great expense, were pulled down and used for firewood."

Is there another city on the North American Continent with such a history? Is there another whose story is so unique and fascinating?

When the settlers left Shelburne many of their slaves remained behind; some from choice, the majority because the empty purses of their masters forbade their removal. These, with the addition of three thousand or more free slaves who had from time to time emigrated from New York to Birchtown, — a small settlement two miles from Shelburne, — formed a colony of almost five thousand souls, and their subsequent history is deeply interesting.

Slavery was prevalent in Nova Scotia in those days, and the "whites" of the Province had attacked many of the "blacks," who, it may be mentioned, were not always treated with kindness, but were, on the other hand, too often little better than beasts of burden.

Wilberforce and Clarkson, the great English reform-

ers, heard of the ill-treatment of the negroes in Nova Scotia, and determined to remove them to the negro colony that was in process of building in Sierra Leone. To this end, John Clarkson, brother of the reformer, Thomas Clarkson, came to Nova Scotia, made arrangements with the owners of the slaves and personally superintended the deportation. No persuasion or force was used; those who went went voluntarily. The main inducement held out to them was the promise of being allowed to form a state of their own, with their own officials, selected from amongst their own number. This so appealed to their sense of importance that practically every man of them joined the expedition, and in 1792 twelve hundred negroes left Shelburne for Sierra Leone, and more followed later.

Each married man received thirty acres of land and each male child fifteen acres in the new African settlement. They were provided with free passage and also with provisions on their arrival and until they were able to provide for themselves. After that they were provided with provisions and the products of their plantations were taken as pay.

Of the result of the experiment a local historian has said: "In their new homes some of these negroes remained steady and peaceable, and welcomed the arrival some years later of an English Methodist missionary; but the majority became so unruly and violent that they endangered the existence of the settlement and even attempted the murder of the governor. So difficult was the task of keeping them in order, that when, eight years later, the managers of the colony were asked to receive the Maroons, also from Nova Scotia, they only consented in the

hope that the one race would prove 'a counterpoise to the other.'"

The Shelburne of to-day still shows the result of that loyalist invasion of so many years ago, and in that beautiful little village, with its shaded streets, its stately residences, and a harbor that has no peer on the North American Coast, the citizens still talk with pride of the days of the long ago and of the blood that courses through their veins, — that blood of the "loyalist fathers," who, true to the mother land, sought peace and security on the southern shore of Nova Scotia.

HOW A SETTLER BUILT HIS LOG BARN

[Early part of the nineteenth century]

BY SAMUEL THOMPSON

For such an undertaking much previous labor and foresight are required. In our case, fortunately, there was a small cedar swamp within a hundred paces of the site we had chosen for our barn, which was picturesquely separated from the house by a ravine some thirty feet deep, with a clear spring of the sweetest and coldest water flowing between steep banks. The barn was to consist of two large bays, each thirty feet square and eight logs high, with a threshing-floor twelve feet wide between, the whole combined into one by an upper story or loft, twenty by seventy-two feet, and four logs high, including the roof-plates.

It will be seen, then, that to build such a barn would require sixty-four logs of thirty feet each for the lower story; and sixteen more of the same length, as well as eight of seventy-two feet each, for the loft. Our handy swamp provided all these, not from standing trees only, but from many fallen patriarchs buried four or five feet under the surface in black muck, and perfectly sound. To get them out of the mud required both skill and patience. All the branches having been cleared off as thoroughly as possible, the entire tree was drawn out by those most patient of all patient drudges, the oxen, and when on solid ground, sawn to the required length. A

number of skids were also provided, and plenty of handspikes.

Having got these prime essentials ready, the next business was to summon our good neighbors to a "raising bee." On the day named, accordingly, we had about thirty practiced axemen on the ground by daybreak, all in the best of spirits, and confident in their powers for work. Eight of the heaviest logs, about two feet thick, had been placed in position as sleepers or foundation logs, duly saddled at the corners. Parallel with those at a distance of twenty feet on either side, were ranged in order all the logs required to complete the building.

Well, now we begin. Eight of the smartest men jump at once on the eight corners. In a few minutes each of the four men in front has his saddle ready — that is, he has chopped his end of the first log into an angular shape, thus ∧. The four men in rear have done the same thing no less expeditiously, and all are waiting for the next log. Meanwhile, at the ends of both bays, four several parties of three men each, stationed below, have placed their skids in a sloping position — the upper end on the rising wall and the lower on the ground — and up these skids they roll additional logs transversely to those already in position. These are received by the corner men above, and carefully adjusted in their places according to their "natural lie," that is, so that they will be least likely to render the wall unsteady; then turned half-back to receive the undercut, which should be exactly an inverse counterpart of the saddle. A skillful hand will make this undercut with unerring certainty, so that the log, when turned forward again, will fit down upon its two saddles without further adjustment. Now for more logs back

and front; then others at the ends, and so on, every log fitted as before, and each one somewhat lighter than its predecessor. All this time the oxen have been busily employed in drawing more logs where needed. The skids have to be readjusted for every successive log, and a supply of new logs rolled up as fast as wanted.The quick strokes of eight axes wielded by active fellows perched on the still rising walls, and balancing themselves dexterously and even gracefully as they work, the constant demand for "another log," and the merry voices and rough jokes of the workers, altogether form as lively and exciting a picture as is often witnessed. Add to these a bright sky and a fresh breeze, with the beautiful green background of the noble hardwood trees around — and I know of no mere pleasure party that I would rather join.

Breakfast and dinner form welcome interludes. Ample stores of provender, meat, bread, potatoes, puddings various, tea and coffee, have been prepared and are thoroughly enjoyed, inasmuch as they are rare luxuries to many of the guests. Then again to work, until the last crowning effort of all — the raising of the seventy-two-foot logs — has to be encountered. Great care is necessary here, as accidents are not infrequent. The best skids, the stoutest handspikes, the strongest and hardiest men, must be selected. Our logs being cedar, and therefore light, there was comparatively little danger; and they were all successfully raised and well secured by cross-girders before sundown.

Then, and not till then, after supper, a little whiskey was allowed. Teetotalism had not made its way into our backwoods; and we were considered very straitlaced, indeed, to set our faces as we did against all excess. Our

Highland and Irish neighbors looked upon the weak stuff sold in Canada with supreme contempt.

The roofing of such a building is a subsequent operation, for which no "bee" is required. Shingles four feet long, on round rafters, are generally used for log barns, to be replaced at some future day by more perfect roofing. A well-made cedar barn will stand for forty years with proper care, by which time there should be no difficulty in replacing it by a good substantial, roomy frame building.

THE SECOND CONCESSION OF DEER

BY WILLIAM WYE SMITH

[THE term "concession" comes from the conceding of lands by the early French seigneurs to their vassal tenants. The first concession is usually next a river, the second just behind the first, and so on.

Of this rhyme it has been said that "'The Second Concession of Deer' strikes a Canadian as familiarly as roast beef would a Briton abroad."

The Editor.]

JOHN TOMPKINS lived in a house of logs,
On the second concession of Deer;
The front was logs, all straight and sound —
The gable was logs, all tight and round —
The roof was logs, so firmly bound —
And the floor was logs, all down to the ground —
The warmest house in Deer.

And John, to my mind, was a log himself,
On the second concession of Deer; —
None of your birch, with bark of buff —
Nor basswood, weak and watery stuff —
But he was hickory, true and tough,
And only his outside bark was rough; —
The grandest old man in Deer!

But John had lived too long, it seemed,
On the second concession of Deer!

For his daughters took up the governing rein,
With a fine brick house on the old domain,
All papered, and painted with satinwood stain,
Carpeted stairs, and best ingrain —
  The finest house in Deer!

Poor John, it was sad to see him now,
  On the second concession of Deer!
When he came in from his weary work,
To strip off his shoes like a heathen Turk, —
Or out of the *company's* way to lurk,
And ply in the *shanty* his knife and fork, —
  The times were turned in Deer!

But John was hickory to the last,
  On the second concession of Deer!
And out on the river-end of his lot,
He laid up the logs in a cosy spot,
And self and wife took up with a cot,
And the great brick house might swim or not —
  He was done with the pride of Deer!

But the great house could not go at all,
  On the second concession of Deer;
'T was *mother* no more, to wash or bake,
Nor *father* the gallants' steeds to take —
From the kitchen no more came pie nor cake —
And even their butter they 'd first to make! —
  There were lessons to learn in Deer!

And the lesson they learned a year or more,
  On the second concession of Deer!

Then the girls got back the brave old pair —
And gave the mother her easy chair —
She told them how, and they did their share —
And John the honors once more did wear
Of his own domain in Deer!

V

SCENES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY



MONUMENT TO JOSEPH BRANT

JOSEPH BRANT, or Thayendanegea, to use his original name (1742–1807), was a chief of the Mohawks. When he was a boy, Sir William Johnson, superintendent of Indian affairs in the colonies, became interested in him and sent him to school in Connecticut. He joined the Church of England, translated the Prayer Book and parts of the New Testament into the Mohawk language, and at length became an ardent missionary to his people.

When the Revolutionary War broke out, he took the side of the British, and was of great assistance to them as the leader of their Indian allies in the ferocious border fighting. He took part in the Cherry Valley and Minisink Massacres and was the terror of the outlying settlements of New York and Pennsylvania. After the war, however, he did his best to induce the Indians to live in peace with the whites. He never forgot his interest in missions, and used the money which he collected on a visit to England in building a church, the first Episcopal Church erected in Upper Canada.

John Fiske speaks of Brant as "perhaps the greatest Indian of whom we have any knowledge."

HISTORICAL NOTE

WHEN the War of 1812 broke out between England and the United States, Canada was the part of Great Britain most easily attacked by the Americans; and therefore Canada had to bear the brunt of the warfare on land. England was too much occupied in fighting Napoleon to be able to give much assistance; but the Canadians rallied eagerly to the defense of their country, and the common interest in this defense did much to bring about a feeling of union among them.

Since the coming of the loyalists at the close of the American Revolution they had been the most powerful element in Upper Canada or Ontario, and, together with immigrants who had influential friends in England, they came at length to be holders of all the important offices of government, and were managing the affairs of the colony quite to their own advantage. This body of men was known as the "Family Compact." In 1837 this led to an uprising called the "Patriot War," which was suppressed with little difficulty.

In 1841, Upper and Lower Canada were united; and the question of forming some sort of union of all the provinces came to the front. This union was brought about in 1867, so far as the Canadas, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia were concerned. A few years later, Prince Edward Island and British Columbia were admitted to the confederation. Newfoundland was not satisfied with the terms proposed and has remained a separate colony.

WHEN TECUMSEH MET GENERAL BROCK

BY WALTER R. NURSEY

[GENERAL BROCK was the foremost defender of Canada in the War of 1812. He fell at the battle of Queenston Heights, where a monument now stands in his memory. Even his foes held him in such honor that at the time of his funeral flags were put at half-mast and a parting salute was fired on the American side of the river as well as on the Canadian.

The Editor.]

A FEW minutes only had elapsed when Elliott returned. The sentry's challenge caused Brock to look up from the table, littered with plans and dispatches. Another figure darkened the doorway.

"This, sir," said Elliott, "is Tecumseh, the Shawanese chief of whom you have heard, and who desires to be presented to you."

The general, who had removed the stains of travel and was in uniform, rose to his full height, bowed, extended his hand, and explained in manly fashion the reason for asking that the firing be stopped. The contrast presented by the two men was striking. The Old World and the New, face to face — a scene for the brush of an impressionist. Brock, tall, fair, big-limbed, a blue-eyed giant, imposing in scarlet coat and blue-white riding-trousers, tasseled Hessian boots, and cocked hat in hand. On his benevolent face was an irresistible smile.

The Indian, though of middle height, was of most per-

fect proportions, an athlete in bronze, lithe and supple as a panther. His oval face, set in a frame of glistening black hair, shone like a half-polished copper relief. Overlooking the nose, straight as one of his own arrows, and from which some tinkling silver coins were suspended, a pair of hawklike black eyes, hazel-black and unflinching, — in which the secrets of the world seemed slumbering, — gleamed upon Brock. His dress, a hunting-jacket of tanned deerskin and close-fitting leggings. Fringed moccasins of the same material, richly embroidered in silk and porcupine quills dyed in divers colors, encased his feet. The light from the open log fire flickered fitfully, half-revealing the antlered heads of moose and caribou and other trophies of the chase that, hanging from the rafters, looked down upon the group, adding weirdness to the picture.

Brock briefly explained that he had come to fight the king's enemies, enemies who so far had never seen his back, and who were Tecumseh's enemies also. Would Tecumseh maintain an honorable warfare?

Perhaps no eulogy of Brock was ever penned that so well summed up his qualities as did the terse, four-worded certificate of character uttered by the Indian before replying to the British general's appeal. Tecumseh looked "Master Isaac's" commanding physique up and over, over and down, — Brock's caution as to waste of powder doubtless weighing with him, — until eye met eye, and then, impulsively extending his thin brown hand, turned to his followers, exclaiming in tones of highest admiration, "*This* is a man!"

LAURA SECORD, A HEROINE OF THE WAR OF 1812

[1813]

BY REV. J. O. MILLER

In June, 1813, the Canadian side of the Niagara River was in the hands of the Americans. General Vincent, who commanded the Canadian forces, had fallen back to the head of the lake. There was an outpost at the Twenty-Mile Creek, or Jordan, another at Ten-Mile Creek, and between them, at Beaver Dams, was stored a large quantity of camp stores and ammunition. Moving freely about from this point was a body of fifty scouts under Lieutenant Fitzgibbon, a clever and resourceful officer.

Laura Secord was obliged to entertain a number of American officers who were waiting to complete their forces before marching against the Canadian troops at Burlington Heights. She heard them discussing their plans. They proposed next day to seize the post at Beaver Dams and make it their headquarters for the advance to the head of the lake. As soon as they left the house to perfect their arrangements, Laura Secord told her husband Fitzgibbon must be warned. James Secord was not strong enough for the journey [1] and could not easily pass the pickets; there was no one else to send: so the courageous woman determined to take her life in her hands and attempt the long journey on foot.

[1] He had been wounded at Queenston.

The distance from Queenston to Beaver Dams by the direct road was thirteen miles, but Laura Secord had heard the officers say that a portion of the troops were to go that way to attack the post at Ten-Mile Creek, and she must, therefore, take a circuitous path.

She started in the middle of the night. The illness of a brother at St. David's was the excuse that induced the sentry to let her pass. Her relatives at St. David's tried in vain to dissuade her from the journey; in a few minutes she proceeded on her way, accompanied by a niece. Heavy rains had made the roads difficult, and in places she had to wade the streams or creep across fallen trees on hands and knees. Fear of interception caused her to make a détour, which after a long and arduous walk brought her to St. Catherine's — then called Shipman's Corners. Here her companion's feet became so sore that she could go no farther.

From St. Catherine's Mrs. Secord followed the course of the Twelve-Mile Creek, crossing and re-crossing that stream. As she drew near to Beaver Dams she had to fear Fitzgibbon's Indian allies, who were apt to pay small respect to women. Here is her own statement: —

"I left early in the morning, walked nineteen miles in the month of June to a field belonging to Mr. DeCamp, in the neighborhood of the Beaver Dams. By this time daylight had left me. Here I found all the Indians encamped. By moonlight the scene was terrifying, and to those unaccustomed to such scenes might be considered grand. Upon advancing to the Indians they all ran and said, with some yells, 'Woman!' which made me tremble. I cannot express the awful feeling it gave me, but I did not lose my presence of mind. I was determined to per-

severe. I went up to one of the chiefs, made him understand that I had great news for Fizgibbon, and that he must let me pass to his camp, or that he and his party would all be taken.

"The chief at first objected to let me pass, but finally consented to go with me to Fitzgibbon's station, which was at Beaver Dams, where I had an interview with him. . . . Benefiting by this information Captain Fitzgibbon formed his plans accordingly, and captured about five hundred American infantry and fifty mounted dragoons, and a field-piece or two was taken from the enemy. I returned home the next day exhausted and fatigued. I am now advanced in years, and when I look back I wonder how I could have gone through so much fatigue with the fortitude to accomplish it."

Laura Secord lived fifty-five years after the performance of her heroic deed. She died on the 17th of October, 1868, and was buried in the churchyard at Niagara Falls, where a stone has recently been erected to her memory.

THE BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE

[1814]

BY AGNES C. LAUT

[IN 1814 the American troops crossed the Niagara River and advanced against General Riall at Lundy's Lane. General Drummond, who was in Kingston, pushed on to the aid of General Riall. The latter had begun a retreat, but this was stopped on the appearance of reinforcements, and between five o'clock in the afternoon and midnight the bloodiest battle of the war was fought.

The Editor.]

DRUMMOND comes from Kingston with four hundred fresh men; also he calls on the people to leave their farms and rally as volunteers to the last desperate fight. This increased his troops by another thousand, though many of the volunteers were mere boys, who scarcely knew how to hold a gun. Then, from a dozen signs, Drummond's practiced eye foresaw that a forward movement was being planned by the enemy without Chauncey's coöperation. All the American baggage was ordered to the rear. False attacks to draw off observation are made on Fort George outposts. American scouts are seen reconnoitering the Back Country. Drummond rightly guessed that the attack was being planned in one of two directions, — by rounding through the Back Country, either to fall in great numbers on Fort George, or to cut between the Canadian army of Hamilton region and of Niagara region, taking both battalions in the rear.

THE BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE

From Fort George to Queenston Canadian troops are posted by Drummond, and where the road called Lundy's Lane runs from the Falls at right angles to the Back Country more battalions are ordered on guard against the advance of the invaders. Fitzgibbon, the famous scout, climbing a tree on top of a high hill, sees the Americans, five thousand of them, gray coats, blue coats, white trousers, moving up from Chippewa toward Lundy's Lane. Quickly sixteen hundred Canadian troops under General Riall take possession of a hill fronting Lundy's Lane and the Falls. On the hill is a little brown church and an old-fashioned graveyard. In the midst of the graves the Canadian cannon are posted. Round the cemetery runs a stone wall screened by shrubbery, and on both sides of Lundy's Lane are endless orchards of cherry and peach and apples, the fruit just beginning to redden in the summer sun. Whether the enemy aim at Fort George or Hamilton, the Canadian position on Lundy's Lane must be passed and captured. As soon as Drummond had Fitzgibbon's report, he sent messengers galloping for Hercules Scott, who had been ordered to retreat to the lake, to come back to Lundy's Lane with his twelve hundred men. It may be imagined that the Americans guessed what message the horseman in the slather of foam was bearing back to Hercules Scott; for they at once attacked the Canadians in Lundy's Lane with fury, to capture the guns on the hill before Hercules Scott's reinforcements could come.

It was now six o'clock in the evening of July 25, a sweltering hot night, and the troops on both sides were parched for water, though the roar of whole inland oceans of water could be heard pouring over the Falls of Niag-

ara. As the Canadians had charged against the American guns at Chippewa, so now the Americans charged uphill against the guns of the Canadians, hurling their full strength against the enemy's center. Creeping under shelter of the cemetery stone walls, the bluecoats would fire a volley of musketry, jump over the fence, dash through the smoke, bayonet in hand, to capture the Canadian guns. Time, time again, the rush was dauntlessly made, and time, time again met by the withering blast. Before nine o'clock the attacking lines had lost more than five hundred men, and as many Canadians had fallen on the hill. The dead and mangled lay literally in heaps. As darkness deepened, lit only by the wan light of a fitful moon and the awesome flare of volley after volley, the fearful screams of the dying could be heard above the roar of the Falls and the whistle of cannon ball. Riall, the commander of the Canadians, had been wounded and captured. Of his sixteen hundred Canadians, Drummond had now left only one thousand, and he was himself bleeding from a deep wound in the neck. Half the American officers had been carried from the field injured, and still the command was repeated to rush the hill before Scott's reinforcements came, and each time the advancing line was driven back shattered and thinned, Canadians dashing in pursuit, cheering and whooping, till both armies were so inextricably mixed it was impossible to hear or heed commands. It was in one of these mêlées that Riall, the Canadian, found himself among the American lines and was captured, to the wild and jubilant shouting of the boys in blue and gray. Pause fell after nine o'clock. The Americans were mustering for the final terrible rush. The moon had gone

behind a cloud, and the darkness was inky. Then a shout from the Canadian side split the very welkin. Hercules Scott had arrived with his twelve hundred men on a run, breathless and tired from a march and countermarch of twenty miles. The Americans took up the yell; for fresh reserves had joined them, too, and Lundy's Lane became a bedlam of ear-shattering sounds, — heavy artillery wagons forcing up the hill at a gallop over dead and dying, bombs from the Canadian guns exploding in the darkness, horses taking fright and bolting from their riders, carrying American guns clear across the line among the Canadians. A wild yell of triumph told that the Americans had captured the hill. For the next two hours it was a hand-to-hand fight in pitchy darkness. Drummond, the Englishman, could be heard right in the midst of the American lines, shouting, "Stick to them, men! Stick to them! Don't give up! Don't turn! Stick to them! You'll have it!" And American officers were found amidst Canadian battalions, shouting stentorian command, "Level low! Fire at their flashes! Watch the flash, and fire at their flashes!"

The Americans have captured the Canadian guns, but in the darkness they cannot carry them off. Each side thinks the other beaten, and neither will retreat. In the confusion it is impossible to rally the battalions, and men are attacking their own side by mistake. Both sides claim victory, and each is afraid to await what daylight may reveal; for it is no exaggeration to say that at the battle of Lundy's Lane the blood of one third of each side dyed the field. The Canadians as defenders of their own homes, fighting in the last ditch, dare not retreat. The Americans, having more to risk in numbers, with-

draw their troops at two in the morning. Of her twenty-eight hundred men Canada has lost nine hundred; and the American loss is as great. Too exhausted to retire, Drummond's men flung themselves on the ground and slept lying among the dead, heedless alike of the drenching rain that follows artillery fire, of the roaring cataract, of the groans from the wounded. Men awakened in the gray dawn to find themselves unrecognizable from blood and powder smoke, to find, in some cases, that the comrade whose coat they had shared as pillow lay cold in death by morning. While Drummond's men bury the dead in heaps and carry the wounded to Toronto, the invaders have retreated with their wounded to Fort Erie.

THE CUTTING-OUT OF THE CAROLINE

[1837]

BY JOHN CHARLES DENT

[In 1837, William L. Mackenzie, leader of the revolt against the "Family Compact," took possession of Navy Island, two miles above Niagara Falls, and made ready to invade Canada. A small steamer, the Caroline, of American ownership, brought them supplies from Buffalo. Colonel MacNab, commander of the Canadian forces on the mainland, sent out a party of men under Lieutenant Drew to destroy this vessel. It must be remembered that the "cutting-out" took place in the Niagara River, and that with careless management the attacking boats would have been in danger of going over the Falls.

The Editor.]

Next day, which was the 29th, the Caroline resumed her trips to and fro between the island and Fort Schlosser. She was seen to convey several small cannon across to the island, and plied her vocation to the evident satisfaction and enjoyment of her captain and crew. The "Patriots" meanwhile kept up a constant fire all day on the Canadian shore, accompanying the roar of their artillery with loud yells of derision. These accumulated insults were intolerable, and some of the militia officers murmured at Colonel MacNab's inaction. But as the day wore on they became aware that something unusual was afoot, and looked forward impatiently for what the next few hours might bring forth. Soon after nightfall preparations began to be made for the expedi-

tion. The command was entrusted to Captain Drew, whose experience had rendered him well qualified to undertake such a responsibility. None but the officers had any idea of the adventurous game that was to be played, and even they were not all made acquainted with the full particulars until the very last moment. Volunteers were called for, but the only information vouchsafed was that Captain Drew wanted a few men with cutlasses, who were ready, if necessary, to follow him to the devil. There were hundreds of the militia who would willingly have taken part in such an achievement, even had it been of the desperate nature which these words implied; but only fifty or sixty men were needed, and the requisite force was soon enrolled for the service. All the members of the naval brigade were included in the enrollment, and no one was permitted to take part in the enterprise except those who were accustomed to the water, and to the management of a boat.

The expedition at the outset consisted of seven boats, each containing seven or eight men in addition to the officer in command. A start was made a few minutes after nine o'clock. Colonel MacNab imparted his final instructions to Captain Drew on the beach, just when the men were on the point of embarking. It was believed that the steamer would be found anchored in Canadian waters on the eastern side of Navy Island, but this was not certain, and Captain Drew's instructions were sufficiently explicit — to take and destroy the Caroline "wherever he should find her." As has been observed by an actor in the stirring events of that memorable night, the last five words of that order "nearly fired the continent as well as the Caroline."

THE CUTTING-OUT OF THE CAROLINE

The first destination of the expedition was a point about a mile up stream from Chippewa, a short distance above the spot known as Whiskey Point. Thence a final departure was to be made through the strait intervening between Navy Island and Grand Island. Captain Drew himself was in command of the first boat, which was pulled steadily up the river in dead silence. The night being excessively dark, it was necessary to hold a port-fire over the stern as a guide to the others. Only five of the seven boats which had started from Chippewa reached the final point of departure, one of the remaining two having grounded on a shallow, and the other being unable to make way against the current, being provided with an insufficient number of oars. After waiting their arrival for fifteen or twenty minutes, the commander of the expedition determined to delay no longer, and the five boats accordingly set out across the stream. Captain Drew's boat took the lead, as before. Upon reaching the opposite side of the island, the captain perceived that the steamer was not anchored in Canadian waters, but was moored to the wharf on the American side at Fort Schlosser. He ordered his men to rest on their oars until the other boats were alongside. Upon the latter's near approach, he said, in a tone loud enough for all to hear, "The steamboat is our object — follow me." The men then resumed their oars, and the expedition glided silently across the fast-flowing river.

As they approached the Caroline, they perceived that she headed upstream, and was well lighted up. More than two hours had elapsed since the departure from Chippewa, and it was not far from midnight. The rowers proceeded cautiously, making very little noise, and,

owing to the excessive darkness, the sentry on board the doomed steamer did not become aware of their proximity until they had arrived within fifteen or twenty yards of her. In the first moments of surprise, he seems to have thought that the approaching boats were occupied by Indians. "Who goes there?" he shouted, in peremptory tones. "Answer, or I fire!" "Friends," replied Captain Drew. He then hurriedly demanded the countersign. "I will give it to you when we get on board," was the captain's response. Then the derelict sentry awoke to the danger of the situation, and discharged the contents of a musket at the nearest boat. The charge went wide of its mark, and struck the boat immediately astern, doing no harm. "Turn out, boys," he shrieked, "the enemy 's coming."

It was natural, under the circumstances, that such a command should be acted upon with all imaginable promptitude. But no promptitude could avail to save William Wells's property. The Canadians were in possession of the Caroline in less time than it takes to tell the story. Captain Drew and his men did their work quickly and well. Just at the moment when the sentry sounded his alarm and fired his musket, the foremost boat arrived alongside, and one of the crew grappled the steamer with a boarding-pike. Drew, cutlass in hand, sprang over the starboard gangway, and was followed by the other occupants of the foremost boat. The crews of the other boats boarded fore and aft on both sides. There was no general attempt at resistance on the part of those on board, and nothing deserving the name of a serious conflict. It was simply a vigorous kicking out of doors on the one hand, and, with two or three exceptions,

a terrified submission on the other. There were in all thirty-three persons on the vessel, ten of whom composed the crew, while the other twenty-three were casual lodgers who had been permitted to spend the night on board, in consequence of the neighboring tavern being so full as to have no accommodation for them. Most of them had been wrapped in slumber until aroused by the cry and the fire of the sentry, and were so completely taken by surprise that they seem to have had no time to think of resistance. They came pouring up the companionway from below, and were driven ashore at sword's point almost before they had time to realize their situation. Many of them shrieked with fright, believing that the last moment had arrived for them, and there was noise enough for a pitched battle. Says an eyewitness: "There was the loudest hullabaloo I ever heard in all my life. You would have thought that two mighty hosts were contending for the victory." Shots were fired on both sides. Three or four of the steamer's crew who were provided with cutlasses showed a disposition to use them, but they were speedily disarmed and driven on shore — not, however, until Lieutenant McCormick had been seriously wounded, while two others received wounds of less importance. The performance was at an end almost before it had begun.

The most dangerous part of the expedition having thus been successfully achieved, the next thing was to dispose of the steamer. Richard Arnold, a vigorous young man who had acted as stroke-oar of the foremost boat, went below by the captain's orders, and started a fire under the boiler with intent to get up steam. All the occupants of the vessel, with the exception of the

two prisoners hereafter mentioned, having been driven ashore, Lieutenant John Elmsley and a number of privates were detailed to step upon the wharf and cut the steamer from her moorings. While they were so engaged, a fire of musketry was opened upon them from a number of American sympathizers stationed near the neighboring tavern. They proceeded with their work, however, undeterred by these demonstrations, and by the yells which resounded far and near on every side. Elmsley himself, at the head of sixteen men armed with cutlasses, advanced about thirty yards toward the tavern, and there came to a stand, while the rest of his party completed the casting-off. As soon as this task was accomplished, the entire party returned on board the steamer, and immediately afterwards resumed their places in the small boats. Meanwhile, Arnold, as instructed, took a hurried run through the vessel from end to end, to make sure that no one was left on board. He informed Captain Drew that all was right. "Then," said the captain, "set her on fire." Arnold hastened down to the engine-room, took from the furnace the wood which he had kindled, and applied it in several places to the woodwork of the steamer. For a moment it seemed as though the material would not ignite, but all of a sudden it blazed up with fury, and almost before Arnold could reach the deck the vessel was in a blaze. All the rest of the boarding-party had returned to the boats, and Arnold thus found himself the last man on board. He was quickly in his place in Captain Drew's boat, but was unable to take an oar by reason of his having received a heavy stroke from a cutlass on his arm. The boats towed the blazing steamer out into the river, to prevent her from setting fire to the

wharf. Having conveyed her about two hundred yards from shore, they found it impossible to take her any farther, owing to the power of the current. They accordingly cut her adrift and abandoned her. Down she went at a tolerably good speed for about two hundred yards, when she became entangled in a bed of rush weeds, which brought her to a full stop for several minutes. Then she drifted loose, and away she went again, keeping well in to the eastern shore. But the flames had by this time pretty effectually destroyed the woodwork, and she had not been carried far down the river before her lights were quenched, and all suddenly became as dark as the grave. It is probable that the metal portion of her sank to the bottom, as her engine was to be seen there in shallow water for many years afterwards. Small portions of her charred woodwork were carried over the Falls, and minute fragments were subsequently picked up even in the lower reaches of the river; but the prevalent notion that the steamer was carried bodily over the great cataract is altogether without foundation.

TAKEN PRISONER BY THE FENIANS

[1866]

BY DAVID JUNOR

[THE Fenian Brotherhood, founded in 1857, had for its object the separation of Ireland from Great Britain. In 1866, a large number of these "Fenians" crossed the Niagara River below Buffalo, and threatened the Niagara Peninsula. They were promptly opposed by both volunteers and regulars, and were soon driven back to the American side. Other raids had been planned, but were prevented by the watchfulness of the volunteers.

The Editor.]

THE rumors concerning movements on the other side of the border, which threatened to bring trouble to Canada, grew more definite as the winter of 1865–66 advanced, and just before St. Patrick's Day, March 17, there was such a feeling that the Fenians had planned an attempt to destroy the Queen's Own drill-shed on that night that a guard was ordered to patrol the streets around the shed. I was one of the men detailed for that purpose. If such a plan had been formed, however, nothing came of it, and the shed was still intact on the morning of the 18th.

The rumors continued until June 1, when word was received at Toronto that a body of Fenians had crossed from Buffalo to Fort Erie. Troops to oppose them were requested. The officers of the Queen's Own at once sent a hurried call for the different companies to assemble so as to take the boat for Port Colborne. It was a very bad time for the University Company, as we were in the

midst of examinations. It was my graduating year, but, fortunately most of my examinations were over. We were informed by the university authorities that those who went against the Fenians would be considered as having passed without any further examinations, while those who were up for honors would have their standing decided by the average on the examinations already held together with their records in previous years.

The number of members of the University Company that took the boat that day and were present at the engagement with the Fenians has never been settled to my satisfaction, but my count after we landed at Limeridge made it twenty-three, and I have never seen any reason for changing it. We arrived at Port Colborne that evening and took the train for St. Catherine's, where we enjoyed some sleep; then we were roused up and put on a freight train for Limeridge, where we were joined by a regiment of volunteers from Hamilton. We were also to meet the regulars, but because of some delay, which I never heard satisfactorily explained, they did not reach Fort Erie until the morning after the engagement with the Fenians. As the highest officer with the Queen's Own was Major Otter, and as the Hamilton regiment had a colonel, the latter took command of the united column.

A great many of the soldiers had taken along some baggage, as we did not expect to return to Toronto at once. I had a good large satchel, as I expected to go home before returning to Toronto for the convocation to receive my degree. This satchel contained some of my clothes, but, far more cherished than these, some photographs and letters. On leaving the train we piled our

baggage in a goodly heap, expecting to return and get it after we had annihilated the Fenians. Alas! we never saw any of it again, and I have often wondered what kind of Fenian got those photographs and letters and what he thought of them. The Government partly reimbursed us for the baggage lost, but alas for those things for the loss of which no money could be a recompense!

There were no commissioned officers with the members of the University Company when we landed at Limeridge, as Captain Croft and Lieutenant Cherriman were detained at Toronto by examinations; and so one of the first important questions to be decided by the battalion officers, in view of an engagement with the Fenians, was what to do with the few representatives of the University Company. It was at first decided to distribute them among the other companies, but these members objected, saying that, if there was to be any fighting, they wished to fight as a company, and they asked instead that enough men should be taken from other companies to make up such a number as the officers might think best, and the command given to an officer from another company. This was done, and the command was given to Lieutenant Whitney, of Trinity College Company. He proved to be a splendid leader, showing no sigh either of fear or rashness during the engagement, and was always in the front, erect and calm, as if whistling bullets were everyday visitors in his life.

No one who was there will ever forget his feelings as, standing in battalion, we heard the command, "With ball cartridge, load," and realized what that command presaged. Very soon we heard that the Fenians were

near, and the march to meet them began. It seemed only a few minutes later when we heard the bullets whistling over our heads, and we can all remember with a smile how our heads involuntarily ducked as we heard the sound.

Then came the command for the University Company to advance as skirmishers, and very soon we were so far ahead of our main body that we could no longer see it. As we advanced, we fired at the woods in which the Fenians were supposed to be and from which the bullets we heard passing seemed to come. Once in a while we caught sight of a man on a white horse, and I have no doubt that every man in that skirmish line fired more than once at the man on horseback. He seemed, however, to be immune to bullets, as he continued to ride unharmed, and that, too, in spite of the fact that the writer held the company medal that year for rifle shooting.

When we had advanced some distance, we came to a rail fence which we must cross if we would reach the Fenians; but there was a general disinclination to do so, as the field on the other side was bare, and men in any part of it would make good targets. After a slight hesitation, however, we crossed; but it was not strange that each one of us should try to get as near to Mother Earth as he could, so as to give the enemy as little occasion as possible to commit manslaughter.

While in this field a strange thing happened. We heard the bullets whistling from the rear as well as from the front, and the only conclusion we could come to was that the officer in command had forgotten that our company was skirmishing, and had sent another skirmish

line out behind us. Whether this was true or not, I have never been able to find out.

We had not been long in this field before we heard the bugle call to retire, and began to fall back leisurely, turning and firing as we retired. At first, we could see nothing of our main body, but when we reached a cross-road, the column was seen nearly half a mile in the rear and retreating apparently helter-skelter. We at once decided that it was our duty to overtake them as speedily as possible. We hurried to the main road, so as to follow.

As we ran along the cross-road, young Tempest, who was just before me, fell. I paused beside him for a moment and saw that he was dead, shot through the head. At that time the bullets were whizzing past us at a great rate, and I remember wondering whether I was going to get through without coming in contact with any of them.

Shortly after we reached the main road we passed a small hotel, and as I was running by the open door I heard some one from within call, "O ——, I'm wounded." I turned in to see who called, and found one of my company shot in the arm. I also saw there were quite a number of other wounded men there, and, as they were calling for water, I decided that my next duty was to attend to their calls. I therefore began giving water to all. I had been at this work only a few minutes when a civilian, who evidently lived in the neighborhood, came in and began to help. A member of the Highland Company lay on the floor with a wound in the arm. He was suffering greatly, and asked whether we could not put something under his arm to raise it up. I pulled off my coat, folded it and put it under his arm, and it seemed to relieve him.

All this time we had seen nothing of the Fenians, but now one stood in the doorway with leveled pistol and called on us to surrender. We had no time to answer before another, evidently an officer, ordered him off and came into the room. Seeing me in my shirt sleeves, he said, "Oh, you're a surgeon; these wounded men will be protected." And then he disappeared, as I supposed, to put a guard on the house.

