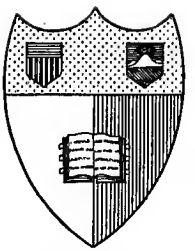
THE BOYS' PARKMAN

LOUISE S. HASBROUCK



THE BOYS' PARKMAN

A War Embassy. *Frontispiece.*

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Selections from the Historical Works of Francis Parkman

COMPILED BY
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ILLUSTRATED

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INTRODUCTION

FRANCIS PARKMAN was born in Boston, September 16th, 1823. He was a delicate boy, and for that reason was sent out into the country when he was seven years old to live with his grandfather near Medford, Mass. He went to day-school there, and did not learn much; but in another school that he attended very willingly he gained knowledge that was to be of much use to him in later life. This was the school of the woods, where he picked up all sorts of lore about trees, stones, beasts and birds, which helped mightily in making real and vivid the background of the histories he was to write. After four years in the country he went back to Boston to live with his parents; and he entered Harvard at the age of seventeen.

When Francis Parkman was thirteen or fourteen years old a party of chiefs and

warriors of the Sacs and Foxes visited Boston, and, as he says, "danced a war-dance, on the Common in full costume to the delight of the boy spectators, of whom I was one." Soon after that he read Cooper's novels, and became so thoroughly identified with his red men that he used to dream and talk about them constantly.

It was while Parkman was at Harvard that he conceived the idea of writing the story of the French and English in North America, and he at once began to prepare for it, not only by study and reading, but in his vacations, by visiting scenes of historic interest, going on long camping expeditions, and becoming acquainted with Indian tribes in New York, New England, and southern Canada.

Soon after leaving college, he and a friend went West to the Black Hills. As he says in the introduction to the "Conspiracy of Pontiac:" "Here, by the camp-fire, or in the canoe, I gained familiar acquaintance with the men and scenery of the wilderness. In 1846 I visited various primitive tribes of the Rocky Mountains, and was, for a time, domesticated

in a village of the western Dahcotah, on the high plains between Mt. Laramie and the range of Medicine Bow." "The Oregon Trail" is an account of this experience, during which he underwent hardships that seriously impaired his health for the rest of his life.

Parkman was about fifty years in writing the great series of histories to which he gave the name "France and England in North America," and, as has been aptly said, this period is best described by a phrase which he used as the name of one of his books: "a half-century of conflict." He did not enjoy a well day during that time. John Fiske, the historian, says of him: "The heroism shown year after year in contending with physical ailments was the index of a character fit to be mated, for its pertinacious courage, with the heroes that live in his shining pages." An account of one difficulty under which he labored is told by himself in the introduction to the "Conspiracy of Pontiac." "For about three years," he says, "the light of day was insupportable, and every attempt at reading or writing completely debarred. Under these circumstances, the task

of sifting the materials and composing the work was begun and finished. The papers were repeatedly read aloud, copious notes and extracts were made, and the narrative written down from my dictation."

In spite of this trouble with his sight, and other distressing ailments, Parkman was intensely thorough in all the preparations for his work. He neglected not the smallest source of information, and his histories are noted for their accuracy and impartiality as well as for their vividness and literary style. To quote Fiske again: "This elaborateness of preparation had its share in producing the intense vividness of Mr. Parkman's descriptions. Profusion of detail made them seem like the accounts of an eye-witness. The realism is so strong that the author seems to have come in person fresh from the scenes he described, with the smoke of the battle hovering about him, and its fierce light glowing in his eyes."

One other subject must be mentioned in estimating the value of Parkman's histories. This was his portrayal of the Indian. Through the previously mentioned circumstances of his

early life, he was enabled to know the Indian at first hand at a time when he had changed scarcely at all from the aboriginal men who had greeted the first explorers centuries before. Students of evolution call the Indian "our contemporary ancestor," because he exemplifies a stage of life through which white people passed long before the Odyssey and the Book of Genesis were written. In studying him we learn what we were like before history began; and it is in a great measure owing to Parkman's knowledge and portrayal of the Indian that his works have their peculiar and permanent value.

He died on the 8th of November, 1893, after having finished his work and received many honors.

Students of Parkman's life and work will do well to consult Farnham's "Life of Francis Parkman," Sedgwick's "Life of Parkman," and the article on Parkman by John Fiske in the *Atlantic Monthly* for May, 1894. It was from these sources that the information in the foregoing sketch was taken.

CONTENTS

ILLUSTRATIONS

THE BOYS' PARKMAN

CHAPTER I

INDIAN TRIBES AND TRADITIONS[1]

THE Indian is a true child of the forest and the desert. The wastes and solitudes of nature are his congenial home. His haughty mind is imbued with the spirit of the wilderness, and the light of civilization falls on him with a blighting power. His unruly pride and untamed freedom are in harmony with the lonely mountains, cataracts and rivers among which he dwells; and primitive America, with her savage scenery and savage men, opens to the imagination a boundless world, unmatched in wild sublimity.

The Indians east of the Mississippi may be

[1] See Notes at end of text, Page 167.

divided into several great families, distinguished by differences in language but possessing several characteristics in common. All are alike a race of hunters, sustaining life wholly, or in part, by the fruits of the chase. In an Indian community each man is his own master, owning no other authority than his own capricious will; and yet this wild notion of liberty is not inconsistent with certain gradations of rank and influence. Each tribe has its sachem, or civil chief, whose province is to advise, but not to dictate; but should he be a man of energy, talent and address he may often acquire no small measure of respect and power. Anyone may be a war-chief whose prowess and reputation are sufficient to induce the young men to follow him to battle; and he may, whenever he thinks proper, raise a band of volunteers and go out against the common enemy.

A peculiar social institution exists among the Indians. Their communities, independently of their local distribution into tribes, bands, and villages, are composed of several distinct clans.[1] Each clan has its emblem, consisting

of the figure of some bird, beast or reptile; and each is distinguished by the name of the animal which it thus bears as its device; as, for example, the clan of the Wolf, the Deer, the Otter, or the Hawk. In the language of the Algonquins, these emblems are known by the name of *Totems*. To different totems attach different degrees of rank and dignity; and those of the Bear, the Tortoise and the Wolf are among the first in honor. Each man is proud of his badge, jealously asserting its claims to respect; and the members of the same clan, though they may, perhaps, speak different dialects and dwell far asunder, are yet bound together by the closest ties of fraternity. If a man is killed, every member of the clan feels called upon to avenge him; and the wayfarer, the hunter or the warrior is sure of a cordial welcome in the distant lodge of a clansman whose face perhaps he has never seen.

The three great families into which the Indians east of the Mississippi may be divided are the Iroquois, the Algonquin, and the Mobilian. To these must be added a few stragglers from the great western race of the Dahcotah,

besides several distinct tribes of the south, each of which has been regarded as speaking a tongue peculiar to itself. The Mobilian group embraces the motley confederacy of the Creeks, the crafty Choctaws, and the stanch and warlike Chickasaws. Of these, and of the distinct tribes dwelling in their vicinity, or within their limits, I shall only observe, that they offer, with many modifications, and under different aspects, the same essential features which mark the Iroquois and the Algonquins, the two great families of the north.

Foremost in war, foremost in eloquence, foremost in their savage arts of policy, stood the fierce people called by themselves the Hodenosaunee, and by the French the Iroquois, a name which has since been applied to the entire family of which they formed the dominant member. They extended their conquests and their depredations from Quebec to the Carolinas, and from the western prairies to the forests of Maine. On the south, they forced tribute from the subjugated Delawares, and pierced the mountain fastnesses of the Cherokees with incessant forays. On the north, they uprooted

the ancient settlements of the Wyandots; on the west they exterminated the Eries and the Andastes, and spread havoc and dismay among the tribes of the Illinois; and on the east, the Indians of New England fled at the first peal of the Mohawk war-cry. Nor was it the Indian race alone who quailed before their ferocious valor. All Canada shook with the fury of their onset; the people fled to the forts for refuge; the blood-besmeared conquerors roamed like wolves among the burning settlements, and the colony trembled on the brink of ruin.

The origin of the Iroquois is lost in hopeless obscurity. That they came from the west; that they came from the north; that they sprang from the soil of New York, are the testimonies of three conflicting traditions, all equally worthless as aids to historic inquiry. It is at the era of their confederacy — the event to which the five tribes [1] owed all their greatness and power, and to which we need assign no remoter date than that of a century before the first arrival of the Dutch in New York, that faint rays of light began to pierce the gloom, and the chaotic traditions of the earlier

epoch mould themselves into forms more palpable and distinct.

Taounyawatha, the God of the Waters — such is the belief of the Iroquois — descended to the earth to instruct his favorite people in the arts of savage life; and when he saw how they were tormented by giants, monsters and evil spirits, he urged the divided tribes, for the common defence, to band themselves together in an everlasting league. He was recalled to the Great Spirit; but soon afterwards, as a band of Mohawk warriors was threading the funereal labyrinth of an ancient pine forest, they heard, amid its blackest depths, a hoarse voice chanting in measured cadence, and, following the sound, they saw, seated among the trees, a monster so hideous that they stood benumbed with terror.

He was encompassed by hissing rattlesnakes, which, Medusa-like,[1] hung writhing from his head; and on the ground around him were strewn implements of incantation and magic vessels formed of human skulls. Recovering from their amazement the warriors could perceive that in the mystic words of the chant,

which he still poured forth, were couched the laws and principles of the destined confederacy.

The tradition further declares that the monster, being surrounded and captured, was presently transformed to human shape, that he became a chief of transcendent wisdom and prowess, and to the day of his death ruled the councils of the united tribes. To this hour the presiding sachem of the council at Onondaga inherits from him the honored name of Atotarho.