When the civilian and I had done all we could for the wounded in the house, seeing no Fenians around to prevent, I proposed that we take water and go back along the road to see if we could help any of the wounded. I thought at the same time that we might get back to where I had seen Tempest fall. We had not gone far before we came to a young man who had been shot through the body, but was still conscious. We raised his head and gave him water, and as we knelt beside him the civilian began the Lord's Prayer, but he had not gone far before he burst into tears and cried, "I can't pray." In a few moments blood and water gushed from the young man's mouth, his head fell back, and he was dead.

We started to go farther back along the road, but met the Fenian rear guard, who, seeing that I had on part of a uniform, told me I must go with them. As even misery likes company, I cannot say that I was sorry to see that the rear guard had as a prisoner another of my company, now a distinguished professor in Toronto.

When we got back to the hotel, I was in difficulty, as I was in my shirt sleeves, and, when I came to look at my coat under the arm of the wounded man, I saw that, even if I could remove it, it was not in a condition to be worn. The only unappropriated coat was the military overcoat

of the wounded man, so I put it on; but, as military overcoats are intended to be long, anyway, and, in this case, the owner was over six feet tall, while I was five feet four, there was a good deal of waste skirt on the floor. However, as it was the only coat available I gathered it up at the waist, buckled my belt under the gathering, bade good-bye to my wounded college mate, and started with the Fenians. I might add here that I did not see this friend again until forty years later, almost to a day, when, in June, 1906, I shook hands with him in his office in Winnipeg.

The objective point of the Fenian march we did not know, but found out a little later that it was Fort Erie. We soon got to be quite friendly with our guards, who were all good-natured Irishmen. They told us that they fully expected the Canadians to rise to aid those who came to free them from the yoke of Great Britain. We assured them that they were mistaken about the feelings of the Canadians and that they would meet only with disappointment. It was impossible for us to judge of the number of the Fenians, as they were scattered all along the road, but I thought there might be anywhere from five hundred to one thousand. Formerly they had been soldiers of the American Civil War, accustomed to hardship and to take things easily, especially when they saw anything they would like to have in the farmhouses or barns at which they called in passing along the road. At one place we were relieved by this peculiarity, as they brought a can of buttermilk and gave us a drink, and I don't believe we cared how they came by it, for the day was warm and the march tiresome.

Several amusing things occurred on the way, one of

which I recall. In one barn at which they called they found a horse, buggy, and harness. Evidently thinking that, under the circumstances, it was as cheap to ride as to walk, they hitched up, and more than a dozen got on. But, alas for their hopes! They had not gone ten rods before the buggy collapsed, the wheels spreading at the bottom and letting the load sink to the ground.

As we approached Fort Erie, we noticed a good deal of excitement, and in a very short time we were left alone with our guards, all the others going to the front. Presently we heard firing for a few minutes and then again all was still. Late in the afternoon we passed through the village of Fort Erie, where we met Colonel O'Neil, the Fenian commander, and then to our evident destination, the ruins of the old fort. There we found that the number of prisoners was increased by about twenty members of an artillery company that had landed at Fort Erie that day, and had been captured by the Fenians after the fight of which we heard the firing. We were not permitted to starve that evening, but were supplied with biscuit and meat, some of which at least was raw pork. During the night we were not allowed to stand up, but must either sit or lie down; and then I had reason to bless the chance that made me wear that heavy overcoat, as with it I suffered less than the others from the cold. Although it was June, it became cold toward morning.

Between two and three o'clock in the morning, we were roused up and told to form into line along a fence. We wondered whether it was possible that they were going to shoot us, although we did not feel much fear, as they had been so friendly. Our lives, however, were not

doomed to end yet, for we were next told to form into marching order, the Fenians meanwhile doing the same. Together we marched down to the bank of the Niagara River, where there was a tug with a scow in tow. Then our guards shook hands with us, got on the scow and tug and made for the opposite shore. It may be imagined that we did not delay long before we put a good distance between us and the river. As we were now in the village of Fort Erie, and daylight was some hours off, we rapped at the door of a small house in which we saw a light. The owner asked who we were without opening the door, and he evidently did not wish to offend either side. We succeeded at length in convincing him that we were Canadians, so he opened the door and let us in.

Soon after daybreak a company of regular artillery came along, and my fellow prisoners and I rode on a gun carriage till we came to where the Queen's Own were encamped. We found our company a good deal larger than at the time of the engagement, owing to accessions from Toronto, and we received a hearty welcome, as we had been given up for dead. On talking the battle over, we came to the conclusion that our company had suffered more than its share, as we thought that out of twenty-three men, three were dead, four wounded, and two had been prisoners. As to the cause of the rout of the column, different rumors were prevalent, the most common being that the commander, never having been in action before, lost his head when he became possessed of the idea that they were to be attacked by a force of Fenian cavalry, and gave orders which led to disorder and then to a panic.

After being in camp at Fort Erie for a few days, the Queen's Own were sent to Stratford for several days

more. There we were not in camp, but billeted among the citizens, and, as we were very cordially received, all had a very pleasant time. I know that was true in my case, as I was a guest at the home of the sheriff of the county, whose son was my classmate. Forty-two years later, in the summer of 1908, while on the Canadian Pacific Railway boat from Fort William to Owen Sound, I was introduced to a gentleman and his wife from Stratford. After the introduction, the lady said, "When I heard your name, I wondered if you were the young man who spent some days at our house after the Fenian raid of 1866." She was the daughter of the sheriff and a young girl at the time of the raid.

Among the good things that made the time pass pleasantly for me at Stratford was the receipt of about a dozen letters from the preceptress and some of the members in a certain school for young ladies at Toronto, written to cheer the heart of the young soldier and incite him, if the occasion arose, to do brave deeds for his native land. It will indicate how much I prized those letters when I say that I have them yet, although I have never seen one of the writers since. After we left Stratford, we went to our homes, as the Fenian scare was over for the time.

THE CANADIANS ON THE NILE

[1884–1885]

BY WILLIAM WYE SMITH

[In 1870, Sir Garnet Wolseley had subdued the uprising at Red River and had become familiar with the skill and prowess of the voyageurs. Fourteen years later, when he was called upon to assist General Gordon in Upper Egypt, he sent to Canada for voyageurs to serve as boatmen on the Nile.

The Editor.]

O, the East is but the West, with the sun a little hotter;
And the pine becomes a palm, by the dark Egyptian water:
And the Nile's like many a stream we know, that fills its brimming cup, —
We'll think it is the Ottawa, as we track the bateaux up!
Pull, pull, pull! as we track the bateaux up!
It's easy shooting homeward, when we're at the top!

O, the cedar and the spruce line each dark Canadian river;
But the thirsty date is here, where the sultry sunbeams quiver;
And the mocking mirage spreads its view, afar on either hand;
But strong we bend the sturdy oar, towards the Southern land!
Pull, pull, pull! as we track the bateaux up!
It's easy shooting homeward, when we're at the top!

THE CANADIANS ON THE NILE

O, we've tracked the Rapids up, and o'er many a portage crossing;
And it's often such we've seen, though so loud the waves are tossing!
Then, it's homeward when the run is o'er! o'er stream, and ocean deep —
To bring the memory of the Nile, where the maple shadows sleep!
Pull, pull, pull! as we track the bateaux up!
It's easy shooting homeward, when we're at the top!

And it yet may come to pass, that the hearts and hands so ready,
May be sought again to help, when some poise is off the steady!
And the Maple and the Pine be matched, with British Oak the while,
At once beneath Egyptian suns, the Canadians on the Nile!
Pull, pull, pull! as we track the bateaux up!
It's easy shooting homeward, when we're at the top!

VI
STORIES OF THE TRAPPERS

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE greater part of the work of exploring the vast Canadian wilderness was carried on by daring bands of trappers in their search for pelts. In 1670 King Charles II of England granted a charter incorporating the "Governor and Company of Adventurers of England, Trading into Hudson's Bay," and allowing it the "sole trade and commerce" of the entire country from the Great Lakes to the Arctic Ocean and from Hudson Bay to the Pacific, except such portions as were already settled. From the first immense profits were made in spite of the damage done by the French, who sent several expeditions to destroy the trading-posts.

Toward the close of the eighteenth century the Northwest Fur Company was formed by Canadian merchants, and speedily became a formidable competitor for the immensely profitable trade. The competition resulted in the demoralization of the Indians through the abundance of liquor with which the rivals sought to attract them, and the wasteful destruction of animals, and in 1821 the struggle was ended by the union of the two companies.

In 1859 the Hudson's Bay Company lost its monopoly of trade, and since then the region has been open to all. Ten years later the Company sold its vast tract of land to the Dominion of Canada for £300,000 sterling.

A CANADIAN BOAT-SONG

BY THOMAS MOORE

[WHEN voyageurs left Montreal to begin their long journey up the Ottawa to the fur country, they made a stop at the village of St. Anne to beg the good saint for her protection on the dangerous voyage. A song which they often sang at this point begins, —

Dans mon chemin j'ai rencontré
Deux cavaliers, très-bien montés.

The boatmen of Thomas Moore sang this to him, and he was so pleased with it that he composed the following verses to the air of the old song.

The Editor.]

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight 's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight 's past.

Utawas' tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.

CANADA

Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight 's past.

HOW THE NORTHWEST COMPANY LOST FORT GABRIEL

[About 1820]

BY SIR GILBERT PARKER

BRIAN KINGLEY had captured Fort Gabriel, making prisoners of two trappers who had been to it more caretakers than garrison. He expected that there would be fighting, but did not think that the Hudson's Bay Company would attempt a recapture till the springtime. Fort Saviour, as he knew, was the nearest fort; but of the name of its chief factor he was ignorant. He did not, as we said elsewhere, relish fighting the followers of the Hudson's Bay Company, but he would not be the aggressor, and that would make the matter easier. Holding the fort against odds would be pleasant enough to him. He loved rather than avoided danger. Those were fighting days. Waterloo and Trafalgar were still news to the world and present topics to all British men; the Greeks were fighting for independence; war was in the air.

Brian had but thirty men — voyageurs, trappers, soldiers. He had but a small field of resources behind him, while the Hudson's Bay Company had resources practically unlimited, for they had a line of forts from which reinforcements could come. It was a forlorn hope; but the Northwest Company had promised him more men in the spring, and it was possible that the rising of the Indians might be successful, though this was not a matter which had his sympathy. Anything which roused

the Indians against either company he considered an evil.

He set himself to work to put the fort in as good a condition as was possible in winter. For a time he was busy enough. Then came days when there was nothing to do. He had little to read. He thought a good deal — more steadily than he had done for years. He occupied himself much with his past — not altogether pleasant in retrospect. With Scotland more than with Ireland. Was he becoming a renegade? When, once or twice, he thought of the flute which he heard distinctly on the Red River, — and he wished it were at Fort Gabriel, whoever played it, — the songs he imagined lilting from it were not Irish but Scotch; not "Garry Owen" and "Glory," but the "Bush aboon Traquair." And when he thought of Scotland much, and of a particular event of a certain year, he became disturbed, and longed for action to take the place of thoughts. This desire for activity at last overcame him. He had not the faculty for waiting possessed by Chief Factor Venlaw.

Two or three times a few men had been permitted to go out and look for moose, but they had been limited to certain boundaries, and had not been very successful. Brian, bored by his inactivity, determined at last to go out himself with a party. There seemed no probability of any attack from the Hudson's Bay Company, and in any case, those left behind in the fort would be able to resist an assault, and hold the place till the return of the sportsmen. There was the danger of being cut off from the fort, but that had to be risked.

One morning, very early, they issued forth. They would probably not have stepped so briskly, had they

known that a band of the Hudson's Bay Company men were watching them from a pine grove not far from the fort. Brian had more than once debated on cutting down this grove, since it would afford a good shelter for an attacking party, but he had hesitated because it sheltered the fort from the west winds. He contented himself with having it watched and regularly searched. He was not, however, aware that the grove contained a very effective hiding-place, which was likely to be known to the members of a Hudson's Bay Company party. This very morning, before the hunters started, there had been a search, but it was perfunctory, and the twenty-odd men led by Chief Factor Venlaw lay concealed under the very noses of the searchers, who might easily have been captured had it been according to Venlaw's programme. He hoped, however, to employ strategy; the more so, because he had heard one of the men from the fort speak of the projected hunt.

When the searchers returned to the fort, and soon afterwards he saw Brian and his handful of men issue forth, he determined on his plan of action. About noon would be the slackest time at the fort. Moreover, any one who might chance to pass out during the morning would be likely to return at noon. His action should be governed by this event, if it occurred. If not, another plan, based upon another supposition, should be put into play.

It was his intention to make a rush upon the gates at the moment any one should be entering, and so, if possible, enter the fort. A half-breed left the fort about nine o'clock, and they saw him returning about noon. The distance between the grove and the gates was about one

hundred yards. Venlaw's men were all swift and noiseless runners, and were likely to accomplish the distance and do the thing successfully, though one would have said the odds were heavy against them.

The half-breed came slowly on, bearing a part of an animal he had killed on the shoulder between him and the grove, so that he could not, without removing it, or turning toward the pines, see any one in that direction.

Venlaw turned to his men. "Don't fire until I give the word; but enter the fort guns cocked, and cover every man that shows himself. Remember, capture, not bloodshed, is our aim. A pound of pemmican and three plugs of tobacco to each man, if we do the thing successfully. Keep close to me; speak no word. . . . Are you ready?"

He raised his hand, holding it poised till the half-breed was almost at the gate, then he gave the signal, and with great swiftness they sped upon the fort. The half-breed did not hear them till the pad of moccasined feet was almost upon him, and at that moment the gate was opened. Before he could cry out, a hand was clapped on his mouth, and he was drawn backwards to the ground, and Venlaw and his men rushed in before it could be closed upon them. The sentinel who had opened the gate, and another, stood an instant bewildered, then swung their guns shoulderwards, but Venlaw and one of his followers sprang upon them and seized the weapons. Both went off, but fortunately, without injury to any one. The men were disarmed. The rest of the garrison now came armed and crowding through the doors of the fort to the yard. Venlaw's followers instantly leveled their rifles at them.

The factor raised his hand toward the besieged.

"Don't fire, or attempt resistance," he said; "it will be useless bloodshed. We are masters. The Hudson's Bay Company wishes only its rights. You have done your duty in obeying your captain, but now stack your arms, for I shall command you henceforth." The men were under cover of the rifles; they saw that resistance must be made with great loss of life, and even then with little chance of success, and they dropped the butts of their guns upon the ground, still, however, holding them. One of the men — he who had been left in command — spoke. "What will you do with us, if we surrender?"

"Take you over to Fort Saviour, and from there send you south of the Hudson's Bay Company. Stack your arms!"

At that moment a woman who had accompanied the expedition appeared behind the men. She suddenly raised a pistol at the factor and fired. The bullet grazed his temple, bringing blood, and tore away a piece of his fur cap. He stanched the blood with his buckskin glove, and it froze on his cheek as it came; but for a moment he did not speak, and he did not change his position. One of the men beside the woman seized her arm — it was her husband.

Venlaw spoke now, but not to his assailant. "Ground your arms," he said sternly to the group about the woman. But she shrieked out, — "Fire on them! fire on them! O you cowards; I could kill you myself!" She struggled in her husband's arms.

The captured men silently laid their rifles down; and now the factor spoke to the woman, his glove stiff with the blood from the still bleeding wound. "You fight hardly fair; and I'm not sure but what you gave, you

ought to get. You might have waited till you saw what we intended. You were foolish. But we will not quarrel with you, if you will get us a tin of tea and cook us some of this fresh meat," — pointing to the venison which the disarmed and captured half-breed had brought, — "for we've had little enough to eat these two days past, and we have work to do yet to-day. And as for your husband, if he is here, I promise you shall go with him, wherever he goes."

The woman was overcome by the factor's coolness and quiet speaking. She stood for a moment as if dumbfounded, and then turned and went into the fort. Like most women of such impulses she was soon after as earnest in making the tea and cooking the venison as she had been in her murderous attack upon the factor. Meantime, the prisoners were put in well-guarded rooms.

The weather grew colder as the day went on. Decisive preparations were made to receive Brian and his men. Toward sundown a watchman gave the word that the hunters were returning. Venlaw formed his men advantageously, and more or less out of sight, in the yard, with instructions, as before, not to fire until he gave the word. Brian and his followers had had a successful day, and were in high spirits. On the fort the Northwest Company's flag was still flying. Venlaw was too cautious to think of lowering it yet. When within a few yards of the gates, one of Brian's half-breeds gave a sharp call as a signal for opening the gates. It was answered from within by one of the factor's men. When the men were immediately at the gates they opened, and they came in eagerly, for they were hungry. Before they grasped the situation they were nearly all in, and then Brian became

aware that rifles were threatening them from the windows of the fort, and from the yard. He saw that they were in a trap, but he was not inclined to yield tamely. He caught his rifle to his shoulder with his eye upon the leader of the invaders. On the instant he recognized this leader as Andrew Venlaw. He was dumbfounded. He lowered his gun. Behind him his followers were still crowding in at the gate, covered by the rifles.

The factor stepped forward. "I think," he said, "it were wiser to make no resistance. You have lost this game. Save your life for a better."

"Venlaw! Andrew Venlaw!" said the other, finding his voice.

"Yes, that is my name," was the cold reply. "Order your men to stack their arms. We have you at an advantage."

Brian glanced at the carcass of the moose which his men had brought with them, and with a little of his old humor, answered, "We've got our venison at a price something unusual." Then he glanced round, saw the hopelessness of the position, and added, "Pile your arms, my men. We have lost Fort Gabriel."

SHOPPING AT A HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S FORT

BY H. M. ROBINSON

TOWARD the latter end of March, or the beginning of April, the Indian trappers leave their hunting-grounds, and make a journey to the fort with the produce of their winter's toil. Here they come, marching through the forest, a motley throng; not men only, but women and children and dogs, of all ages and conditions; each dragging sleds, or hand-toboggans, bearing the precious freight of fur to the trading-post. The braves march in front, too proud and too lazy to carry anything but their guns, and not always doing even that. After them come the squaws, bending under loads, driving dogs, or hauling hand-sleds laden with meat, furs, tanned deerskins, and infants. The puppy dog and the inevitable baby never fail in Indian lodge or cortège. The cheering spectacle of the two, packed together on the back of a woman, is not of infrequent occurrence; for in the Fur Land wretched woman often bears man's burden of toil as well as her own. The unwilling dog also becomes a victim, and degenerates into a beast of burden, either drawing a sledge or a loaded *travaille*.

Fifty or one hundred miles away from the nearest fort the minks and martens of the Indian trappers have been captured. Half a dozen families have, perhaps, wintered together, and they all set out for the fort in company. The dogs and women are heavily laden, and the march

through the melting snow is slow and toilsome. All the household goods have to be taken along. The black and battered kettles, the leather lodge, the axe, the pappoose strapped in its moss bag, the two puppy dogs not yet able to care for themselves, the snowshoes for hunting, the rush mats, the dried meat; all together it makes a big load, and squaw and dog toil along with difficulty under it. Day after day the mongrel party journeys on, until the post is reached. Then comes the trade.

The trapping or wood-Indian not being considered a dangerous customer, the gates of the post are freely thrown open to him. Accompanied by his female following, bearing the burden of fur, he marches boldly into the trading-room. Here the trader receives him, and proceeds at once to separate his fur into lots, placing the standard valuation upon each pile.

The trader, having separated the furs, and valued each at the standard valuation, now adds the amount together and informs the Indian — who has been a deeply interested spectator of all this strange procedure — that he has got sixty or seventy "skins." At the same time he hands his customer sixty or seventy little bits of wood, to represent the number of skins; so that the latter may know, by returning these in payment of the goods for which he really barters his furs, how fast his funds decrease.

The first act of the Indian is to cancel the debt of last year. This is for advances made him at the beginning of the season; for the company generally issue to the Indians such goods as they need, up to a certain amount, when the summer supplies arrive at the forts, such advances to be returned in furs at the end of the season.

After that he looks round upon the bales of cloth, guns, blankets, knives, beads, ribbons, etc., which constitute the staples of the trade, and after a long while, concludes to have a small white capote. The trader tells him the price, but he has a great deal of difficulty in understanding that eight or ten skins only equal one capote. He believes in the single standard of value — one skin for one capote. If an Indian were to bring in a hundred skins of different sorts, or all alike, he would trade off every one separately, and insist on payment for each, as he sold it. It is a curious and interesting sight to watch him selecting from the stores articles that he may require, as he disposes of skin after skin. If he has only a small number, he walks into the shop with his blanket about him, and not a skin visible. After some preliminary skirmishing he produces one from under his blanket, trades it, taking in exchange what he absolutely needs; then he stops. Just as one thinks the trading is over, he produces another peltry from beneath his blanket, and buys something else. Thus he goes on until, having bought all the necessaries he requires, he branches off into the purchase of luxuries — candy, fancy neckties, etc. Under so slow a process an Indian trader needs to possess more than average patience.

When the little white capote has been handed the Indian, the trader tells him the price is ten skins. The purchaser hands back ten little pieces of wood, then looks about for something else; his squaw standing at his elbow, and suggesting such things as they need. Everything is carefully examined, and with each purchase the contest over the apparent inequality between the amount received for that given is renewed. With him,

one skin should pay for one article of merchandise, no matter what the value of the latter. And he insists also upon selecting the skin. Like his savage brethren of the prairies, too, he has never solved the conundrum of the steelyard and weighing-balance — he does not understand what "medicine" that is. That his tea and sugar should be balanced against a bit of iron conveys no idea of the relative values of peltries and merchandise to him. He insists upon making the balance swing even between the trader's goods and his own furs, until a new light is thrown upon the question of steelyards and scales by the acceptance of his proposition. Then, when he finds his fine furs balanced against heavy blankets and balls, he concluded to abide by the old method of letting the white trader decide the weight in his own way; for it is clear that the steelyard is a very great medicine, which no brave can understand, and which can only be manipulated by a white medicine-man.

When the Indian trapper has paid his debt and purchased all needful supplies, if he has any skins remaining, he turns his attention to the luxuries of life. The luxuries of life with the painted child of the forest and stream consist of fancy neckties, colored beads, cotton handkerchiefs, red and yellow ochre, and cheap and tawdry jewelry. For articles such as these he hands over his remaining chips, amid childlike manifestations of delight on the part of his expectant squaw. Then he turns his attention to the last, and to him, most important feature of the trade — that of getting into debt again; for a great majority of the Indians and half-breed trappers and hunters really live in a state of serfdom, or peonage, to the Company. Indeed, it may be said that every man,

woman, and child living in the Fur Land contributes to the revenues of that corporation; and also that the Company feeds, clothes, and wholly maintains nine tenths of the entire population; nearly all classes being more or less engaged in the fur trade, and bartering their produce at the many posts scattered over the country. Like the Mexican or Brazilian peon, the Indian trapper is so constantly, and, for him, so largely in debt to the fur trade, as to be practically its servant. Twice during the year, perhaps, he is free from debt and his own master; but such freedom is only of momentary duration, continuing but for such time as he can get into debt again. In fact, the trapper seems ill at ease when free from pecuniary obligation, and plunges into it with a facility and to an extent only limited by his ability to contract it. By this system of advances the Company rules its vast territories, and is as much of a monarch of the frozen latitudes as Crusoe was monarch of his island. The continuance of this system has been caused by the necessities of the hunters and trappers; and by the fact that the Company, like the wise corporation that it is, does not kill the goose that lays the golden eggs, but carefully cares for the game and the hunters on its vast preserves.

Contrary to the general rule in civilized life, a debt is seldom lost, except in the event of the death of the trapper. He may change his place of abode hundreds of miles, but he still has only a Company's post at which to trade; and it is impossible for him so to conceal his identity as not to be found out sooner or later. But the trapper seldom attempts to evade the payment of his debts; he is not yet civilized to that degree which practices rehypothecation. The Company has always been

a good friend to him and his, supplied his necessities, ministered to his wants, and he pays when he can. He knows that when he liquidates his old debt, he can contract a new one just as big. He knows, too, that when the Company promise him anything he will get it; and that he will always pay just so much for his goods and no more. No attempt was ever made to cheat him, and there never will be. When he is ill, he goes to the nearest fort and is cared for and attended until he recovers. When he does his duty well, he gets a present; and he never performs any labor for his employers without receiving a fair compensation. Such humane treatment binds the Indian and half-breed to the Company in a bond that is not easily broken. So, when he has spent all his little pieces of wood, and asks for further advances, he is allowed to draw any reasonable amount. Carefully looking over the purchases already made, counting up his supply of ammunition, clothing, gew-gaws, etc., he concludes to take more tea and tobacco; for the trapper is a very Asiatic in his love of soothing stimulants.

The purchase of such soothing solace terminates the trade of the Indian trapper. After going in debt to the extent of his ability, he wends his way to the forest again. The furs he has traded are thrown carelessly behind the counter, to be afterward carried to the fur-room.

In the early spring, when the snow is gone from the plains, and the ice has left the rivers, the workmen at the trading-post begin to pack all the fur skins in bales of from eighty to one hundred pounds each, that being the usual weight of each package — goods or furs — in the Company's trade. The outer covering is buffalo-

skin, or rawhide; loops are made to each package in order to sling it on the pack-saddles, if the pack is sent from an inland post; the pack-saddles are repaired and thongs cut to fasten the bales on to the horses. The Company's horses — of which each fort has its complement — that have wintered in some sheltered valley, under the care of Indians, are now brought to the post; the packs are tied on, and the train starts for the depot or chief fort of the district, situated always on the banks of some navigable stream. This is called fitting out a brigade, and forms the grand event of fort-life — being looked forward to by the men as a boy anticipates his holidays. Arrived at the depot, the bales are handed over, and goods for the ensuing year received in return.

It generally occurs that several brigades meet at the depot simultaneously. In this event the spectacle presented is quaint and singular; the wild looks, long, unkempt hair, sunburnt faces, and leather costumes of the traders being only exceeded by the still wilder appearance and absence of clothing among their Indian attendants. So long as the brigades remain, the scene is one continuous festivity, eating, drinking, and quarreling. When the brigade departs, the furs are all sorted and repacked, and pressed into bales by an enormous lever — rum and tobacco being placed between the layers of skins to keep out the insects and moths. They are then shipped by slow stages to the nearest seaport, and eventually sold at public auction in London.

THE TRADE INTO THE NORTH

BY AUBREY FULLERTON

ONE side of a top-story room lined with shelves, and each shelf filled with boxes and rolls of miscellaneous cloth things; the opposite side piled high from the floor with colored rugs and thick blankets; one end stacked with tin trunks, boxes of hats, and more blankets; the other with rolls of duffle and bundles of tricolored sashes; the center of the floor covered crosswise by long tables, and each table filled with assorted sizes of men's ready-made suits, bundles of cotton prints, and still more boxes: that is the dry-goods storeroom in Edmonton of one of the Northern trading companies. It is in no way different from the wareroom of a small wholesale house except that its wares have very evidently been chosen for a particular trade and with the wants of a somewhat peculiar class of buyers in view. A few months hence the entire stock will have been distributed among retail trading establishments at distances of two hundred miles along the Mackenzie River, and will have entered into the barter system of the North. Remembering that, one sees why the blankets should be so thick and woolly, why the sashes and prints and tartans should be so gay of color, why the cloths and trousers should be so firm and full of wear. They are for the North, and the North needs warm things and sound things.

In another room is the stock of those other wares which form an important part of the Northern trade —

the things to eat and the tools to work with. There is the same substantiality in these as in the woven and knitted goods upstairs, with even less of the fancy goods appearance. Iron and steel wares are too heavy to freight a thousand miles unless there is a use for them at the other end, and a can of syrup is the nearest approach to the fine grocery line. A few months hence Indian trappers away down the Mackenzie will be handling the knives and hatchets, and Indian housewives will be cooking up the flour and ladling out the syrup.

It all seems very much like any other miscellaneous stock of merchandise, and is modern enough to fit well on the shelves and tables of almost any general supply house; yet just the fact that these goods have been picked for the Northern trade and that they are shortly to be offered for sale to the inhabitants of topmost Canada, differentiates the assortment from that in any other kind of warehouse on the continent. Since the days when Cartier and Champlain first traded beads and knickknacks with the wondering chiefs at Quebec, there has been an interest — call it romance, if you will — about the white man's trade with the red man; it has now been long driven back to the Northland, and it has grown from a barter of beads to an elaborate system of modernized commerce, but it is still the trade of the white with the red, and it still has its old-time fascination.

That stock of goods represents the best that two continents can do for the wants of the Indian. In the olden days the Northern trade was supplied entirely from England, but with the growth of Canadian manufactures it has been found a better policy to outfit as much

as possible in the home market, and such wares as ready-made clothing, knitted goods, and nearly all kinds of provisions are of Canadian production. The greater part of the whole, however, still comes from over the sea. Three or four great importing houses in London and Glasgow send their travelers each year to catch the head traders on their return from the North in the fall. That is perhaps the most unique drummer work, in point of distance covered and territory represented, that is done within the empire. Other British houses sell through agents in Toronto and Montreal. In either case they show their samples, quote their prices, and book their orders, just as for any other class of trade; but they must meet the particular demands of the Northern trade or they won't get next year's orders.

It pays to cater to this trade from Canada's back-door country, and nowadays, with a number of firms competing for it, things are being put up especially to suit the North. For instance, the trappers in the Peace and Mackenzie country felt the need of something to wear as a foot covering inside their moccasins, a heavy fabric that would keep out the cold and keep in the natural foot warmth without becoming moisture-soaked. British mills produced a fabric that precisely met the want, and the rolls of "duffle" on the floor upstairs are some of it — a thick, woolly, reversible cloth of which the trapper cuts a strip and winds it around his stockinged feet. The Hudson's Bay Company had the monopoly of this happy thought for many years, and opposition firms were unable to find where or how it was made, but the secret leaked out, and duffle is now a common article of Northern commerce. Rugs, blankets, tartans, tweeds,

hats and cutlery are among the other wares supplied from the English and Scottish mills.

It is all good stuff, too. The Indian, the half-breed, or even the Eskimo, is not to be put off with second-grade wares. He knows good quality in the things he uses and will have nothing else. When the Hudson's Bay Company first traded into the North, it instituted the policy of taking only number one stock, and this policy having been followed ever since, the Indian buyers have become educated to a keen appreciation of good quality. The high freight rates, too, work against the shoddy man, and since it costs as much to transport cheap goods as high-class goods the traders have found it more to their profit to handle only honest stock. That does not at all mean that the clothes an Indian buys at a Northern trading-post are as dressy as you or I would choose, or that the relishes he buys to fill out his bill of fare are as dainty as those on a white man's table, but of their kind they are all good and, as things go, worth their price.

These shelffuls and tablefuls of made and unmade goods were to be divided among fifteen widely separated posts down the Mackenzie. The entire collection represented a portion of a year's supply for the North; some had already gone forward, the rest had not as yet arrived from England. It was a straight on-order stock. Every yard and pound of it had been ordered last autumn by the factors of the several posts, just as the country merchant makes up an order to fill his season's wants. The trading firm sends very little on its own initiative, unless it be some particular ware or new line which it thinks might profitably be introduced at its posts; but the responsibility of estimating the year's

quantities is put entirely upon the factor, whose place it is to know the conditions and trade prospects of his especial field. What he orders the firm sends. Summed altogether, it makes a very respectable consignment for the North. These fifteen Mackenzie posts, belonging to one of the independent companies, will total on their annual orders two thousand hundred-pound sacks of flour, seven thousand five hundred pounds of oatmeal, seven tons of lump sugar, a carload of tea imported direct from Japan, one hundred and fifty cases, or seven thousand two hundred pounds of syrup, six tons of tobacco, four hundred and twenty pairs of blankets, of a quality selling at Edmonton for ten dollars a pair, and other wares in proportion. Lard and jam are on every factor's list; a few stoves and sewing machines may be asked for; and private orders are made up for the factors themselves, or for gilt-edge customers, that sometimes include gew-gaws and notions.

In all the North country tributary to Edmonton, which means the Peace, Athabasca, and Mackenzie districts, straight to the Arctic coast, there are about one hundred trading-posts. The ancient and honorable Hudson's Bay Company, which began trading into this region nearly a century and a half ago, has sixty of these, and the remaining forty belong to the world-known Revillon Brothers in the Peace and Athabasca, Hislop and Nagle on the Mackenzie, and some four or five private concerns that have not as yet attained to very large proportions. To these hundred posts goes each year a stock of goods worth nearly a million and a quarter dollars, at Winnipeg prices. From twenty to twenty-five per cent must be added for cost of freight,

making it easily a merchandise value, when it reaches the North, of one million five hundred thousand dollars, in exchange for which a like value in furs is brought back. These furs, which all pass through Edmonton, more than double in value, however, when they reach London and Paris. That's where the profit in the Northern trade comes in.

Packing-time comes for the Northern freight as soon as the goods arrive from the mills and as soon as there is snow enough for sledding, for the first hundred miles from Edmonton, which is the end of the railway, is by the horse-and-sled route. The Hudson's Bay Company sends out supplies for all its Northern and Northwestern posts from Winnipeg, shipping by rail to Edmonton and thence by sled. The Edmonton office of the Company is headquarters for the Peace and Athabasca district, but the Mackenzie posts report to Winnipeg, while all three districts look to Winnipeg for their supplies. The other traders, however, operate from Edmonton, receive their stocks there, and from there outfit their posts.

Strong and tight must be the packages for the North. The boxes are packed solid and secure, iron-banded, and then covered with sacking, all to the end that if upsets come en route the iron bands will hold if the boxes break, and if wood and iron give way the sacking will still keep things in. The boxes are kept as near as possible to one hundred pounds each.

Four days by sled, from Edmonton to Athabasca Landing, is the first freight stage in the real North. All through the winter big loads of boxes and bales are kept moving along the hundred-mile trail, and the spring break-up finds a vast amount of merchandise ready for

the water route. Athabasca Landing is the distributing-point for the North. Navigation opens there about mid-May, when stanch Northern-built steamers set out with full-up cargoes, up the Athabasca and Lesser Slave Lake for the Peace River country, down the Athabasca for Great Slave Lake and the Mackenzie.

On the last route, covering a distance of two thousand miles, there is a deal of hard traveling. The first one hundred and sixty miles, by steamer, are followed by one hundred miles of rapids, through which nothing but open boats can be taken. The freight therefore is transferred to scows, ten tons to each, and put through the bad water by sheer man-power until steamer is taken again at Fort McMurray. Much of the same process is repeated down the Mackenzie, with frequent portages and shiftings of cargo, and on Great Slave Lake the scows are strung together and towed. The North-Country scow is a boat of about forty-five feet long, fourteen feet wide, and three feet deep, built of North-sawn spruce, and worth a hundred dollars. Five half-breeds, strong, reckless, happy-go-lucky offspring of the wilderness, man each boat with four at the oars and one at the sweep. Very seldom do they lose a cargo, for the half-breed is a navigator seemingly proof against bad weather and bad water. He, nor any man, is equal, however, to bringing back his fleet as easily as he took it down. The greater number of the scows are sold at their journey's end for firewood, for the reason that only as many are brought back up the swift Mackenzie current as are needed to carry the return cargo of furs; and one scow can carry the fur-equivalent of perhaps ten scowloads of merchandise. Each year, therefore, a new

fleet of boats is built for the down trip, a side industry of considerable importance. Of steamers there are in all about twenty on the Northern rivers and lakes, of which the Hudson's Bay Company own six and the missions an equal number.

This method of freighting costs money. The rate is fourteen cents a pound to the way-down posts, which means fourteen dollars added to the price of a hundred-pound sack of flour. On the return trip the rate is twenty-two cents. One may look for high prices as a natural consequence. The traveler with some money in his pocket may have to pay fifty cents for a can of corn even at Peace River Landing and a dollar at Fort Graham.

The Northern store is not radically different in appearance from the average country store down East. It used to be a log-built house, pioneer in all its appointments, but it is a frame structure nowadays, neatly ceiled, and fitted with counters, shelves, and bins, like any trader's shop. The art of displaying goods is not unknown, either, and samples of the stock are hung or laid about as prompters to the sometimes uncertain patrons of the establishment. The store is the hub, center, and heart of the settlement. It stands for power and authority, for industry and the reward of industry, for comfort and respectability; and the Indian of the North looks upon the trading-post store even more in awe and admiration than we, as children, used to look upon the corner store down home.

A few white settlers in the Peace River country, the forerunners of a large population soon to come, give a somewhat different character to the trade in that dis-

trict, but the Mackenzie posts have only the Indians and the half-breeds as customers. It is trade by the barter system, as it has always been, and the amount of stock which each takes out is governed by the amount of fur which he brings in. A good year's catch per man runs at about five hundred dollars; the average is nearer two hundred dollars, and according to whether his furs count near the one figure or the other will be comparative affluence or bare necessities for the Indian trapper. If, however, his traps played him even more poorly, or if he was lazy, and has but a handful of furs to trade with, it means that he must go without even the necessities. He will live, but how, Heaven only knows.

There is, it is true, a credit system, and if an Indian bears a good reputation he will be given advances upon his next season's furs. But the payment of a debt, or the necessity of paying it, depends, in the Indian's code of ethics, upon whether it is a good fur year or not. If he dutifully sets his traps and no fur come, he considers the debt canceled and is thereupon ready to open a new account; nor can the storekeeper recover the old one. For this reason the traders are discouraging the credit system, and while it will probably always be necessary to some degree, it will be infinitely better for the Indian himself when his trading is wholly upon a spot-down basis.

The basis of trade is the "made beaver" skin. It is the uncoined money of the North, a wholly technical standard, in terms of which the value of furs or merchandise is estimated as equal to so many "skins." In actual money value it varies from a quarter to a half-dollar as one goes North. There is a standard of prices for the

furs, which is adhered to as closely as the competition between opposition traders will allow, and if the trapper is a fairly good arithmetician he can figure up the extent of his shopping and whether or not he can afford luxuries or only necessities.

At Arctic Red River and Fort McPherson the traders are in the Eskimo country, and the funny, happy natives of the Top Edge of the continent have learned enough of the white man's good things to have become patrons of his stores. It is eatables, rather than clothing, that the "huskies" want, for garments of skin suit them better than wool, and such furs as they are able to bring to the posts are exchanged chiefly for lard, flour, sugar, and such-like substantials. The Eskimo has a somewhat different system of buying from that of the Indian. Instead of disposing of his furs in a lot and taking a lump price on them, he brings one at a time and buys its worth alone of merchandise. He uses the skin as we use a dollar bill, and seems to believe that in this way he gets more for his money.

The annual visit of the supply boats to these Mackenzie posts is, it may be assumed, an event. But it is a hurried visit. The entire season is short enough to make the long trip down to McPherson and back again before the rivers freeze; and so one day's stop to unload the supplies and tell the news, and another on the way back to receive the factor's accounts and take on his furs, is all, barring storms and sicknesses, that the trader is able to give each post. And even then, though he started early in May, it is the very last of September when he lands his harvest of the North in Edmonton.

VII
THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST

HISTORICAL NOTE

In 1869, the new Dominion bought out the claims of the Hudson's Bay Company to the enormous territory held by the Company for two hundred years. Carelessness in the treatment of the half-breeds and Indians along the Red River caused an uprising under Louis Riel that was suppressed by Sir Garnet (afterwards Lord) Wolseley. In 1870, Manitoba was admitted to the Confederation on equal terms with the other provinces, and the rest of the territory was divided into eight provinces. In 1885, the West was opened by the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Within the last few years, the growth of these western provinces in both population and wealth has been exceedingly rapid. Lands which were thought to be of small value have been found equal to producing lavish crops; discoveries have been made which indicate vast mineral wealth. The pleasant task is now laid before Canada to develop her numerous resources and so win prosperity and wealth in most generous degree.

HOW ALEXANDER MACKENZIE REACHED THE PACIFIC OCEAN

[1793]

BY REV. J. O. MILLER

[Sir Alexander Mackenzie, an energetic Scotchman in the employ of the Northwest Fur Company, discovered in 1789 the river which bears his name. Later, he led an expedition to the Pacific Coast, which he reached in 1793, the first white man to accomplish the feat by an overland journey.

The Editor.]

In 1792 Sir Alexander Mackenzie determined to attempt the feat, hitherto unaccomplished, of finding his way to the Pacific Ocean. Taking a few men and two canoes, he left Fort Chippewayan on the 10th of October, and went up the Peace River. By the 1st of November he was obliged to go into winter quarters at the Company's most westerly outpost. The cold months were spent in collecting a store of furs. On the 9th of May, 1793, Mackenzie set forth upon his search for the Pacific. He took one birch-bark canoe, over twenty-five feet long, which carried ten men, baggage, food, ammunition, and goods for barter.

As the solitary canoe made its way up the river the current became so strong that it sometimes took seven days to make a distance that was accomplished in one day on the return journey. The frail boat was so frequently broken that the numerous patches soon doubled its original weight. As they got into the Rocky Moun-

tains the explorers often made less than three miles a day, and the labor was so arduous that Mackenzie's companions began to urge him to give up the dangerous enterprise. The Indians they met also tried to dissuade him from going on; but he declared he would not turn back if he had to proceed alone.

When he reached the head waters of the Peace River he found that the portage necessary to be made to reach a stream flowing west was so difficult as almost to defy the resolution of the boldest. Paths had to be cut, morasses to be crossed; the guides deserted; provisions ran low, and the men lost heart. Mackenzie alone preserved his courage and persevered without a thought of giving up. The following is his account of one dangerous incident: —

"We had hardly regained our situations when we drove against a rock which shattered the stern of the canoe in such a manner that it held only by the gunwales, so that the steersman could no longer keep his place. The violence of this stroke drove us to the opposite side of the river, when the bow met with the same fate as the stern. At this moment the foreman seized on some branches of a small tree in the hope of bringing up the canoe; but such was their elasticity that, in a manner not easily described, he was jerked on shore in an instant and with a degree of violence that threatened his destruction.

"But we had no time to turn from our own situation to inquire what had befallen him; for, in a few moments we came across a cascade which broke several large holes in the bottom of the canoe and started all the bars, except one behind the scooping seat. The wreck becom-

ing flat on the water, we all jumped out and held fast to it, to which fortunate resolution we owed our safety, as we should otherwise have been dashed against the rocks by the force of the water, or driven over the cascades."

The river which they had thus entered was the swift-flowing Fraser, though Mackenzie laid it down on his map as the Columbia. With the greatest difficulty he gathered bark and gum, and stopping on an island built another canoe. After proceeding rapidly downstream for some days, he found from friendly Indians that his easiest way to reach the coast was to retrace his course for about one hundred miles and then to leave the river and strike out to the west on foot. With infinite toil this was done, and on the 4th of July, having buried what goods and food they could not carry, the little band began their westward march.

There is not space to tell of the new difficulties and dangers that beset them as they climbed height after height of the snow-clad mountains of the Coast Range. On the 19th of July, Mackenzie fell in with some Indians who had seen Captain Cook; and thus cheered he pushed on. Next day he at last beheld an arm of the sea glistening in the distance, and on the 21st he issued forth upon the waters of Mackenzie's Outlet. We can imagine his feelings as he looked upon the mighty waters. We place him in our minds beside the other discoverers of that ocean.

> "Like stout Cortes, when with eagle eyes
> He stared at the Pacific, — and all his men
> Look'd at each other with a wild surmise —
> Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

Or like Drake, who over two hundred years earlier climbed the hill, and the tree on top of it, and saw at

once both the Atlantic and the Pacific, and exclaimed: "Almighty God! of Thy goodness give me life and leave to sail once an English ship upon that sea." He proceeded some distance along its shores, and on the face of a great cliff he wrote an inscription. "I now mixed up some vermilion in melted grease and inscribed in large characters on the southeast face of the rock on which we had slept last night this brief memorial: 'Alexander Mackenzie, from Canada, by land, the twenty-second of July, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three.'"

Owing to a hostile demonstration on the part of the natives, who had suffered from the firearms of the white men who had come there in ships, Mackenzie was obliged to leave the coast two days after his arrival. His return was made with less difficulty than the journey out, and once upon the waters of the Peace River it was delightfully easy, except for the pangs of hunger, owing to temporary scarcity of game. He reached his previous winter's camp on the 24th of August.

"At length, as we rounded a point and came in view of the fort, we threw out our flag and accompanied it with a general discharge of our firearms; while the men were in such spirits and made such an active use of their paddles that we arrived before the two men whom we left here in the spring could recover their senses to answer us. Thus we landed at four in the afternoon at the place which we left on the 9th of May. Here my voyages of discovery terminate."

The great explorer was knighted by the king in 1802. In time he set up a rival fur company of his own called "Sir Alexander Mackenzie & Co.," afterwards united with the Hudson's Bay Company.

HOW CANADA ACQUIRED THE NORTHWEST

[1869]

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

[IN 1867, the "Dominion of Canada" was formed by a union of the four provinces, Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick. This new Dominion was ambitious, and in her first Parliament she passed an act to acquire the Northwest. The charter of the Hudson's Bay Company was nearly expired, and Canada made a fair offer to the Company for the land, allowing them also to retain their privileges of trade. The offer was accepted, and in this way Canada took under her control one fifteenth of the earth's surface.

The Editor.]

SUCH an acquisition as this might well kindle the imagination of a young people. It was three and one half times as large as the Louisiana Territory which had been bought by the United States. While much more was known of the Northwest than of this Territory at the time of its purchase, there was still room enough for the exercise of the wildest flights of fancy. Everything was on a gigantic scale; mountains, prairies, forests, rivers two thousand miles long, lakes like vast inland seas, bays that broadened and deepened like very oceans. Fish, grain, timber, are all sources of wealth, and upon these the Dominion might well reckon; but underground, hidden away as secretly as Aladdin's cavern of treasures, there lay riches, indeed, in quantities unsus-

pected by the most extravagant dreamer. Petroleum, coal, iron, copper, nickel, silver, and gold awaited the touch of the discoverer. There was no need to invoke the genii of the magic lamp; the spade and the pick would open the treasure-room.

In the transfer of this immense territory one important question was entirely overlooked, "How will the people who live in the land be pleased with the change of government?" This was not a country devoted to snow-drifts and polar bears. For half a century it had been the home of colonists. There were Canadians, who were delighted to be more closely connected with their own land; there were Americans, who longed to see their fertile acres annexed to the United States; there were Fenians, who saw rose-tinted visions of a republic of their own; and there were bands of Indians, who for five or six generations had known no rule but that of the Hudson's Bay Company and no life but that of the wandering hunter; there were *métis*, or half-breeds, some of whom were partly Scotch or English and were Protestants, while some were partly French and were Roman Catholics. One naturally questions, "What was done to conciliate these people, to assure them that their rights would be maintained and their interests considered?" The answer is, "Nothing at all." The officials may well be pardoned for not pursuing tribes of roving Indians to inform them that the Hudson's Bay Company was no longer the supreme power in the land; but on the Red River, in the district now known as Manitoba, were some twelve thousand actual settlers, whites and *métis*, and it would have been only fair as well as politic to send them a formal notification that the government had

passed into other hands. No such notification was sent, and they were left to learn of the change from rumors that sped from one little settlement to another. Before any authorities made their way to Manitoba, even before the formal transfer had actually taken place, the Dominion surveyors appeared among the settlers, and with little explanation began to lay out roads and mark out townships and building-lots.

Then even those wavered who had stood firmly by the Dominion. They had no deeds of their land, and it might be that all this prompt surveying was but a prelude to depriving them of their homes. They were angry and indignant. They themselves would not have rebelled, but their wrath encouraged those who were restless and those who planned something quite different from allowing their country to become a quiet province of the Dominion, "a colony of a colony," as they said scornfully.

Whenever insurrection is in the air, a leader is always ready, and this time was no exception. The head of this rebellion was Louis Riel, son of a white father and a half-breed mother. He had been educated in Montreal and had shown some intellectual ability. A greater gift than that of mental keenness was his power to persuade and control the minds of men. For one he had an argument, for another a brilliant picture of future success, for another neither reason nor scheme, but only a rare talent for influencing the man to whom he talked to do as he would have him. A little tact on the part of the Government, a recognition of Riel's ability, and a little care taken to win that ability for the service of order and progress, would perhaps have saved the Dominion not only the

troubles of the year 1870, but in the years to come, the sum of $5,000,000 and the lives of many of her citizens.

No attention was paid to Riel by the Dominion authorities, and he went on at his will, predicting to one the harsh laws that would follow this new government, to another the loss of home and lands, and enkindling the fancy of a third by painting visions of a golden republic of which their settlements were to become the foundation. The Hudson's Bay Company had no reason for exerting themselves to suppress his schemes; he did not believe that the Canadians would care about making any very determined interference in a country so far away; and he hoped that, even if they did interfere, the United States would arise to protect a sister republic. Many of the white settlers, even of those who would have welcomed Canadian rule if they had been notified of its coming, were somewhat sore about the indifference with which they had been treated, and were not inclined to get themselves into trouble by opposing a man whose followers were increasing every day. "No one asked whether we wanted a new government," they said. "We will obey the laws, but we are not going to risk our homes and our lives by fighting Riel and the Indians for the sake of a government that has not even claimed us as citizens."

The formal transfer was not yet made, but after the coming of the surveyors, a governor was appointed and sent out to the new territory. At the boundary he was met by a company of Riel's followers. "You are forbidden to enter the land," they declared. "By whose authority?" questioned the governor. "By the author-

ity of Louis Riel, president of the provisional government," was the reply. The governor was not prepared for battle, and there was nothing to do but to withdraw. Riel took possession of Fort Garry with all the military stores that he could get, published a rebel paper, and appointed a time a few weeks later for the holding of a convention to form a permanent government.

When the Dominion at last realized the condition of affairs in the new possessions a special commissioner was sent, who exercised the tact and wisdom that should have been shown in the first place. Riel was met less like a rebel than like one who understood the needs of the people. He was asked to call the convention as he had planned, that it might draw up a paper stating all grievances and wishes, and appoint delegates to send to Ottawa. All would have gone well, had not the rebellious leader, with perhaps a wild determination to assert the power which seemed to be slipping from his hands, put to death for treason a young man named Thomas Scott whose only crime was the opposition that he had made to the sway of the "president."

This deed undid all the good that had been done, for now the utmost stretch of charity could not regard Riel as other than a rebel. Soldiers and cannon were sent from Canada. Foreign troops in arms could not be permitted to enter the United States, not even to pass through the Sault Ste. Marie; therefore the long, difficult route of lakes, wilderness, and portage must be followed, and one rainy day, two months after leaving Toronto, more than one thousand eager soldiers, led by Sir Garnet Wolseley, appeared before Fort Garry, — and found

nothing to do! Riel had fled, and his followers had disappeared. This ended the rebellion, but much more trouble was to come in later years because of the absurd ambitions of the infatuated rebel leader and the neglect of the Dominion Government.

HOW THE CANADIAN PACIFIC CROSSED THE SELKIRKS

[1881–1886]

BY FREDERIC A. TALBÒT

[It was no child's play to build any portion of the Canadian Pacific; but the real struggle came in crossing the mountains. The Rockies afforded opportunities in plenty for the marvels of engineering, but the Selkirks presented even greater difficulties, some of which are described in the following article.

The Editor.]

Emerging from the Rockies, the engineers were confronted by another towering obstacle — the Selkirks. This range was to be dreaded more than the barrier just left behind, for there was a trail through the Rockies to guide the engineers, whereas the Selkirks had never been threaded. The Indians and Hudson Bay voyageurs, after emerging from the Rockies, turned sharply south to follow the Columbia River.

The first task, therefore, was to discover a rift through the Selkirks through which the metals might be carried. It was shorter to go through the mountains than to go round them if any pass could be found to exist. Major Albert B. Rogers, an American engineer, accordingly saddled his horse and with a supply of provisions set off to search for a "Pass." He wandered up and down the range without success for week after week, and then,

just as he was despairing of success, his eye alighted on a narrow breach between two serried lines of snow-clad peaks. He spurred forward, traversing territory on which the feet of neither white nor red man had been planted, climbing and toiling arduously among the crags, until at last he gained an altitude of 4351 feet, from which the opposite sides of the range sloped down once more to the Columbia River Valley.

Rogers's Pass, as this defile through the Selkirks was named in honor of the discoverer, was followed. It did not offer any great difficulties from the grading point of view. The greatest enemy was snow and avalanche. The snowfall among these mountains is the heaviest along the line, while the avalanches are of terrible frequency. Consequently the absorbing question was how to keep the line intact after once it had been laid. It was impossible to avoid the defined paths of the snow movements entirely, and in these cases huge sheds had to be erected to carry the avalanche harmlessly over the track to expend its violence in the gulch below. The extent of snow-shedding through the Selkirks is amazing, and it has proved terribly costly.

When the engineers attacked this country, as the laying of the track was the paramount requirement, it was pushed forward with all speed during the short summer, and parties of men equipped with meteorological instruments, and vehicles for movement during winter, and supplies of stores, were left at different points to study the snow question, so as to collect data for the situation of the snow-sheds. There was no difficulty in determining this latter point, for the avalanches appeared to rain down upon the track from all sides. The question was

not so much where to introduce the sheds, but where they could be omitted. It appeared as if the line would have to be carried almost continuously through a wooden tunnel to ensure its safety.

That the snow-fiend is no mean enemy was brought home forcibly some three years ago. While a snow-train was climbing up the western slope, clearing away the accumulated mass of snow and débris deposited by a slide upon the track, another avalanche swept down upon the little band working so desperately to cut a path for the mail. Over one hundred men were on the train when the terror of the mountains struck them and swept the whole into the gulch below, the locomotives and plough, weighing over fifty tons being bowled over and over like an India-rubber ball as they were hurtled down the steep slopes. Over fifty lives were lost in that catastrophe, and it was but one of many which have happened since the Selkirks were first gridironed by the railway.

But snow-shedding, while securing the safety of the line, has its drawbacks. If a structure is made too lengthy it becomes filled with suffocating smoke which obscures all signals, and deadens all sounds. In summer another danger exists. The districts threaded is one ravaged heavily by forest fires, and the danger from this enemy was only too vividly apparent. At this juncture Mr. W. C. Van Horne came to the rescue of the engineers, as he had done on many previous occasions, to extricate them from their difficulty. He suggested that the maximum length of a single shed should be three thousand continuous feet, and where the conditions demanded a long, continuous length of this protection,

that it should be broken up into units with wide, clear intervals of open line between.

To prevent these "breaks" becoming filled with débris he resorted to an ingenious expedient. Up on the mountain-side he built what is known as a "split fence." This is a triangular erection, with the apex pointing toward the mountain-top, of heavy, massive construction and filled and banked with masonry. The descending slide strikes this obstruction, becomes split in twain, one half is deflected so as to roll over the roof of the snow-shed on one side, and the other half caused to glance off in a similar manner on the other side. If one of these constructions did not secure the desired end, then another was planted above it higher up the mountain-side. The success of this system has been remarkable, and it has enabled the company to reduce the lengths of the sheds very appreciably.

Shortly after the line was opened the protective handiwork of the engineers was subjected to trying tests. The winter of 1886–87 was one of excessive severity even for the Selkirks. In less than a week eight and one half feet of snow fell, and the blizzard raged continuously for three weeks. Slides were of daily occurrence, the silence of the mountains being broken by the continuous roar of the avalanche. The snowfall on the summits exceeded thirty-five feet, and the white mantle was piled upon the roofs of the sheds to a depth of fifty feet. The slides were of terrible fury, some rattling down the slopes with such force and speed as to rebound three hundred feet or so up the opposite mountain-side. Thousands of tons of rock, some pieces as large as a small villa, were caught up in their frantic rushes, while

tall, thick trees were snapped off like matches and tossed about like straws. Yet with one exception the sheds withstood the terrible bombardment to which they were subjected. The solitary case had the roof torn off completely to be thrown well above the track on the mountain-side.

Mud-slides were another visitation which had to be respected, for time after time a cutting had to be cleared of a viscous mass which had slipped into the excavation. These movements are produced by a kind of sand, which, when it becomes saturated with water, slips and slides in all directions in an amazing manner, carrying everything with it. In winter, when under the grip of frost, the soil looks perfectly safe and stable; but when the weather breaks innumerable springs come to life, and in a short time the whole mass commences to move like a lava stream.

In addition to resorting to extreme protective measures against the avalanche where these could not be avoided, some magnificent pieces of bridge-work were carried out at other points to avoid them. In the first instance several were erected in wood to save time, to be replaced by permanent metal structures at a later date. In many cases, however, iron, and in others, masonry, had to be adopted in the first instance.

There was one gully which perplexed the engineers sorely. It was just a cleft in the perpendicular mountain-cliff. The engineers called it the "Jaws of Death," and the name was appropriate. They had to cross this *couloir*, and a temporary timber bridge was built by dint of tremendous effort. The engineers congratulated themselves upon their success, but their gratification was

short-lived. A constructional train ventured to cross and the structure collapsed under its weight. Here was a dilemma. Work was brought to a standstill, and there was grave deliberation. Mr. Van Horne heard of the accident, and hurried to the front. He surveyed the gully, and there and then decided to throw an arched masonry bridge across the breach. It was built, and what was more to the point, it stood; the constructional gangs could get forward.

At Stony Creek there was another trouble of a like nature. The V-shaped ravine was deep and wide, and it was recognized that something different from what had been done in bridge-building up to this point was imperative. Two wooden towers were built on either side to a height of two hundred feet, and these supported a single span of one hundred and seventy-two feet over the gulch, which was carried out in wood also. From end to end the bridge measured four hundred feet, and for years it ranked as the highest wooden structure bridge on the continent. The timber structure, however, has long since made way for a noble arched steel bridge springing from the rocky sides of the gulch, and it constitutes one of the most graceful bridges on the whole of the system.

The descent from the Selkirk summit involved the execution of some startling pieces of engineering to gain the banks of the Illecillewaet River. The line makes its way down the mountain-side in a series of steps or terraces connected at the ends by sharp loops, doubling and redoubling on itself to overcome a difference of six hundred feet in altitude in the most extraordinary manner. The train is first running eastward, disappears

round the corner and then is making its way in the opposite direction a few feet below, to round another curve and once more steams eastward, this alternate running backwards and forwards continuing until the valley of the Illecillewaet River is gained, by which time the train has traveled over six miles of metals to make an actual advance of only two miles.

Issuing from the Selkirks, another barrier, the Gold Range, had to be traversed; but this was a comparatively easy matter, as the Eagle Pass is a natural causeway among the peaks for the iron road, although its discovery taxed Walter Moberly to an extreme degree. In this pass the engineers, driving the line from the east, met the forces advancing from the west. They shook hands at a point known as Craigellachie, where the connection between the two arms was made — where the "golden spike" was driven home — and the Pacific seaboard was brought into touch with the Atlantic through Canadian territory.



A GLACIER IN THE SELKIRK MOUNTAINS

"THE Selkirk Range occupies the region inclosed between the great loop of the Columbia and the Kootenay rivers, and is composed of a complexity of minor ranges inclosing deep, forest-clad valleys and rising to rugged peaks adorned by silvery white snow-fields and glaciers. The forests, owing to the greater moisture deposited on the Selkirk Range, are more luxuriant than those in the Rockies, and for similar reason the snow-fields and glaciers are more extensive. The scenery, consequently, is superb, and as the mountains are not of such stupendous magnitude as to preclude exploration by the ordinary tourist, there are few regions in the world where the lover of the picturesque can make more delightful excursions. At the same time, there are peaks to be scaled and glaciers to be traversed which will call forth the best abilities of the mountaineer."—*Karl Baedeker.*

THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE

[Twentieth century]

BY W. G. FITZ-GERALD

TAKE the public services of both Americas by and large, from Hudson Bay to Patagonia, and I doubt whether you will match the record of the famous Canadian Northwest Mounted Police. How a handful of three hundred law officers, adventurous, fearless, and luminously honest, keep entire order in an Arctic wilderness five times as large as Great Britain — here, surely, is a story worth telling.

And it makes reading quite as good as its promise. For here is a "precinct" covering one hundred and ninety-seven thousand square miles of silent waste, icy yet golden, peopled mainly by Indians and Eskimos, with a few thousand whites, who are apt to think that no law goes so near as this to the North Pole. But the wildest of them knows different now. "Get the man" — the classic motto of the Northwest Mounted Police — is known and felt from the ocean to the innermost recesses of the wilderness.

A thousand miles on the ice, "mushing" by dog team and *komatik*, through unexplored haunts of bear and wolf, is a common marching order for these splendid pioneers. It does one good to read the record of their work. And much digging is required to get at the facts,

for the "N. W. M. P." have a good, healthy scorn of boast and advertisement.

You will meet them as you enter Canadian territory by the famous White Pass, where Old Glory floats side by side with the clustered crosses of the Dominion. Soon the four snorting engines come to a standstill, and a quiet, gentlemanly officer enters the car to examine baggage. You will find thereafter that you can no more escape your own shadow than one of these "Guardians of the North" wherever you go in this seemingly limitless Yukon Territory.

At Tagish, on the lonely Six-Mile, you come upon a cluster of tumbledown log shanties. Push on farther down the mighty Yukon and every twenty miles or so you can see the Union Jack floating from a log hut that shelters a police detachment. There was a time, and that not long ago, when these now desolate stations throbbed with life and energy, and the golden Yukon was a great highway of traffic. Then, as now, these officers were true Samaritans in the wilderness. Their willing hands uplifted wayfarers fainting on the road. The numbed and the sick and the dying were cared for; and at the same time strong, active feet were held in leash to track a miscreant to swift justice. It will never be known how many lives were saved, how many of the lawless held in check, by the officers in those feverish times.

To-day the Northwest Mounted Police have two great centers, one at Dawson, the other at Whitehorse. And, wonderful to say, just as telephone or telegraph operator feels the beat of a crowded city's pulse miles away, so does the commanding officer at these head-

quarters know everything that goes on even in the remotest region of his stupendous precinct.

For over a thousand miles the unobtrusive telegraph line runs beside the mighty flood, and patrol systems on the various creeks and trails assist in preserving order. It is a fact that on the great road between Dawson and Whitehorse, more than three hundred and twenty miles, the traveler to-day is positively safer than if he were driving along a country road in eastern Canada or any settled part of Alaska.

No man starts down the great Yukon in a small boat without numbering and registering his craft, as well as his own name and business. There are justice and redress for every one, no matter how remote his location. Let a humble miner's *cache* be stolen, and forthwith a diligent search that may cover five hundred miles will be made for it, and after that summary vengeance will surely fall upon the thief. As I shall show, no expense is spared; and sometimes hundreds or even thousands of dollars will be spent in a case — only to find that the thieves were bears, after all!

Let serious accident befall a man in some lonely camp, and no city hospital could be more urgent and self-sacrificing in hurrying relief than these Mounted Police. Many a stirring tale might be told of how the sick and wounded, whites and Indians alike, have been brought into hospital over painful and dangerous trails, through icy mountain passes and menacing torrents.

Quite recently news came to headquarters at Whitehorse that a Russian Jew woodchopper living in a very lonely section had accidentally been killed. At five minutes' notice one of the surgeons and a constable

were dropping down the river in a little canoe. They covered one hundred and seventy miles of dangerous water, made a conscientious investigation of the entire case, and buried the dead man. That the trip was made at a season when the great river was liable to freeze at any time and leave the men stranded was a detail not to be considered.

Duty comes first with this magnificent force, and that without any pose of pretense. But before I pass to the marvels of their purely police duties, let me say something of their miscellaneous work. For this is various, indeed. They are expected to enforce the export tax of two and one half per cent on gold dust. As the train starts from Whitehorse to Skagway, courteous, keen-eyed officers board the car and are not to be denied, no matter how ingenious the smuggler. And the same system is carried out on boats leaving Dawson for the Lower Yukon. Last season the value of the gold dust on which this export tax was paid amounted to $9,932,474.

The carrying of the mails, too, to many of the remote mining-creeks falls to the lot of the police; and were it not for this service, thousands of white men scattered over this vast and forbidding country in mining and logging camps would be altogether shut off from the outside world for the greater part of the year.

This brings me to the interesting correspondence received by the police at both headquarters. Every year hundreds, if not thousands, of letters come from many parts of the world inquiring for missing relatives and friends, vaguely "believed to have gone to the Klondike." The superintendent at Dawson reports

that out of two hundred and fifty-four inquiries made for missing persons, his staff supplied valuable detailed information in one hundred and three cases. Thus it would really seem as if this handful of men were more in touch with events in this vast wilderness than the police of an ordinary city.

The Indians are also looked after, and clothes and rations issued to them by the Northwest Mounted Police, who appear to be ubiquitous. It is little wonder that the needy and suffering, the sick at heart and the failures, as well as the lawless, should know these picturesque fellows. Their summer uniform is a cowboy hat, bright red shirt, and blue trousers, with broad yellow stripes running down and disappearing into high-laced boots.

How the men in the remotest posts contrive to divert themselves in such a wilderness is a marvel. Books and magazines, however, are regularly circulated in all districts; and the officers are all expert in tobogganing, skating, and curling. There are two penitentiaries, one at Dawson and the other at Whitehorse; and last year something like a dozen convicts and a hundred common jail prisoners were sentenced to terms of imprisonment in these places. It will be seen at once that these proportions are absurdly small, considering not only the vast size of the Territory, but also its population.

The commissioned officers of the force act as judges, making monthly tours to hold courts at remote stations. Just think of a justice of the peace having to "mush" with a dog team sixty miles a day with the thermometer seventy degrees below zero! The Government insists,

however, that no man shall "mush" alone in the depth of winter; neglect of this precaution has caused many a good man to leave his bones in the wilderness.

And that police judge will hold informal court at some desolate spot perhaps three hundred miles from his starting-point. In case of murder or sudden death he will hold an inquest, or an inquiry into some serious accident. He and his colleagues, too, collect revenue from the lumber camps, act as sanitary officers, take the census, suppress smuggling, assist the telegraph repairers, and accompany the doctors during any epidemic among Indians or Eskimos. All these things and much more the Northwest Mounted Police do, and do well, without advertisement or any other inducement save that of bare sense of duty. And their thoroughness is such that their very name inspires respect in a wilderness of two thousand miles.

It is little more than ten years since Inspector Constantine and Sergeant Brown were sent from Regina to investigate the smuggling and gold-snatching on the creeks of Forty-Mile River. Here they built a fort and were swallowed up. No news of them reached the "outside," as the larger world is called on the Yukon. Certainly the Arctic winter is a pretty effective barrier. Then came the first discovery of gold in Bonanza Creek, and the wild rush to the Klondike, that called imperatively for police reinforcements.

And so gradually these officers drove a line of posts through that vast region, and arranged patrols — widely scattered, it is true; separated by wild expanses of wind-swept snow and mighty, ice-choked rivers. But there was always the patient dog team for these immense

journeys, and in summer the canoe, or perhaps a horse, almost as knowing as his rider.

And where in all Arctic America will you find "mushers," paddlers, or rough riders like the Northwest Mounted Police? Men of many parts, who may to-day be officially registering a marriage or a death out in the lonely wastes, and to-morrow starting to hunt down a murderer, warn rebellious Indians, or visit a sick miner fallen by the way five hundred miles from anywhere.

Two men, horses and guns; two men, dog team and guns; two men, canoe and guns,—such are the units of this unique police force. To them distance is literally no object. To secure one witness in the strange O'Brien murder trial, Sergeant Frank Smith and Trooper Seeley traveled four hundred miles by dog team and thirteen hundred by canoe! Altogether that case cost these pioneers two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

The great point aimed at is to instill into the lawless the fact that life and property shall be respected in this far-stretching wilderness just as in any great city on the American continent; and, moreover, that the offender shall be secured and brought to justice at any cost whatever.

But Sergeant Smith's quest deserves more than mere passing mention. Two desperate bandits, O'Brien and Graves, lay in wait for and slew in cold blood a couple of miners, Fred Clayson and L. Relfe; these had made their pile and were bound for the distant "outside." With them was Lineman Oleson, of the Telegraph Service, and he, too, was slaughtered in the silent waste, where the bandits never dreamed of a Nemesis.

Yet O'Brien was caught and hanged. He had evi-

dently murdered his accomplice Graves, and cast his body under the eternal ice of the Yukon, that he might not claim his share of the bloody gold.

Now a witness whose testimony was vital in the case had to be sought somewhere throughout the length and breadth of the territory. And off went Smith and Seeley from Forty-Mile one April day. The trail lay along river ice, which at that time of year was soft and cut up.

They reached Circle City, and from here Smith went on alone. Some twenty-five miles beyond, his dogs fell through one of the open places in the trail; and in the smash-up the lonely man was thrown from the sled and his right leg severely injured. The limb swelled to twice its normal size, yet Smith, mindful of the motto of the force, "mushed" on to Fort Yukon, where an amateur doctor found his leg black and blue from knee to toe.

Nothing could stop the man, however. On he went for fifty miles to the mouth of the Chandelar Creek, over a melting trail in warm weather, with the dogs breaking through the ice from time to time. Returning to Fort Yukon, Smith waited for the giant floes to break up, and soon he was joined once more by Seeley.

The two men started down the giant stream in a twenty-foot canoe, carrying a tent, a little stove, a mast with a leg-of-mutton sail, and a slender outfit of provisions. All the way down they were pioneered by gigantic masses of floating ice. Sailing when there was a fair wind, watching the grinding drifts day and night, pulling with the current when the wind was against them, the two men pushed doggedly on.

Remember, they soon entered a part of the Yukon where the vast river is ten miles wide. Strong head

winds, with heavy seas and roaring ice-masses, made their position a terror by day and night. Yet they never abandoned their frail craft. It was past June ere they reached the river's mouth and started for St. Michael's, another ninety miles off.

The bay was full of towering floes, so that the canoe had frequently to be dragged with harness. Often the two officers would go down through a soft spot, up to the neck in icy water. For many days they had nothing to drink but tea made from the brackish water of Bering Sea; and constant watch had to be kept lest an offshore breeze haul them out into the ocean.

On reaching St. Michael's they had accomplished a journey of seventeen hundred miles! And every human habitation along that route had been visited, for they were trailing their man all the way. At St. Michael's it was found that the fugitive had gone to Nome and taken steamer thence for Seattle. Thither followed the indefatigable Smith in search of his witness — only to find there telegrams telling that the murderer O'Brien had, after all, been convicted without the long-sought testimony.

This is but a sample of these men's work. Another was the trip to Fort McPherson and back — a thousand miles of awful country in midwinter. It was necessary to maintain communication with that desolate spot, Herschel Island, where the police keep a station in latitude seventy degrees north, to prevent whalers from selling liquor to the Indians.

Three of the crack "mushers" of the force, Constables Mapley, Dever, and Rowley, were selected for this journey, and they started out on Christmas Day with

a couple of Indian scouts, each of whom took a team of five dogs, as also did each of the officers. You may be sure those dogs were carefully chosen, powerful and sagacious "huskies" of Porcupine Creek. Each dog weighed from ninety-six to one hundred and fifteen pounds.

There was not so much as a track, so each man wore snowshoes, while the dog teams were hitched to toboggans instead of sleds. It was a run across the top of the world. "Chute, chute, chute, then up a mile of mountain standing on end!" That is how one of the men described it.

In glissading down icy precipices the dogs would be unharnessed, the best route down picked out by experienced eyes, and then the toboggans, with their precious loads of food, committed to the tremendous slope. The way lay across an unexplored wilderness, yet the most serious accident was that one of the best dogs broke its leg and had to be shot.

The men were thirty-eight days in making the fort, and only twenty-five in coming back to Dawson, for they found a remarkably short cut at Seela Pass.

One might think that with lawless men here and there in so tremendous a wilderness it would be next to impossible to detect and punish crime. Yet the records of the Yukon show just the contrary. Take the notorious triple murder of June, 1902, committed by the French Canadians, Victor Fournier and Édouard La Belle. The former was a well-known desperado; La Belle had been a decent citizen until he met Fournier. Both had gambled away such gold as they had won, and now planned to go up the Yukon to Whitehorse and there

lie in wait for rich passengers whom they might murder on the way down-river to Dawson.

Their victims were three of their own countrymen, who readily agreed to the price for the down-river trip. While in camp near the mouth of the Stewart River, however, La Belle deliberately killed two of the unfortunates with his rifle, and Fournier shot the third. Not until two years later did the river give up the bodies of the victims. The police set to work with characteristic vigor; for, as I have shown, they keep track of all travelers along the Yukon.

Fournier was located in Dawson, but La Belle was apparently lost on the "outside." Then began a man-hunt such as the police of the wilderness love best. La Belle had time to get thousands of miles away, yet Detective W. H. Welsh, of the Secret Service of the force, took charge of the case, and said simply he would "get the man."

From Dawson he went to Seattle, armed with the necessary extradition papers, making inquiries all along the way. How two Édouard La Belles turned up, to confuse the detective, is a pretty long story. Welsh, however, was joined by P. A. Rook, of Whitehorse, who had known the real La Belle; and the two now began an amazingly thorough search in every logging-camp tributary to Puget Sound. La Belle, it should be explained, had worked on the Yukon as a woodchopper.

The man was trailed unerringly from Seattle to Butte, Montana. The trail led them next to Spokane, Washington, and thence to Rossland, British Columbia; back again thence southward among the construction gangs working on the Southern Pacific Railroad. We next find

Welsh and Rook at Ogden, Utah, and on the Nevada-California line. At each camp visited Rook played the rôle of time-keeper, newly employed in that section. In this capacity he took the names of all the men; and one memorable day he came out of a tent some three miles from Wadsworth, Nevada, and gave Detective Welsh the long-sought signal that his man was within. Sure enough, there was the murderer, sitting on the side of his bunk, having just turned out to work on the night shift.