In the evil days before their confederacy, so runs their tradition, the scattered and divided Iroquois were beset with every form of peril and disaster. Giants, cased in armor of stone, descended on them from the mountains of the north. Huge beasts trampled down their forests like fields of grass. Human heads, with streaming hair and glaring eyeballs, shot through the air like meteors, shedding pestilence and death throughout the land. A great horned serpent rose from Lake Ontario; and only the thunder-bolts of the sky could stay his ravages, and drive him back to his native

deeps. The skeletons of men, victims of some monster of the forest, were seen swimming in the Lake of Teungktoo;[1] and around the Seneca village on the Hill of Genundewah,[2] a two-headed serpent coiled himself, of size so monstrous that the wretched people were unable to ascend his scaly sides, and perished in multitudes by his pestilential breath. Mortally wounded at length by the magic arrow of a child, he rolled down the steep, sweeping away the forest with his writhings, and plunging into the lake below, where he lashed the black waters till they boiled with blood and foam, and at length, exhausted with his agony, sank and perished at the bottom. Under the Falls of Niagara dwelt the Spirit of the Thunder, with his brood of giant sons; and the Iroquois trembled in their villages when, amid the blackening shadows of the storm, they heard his deep shout roll along the firmament.

The energy of fancy, whence these barbarous creations drew their birth, displayed itself, at a later period, in that peculiar eloquence which the wild democracy of the Iroquois tended to call forth, and to which the mountain and the

forest, the torrent and the storm, lent their stores of noble imagery. That to this imaginative vigor was joined mental power of a different stamp, is witnessed by the caustic irony of Garangula [1] and Sagoyewatha,[2] and no less by the subtle policy, sagacious as it was treacherous, which marked the dealings of the Iroquois with surrounding tribes.

With all this mental superiority, the arts of life among them were still rude; and their coarse pottery, their spear and arrow heads of stone, were in no way superior to those of many other tribes. Their agriculture deserves a higher praise. In 1696, the invading army of Count Frontenac [3] found the maize fields extending a league and a half or two leagues from their villages; and, in 1779, the troops of General Sullivan [4] were filled with amazement at their abundant stores of corn, beans and squashes, and at the old apple orchards which grew around their settlements.

Their dwellings and works of defence were far from contemptible, either in their dimensions or in their structure; and though by the several attacks of the French, and especially

by the invasion of Denonville [1] in 1687, and of Frontenac, nine years later, their fortified towns were levelled to the earth, never again to reappear; yet in the works of Champlain and other early writers we find abundant evidence of their pristine condition.

Along the banks of the Mohawk, among the hills and hollows of Onondaga, in the forests of Oneida and Cayuga, on the romantic shores of Seneca Lake and the rich borders of the Genesee, surrounded by waving maize fields, and encircled afar by the green margin of the forest, stood the ancient strongholds of the confederacy. The clustering dwellings were encompassed by palisades, in single, double or triple rows, pierced with loopholes, furnished with platforms within, for the convenience of the defenders, with magazines of stone to hurl upon the heads of the enemy, and with water conductors to extinguish any fire which might be kindled from without.

If we seek for a single trait pre-eminently characteristic of the Iroquois, we shall find it in that boundless pride which impelled them to style themselves, not inaptly as regards their

own race, "the men surpassing all others." "Must I," exclaimed one of their great warriors, as he fell wounded among a crowd of Algonquins, — "must I, who have made the whole earth tremble, now die by the hands of children?" Their power kept pace with their pride; but when we ask the numerical strength of the dreaded confederacy, when we discover that, in the days of their greatest triumphs, their united cantons could not have mustered four thousand warriors, we stand amazed at the folly and dissension which left so vast a region the prey of a handful of bold marauders. Of the cities and villages now so thickly scattered over the lost domain of the Iroquois, a single one might boast a more numerous population than all the five united tribes.

The Iroquois family was confined mostly to the region south of the lakes Erie and Ontario, and the peninsula east of Lake Huron. They formed, as it were, an island in the vast expanse of Algonquin population, extending from Hudson's Bay on the north to the Carolinas on the south; from the Atlantic on the east to the Mississippi and Lake Winnipeg on the west.

They were Algonquins who greeted Jacques Cartier,[1] as his ships ascended the St. Lawrence. The first British colonists found savages of the same race hunting and fishing along the coasts and inlets of Virginia; and it was the daughter of an Algonquin chief who interceded with her father for the life of the adventurous Englishman.[2] They were Algonquins, who, under Sassacus the Pequot,[3] and Philip of Mount Hope,[4] waged war against the Puritans of New England; who, under the great tree at Kensington, made the covenant of peace with William Penn; and when French Jesuits and fur-traders explored the Wabash and the Ohio, they found their valleys tenanted by the same far-extended race. At the present day,[5] the traveller, perchance, may find them pitching their bark lodges along the beach at Mackinaw, spearing fish among the rapids of St. Mary's, or skimming the waves of Lake Superior in their birch canoes.

Of all the members of the Algonquin family, those called by the English the Delawares, and by themselves Lenni Lenape, or Original Men, hold the first claim to attention; for their

traditions declare them to be the parent stem whence other Algonquin tribes have sprung. For a while they were in a state of degrading vassalage to the Five Nations, or Iroquois confederacy, who forced them to assume the name of women and forego the use of arms. After the encroachments of white men had pushed them westward, partially beyond the reach of their conquerors, their native spirit began to revive and they assumed a tone of defiance. At the opening of the Revolution they boldly asserted their freedom from the yoke of their conquerors, and, a few years later, the Five Nations confessed, at a public council, that the Lenape were no longer women, but men. Ever since that period, they have stood in high repute for bravery, generosity, and all the savage virtues. At the present day, the small remnant scattered beyond the Mississippi are among the bravest marauders of the West. Their war-parties pierce the farthest wilds of the Rocky Mountains; and the prairie traveller may sometimes meet the Delaware warrior returning from a successful foray, a gaudy handkerchief bound about his brows, his snake

locks fluttering in the wind, and his rifle resting across his saddle-bow, while the tarnished and begrimed equipments of his half-wild horse bear witness that the rider has waylaid and plundered some Mexican cavalier.

Adjacent to the Delawares, and associated with them in some of the most notable passages of their history, dwelt the Shawanoes, a tribe of bold, roving and adventurous spirits. About the year 1672 they fled to escape destruction by the Five Nations and finally found new settlements in the valley of the Ohio.

Of the tribes which dwelt within the limits of Lower Canada, Acadia and New England it is needless to speak; for they offered no distinctive traits demanding notice. Passing the country of the Lenape and the Shawanoes, and descending the Ohio, the traveller would have found its valley chiefly occupied by two nations, the Miamis and the Illinois. Turning his course northward, traversing Lakes Michigan and Superior, and skirting the western margin of Lake Huron, he would have seen the solitudes of the wild waste around him broken by scattered lodges of the Ojibwas, Pottawattamies

and Ottawas. About the bays and rivers west of Lake Michigan he would have seen the Sacs, the Foxes and the Menomonies; and penetrating the frozen wilderness of the north, he would have been welcomed by the rude hospitality of the wandering Crees.

The Ojibwas, with their kindred, the Pottawattamies, and their friends the Ottawas, — the latter of whom were fugitives from the eastward, whence they had fled from the wrath of the Iroquois, — were banded into a sort of confederacy. They were closely allied in blood, manners, language and character. The Ojibwas, by far the most numerous of the three, occupied the basin of Lake Superior and extensive adjacent regions. In their boundaries the career of Iroquois conquest found at length a check, and tradition relates that, at the outlet of Lake Superior, an Iroquois war-party once encountered a disastrous repulse.

In their mode of life they were far more rude than the Iroquois, or even the southern Algonquin tribes. The totemic system was found among them in its most imperfect state. The original clans have become broken into frag-

ments and indefinitely multiplied; and many of the ancient customs of the institution are but loosely regarded. Agriculture is but little known, and, through summer and winter, they range the wilderness with restless wandering, now gorged to repletion, and now perishing with want. In the calm days of summer, the Ojibwa fisherman pushes out his birch canoe upon the great inland ocean of the north; and, as he gazes down into the pellucid depths, he seems like one balanced between earth and sky. The watchful fish-hawk circles above his head; and below, further than his line will reach, he sees the trout glide shadowy and silent over the glimmering pebbles. The little islands on the verge of the horizon seem now starting into spires, now melting from the sight, now shaping themselves into a thousand fantastic forms, with the strange mirage of the waters, and he fancies that the evil spirits of the lake lie basking their serpent forms on those unhallowed shores.

Again, he explores the watery labyrinths where the stream sweeps among pine-tufted islands, or runs, black and deep, beneath the

shadows of moss-bearded firs, or he drags his canoe upon the sandy beach, and, while his camp-fire crackles on the grass-plat, reclines beneath the trees, and smokes and laughs away the sultry hours in a lazy luxury of enjoyment.

But when winter descends upon the north, sealing up the fountains, fettering the streams, and turning the green-robed forests to shivering nakedness, then, bearing their frail dwellings on their backs, the Ojibwa family wander forth into the wilderness, cheered only on their dreary track by the whistling of the north wind and the hungry howl of wolves. By the banks of some frozen stream, women and men, children and dogs, lie crouched together around the fire. They spread their benumbed fingers over the embers, while the wind shrieks through the fir-trees like the gale through the rigging of a frigate, and the narrow concave of the wigwam sparkles with the frostwork of their congealed breath. In vain they beat the magic drum, and call upon their guardian manitoes;[1] the wary moose keeps aloof, the bear lies close in his hollow tree and famine stares them in the face. And now the hunter can fight no

more against the nipping cold and blinding sleet. Stiff and stark, with haggard cheek and shrivelled lip, he lies among the snowdrifts; till, with tooth and claw, the famished wildcat strives in vain to pierce the frigid marble of his limbs. Such harsh schooling is thrown away on the incorrigible mind of the northern Algonquin. He lives in misery, as his fathers lived before him. Still in the brief hour of plenty he forgets the season of want; and still the sleet and the snow descend upon his houseless head.