Welsh walked up, held out his hand as if to shake, and as La Belle reached out, the handcuffs were snapped upon his wrist. Both he and Fournier confessed, but were hanged all the same. The long and patient quest cost at least twenty-five thousand dollars. But then the Northwest Mounted Police "got the man," and it is the realization of that motto, with the Samaritan rôle already detailed, that has made their name respected throughout the wilderness.

HOW THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST AWOKE [1]

[End of the nineteenth century]

BY A. G. BRADLEY

THE Canadian Northwest, though it progressed steadily, did none too well. The first generation of settlers had to learn how to deal with the totally new country. The winters were terribly severe. The Canadians were used to a zero, and often a ten and twenty "below," winter temperature, but the prairies went at times far lower than this. To the immigrant from Britain this was harder still. Most of the new settlers, too, were people of small means, and not able, or often not experienced enough, to protect themselves properly from the climate. When people are properly housed in warmed buildings and their stock in good barns, when they live near together, are within easy reach of a railroad or town, and have telephones and telegraphs, a winter like the Northwest matters little, as there is no farm work to be done in it. But in the early days the settler had often no near neighbors, and neither himself nor his animals were well housed. He was sometimes forced to leave a wife and children alone while he made long and even perilous trips for trifling but necessary things. Women frequently went mad from the solitude of the prairie. But, above all, the price of grain remained low,

[1] From Bradley's *Canada*, by permission of Henry Holt & Company, U.S.A.

and the cost of transport to the world's markets was still so high that even with a good crop securely saved, it did not leave the prairie farmer enough profit to tempt outsiders, with half a dozen other fields to choose from, to a life the hardships of which had been noised very much abroad. Farmers in Old Canada consoled themselves in their natural grievance against the Northwest by enlarging on its drawbacks. The Americans, eager for immigration to their own West, made great play with the Manitoba winter. British capital avoided the country as if it were not yet "proven," and immigrants of substantial capital from Great Britain went to the American West, to say nothing of other British colonies, at the rate of thirty or forty for one who went to the Canadian Northwest. There is no doubt that for many years the country had a bad name, and that its well-wishers were disappointed at its slow progress.

The city of Winnipeg, as the sole entrepôt, the Chicago of Western Canada, as it had been fondly styled, did not grow as a Chicago should. None of the small towns strung along the railroad increased as western towns in a rich country should increase. Population and production made steady progress, and hundreds of contented farmers who had come up with little or nothing were to be found in the land. But that the Northwest, till within the last year or two of the last century, had disappointed expectations, there is no doubt. All Canada, indeed, had gone very slowly for the previous twenty years. Both in east and west there was a vast amount of solid well-being and quiet progress. But for a new country that had just annexed a fertile slice of a continent, things were not right. Comparisons between Old Canada and

the Eastern States in material advance were inevitable and unpleasant. Population barely maintained the rate of an old country; Canadians went to the United States by thousands. The West of Canada, again, compared equally badly with the American West when it came to figures. Nobody quite knew why, but everybody knew it was so.

At the close of the last century the Canadian Northwest suddenly woke up. Nothing particular happened up there. It had been going steadily and slowly along, when the outside world suddenly discovered it had misjudged the country. Two things, however, contributed to show the world its mistake. A very active immigration policy on the part of the Dominion Government in Great Britain, and even in parts of Europe, coincided with the exhaustion of all the free grant and cheap lands worth having in the United States. Then suddenly a rush began to the Canadian Northwest. There were millions of acres of good land unoccupied and owned by the Government, by the Canadian Pacific Railroad, which had received great areas as part payment, and by the Hudson's Bay Company, which had received them in consideration of their old rights. There were free grants on conditions of settlement and cultivation, and other lands at a nominal price. The American habit for generations among a considerable class had been to take up land on a frontier, make a good improved farm of it, sell it at a high price during a buoyant time, and then move on westward to repeat themselves, or in the person of their children, the same process.

They had now got to their Farthest West, and settled that up in good farms, worth ten or fifteen pounds an

acre. There was no further move possible till suddenly they discovered that Northwest Canada offered yet another shift as promising as any they or their fathers had ever made. Nay, better, for they soon saw that no wheat land in America had ever been so certain and produced quite such good stuff as this new country. So, all through the Western States, times being good, American farmers sold their well-equipped farms at high prices and removed to the Canadian Northwest, where they could take larger tracts of land, which would grow into money as their old farms had done, and where there was room to settle their sons around them. Coming like this, they were mostly men of capital, and still more of complete experience for the life, which was precisely what they had been used to. They cared very little for the trifling differences in government, and, as a matter of fact, they soon saw that such difference as existed was in favor of the Canadian administration, particularly in the matter of law and order. Many of them, too, were Canadians or the sons of Canadians, who had gone to the Western States when Canada offered nothing to the poor man but a backwoods life, when the best of the backwoods period was over. Other Americans, of course, not situated precisely as these were, also went. But this was the type that led the movement, and a more valuable one could not be. They began by tens of thousands, increased up to fifty thousand per annum, and took in millions of pounds. What is more, the country proved all that they expected. The question was, and is, what effect such a large element — till recently American citizens — might have in weaning the Northwestern Canadians from their allegiance to the mother country. Canada, however,

has developed very strong national feelings, coupled, as every one now knows, with a stanch devotion to the empire. And the Canadian verdict on this new element in their midst is that they are making "good Canadians." On that satisfactory and authoritative verdict we must leave it.

No doubt the spectacle of hard-headed Americans pouring into Canada was an object-lesson to Great Britain, and banished any lingering doubt as to the desirability of the Northwest. Two hundred thousand immigrants have gone in annually of late from the United Kingdom, and largely to the Northwest. They are of all sorts, and not generally ready-made sons of the soil, like most of the Americans. But a fair proportion are valuable immigrants, and the children at least of those who are less adaptable will play their part. The change in the state of the country in the last dozen years is miraculous. Winnipeg has leaped up to a population of one hundred and forty thousand. The small towns along the railroads, which languished for years, have all grown marvelously. It is in the country outside the towns, however, that the most interesting change has taken place. All the way from Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains, with the exception of some intervals of barren country, there is a continuous procession of comfortable homesteads, as in Ontario, often of brick or stone, with large outbuildings, sheltered by plantations; all within easy reach of one another and representing farms of from a hundred and sixty to six hundred and forty acres. Though wheat is the great cash crop, mixed farming is widely practiced, oats, hay, and stock of all kinds being everywhere prominent. The fields out here are large, and

being fenced with wire, the country retains its wide-open aspect, utterly different from Old Canada, with its small railed-in fields and abundance of wood. Most of the vegetables and small fruits known in England flourish here, as in Ontario. Apples, however, do not succeed well, and the orchard is the one familiar object of country life lacking. To the original province of Manitoba two western provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta, filling up the interval to the Rocky Mountains, have been formally united to the Dominion Confederation. In the three prairie provinces there are now one million, three hundred thousand people out of seven and odd million in the whole Dominion. Ten years ago there were four hundred thousand.

VIII
THE EMPIRE OF THE NORTH

HISTORICAL NOTE

AFTER speaking of the difficulties that Canada has necessarily met, arising from the settlement of a new country, W. J. Robertson says of her present condition and future progress: —

"Every year the number of those who seek literary and scientific fame is increasing, and with greater wealth and leisure, the growth of higher and nobler ideals, and the development of a stronger national sentiment, Canada may hope yet to have, among her sons and daughters, worthy rivals of Shakespeare, Milton, Macaulay, Scott, and George Eliot. The love and practice of art in its various forms is also becoming more and more apparent, Canadian artists already having won fame and distinction in song and painting. With the increase of education, wealth, leisure, and foreign travel, there has been a marked change in the customs and habits of the people. Social refinement and luxury have in recent years greatly increased, and a type of character is being gradually developed which is distinctly national. With her magnificent resources of soil, forest, and mine, her strong, hardy, intelligent, and vigorous people, her relatively pure, simple, and healthy domestic life, her free systems of education, and her excellent form of government, Canada certainly possesses the promise and potency of a great nation."

THE CABLE HYMN

[1858]

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER

[At Heart's Content, Newfoundland, is the western terminus of the old Atlantic telegraph-cable.

The Editor.]

O lonely bay of Trinity,
  O dreary shores, give ear!
Lean down unto the white-lipped sea
  The voice of God to hear!

From world to world his couriers fly,
  Thought-winged and shod with fire;
The angel of his stormy sky
  Rides down the sunken wire.

What saith the herald of the Lord?
  "The world's long strife is done;
Close wedded by that mystic cord,
  Its continents are one.

"And one in heart, as one in blood,
  Shall all her peoples be;
The hands of human brotherhood
  Are clasped beneath the sea.

"Through Orient seas, o'er Afric's plain
  And Asian mountains borne,

CANADA

The vigor of the Northern brain
Shall nerve the world outworn.

"From clime to clime, from shore to shore,
Shall thrill the magic thread;
The new Prometheus steals once more
The fire that wakes the dead."

Throb on, strong pulse of thunder! beat
From answering beach to beach;
Fuse nations in thy kindly heat,
And melt the chains of each!

Wild terror of the sky above,
Glide tamed and dumb below!
Bear gently, Ocean's carrier-dove,
Thy errands to and fro.

Weave on, swift shuttle of the Lord,
Beneath the deep so far,
The bridal robe of earth's accord,
The funeral shroud of war!

For lo! the fall of Ocean's wall
Space mocked and time outrun;
And round the world the thought of all
Is as the thought of one!

The poles unite, the zones agree,
The tongues of striving cease;
As on the Sea of Galilee
The Christ is whispering, Peace!

THE BORE OF THE BAY OF FUNDY

BY ELIZA B. CHASE

As the town [Moncton] runs on both standard and local time, between which there is a difference of three quarters of an hour, it was important to discover by which schedule the Bore might be expected; but of course no one knew, a surprising ignorance and indifference prevailing regarding the subject. No one at the station or hotel could enlighten us, and Jim remarked, "In the States anything like that would be stock in trade to the whole town; it would be placarded everywhere, and, in fact, we would be bored to death." Accosting some urchins with the query, "When does the Bore come in?" they look blank, "don't know," and as they follow in our wake one questions the other, "I say, what is the Bore, anyway?" — evidently concluding that it is some strange animal in the circus, as they watched bill-posters sticking huge gaudy bills on the long fence across the way. Even directions for finding the "Petty-co-Jack" (Petitcodiac) River, which the strange visitant frequents, were so complicated that the most dogged determination and perseverance were necessary to carry out our resolution. Finally one individual whom we questioned astounded us with the brilliancy of a sudden inspiration, which caused him to suggest that we should inquire at the post-office, and there, at last, we learned definitely the hour at which we must sally forth on our nocturnal expedition.

By that time it was raining, but after all our trouble

we resolved, with the insistence inherited from our firm old Quaker ancestors, that nothing should deter us, and that we would haunt the wharves all night if necessary rather than be baffled or disappointed. Therefore, fortified with repellent garments, we defiantly unfurled umbrellas and sternly took up the line of march to the distant wharf, where the first object which presented itself to view was a small specimen of the *genus homo*, who, like a Jack-in-a-box, suddenly appeared from a schooner, which was firmly embedded in the mud forty feet or more below. Jim remarked, "It is evident why the directions for finding the river were so muddled. I never saw such a tremendous quantity of wet clay before." The small boy informed us that they were waiting for the "Bore," too, and were to go out with the tide, and the captain would be down about ten or eleven o'clock. The hours plodded slowly by; enthusiasm had cooled and died out, but clear grit and obstinacy, as the Yankees say, fortified us, and no one suggested or even thought of giving up the strange quest. We sat on piles of bark and played games, walked as near the dizzy verge of the towering wharf as we dared (with the thought before us of making clay moulds of ourselves in the event of a misstep), and the youthful tar entertained us with specimens of his proficiency in yarn-spinning, evidently thinking us foreigners fair game and remarkably gullible as we solemnly swallowed his preposterous statements. Finally he slipped down the cordage and disappeared for a while (to rest his conscience, which must have been stretched to the utmost), and at last, long before the witching hour, the aspect of affairs grew more encouraging.

From the south a breeze sprang up, the rain stopped,

the moon shone out, and two men, the schooner's crew, appeared, sauntering leisurely along, and called to us "Listen!" What a profound, unearthly-seeming hush pervaded all Nature! The very water, shining placidly beyond the wide expanse of soft clay, seemed waiting in expectancy, and, struggling to our ears from the far distance, came a faint suggestion of sound, a whisper in the ear of Mother Earth. A moment more and this sound was augmented tenfold; then, at the curve of the stream just below, a flash, a sparkle in the clear moonlight. Another instant, and all across the wide river-bed, in a mad rush of tremendous rapidity, came the wall of water, at least four feet in height, roaring on and on, a great white-crested wave, reflecting the clear moonlight. Beyond, piling over the first powerful surge, came a second one, foaming, sparkling, curling, as if in exultant effort to overleap its predecessor; and in a second, the whole dark mass of seething, roaring water had rushed by us, and was tearing its way far upstream. The vessels, which a moment before were stranded and keeled over in abject helplessness, now became erect, buoyant, and saucy; their crews appeared with the suddenness of bees from a hive, the air filled with sounds of rattling cordage, and orders were tossed back and forth in shouts to deck-hands. The vast moving mass of water, covered with silvered wavelets dancing merrily, was in itself the greatest contrast to the preceding placidity, and all was life and bustle. We could believe after this that unwary men and animals are sometimes caught and overpowered in this mighty onslaught; indeed, I am firmly persuaded that, in the spring tides, an army like Pharaoh's might be overwhelmed with Biblical thoroughness.

HOW DR. GRENFELL WAS SAVED

[Twentieth century]

BY GEORGE ANDREWS, ONE OF THE RESCUERS

[IT is hardly necessary to say that Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell is physician, missionary, friend, and helper to the fishermen on the coast of Labrador. His life is a series of dangers and difficulties. One of his adventures was drifting off on an ice-pan, or field of broken ice, from which he was at length saved by some fishermen. The story is told in the Newfoundland vernacular.

The Editor.]

"IT was wonderfu' bad weather that Monday mornin'. Th' doctor was to Lock's Cove. None o' we thought o' his startin' out. I don't think th' doctor hisself thought o' goin' at first an' then 'e sent th' two men on ahead for to meet us at th' tilt an' said like's 'e was goin' after all.

"'T was even' when us knew 'e was on th' ice. George Davis seen un first. 'E went to th' cliff to look for seal. It was after sunset an' half dark, but 'e thought 'e saw somethin' on th' ice an' 'e ran for George Read an' 'e got 'is spy-glass an' made out a man an' dogs on a pan an' knowed it war th' doctor.

"It war too dark fur we t' go t' un, but us never slept at all, all night. I could n' sleep. Us watched th' wind an' knew if it did n' blow too hard us could get un,—though 'e was then three mile off a'ready. So us waited for th' daylight. No one said who was goin' out in th' boat. Un 'ud say, 'Is you goin'?' An' another, 'Is you?' I did n' say, but I knowed what I'd do.

"As soon as 't was light us went to th' cliff wi' th' spy-glass to see if us could see un, but thar warn't nothin' in sight. Us know by the wind whar t' look fur un, an' us launched th' boat. George Read an' 'is two sons, an' George Davis, what seen un first, an' me, was th' crew. George Read was skipper-man an' th' rest was just youngsters. The sun was warm, — you mind 't was a fine mornin', — an' us started in our shirt an' braces, fur us knowed thar 'd be hard work to do. I knowed thar was a chance o' not comin' back at all, but it didn' make no difference. I knowed I 'd as good a chance as any, *an' 't wa' for th' doctor, an' 'is life's worth many*, an' somehow I could n' let a man go out like dat wi'out tryin' fur un, an' I think us all felt th' same.

"Us 'ad a good strong boat an' four oars, an' took a hot kettle o' tea an' food for a week, for us thought u'd 'ave t' go far an' p'rhaps lose th' boat an' 'ave t' walk ashore un th' ice. I din' 'ope to find the doctor alive an' kept lookin' for a sign of un on th' pans. 'T wa' no' easy gettin' to th' pans wi' a big sea runnin'! Th' big pans 'ud sometimes heave together an' near crush th' boat, an' sometimes us 'ad t' git out an' haul her over th' ice t' th' water again. Then us come t' th' slob ice where th' pan 'ad ground together, an' 't was all thick, an' that was worse 'n any. Us saw the doctor about twenty minutes afore us got t' un. 'E was wavin' 'is flag an' I seen 'im. 'E was on a pan no bigger 'n this flor, an' I dunno what ever kep' un fro' goin' abroad, for 't was n't ice, 't was packed snow. Th' pan was away from even th' slob, floatin' by hisself, an' th' open water all roun', an' 't was just across fro' Goose Cove, an' outside o' that there 'd been no hope. I think th' way th' pan held together was

on account o' th' dogs' bodies meltin' it an' 't froze hard durin' th' night. 'E was level with th' water an' th' sea washin' over *us* all th' time.

"When us got near un, it did n' seem like 't was th' doctor. 'E looked so old an' 'is face such a queer color. 'E was very solemn-like when us took un an' th' dogs on th' boat. No un felt like sayin' much, an' 'e 'ardly said nothin' till us gave un some tea an' loaf an' then 'e talked. I s'pose 'e was sort o' faint-like. Th' first thing 'e said was, how wonderfu' sorry 'e was o' gettin' into such a mess an' givin' we th' trouble o' comin' out for un. Us tol' un not to think o' that; us was glad to do it for un, an' 'e' d done it for any one o' we, many times over if 'e 'ad th' chance; — an' so 'e would. An' then 'e fretted about th' b'y 'e was goin' to see, it bein' too late to reach us, an' us tol' un 'is life was worth so much more 'n th' b'y, fur 'e could save others an' th' b'y could n'. But 'e still fretted.

"'E 'ad ripped th' dog-harnesses an' stuffed th' oakum in th' legs o' 'is pants to keep un warm. 'E showed it to we. An' 'e cut off th' tops o' 'is boots to keep th' draught from 'is back. 'E must 'a' worked 'ard all night. 'E said 'e dropped off once or twice, but th' night seemed wonderfu' long.

"Us took un off th' pan at about half-past seven, an' 'ad a 'ard fight gettin' in, th' sea still runnin' 'igh. 'E said 'e was proud to see us comin' for un, and so 'e might, for it grew wonderfu' cold in th' day and th' sea so 'igh the pan could n't 'a' lived outside. 'E would n' stop when us got ashore, but must go right on, an' when 'e 'ad dry clothes an' was a bit warm, us sent un to St. Anthony with a team.

"'Th' next night, an' for nights after, I could n' sleep. I'd keep seein' that man standin' on th' ice, an' I'd be sorter half-awake like, sayin', 'But not th' doctor. Sure *not* th' *doctor*.' "

There was silence for a few moments, and George Andrews looked out across the blue harbor to the sea.

"'E sent us watches an' spy-glasses," said he, "an' pictures of hisself that one o' you took o' un, made large an' in a frame. George Read an' me 'ad th' watches an' th' others 'ad th' spy-glasses. 'Ere's th' watch. It 'as 'In memory o' April 21st' on it, but us don't need th' things to make we remember it, tho' we're wonderful glad t' 'ave 'em from th' doctor."

GIVEN TO HOSPITALITY

[Twentieth century]

BY DR. WILFRED THOMASON GRENFELL

OLD UNCLE MALCOLM, of Dove Brook, Labrador, was a world-citizen. For, though born on the shores of Newfoundland, he had ranged the seven seas in his youth in every kind of craft and in every kind of clime. But his "time came," as they say on this coast, as everybody's else does. For after a harder trip than usual, reaching his native shore and tired of roaming, he had sought and won the hand of as true a partner as it was ever man's good fortune to fall in with.

Fishing had been Uncle Malcolm's boyhood occupation and that of his father and forefathers before him, so he had no difficulty in finding a calling that was at once congenial and would support him nearer home. It was all the pleasanter that that industry afforded a livelihood to the bulk of his neighbors also.

The "shore fishery" as it was called, that is, the cod fishery in their own bays in Newfoundland, was for some reason then just beginning to fail, and the bolder souls were venturing farther down north each year, crossing the Straits of Belle Isle and cruising the rock-bound coast of Labrador in search of fish. Among these it was but natural to find Malcolm. When the fall commenced and ice beset the Labrador harbors, Uncle Malcolm's craft, which he had first partially mortgaged on the strength of his savings as a sailor and had then paid off from his voy-

ages of fish, used always to repair to the "bay" and "lie up" for the winter, waiting the new outfit for the succeeding year. On all his trips his good wife accompanied him, cooking for him on the schooner and helping him "put away" the fish, enjoying, as she used to tell me, "every bit of the voyage," for she, too, had the genius of the sea in her bones, an heirloom from many generations past.

But as time went on little ones were given to Uncle Malcolm, and it became harder and harder to close the home for six months and carry the children among the dangers of the Labrador coast, more especially as every year the "snapper" fishermen were pushing farther and farther north, where the coast is not only unlighted and unmarked, but also unsurveyed and uncharted.

At last the question had to be settled, as with many others, should the wife and children stay home while "dad" took his vessel on her perilous journeys, or should they "find a place" on the Labrador coast itself where fish was plentiful, and selling the schooner should they abandon the long cruises and enjoy a home life, even if it involved the isolation of the then almost unpopulated country?

To Uncle Malcolm moving was as second nature, and a move of five hundred miles one way or the other with him did not count for much. But to the wife and bairns the breaking up of the home and the leaving of her people were matters of great difficulty. For a long while she felt she could not leave the old folks. But eventually her love for her husband rang true. To be near him being her chief end in life, and loving the simple home ties more than aught else, she at last gave her consent and

the whole family migrated, settling on the shores of a huge inlet.

The new home was far enough in from the open sea to have trees enough for firewood and for protection, growing close alongside the house; and was near enough to good trapping-grounds to give Uncle Malcolm a chance of furring in winter, without his having to live practically the whole time away in tilts on the fur path. Yet the chosen spot was near enough to the open sea that in their small boat he and his boys could also work nets and lines for the abundant cod fishery in the fall, while from the point jutting out below the house and forming their little boat harbor, they could also tend salmon nets and so add yet another string to their bows for earning a living with. Excellent berries grew in extravagant plenty on the hillsides above the house and no one could preserve them better than Aunt Anne; and along the land was enough grass to keep his goat all winter in hay.

It might be supposed that with his long wanderings "before the mast" the sweetness and simplicity of Uncle Malcolm's character might have been much impaired. But this was far from being the case. The strong religious upbringing of his old home had been so real, so fine, and so exemplified in the lives of his own parents, that he had imbibed his Bible teachings to as good purpose as he had his mother's milk; and that was to very considerable purpose, for Uncle Malcolm stood very well over six feet and was far beyond the average in chest measurement. He stood as erect as a soldier, but when first I knew him, his hair and beard, both of which hung in wavy abundance around his honest, weather-beaten face, were already gray-flecked. For twenty years he

has been my friend now. And if I were asked to name a man who, in spite of a strong personality and no little "temper of his own," has always appeared to me to deserve the title of a man, with the prefix of Christian before it, I should unhesitatingly say, "You need n't go beyond Uncle Malcolm."

For many years things material went well with the family, and under their hands grew up a fine house with a large, airy kitchen, which had twice to be enlarged, as the family grew and visitors and friends on pleasure cruises also grew more and more numerous. Aunt Anne's table was seldom, if ever, clear of refreshments. For no one may arrive at any time of the day or night without being pressed to "sit in" and "take a cup o' tea." I've known more folk "stopping off here over Sunday" as they passed along the *komatik* road in winter with their dogs than ever I saw in a house-party at a country house ten times the size. "It was all very well them times," said a sententious neighbor, "but nothing could stand ag'in' that of late years. When times began to get bad in the bay half the shore took to cruising, and them that brought up at Uncle Malcolm's fairly ate him out o' house and home."

For things have changed both with the coast and with Uncle Malcolm since first I knew him, and it is that that caused me to write this story. To begin with, the Nemesis that overtook the Newfoundland shore fisheries has pursued them also to Labrador, and of late the fisheries have "been that uncertain" that a man "could no longer do as he'd wish to in providing hospitality for his neighbors," though, like Lot, these good folk were ever on the lookout for strangers. The years have dealt hardly

also with Uncle Malcolm. One of his lads has left him for those shores where "bar'ls" of flour and gallons of molasses no longer are subjects of anxiety; one, following the footsteps of his father, has gone to sea, joining the crew of an oversea brigantine that carried fish to Spain and has not been heard of since. A third is in "the States," doing well, but his letters of late years have been only "scattered," and there is little likelihood of Malcolm ever seeing him again. His devoted wife has gone also before him, and only his youngest boy, Anthony, is left.

It would seem as if it would be no difficult matter for these two to provide for themselves all that was needful. I could not help noticing, however, as successive seasons brought in the mission vessel once more to Uncle Malcolm's door, that the house looked barer each time; and though a brave show of hospitality was still made to us all on our arrival, there was now no milk for our tea, and even the bit of sugar gave place to molasses. Still the home was kept scrupulously clean, though the bright, home-made mats gradually disappeared from the floors, and all the many little tokens of a woman's handiwork followed in their wake. The maid, whom he fed and clothed in return for doing "his rough work," displayed a spirit worthy of her master in her use of the scrubbing-brush, soap and water, and she had succeeded in inducing such a sense of utter nakedness in the great kitchen that unavoidably a sense of sadness filled one on entering it.

The old man, with the grit that always characterized him, was silent on all personal matters, and appreciating the self-respect which held him from reposing his confi-

dences in me, I came and went without broaching the subject of his ways and means. At last what he could not bring himself to say he put in writing, — an acquirement he had to thank his early sailing days for, — and I received a letter asking me to refer to these matters on my next visit.

Uncle Malcolm had now passed the three score and ten years allotted by the Psalmist as the years of our strength, and in spite of his erect figure, his clear eye, his steady hand, it was not difficult to see that in his case this span of years was probably approximately correct. The hard life had told on his vitality and he was no longer the man he had been.

"It's this way, Doctor," he exclaimed, when at last his door was shut and we found ourselves alone together. "The cupboard is bare at last. There has been hard times these three years. The neighbors get that numerous they have driven most of the fur away. I got ne'er a skin last winter, and how I'm going to get through this winter I can't tell. No, I owes no man anything, thank God, and what bit o' flour Anthony and the maid eats don't amount to anything. But you see how it is, Doctor, it is n't ourselves we have to look out for only. There is n't a family to the westward what is n't in debt to the Company, nor to the eastward either, this side the big river, and when them's hungry in winter what's them to do? They can't get no more credit. Lots o' them have n't got no credit now and more o' them has got children in plenty. What's them to do? They can't go away wi'out a bite, when them is hungry and comes here. He would n't do that, would He? And He would n't 'low his friends to either."

There was no gainsaying the difficulty. There was no denying that the Christ would have fed them. In my own mind I could n't help fearing I should somehow have avoided the issue; possibly by moving off the *komatik* track each winter, as many I knew had already done. I even ventured to suggest this. But Uncle Malcolm stood firm.

"No, no, Doctor, as long as God gives me a bit, I stay right here and share it with 'em. What I 'm afeared of is it won't go 'round this time. Still, if the Master fed thousands with a few fishes them times, I got that many anyhow, and He can make it go 'round. It would n't be much trusting Him now after all these years if I just ran away up the bay wi' them fishes. It was n't to complain, Doctor, I wrote to you. I knows the Lord 'll be true to his promises; but we got to do our part, and I thought I 'd like somehow to speak to you to see what you thinks."

"Uncle Malcolm," I replied, "I 'm delighted you did. I was just looking for some one to get me a few thousand billets of good dry wood put on some place like your point where the mission ship could easily call and get them. We 're always short of coal away down here and I find I can pay enough to make it worth while. I reckon I 'll help out by giving flour for the winter, and you can place the billets right here where you can keep an eye on them."

I was narrowly scrutinizing his face as I spoke, and I fancied I saw an even brighter sparkle in those honest gray eyes than usual, a sparkle that counts far more to some folk than that of any jeweled trinkets. A short silence ensued, and being a man of few words, he shook hands and went out.

GIVEN TO HOSPITALITY

Two days ago we once more dropped our anchor off Uncle Malcolm's point. Two years had passed and each time the large quota of firewood had been faithfully procured and ready for us, and now once again the same problem faced us. His failing strength made him realize that to haul logs, which got ever farther from his door, and to cut billets enough to supply his needs, had become impossible.

"Fourteen barrels I used last winter, Doctor," he began as he saw my eyes roaming about the great kitchen that outrivaled a Mother Hubbard's for bareness. Not a bone either of beef or of pork would the neediest of visitors have found; no, nor a speck of dirt either; the place was swept and garnished like a great skeleton.

"Fourteen!" I replied. "Four, you mean. Four is more than enough for you and Anthony."

"Every ounce of fourteen," he said, "and but for what you bought for me in the south, every barrel at $8.50 a barrel."

"Who ate them, Uncle Malcolm?"

"Well, we had as many as twenty-seven staying here one week end, and they with ne'er a bite or sup at home. Is n't us told to 'be given to hospitality,' and that is n't feeding them as'll pay us back, is it?"

"It's you that is the real relieving officer down here," I answered.

"Thank God," he replied, somewhat piqued, "I've not had to come to the Gover'ment yet for help, though we has been on dry flour all summer."

"What, you are without any fats in the house for yourself? Is that true?"

"Well, you see, Doctor, they comes round first one

and then another for 'just a bit to grease the pot,' till there 's none left for our own pot. I thank God I does n't have to take none till I catches what to pay for it with, but I have n't seen a bit o' butter this three months. There 's a few salmon and fewer fish on the land yet, I know," he went on.

"Is n't it better in here in the bay?" I asked.

"No, indeed. It 'll be a poor lookout for winter. The best of them have n't a quintal under salt yet, and th' season be fast slipping away."

"You 'll simply have to shut your door to them this winter, then, whatever happens now, Uncle Malcolm."

He stood and looked at me and said simply: "I 'll not last much longer anyhow, Doctor, and please God it 'll never come to that. I does n't want to hear Him say, 'I was hungry and you did not feed Me, a stranger and you took Me not in.'"

"Well, what can you do?"

"There be that thirty dollars what you 'se sending me for the wood this year, and that 'll do for all Anthony and I needs. There 'd ha' been more o' that as there was other years, but I can't chop like I used to, Doctor, and the folks what visits me does n't seem to be able to go at it."

"They ought to do the whole lot. But since they don't, however can you manage?"

For answer he had already gone to a large time-worn seaman's chest and, after carefully unlocking it, was feeling about among a mass of heterogeneous wraps and relics. At last he apparently found what he was hunting for, for closing the lid he came back to the table with what was evidently a schoolboy's ancient pencil-case.

It required much persuasion to open it, as it had obviously been lying some years untouched. When at last the feat was accomplished, with his jackknife he picked out a packing of spun yarn that had been well "caulked" into it, and then, holding it upside down, a small roll of greenbacks fell out on the table.

"If them as killed the fox that brought them notes had done with theirs as I done with mine," he began, "there would be less hunger in the bay this day. There's many in the bay, Doctor, that's caught two to my one always. But there, they did n't know how to look after them when they had 'em."

He picked up the notes and handed them to me.

"There ought to be twelve o' them," he said; "that makes sixty dollars. But I can't read 'em, so you count 'em."

He was correct. The roll proved to consist of twelve old five-dollar bills.

"What shall I do with them?" I asked.

"Do with them? Why, won't you buy food for me with them?"

"What food do you want?"

"Flour and molasses, and some butter, if it'll reach to it."

"But you have flour enough already, and you need n't spend all this on butter and molasses. Is this all that you have laid by for your old age?"

"Yes, Doctor, it's all I has laid up and I wants it all, every bit, in flour and butter and molasses; that is," he corrected himself, "molasses and some butter. No, it is n't me that wants it, but I've got to have it, and that's all there is about it."

"But, Malcolm, you are getting old and you should n't cut the last plank away yet."

"I 'm seventy-three come Michaelmas," he said, "and I feel more 'n that, since the old woman 's took, and I 'm thinking maybe I won't need any flour next winter."

"But maybe you will be spared many winters yet, and if you spend all you have now, how will you take care of those years?"

"He'll take care, Doctor, I guess I'll trust Him. It would n't do not to have used that sixty dollars and have sent folks away hungry, would it, Doctor? It would look as if I did n't have much trust in Him. Does n't the Book say, 'I was hungry and ye gave Me nothing to eat'?"

What could be said? I mechanically took the sixty dollars and put them in my pocket and was silent. It certainly seemed to be the Master speaking. I had once imagined I knew what hospitality meant.

CANADA OF THE FUTURE

[Twentieth century]

BY AGNES C. LAUT

"THE twentieth century belongs to Canada."

The prediction of Sir Wilfred Laurier, Premier of the Dominion, seems likely to have bigger fulfillment than Canadians themselves realize. What does it mean?

Canada stands at the same place in the world's history as England stood in the Golden Age of Queen Elizabeth — on the threshold of her future as a great nation. Her mental attitude is similar, that of a great awakening, a consciousness of new strength, an exuberance of energy biting hard on the bit to run the race; mellowed memory of hard-won battles against tremendous odds in the past; for the future, a golden vision opening on vistas too far to follow. They dreamed pretty big in the days of Queen Elizabeth, but they did n't dream big enough for what was to come; and they are dreaming pretty big up in Canada to-day, but it is hard to forecast the future when a nation the size of all Europe is setting out on the career of her world history.

To put it differently: Canada's position is very much the same to-day as the United States a century ago. Her population is about seven million. The population of the United States was seven million in 1810. One was a strip of isolated settlements north and south along the Atlantic seaboard; the other, a string of provinces east and west along the waterways that ramify from the

St. Lawrence. Both possessed and were flanked by vast unexplored territory the size of Russia; the United States by a Louisiana; Canada by the Great Northwest. What the Civil War did for the United States, confederation did for the Canadian provinces — welded them into a nation; the parallel need not be carried farther. If the same development follows confederation in Canada as followed the Civil War in the United States, the twentieth century will witness the birth and growth of a world-power.

To no one has the future opening before Canada come as a greater surprise than to Canadians themselves. A few years ago such a claim as the Premier's would have been regarded as the effusions of the after-dinner speaker. While Canadian politicians were hoping for the honor of being accorded colonial place in the English Parliament, they suddenly awakened to find themselves a nation. They suddenly realized that history and big history, too, was in the making. Instead of Canada being dependent on the empire, the empire's most far-seeing statesmen were looking to Canada for the strength of the British Empire. No longer is there a desire among Canadians for place in the Parliament at Westminster. With a new empire of their own to develop, equal in size to the whole of Europe, Canadian public men realize they have enough to do without taking a hand in European affairs.

As the different Canadian provinces came into confederation they were like beads on a string a thousand miles apart. First were the Maritime Provinces, with western bounds touching the eastern bounds of Quebec, but in reality with the settlements of New Brunswick

and Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island separated from the settlements of Quebec by a thousand miles of untracked forest. Only the Ottawa River separated Quebec from Ontario, but one province was French, the other English, aliens to each other in religion, language, and customs. A thousand miles of rock-bound, winter-bound wastes lay between Ontario and the scattered settlements of the Red River in Manitoba. Not an interest was in common between the little province of the middle west and her sisters to the east. Then prairie land came for a thousand miles, and mountains for six hundred miles, before reaching the Pacific province of British Columbia, more completely cut off from other parts of Canada than from Mexico or Panama. In fact, it would have been easier for British Columbia to trade with Mexico and Panama than with the rest of Canada.

To bind these far-separated patches of settlement, oases in a desert of wilds, into a nation was the object of the union known as the "Confederation." But a nation can live only as it trades what it draws from the soil. Naturally, the isolated provinces looked for trade to the United States, just across an invisible boundary. It seemed absurd that the Canadian provinces should try to trade with each other, a thousand miles apart, rather than with the United States, a stone's throw from the door of each province. But the United States erected a tariff wall that Canada could not climb. The struggling Dominion was thrown solely on herself, and set about the giant task of linking the provinces together, building railroads from Atlantic to Pacific, canals from tidewater to the Great Lakes. In actual cash this cost Canada four hundred million dollars, not counting land grants

and private subscriptions for stock, which would bring up the cost of binding the provinces together to a billion. This was a staggering burden for a country with a smaller population than Greater New York — a burden as big as Japan and Russia assumed for their war; but, like war, the expenditure was a fight for national existence. Without the railroads and canals, the provinces could not have been bound together into a nation.