The fireside stories of every primitive people are faithful reflections of the form and coloring of the national mind; and it is no proof of sound philosophy to turn with contempt from the study of a fairy-tale. The legendary lore of the Iroquois, black as the midnight forests, awful in its gloomy strength, is but another manifestation of that spirit of mastery which uprooted whole tribes from the earth, and deluged the wilderness with blood. The traditionary tales of the Algonquins wear a different aspect. The credulous circle around an Ojibwa lodge-fire listened to wild recitals of

necromancy and witch-craft, men transformed to beasts, animated trees, and birds who spoke with human tongue. They heard of malignant sorcerers dwelling among the lonely islands of spell-bound lakes; of grisly *weendigoes* [1] and bloodless *geebi;* [2] of evil manitoes lurking in the dens and fastnesses of the woods; of pigmy champions, diminutive in stature but mighty in soul, who by the potency of charm and talisman subdued the direst monsters of the waste; and of heroes, who not by downright force and open onset, but by subtle strategy, tricks or magic art, achieved marvellous triumphs over the brute force of their assailants.

Sometimes the tale will breathe a different spirit, and tell of orphan children abandoned in the heart of a hideous wilderness, beset with fiends and cannibals. Some enamoured maiden, scornful of earthly suitors, plights her troth to the graceful manito of the grove; or bright aerial beings, dwellers of the sky, descend to tantalize the gaze of mortals with evanescent forms of loveliness.

The mighty giant, the God of the Thunder,

who made his home among the caverns, beneath the cataract of Niagara, was a characteristic conception of the Iroquois imagination. The Algonquins held a simpler faith, and maintained that the thunder was a bird who built his nest on the pinnacle of towering mountains. Two daring boys once scaled the height, and thrust sticks into the eyes of the portentous nestlings; which thereupon flashed forth such wrathful scintillations that the sticks were shivered to atoms.

The religious belief of the Algonquins — and the remark holds good, not of the Algonquins only, but of all the hunting tribes of America — is a cloudy bewilderment, where we seek in vain for system or coherency. Among a primitive and savage people there were no poets to vivify its images, and no priests to give distinctness and harmony to its rites and symbols. To the Indian mind, all nature was instinct with deity. A spirit was embodied in every mountain, lake and cataract; every bird, beast or reptile, every tree, shrub or grass-blade was endued with mystic influence; yet this untutored pantheism did

not exclude the conception of certain divinities, of incongruous and ever-shifting attributes. The sun, too, was a god, and the moon was a goddess. Conflicting powers of good and evil divided the universe; but if, before the arrival of Europeans, the Indian recognized the existence of one, almighty, self-existent Being, the Great Spirit, the Lord of Heaven and Earth, the belief was so vague and dubious as scarcely to deserve the name. His perceptions of moral good and evil were perplexed and shadowy; and the belief in a state of future reward and punishment was by no means universal.

Of the Indian character, much has been written foolishly, and credulously believed. By the rhapsodies of poets, the cant of sentimentalists, and the extravagance of some who should have known better, a counterfeit image has been tricked out, which might seek in vain for its likeness through every corner of the habitable earth; an image bearing no more resemblance to its original than the monarch of the tragedy and the hero of the epic poem bear to their living prototypes in the palace and the camp. Yet to the eye of rational observation

there is nothing unintelligible in him. He is full, it is true, of contradictions. He thinks himself the centre of greatness and renown; his pride is proof against the fiercest torments of fire and steel; and yet the same man would beg for a dram of whiskey, or pick up a crust of bread thrown to him, like a dog, from the tent door of the traveller. At one moment, he is wary and cautious to the verge of cowardice; at the next, he abandons himself to a very insanity of recklessness; and the habitual self-restraint which throws an impenetrable veil over emotion is joined to the unbridled passions of a madman or a beast.

His pride sets all language at defiance. He loathes the thought of coercion; and few of his race have ever stooped to discharge a menial office. A wild love of liberty, an utter intolerance of control, lie at the basis of his character and fire his whole existence. Yet, in spite of this haughty independence, he is a devout hero-worshipper; and high achievement in war or policy touches a chord to which his nature never fails to respond. With him the love of glory kindles into a burning passion; and to allay

its cravings, he will dare cold and famine, fire, tempest, torture, and death itself.

These generous traits are overcast by much that is dark, cold, and sinister, by sleepless distrust and rankling jealousy. Treacherous himself, he is always suspicious of treachery in others. Brave as he is, — and few of mankind are braver, — he will vent his passion by a secret stab rather than an open blow.

Over all emotion he throws the veil of an iron self-control, originating in a peculiar form of pride, and fostered by rigorous discipline from childhood upward. The inscrutable warrior is aptly imaged by the hackneyed figure of a volcano covered with snow; and no man can say when or where the wild-fire will break forth. This shallow self-mastery serves to give dignity to public deliberation, and harmony to social life. Wrangle and quarrel are strangers to an Indian dwelling; and while an assembly of the ancient Gauls was as noisy as a convocation of magpies, a Roman senate might have taken a lesson from the grave solemnity of an Indian council. In the midst of his family and friends, he hides affections, by nature none

of the most tender, under a mask of icy coldness; and in the torturing fires of his enemy, the haughty sufferer maintains to the last his look of grim defiance.

His intellect is as peculiar as his moral organization. An acute judge of character, at least such parts of it as his experience enables him to comprehend; keen to a proverb in all exercises of the war and the chase, he seldom traces effects to their causes, or follows out actions to their remote results. Though a close observer of external nature, he no sooner attempts to account for her phenomena than he involves himself in the most ridiculous absurdities. His curiosity, abundantly active within its own narrow circle, is dead to all things else. He seldom grasps general or abstract ideas; and his language has scarcely the power to express them, except through the medium of figures drawn from the external world, and often highly picturesque and forcible.

Some races of men seem moulded in wax, soft and melting, at once plastic and feeble. Some races, like some metals, combine the greatest flexibility with the greatest strength.

But the Indian is hewn out of a rock. You can rarely change his form without destruction of the substance. Races of inferior energy have possessed a power of expansion and assimilation to which he is a stranger; and it is this fixed and rigid quality which has proved his ruin. He will not learn the arts of civilization, and he and his forest must perish together. We look with deep interest on the fate of this irreclaimable son of the wilderness, the child who will not be weaned from the breast of his rugged mother, and our interest increases when we see in the unhappy wanderer the germs of heroic virtues mingled among his vices, — a hand bountiful to bestow as it is rapacious to seize, and even in extremest famine imparting its last morsel to a fellow sufferer; a heart which, strong in friendship as in hate, thinks it not too much to lay down life for its chosen comrade; a soul true to its own idea of honor, and burning with an unquenchable thirst for greatness and renown.

CHAPTER II

THE DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI[1]

JACQUES MARQUETTE was a Jesuit[2] priest who in 1666 was sent to the missions of Canada. The traits of his character are unmistakable. He was one of the brotherhood of the early Canadian missionaries, the true counterpart of Garnier[3] or Jogues,[4] who were martyrs for their faith. A subtile element of romance was blended with the fervor of his worship, and hung like an illumined cloud over the harsh and hard realities of his daily lot. Kindled by his religion, his gentle and noble nature knew no fear. He burned to dare and to suffer, discover new lands and conquer new realms for its sway.

Louis Joliet,[5] the son of a wagon-maker and a fur-trader by profession, was sent with orders from Count Frontenac,[6] the governor of Canada, and M. Talon, the intendant,[7] to join

Father Marquette at Michilimackinac, and accompany him on the visit which he proposed to make to the nations of the Mississippi. "I was delighted," wrote Marquette in his journal, "because I saw my plans about to be accomplished, and found myself in the happy necessity of exposing my life for the salvation of all these tribes."

The outfit of the travellers was very simple. They provided themselves with two birch canoes, and a supply of smoked meat and Indian corn; embarked with five men, and began their voyage on the 17th of May.[1]

Their course was westward; and, plying their paddles, they passed the Straits of Michilimackinac, and coasted the northern shores of Lake Michigan, landing at evening to build their camp-fires at the edge of the forest, and draw up their canoes on the strand. They soon reached the river Menomonie, and ascended it to the village of the Menomonies, or Wild-rice Indians. When they told them the object of their voyage, they were filled with astonishment, and used their best ingenuity to dissuade them. They added that there was a demon in a

certain part of the river, whose roar could be heard at a great distance, and who would engulf them in the abyss where he dwelt; that its waters were full of frightful monsters, who would devour them and their canoe; and finally, that the heat was so great that they would perish inevitably. Marquette set their counsel at naught, gave them a few words of instruction in the mysteries of the Faith, taught them a prayer, and bade them farewell.

The travellers next reached the mission at the head of Green Bay; entered Fox River; with difficulty and labor dragged their canoes up the long and tumultuous rapids; crossed Lake Winnebago; and followed the quiet windings of the river beyond, where they glided through an endless growth of wild rice, and scared the innumerable birds that fed upon it. On either side rolled the prairie, dotted with groves and trees, browsing elk and deer. On the 7th of June, they reached the Mascoutins and Miamis, who had been joined by the Kickapoos. Here they begged two guides to show them the way to the waters of the Wisconsin. All the town came down to the shore to see

their departure: the Miamis, with long locks of hair dangling over each ear, after a fashion which Marquette thought very becoming; and the Mascoutins and the Kickapoos, whom he describes as mere boors in comparison with their Miami townsmen. All stared alike at the seven adventurers, marvelling that men could be found to risk an enterprise so hazardous.

The river twisted among lakes and marshes choked with wild rice; and, but for their guides, they could scarcely have followed the perplexed and narrow channel. It brought them at last to the portage, where, after carrying their canoes a mile and a half over the prairie and through the marsh, they launched them on the Wisconsin, bade farewell to the waters that flowed to the St. Lawrence, and committed themselves to the current that was to bear them they knew not whither, — perhaps to the Gulf of Mexico, perhaps to the South Sea or the Gulf of California. They glided calmly down the tranquil stream, by islands choked with trees and matted with entangling grapevines; by forests, groves and prairies, the parks and pleasure-grounds of a prodigal Nature; by

thickets and marshes and broad bare sand-bars; under the shadowing trees, between whose tops looked down from afar the bold brow of some woody bluff. At night, the bivouac, — the canoes inverted on the bank, the flickering fire, the meal of bison-flesh or venison, the evening pipes, and slumber beneath the stars; and when in the morning they embarked again, the mist hung on the river like a bridal veil, then melted before the sun, till the glassy water and the languid woods basked breathless in the sultry glare.

On the 17th of June they saw on their right the broad meadows, bounded in the distance by rugged hills, where now stand the town and fort of Prairie du Chien. Before them a wide and rapid current coursed athwart their way, by the foot of lofty heights wrapped thick in forests. They had found what they sought, and "with a joy," writes Marquette, "which I cannot express," they steered forth their canoes on the eddies of the Mississippi.

They had journeyed more than a fortnight without meeting a human being, when, on the 25th, they discovered footprints of men in the

mud of the western bank, and a well-trodden path that led to the adjacent prairie. Joliet and Marquette decided to follow it; and leaving the canoes in charge of their men, they set out on their hazardous adventure. The day was fair, and they walked two leagues in silence, following the path through the forest and across the sunny prairie, till they discovered an Indian village on the banks of a river.

Now, with beating hearts they invoked the aid of heaven, and again advancing, came so near, without being seen, that they could hear the voices of the Indians among the wigwams. Then they stood forth in full view, and shouted to attract attention. There was great commotion in the village. The inmates swarmed out of their huts, and four of their chief men presently came forward to meet the strangers, advancing very deliberately, and holding up toward the sun two calumets [1] or peace-pipes, decorated with feathers. They stopped abruptly, before the two Frenchmen, and stood gazing at them without saying a word. Marquette was much relieved on seeing that they wore French cloth, whence he judged that they

must be friends and allies. He broke the silence, and asked them who they were; whereupon they answered that they were Illinois, and offered the pipe; which having been duly smoked, they all went together to the village.

Here the chief received the travellers after a singular fashion, meant to do them honor. He stood stark naked at the door of a large wigwam, holding up both hands as if to shield his eyes. "Frenchmen, how bright the sun shines when you come to visit us! All our village awaits you; and you shall enter our wigwams in peace." So saying, he led them into his own, which was crowded to suffocation with savages, staring at their guests in silence. Having smoked with the chiefs and old men, they were invited to visit the great chief of all the Illinois, at one of the villages they had seen in the distance; and thither they proceeded, followed by a throng of warriors, squaws and children.

On arriving, they were forced to smoke again, and listen to a speech of welcome from the great chief, who delivered it standing between two old men, naked like himself. His lodge

was crowded with the dignitaries of the tribe, whom Marquette addressed in Algonquin, announcing himself as a messenger sent by the God who had made them, and whom it behooved them to recognize and obey. He added a few words touching the power and glory of Count Frontenac, and concluded by asking information regarding the Mississippi, and the tribes along its banks, whom he was on his way to visit.

The chief replied with a speech of compliment; assuring his guests that their presence added flavor to his tobacco, made the river more calm, the sky more serene, and the earth more beautiful. In conclusion, he gave them a young slave and a calumet, begging them at the same time to abandon their purpose of descending the Mississippi.

A feast of four courses now followed. First, a wooden bowl full of a porridge of Indian meal boiled with grease was set before the guests; and the master of ceremonies fed them in turn, like infants, with a large spoon. Then appeared a platter of fish; and the same functionary, carefully removing the bones with his fingers,

and blowing on the morsels to cool them, placed them in the mouths of the two Frenchmen. A large dog, killed and cooked for the occasion, was next placed before them; but, failing to tempt their fastidious appetites, was supplanted by a dish of fat buffalo meat, which concluded the entertainment. The crowd having dispersed, buffalo robes were spread on the ground, and Marquette and Joliet spent the night on the scene of the late festivity. In the morning the chief, with some six hundred of his tribesmen, escorted them to their canoes and bade them, after their stolid fashion, a friendly farewell.

Again they were on their way, slowly drifting down the great river. They passed the mouth of the Illinois, and glided beneath that line of rocks on the eastern side, cut into fantastic forms by the elements, and marked as "The Ruined Castles" on some of the early French maps. Presently they beheld a sight which reminded them that the Devil was still lord paramount of this wilderness. On the flat face of a high rock were painted, in red, black and green, a pair of monsters, each "as large

as a calf, with horns like a deer, red eyes, a beard like a tiger, and a frightful expression of countenance. The face is something like that of a man, the body covered with scales; and the tail so long that it passes entirely around the body, over the head and between the legs, ending like that of a fish." Such is the account which the worthy Jesuit gives of these manitoes, or Indian gods. He confesses that at first they frightened him; and his imagination and that of his credulous companions was so wrought upon by these unhallowed efforts of Indian art, that they continued for a long time to talk of them as they plied their paddles.

They were thus engaged, when they were suddenly aroused by a real danger. A torrent of yellow mud rushed furiously athwart the calm blue current of the Mississippi, boiling and surging, and sweeping in its course logs, branches and uprooted trees. They had reached the mouth of the Missouri, where that savage river, descending from its mad career through a vast unknown of barbarism, poured its turbid floods into the bosom of its gentler sister.

Their light canoes whirled on the miry vortex

like dry leaves on an angry brook. "I never," writes Marquette, "saw anything more terrific;" but they escaped with their fright, and held their way down the turbulent and swollen current of the now united river.

They passed the lonely forest that covered the site of the destined city of St. Louis, and, a few days later, saw on their left the mouth of the stream to which the Iroquois had given the well-merited name of Ohio, or the "Beautiful River."

Soon they began to see the marshy shores buried in the dense growth of the cane, with its tall straight stems and feathery light-green foliage. The sun glowed through the hazy air with a languid, stifling heat, and by day and night mosquitoes in myriads left them no peace.

They had another encounter with some friendly Indians, who feasted the Frenchmen with buffalo-meat, bear's oil, and white plums; and gave them a variety of doubtful information, including the agreeable but delusive assurance that they would reach the mouth of the river in ten days. It was, in fact, more than a thousand miles distant.

After voyaging three hundred miles further, they decided that they had gone far enough to establish one important point, — that the Mississippi discharged its waters, not into the Atlantic or sea of Virginia, nor into the Gulf of California or Vermilion Sea, but into the Gulf of Mexico. They thought themselves nearer to its mouth than they actually were, and they feared that if they went farther they might be killed by Indians or captured by Spaniards, whereby the results of their discovery would be lost. Thereupon they resolved to return to Canada, and report what they had seen.

It was no easy task to urge their way upward, in the heat of midsummer, against the current of the dark and gloomy stream, toiling all day under the parching sun, and sleeping at night in the exhalations of the unwholesome shore, or in the narrow confines of their birch canoes, anchored on the river. Marquette fell ill; but in spite of that they pushed on, and reached Green Bay at the end of September, after an absence of four months, during which they had paddled their canoes somewhat more than twenty-five hundred miles.

CHAPTER III

LA SALLE'S WINTER JOURNEYS[1]

CONSPICUOUS in the annals of Canada stands the memorable name of Robert Cavelier de la Salle, the man who, beyond all his compeers, contributed to expand the boundary of the French empire in the west. La Salle commanded at Fort Frontenac,[2] erected near the outlet of Lake Ontario, on its northern shore. It formed then the most advanced military outpost of the colony. Here he lived among Indians and half-breeds, traders, *voyageurs*, bush-rangers and Franciscan monks, ruling his little empire with absolute sway, enforcing respect by his energy, but offending many by his sternness. Here he brooded upon the grand design which had long occupied his thoughts. He had resolved to finish the achievement of Father Marquette, to trace the unknown Mississippi to its mouth,

to plant the standard of his king in the newly discovered regions, and found colonies which should make good the sovereignty of France from the Frozen Ocean to Mexico.

At the close of the year 1678, his preparations were complete, and he sent his attendants to the banks of the river Niagara, where he soon followed in person. Here he began a little fort of palisades, and here, above the Falls, he built the first ship which ever explored the waters of the upper lake. Her name was the " Griffin " and her burden was forty-five tons. On the seventh of August, 1679, she began her adventurous voyage amid the speechless wonder of the Indians, who stood amazed, both at the unwonted size of the wooden canoe, at the flash and roar of the cannon from her decks, and at the carved figure of a griffin which sat crouched upon her prow.

She bore on her course along the virgin waters of Lake Erie, through the beautiful windings of the Detroit, and among the restless billows of Lake Huron, where a furious storm had well nigh engulfed her. La Salle and his party continued his voyage along Lake Michigan in

birch canoes, and after much suffering from famine and exposure, reached its southern end on the 18th of October.

He led his followers to the banks of the river now called the St. Joseph. Here again he built a fort. From there he pushed on into the unknown region of the Illinois; and now dangers and difficulties began to thicken about him. Indians were threatening; his men lost heart, clamored, grew mutinous, and repeatedly deserted; and worse than all, nothing was heard of the "Griffin," which had been sent back to Canada for necessary supplies. Weeks wore on, and doubt became certainty. She had foundered among the storms of those wilderness oceans; and her loss seemed to involve the ruin of the enterprise, since it was useless to go further without the expected supplies.