These were Canada's pioneer days, when she was spending more than she was earning, when she bound herself down to grinding poverty and big risks and hard tasks. It was a long pull, and a hard pull; but it was a pull all together. That was Canada's seed-time; this is her harvest. That was her night work, when she toiled, while other nations slept; now is the awakening, when the world sees what she was doing. Railroad man, farmer, miner, manufacturer, all had the same struggle, the big outlay of labor and money at first, the big risk and no profit, the long period of waiting.

Canada was laying her foundations of yesterday for the superstructure of prosperity to-day and to-morrow — the New Empire.

When one surveys the country as a whole, the facts are so big they are bewildering.

In the first place, the area of the Dominion is within a few thousand miles as large as all Europe. To be more specific, you could spread the surface of Italy and Spain and Turkey and Greece and Austria over eastern Canada, and you would still have an area uncovered in the least alone bigger than the German Empire. England spread flat on the surface of eastern Canada would just serve to cover the Maritime Provinces nicely; leav-

ing uncovered Quebec, which is a third bigger than Germany; Ontario, which is bigger than France; and Labrador (Ungava), which is about the size of Austria.

In the west you could spread the British Isles out flat, and you would not cover Manitoba — with her new boundaries extending to Hudson Bay. It would take a country the size of France to cover the province of Saskatchewan, a country larger than Germany to cover Alberta, two countries the size of Germany to cover British Columbia and the Yukon, and there would still be left uncovered the northern half of the West — an area the size of European Russia.

No Old World monarch from William the Conqueror to Napoleon could boast of such a realm. People are fond of tracing ancestry back to feudal barons of the Middle Ages. What feudal baron of the Middle Ages, or lord of the outer marches, was heir to such heritage as Canada may claim? Think of it! Combine all the feudatory domains of the Rhine and the Danube, you have not so vast an estate as a single western province. Or gather up all the estates of England's midland counties and eastern shires and borderlands, you have not enough land to fill one of Canada's inland seas — Lake Superior.

If there were a population in eastern Canada equal to France, — and Quebec alone would support a population equal to France, — and in Manitoba equal to the British Isles, and in Saskatchewan equal to France, and in Alberta equal to Germany, and in British Columbia equal to Germany, — ignoring Yukon, Mackenzie River, Keewatin, and Labrador, taking only those parts of Canada where climate has been tested and lands

surveyed, — Canada could support two hundred million people.

The figures are staggering, but they are not half so improbable as the actual facts of what has taken place in the United States. America's population was acquired against hard odds. There were no railroads when the movement to America began. The only ocean-goers were sailboats of slow progress and great discomfort. In Europe was profound ignorance regarding America; to-day all is changed. Canada begins where the United States left off. The whole world is gridironed with railroads. Fast Atlantic liners offer greater comfort to the emigrant than he has known at home. Ignorance of America has given place to almost romantic glamor. Just when the free lands of the United States are exhausted and the Government is putting up bars to keep out the immigrant, Canada is in a position to open her doors wide. Less than a fortieth of the entire West is inhabited. Of the Great Clay Belt of North Ontario only a patch on the southern edge is populated. The same may be said of the Great Forest Belt of Quebec. These facts are the magnet that will attract the immigrant to Canada. The United States wants no more immigrants.

And the movement to Canada has begun. To her shores are thronging the hosts of the Old World's dispossessed, in multitudes greater than any army that ever marched to conquest under Napoleon. When the history of America comes to be written in a hundred years, it will not be the record of a slaughter field with contending nations battling for the mastery, or generals wading to glory knee-deep in blood. It will be an account

of the most wonderful race movement, the most wonderful experiment in democracy the world has known. . . .

It is not given to all *émigrés* to become great capitalists or great leaders. Some who have the opportunity have not the ability, and the majority would not, for all the rewards that greatness offers, choose careers that entail long years of nerve-wracking, unflagging labor. But on a minor scale the same process of making-over takes place. One case will illustrate.

Some years before immigration to Canada had become general, two or three hundred Icelanders were landed in Winnipeg destitute. From some reason, which I have forgotten, — probably the quarantine of an immigrant, — the Icelanders could not be housed in the government immigration hall. They were absolutely without money, household goods, property of any sort except clothing, and that was scant, the men having but one suit of the poorest clothes, the women thin homespun dresses so worn one could see many of them had no underwear. The people represented the very dregs of poverty. Withdrawing to the vacant lots in the west end of Winnipeg, — at that time a mere town, — the newcomers slept for the first nights, herded in the rooms of an Icelander opulent enough to have rented a house. Those who could not gain admittance to this house slept under the high board sidewalks, then a feature of the new town. I remember as a child watching them sit on the high sidewalk till it was dark, then roll under. Fortunately it was summer, but it was useless for people in this condition to go bare to the prairie farm. To make land yield, you must have house and barns and stock and implements, and I doubt if these people had as much as

a jackknife. I remember how two or three of the older women used to sit crying each night in despair till they disappeared in the crowded house, fourteen or twenty of them to a room. Within a week, the men were all at work, sawing wood from door to door at a dollar and a half a cord, the women out by the day washing at a dollar a day. Within a month they had earned enough to buy lumber and tar-paper. Tar-papered shanties went up like mushrooms on the vacant lots. Before winter each family had bought a cow and chickens. I shall not betray confidence by telling where the cow and chickens slept. Those immigrants were not desirable neighbors. Other people moved hastily away from the region. Such a condition would not be tolerated now, when there are spacious immigration halls and sanitary inspectors to see that cows and people do not house under the same roof. What with work and peddling milk, by spring the people were able to move out on the free prairie farms. To-day those Icelanders own farms clear of debt, own stock that would be considered the possession of a capitalist in Iceland, and have money in the savings banks. Their sons and daughters have had university educations and have entered every avenue of life, — farming, trading, practicing medicine, actually teaching English in English schools. Some are members of Parliament. It was a hard beginning, but it was a rebirth to a new life. They are now among the nation-builders of the West.

But it would be a mistake to conclude that Canada's nation-builders consisted entirely of poor people. The race movement has not been a leaderless mob. Princes, nobles, adventurers, soldiers of fortune, were the path-

finders who blazed the trail to Canada. Glory, pure and simple, was the aim that lured the first comers across the trackless seas. Adventurous young aristocrats, members of the Old Order, led the first nation-builders to America, and, all unconscious of destiny, laid the foundations of the New Order. The story of their adventures and work is the history of Canada.

It is a new experience in the world's history, this race movement that has built up the United States and is now building up Canada. Other great race movements have been a tearing-down of high places, the upward scramble of one class on the backs of the deposed class. Instead of leveling down, Canada's nation-building is leveling up.

This, then, is the empire — the size of all the nations in Europe, bigger than Napoleon's wildest dreams of conquest — to which Canada has awakened.

SWITZERLAND

I

IN EARLIEST TIMES

HISTORICAL NOTE

In the days of the Romans, Switzerland was occupied by the Rhætians and the Helvetians. The latter, weary of their narrow boundaries, set out for the fertile fields of Gaul, but in 58 B.C. were forced by Julius Cæsar to return to their abandoned homes. In the same century the Rhætians were subdued by the Romans. After the fall of the Roman Empire, Switzerland was conquered by the Franks. In the seventh century, St. Columban and a band of Irish monks converted the people to Christianity and founded churches and monasteries, many of which endure to this day.

When Charlemagne died, his realms were divided; one portion of Switzerland became part of the German Kingdom, and another portion became part of Burgundy. In the eleventh century, the part that was under the rule of Burgundy passed into the hands of Germany, and was immediately dependent upon the Empire. During the Dark Ages, feudalism flourished in Switzerland even more than in the other countries of Europe, and the land was held by a great number of nobles and ecclesiastics. Prominent among these feudal lords were the Hapsburgs, who steadily increased their territory and influence until, in the thirteenth century, they were the strongest power in the land.

THE SIEGE OF THE LAKE-DWELLERS

BY SIR ARTHUR HELPS

[In the summer of 1854 the water of the Swiss lakes was unusually low, and remains of piles and implements of stone and bone were discovered in great numbers, together with remains of grain, beans, apples, flax, basket-work, ornaments, spears, lances, and the bones of many animals. It was plain that at some very early age people had lived in houses built upon these piles; and by carefully studying the remains, considerable knowledge of the folk themselves, their houses, and their ways of living, has been obtained. The following extract is from a romance founded upon the supposed life in one of these lake-villages.

The Editor.]

Immediately after Realmah's retreat into the town, the causeways were destroyed, the drawbridges pulled up, and every part of the town finally prepared for a state of siege.

Before describing this siege it is necessary to give some notion of the skill of the inhabitants of Abibah in the art of building. This is the more necessary as it is a fond idea of modern people that they are preëminent in that art; overlooking the masses of falseness, pretentiousness, and inappropriateness which deform so large a part of their greatest towns. It would rather astonish them if they could see again ancient Mexico, Thebes, Memphis, Nineveh, Babylon, and Cusco — the last perhaps the grandest city that has ever been built upon this earth.

The construction of these lake cities was also most remarkable. In the remains of one of them there are this day to be seen the relics of about twenty thousand piles. Now the art of pile-driving is a most difficult one; and those who are skilled in it move from place to place where their services are wanted. But if we were to say to the inhabitants of any ordinary English town, "Build us, with all the means and appliances that are at your command, but without any aid from specially skilled workmen, a town upon water which shall have for its basis twenty thousand piles," we should find, from their difficulties and their failures, what great mechanical and workmanlike skill would be requisite for such an undertaking, and should have a just respect for the powers, the skill, and the perseverance of the men of Abibah.

Five days after the battle of the Ramassa, the enemy commenced the siege. They naturally commenced it at the southern part of the town, which was the part nearest the shore. They had employed the intervening days in constructing rafts, which they did by tying together the smaller trees which they had hewn down in the great wood.

A low, long building, devoted to barracks, formed the principal defense on the southern side of the town. It was, in fact, a long, semi-inclosed balcony, for the most part open at the back, but having in front only those openings which admitted of missiles being thrown from them.

Realmah's plan of defense for this building was very singular. He meant the enemy to take it, and to perish after they had taken it. The whole of the flooring was

to fall into the water, and the enemy with it, immediately after they had occupied it. But what showed his skill in its construction and his knowledge of human nature, was, that he had planned that this falling-in of the flooring should take place in separate portions, separately. Between the piles there was generally a portion of the flooring that would enable thirty men to stand upon it and defend it; and each of these compartments was so constructed that, by the cutting of a single cord, it would descend into the water.

Realmah knew well that if all the men who were to defend this position knew that the flooring was suddenly, and perhaps without their knowledge, to descend into the water, they would be apprehensive of being left with the enemy and perishing with them. He also knew that if it depended upon the occupants of any particular compartment, or rather upon their captain, at what moment the flooring of that compartment should fall in, the men defending it would fight bravely to the last. To insure and reward this bravery, he offered a reward of iron swords with amber handles, to the survivors of that band of thirty men who should make the stoutest resistance.

The enemy advanced upon their rafts to the attack with great determination, and with great confidence of success. Their advance was covered by three thousand archers, who occupied a small eminence just above the shore, and whose missiles dealt death to many a brave defender who but for a moment exposed himself to their deadly shafts. The besieged on their part were not inactive. Many of the attacking party fell by their iron-pointed javelins; many more were dis-

abled by the boiling pitch poured down upon them as they neared the fortress. Still they pressed on, and swarming up the low building, found entrance here and there. For fully an hour the attack and the defense were vigorously maintained. The time would have been much shorter, but that the archers, who formed the covering party on the hill, were no longer able to give assistance to their friends, when besiegers and besieged were commingled in the fight. At length the enemy gained entrance at all points, and then the stratagem of Realmah had its full effect. The floorings everywhere descended almost simultaneously, and nothing was to be heard but the cries of drowning men shouting helplessly for succor from their friends, who were cut off from them. Thus ended the first day's siege, with a signal failure on the part of the besiegers.

THE FLIGHT OF THE HELVETIANS

[58 B.C.]

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

ONCE upon a time the Helvetians, as the people of Switzerland were then called, began to be restless. On one side of their country was the Rhine; on another the lofty Jura Mountains; and on the third, Lake Geneva and the Rhone River. They were crowded; they needed more land; and as they were brave and successful warriors, they saw no reason why they should not, in the simple and direct fashion of those days, march out to some fertile district and take possession of it.

So they began to make ready. They bought wagons and oxen, and they cultivated as much grain as possible, and when the third year had come, they were ready to set out on their march. They "burned their bridges," for they set fire to their villages and strongholds, and even to the provisions that they could not carry with them; so that, even if any of the people became discouraged, they would have to fight their way onward, for there would be only a desolated country behind them.

A most important question was which way they should march. They could go between the Jura Mountains and the Rhone; but the pass was hardly wide enough for even a cart track. Moreover, a high mountain overhung it, and it would be an easy matter for a little group of the Sequanians, who dwelt in that region,

to stop them. The other way was through the Roman province. This was much easier, for the Allobroges lived in the province, and even if the Allobroges should refuse to let them pass, the Helvetians were cónfident that they could force their way through.

But in Rome was the wise general, Julius Cæsar. Gaul was under his control, and he felt sure that no body of restless warriors would pass through the province without doing damage. He did not refuse at once, however, but told the Helvetians that he would consider the matter and in about a fortnight they might come for his answer.

Then this wary young commander set to work to make ramparts and trenches and redoubts as fast as possible; and by the time that the Helvetians returned he was ready for them. He told them that it was not the custom of the Romans to allow people to march through their provinces, and that if they tried to go through without permission, he would see to it that they were prevented.

The Helvetians did not give up their plan. Cæsar had torn down the bridge over the Rhone at Geneva, but some of them forded the river, and others crossed it by lashing boats together and making rafts. This was not of much use, for the Romans were on the opposite shore, well prepared to meet them.

There was nothing to do but to try the narrow pass. Here they were fortunate, for the Sequani agreed that if the Helvetians would promise to do no mischief, they might march through their country. So through the pass the Helvetians went, and soon they were in the country of the Æduans. They were no longer

bound by promises of good behavior, and they captured the towns, ravaged the lands, and carried off the children as slaves to their hearts' content.

The Æduans, however, were good friends of Cæsar and had been honored by the title of "Allies of the Roman People," and Cæsar made no delay in coming to help them. The Helvetians were crossing the river Saone in the same fashion that they had crossed the Rhone. They had been at work for twenty days, and only three fourths of them had passed over. Cæsar came upon those who had not yet crossed and attacked them. Then he made a bridge, and in one day he and his men were on the other side of the river. In just one day he had accomplished what the Helvetians had been struggling for twenty days to do. It is no wonder that they were alarmed.

Nevertheless, they had no idea of giving up. They sent a messenger to Cæsar to say that they wished to be friends with the Romans, and if he cared to make peace with them, they were perfectly willing to make their homes wherever he wished. "But if you persist in opposing us," the envoy said in a lordly fashion, "remember that in the days when Lucius Cassius was consul the Helvetians slew him and forced his army to pass under the yoke. Even if you did rout one division of our troops when they were separated from the others, you need not despise us or exalt your own prowess. You would do better to consider the possibility that the place where you may make your stand against us will perhaps receive a name because of a defeat of the Romans."

Cæsar replied haughtily that when the gods intended

to punish a man for his offenses, they often granted him a period of prosperity, so that he might feel a reverse of fortune the more keenly. He realized fully the damage that they had done to the Romans; there was no need of calling that to mind. Nevertheless, if they would make up to the Æduans and the Allobroges for the harm that they had done, and would bring hostages to himself for their good behavior, he would agree to make peace.

"The Helvetians are in the habit of receiving hostages, not of giving them," retorted the proud warrior; and then he turned about and left the Roman camp.

Of course a battle ensued. The Helvetians were successful. They marched jubilantly up the valley of the Saone, and Cæsar followed. He tried to surprise them, but his spies had brought him mistaken reports, and he did not succeed. Finally they attacked him, and then there was a battle indeed. Far into the night they fought, and so many Romans were slain that Cæsar remained on the field for three days to care for the wounded and bury the dead. The Helvetians fled; but they might as well have stood still, for Cæsar sent messengers to the people from whom they expected to get food, forbidding them to supply it unless they wished him to look upon them as having become allies of his enemies.

The Helvetians were, then, without food and in an enemy's country. They could do nothing but surrender. Their envoys wept and lamented and fell at Cæsar's feet and besought him to make peace with them. Cæsar bade them all to remain where they were and await his arrival. They waited, but in great fear of how he might punish them to avenge the wrong done

to his allies. When Cæsar came up with them, he ordered them to surrender their arms and all the slaves that had deserted to them and to give hostages for their obedience. They agreed of course, for they could do nothing else; but that night they talked the matter over, and one of their four clans or divisions, consisting of about six thousand men, became so alarmed at the thought of their own helplessness without their arms that they slipped away in the darkness, hoping to escape to the territory of the Germans. Cæsar soon found out what had happened. He sent word to the tribes through whose lands they would pass to bring them back to him. Just how he punished them is not known, for all that he said about it was that he "treated them like enemies." The others he sent back to Switzerland. And so ended the flight of the Helvetians.

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE OVER THE REUSS

BY H. A. GUERBER

THE old-fashioned stage-road which winds its way over the St. Gothard passes through Schoellenen, Goeschenen (the entrance to the St. Gothard tunnel), and over the new Devil's Bridge. This is built across the Reuss at a point where steep rocks tower above and below it on all sides, and where the scenery is extremely wild and impressive.

From the new bridge one can see the remains of a more ancient structure, of which the following legend is told, as well as of all old bridges built in dangerous or difficult places, such as that of Pont-la-Ville over the Sarine in Fribourg, and the one in the ravine of the Morge in the Valais.

Already in very olden times the people of Uri had discovered that if they could only establish a safe road over the St. Gothard mountain they would be able to earn many a penny by trading with Italy. They therefore spared neither pains nor expense, and built one foot after another of the road, even piercing the hard rock in one spot to make what is still known as the Urner Loch, or Hole of Uri. Countless apparently insurmountable obstacles were gradually overcome, and the road, which had been begun on both sides of the mountain, was rapidly drawing close together near the banks of the Reuss. There, however, the builders

paused appalled on either bank, for it seemed quite impossible to bridge the awful chasm near the falls.

A meeting was therefore called at Goeschenen, where, although there was no lack of talking, smoking, and drinking, no satisfactory decision could be reached. A stranger, clad in black, with broad-brimmed hat and bold heron feather, sat at a neighboring table and listened attentively to this discussion. Finally, seeing the meeting about to break up, he drew near the talkers, and taking a seat beside the principal magistrate in front of the fire, announced that he was a famous bridge builder, and could span the stream before morning. He even offered to show them a fine bridge there at dawn, on the next day, provided they were willing to pay his price.

One and all now exclaimed that nothing he could ask would seem too much, so the stranger in black quickly responded, —

"Very well, then, it is a bargain! To-morrow you shall have your bridge, but in payment I shall claim the first living thing which passes over it. Here is my hand upon it!"

Saying these words, he seized the hand of the astonished magistrate beside him, and before any one could add another word, disappeared. The people gazed at one another in silence for a moment, then made furtive signs of the cross. As soon as the chief magistrate could speak, he loudly declared the stranger must be His Satanic Majesty in person! In support of this assertion, he declared that the stranger, while sitting in front of the fire, had boldly thrust his feet right into the red-hot coals, where he kept them while

talking, as if the heat were agreeable to him; and added that he had distinctly felt sharp claws when the man in black shook hands with him to close the bargain.

All now shuddered with fear, and a general wail of terror arose. But a tailor who was present at the meeting, promptly bade his fellow citizens fear naught, for he would settle the bill with their architect on the morrow. This offer was gladly accepted, the meeting was speedily dissolved, and all hastened home, because none of them cared to be out after dark while still under the spell of their recent encounter with the Spirit of Evil. That night no one slept in the neighborhood, for although the sky had been clear when they went to bed, a sudden storm arose and raged with fury until morning.

Amid the roll of thunder, incessant flashes of vivid lightning, and violent gusts of wind, they heard the splitting and falling of rocks, which seemed to roll all the way down the steep mountain side and crash into the valley. But when morning came, no signs of storm were left, and as soon as the sun had risen and they again dared venture out, all rushed forth in a body to see what had happened. When they drew near the Reuss, they could not sufficiently express their wonder and admiration, for a fine stone bridge arched boldly over the swift stream.

On the opposite side stood the black-garbed stranger, grinning fiendishly and encouraging the people by word and gesture to test his bridge by walking across it. Just then the tailor appeared, carrying a large bag. He advanced as if to cross first, but instead of setting foot upon the structure, deftly opened his bag, from which escaped rats and mice, closely followed by a few cats.

The Devil, for it was he, gave a yell of rage when he saw himself thus outwitted, and, forgetting the part he had played until then, cast off his disguise and ran down Goeschenen for a huge rock, which he intended to hurl at the bridge so as to wreck it entirely before any other living creature could cross.

On his way back, however, Satan met a little old woman, who, frightened by his black looks, made a sign of the cross which caused him to drop his burden and beat a hasty retreat into his own realm. To this day, however, the people still point out the huge boulder in which the marks of Satan's claws are still visible, and which is known as the Devil's Stone.

According to another version, the Devil no sooner saw himself outwitted than he seized handfuls of rock which he hurled at the bridge. But these missiles were all deflected by a cross which the tailor planted in the middle of the structure as soon as the animals reached the other side. These big stones now lie scattered in the bed of the Reuss, and around the pillars of the bridge, where, to the Devil's constant chagrin, they only serve to strengthen his construction.

To avenge himself in a slight measure, however, the Evil One posted one of his own imps in this valley. When travelers pass, this demon pounces down upon them unseen, and with a slight mocking whistle tosses them into the middle of the stream. This imp, known as the Hat Fiend, or Hut Schelm, still haunts the valley, although centuries have passed since the Devil played the part of engineer for the people of Uri.

II

HOW THE SWISS GAINED THEIR FREEDOM

HISTORICAL NOTE

In the early part of the thirteenth century the three forest cantons of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden were governed by the Counts of Hapsburg, who in the previous century had risen from obscurity to the position of powerful landed proprietors. Legally the inhabitants of the greater part of these districts were subject only to the German Emperor, for whom the Hapsburgs acted as stewards, and all attempts of the latter to exercise absolute authority over the cantons met with sturdy resistance. In 1273, Rudolph, the head of this family, was elected Emperor, and a few years later became Archduke of Austria. The Swiss felt that their ancient liberties were endangered by the steadily increasing power of the Hapsburgs, and a few days after the death of Rudolph, in 1291, the men of three cantons met together and formed an Everlasting League for mutual protection. This league was the foundation of the Swiss Republic.

For several years the Hapsburgs forbore to assert their authority in the cantons, and it was not until 1315 that Leopold of Hapsburg, with the flower of Austrian chivalry, attempted to subdue the liberty-loving mountaineers. At Morgarten the Austrian army was completely defeated by a small band of Swiss, and to this day a service is held each year on November 15, in memory of the victory.

After the battle of Morgarten the Swiss cantons renewed their union, and were gradually joined by one after another of the remaining districts. All attempts of Austria to reassert her authority were in vain, and by the close of the fifteenth century, Switzerland had entirely freed itself from Hapsburg control.

THE MEETING AT THE RÜTLI

BY HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE

[THIS and the two following selections, dealing with the oppressions of the Hapsburgs, come originally from chronicles written two or three centuries later, and must be regarded as legends rather than as history.

The Editor.]

THEY [Gessler and Landenberg] did as imperial bailiffs had never done before, and took up their abode in the land. Landenberg went to the king's castle, near Sarnen in Obwalden, and Gessler built for himself a tower in the country of Uri. The taxes were increased, the smallest offenses punished by imprisonment and heavy fines, the country people treated with haughtiness and contempt. Gessler, passing on horseback before Stauffacher's new house, in the village of Steinen, cried out insultingly, "Shall peasants be allowed to build so finely?" And when Arnold Anderhalden, of Melchthal in Unterwalden, was condemned for some slight offense to lose a yoke of fine oxen, Landenberg's servants took the oxen from the plough, and said, "Peasants may draw the plough themselves." But young Arnold, irritated by this insult, struck the servant and broke two of his fingers. Then he fled into the mountains. In revenge, Landenberg put out both the eyes of Arnold's old father.

Whoever, on the contrary, adhered to the bailiff and did his will, was treated with indulgence and was always in the right. But all did not escape, who, trusting in the protection of the bailiff, thought themselves entitled to do evil; and, as there was no longer any justice to be had in the land, each man helped himself, and this occasioned many disorders. But the bailiffs laughed and persisted in their tyranny; they not only trod under foot the chartered franchises of the people, sanctioned by emperors and kings, but disregarded the everlasting right to life which God has given to every man.

While the oppressors laughed and the oppressed groaned in the valley of the Waldstatten, the wife of Werner Stauffacher, in the village of Steinen, said to her husband: "How long shall the oppressors laugh and the oppressed groan? Shall foreigners be masters of this soil, and heirs of our property? What are the men of the mountains good for? Must we mothers nurse beggars at our bosoms, and bring up maid-servants for foreigners? Let there be an end to this!"

Thereupon Werner Stauffacher, without a word, went down to Brunnen on the lake, and over the water to Uri, to Walter Furst, in Attinghausen. With him he found concealed Arnold of Melchthal, who had fled across the mountain from the wrath of Landenberg.

They talked of the misery of their country, and of the cruelty of the foreign bailiffs whom the king had sent to them, in contempt of their hereditary franchises and liberties. They also called to mind that they had in vain appealed against the tyranny of the bailiffs before the king, and that the latter had threatened to compel them, in spite of the seals and charters of former emperors and

kings, to separate from the empire and submit to Austria; that God had given to no king the right to commit injustice; that they had no hope but in God and their own courage, and that death was much more desirable than so shameful a yoke. They therefore resolved that each should talk with trustworthy and courageous men in his own district, to ascertain the disposition of the people, and what they would undertake for security and liberty.

Subsequently, as they had agreed, they met frequently by night, at a secret place on the lake. It lay about midway between Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden, in a small bushy meadow at the foot of the rocks of Seelisberg, opposite the little village of Brunnen. It is called Rütli, from the clearing of bushes; there they were far from all human habitations. Soon each brought the joyful news that death was more desirable to all the people than so shameful a yoke.

When, on the night of the 17th of November, 1307, they came together, and each of the Three had brought with him to the meadow of the Rütli ten true and honorable men, determined to hold the ancient liberty of their fatherland before all, and life as nothing, the pious Three raised their hands to the starry heavens, and swore to God the Lord, before whom kings and peasants are equal, faithfully to live and to die for the rights of the innocent people; to undertake and carry through everything in unison and not separately; to permit no injustice, but also to commit no injustice; to respect the rights and property of the counts of Hapsburg, and do no harm to the imperial bailiffs, but also to prevent the bailiffs from ruining the country. And the thirty others

raised their hands and took the oath, like the Three, to God and all the saints, manfully to assert liberty; and they appointed New Year's night for the work. Then they separated; each returned to his valley and to his cabin, and tended his cattle.

THE SHOT OF WILLIAM TELL

[1307]

BY JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER

[THE bailiff Gessler, whom Albert of Hapsburg had sent to oppress the Swiss, seemed to try to humiliate them in every possible way. One thing that he did was to put the ducal hat of Austria on a pole in Uri with the command that whoever went by should bow down before it as a proof of his loyalty.

The following scene opens with William Tell, one of the men who had met at Rütli, walking with his little son Walter. They are talking together and pass the hat without noticing it.

The Editor.]

WALTER (*pointing to the Bannberg*).

Father, is't true that on the mountain there
The trees, if wounded with a hatchet, bleed?

TELL.

Who says so, boy?

WALTER.

The master herdsman, father!
He tells us there's a charm upon the trees,
And if a man shall injure them, the hand
That struck the blow will grow from out the grave.

TELL.

There is a charm about them — that's the truth.
Dost see those glaciers yonder — those white horns —
That seem to melt away into the sky?

WALTER.

They are the peaks that thunder so at night,
And send the avalanches down upon us.

TELL.

They are; and Altdorf long ago had been
Submerged beneath these avalanches' weight
Did not the forest there above the town
Stand like a bulwark to arrest their fall.

WALTER (*after musing a little*).

And are there countries with no mountains, father?

TELL.

Yes; if we travel downwards from our heights,
And keep descending in the river's courses,
We reach a wide and level country, where
Our mountain torrents brawl and foam no more,
And fair large rivers glide serenely on.
All quarters of the heaven may there be scann'd
Without impediment. The corn grows there
In broad and lovely fields, and all the land
Is fair as any garden to the view.

WALTER.

But, father, tell me, wherefore haste we not
Away to this delightful land, instead
Of toiling here, and struggling as we do?

TELL.

The land is fair and bountiful as heaven;
But they who till it never may enjoy
The fruits of what they sow.

WALTER.

Live they not free,
As you do, on the land their fathers left them?

TELL.

The fields are all the bishop's or the king's.

WALTER.

But they may freely hunt among the woods?

TELL.

The game is all the monarch's — bird and beast.

WALTER.

But they, at least, may surely fish the streams?

TELL.

Stream, lake, and sea, all to the king belong.

WALTER.

Who is this king, of whom they're so afraid?

TELL.

He is the man who fosters and protects them.

WALTER.

Have they not courage to protect themselves?

TELL.

The neighbor there dare not his neighbor trust.

WALTER.

I should want breathing room in such a land.
I'd rather dwell beneath the avalanches.

TELL.

'T is better, child, to have these glacier peaks
Behind one's back, than evil-minded men!
[*They are about to pass on.*

WALTER.

See, father, see the cap on yonder pole!

TELL.

What is the cap to us? Come, let's begone.
[*As he is going,* FRIESSHARDT, *presenting his pike, stops him.*

FRIESSHARDT.

Stand, I command you, in the Emperor's name!

TELL (*seizing the pike*).

What would ye? Wherefore do you stop my path?

FRIESSHARDT.

You've broke the mandate, and must go with us.

LEUTH.

You have not done obeisance to the cap.

TELL.

Friend, let me go.

FRIESSHARDT.

Away, away to prison!

WALTER.

Father to prison? Help! [*Calling to the side scene.*

This way, you men!
Good people, help! They're dragging him to prison!

[ROSSELMANN *the Priest, and the* SACRISTAN, *with three other men, enter.*

SACRISTAN.

What's here amiss?

ROSSELMANN.

Why do you seize this man?

FRIESSHARDT.

He is an enemy of the King — a traitor.

TELL (*seizing him with violence*).

A traitor, I!

ROSSELMANN.

Friend, thou art wrong. 'T is Tell,
An honest man and worthy citizen.

WALTER (*descries* FURST *and runs up to him*).

Grandfather, help, they want to seize my father!

FRIESSHARDT.

Away to prison!

FURST (*running in*).

Stay, I offer bail.
For God's sake, Tell, what is the matter here?

[MELCHTHAL *and* STAUFFACHER *enter.*

LEUTH.

He has contemn'd the Viceroy's sovereign power,
Refusing flatly to acknowledge it.

STAUFFACHER.

Has Tell done this?

MELCHTHAL.

Villain, thou knowest 't is false!

LEUTH.

He has not made obeisance to the cap.

FURST.

And shall for this to prison? Come, my friend,
Take my security and let him go.

FRIESSHARDT.

Keep your security for yourself — you 'll need it.
We only do our duty. Hence with him.

MELCHTHAL (*to the country people*).

This is too bad — shall we stand by and see them
Drag him away before our very eyes?

SACRISTAN.

We are the strongest. Don't endure it, friends.
Our countrymen will back us to a man.

FRIESSHARDT.

Who dares resist the governor's commands?

OTHER THREE PEASANTS (*running in*).

We 'll help you. What's the matter? Down with them!

[HILDEGARD, MECHTHILD *and* ELSBETH *return.*

TELL.

Go, go, good people, I can help myself.
Think you, had I a mind to use my strength,
These pikes of theirs should daunt me?

MELCHTHAL (*to* FRIESSHARDT).

Only try —
Try, if you dare, to force him from amongst us.

FURST *and* STAUFFACHER.

Peace, peace, friends!

FRIESSHARDT (*loudly*).

Riot! Insurrection, ho!
[*Hunting-horns without.*

WOMEN.

The Governor!

FRIESSHARDT (*raising his voice*).

Rebellion! Mutiny!

STAUFFACHER.

Roar, till you burst, knave!

ROSSELMANN *and* MELCHTHAL.

Will you hold your tongue?

FRIESSHARDT (*calling still louder*).

Help, help, I say, the servants of the law!

FURST.

The Viceroy here! Then we shall smart for this!

[*Enter* GESSLER *on horseback, with a falcon on his wrist;* RUDOLPH DER HARRAS, BERTHA, *and* RUDENZ, *and a numerous train of armed attendants, who form a circle of lances round the whole stage.*

HARRAS.

Room for the Viceroy!

GESSLER.

Drive the clowns apart.
Why throng the people thus? Who calls for help?
[*General silence.*
Who was it? I will know.
[FRIESSHARDT *steps forward.*
And who art thou?
And why hast thou this man in custody?
[*Gives his falcon to an attendant.*

FRIESSHARDT.

Dread sir, I am a soldier of your guard,
And station'd sentinel beside the cap;
This man I apprehended in the act
Of passing it without obeisance due,
So I arrested him, as you gave order,
Whereon the people tried to rescue him.

GESSLER (*after a pause*).

And do you, Tell, so lightly hold your king,
And me, who act as his vicegerent here,
That you refuse the greeting to the cap
I hung aloft to test your loyalty?
I read in this a disaffected spirit.

TELL.

Pardon me, good my lord! The action sprung
From inadvertence, — not from disrespect.
Were I discreet, I were not William Tell:
Forgive me now — I 'll not offend again.

GESSLER (*after a pause*).

I hear, Tell, you 're a master with the bow, —
And bear the palm away from every rival.

WALTER.

That must be true, sir! At a hundred yards
He 'll shoot an apple for you off the tree.

GESSLER.

Is that boy thine, Tell?

TELL.

Yes, my gracious lord.

GESSLER.

Hast any more of them?

TELL.

Two boys, my lord.

GESSLER.

And, of the two, which dost thou love the most?

TELL.

Sir, both the boys are dear to me alike.

GESSLER.

Then, Tell, since at a hundred yards thou canst
Bring down the apple from the tree, thou shalt
Approve thy skill before me. Take thy bow —
Thou hast it there at hand — and make thee ready
To shoot an apple from the stripling's head!
But take this counsel, — look well to thine aim,
See that thou hitt'st the apple at the first,
For, shouldst thou miss, thy head shall pay the forfeit.
[All give signs of horror.

TELL.

What monstrous thing, my lord, is this you ask?
That I, from the head of mine own child! — No, no!
It cannot be, kind sir, you meant not that —
God, in his Grace, forbid! You could not ask
A father seriously to do that thing!

GESSLER.

Thou art to shoot an apple from his head!
I do desire — command it so.

TELL.

What! I
Level my cross-bow at the darling head
Of mine own child? No — rather let me die!

GESSLER.

Or thou must shoot, or with thee dies the boy.

TELL.

Shall I become the murd'rer of my child!

You have no children, sir — you do not know
The tender throbbings of a father's heart.

GESSLER.

How now, Tell, so discreet upon a sudden?
I had been told thou wert a visionary, —
A wanderer from the paths of common men.
Thou lov'st the marvelous. So have I now
Cull'd out for thee a task of special daring.
Another man might pause and hesitate; —
Thou dashest at it, heart and soul, at once.

BERTHA.

Oh, do not jest, my lord, with these poor souls!
See, how they tremble, and how pale they look,
So little used are they to hear thee jest.

GESSLER.

Who tells thee that I jest?
[*Grasping a branch above his head.*
Here is the apple.
Room there, I say! And let him take his distance —
Just eighty paces, — as the custom is, —
Not an inch more or less! It was his boast
That at a hundred he could hit his man.
Now, archer, to your task, and look you miss not!

HARRAS.

Heavens! this grows serious — down, boy, on your knees,
And beg the governor to spare your life.

FURST (*aside to* MELCHTHAL, *who can scarcely restrain his impatience*).

Command yourself, — be calm, I beg of you!

BERTHA (*to the governor*).

Let this suffice you, sir! It is inhuman
To trifle with a father's anguish thus.
Although this wretched man had forfeited
Both life and limb for such a slight offence,
Already has he suffer'd tenfold death.
Send him away uninjured to his home;
He'll know thee well in future; and this hour
He and his children's children will remember.

GESSLER.

Open a way there — quick! Why this delay?
Thy life is forfeited; I might dispatch thee,
And see I graciously repose thy fate
Upon the skill of thine own practis'd hand.
No cause has he to say his doom is harsh
Who's made the master of his destiny.
Thou boastest of thy steady eye. 'T is well!
Now is a fitting time to show thy skill.
The mark is worthy, and the prize is great.
To hit the bull's eye in the target — that
Can many another do as well as thou;
But he, methinks, is master of his craft
Who can at all times on his skill rely,
Nor lets his heart disturb or eye or hand.

FURST.