In this crisis, La Salle formed a resolution characteristic of his courage. He made up his mind to leave his men in charge of his officer, Tonty,[1] at a fort called Crèvecoeur,[2] which he had built on the river Illinois, and to go back to Canada for supplies. He knew that he could trust nobody else to go in his stead, and that,

unless the articles lost in the " Griffin " were replaced without delay, the expedition would be kept back a whole year and all of his money and that of the people interested in it would be lost in paying for its expenses.

He wrote in a letter at this time: " Though the thaws of approaching spring greatly increased the difficulties in the way, interrupted as it was everywhere by marshes and rivers, to say nothing of the length of the journey, which is about five hundred leagues in a direct line, and the danger of meeting Indians of four or five different nations through whose country we were to pass, as well as an Iroquois army which we knew were coming that way; though we must suffer all the time from hunger; sleep on the open ground, and often without food; watch by night and march by day, loaded with baggage, such as blanket, clothing, kettle, hatchet, gun, powder, lead, and skins to make moccasins; sometimes pushing through thickets, sometimes climbing rocks covered with ice and snow, sometimes wading whole days through marshes where the water was waist-deep and even more, at a season when the snow

was not entirely melted, — though I knew all this, it did not prevent me from resolving to go on foot to Fort Frontenac, to learn for myself what had become of my vessel, and to bring back the things we needed."

After a journey fully as arduous as he had anticipated, they reached Niagara on Easter Monday. There several of La Salle's men had been left the year before and there they still remained. They told him very bad news. Not only had he lost the " Griffin " and her lading of ten thousand crowns in value, but a ship from France, freighted with his goods, valued at more than twenty thousand livres,[1] had been totally wrecked at the mouth of the St. Lawrence; and of twenty hired men on their way from Europe to join him, some had been detained by his enemy, the Intendant Duchesneau, while all but four of the remainder, being told that he was dead, had returned home.

His three followers were all unfit for travel; he alone retained his strength and spirit. Taking with him three fresh men at Niagara he resumed his journey, and on the sixth of May

saw, looming through floods of rain, the familiar shores of his seignory and the bastioned walls of Fort Frontenac. During sixty-five days he had toiled almost incessantly, travelling, by the course he took, about a thousand miles through a country beset with every kind of danger and obstruction — "the most arduous journey," says a chronicler, "ever made by Frenchmen in America."

At Frontenac he heard more bad tidings. Man and Nature seemed in arms against him. His agents had plundered him; his creditors had seized his property; and several of his canoes, richly laden, had been lost in the rapids of the St. Lawrence. Undismayed, he hurried to Montreal, and, within a week, succeeded in getting the supplies which he required. He returned to Fort Frontenac, and was on the point of going back to the relief of the party he had left at Fort Crèvecoeur, when he received word that most of his men there had deserted, plundering the magazine, and throwing into the river all the arms, goods and stores which they could not carry off.

And now La Salle's work had to be begun

afresh. He had staked all, and all had apparently been lost. His friends were despondent; his foes exulted. Did he bend before the storm? No human eye could pierce the depths of his reserved and haughty nature; but the surface was calm, and no sign betrayed a shaken resolve or an altered purpose. When weaker men would have given up everything, he turned again to his work with the same vigor and the same apparent confidence as if borne on the full tide of success.

His best hope was in Tonty. If that brave and true-hearted officer and the three or four faithful men who had stayed with him could make good their foothold on the Illinois, and save from destruction the vessel on the stocks and the forge and the tools which had so laboriously been carried there, it was possible that his plan to explore the Mississippi might still be carried out.

There was no time to lose. Tonty must be helped soon or help would come too late. La Salle had already provided the necessary material, and in a few days he was ready. On the tenth of August he embarked again. With

him went his lieutenant La Forest, a surgeon, ship-carpenters, masons, soldiers, *voyageurs*, etc., twenty-five men in all.

They ascended the river Humber; crossed to Lake Simcoe, and thence descended the Severn to the Georgian Bay of Lake Huron; followed its eastern shore, coasted the Manitoulin Islands, and at length reached Michilimackinac. Here, as usual, all was hostile; and he had great difficulty in inducing the Indians, who had been excited against him, to sell him provisions.

As he was in a hurry to reach Tonty, he pushed forward with twelve men, leaving La Forest to bring on the rest. A deep anxiety possessed him. He had heard some time before that the fierce tribes of the Iroquois Indians were on the point of invading the country of the more peaceful Illinois. If they had done so Tonty and his men, who were living with the Illinois, were in great danger.

He came finally to the northern branch of the Illinois River. When he had passed there before, all was solitude; but now the scene was changed. The boundless waste was thronged

with life. He beheld that wonderful spectacle, not so many years ago[1] to be seen on the plains of the far West, the memory of which can quicken the pulse and stir the blood after the lapse of years; far and near, the prairie was alive with buffalo; now like black specks dotting the distant swells; now trampling by in ponderous columns, or filing in long lines, morning, noon, and night, to drink at the river, — wading, plunging, and snorting in the water; climbing the muddy shores, and staring with wild eyes at the passing canoes. It was an opportunity not to be lost. The party landed, and encamped for a hunt. Sometimes they hid under the shelving bank, and shot them as they came to drink; sometimes, flat on their faces, they dragged themselves through the long dead grass, till the savage bulls, guardians of the herds, ceased their grazing, raised their huge heads, and glared through tangled hair at the dangerous intruders. The hunt was successful. In three days the hunters killed twelve buffalo, besides deer, geese, and swans. They cut the meat into thin flakes, and dried it in the sun or in the smoke of their fires. The

men were in high spirits, — delighting in the sport, and rejoicing in the prospect of relieving Tonty and his hungry followers with a plentiful supply.

Soon afterwards, floating down the river, they approached the great town of the Illinois,[1] which according to Indian custom, had been deserted during the winter. Here he expected to find Tonty, for, passing through it on his way east, his attention had been attracted to a remarkable cliff of yellow sandstone, a natural fortress, a mile or more above the village, which a score of resolute white men might make good against a host of savages; and he had sent Tonty an order to examine it and make it his stronghold in case of need.

It was time for the hunters to be back, but none were to be seen; no saluting whoop greeted their ears. They came under the cliff which La Salle had ordered Tonty to occupy; but as he scanned its lofty top he saw no palisades, no cabins, no sign of human hand. Now the meadow opened before them where the great town had stood. They gazed, astonished and confounded; all was desolation. The town had

vanished, and the meadow was black with fire! They plied their paddles, hastened to the spot, landed; and as they looked around their cheeks grew white, and the blood was frozen in their veins!

Before them lay a plain once swarming with wild human life and covered with Indian dwellings, now a waste of devastation and death, strewn with heaps of ashes, and bristling with the charred poles and stakes which had formed the framework of the lodges. At the points of most of them were stuck human skulls. All the *caches*, or subterranean store-houses of the villagers, had been broken open and the contents scattered. The cornfields were laid waste, and much of the corn thrown into heaps and half burned. Near at hand was the burial ground of the village. The travellers sickened with horror as they entered it. Every grave had been rifled, and the bodies flung down from the scaffold where, after the Illinois custom, many of them had been placed. The field was strewn with broken bones and torn and mangled corpses. There were no signs of a battle with the living, but a hyena warfare had been waged

against the dead. La Salle knew the handiwork of the ferocious Iroquois.

As he surveyed this scene of havoc one thought engrossed him; where were Tonty and his men? He searched a rough fort of trunks, boughs and roots of trees laid together; there were many traces of its savage occupants, and, among them, a few fragments of French clothing. He examined the skulls; but the hair, portions of which clung to nearly all of them, was in every case that of an Indian. Evening came on before he had finished the search. The sun set, and the wilderness sank to its savage rest. Night and silence brooded over the waste, where, far as the raven could wing his flight, stretched the dark domain of solitude and horror.

Yet there was no silence at the spot where La Salle and his companions made their bivouac. The howling of the wolves filled the air. More dangerous foes were not far off, for before nightfall they had seen fresh Indian tracks; but, "as it was very cold," says La Salle, "this did not prevent us from making a fire and lying down by it, each of us keeping

watch in turn. I spent the night in a distress which you can imagine better than I can write it; and I did not sleep a wink with trying to make up my mind as to what I ought to do."

La Salle had found one clue which made him imagine that possibly Tonty and his party had been carried away by the Illinois, and not killed by the Iroquois. This was the discovery of six pointed sticks set in the ground and painted red, near the garden of the Indians. On each of them was the figure of a man with bandaged eyes, drawn in black. He writes, "as the savages often set stakes of this sort where they have killed people, I thought, by their number and position, that when the Iroquois came, the Illinois, finding our men alone in the hut near the garden, had either killed them or made them prisoners."

Feeble as this hope was, it made him decide to push forward in order to learn more. In the morning he set out with four of his men, leaving the others to keep watch near the ruined village. Each of La Salle's party was armed with two guns, a pistol, and a sword; and a number of hatchets and other goods were

placed in the canoe, as presents for Indians whom they might meet.

Several leagues below the village they found, on their right hand close to the river, a sort of island, made inaccessible by the marshes and water which surrounded it. Here the flying Illinois had sought refuge with their women and children, and the place was full of their deserted huts. On the left bank, exactly opposite, was an abandoned camp of the Iroquois. On the level meadow stood a hundred and thirteen huts, and on the forest trees which covered the hills behind were carved the totems, or insignia of the chiefs, together with marks to show the number of followers which each had led to the war. La Salle counted five hundred and eighty-two warriors. He found marks for the Illinois killed or captured but none to indicate that any of the Frenchmen had shared their fate.

As they descended the river, they passed on the same day, six abandoned camps of the Illinois; and opposite to each was a camp of the invaders. The former, it was clear, had retreated in a body; while the Iroquois had

followed their march, day by day, along the other bank.

La Salle and his companions hastened on and during the following day passed four opposing camps of the savage armies. The silence of death now reigned along the deserted river, whose lonely borders, wrapped deep in forests, seemed lifeless as the grave. As they drew near the mouth of the stream they saw a meadow on their right and on its farthest verge several human figures, erect, yet motionless. They landed, and cautiously examined the place. The long grass was trampled down, and all around were strewn the relics of the hideous orgies which formed the ordinary sequel of an Iroquois victory. The figures they had seen were the half-consumed bodies of women, still bound to the stakes. All the remains were those of women and children. The men, it seemed, had fled, and left them to their fate.

Here, again, La Salle sought long and anxiously, without finding the smallest sign that could indicate the presence of Frenchmen. Once more descending the river they soon

reached its mouth. Before them, a broad eddying current rolled swiftly on its way; and La Salle saw the Mississippi — the object of his day-dream, the destined avenue of his ambition and hopes.

It was no time for reflections. The moment was too engrossing, too heavily charged with anxieties and cares. From a rock on the shore, he saw a tree stretched forward above the stream; and stripping off its bark to make it more conspicuous, he hung upon it a board on which he had drawn the figures of himself and his men, seated in their canoes and bearing a pipe of peace. To this he tied a letter for Tonty, telling him that he had returned up the river to the ruined village.

He and his men now took their way back. After they had passed the deserted village they followed a different route than that by which they had come, and soon discovered by the margin of the Illinois River, a rude cabin of bark. La Salle landed and examined the spot, when an object met his eye which cheered him with a bright gleam of hope. It was only a piece of wood; but the wood had been cut with

a saw! Tonty and his party, then, had passed this way! With rekindled hope, the travellers pursued their journey, leaving their canoes, and making their way overland towards the fort on the St. Joseph.

At last, after encountering severe snow-storms they reached their goal, and found shelter and safety within the walls of Fort Miami. Here was the party left in charge of a lieutenant; but, to his surprise and grief, La Salle heard no tidings of Tonty.

And now while he rests at Fort Miami, let us trace the adventures which befell Tonty and his followers, after their chief's departure from Fort Crèvecoeur.

CHAPTER IV

TONTY'S ADVENTURES WITH THE INDIANS[1]

THE situation of Tonty, La Salle's lieutenant, has been described in the previous chapter. With a feeble band, consisting of three men and two priests, he was left among a horde of treacherous savages, the Illinois, who had been taught to regard him as a secret enemy.[2] He himself was not strong physically, and was disabled, moreover, by the loss of a hand, but he possessed extraordinary courage.

Making up his mind, apparently, to disarm the jealousy of the Indians by a show of confidence, he took up his abode in the midst of them, making his quarters in the great village, whither, as spring opened, its inhabitants returned, to the number of seven or eight thousand. Here he conveyed the forge and such tools as he could recover, and here he hoped to

maintain himself till La Salle should reappear. The spring and the summer passed, and he looked anxiously for his coming, unconscious that a storm was gathering in the East, soon to burst with fury over the fertile wilderness of the Illinois.

The ferocious Iroquois, throughout a wide semicircle around their cantons, had made the forest a solitude; had destroyed the Hurons, exterminated the Neutrals and the Eries, reduced the formidable Andastes to helpless insignificance, swept the borders of the St. Lawrence with fire, and spread havoc and desolation among the Algonquins of Canada. Now, tired of peace, they were seeking new nations to devour. The chiefs met together, war was decreed, the war-dance was danced, the war-song sung, and five hundred warriors began their march.

Let us stand in fancy on the banks of the Illinois River, on the site of the present village of Utica, in the year 1680. We are in the midst of the great town of the Illinois, — hundreds of mat-covered lodges, and thousands of congregated savages. Enter one of their dwellings;

they will not think you an intruder. Some friendly squaw will lay a mat for you by the fire; you may seat yourself upon it, smoke your pipe, and study the lodge and its inmates by the light that streams through the holes at the top. Three and four fires smoke and smoulder on the ground down the middle of the long arched structure; and as to each fire there are two families, the place is somewhat crowded when all are present. But now there is breathing room, for many are in the fields. A squaw sits weaving a mat of rushes; a warrior, naked except his moccasins, and tattooed with fantastic devices, binds a stone arrow-head to its shaft, with the fresh sinews of a buffalo. Some lie asleep, some sit staring in vacancy, some are eating, some are squatted in lazy chat around a fire. The smoke brings water to your eyes; the fleas annoy you; small, unkempt children, naked as young puppies, crawl about your knees and will not be repelled. You have seen enough; you rise and go out again into the sunlight.

It is, if not a peaceful, at least a languid scene. A few voices break the stillness, mingled

with the joyous chirping of crickets from the grass. Young men lie flat on their faces, basking in the sun; a group of their elders are smoking around a buffalo-skin on which they have just been playing a game of chance with cherry-stones. Not far off is the graveyard, where lie the dead of the village, some buried in the earth, some wrapped in skins and laid aloft on scaffolds, above the reach of wolves. In the cornfields around, you see squaws at their labor, and children driving off intruding birds; and your eye ranges over the meadows beyond, spangled with the yellow blossoms of the resin-weed and the Rudbeckia, or over the bordering hills still green with the foliage of summer.

This, or something like it, one can safely say, was the appearance at noon of the tenth of September, 1680. In a hut apart from the rest were the four Frenchmen, Tonty, the young Sieur de Boisrondet, the servant L'Esperance, and a Parisian youth named Etienne Renault. The friars, Membré and Ribourde,[1] were not in the village, but at a hut a league distant, where they had gone for prayer and meditation. Their missionary labors had not

been fruitful; they had made no converts, and were in despair at the stubbornness of the Indians. As for the other Frenchmen, time, probably, hung heavy on their hands; for nothing can surpass the vacant monotony of an Indian town, when there is neither hunting, nor war, nor feasts, nor dances, nor gambling, to beguile the lagging hours.

Suddenly the village was wakened from its quiet as by the crash of a thunderbolt. A Shawanoe, lately there on a visit, had left his Illinois friends to return home. He now reappeared, crossing the river in hot haste, with the announcement that he had met, on his way, an army of Iroquois approaching to attack them. All was panic and confusion. The lodges disgorged their frightened inmates; women and children screamed, startled warriors snatched their weapons. There were less than five hundred of them, for the greater part of the young men had gone to war. A crowd of excited Indians thronged about Tonty and his Frenchmen, already objects of their suspicion, charging them, with furious gestures, with having stirred up their enemies to invade them. Tonty

defended himself in broken Illinois, but the naked mob were but half convinced. They seized the forge and tools and flung them into the river, with all the goods that had been saved from the deserters; then, distrusting their power to defend themselves, they manned the wooden canoes which lay in multitudes by the bank, embarked their women and children, and paddled down the stream to that island of dry land in the midst of marshes which La Salle afterwards found filled with their deserted huts. Sixty warriors remained here to guard them, and the rest returned to the village. All night long fires blazed along the shore. The excited warriors greased their bodies, painted their faces, befeathered their heads, sang their war-songs, danced, stamped, yelled, and brandished their hatchets, to work up their courage to face the crisis. The morning came, and with it came the Iroquois.

Young warriors had gone out as scouts, and now they returned. They had seen the enemy in the line of forest that bordered the river Aramoni, or Vermilion, and had stealthily reconnoitred them. They were very numerous,

and armed for the most part with guns, pistols, and swords. Some had bucklers of wood, or rawhide, and some wore those corselets of tough twigs interwoven with cordage which their fathers had used when firearms were unknown. The scouts declared that they had seen a Jesuit priest among the Iroquois; nay, that La Salle himself was there, whence it must follow that Tonty and his men were enemies and traitors. The supposed Jesuit was only an Iroquois chief arrayed in a black hat, doublet and stockings; while another, clothed in a somewhat similar fashion, passed in the distance for La Salle. But the Illinois were furious.

Tonty's life hung by a thread. A crowd of savages surrounded him, mad with rage and terror. He had come lately from Europe and knew little of Indians, but, as the friar Membré says of him, "he was full of intelligence and courage," and when they heard him declare that he and his Frenchmen would go with them to fight the Iroquois, their threats grew less clamorous and their eyes glittered with a less deadly lustre.

Whooping and screeching, they ran to their

canoes, crossed the river, climbed the woody hill, and swarmed down upon the plain beyond. About a hundred of them had guns; the rest were armed with bows and arrows. They were now face to face with the enemy, who had emerged from the woods of the Vermilion, and were advancing on the open prairie. With unwonted spirit, for their reputation as warriors was by no means high, the Illinois began, after their fashion, to charge; that is, they leaped, yelled, and shot off bullets and arrows, advancing as they did so; while the Iroquois replied with gymnastics no less agile and howlings no less terrific, mingled with the rapid clatter of their guns. Tonty saw that it would go hard with his allies. It was of the greatest importance to stop the fight, if possible. The Iroquois were, or professed to be, at peace with the French; and, taking counsel of his courage, he resolved on an attempt to make peace, which may well be called a desperate one.

He laid aside his gun, took in his hand a wampum belt[1] as a flag of truce, and walked forward to meet the savage multitude, attended by Boisrondet, another Frenchman, and a young

Illinois who had the courage to accompany him. The guns of the Iroquois flashed thick and fast. Some of them were aimed at him, on which he sent back the two Frenchmen and the Illinois, and advanced alone, holding out the wampum belt.