My lord, we bow to your authority;

But oh, let justice yield to mercy here.
Take half my property, nay, take it all,
But spare a father this unnatural doom!

WALTER.

Grandfather, do not kneel to that bad man!
Say, where am I to stand? I do not fear;
My father strikes the bird upon the wing,
And will not miss now when 't would harm his boy!

STAUFFACHER.

Does the child's innocence not touch your heart?

ROSSELMANN.

Bethink you, sir, there is a God in heaven,
To whom you must account for all your deeds.

GESSLER (*pointing to the boy*).

Bind him to yonder lime tree straight!

WALTER.

Bind me?
No, I will not be bound! I will be still,
Still as a lamb — nor even draw my breath!
But if you bind me, I can not be still.
Then I shall writhe and struggle with my bonds.

HARRAS.

But let your eyes at least be bandaged, boy!

WALTER.

And why my eyes? No! Do you think I fear
An arrow from my father's hand? Not I!

I'll wait it firmly, nor so much as wink!
Quick, father, show them that thou art an archer!
He doubts thy skill — he thinks to ruin us.
Shoot, then, and hit, though but to spite the tyrant!

[*He goes to the lime tree, and an apple is placed on his head.*

MELCHTHAL (*to the country people*).

What! Is this outrage to be perpetrated
Before our very eyes? Where is our oath?

STAUFFACHER.

'T is all in vain. We have no weapons here;
And see the wood of lances that surrounds us!

MELCHTHAL.

Oh! would to Heaven that we had struck at once!
God pardon those who counsel'd the delay!

GESSLER (*to* TELL).

Now, to thy task! Men bear not arms for nought.
'T is dangerous to carry deadly weapons,
And on the archer oft his shaft recoils.
This right, these haughty peasant churls assume,
Trenches upon their master's privileges.
None should be armed but those who bear command.
It pleases you to wear the bow and bolt; —
Well, — be it so. I will provide the mark.

TELL (*bends the bow and fixes the arrow*).

A lane there! Room!

STAUFFACHER.

What, Tell? You would — no, no!
You shake — your hand's unsteady — your knees tremble.

TELL (*letting the bow sink down*).

There's something swims before mine eyes!

WOMEN.

Great Heaven!

TELL.

Release me from this shot! Here is my heart!
[*Tears open his breast.*
Summon your troopers — let them strike me down!

GESSLER.

I do not want thy life, Tell, but the shot,
Thy talent's universal! Nothing daunts thee!
Thou canst direct the rudder like the bow!
Storms fright not thee, when there's a life at stake.
Now, savior, help thyself, — thou savest all!

[TELL *stands fearfully agitated by contending emotions, his hands moving convulsively, and his eyes turning alternately to the governor and heaven. Suddenly he takes a second arrow from his quiver and sticks it in his belt. The governor watches all these motions.*

WALTER (*beneath the lime tree*).

Come, father, shoot! I'm not afraid!

TELL.

It must be!
[*Collects himself and levels the bow.*

RUDENZ (*who all the while has been standing in a state of violent excitement, and has with difficulty restrained himself, advances*).

My lord, you will not urge this matter further.
You will not. It was surely but a test.
You've gained your object. Rigor push'd too far
Is sure to miss its aim, however good,
As snaps the bow that's all too straitly bent.

GESSLER.

Peace, till your counsel's ask'd for!

RUDENZ.

I will speak!
Aye, and I darè! I reverence my king;
But acts like these must make his name abhorr'd.
He sanctions not this cruelty. I dare
Avouch the fact. And you outstep your powers
In handling thus an unoffending people.

GESSLER.

Ha! thou grow'st bold, methinks!

RUDENZ.

I have been dumb
To all the oppressions I was doom'd to see.
I've closed mine eyes, that they might not behold them,
Bade my rebellious, swelling heart be still,

And pent its struggles down within my breast.
But to be silent longer were to be
A traitor to my king and country both.

BERTHA (*casting herself between him and the governor*).

Oh, Heaven! you but exasperate his rage!

RUDENZ.

My people I forsook — renounced my kindred —
Broke all the ties of nature, that I might
Attach myself to you. I madly thought
That I should best advance the general weal
By adding sinews to the Emperor's power.
The scales have fallen from mine eyes — I see
The fearful precipice on which I stand.
You've led my youthful judgment far astray, —
Deceived my honest heart. With best intent,
I had well nigh achiev'd my country's ruin.

GESSLER.

Audacious boy, this language to thy lord?

RUDENZ.

The Emperor is my lord, not you! I'm free
As you by birth, and I can cope with you
In every virtue that beseems a knight.
And if you stood not here in that King's name
Which I respect e'en where 't is most abused,
I'd throw my gauntlet down, and you should give
An answer to my gage in knightly fashion.

Aye, beckon to your troopers! Here I stand;
But not like these [*Pointing to the people.*
— unarmed. I have a sword,
And he that stirs one step —

STAUFFACHER (*exclaims*).

The apple's down!

[*While the attention of the crowd has been directed to the spot where* BERTHA *had cast herself between* RUDENZ *and* GESSLER, TELL *has shot.*

ROSSELMANN.

The boy's alive!

MANY VOICES.

The apple has been struck!

[WALTER FURST *staggers and is about to fall.* BERTHA *supports him.*

GESSLER (*astonished*).

How? Has he shot? The madman!

BERTHA.

Worthy father!
Pray you, compose yourself. The boy's alive.

WALTER (*runs in with the apple*).

Here is the apple, father! Well I knew
You would not harm your boy.

[TELL *stands with his body bent forward, as though he would follow the arrow. His bow drops from his hand. When he sees the boy*

advancing he hastens to meet him with open arms, and embracing him passionately, sinks down with him quite exhausted. All crowd round them, deeply affected.

BERTHA.

Oh, ye kind Heaven!

FURST (*to father and son*).

My children, my dear children!

STAUFFACHER.

God be praised!

LEUTH.

Almighty powers! That was a shot indeed!
It will be talked of to the end of time.

HARRAS.

This feat of Tell, the archer, will be told
While yonder mountains stand upon their base.
[*Hands the apple to* GESSLER.

GESSLER.

By Heaven! the apple's cleft right through the core.
It was a master shot, I must allow.

ROSSELMANN.

The shot was good. But woe to him who drove
The man to tempt his God by such a feat!

STAUFFACHER.

Cheer up, Tell, rise! You've nobly freed yourself,
And now may go in quiet to your home.

ROSSELMANN.

Come, to the mother let us bear her son!

[*They are about to lead him off.*

GESSLER.

A word, Tell.

TELL.

Sir, your pleasure?

GESSLER.

Thou didst place
A second arrow in thy belt — nay, nay!
I saw it well — what was thy purpose with it?

TELL (*confused*).

It is a custom with all archers, sir.

GESSLER.

No, Tell, I cannot let that answer pass.
There was some other motive, well I know.
Frankly and cheerfully confess the truth; —
Whate'er it be, I promise thee thy life.
Wherefore the second arrow?

TELL.

Well, my lord,
Since you have promised not to take my life,
I will, without reserve, declare the truth.

[*He draws the arrow from his belt and fixes his eyes sternly upon the governor.*

If that my hand had struck my darling child,
This second arrow I had aimed at you,
And, be assured, I should not then have miss'd.

TELL'S ESCAPE

[1307]

BY JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER

[GESSLER promised Tell his life; but when he learned that Tell's second arrow was meant for him in case the apple had been missed, he declared that the bowman should be put where neither sun nor moon should reach his eyes. He was thrown into the boat in which Gessler set out on Lake Lucerne for Brunnen; and from that place he was to be carried to the dungeon of the tyrant. The following is Tell's story of his escape.

The Editor.]

TELL.

I LAY on deck, fast bound with cords, disarm'd,
In utter hopelessness. I did not think
Again to see the gladsome light of day,
Nor the dear faces of my wife and children,
And eyed disconsolate the waste of waters. —

FISHERMAN.

Oh, wretched man!

TELL.

Then we put forth; the Viceroy,
Rudolph de Harras, and their suite. My bow
And quiver lay astern beside the helm;
And just as we had reached the corner, near,

The Little Axen, Heaven ordain'd it so,
That from the Gotthardt's gorge a hurricane
Swept down upon us with such headlong force
That ev'ry rower's heart within him sank,
And all on board look'd for a watery grave.
Then heard I one of the attendant train,
Turning to Gessler, in this strain accost him:
"You see our danger, and your own, my lord,
And that we hover on the verge of death.
The boatmen there are powerless from fear,
Nor are they confident what course to take; —
Now, here is Tell, a stout and fearless man,
And knows to steer with more than common skill.
How if we should avail ourselves of him
In this emergency?" The Viceroy then
Address'd me thus: "If thou wilt undertake
To bring us through this tempest safely, Tell,
I might consent to free thee from thy bonds."
I answer'd, "Yes, my lord, with God's assistance
I'll see what can be done, and help us Heaven!"
On this they loosed me from my bonds, and I
Stood by the helm and fairly steered along,
Yet ever eyed my shooting-gear askance,
And kept a watchful eye upon the shore,
To find some point where I might leap to land;
And when I had descried a shelving crag,
That jutted, smooth atop, into the lake —

FISHERMAN.

I know it. 'T is at foot of the Great Axen;
But looks so steep, I never could have dreamt
'T were possible to leap it from the boat.

TELL'S ESCAPE

TELL.

I bade the men put forth their utmost might,
Until we came before the shelving crag.
For there, I said, the danger will be past!
Stoutly they pull'd, and soon we near'd the point,
One prayer to God for his assisting grace,
And straining every muscle, I brought round
The vessel's stern close to the rocky wall;
Then snatching up my weapons, with a bound
I swung myself upon the flattened shelf,
And with my feet thrust off, with all my might,
The puny bark into the hell of waters.
There let it drift about, as Heaven ordains!
Thus am I here, deliver'd from the might
Of the dread storm, and man, more dreadful still.

FISHERMAN.

Tell, Tell, the Lord has manifestly wrought
A miracle in thy behalf! I scarce
Can credit my own eyes. But tell me, now,
Whither you purpose to betake yourself?
For you will be in peril, should the Viceroy
Chance to escape this tempest with his life.

TELL.

I heard him say, as I lay bound on board,
His purpose was to disembark at Brunnen,
And crossing Schwytz, convey me to his castle.

FISHERMAN.

Means he to go by land?

TELL.

So he intends.

FISHERMAN.

Oh, then, conceal yourself without delay!
Not twice will Heaven release you from his grasp.

TELL.

Which is the nearest way to Arth and Küssnacht?

FISHERMAN.

The public road leads by the way of Steinen,
But there 's a nearer road, and more retired,
That goes by Lowerz, which my boy can show you.

TELL (*gives him his hand*).

May Heaven reward your kindness! Fare ye well.

SONG OF THE BATTLE OF MORGARTEN

BY FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

THE wine-month shone in its golden prime,
And the red grapes clustering hung,
But a deeper sound through the Switzer's clime,
Than the vintage music, rung, —
A sound through vaulted cave,
A sound through echoing glen,
Like the hollow swell of a rushing wave;
'T was the tread of steel-girt men.

And a trumpet, pealing wild and far,
Midst the ancient rocks was blown,
Till the Alps replied to that voice of war
With a thousand of their own.
And through the forest glooms
Flashed helmets to the day,
And the winds were tossing knightly plumes,
Like the larch-boughs in their play.

In Hasli's wilds there was gleaming steel,
As the host of the Austrians passed;
And the Schreckhorn's rocks, with a savage peal,
Made mirth of his clarion's blast.
Up amidst the Righi snows
The stormy march was heard,
With the charger's tramp, whence fire-sparks rose,
And the leader's gathering word.

But a band, the noblest band of all,
Through the rude Morgarten strait,
With blazoned streamers and lances tall,
Moved onwards, in princely state.
They came with heavy chains
For the race despised so long, —
But amidst his Alp-domains
The herdsman's arm is strong!

The sun was reddening the clouds of morn
When they entered the rock-defile,
And shrill as a joyous hunter's horn
Their bugles rung the while.
But on the misty height,
Where the mountain-people stood,
There was stillness as of night,
When storms at distance brood.

There was stillness, as of deep dead night,
And a pause, — but not of fear,
While the Switzers gazed on the gathering might
Of the hostile shield and spear.
On wound those columns bright
Between the lake and wood,
But they looked not to the misty height
Where the mountain people stood.

The pass was filled with their serried power,
All helmed and mail-arrayed,
And their steps had sounds like a thunder-shower
In the rustling forest-shade.

SONG OF THE BATTLE OF MORGARTEN

There were prince and crested knight,
Hemmed in by cliff and flood,
When a shout arose from the misty height
Where the mountain-people stood.

And the mighty rocks came bounding down,
Their startled foes among,
With a joyous whirl from the summit thrown, —
Oh, the herdsman's arm is strong!
They came, like lauwine hurled
From Alp to Alp in play,
When the echoes shout through the snowy world,
And the pines are borne away.

The fir-woods crashed on the mountain-side,
And the Switzers rushed from high,
With a sudden charge, on the flower and pride
Of the Austrian chivalry:
Like hunters of the deer,
They stormed the narrow dell,
And first in the shock, with Uri's spear,
Was the arm of William Tell.

There was tumult in the crowded strait,
And a cry of wild dismay,
And many a warrior met his fate
From a peasant's hand that day!
And the empire's banner then,
From its place of waving free,
Went down before the shepherd-men,
The men of the forest-sea.

With their pikes and massy clubs they brake
The cuirass and the shield,
And the war-horse dashed to the reddening lake,
From the reapers of the field!
The field, — but not of sheaves, —
Proud crests and pennons lay
Strewn o'er it thick as the birch-wood's leaves
In the autumn-tempest's way.

Oh, the sun in heaven fierce havoc viewed,
When the Austrians turned to fly,
And the brave, in the trampling multitude,
Had a fearful death to die!
And the leader of the war
At eve unhelmed was seen,
With a hurrying step on the wilds afar,
And a pale and troubled mien.

But the sons of the land which the freeman tills
Went back from the battle-toil
To their cabin-homes midst the deep green hills,
All burdened with royal spoil.
There were songs and festal fires
On the soaring Alps that night,
When children sprung to greet their sires,
From the wild Morgarten fight.

THE DEATH OF WINKELRIED

[1386]

BY WALTER THORNBURY

[THE three cantons had shown themselves so well able to protect their liberties that the neighboring cantons soon begged to join them. The power of the league grew rapidly; and the determination of Austria to crush these rebellious peasants increased no less rapidly. In 1386 came the battle of Sempach. The Swiss with their wooden bucklers were at first helpless to make any break in the Austrian wall of bristling spears; but in the end they triumphed and drove the Austrians from the field. According to tradition, it was the devotion of Arnold von Winkelried that opened the way to victory.

The Editor.]

IN July, when the bees swarmed thick upon the linden tops,
And farmers gazed with pride and joy upon their ripening crops,
The watchmen on our tall church towers, looking towards Willisow,
Saw the stacked barley in a flame and the wheat-fields in a glow.

For Archduke Leopold had come from Zurich by the lake,
With lance, and bow, and banner spread, a dire revenge to take.

On Monday morning, when the dew lay bright upon the corn,
Each man of Sempach blew alarm upon his mountain horn.

The young and old from fair Lucerne gathered to bar the way,
The reapers threw their sickles down, and ran to join the fray:
We knelt and prayed to heaven for strength, crying to God aloud;
And lo! a rainbow rising shone against a thunder-cloud.

Burghers of Berne, the lads of Schweitz, and Unterwalden's best,
Warriors of Uri, strong as bulls, were there among the rest;
The oldest of our mountain priests had come to fight,—not pray,
Our women only kept at home upon that battle-day.

The shepherds, sturdy wrestlers with the grim mountain bear,
The chamois hunters, lithe and swift, mingle together there;
Rough boatmen from the mountain lakes, and fishermen by scores;
The children only had been left to guard the nets and oars.

The herdsmen joined us from their huts on the far mountain-side,
Where cow-bells chimed among the pines, and far above in pride

THE DEATH OF WINKELRIED

The granite peaks rose soaring up in snowy pinnacles,
Past glaciers' ever-gaping jaws and vultures' citadels.

The citizens of Zürich town under their banners stood,
Their burly lances bleak and bare as any winter wood;
Geneva sent her archers stout, and swordsmen not a few,
And over the brave men of Berne their great town banner blew.

How fierce we ran with partisan and axe and spear and sword,
With flail and club and shrieking horns, upon that Austrian horde!
But they stood silent in the sun, mocking the Switzer bear,
Their helmets crested, beaked, and fanged, like the wild beasts they were.

Like miners digging iron ore from some great mountain heart,
We strove to hew and rend and cleave that hill of steel apart;
But clamped like statues stood the knights in their spiked phalanx strong,
Though our Swiss halberds and our swords hewed fiercely at the throng.

Hot, sharp, and thick our arrows fell upon their helmet crests,
Keen on their visors' glaring bars, and sharp upon their breasts;

Fierce plied our halberds at the spears, that thicker seemed to grow:
The more we struck, more boastfully the banners seemed to blow.

The Austrians, square and close locked up, stood firm with threatening spears,
Only the sterner when our bolts flew thick about their ears;
Our drifts of arrows blinding fell, and nailed the mail to breast,
But e'en the dead men as they dropped were ramparts to the rest.

With furnace heat the red sun shone upon that wall of steel,
And crimsoned every Austrian knight from helmet unto heel.
They slew their horses where they stood, and shortened all their spears,
Then back to back, like boars at bay, they mocked our angry cheers.

Till Winkelried stepped forth, and said, knitting his rugged brow,
"Out on ye, men of Zürich town! go back and tend your plough;
Sluggards of Berne, go hunt and fish, when danger is not nigh;
See now how Unterwalden taught her hardy sons to die!"

THE DEATH OF WINKELRIED

Then out he rushed with head bent low; his body, breast, and hands
Bore down a sheaf of spears, and made a pathway for our bands.
Four lances splintered on his brow, six shivered in his side,
But still he struggled fiercely on, and, shouting "Victory!" died.

Then on that broken, flying rout, we Swiss, rejoicing, rushed,
With sword and mace and partisan that struck and stabbed and crushed;
Their banners beaten to the earth, and all their best men slain,
The Austrians threw away their shields and fled across the plain.

And thus our Switzerland was saved, upon that summer's day,
And Sempach saw rejoicing men returning from the fray.
As we bore home brave Winkelried a rainbow spanned our track,
But where the Austrian rabble fled a thunder-storm rolled black.

III
STORIES FROM SWISS HISTORY

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE power of Austria in Switzerland had been broken by the battles of Sempach and Näfels, and in the fifteenth century the folk of the cantons even ventured to seize Aargau and Thurgau. Toward the end of the fifteenth century, Charles the Bold determined to win back all the land that had formerly belonged to Burgundy. This included a part of Switzerland. War followed, and he was completely routed at Grandson. He lost a thousand men, his million-dollar camp equipage, and even his ducal robes, magnificently ornamented with pearls and diamonds and rubies. He was not daunted, however, and soon returned with fresh troops; but he was beaten at Morat; and Switzerland had kept its freedom in spite of Charles the Bold.

In the times of the Reformation, the Swiss Confederates were divided, some standing for the Roman Catholics, some for the Protestants.

The country was counted as a part of the German Empire, but by the Peace of Westphalia, in 1648, it was declared to be independent.

In 1798 the Helvetic Republic was established, but it continued only five years. Then the system of cantons, which had been broken up, was revived, and peace and prosperity reigned. Before long, however, the peace was broken, for the old struggle between aristocrats and democrats, and also between Roman Catholics and Protestants, was renewed. The Central Government had not sufficient power to quiet the strife at once, but little by little democracy prevailed. The need of a new constitution was realized, and in 1848 one was formed which was in most respects patterned after that of the United States; but instead of a president, Switzerland puts the executive power into the hands of a board of seven men. They are elected by the legislature, and hold office for three years.

In the recent history of Switzerland, there have been no striking events, but there has been in all lines a steady and quiet progress.

THE BARON OF RARON AND THE "MAZZE"

[Fifteenth century]

BY J. WILSON

[A HUNDRED years after the times of William Tell, the cantons that had united in a confederacy had become both strong and proud, and not at all willing to accept insults tamely. They were in possession of the valley of Ossola; but their enemies came upon the weak garrison and took it from them. These enemies had been shown the way over the mountains by a certain Baron of Raron. Moreover, he had said sneeringly, "If I had been there, not a Swiss should have been left alive." Many were determined to avenge the wrong, but no one cared to be a leader in the matter. Then they had recourse to the ancient custom of the "Mazze," which is here described.

The Editor.]

A YOUNG birch was pulled up by the roots, on which was fixed a human countenance rudely carved in wood, and wearing the expression of grief. Below this, in the stem of the tree, a nail was driven by each of the plotters, which symbolized a solemn engagement to persevere in their enterprise. In the night, this figure, commonly called a "Mazze," was bound to a tree on a well-frequented thoroughfare. On the following morning, crowds of passing wayfarers gathered round the tree; the agitators mixed with them, and thus ascertained the popular temper. As soon as they found it favorable (i.e. disposed for plunder and violence), a bold and well-spoken man stepped forth as *master of the Mazze*,

unbound it from the tree, and set it up on an open space beside him. Questions were then addressed to the figure; as, "Mazze, what is your pleasure?" and its patron was requested to reply for it. At first he refused with well-assumed embarrassment; but at last, affecting merely to comply with the will of the people, he turned to the Mazze; "Mazze, these good people are willing to help you; — speak, — name the man whom you are afraid of. Is it the Sillinen — the Asperling — the Henngarten?" (names of powerful families in the Valais). The Mazze stood immovable. "Is it the Baron of Raron?" The Mazze bowed its head, and the Master stood beside it in a supplicating attitude. He then addressed the multitude: "Brave men, you have heard what the Mazze complains of; whoever will fight for the Mazze, let him hold up his hand!" A majority instantly showed itself in favor of the Mazze, and all law and order were suspended. The summons went through the whole land to the rescue of the Mazze: the obnoxious baron's castles and estates, as well as those of his relatives, friends, and dependents, were sacked by a furious multitude; and nothing but a rapid flight could have saved the lives of those who were thus solemnly devoted to the vengeance of the people.

PEACE OR WAR?

[1474]

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

[CHARLES THE BOLD, last Duke of Burgundy, was ambitious to become master of all the lands formerly belonging to Burgundy, that is, of Lorraine, Provence, Dauphin, and part of Switzerland. As his domain increased, he sent Peter von Hagenbach to Alsace as governor. Hagenbach was so tyrannical that the Suabian and Swiss neighbors of Alsace protested. At length, in a revolt at Breisach, Hagenbach was seized and tried for many offenses. Among his judges were some of Swiss birth.

This was just the excuse that Charles wanted to make war against Switzerland. The Swiss were not afraid of fighting, but just at this time their allies, the Emperor and the King of France, made peace with the duke. The Swiss then sent messengers to the duke to solicit peace. The following is Scott's picture of the interview.

The Editor.]

THE doors of the hall were now opened to the Swiss deputies, who for the preceding hour had been kept in attendance on the outside of the building, without receiving the slightest of those attentions which among civilized nations are universally paid to the representatives of a foreign state. Indeed, their very appearance, dressed in coarse gray frocks, like mountain hunters or shepherds, in the midst of an assembly blazing with divers-colored garments, gold and silver lace, embroidery, and precious stones, served to confirm the

idea that they could only have come hither in the capacity of most humble petitioners.

Oxford, however, who watched closely the deportment of his late fellow travelers, failed not to observe that they retained each in his own person the character of firmness and indifference which formerly distinguished them. Rudolph Donnerhugel preserved his bold and haughty look; the banneret, the military indifference which made him look with apparent apathy on all around him; the burgher of Soleure was as formal and important as ever; nor did any of the three show themselves affected in the slightest degree by the splendor of the scene around them, or embarrassed by the consideration of their own comparative inferiority of appointments. But the noble Landamman, on whom Oxford chiefly bent his attention, seemed overwhelmed with a sense of the precarious state in which his country was placed, fearing, from the rude and unhonored manner in which they were received, that war was unavoidable, while, at the same time, like a good patriot, he mourned over the consequences of ruin to the freedom of his country by defeat, or injury to her simplicity and virtuous indifference of wealth by the introduction of foreign luxuries and the evils attending on conquest.

Well acquainted with the opinions of Arnold Biederman, Oxford could easily explain his sadness, while his comrade Bonstetten, less capable of comprehending his friend's feelings, looked at him with the expression which may be seen in the countenance of a faithful dog, when the creature indicates sympathy with his master's melancholy, though unable to ascertain or

appreciate its cause. A look of wonder now and then glided around the splendid assembly on the part of all the forlorn group, excepting Donnerhugel and the Landamman; for the indomitable pride of the one and the steady patriotism of the other could not for even an instant be diverted by external objects from their own deep and stern reflections.

After a silence of nearly five minutes, the Duke spoke, with the haughty and harsh manner which he might imagine belonged to his place, and which certainly expressed his character.

"Men of Berne, of Schwytz, or of whatever hamlet and wilderness you may represent, know that we had not honored you, rebels as you are to the dominion of your lawful superiors, with an audience in our own presence, but for the intercession of a well-esteemed friend, who has sojourned among your mountains, and whom you may know by the name of Philipson, an Englishman, following the trade of a merchant, and charged with certain valuable matters of traffic to our court. To his intercession we have so far given way that, instead of commanding you, according to your demerits, to the gibbet and the wheel in the Place de Morimont, we have condescended to receive you into our own presence, sitting in our *cour plénière*,[1] to hear from you such submission as you can offer for your outrageous storm of our town of La Ferette, the slaughter of many of our liegemen, and the deliberate murder of our noble knight, Archibald of Hagenbach, executed in your presence, and by your countenance and device. Speak, if you can say aught in defense of

[1] Plenary court; i.e., fully attended by all the members.

your felony and treason, either to deprecate your punishment or crave undeserved mercy."

The Landamman seemed about to answer; but Rudolph Donnerhugel, with his characteristic boldness and hardihood, took the task of reply upon himself. He confronted the proud duke with an eye unappalled, and a countenance as stern as his own.

"We came not here," he said, "to compromise our own honor, or the dignity of the free people whom we represent, by pleading guilty in their name or our own to crimes of which we are innocent. And when you term us rebels, you must remember that a long train of victories, whose history is written in the noblest blood of Austria, has restored to the confederacy of our communities the freedom of which an unjust tyranny in vain attempted to deprive us. While Austria was a just and beneficent mistress, we served her with our lives; when she became oppressive and tyrannical, we assumed independence. If she has aught yet to claim from us, the descendants of Tell, Furst, and Stauffacher will be as ready to assert their liberties as their fathers were to gain them. Your Grace — if such be your title — has no concern with any dispute betwixt us and Austria. For your threats of gibbet and wheel, we are here defenseless men, on whom you may work your pleasure; but we know how to die, and our countrymen know how to avenge us."

The fiery duke would have replied by commanding the instant arrest and probably the immediate execution, of the whole deputation. But his chancellor, availing himself of the privilege of his office, rose, and doffing his cap with a deep reverence to the duke,

requested leave to reply to the misproud young man, who had, he said, so greatly mistaken the purpose of His Highness's speech.

Charles, feeling perhaps at the moment too much irritated to form a calm decision, threw himself back in his chair of state, and with an impatient and angry nod gave his chancellor permission to speak.

"Young man," said that high officer, "you have mistaken the meaning of the high and mighty sovereign in whose presence you stand. Whatever be the lawful rights of Austria over the revolted villages which have flung off their allegiance to their native superior, we have no call to enter on that argument. But that for which Burgundy demands your answer is wherefore, coming here in the guise and with the character of peaceful envoys, on affairs touching your own communities and the rights of the duke's subjects, you have raised war in our peaceful dominions, stormed a fortress, massacred its garrison, and put to death a noble knight, its commander? — all of them actions contrary to the law of nations, and highly deserving of the punishment with which you have been justly threatened, but with which I hope our gracious sovereign will dispense, if you express some sufficient reason for such outrageous insolence, with an offer of due submission to His Highness's pleasure, and satisfactory reparation for such a high injury."

"You are a priest, grave sir?" answered Rudolph Donnerhugel, addressing the Chancellor of Burgundy. "If there be a soldier in this assembly who will avouch your charge, I challenge him to the combat, man to man. We did not storm the garrison of La Ferette:

we were admitted into the gates in a peaceful manner, and were there instantly surrounded by the soldiers of the late Archibald de Hagenbach, with the obvious purpose of assaulting and murdering us on our peaceful mission. I promise you there had been news of more men dying than us. But an uproar broke out among the inhabitants of the town, assisted, I believe, by many neighbors, to whom the insolence and oppression of Archibald de Hagenbach had become odious, as to all who were within his reach. We rendered them no assistance; and, I trust, it was not expected that we should interfere in the favor of men who had stood prepared to do the worst against us. But not a pike or sword belonging to us or our attendants was dipped in Burgundian blood. Archibald de Hagenbach perished, it is true, on a scaffold, and I saw him die with pleasure, under a sentence pronounced by a competent court, such as is recognized in Westphalia and its dependencies on this side of the Rhine. I am not obliged to vindicate their proceedings; but I aver, that the duke has received full proof of his regular sentence; and, in fine, that it was amply deserved by oppression, tyranny, and foul abuse of his authority, I will uphold against all gainsayers, with the body of a man. There lies my glove."

And, with an action suited to the language he used, the stern Swiss flung his right-hand glove on the floor of the hall. In the spirit of the age, with the love of distinction in arms which it nourished, and perhaps with the desire of gaining the duke's favor, there was a general motion among the young Burgundians to accept the challenge, and more than six or eight gloves

were hastily doffed by the young knights present, those who were more remote flinging them over the heads of the nearest, and each proclaiming his name and title as he proffered the gage of combat.

"I set at all," said the daring young Swiss, gathering the gauntlets as they fell clashing around him. "More, gentlemen — more! a glove for every finger! come on, one at once — fair lists, equal judges of the field, the combat on foot, and the weapons two-handed swords, and I will not budge for a score of you."

"Hold, gentlemen — on your allegiance, hold!" said the duke, gratified at the same time and somewhat appeased by the zeal which was displayed in his cause; moved by the strain of reckless bravery evinced by the challenger, with a hardihood akin to his own; perhaps also not unwilling to display, in the view of his *cour plénière*, more temperance than he had been at first capable of. "Hold, I command you all. Toison d'Or, gather up these gauntlets, and return them each to his owner. God and St. George forbid that we should hazard the life of even the least of our noble Burgundian gentry against such a churl as this Swiss peasant, who never so much as mounted a horse, and knows not a jot of knightly courtesy or the grace of chivalry. Carry your vulgar brawls elsewhere, young man, and know that, on the present occasion, the Place Morimont were your only fitting lists, and the hangman your meet antagonist. And you, sirs, his companions whose behavior in suffering this swaggerer to take the lead amongst you seems to show that the laws of nature, as well as of society, are inverted, and that youth is preferred to age, as peasants to gentry — you white-

bearded men, I say, is there none of you who can speak your errand in such language as it becomes a sovereign prince to listen to?"

"God forbid else," said the Landamman, stepping forward and silencing Rudolph Donnerhugel, who was commencing an answer of defiance — "God forbid," he said, "noble Duke, that we should not be able to speak so as to be understood before Your Highness, since, I trust, we shall speak the language of truth, peace, and justice. Nay, should it incline Your Highness to listen to us the more favorably for our humility, I am willing to humble myself rather than you should shun to hear us. For my own part, I can truly say that, though I have lived, and by free choice have resolved to die, a husbandman and a hunter on the Alps of the Unterwald, I may claim by birth the hereditary right to speak before dukes and kings, and the Emperor himself. There is no one, my Lord Duke, in this proud assembly who derives his descent from a nobler source than Geierstein."

"We have heard of you," said the duke. "Men call you the peasant count. Your birth is your shame — or perhaps your mother's, if your father had happened to have a handsome ploughman, the fitting father of one who has become a willing serf."

"No serf, my lord," answered the Landamman, "but a freeman, who will neither oppress others nor be himself tyrannized over. My father was a noble lord, my mother a most virtuous lady. But I will not be provoked by taunt or scornful jest to refrain from stating with calmness what my country has given me in charge to say. The inhabitants of the bleak and

inhospitable regions of the Alps desire, mighty sir, to remain at peace with all their neighbors, and to enjoy the government they have chosen, as best fitted to their condition and habits, leaving all other states and countries to their free-will in the same respects. Especially, they desire to remain at peace and in unity with the princely house of Burgundy, whose dominions approach their possessions on so many points. My lord, they desire it, they entreat it, they even consent to pray for it. We have been termed stubborn, intractable, and insolent contemners of authority, and headers of sedition and rebellion. In evidence of the contrary, my Lord Duke, I, who never bent a knee but to Heaven, feel no dishonor in kneeling before Your Highness, as before a sovereign prince in the *cour plénière* of his dominions, where he has a right to exact homage from his subjects out of duty, and from strangers out of courtesy. No vain pride of mine," said the noble old man, his eyes swelling with tears, as he knelt on one knee, "shall prevent me from personal humiliation, when peace — that blessed peace, so dear to God, so inappreciably valuable to man — is in danger of being broken off."

The whole assembly, even the duke himself, were affected by the noble and stately manner in which the brave old man made a genuflection, which was obviously dictated by neither meanness nor timidity. "Arise, sir," said Charles, "if we have said aught which can wound your private feelings, we retract it as publicly as the reproach was spoken, and sit prepared to hear you, as a fair-meaning envoy."

"For that, my noble lord, thanks; and I shall hold

it a blessed day if I can find words worthy of the cause I have to plead. My lord, a schedule in Your Highness's hands has stated the sense of many injuries received at the hand of Your Highness's officers, and those of Romont, Count of Savoy, your strict ally and adviser, we have a right to suppose, under Your Highness's countenance. For Count Romont, he has already felt with whom he has to contend; but we have as yet taken no measures to avenge injuries, affronts, interruptions to our commerce, from those who have availed themselves of Your Highness's authority to intercept our countrymen, spoil our goods, impress their persons, and even, in some instances, take their lives. The affray at La Ferette — I can vouch for what I saw — had no origin or abettance from us; nevertheless, it is impossible an independent nation can suffer the repetition of such injuries, and free and independent we are determined to remain, or to die in defense of our rights. What, then, must follow, unless Your Highness listens to the terms which I am commissioned to offer? War — a war to extermination; for so long as one of our confederacy can wield a halberd, so long, if this fatal strife once commences, there will be war betwixt your powerful realms and our poor and barren states. And what can the noble Duke of Burgundy gain by such a strife? Is it wealth and plunder? Alas, my lord, there is more gold and silver on the very bridle-bits of Your Highness's household troops than can be found in the public treasures or private hoards of our whole confederacy. Is it fame and glory you aspire to? There is little honor to be won by a numerous army over a few scattered bands, by men clad in mail over half-armed

husbandmen and shepherds — of such conquest small were the glory. But if, as all Christian men believe, and as it is the constant trust of my countrymen, from memory of the times of our fathers — if the Lord of Hosts should cast the balance in behalf of the fewer numbers and worse-armed party, I leave it with Your Highness to judge what would, in that event, be the diminution of worship and fame. Is it extent of vassalage and dominion Your Highness desires, by warring with your mountain neighbors? Know that you may, if it be God's will, gain our barren and rugged mountains; but, like our ancestors of old, we will seek refuge in wilder and more distant solitudes, and when we have resisted to the last, we will starve in the icy wastes of the glaciers. Aye, men, women, and children, we will be frozen into annihilation together, ere one free Switzer will acknowledge a foreign master."

The speech of the Landamman made an obvious impression on the assembly. The duke observed it, and his hereditary obstinacy was irritated by the general disposition which he saw entertained in favor of the ambassador. This evil principle overcame some impression which the address of the noble Biederman had not failed to make upon him. He answered with a lowering brow, interrupting the old man as he was about to continue his speech — "You argue falsely, Sir Count, or Sir Landamman, or by whatever name you call yourself, if you think we war on you from any hope of spoil or any desire of glory. We know as well as you can tell us that there is neither profit nor fame to be achieved by conquering you. But sovereigns to whom Heaven has given the power, must root out a

band of robbers, though there is dishonor in measuring swords with them; and we hunt to death a herd of wolves, though their flesh is carrion and their skins are nought."

The Landamman shook his gray head, and replied, without testifying emotion, and even with something approaching to a smile — "I am an older woodsman than you, my Lord Duke, and, it may be, a more experienced one. The boldest, the hardiest hunter, will not safely drive the wolf to his den. I have shown Your Highness the poor chance of gain and the great risk of loss, which even you, powerful as you are, must incur by risking a war with determined and desperate men. Let me now tell what we are willing to do to secure a sincere and lasting peace with our powerful neighbor of Burgundy. Your Grace is in the act of engrossing Lorraine, and it seems probable, under so vigorous and enterprising a prince, your authority may be extended to the shores of the Mediterranean; be our noble friend, and sincere ally, and our mountains, defended by warriors familiar with victory, will be your barriers against Germany and Italy. For your sake we will admit the Count of Savoy to terms, and restore to him our conquests, on such conditions as Your Highness shall yourself judge reasonable. Of past subjects of offense on the part of your lieutenants and governors upon the frontier we will be silent, so we have assurance of no such aggressions in future. Nay, more, and it is my last and proudest offer, we will send three thousand of our youth to assist Your Highness in any war which you may engage in, whether against Louis of France or the Emperor of Germany. They are a

different set of men — proudly and truly may I state it — from the scum of Germany and Italy, who form themselves into mercenary bands of soldiers. And, if Heaven should decide Your Highness to accept our offer, there will be one corps in your army which will leave their carcasses on the field ere a man of them break their plighted troth."

A swarthy but tall and handsome man, wearing a corselet richly engraved with arabesque work, started from his seat with the air of one provoked beyond the bounds of restraint. This was the Count de Campobasso, commander of Charles's Italian mercenaries, who possessed, as has been alluded to, much influence over the duke's mind, chiefly obtained by accommodating himself to his master's opinions and prejudices, and placing before the duke specious arguments to justify him for following his own way.

"'This lofty presence must excuse me," he said, "if I speak in defense of my honor, and those of my bold lances, who have followed my fortunes from Italy to serve the bravest prince in Christendom. I might, indeed, pass over without resentment the outrageous language of this gray-haired churl, whose words cannot affect a knight and a nobleman more than the yelling of a peasant's mastiff. But when I hear him propose to associate his bands of mutinous, misgoverned ruffians with Your Highness's troops, I must let him know that there is not a horse-boy in my ranks who would fight in such fellowship. No, even I myself, bound by a thousand ties of gratitude, could not submit to strive abreast with such comrades. I would fold up my banners, and lead five thousand men to seek — not a nobler master,

for the world has none such — but wars in which we might not be obliged to blush for our assistants."

"Silence, Campo-Basso," said the duke, "and be assured you serve a prince who knows your worth too well to exchange it for the untried and untrustful services of those whom we have only known as vexatious and malignant neighbors."

Then addressing himself to Arnold Biederman, he said coldly and sternly, "Sir Landamman, we have heard you fairly. We have heard you, although you come before us with hands dyed deep in the blood of our servant, Sir Archibald de Hagenbach; for, supposing he was murdered by a villainous association — which, by St. George! shall never, while we live and reign, raise its pestilential head on this side of the Rhine — yet it is not the less undeniable and undenied, that you stood by in arms, and encouraged the deed the assassins performed under your countenance. Return to your mountains, and be thankful that you return in life. Tell those who sent you that I will be presently on their frontiers. A deputation of your most notable persons, who meet me with halters round their necks, torches in their left hands, in their right their swords held by the point, may learn on what conditions we will grant you peace."

"Then farewell peace, and welcome war," said the Landamman; "and be its plagues and curses on the heads of those who choose blood and strife rather than peace and union! We will meet you on our frontier with our naked swords, but the hilts, not their points, shall be in our grasp. Charles of Burgundy, Flanders, and Lorraine, Duke of seven dukedoms, Count of seventeen earldoms, I bid you defiance; and declare war against you in the

name of the Confederated Cantons, and such others as shall adhere to them. There," he said, "are my letters of defiance."

The herald took from Arnold Biederman the fatal denunciation.

"Read it not, Toison d'Or!" said the haughty duke. "Let the executioner drag it through the streets at his horse's tail, and nail it to the gibbet, to show in what account we hold the paltry scroll, and those who sent it. Away, sirs," speaking to the Swiss, "trudge back to your wildernesses with such haste as your feet can use. When we next meet, you shall better know whom you have offended. Get our horse ready; the council is broken up."

HOW THE SWISS MET CHARLES THE BOLD OF BURGUNDY

[1476]

BY HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE

WHEN Duke Charles of Burgundy had passed the Jura, he found the city of Yverdun already in possession of his people, by the aid of treacherous citizens; in the castle alone a weak troop of Bernese still resisted his whole force. And when he appeared before Grandson, the little garrison intrepidly withstood his rage, and was not intimidated; although the castle was assaulted day and night. Irritated at having been uselessly detained for ten days before this miserable place, he ordered a general attack, and threatened to hang all the Swiss if they resisted any longer. This shook the courage of many, especially of the cowardly captain, John Wyler. Thereupon came to them, from the enemy's camp, a Burgundian noble who spoke German, praised their courage, said that the duke respected it, and, in the name of the prince promised them a free retreat if they would desist from their fruitless resistance. They allowed themselves to be persuaded, and after having presented a hundred guilders to the Burgundian, in gratitude for his mediation, left the castle without mistrust. But the duke caused them to be seized and hung naked on the trees, by hundreds; others were cruelly dragged about in the water with ropes, until they were drowned.

In the mean while, the Confederates, twenty thou-

sand strong, hurried towards Grandson, without fear of the duke's army, thrice their numbers. In the dawn of the third of March, 1476, the soldiers of Lucerne, Schwyz, and Burnese Oberland, the vanguard, showed themselves among the vineyards between the lake of Neuchâtel and the Jura Mountains. After having made their prayer, they commenced the attack. With firm step, Freiburg and Berne, also, pressed forward, led by the experienced warrior, John of Hallwyl, and the Bernese avoyer, Nicholas of Scharnachtal. And when this vanguard had already, for several hours, maintained a severe combat on the bloody field, then, first, the main body of the advancing Confederates appeared upon the heights, in the bright rays of the noonday sun. From the tops of the hills resounded the spirit-stirring notes of the horn of Unterwalden, and the gloomy bellowing of the bull of Uri.[1] There, also waved the banners of Zürich and Schaffhausen. "What people are those?" cried the duke. "Those are the men before whom Austria fled!" replied the Lord of Stein. "Alas!" said the duke, "a handful of these men have harassed us the whole day; what will become of us when they come in such numbers!" And terror seized upon his troops, when the bloody work commenced anew. In vain did the duke throw himself before the flyers. He could not stop them; they carried him away with them. The eager Swiss pursued even into the dark night. But when the men of Berne and Freiburg saw the bodies hanging on the trees before Grandson, furiously they stormed the castle. The Burgundian soldiers tremblingly

[1] A bull is on the flag of Uri, and a horn which imitates the bellowing of that animal is the battle-call of the canton.

surrendered. But they were all hung without pity in the place of the dead Swiss whose bodies their friends carried away.

Bold Charles had lost a thousand men and his magnificent camp equipage, valued at more than a million of guilders. Even his ducal robes, ornamented with pearls, diamonds, rubies, and other precious stones, fell into the hands of the Confederates. A Swiss found upon the highway a diamond, large as half a nut. He sold this brilliant stone, the value of which he did not know, and which he was about to throw away, to a priest for three francs. Afterwards, it passed through many hands, until it finally reached the triple crown of the Pope at the price of twenty thousand ducats.[1] Another diamond, also found in the camp, through successive purchases and sales, went to ornament the royal crown of France. So valuable was the booty.

Soon, unexpectedly, Charles returned with fresh forces, by Lausanne, into Switzerland. He mustered his large army near Lausanne in April; then he marched to the shores of the lake of Neuchatel, and thence against Morat (Murten). Here Adrian of Bubenberg, with six hundred braves and the men of the city, maintained a better defense than had formerly been made at Grandson. While the duke was detained here, the Confederates and their friends assembled their troops. Morat was already in danger; the ramparts and tower were breached. The wall was shaken, but not the courage of Adrian of Bubenberg and his Swiss.

He remained firm until the Confederates arrived from all sides, with their allies of Bienne, the Alsace cities,

[1] About forty-six thousand dollars.

Bâle, St. Gallen, and Schaffhausen. These came first. After them, in the bad weather, over the bad roads, hurried the men of Zürich, Thurgau, Aargau, and Sargans. John Waldmann, the leader of the Zürichers, allowed his tired people only a few hours' rest at Berne, on the evening before the battle; then gave the signal for marching at ten o'clock at night. The whole city was illuminated; before every house stood tables with refreshments for the soldiers. In the darkness, through storm and rain, the main body of the troops marched towards Morat.

The day of battle dawned. The sky was covered with clouds. Rain fell in streams. Then the Burgundians deployed their immense array before the eyes of the Confederates. But the Confederates were barely thirty-four thousand men. John of Hallwyl, before he gave the signal for attack, knelt down with his army. And, while they prayed, the sun broke brightly through the clouds. At once, John of Hallwyl waved his sword and cried: "Up! up! Confederates! See! God will shine upon our victory!" It was the 22d of June. Then thundered the shock of arms; then the smiting and fighting spread from the lake to the heights. On the left fought Hallwyl; on the right, by the lake, the strength of the Swiss army, under John Waldmann; among the trees along the shore, Bubenberg. Hallwyl had a hard fight; but he maintained it until Casper of Hertenstein, the white-haired general of Lucerne, appeared on the heights behind the enemy. Hallwyl had sent him thither through by-paths. Now death penetrated the ranks of the Burgundians, in front and rear. Thousands fought, thousands fell, thousands fled. The

duke saw that all was lost; leaped upon his fleet horse, and, pale and gloomy, with barely thirty knights, escaped to the lake of Geneva. Fifteen thousand of his people lay slain between the lake of Morat and Avenches. Many, seeking for safety, perished in the water and in the swamps of the lake-shore. The rest were dispersed; all the enemy's tents, provisions and treasures became the booty of the victors. The dead bodies were buried in trenches with quicklime and covered with earth. Some years afterwards the people of Morat built an ossuary which they filled with Burgundian bones and skulls, to show foreigners how formidable the Confederates are when united.

THE MILK PORRIDGE INCIDENT: A STORY OF THE REFORMATION

BY CLARENCE ROOK

THE eastern and northern cantons had gradually accepted the reformed faith, and Bern was in sympathy with it by 1528. A year later Basil and Schaffhausen followed, and then, somewhat less whole-heartedly, St. Gall, Appenzell, Graubunden, and Solothurn. These, you will reflect, represented mainly the men of the towns, the men who were in the stream of contemporary thought. But over against them were the men of the mountains, the men of the Forest Cantons that had formed the nucleus of the Swiss Confederation. They remained loyally Catholic. It has been suggested that their simple lives were mirrored in the lives of their village priests, who showed none of the degeneracy that set the men of towns against their own priesthood. Whether this be so or not, the Forest Cantons stood firm as the stronghold of Catholicism in Switzerland; and it is possible that their latest reinforcement and their one city, Lucerne, had more worldly motives for resisting the march of the Reformation; for Lucerne was in the pay of France, and was the leading exporter of mercenary troops. Measures were demanded for the suppression of heresy at Zürich (and Lucerne found in Zürich her chief rival for supremacy). It was even proposed to expel Zürich from the Confederation, and

the Forest Cantons gave orders for Zwingli's arrest if he should be found within their territories.

Then came one of those picturesque incidents, that even in historical times, and free from the riddling criticism of the investigator, have brightened the story of the Swiss Republic.

Between the religious parties the gulf widened, until the split became political as well as religious. The "Christian League" was formed — for Zwingli at Zürich and Calvin at Geneva were organizing the revolt against Rome. This was a Protestant League between the Swiss Reformers, headed by Zürich and Bern, and it was joined by some of the German cities as well as the Elector of Hesse. The Catholics, on the other hand, formed an alliance with Ferdinand of Austria, a strenuous ally of the Vatican. And war was declared by Zürich upon the Forest Cantons. It seemed that the Confederation was to be rent asunder; for even Zwingli, who took the field with the city's troops, was against the temporizing measures which were adopted, averring that one day the Catholics would be in the ascendant, and would not show so much consideration. A sense of humor saved the situation for a moment, and brought about the famous "Kappeler Milchsuppe." It was one of those incidents that brighten every war; even as the Japanese exchanged cigarettes with the Russians in the Manchurian trenches, and Boers and British bombarded each other on Christmas Day at Mafeking with — puddings. At Kappel the two armies met, Catholics and Protestants, and lay facing one another. And for the moment the religious fury subsided under the influence of good-fellowship. "A band of jolly Catho-

lics had got hold of a large bowl of milk, but, lacking bread, they placed it on the boundary line between Zug and Zürich. At once a group of Zürich men turned up with some loaves and presently the whole party fell to eating the 'Milchsuppe' right merrily." On June 29, 1529, a peace was concluded by which the Austrian League was dissolved and freedom of worship granted to all.

THE PRISON OF CHILLON

BY JACOB ABBOTT

[EARLY in the sixteenth century, the Reformation aroused disagreement among the cantons. There was also trouble with the Duke of Savoy because he had seized the Pays de Vaud. Bern, however, succeeded in regaining the district. François de Bonnivard was one of the most determined opponents of the duke in his efforts to conquer Geneva. In 1570, he was arrested by followers of the duke and for six years was a prisoner in the dungeon of the Castle of Chillon on Lake Geneva. It was of him that Byron's poem, "The Prisoner of Chillon," was written.

The Editor.]

THEY walked on, following their teacher, to the end of the bridge room, where they came to the great castle gates. These were open, too, and they went in. They found themselves in a paved courtyard, with towers, and battlements, and lofty walls all around them. There was a man there, waiting to receive them in charge, and show them into the dungeons.

He led the way through a door, and thence down a flight of stone steps to a series of subterranean chambers, which were very dimly lighted by little windows opening towards the lake. The back sides of the rooms consisted of the living rock; the front sides were formed of the castle wall that bordered the lake.

"Here is the room," said the guide, "where the prisoners who were condemned to death in the castle in former times spent the last night before their execution. That stone was the bed where they had to lie."

So saying, the guide pointed to a broad, smooth, and sloping surface of rock, which was formed by the ledge on the back side of the dungeon. The stone was part of the solid ledge, and was surrounded with ragged crags, just as they had been left by the excavators in making the dungeon; but whether the smooth and sloping surface of this particular portion of the rock was natural or artificial, that is, whether it had been expressly made so to form a bed for the poor condemned criminal, or whether the rock had accidentally broken into that form by means of some natural fissure, and so had been appropriated by the governor of the castle to that use, the boys could not determine.

The guide led the boys a little farther on, to a place where there was a dark recess, and pointing up towards the ceiling, he said, —

"There is where the criminals were hung. Up where I point there is a beam built into the rock; and from that the rope was suspended."

They next came to a very large apartment. The front side and the back side of it were both curved. The back side consisted of the living rock. The front side was formed of the outer castle wall, which was built on the rock at the very margin of the water. In the center was a range of seven massive stone columns, placed there to support the arches on which rested the floor of the principal story of the castle above. The roof of this dungeon of course was vaulted, the arches and groins being carried over from this range of central pillars towards the wall in front, and towards the solid rock behind.

This great dungeon was lighted by means of very small loopholes cut in the wall, high up from the floor. The

light from these windows, instead of coming *down*, and shining upon the floor, seemed to go *up*, and to lose itself in a faint attempt to illuminate the vaulted roof above. The reason was, that at the particular hour when the boys made their visit, the beams of the sun which shone directly from it in the sky were excluded and only those that were reflected upward from the waters of the lake could come in.

The guide led the boys to one of the central pillars, and pointed to an iron ring which was built into the stone. He told them that there was the place where one prisoner was confined in the dungeon for six years. He was chained to that ring by a short chain, which enabled him only to walk to and fro a few steps each way about the pillar. These steps had worn a place in the rock.

After the boys had looked at this pillar, and at the iron ring, and at the place worn in the floor by the footsteps of the prisoner, as long as they wished, they followed the guide on to the end of the dungeon, where they were stopped by the solid rock. Here the guide brought them to a dark and gloomy place in a corner, where, by standing a little back, they could see all the pillars in a row; and he said that if they would count them they would find that there were exactly seven. The boys did so, and they found that there were seven; but they did not understand why the number was of any importance. But the teacher explained it to them. He said that Byron had mentioned seven as the number of the pillars in his poem, and that most people who had read the poem were pleased to observe the correspondence between his description and the reality.

The teacher quoted the lines. They were these: —

"In Chillon's dungeons, deep and old,
There are seven columns, massy and gray,
Dim with a dull, imprisoned ray —
A sunbeam that hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp."

When the party came out of the dungeons, a young woman took them in charge, to show them the apartments above. She conducted them up a broad flight of stone stairs to a massive doorway, which led to the principal story of the castle. Here the boys passed through one after another of several large halls, which were formerly used for various purposes when the castle was inhabited, but are employed now for the storage of brass cannon, and of ammunition belonging to the Swiss Government. When the castle was built, the country in which it stands belonged to a neighboring state, called Savoy; and it was the Duke of Savoy, who was a sort of king, that built it, and it was he that confined the prisoners in it so cruelly. Many of them were confined there on account of being accused of conspiring against his Government. At length, however, the war broke out between Switzerland and Savoy, and the Swiss were victorious. They besieged this castle by an army on the land and by a fleet of galleys on the lake, and in due time they took it. They let all the prisoners whom they found there go free, and since then they have used the castle as a place of storage for arms and ammunition.

One of the halls which the boys went into, the guide

said, used to be a Senate house, and another was the court room where the prisoners were tried. There was a staircase which led from the court room down to the dungeon below, where the great black beam was, from which they were to be hung.

The boys, however, did not pay a great deal of attention to what the guide said about the former uses of these rooms. They seemed to be much more interested in the purposes that they were now serving, and so went about examining very eagerly the great brass cannon and the ammunition wagons that stood in them.

At length, however, they came to something which specially attracted their attention. It was a small room, which the guide said was an ancient torturing room. There was a large wooden post in the center of the room, extending from the floor to the vault above. The post was worn and blackened by time and decay, and there were various hooks, and staples and pulleys attached to it at different heights, which the guide said were used for securing the prisoners to the post, where they were to be tortured. The post itself was burned in many places, as if by hot irons.

The boys saw another place in a room beyond, which was in some respects still more dreadful than this. It was a place where there was an opening in the floor, near the wall of the room, that looked like a trap door. There was the beginning of a stone stair leading down. A small railing was built round the opening, as if to keep people from falling in. The boys all crowded round the railing, and looked down.

They saw that the stair only went down three steps, and then it came to a sudden end, and all below was a

dark and dismal pit, which seemed bottomless. On looking more intently, however, they could at length see a glimmer of light, and hear the rippling of the waves of the lake, at a great depth below. The guide said that this was one of the *oubliettes*, that is, a place where men could be destroyed secretly, and in such a manner that no one should ever know what became of them. They were conducted to this door, and directed to go down. It was dark, so that they could only see the first steps of the stair. They would suppose, however, that the stair was continued, and that it would lead them down to some room, where they were to go. So they would walk on carefully, feeling for the steps of the stair; but after the third there would be no more, and they would fall down to a great depth on ragged rocks, and be killed. To make it certain that they would be killed by the fall, there were sharp blades, like the ends of scythes, fixed in the rock, far below, to cut them in pieces as they fell.

When they came out, and were getting into the carriage, Mr. Holiday said that it was a very interesting place.

"Yes," said Mrs. Holiday; "and we have seen all that Byron speaks of in his poem except the little island. Where is the little island?"

Mr. Holiday pointed out over the water of the lake, where a group of three tall trees seemed to be growing directly out of the water, only that there was a little wall around them below. They looked like three flowers growing in a flower pot set in the water.

"Yes," said Mrs. Holiday, "that must certainly be it. It corresponds exactly." So she repeated the following

lines from Byron's poem, which describes the island in the language of one of the prisoners, who saw it from his dungeon window.

"And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile —
The only one in view;
A small green isle, it seemed no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor;
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing,
Of gentle breath and hue."

THE LION AT LUZERN

BY BOYD WINCHESTER

THEY [the Swiss] made a trade of war, letting themselves out as mercenaries. The Holy Father himself entered the list of bargainers, and in 1503, Pope Julius III engaged the first of those Swiss lifeguards whose names became famous in Europe. From Louis XI to Louis XV, the Swiss are said to have furnished for the French service over half a million men. In the wars between the French king and the Emperor Maximilian, in 1516, the Swiss fought on both sides. In its last extremity, it was neither in its titled nobility nor its native armies that the French throne found fidelity, but in the free-born peasant soldiers of Luzern. Of the undaunted ranks of the Swiss guard, defending the French royal family at the Tuileries on the 10th of August, 1792, seven hundred and eighty-six officers and soldiers fell in the place where they stood, unconquered even in death; and for two days their bodies lay in the gardens of the palace and the streets near by, exposed to the derision and insults of the frantic populace.

> "Go, stranger; and at Lacedæmon tell
> That here, obedient to her laws, we fell."

To their memory, a colossal lion, twenty-eight feet long by eighteen feet high, carved by Thorwaldsen out of the face of a solid sandstone rock, in high relief, was dedicated in 1821 at Luzern. The lion is holding the *fleur-de-lis* in his paws, which he is endeavoring to protect,

though mortally wounded by a spear which still remains in his side. Above the figure is the inscription: "*Helvetiorum fidei ac virtuti.*"[1] When the afternoon sun falls upon this effigy, it is reflected beautifully in the dark pool close below; the gray rock rises perpendicularly some little height above and ends in a crown of acacias and drooping bushes and creepers.

The fame of the Swiss, in every war which desolated Europe from the fifteenth century down, rose to an extraordinary pitch; but this influence, which, as the hired soldiers of belligerent powers, they exercised in the affairs of Europe was neither conducive to the weal of the state nor worthy of the Swiss people. Addison wrote in 1709 of them: "The inhabitants of the country are as great curiosities as the country itself; they generally hire themselves out in their youth, and if they are musket-proof till about fifty, they bring home the money they have got, and the limbs they have left, to pass the rest of their time among their native mountains." He also relates that "one of the gentlemen of the place told me, by way of boast, that there were now seven wooden legs in his family; and that for these four generations there had not been one in his line that carried a whole body with him to the grave."

From their being so frequently in the personal service of the foreign potentates, the name of Switzer with some writers became synonymous with guards or attendants on a king. The king in "Hamlet" says: "Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door." In 1594, Nashe, in his "Christ's Tears over Jerusalem," states that "Law, Logicke, and the Switzers may be hired to fight

[1] To the fidelity and bravery of the Swiss.

for anybody." Even the French were so ungrateful as to chide the Swiss by saying, "We fight for honor, but you fight for money"; to which the Switzer rejoined, "It is only natural that each of us, like the rest of the world, should fight for what he has not got."

IV
STORIES OF ALPINE ADVENTURE

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE earliest recorded ascent of an Alpine peak was undertaken in 1358 in fulfillment of a vow, but systematic exploration of the high altitudes did not begin until the latter part of the eighteenth century. In the middle of the nineteenth century mountaineering suddenly became popular. Alpine clubs were formed, hotels sprang up, and the Alps became a magnet for the tourists of Europe and America.

There have been two especially famous crossings of the Alps; one by Hannibal,[1] the other by Napoleon.[2] Hannibal, with men and elephants, made the passage in the autumn of 218 B.C. He was misled by treacherous guides, masses of rock were rolled down upon his army by enemies on the cliffs above, the ground was covered with snow, and it was bitterly cold. The descent was over bare ice wet with the slush of melting snow. Roads had to be built — no small undertaking, for they must be wide enough and strong enough to support the elephants. Not half of his men had survived the fearful journey when the lines were drawn up on the plains of the Po.

In 1800, Napoleon crossed the Alps in order to fall upon the Austrians. The climb was hardly less laborious than in the times of Hannibal; but Napoleon's marvelous planning of details made the feat a different matter. He collected vast quantities of food in various places, sent ahead money to hire mules and peasants, set up skillful mechanics at intervals along the road to make all needful repairs and take the gun-carriages and baggage-wagons apart for carrying, established two hospitals for the sick and wounded, and even sent bread and cheese and wine to the summit, enough for his forty thousand men. But the engineers who had been sent to explore the path reported it almost insurmountable. "Is it *possible* to cross?" asked Napoleon. "Perhaps it is within the limits of possibility," was the reply. "Forward, then," was Napoleon's order; and the army crossed the Alps.

[1] See volume IV, "How Hannibal made his Way to Italy."
[2] See volume V, "When Napoleon crossed the Alps."

SWEPT DOWN BY AN AVALANCHE

BY HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE

[WHEN Napoleon organized what he called the Helvetic Republic, Grisons, a bit of territory among the loftiest Alps, was permitted to remain outside, but was "invited" to join the union. It was plain that the invitation would mean compulsion, — as it did later. The democratic party thought it best to join the Republic; the aristocrats refused, and thought it far better to take shelter under the wing of Austria. Austrian troops poured into the land from the west, French troops from the north and the south. The hero of the following exploit is pictured as having just taken part in a fight between the French and the peasants.

The Editor.]

THE firing behind him became livelier. The mist rose. A few soldiers were forming ranks to oppose the advancing peasantry. They were close at hand. The captain of sharpshooters wanted to gain them, the more so as he found a discarded musket on the ground. He stooped to pick it up. The shots rattled round his ears. He felt the shock and rush of men dashing past him, and fell backwards down one of the precipitous slopes of the mountain-side.

He happened, fortunately, to fall upon a dazzling, but moderately sloping field of snow, and his descent was not at first very rapid; the position of his body was, however, one to cause alarm. He had fallen on his back, with his head downwards, and was threatened with death on the first projecting fragment of rock his skull chanced to

meet. With great presence of mind, Prevost attempted, by a powerful side swing, to bring his feet foremost in his descent. He only partially succeeded in his endeavor. For no sooner had he brought his body into a kind of equilibrium than he rolled downwards like a cylinder over the smooth snow-slope. With the strength begotten of despair, he struck out with his arms and legs, to their great danger, and checked the rapidity of his descent, which was bringing on vertigo.

He finally succeeded, by digging his hands into the snow and using the crampons on his feet, in bringing himself up for a moment on his perilous downward path.

Breathless, he remained a moment in the most dangerous uncertainty. The ground beneath him, the mountains above him, seemed to be whirling round. In the distance above, he heard the sharp whip-crack of the rifles; beneath him, a dull roar as of a furious torrent.

When his giddiness had, for a moment, subsided, he ventured to half raise his body and look around for some chance of escape. He had not the courage to look up at the height from which he had fallen; the least movement more might carry him down into the abyss which yawned below him. The broad expanse of the sloping mountain-side swept down to a depth that could not be measured. Around him was nothing but a white, a dazzling white, precipitous snow-slope, without a bush or a projecting rock to which he could cling. He could certainly not remain where he at present clung: neither could he hope for human aid. He gazed disconsolately at the heavens; sighed quietly, "Good-bye, Laura!" and commending himself to God, suddenly determined

to put an end to the vain torture of life. But life struggled hard against death, and the yearning for escape asserted itself with might. The hope was still strong in him that perhaps he might reach the bottom of the mountain with his life, if he could manage the descent quietly foot by foot. He cautiously began the attempt. But he immediately discovered that the whole mass of snow, with and under his body, had broken away from its bed of ice and was moving downwards with him.

Enormous masses of snow were soon rushing past him. He was surrounded by clouds of silvery dust. More rapid and wild became the descent. Finally the whole mass which was carrying him along shot away with him swift as an arrow. There was no stopping. Darkness settled upon his senses. Consciousness died out.

Now and then, a kind of inchoate idea would, like a feebly flickering flame, play to the surface of the mind, but immediately died away. His state was that of oscillation between waking and sleeping, life and death, but was neither the one nor the other. Consciousness seemed smitten with the dull feeling of annihilation; its feeble and transient recovery was like the slumber of the grave. Still sensibility began to assert itself in the feeling of corpse-like coldness in the face. He heard a muffled rumbling and roaring. He still breathed, and had command of his mind, but without any recollection. He instinctively moved his hands from time to time in the icy wetness, opened and shut his eyes; opened them with difficulty, and then perceived neither light nor darkness. He soon remembered his fall, without being able to tell whether it was still continuing, or whether

he was a mangled wreck in the depths of one of the glacier crevasses. The past broke in more clearly upon his confused perceptions. The present contained nothing. His body made an involuntary effort at standing up, but in vain. His limbs lay either broken, or paralyzed, or bound. A heavy weight was pressing down upon the body. Terror seized his soul, as he thought he was still living, but buried alive.

In horrible agony he worked with his forehead and hands against the mass which was lying upon him. It constantly fell in again. It became clearer to him that he had been swept away by an avalanche.

Life, in desperation, now struggled with the strength of a giant. He drew his hands together like an earthworm boring, and drove them out with all his might; he fought through with head and arms, dragging his body after him, until finally, a steady brilliancy in the snow betokened the near neighborhood of daylight. His movements immediately became more rapid, vigorous, and easy. He finally broke through, stepped out of his grave, and, exhausted even to faintness by his tremendous exertions, sank down at the edge of the avalanche.

He found himself in a narrow cleft, between the rugged mountains whose feet met. Up the precipitous snow-slope of the one mountain he recognized the broad track of the avalanche, which he had doubtless caused by his own fall. The other mountain rose almost perpendicularly, with gigantic slabs of rock overlapping one another, or with enormous hollows washed out by the waters of the primeval world.

It was crested by a dark pine wood, the greater

portion of which, broken and laid low by stones and avalanches, looked like enormous cornstalks after a heavy rainstorm.

The captain of rifles thought with a shudder of the horrible death from which he had escaped with life and limb, and, as though still doubtful of the reality of his deliverance, from time to time felt and rubbed his thighs and arms. Even the flask at his side was still unbroken. He folded his hands, sent a look of gratitude accompanied by a sigh to heaven. His next thought was to seek an outlet from the rocky gorge into which his good angel had directed his lightning-like flight in safety. A little mountain torrent did duty as a signpost. This stream, springing in diminutive waterfalls from one ledge to another, continued its course between steep ridges of snow and precipitous clefts in the rock to unknown parts.

His way through the wild and narrow gorge was not made without difficulty. At one time the passage between the rocks was so narrow that the torrent could hardly find a way for its foaming waters. At another it was almost cut off by enormous blocks of fallen rock. Night had already closed in before Flavian finally became aware, by the light of the stars and the weird sheen of the snow, that he had got into the open.

He stepped forward without knowing whither, perhaps to encounter fresh dangers. Although, from his boyhood upwards, he had not unfrequently found himself in a similar position, on his chamois-hunting excursions on his native mountains, still, his courage at times failed him when he remembered that he now had to ask food and shelter from a peasantry maddened by the

excitement of victory and the total discomfiture of their enemies.

He might have walked forward about a league when he discovered in the snow great numbers of human foot-prints. He resolutely followed the tracks, which he knew must lead to some inhabited neighborhood.

THE SLIDE OF ALPNACH

BY L. A. GILBERT

[OWING to political changes, the demand for the timber of Mount Pilatus ceased; and hardly a trace of the famous slide can now be found.

The Editor.]

FOR many centuries, the rugged flanks and the deep gorges of Mount Pilatus were covered with impenetrable forests. Lofty precipices encircled them on all sides. Even the daring hunters were scarcely able to reach them; and the inhabitants of the valley had never conceived the idea of disturbing them with the axe. These immense forests were therefore permitted to grow and to perish, without being of the least utility to man, till a foreigner, conducted into their wild recesses in the pursuit of the chamois, was struck with wonder at the sight, and directed the attention of several Swiss gentlemen to the extent and superiority of the timber. The most intelligent and skillful individuals, however, considered it quite impracticable to avail themselves of such inaccessible stores. It was not till November, 1816, that M. Rupp and three Swiss gentlemen, entertaining more sanguine hopes, drew up a plan of a slide, founded on trigonometrical measurements. Having purchased a certain extent of the forests from the commune of Alpnach, for 6000 crowns, they began the construction of the slide, and completed it in the spring of 1818.

The Slide of Alpnach is formed entirely of about

5,000 large pine trees, deprived of their bark, and united together in a very ingenious manner, without the aid of iron. It occupied about 160 workmen during eighteen months, and cost nearly 100,000 francs, or £4,250. It is about three leagues, or 44,000 English feet long, and terminates in the Lake of Lucerne. It has the form of a trough, about six feet broad, and from three to six feet deep. Its bottom is formed of three trees, the middle one of which has a groove cut in the direction of its length, for receiving small rills of water, which are conducted into it from various places for the purpose of diminishing the friction. The whole of the slide is sustained by about 2,000 supports; and in many places it is attached, in a very ingenious manner, to the rugged precipices of granite.

The direction of the slide is sometimes straight, and sometimes zigzag, with an inclination of from 10° to 18°. It is often carried along the sides of hills and the flanks of precipitous rocks, and sometimes passes over their summits. Occasionally it goes under ground, and at other times it is conducted over the deep gorges by scaffoldings 120 feet in height.

The boldness which characterizes this work, the sagacity displayed in all its arrangements, and the skill of the engineer, have excited the wonder of every person who has seen it. Before any step could be taken in its erection, it was necessary to cut several thousand trees to obtain a passage through the impenetrable thickets; and, as the workmen advanced, men were posted at certain distances to point out the road for their return, and to discover in the gorges, the places where the piles of wood had been established. M. Rupp

was himself obliged, more than once, to be suspended by cords, in order to descend precipices many hundred feet high; and in the first months of the undertaking he was attacked with a violent fever, which deprived him of the power of superintending his workmen. Nothing, however, could diminish his invincible perseverance. He was carried every day to the mountain in a barrow, to direct the labors of the workmen, which was absolutely necessary, as he had scarcely two good carpenters among them all; the rest having been hired by accident, without any of the knowledge which such an undertaking required. M. Rupp had also to contend against the prejudices of the peasantry. He was supposed to have communion with the devil. He was charged with heresy, and every obstacle was thrown in the way of an enterprise which they regarded as absurd and impracticable. All these difficulties, however, were surmounted, and he had at last the satisfaction of observing the trees descend from the mountain with the rapidity of lightning. The larger pines, which were about a hundred feet long, and ten inches thick at their smaller extremity, ran through the space of *three leagues*, or nearly *nine miles*, *in two minutes and a half*, and during their descent they appeared to be only a few feet in length. The arrangements for this part of the operation were extremely simple. From the lower end of the slide to the upper end, where the trees were introduced, workmen were posted at regular distances, and as soon as everything was ready, the workman at the lower end of the slide cried out to the one above him, "*Lachez*" (Let go). The cry was repeated from one to another, and reached the top of the slide in *three*

minutes. The workman at the top of the slide then cried out to the one below him, "*Il vient*" (It comes), and the tree was immediately launched down the slide, preceded by the cry, which was repeated from post to post. As soon as the tree had reached the bottom, and plunged into the lake, the cry of *Lachez* was repeated as before, and a new tree was launched in a similar manner. By these means a tree descended every five or six minutes, provided no accident happened to the slide, which sometimes took place, but which was instantly repaired when it did.

In order to show the enormous force which the trees acquired from the great velocity of their descent, M. Rupp made arrangements for causing some of the trees to spring from the slide. They penetrated, by their thickest extremities, no less than from eighteen to twenty-four feet into the earth; and one of the trees having by accident struck against another, it instantly cleft it through its whole length, as if it had been struck by lightning.

After the trees had descended the slide, they were collected into rafts upon the lake, and conducted to Lucerne. From thence they descended the Reuss, then the Aar to near Brugg, afterwards to Waldshut by the Rhine, then to Basle, and even to the sea, when it was necessary.

In order that none of the small wood might be lost, M. Rupp established in the forest large manufactories of charcoal. He erected magazines for preserving it when manufactured, and had made arrangements for the construction of barrels for the purpose of carrying it to the market. In winter, when the slide was covered

with snow, the barrels were made to descend on a kind of sledge. The wood which was not fit for being carbonized was heaped up and burnt, and the ashes packed up and carried away during the winter.

A few days before the author of the preceding account visited the slide, an inspector of the navy had come for the purpose of examining the quality of the timber. He declared that he had never seen any timber that was so strong, so fine, and of such a size; and he concluded an advantageous bargain for one thousand trees.

THE FIRST ASCENT OF THE MATTERHORN

BY EDWARD WHYMPER

[THE following description of the Matterhorn and the account of its first ascent were written by the first person who ever reached its summit. Year after year he tried to climb the mountain. Seven times he failed; on the eighth trial he succeeded.

The Editor.]

MY readers will know that that peak is nearly fifteen thousand feet high, and that it rises abruptly, by a series of cliffs which may properly be termed precipices, a clear five thousand feet above the glaciers which surround its base. They will know, too, that it was the last great Alpine peak which remained unscaled — less on account of the difficulty of doing so than from the terror inspired by its invincible appearance. There seemed to be a cordon drawn around it, up to which one might go, but no farther. Within that invisible line jinns and affreets were supposed to exist — the Wandering Jew and the spirits of the damned. The superstitious natives in the surrounding valleys (many of whom still firmly believe it to be not only the highest mountain in the Alps, but in the world) spoke of a ruined city on its summit wherein the spirits dwelt; and if you laughed they gravely shook their heads, told you to look yourself to see the castles and the walls, and warned one against a rash approach, lest the

infuriate demons from their impregnable heights might hurl down vengeance for one's derision. Such were the traditions of the natives. Stronger minds felt the influence of the wonderful form, and men who ordinarily spoke or wrote like rational beings, when they came under its power seemed to quit their senses and ranted and rhapsodized, losing for a time all common forms of speech. . . .