A moment more, and he was among the infuriated warriors. It was a frightful spectacle, — the contorted forms, bounding, crouching, twisting, to deal or dodge the shot; the small keen eyes that shone like an angry snake's; the parted lips pealing their fiendish yells; the painted features writhing with pain and fury; and every passion of an Indian fight, — man, wolf, and devil, all in one. With his swarthy complexion and half-savage dress, they thought he was an Indian, and thronged about him, glaring murder. A young warrior stabbed at his heart with his knife, but the point glanced aside against a rib, inflicting only a deep gash. A chief called out that as his ears were not pierced he must be a Frenchman. On this, some of them tried to stop the bleeding, and led him to the rear, where an angry conversation ensued, while the yells and firing still re-

sounded in the front. Tonty, breathless and bleeding at the mouth with the force of the blow he had received, found words to declare that the Illinois were under the protection of the King and the governor of Canada, and to demand that they should be left in peace.

A young Iroquois snatched Tonty's hat, placed it on the end of his gun, and displayed it to the Illinois, who, thereupon thinking he was killed, renewed the fight; and the firing in front clattered more angrily than before. A warrior ran in, crying that the Iroquois were giving ground, and that there were Frenchmen among the Illinois, who fired at them. On this, the clamor around Tonty was redoubled. Some wished to kill him at once; others resisted. "I was never," he writes, "in such perplexity; for at that moment there was an Iroquois behind me, with a knife in his hand, lifting my hair as if he were going to scalp me. I thought it was all over with me, and that my best hope was that they would knock me in the head instead of burning me, as I believed they would do."

In fact, a Seneca chief demanded that he

should be burned; while an Onondaga chief, a friend of La Salle's, was for setting him free. The friendly Onondaga carried his point; and the Iroquois, having failed to surprise their enemies, as they had hoped, now saw an opportunity to delude them by a truce. They sent back Tonty with a belt of peace; he held it aloft in sight of the Illinois; chiefs and old warriors ran to stop the fight; the yells and the firing ceased; and Tonty, like one waked from a hideous nightmare, dizzy, almost fainting with loss of blood, staggered across the intervening prairie, to rejoin his friends.

The Illinois now withdrew to their island in the stream, while the Iroquois took possession of the abandoned town, building for themselves the fort which La Salle found later on. Tonty and his companions still occupied their hut; but the Iroquois, becoming suspicious of them, forced them to remove to the fort, crowded as it was with the savage crew. On the second day he was sent to negotiate with the Illinois, and a treaty of peace was concluded; but no sooner was it made than the Iroquois prepared to break it, and set about constructing canoes

of elm-bark, in which to attack the Illinois women and children in their island sanctuary. Tonty warned his allies, in consequence, not to pay any attention to the pretended peace. The Iroquois, on their part, grew hourly more jealous of him, and would certainly have killed him, if it had not been their policy to keep the peace with Frontenac and the French.

Several days after, they summoned him and Membré to a council. Six packs of beaver-skins were brought in; and the savage orator presented them to Tonty in turn, explaining their meaning as he did so. The first two were to declare that the children of Count Frontenac — that is, the Illinois — should not be eaten: the next was a plaster to heal Tonty's wound; the next was oil to anoint him and Membré, that they might not be fatigued in travelling; the next proclaimed that the sun was bright; and the sixth and last required them to decamp and go home. Tonty thanked them for their gifts, but demanded when they themselves meant to go and leave the Illinois in peace. At this, the conclave grew angry; and, in spite of their late pledge, some of them said that

before they went they would eat Illinois flesh.[1] Tonty instantly kicked away the packs of beaver-skin, the Indian symbol of the scornful rejection of a proposal, telling them that since they meant to eat the governor's children he would have none of their presents. The chiefs, in a rage, rose and drove him from the lodge. The French withdrew to their hut, where they stood all night on the watch, expecting an attack, and resolved to sell their lives dearly. At daybreak, the chiefs ordered them to begone.

Tonty now thought that he had done all he could to protect the Illinois against their ferocious assailants, so he embarked in a leaky canoe with his men and began to ascend the river.

In the ruined village of the Illinois their savage foes now wreaked their fury on the dead. They dug up the graves; they threw down the scaffolds. Some of the bodies they burned, some they threw to the dogs; some, they ate. Then they turned to pursue the Illinois, who, when the French withdrew, had abandoned their asylum and retreated down the river. The Iroquois followed them along the opposite

bank, each night encamping face to face with them; and thus the adverse bands moved slowly southward, till they were near the mouth of the river.

The Illinois now rashly separated into their separate tribes, some descending the Mississippi, others crossing to the western side. One of the principal tribes, the Tamaroas, was so foolish as to remain near the mouth of the Illinois, where the Iroquois very soon assailed them. The men fled, and very few of them were killed; but the women and children were captured. Then followed that scene of torture of which, some two weeks later, La Salle found the revolting traces.

At length the conquerors withdrew, exulting in their triumphs over women, children, and the dead.

Meanwhile Tonty and his party had met with a sad accident in the death of Father Ribourde, who had been murdered by a band of Kickapoo Indians while strolling alone through the woods. The others, though not attacked by Indians, had hard work to keep alive, as all they had to eat was acorns and roots. After a while the

cold became intense, and it was no easy task to grub up wild onions from the frozen ground to save themselves from starving. Tonty fell ill of a fever and a swelling of the limbs, which disabled him from travelling, and hence ensued a long delay. At length they neared Green Bay, where they would have starved, if they had not found a few ears of corn and frozen squashes in the fields of an empty Indian town.

After a while they fell in with some friendly Indians, a party of Kiskakon Ottawas. Tonty writes, "They took us into their canoes, and carried us to an Indian village, only two leagues off. There we found five Frenchmen, who received us kindly, and all the Indians seemed to take pleasure in sending us food; so that, after thirty-four days of starvation, we found our famine turned to abundance."

This hospitable village belonged to the Pottawattamies, and was under the sway of a chief who had befriended La Salle the year before, and who was wont to say that he knew but three great captains in the world — Frontenac, La Salle, and himself.

They spent the winter at this village, and

in the spring succeeded in reaching Michilimackinac.

There they found La Salle. The meeting was one at which even the latter's stoic nature must have melted. Each had for the other a tale of disaster; but when La Salle recounted the long succession of his reverses, it was with the tranquil tone and cheerful look of one who relates the incidents of an ordinary journey. Without loss of time they embarked together for Fort Frontenac, paddled their canoes a thousand miles, and safely reached their destination.

CHAPTER V

LA SALLE FINDS THE MOUTH OF THE MISSISSIPPI[1]

AT the third beginning of his enterprise, La Salle found himself beset with embarrassments. Not only was he burdened with the fruitless cost of his two former efforts, but the heavy debts which he had incurred in building and maintaining Fort Frontenac had not been wholly paid. The fort and the seignory were already deeply mortgaged; yet through the influence of Count Frontenac and the help of others, he found means to appease his creditors and even to gain fresh advances. Once more he mustered his men and set forth, resolved to trust no more to agents, but to lead on his followers in a united body, under his own personal command.

At the beginning of autumn he was at Toronto. It was October before he reached Lake Huron. Day after day and week after week

the heavy-laden canoes crept on along the lonely wilderness shores, by the monotonous ranks of bristling moss-bearded firs; lake and forest, forest and lake; a dreary scene haunted with yet more dreary memories, — disasters, sorrows and deferred hopes; time, strength and wealth spent in vain; a ruinous past and a doubtful future; slander, obloquy and hate. With unmoved heart the patient voyager held his course, and drew up his canoes at last on the beach of Fort Miami on the St. Joseph.

The season was far advanced. On the bare limbs of the forest hung a few withered remnants of its gay autumnal livery; and the smoke crept upward through the sullen November air from the squalid wigwams of La Salle's Abenaki and Mohegan allies. These, his new friends, were savages whose midnight yells had startled the border hamlets of New England; who had danced around Puritan scalps, and whom Puritan imaginations painted as incarnate fiends. La Salle chose eighteen of them, whom he added to the twenty-three Frenchmen who remained with him, some of the rest having deserted and others lagged be-

hind. The Indians insisted on taking their squaws with them. These were ten in number, besides three children; and thus the expedition included fifty-four persons, of whom some were useless and others a burden.

On the 21st of December, Tonty and Membré[1] set out from Fort Miami with some of the party in six canoes, and crossed to the little river Chicago. La Salle, with the rest of his men, joined them a few days later. It was the dead of winter and the streams were frozen. They made sledges, placed on them the canoes, the baggage and a disabled Frenchman; crossed from the Chicago to the northern branch of the Illinois, and filed in a long procession down its frozen course. They reached the site of the great Illinois village, found it tenantless, and continued their journey, still dragging their canoes, till at length they reached open water below Lake Peoria.

La Salle had abandoned for a time his original plan of building a vessel for the navigation of the Mississippi. Bitter experience had taught him the difficulty of the attempt, and he resolved to trust to his canoes alone. They em-

barked again, floating prosperously down between the leafless forests that flanked the tranquil river; till, on the sixth of February, they issued upon the majestic bosom of the Mississippi. Here, for a time, their progress was stopped; for the river was full of floating ice. La Salle's Indians, too, had lagged behind; but within a week all had arrived, the navigation was once more free, and they resumed their course.

Towards evening they saw on their right the mouth of a great river; and the clear current was invaded by the headlong torrent of the Missouri, opaque with mud. They built their camp-fires in the neighboring forest; and at daylight, embarking anew on the dark and mighty stream, drifted swiftly down towards unknown destinies.

With every stage of their adventurous progress the mystery of this vast New World was more and more unveiled. More and more they entered the realms of Spring. The hazy sunlight, the warm and drowsy air, the tender foliage, the opening flowers, betokened the reviving life of Nature. For several days more

they followed the writhings of the great river on its tortuous course through wastes of swamps and cane-brake, till on the thirteenth of March they found themselves wrapped in a thick fog.