The Matterhorn looks equally impossible from whatever side it is seen: it never seems commonplace, and in this respect, and in regard to the impression it makes upon spectators, it stands almost alone amongst mountains. It has no rival in the Alps, and but few in the world.

We started from Zermatt on the 13th of July at half-past five, on a brilliant and perfectly cloudless morning. We were eight in number — Croz, old Peter and his two sons, Lord Francis Douglas, Hadow, Hudson, and I. To insure steady motion, one tourist and one native walked together. The youngest Taugwalder fell to my share, and the lad marched well, proud to be on the expedition and happy to show his powers. The wine-bags also fell to my lot to carry, and throughout the day, after each drink, I replenished them secretly with water, so that at the next halt they were found fuller than before! This was considered a good omen, and little short of miraculous.

On the first day we did not intend to ascend to any great height, and we mounted, accordingly, very leisurely, picked up the things which were left in the chapel at the Schwarzsee at 8.20, and proceeded thence

along the ridge connecting the Hörnli with the Matterhorn. At half-past eleven we arrived at the base of the actual peak, then quitted the ridge and clambered round some ledges on to the eastern face. We were now fairly upon the mountain, and were astonished to find that places which from the Riffel, or even from the Furggengletscher, looked entirely impracticable, were so easy that we could *run about*.

Before twelve o'clock we had found a good position for the tent, at a height of eleven thousand feet. Croz and young Peter went on to see what was above, in order to save time on the following morning. They cut across the heads of the snow-slopes which descended toward the Furggengletscher, and disappeared round a corner, but shortly afterward we saw them high up on the face, moving quickly. We others made a solid platform for the tent in a well-protected spot, and then watched eagerly for the return of the men. The stones which they upset told that they were very high, and we supposed that the way must be easy. At length, just before 3 P.M., we saw them coming down, evidently much excited. "What are they saying, Peter?" "Gentlemen, they say it is no good." But when they came near we heard a different story: "Nothing but what was good — not a difficulty, not a single difficulty! We could have gone to the summit and returned today easily!"

We passed the remaining hours of daylight — some basking in the sunshine, some sketching or collecting — and when the sun went down, giving, as it departed, a glorious promise for the morrow, we returned to the tent to arrange for the night. Hudson made tea, I

coffee, and we then retired each one to his blanket-bag, — the Taugwalders, Lord Francis Douglas, and myself occupying the tent, the others remaining, by preference, outside. Long after dusk the cliffs above echoed with our laughter and with the songs of the guides, for we were happy that night in camp, and feared no evil.

We assembled together outside the tent before dawn on the morning of the 14th, and started as soon as it was light enough to move. Young Peter came on with us as a guide, and his brother returned to Zermatt. We followed the route which had been taken on the previous day, and in a few minutes turned the rib which had intercepted the view of the eastern face from our tent platform. The whole of this great slope was now revealed, rising for three thousand feet like a huge natural staircase. Some parts were more and others were less easy, but we were not once brought to a halt by any serious impediment, for when an obstruction was met in front it could always be turned to the right or to the left. For the greater part of the way there was indeed no occasion for the rope, and sometimes Hudson led, sometimes myself. At 6.20 we had attained a height of twelve thousand eight hundred feet, and halted for half an hour: we then continued the ascent without a break until 9.55, when we stopped for fifty minutes at a height of fourteen thousand feet. Twice we struck the northeastern ridge, and followed it for some little distance — to no advantage, for it was usually more rotten and steep, and always more difficult, than the face. Still, we kept near to it, lest stones perchance should fall.

We had now arrived at the foot of that part which, from the Riffelberg or from Zermatt, seems perpendicular or overhanging, and could no longer continue upon the eastern side. For a little distance we ascended by snow upon the arête — that is, the ridge — descending toward Zermatt, and then by common consent turned over to the right, or to the northern side. Before doing so we made a change in the order of ascent. Croz went first, I followed, Hudson came third: Hadow and old Peter were last. "Now," said Croz as he led off — "now for something altogether different." The work became difficult, and required caution. In some places there was little to hold, and it was desirable that those should be in front who were least likely to slip. The general slope of the mountain at this part was less than forty degrees, and snow had accumulated in, and had filled up, the interstices of the rock-face, leaving only occasional fragments projecting here and there. These were at times covered with a thin film of ice, produced from the melting and refreezing of the snow. . . .

This solitary difficult part was of no great extent. We bore away over it at first nearly horizontally, for a distance of about four hundred feet, then ascended directly toward the summit for about sixty feet, and then doubled back to the ridge which descends toward Zermatt. A long stride round a rather awkward corner brought us to snow once more. The last doubt vanished! The Matterhorn was ours! Nothing but two hundred feet of easy snow remained to be surmounted!

You must now carry your thoughts back to the seven Italians who started from Breuil on the 11th of July.

Four days had passed since their departure, and we were tormented with anxiety lest they should arrive on the top before us. All the way up we had talked of them, and many false alarms of "men on the summit" had been raised. The higher we rose the more intense became the excitement. What if we should be beaten at the last moment? The slope eased off, at length we could be detached, and Croz and I, dashing away, ran a neck-and-neck race which ended in a dead heat. At 1.40 P.M., the world was at our feet and the Matterhorn was conquered! Hurrah! Not a footstep could be seen.

It was not yet certain that we had not been beaten. The summit of the Matterhorn was formed of a rudely level ridge, about three hundred and fifty feet long, and the Italians might have been at its farther extremity. I hastened to the southern end, scanning the snow right and left eagerly. Hurrah again! it was untrodden. "Where were the men?" I peered over the cliff, half doubting, half expectant. I saw them immediately, mere dots on the ridge, at an immense distance below. Up went my arms and my hat. "Croz! Croz! come here!" "Where are they, monsieur?" "There — don't you see them down there?" "Ah! the *coquins!* they are low down." "Croz, we must make those fellows hear us." We yelled until we were hoarse. The Italians seemed to regard us — we could not be certain. "Croz, we *must* make them hear us — they *shall* hear us!" I seized a block of rock and hurled it down, and called upon my companions, in the name of friendship, to do the same. We drove our sticks in and pried away the crags, and soon a torrent of stones poured down the cliffs. There

was no mistake about it this time. The Italians turned and fled. . . .

The others had arrived, so we went back to the northern end of the ridge. Croz now took the tent-pole and planted it in the highest snow. "Yes," we said, "there is the flag-staff, but where is the flag?" "Here it is," he answered, pulling off his blouse and fixing it to the stick. It made a poor flag, and there was no wind to float it out, yet it was seen all around. They saw it at Zermatt, at the Riffel, in the Val Tournanche. At Breuil the watchers cried, "Victory is ours!" They raised "bravos" for Carrel and "*vivas*" for Italy, and hastened to put themselves *en fête*. On the morrow they were undeceived. All was changed: the explorers returned sad — cast down — disheartened — confounded — gloomy. "It is true," said the men. "We saw them ourselves — they hurled stones at us! The old traditions are true — there are spirits on the top of the Matterhorn!"

TOBOGGANING ON A GLACIER

BY JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

At half-past two we started upon our walk, and ascended the steep track, which wound through rocks, scarce tufts of grass, and withering bilberry bushes, into the barren domains of ice and stone above. Our march was a very slow and laborious one, for this reason: Herr Guler, who knows these parts well, being a native of them, and a guide and hunter over them, had for a long time past entertained the brilliant and adventurous plan of tobogganing down over a large portion of the Silvretta glacier. As the autumn advanced, the surface grew ever smoother and more fit, and he urgently entreated me to join his expedition. I willingly went, rejoicing at the thought of such a novel experience in my favorite sport. Four toboggans had, therefore, to be carried up the four thousand feet. Christian Guler, being a taciturn youth of great determination, shouldered three and started on in front, producing, as he ascended through the alder-bushes, a very uncouth effect. His father carried a fourth, and as few provisions as four strong people could subsist upon for twenty-four hours. The day was hot, and the earth extremely dry after a period of three weeks' brilliant weather. We only halted once; and, for a small diversion, set the hillside on fire. Innumerable little flames ran swiftly over the ground, leaving black tracks behind them. At 4.30 we reached the club-hut. It is a tiny stone edifice —

square, with two little rooms, a table, some hay to sleep on, and a most superior iron stove. On this stove we cooked some coffee. We had no milk. The weight of the toboggans had forbidden any needless luxuries. After our coffee we hurried out with a rope and an ice-axe to make a hasty survey of the ice-fall which breaks over the cliffs above Sardasca. The glacier was already in shadow then, and a faint reflected glow from the sunset cast strange gray-green lights down through the deep crevasses, where the unseen water gurgled on mysteriously. All the upper peaks, however, glowed still for many minutes with an intense crimson hue. Darkness fell very suddenly, and we were forced to turn in early to the huts. An old white hare bustled likewise home among the boulders. A tin of mock turtle soup, added to the guide's *mehlsuppe*, formed our evening meal. An ancient pack of cards was then produced, and the evening was spent in the thrilling pursuit of "Schwarzer Peter." A shrill wind whistled down over the glacier against the outside walls, but we were warm within, and the light of a single candle cast our shadows round the room. It was a wonderful world of snow and stars upon which we gazed before we went to sleep.

At 3 A.M. we were aroused. The aspect of the sky had greatly changed. The Great Bear had disappeared, but the brilliant belt of Orion stood directly opposite, and very near the Pleiades. The whole sky shimmered with innumerable lights, and the thin wind blew through the unclouded air, down over the snow, as it had blown all night. Weak black coffee and butterless bread is not an appetizing meal whereof to partake at 3.30 A.M. At least, those who have not won their night's rest on a

truss of hay might quarrel with it. I know that I was willing enough to devour the meager meal. At 4.30 we left the huts, and, by the light of a single lantern, we commenced our march. We were preceded by the lounging form of the imperturbable Christian, who, with his back bowed beneath the weight of three toboggans, and carrying a bundle of sticks under his arm, might, as he walked against the stars, have laid the foundation for many mountain myths. We soon reached the glacier, and there welcomed the faint light of dawn, which now became visible above the sharp black ridge of the Rothflüh. One by one the stars vanished, but the bitter night wind still struggled with the smile of morn and cut against our faces. About half an hour up the glacier we left our lantern and put down the toboggans, for it was now easier to draw them over the snow than to carry them. We then continued our steady march for fully an hour and a half up over the snow-fields, stopping about every forty yards to place a stick in the snow, which should guide us on our downward tobogganing course. There was a sprinkling of freshly fallen snow, from two to six inches deep in places, and we trod through this rather sorrowfully, fearing lest it should interfere with our tobogganing projects.

One by one the great peaks rose behind us — one by one the crimson rays of the rising sun caressed their glittering summits. First Tödi shone, then Eiger, Mönch, Verstanklahorn, Ortler, and Palü. We were walking towards the dawn, and the dawn was chasing back the earth-shadow — which produced a line of purple lights, fringed with tawny orange, in the pallid western sky.

At 7.30 we reached the top of the glacier, and there we left our toboggans, intending to ascend the Pitz Buin. But an unfortunate incident occurred which greatly frightened and delayed us. My friend, unused to such high altitudes and early rising, complained of feeling faint from cold, and, upon examination, Herr Guler found that her right hand was badly frost-bitten.

This entailed fully an hour and a half of continuous rubbing; but, thanks to the sustained exertions of Guler, life was restored to the frozen fingers, and we were able to return to the glacier and to our toboggans. Christian and I took our seats at once, and started slowly forward over the first gentle incline. Guler followed in the rear, towing my scarcely recovered friend at a pace which he made as moderate as the steepness of the descent allowed. It was my privilege to ride a very superior race-horse; but I soon saw to my sorrow that Christian's progress was much faster than my own, owing to the fact that he carried two alpen-stocks, with the help of which he propelled himself successfully forward. So I hastened back to the starting-point, picked up two of our remaining markers, and with these sticks to push me on I rode in pursuit of the fast-disappearing Christian upon that immense expanse of virgin snow.

I can now only relate my own experiences of that memorable ride. Smooth and very slowly at first; then, on a sudden, the runners of my toboggan glided easier — then bounded forward. I realized that I was on the verge of the great Kegel, or rounded summit, of the Silvretta pass. Below me lay the billowy sea of unending white; beyond that again broken bits of moraine; then

glimpses of the verdurous Prättigau, surmounted by innumerable ranges ending in Tödi and the whole Bernese Oberland. I could not fully realize the superb immensity of that Alpine view; I merely tore off my hat, leaned back, lifted my feet, and felt my toboggan springing forward into space. Then followed the most breathless flight I have ever known. Up dashed the fresh snow into my face, filling my ears, my eyelids, my mouth and nostrils, and plastering itself in upon my chest. All power of controlling my headlong course had vanished. I believed I invoked the Deity and myself to stop at once this mad career. Then for a second all consciousness of danger forsook me. I was seized with the intoxication of movement, and hurled forward with closed eyes and lungs choked by the driving snow, which rose in a cloud before me. When I recovered my senses, it was to find myself launched forth upon a gentler slope, and many meters to the left of the assigned course. A few feet in front of me I became aware of an old scar of a crevasse. It was neck or nothing, and I had no energy to stop. I shot across it, and steered out upon the even plain of glacier. I had descended, through the sunlight, in the space of five minutes, a tract of snow-field which it had taken us over an hour to climb at dawn. Thus ended my ride. Gladly would I repeat it.

V
LIFE IN THE MOUNTAINS

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE population of Switzerland is less than four millions, and more than one fourth of its area is unproductive. It has neither coal nor iron, but its waterfalls provide power in abundance, and manufactures flourish. Cotton weaving is carried on in large degree. Eastern Switzerland almost specializes in embroidery. Many thousand watchmakers find employment in supplying the demand for Swiss watches. Cheese and condensed milk are made in large quantities. Wood-carving is one of the best-known of the arts of Switzerland. The Swiss manufacturers aim at establishing a reputation for excellence rather than at increasing the mass of their imports.

Switzerland is justly proud of the education that she gives to her citizens. Comparing the recruits drafted into the armies of different nations, we find that of the Russian recruits, 800 men in a thousand cannot read and write; of the Italians, 384; of the French, 64; of the Germans, 2; but of the Swiss, only 1. The army is kept in good repair, for every citizen is given military training. The Swiss are by no means rich, but they are an honest, hardworking, and exceedingly intelligent people.

OUR BORROWED SCIENTISTS

BY W. D. McCRACKAN

LITTLE Neuchâtel once placed America under great obligation by lending it two very exceptional men of science, — Louis Jean Rodolphe Agassiz (1807–1873) and Arnold Henri Guyot (1807–1884). They were colleagues in the Academy at Neuchâtel, coöperated in exploring and studying the glaciers, went to America at about the same time, and eventually took professorships in two of the foremost universities of the United States, — Agassiz at Harvard University, and Guyot at Princeton. By quickening and ennobling scientific studies, they earned the imperishable gratitude of their adopted land.

The great originator of the "Glacial Theory" was born at Motiers-en-Vully, on the lake of Morat. His father was pastor of the place. At an early age, he showed his bent for original research in natural history by turning the stone basin, under the fountain of the parsonage, into an aquarium. His student days were spent at Bienne, Lausanne, Zürich, Heidelberg, and Munich. At this last place, he became a warm friend of Döllinger, Professor of Comparative Anatomy, who was the father of that famous Döllinger who acquired celebrity as an opponent of Papal Infallibility. Agassiz used to assemble enthusiastic fellow students for lectures on original work, so that his study was nicknamed "The Little Academy."

In Paris the young scientist made the acquaintance of Von Humboldt, who from that time on was able to render him many services. Agassiz first made his mark as an ichthyologist. At twenty-two, he brought out his "Brazilian Fishes"; in 1832, was made Professor at the Lyceum of Neuchâtel, where he aroused the keenest interest, teaching his pupils as much as possible out-of-doors, and in 1837, read his famous treatise before the Helvetic Society of Natural Sciences, assembled at Neuchâtel, in which he expounded for the first time his now very generally accepted glacial theory. Venetz and Charpentier had to some extent paved the way for this announcement; nevertheless, it met with a good deal of opposition. Agassiz determined to place his theory upon indisputable ground by collecting all the necessary facts himself. This was the origin of periodic excursions to the glaciers at Chamonix, Zermatt, and especially to the Aar Gletscher, near the Grimsel Pass. Agassiz was accompanied by Karl Vogt, F. de Pourtalès, and Édouard Desor, while Guyot, Forbes, and others made temporary visits. Desor constituted himself chronicler of their excursions. He has told the story of their hardships and adventures in two books, now somewhat rare, — "Excursions et Séjours dans les Glaciers et les Hautes Régions des Alpes," and "Nouvelles Excursions."

Taking the Grimsel Hospice as a base of supplies, this band of climbing scientists built a hut on the great moraine of the Aar Gletscher, under the shelter of an enormous block of stone. Their temporary home soon became known as the "Hôtel des Neuchâtelois." Thence they could explore the surrounding regions of

ice and snow at their leisure. The task of measuring the march of the glaciers, and of taking all manner of observations, was divided among them, so that an enormous amount of work was accomplished. The result was Agassiz's "Études sur les Glaciers."

These glacial investigations lasted some eight or nine years, until 1845. Then Agassiz sailed for the United States, and finally made his home permanently at Cambridge, Mass. As early as 1835, he had corresponded with Professor Silliman of Yale College, and in fact had long desired to visit and explore the New World.

His career in America was exceedingly brilliant, and his name stands for everything that is worthiest in the scientific development of that country. From first to last, however, he resolutely rejected the theory of evolution, and clung to the old-fashioned idea of independent creations. When Agassiz died, a block was selected from the many lying on the moraine of the Aar Gletscher to place upon his tomb. It was so monumental in form that not a touch of the hammer was needed to fit it for its purpose.

Arnold Guyot was not the author of any startling, comprehensive theory, nor did his reputation ever attain the splendor of Agassiz's. He was rather an adapter, a generalizer and popularizer of ideas. His name is especially identified with the work of reconciling science with religion, — of establishing friendly relations between the discoveries of modern science and the Bible. This is the task he set himself in his work on "The Earth and Man." As a textbook, his "Physical Geography" is widely known and highly prized. The original work

that he did in the observation of glaciers went into the "Système Glaciale," in which he collaborated with Agassiz and Desor; so that, on the whole, he is likely to be best known to future generations as a geographer who was able to treat his subject at once accurately and in a popular manner.

THE TINY FARMS OF SWITZERLAND

BY BOYD WINCHESTER

EVERY little scrap of ground is turned to the best account. If a few square yards can anywhere be made or reclaimed, the requisite labor is not grudged. Many of these sturdy people compel an incredibly little spot of ground to yield them enough, and some to spare. This surprising product from a soil, much of it very poor, is due to the perfection of spade-work; each field, or rather patch, has the perfection of shape given to it to facilitate cultivation and drainage. This small cultivator, with only spade in hand, can fertilize the waste and perform prodigies which nothing but love of the land could enable him to accomplish. These peasants have a proverb that "if the plough has a ploughshare of iron, the spade has a point of gold." In the mountainous districts the land is reclaimed by this *petite culture*. In fact, the man makes the very soil. He builds terraces along steep inclines, lining them with blocks of stone, and then packs the earth to them, transforming the mountain and the rock into a little patch where he plants a vine or raises a little oats or maize. Up the heights of rocks which even goats cannot climb, on the very brow of the abyss, the peasant goes, clinging to the precipice with iron crampers on his feet in search of grass. He hangs on the sides of the rocks which imprison the valley and mows down a few tufts of grass from craggy shelves. The hay thus gathered is called *wildheu*, and the reaper *wildheuer*. This

peasant mountain-mower is essentially *sui generis*. He is accustomed to all the perils of the mountain, and the day before the mowing season begins — a day fixed by communal decree — he bids farewell, perhaps for the last time, to his wife and children. His scythe on his shoulder, armed with his iron-shod stick, provided with his clamp-irons, a cloth or a net rolled up in his bag, he sets out at midnight, in order that the dawn may find him at his work. During the two months of hay-harvest he only goes down to the village three or four times to renew his supply of food or linen. By this hard and perilous occupation an Alpine mower makes from three to five francs a day, his food not included; and many times under some projecting rock he must seek a bed and pass the night. Once dried, this wild hay is carefully gathered into a cloth or net and carried down to the first little plain, where it can be made into a stack, which is loaded with large stones to prevent it being blown away. In winter, when everything is covered with snow, the mower climbs again the perpendicular sides of the mountain, carrying his little wooden sledge on his shoulders. He loads it with hay, seats himself on the front, and shoots down with the swiftness of an arrow. At times, the snow softened by the warm wind which blows upon the heights is detached in an avalanche behind him, and swallows him up before he reaches the valley. This aromatic hay, composed of the nourishing flora of the high Alps, of delicate and succulent plants, of the wild chrysanthemum, the dwarf carline thistle, the red-flowered veronica, the Alpine milfoil with its black calyx, the clover with its great tufts, and the meum, an umbelliferous plant, gives a delicious milk, and is greatly

sought after for the fattening of cattle. In these steep solitudes where the grass is found, the life of man is so exposed and accidents are so frequent that the law forbids there should be more than one mower in a family. With him it is a fight for life, not infrequently conducted to the death. At all times great charges of wrath hang over him, — a beetling crag, a stream of stones, a cataract of ice, a moving field of snow, the flash that rends his roof, the wind that strips his trees, the flood that drowns his land, against each of these messengers of ill he must hold a separate watch, and must learn to brave each danger when it comes, alike by flush of noon and in the dead of night. The little valley below lies at the mercy of these ice- and storm-engendering heights. Year by year the peasants fight against its being extorted from their dominion. Yet this feeble community in the valley, by their stout hearts and virtuous lives, continue to make it smile on the frowning mountains: —

"Durum! sed levius patientia
Quicquid corrigere est nefas."

It is a strange and savage reverence which the peasants feel for the mountains. They seem to grow like each other in spirits, even as a man and wife who live in peace grow like each other year by year. With no people is the love of home and the native soil so strongly developed. To return to his village in the midst of his beloved mountains is the constant dream of his life, and to realize it he will endure every privation and bind himself to the hardest and most painful toil. One hope possesses him, — to see again the snows, the glaciers, the lakes, the great oaks, and the familiar pines of his country.

HOW SWITZERLAND DEFENDS HERSELF

BY CLARENCE ROOK

To the Swiss man soldiering is a second nature, for he is caught young and the tradition gets into his blood. At the age of ten he is roped into the gymnastic class at school, and in most of the cantons is taught the elements of drill in the playground. So insistent became the military spirit a few years ago that the boys who strutted about in uniform and pretended to be grown-up soldiers had to be suppressed by special legislation.

But when the boy is seventeen he is liable to service in defense of his country, and the liability is upon him until he is fifty years of age; nor even then does it cease if he be still capable of doing his military duty in any capacity — as baker, veterinary surgeon, or otherwise.

The Federal forces consist of three divisions, corresponding to the divisions of the German army and its reserves. First comes the "Auszug" or "Élite"; next the "Landwehr," or "First Reserve"; then the "Landsturm," or "Second Reserve."

At the age of twenty every able-bodied Swiss youth becomes a member of the Auszug, having passed through his gymnastic course. There are of course exemptions, but the *onus probandi* is on the side of the young man who can do nothing in coöperation with the other young defenders of his country. He may prove that he is under five feet, one and one half inches in height, but he must prove also that he has no special qualifications for

particular branches of work. If he has the privilege of being born and bred of able body and proper stature in a free country, it is his duty to render himself capable of fighting in defense of that free country should necessity arise. Therefore the Swiss young man accepts the situation. It is no very onerous task after all. The young man must serve for forty-five days during his first year of liability, and that, with all allowances for preparation and return, means but a couple of months, the half of the ordinary Oxford undergraduate's Long Vacation.

When we in England talk of the horrors of universal service and drag in the arguments that are drawn from the compulsory system of France and Germany, we forget the possibility of that citizen army which Switzerland has organized at small sacrifice of money and time. For myself, having seen something of the universal service of France and Germany, I discount the horrors of the system, and welcome the discipline it imposes at the turn of the nation's manhood. Switzerland, however, had made it her endeavor to safeguard her security at the smallest possible expenditure of money and time. The young Swiss of twenty must serve his five-and-forty days in the Auszug. After that he remains until he is two-and-thirty years of age in the same category; and it is his duty every other year to put in sixteen days of training. And the young workman, the student, the teacher, the artisan, the waiter who has his brief holiday from the foreign hotel — all of them regard that eight days a year as due tribute to the country of their birth.

I remember the young Swiss waiter in a London restaurant who had attended me many times, and confided to me one evening that he was going for his holiday.

I inquired as to how he proposed to spend his holiday.

"First," he said, "I do my duty."

He meant that his eight days' tribute was due; it was to be duly paid. And you would not recognize that young man as he stands at attention, goes through his drill, which he remembers as a swimmer long out of water remembers how to swim, and lies on his belly behind his native rocks with a rifle in his hands.

Have you ever reflected that the Swiss waiter who serves you in a London restaurant is equally capable of serving you with a bullet if you invade his native land? He is as handy with the rifle as with the napkin.

Until he reaches the age of thirty-two this service is the duty of the young Swiss man. At this stage there are no exemptions but such as are imposed by absolute physical disability or lack of the statutory five feet, one and one half inches in height, and even then the possession of special qualification for special service renders the young man liable for service. It is no excuse that a young man has brothers already in the army, or that he has a widowed mother dependent upon him. The burden, spread over a nation, becomes light enough, and the few days' hard work in camp, on the drill-ground, or upon the hillside are cheerfully borne as part of the day's work of the citizen who has a country worth defending. The Swiss are a nation of soldiers in a sense that applies to none of the European nations, with the possible exception of the hill-men of Montenegro. But the facing of the prospect of personal share in war has become a tradition, and the preparation for warfare is to the Swiss man as natural as the preparation for the cricket-pitch is to the English public-school boy.

The "Auszug" or the "Élite" of the nation's youth comprises not the whole of the young manhood, as one may imagine. There are the *crétins,* the undersized, the invalids. But something over sixty per cent of the nation's youth pass muster, and become members of the "Auszug," and the levy recently produced 117,179 young men capable of national defense. At the same time the second line, the "Landwehr," produced 84,046. And a couple of hundred thousand from a population of three millions is no bad result.

At the age of thirty-two the Swiss man is by no means quit of his military duty. It lies lightly upon him in times of peace, but he is at call "when the guns begin to shoot." And he must keep his hand in with occasional practice. For at the age of thirty-two he passes into the Landwehr, or First Reserve, and there, until he has completed his forty-fourth year, he remains, still with his duty to the State, but a duty proportioned to his age and personal interests, for a dozen years more. Those who have passed into the Landwehr have to give in every four years nine days of service. And even when he has passed his forty-fourth year the Swiss man does not cease from being a possible soldier.

There is the Landsturm, or Second Reserve, and even the man of fifty knows that in time of need his name is on record, his service can be demanded. Every man indeed from seventeen to fifty is at call of the State, nor indeed is the man of more than fifty exempt if his services are not elsewhere required, or if he is not physically incapable of military service.

At the various stages of life the proper exemptions are allowed; for the civil and religious business of the State

must go on, even amid the clash of arms. Thus those in the employment of the State, such as railway and steamboat men, hospital officials, and so forth, reach their exemption early. Pastors, doctors, prison, postal, telegraphic officials must obviously carry on their functions undisturbed, and in time of war they would be doing their duty equally with the men in the field. Members of the Federal Council are exempt, but not all the members of the Federal Tribunal. The principle of the Swiss Confederation is that every man shall do his duty towards the defense of the State. And there is one little touch of universality which is a stroke of genius. The man who cannot, for physical reasons, shoulder a rifle or take his part in the field, must pay his scot according to his means. All those who for physical or other reasons are not admitted into the "Auszug" and "Landwehr" must pay, from twenty to thirty-two years of age, a special tax of six francs a head. And if the physicially incapable has a private income, he must pay anything up to three thousand francs yearly towards the defense of his country.

It is a cheap army that the Swiss have organized, for it costs much less than two million sterling a year to keep up a fighting force of more than half a million.

Rich and poor serve in the army side by side, and the Swiss system is against any sharp division between the "crack" regiment and another. The placing of the laborer and the professional man side by side makes for the welding of the nation together, and prevents those class-distinctions which in Switzerland are always avoided. There is no picking and choosing in the service, as, for instance, selecting this or that arm as the more fashion-

able. Each man is placed where he will tell to the best advantage.

The system, too, is territorial. There are eight territorial divisions. Thus the man who is called out for his temporary service finds himself shoulder to shoulder with an old schoolfellow, with a man who may be far wealthier or far poorer than himself, but a man who has to face the same drill sergeant, the same possibilities. . . . There is the making of the citizen army.

Nothing that quite corresponds to Woolwich or Sandhurst or West Point exists in Switzerland, nor is there any such thing as an army "set." Yet there are centers for military instruction, which every one who wishes to become an officer must attend for a definite period of study and practice. Thus at Thun there is a central military college for the instruction of officers of the general grade, and another for regimental officers. At various points there are these schools for departmental work, such as ambulance, artillery, rifle-shooting. But they have this difference from the military colleges of the larger nations, that they are not open continuously, but only at certain periods of the year. . . .

In the time of war or during maneuvers every citizen is expected to provide food and lodging for such a number of soldiers as his dwelling and means allow. Should he prefer not to have soldiers billeted at his house, he is obliged to pay into the army-chest a sum sufficient to provide lodging for them elsewhere. Every householder in Switzerland is informed of the number of men and horses he is expected to receive, and when the annual maneuvers are held in his district, he makes preparation accordingly. By this system the army train is made

comparatively light, and the mobility of a force greatly increased as the result, for it is only on rare occasions that the troops go under canvas, being billeted, whenever possible, on the inhabitants of near-by towns.

So we have a citizen army, intrenched behind its native rocks, an army which contains every element of the nation, the man of wealth and the peasant standing shoulder to shoulder. In the world there is no such nation in arms; for even in the countries such as Montenegro, where every man is a soldier by birth, not every man has another profession as well. In Switzerland there is scarcely such a being as a soldier by profession. But all men are soldiers whether with muscle and brain or with the contribution that the unfit must provide. In his work, *La Confédération Helvétique*, M. Marsauche says that the Swiss in effect possess the strongest and perhaps the best drilled army among nations of the second rank. At any rate the Swiss army is a cheap investment, in which every Swiss man has his little risk. No man is compelled to spend the crucial years of his life in garrison, with the futile intervals that turn the British soldier when he becomes a reservist into an unskilled laborer, and all that this implies in dirt, discomfort, and dishonor. The Swiss army is absolutely democratic, national; and of all the armies in the world it is surely not only the most efficient of the second rank, but it is the cheapest, in the cost it entails in money or in drain upon national life.

HOW THE SWISS BUILT THE GREATEST TUNNEL IN THE WORLD

BY FRANCIS FOX

[THERE was no question that a tunnel through the Simplon would be a great advantage; but could it be made? It would have to go through the heart of a mountain from five to seven thousand feet in height; and this would involve difficult questions of ventilation, to say nothing of the heat in which the men would have to work. Some of the rocks were hard, and some were soft. And this tunnel must be twelve and one half miles in length. The Swiss are a careful people. They wanted the tunnel, but they did not want to undertake a plan that could not be carried out. Therefore they consulted three tunnel experts, from Italy, Austria, and England respectively. It was decided that the thing could be done, though with many difficulties to be surmounted. The following account of the making of this tunnel was written by Francis Fox, the tunnel expert named by England.

The Editor.]

THE work went on steadily from both entrances, and consisted of one single line tunnel, with a parallel gallery for the second tunnel running alongside at a distance of about fifty-five feet; cross passages every two hundred and seventeen yards were provided both for purposes of ventilation and for taking in and out the various materials. Most praiseworthy arrangements were made for the care of the men with the view to their suffering no harm from the exposure to Alpine air after working in the heat of the galleries. A large building was fitted up near each entrance, provided with cubicles for dressing, and with

hot and cold douche baths. At the top of the building steampipes were fixed, and each man was entitled to his own private rope and padlock; this rope passes over a pulley in the roof, and has a hook at the end to which he can attach his day clothes, with his watch, purse, and pipe, and pulling them up by the cord and padlocking it he secures the safety of his belongings. On returning from his work he at once enters this warmed building, has his bath, lowers his clothes, and, hanging his wet mining dress on the hook, raises it to the roof. Here it hangs until he again returns to work, when he finds his clothes dry and warm.

The adoption of the Brandt hydraulic drill not only enables the gallery to be driven at least three times the usual speed, but it avoids the creation of dust, which in mining is so productive of miner's phthisis. Not a single instance of this fell disease has occurred during the work, and although a well-appointed hospital was provided at each end of the tunnel, the beds were generally empty.

At a distance of two and one half miles from Iselle a great subterranean river was met with in September, 1901, which caused serious delay, and for a period of six months the total advance was only forty-six meters.[1] The difficulties at this point were such as in the hands of men of less determination might have resulted in the abandonment of the undertaking. Not only was it necessary to close-timber the gallery on both sides, and also at the top and floor, with the heaviest baulks of square pitch pine twenty inches thick, but when these were crushed into splinters and the gallery completely blocked with their wreckage, steel girders were adopted,

[1] A meter is equivalent to 39.37 inches.

only in their turn to be distorted and bent out of shape. It seemed as if no available material could be found which would stand the enormous pressure of the rocks, until steel girders, forming a square placed side by side (the interstices being filled with cement concrete) resisted the load. Fortunately the "bad ground" only extended for a distance of about fifty yards, but it cost nearly £1000 per yard to overcome this difficulty, and required the encasement of the tunnel at this point on sides, floor, and arch with granite masonry, eight feet six inches in thickness.

Meanwhile the progress at the Brigue side was good, and the miners reached the half-way boundary and then began to encounter great heat from both rock and springs. It was a curious experience to insert one's arm into a bore-hole in the rock and to find it so hot as to be unbearable; the maximum heat then encountered was 131° F. But now a fresh difficulty presented itself, as in order to save time it was desirable to commence driving *down*-hill to meet the miners coming *up*-hill from Italy, and thus the very problem which the ascending gradients had been provided to avoid had to be faced. As the gallery descended the hot springs followed, and the boring machines and the miners were standing in a sea of hot water; this for a time was pumped out by centrifugal pumps over the apex of the tunnel, but at last, and while there yet remained some three or four hundred yards to be penetrated, it was found impossible to continue going downhill.

Nevertheless time had to be saved, and as the height of the heading was only some seven feet while that of the finished tunnel was twenty-one feet, it was decided to

continue to drive the gallery forward, on a slightly rising gradient, until it reached the top of the future tunnel. After seven hundred and two feet had thus been driven, the hot springs proved so copious that work had to cease, and an iron door, which had been fixed in the heading some two or three hundred yards back, was finally closed, and the gallery *filled* with hot water. Advance now could only be made from the Italian "face," but even there the difficulties from hot water were very great, so much so that for a time one of the galleries had to be abandoned and access obtained to it by driving the parallel gallery ahead and then returning and taking the hot springs in the rear. The only way in which these hot springs, sometimes as high as 125° F., could be grappled with was by throwing jets of cold water under high pressure into the fissures, and thus diluting them down to a temperature which the miners could stand.

At the right moment, at 7 A.M. on February 24, 1905, a heavy charge was exploded in the *roof* of the Italian heading, which blew a hole into the *floor* of the Swiss gallery and released the impounded hot water. It was here that a truly sad incident occurred; two visitors to the tunnel, who, it appears, had entered the gallery with a desire to witness the actual junction, were overcome by the heat and probably the carbonic-acid gas from the pent-up hot water, and died.

By means of jets and spray of high-pressure cold water the air of the tunnel is reduced many degrees in temperature, and it is very noticeable how rapidly the heat of the rocks cools off when the gallery has been driven past them.

THE GREATEST TUNNEL IN THE WORLD

On April 2, 1905, the visitors and officials from the Italian side, traveling in a miner's train, arrived within two hundred and fifty yards of the "Porte de fer," in the middle of the mountain, six miles or more from either entrance, and completed their journey on foot up to that point. Meanwhile the officials and visitors from the Swiss entrance had traveled up to the other side of the door. At the right moment this was opened by Colonel Locher-Freuler, and the two parties met and fraternized, embracing one another. A religious dedication service, conducted by the Bishop of Sion, was then held on the spot, and the Divine blessing was invoked on the tunnel, the officials, the workmen, and the trains, and touching reference was made to those who had lost their lives in the execution of this great work — some forty or fifty in number. Thus was the "Fête de Percement" of the greatest tunnel in the world celebrated.