Neither shore was visible; but they heard on the right the booming of an Indian drum and the shrill outcries of the war-dance. La Salle at once crossed to the opposite side, where, in less than an hour, his men threw up a rude fort of felled trees. Meanwhile the fog cleared; and from the farther bank the astonished Indians saw the strange visitors at their work. Some of the French advanced to the edge of the water, and beckoned them to come over. Several of them approached in a wooden canoe, to within the distance of a gun-shot. La Salle displayed the calumet,[1] and sent a Frenchman to meet them. He was well received; and the friendly mood of the Indians now being apparent, the whole party crossed the river.

On landing, they found themselves at a town of the Kappa band of the Arkansas, a people dwelling near the mouth of the river which bears their name. "The whole village,"

writes Membré to his superior, "came down to the shore to meet us, except the women, who had run off. I cannot tell you the civility and kindness we received from these barbarians, who brought us poles to make huts, supplied us with firewood during the three days we were among them, and took turns in feasting us. We did not lose the value of a pin while we were with them."

Various were the dances and ceremonies with which they entertained the strangers, who, on their part, responded with a solemnity which their hosts would have liked less if they had understood it better. La Salle and Tonty, at the head of their followers, marched to the open area in the midst of the village. Here, to the admiration of the gazing crowd of warriors, women and children, a cross was raised bearing the arms of France. Membré sang a hymn; the men shouted "Vive le Roi;" and La Salle, in the King's name, took formal possession of the country.

After touching at several other towns of this people, the voyagers resumed their course, guided by two of the Arkansas; passed the

sites, since become historic, of Vicksburg and Grand Gulf; and, about three hundred miles below the Arkansas, stopped by the edge of a swamp on the western side of the river.

Here, as their two guides told them, was the path to the great town of the Taensas.[1] Tonty and Membré were sent to visit it. They and their men shouldered their birch canoe through the swamp, and launched it on a lake which had once formed a portion of the channel of the river. In two hours they reached the town; and Tonty gazed at it in astonishment. He had seen nothing like it in America, — large square buildings, built of sun-baked mud mixed with straw, arched over with a dome-shaped roof of canes, and placed in regular order around an open area. Two of them were larger and better than the rest. One was the lodge of the chief; the other was the temple, or house of the Sun.

They entered the former, and found a single room, forty feet square, where, in the dim light, — for there was no opening but the door, — the chief sat awaiting them on a sort of bedstead, three of his wives at his side; while sixty

old men, wrapped in white cloaks woven of mulberry-bark, formed his divan.[1] When he spoke, his wives howled to do him honor; and the assembled councillors listened with the reverence due to a potentate for whom, at his death, a hundred victims were to be sacrificed.

He received the visitors graciously, and joyfully accepted the gifts which Tonty laid before him. The interview over, the Frenchmen went to the temple, wherein were kept the bones of the departed chiefs. It was built in much the same way as the royal dwelling. Over it were rude, wooden figures, representing three eagles turned towards the east. A strong mud wall surrounded it, planted with stakes, on which were stuck the skulls of enemies sacrificed to the Sun; while before the door was a block of wood, on which lay a large shell surrounded with the braided hair of the victims.

The interior was rude as a barn, dimly lighted from the doorway, and full of smoke. There was a structure in the middle which Membré thinks was a kind of altar; and before it burned a perpetual fire, fed with three logs laid end to end, and watched by two old men devoted to

Tonty offering presents to the Chief of the Taensas. *Page* 78.

this sacred office. There was a mysterious recess, too, which the strangers were forbidden to explore, but which, as Tonty was told, contained the riches of the nation, consisting of pearls from the Gulf, and trinkets, obtained probably through other tribes, from the Spaniards and other Europeans.

The chief condescended to visit La Salle at his camp, — a favor which he would by no means have granted, had the visitors been Indians. A master of ceremonies and six attendants preceded him, to clear the path and prepare the place of meeting. When all was ready, he was seen advancing, clothed in a white robe and preceded by two men bearing white fans, while a third displayed a disk of burnished copper, — doubtless to represent the Sun, his ancestor, or as others will have it, his elder brother. He looked marvellously grave, and he and La Salle met with gestures of great courtesy. The interview was very friendly; and the chief returned well pleased with the gifts which his entertainer bestowed on him, and which, indeed, had been the principal motive of his visit.

Towards the sixth of April they began to near their journey's end. The river divided itself into three channels. La Salle followed that of the west, one of his followers that of the east; while Tonty took the middle passage. As he drifted down the turbid current, between the low and marshy shores, the brackish water changed to brine, and the breeze grew fresh with the salt breath of the sea. Then the broad bosom of the great Gulf opened on his sight, tossing its restless billows, voiceless, lonely as when born of chaos, without a sail, without a sign of life.

La Salle, in a canoe, coasted the marshy borders of the sea; and then the reunited parties assembled on a spot of dry ground, a short distance above the mouth of the river. Here a column was made ready, bearing the arms of France, and inscribed with the words, "Louis Le Grand, Roy de France et de Navarre, règne; le Neuvième Avril, 1682."[1]

The Frenchmen were mustered under arms; and while the New England Indians and their squaws looked on in wondering silence, they held religious services and La Salle planted

the column, claiming for the King of France "possession of this country of Louisiana." Shouts of Vive le Roi and volleys of musketry responded to his words. A cross was planted beside the column, and a leaden plate buried near it, bearing the arms of France. The weather-beaten voyagers joined their voices in the grand hymn,

> "The banners of Heaven's King advance,
> The mystery of the Cross shines forth"

and renewed shouts of Vive le Roi closed the ceremony.

On that day, the realm of France received on parchment a stupendous accession. The fertile plains of Texas, the vast basin of the Mississippi, from its frozen northern springs to the sultry borders of the Gulf; from the woody ridges of the Alleghanies to the bare peaks of the Rocky Mountains, a region of savannahs and forests, sun-cracked deserts and grassy prairies, watered by a thousand rivers, ranged by a thousand warlike tribes, passed beneath the sceptre of the Sultan of Versailles; [1] and all by virtue of a feeble human voice, inaudible at half a mile.

CHAPTER VI

THE ASSASSINATION OF LA SALLE[1]

AFTER La Salle had discovered the Mississippi and found his way back to Canada, he felt that the first stage of his enterprise was accomplished. Much more, however, remained to be done. Accordingly, he returned to France, where he had an interview with the King,[2] who regarded his plans favorably. The latter had long been irritated against the Spaniards, because they not only excluded his subjects from their American ports, but forbade them to enter the Gulf of Mexico, even in time of peace. The two nations were now at war, and it was thought desirable to establish a French port on the Gulf, as a permanent menace to the Spaniards and as a basis of future conquest. This La Salle promised to do.

All his requests were granted, and he set

sail with four vessels, carrying one hundred soldiers, besides mechanics and laborers, thirty volunteers, some missionaries, and several families with women and children.

The journey was marked by hardship and ill-feeling throughout. La Salle was on bad terms with the commander, who thought him suspicious and unreasonable. One of the ships was taken by Spanish buccaneers, another was wrecked; but the worst disaster was the fact that they missed the mouth of the Mississippi by more than 1400 miles. Finally, they encamped at the entrance of Matagorda Bay on the coast of what is now the state of Texas. Here, among tents and hovels, bales, boxes, spars, dismounted cannon, and pens for fowls and swine, were gathered the dejected men and homesick women who were to seize the Spanish province of New Biscay and hold for France a region half as large as Europe.

La Salle explored the country and found a spot which he thought well-fitted for a temporary establishment. It was on the river which he named La Vache, and here he finally removed some of the colonists by land, putting

others of the men and all his stores on board a frigate called the " Belle."

Death made withering havoc among his followers. Before the summer had passed, the graveyard had more than thirty tenants. The bearing of La Salle did not raise their drooping spirits. The results of the enterprise had been far distant from his hopes; the present was beset with trouble, the future thick with storms. The consciousness rendered him the more active; but it made him stern, harsh and often unjust to those beneath him.

After the necessary work was accomplished, and the colony to some extent housed and fortified in a place which he christened Fort St. Louis, La Salle set out on an exploring expedition to find the mouth of the Mississippi. He met with no success, and furthermore learned on his way back that the " Belle " had probably been lost. The disaster was incalculable. He had relied on this vessel to transport the colonists to the Mississippi as soon as it should be found; and thinking her a safer place of deposit than the fort, he had put on board of her all his papers and personal baggage, besides

a great quantity of stores, ammunition and tools. The boat was, moreover, their only chance for getting back to France, for the one which had brought them there had long since returned home.

La Salle now fell dangerously ill; but no sooner recovered than he made a resolution which could only have been the result of a desperate necessity. He determined to make his way by the Mississippi and the Illinois to Canada, whence he might bring help to the colonists, and send a report of their condition to France. The Mississippi was first to be found, then followed through all the perilous monotony of its interminable windings to a goal which was to be but the starting point of a new and not less arduous journey.

On the day after Twelfth Night [1] the band of adventurers mustered for the fatal journey. Five horses, bought by La Salle of the Indians, stood in the area of the fort, packed for the march; and here were gathered the wretched remnants of the colony, — those who were to go, and those who were to stay behind. The latter were about twenty in all — including

seven women and girls, and several children. La Salle had made them a last address; delivered, we are told, with that winning air, which, though alien from his natural bearing, seems to have been at times a natural expression of this unhappy man. It was a bitter parting, one of sighs, tears and embracings, — the farewell of those on whose souls had sunk a heavy boding that they would never meet again. Equipped and weaponed for the journey, the adventurers filed from the gate, crossed the river, and held their slow march over the prairies beyond, till intervening woods and hills shut Fort St. Louis from their sight.

It is impossible, as it would be needless, to follow the details of their daily march. It was such a one, though with unwonted hardship, as is familiar to the memory of many a prairie traveller of our own time. They met Indians almost daily, — sometimes a band of hunters, mounted or on foot, chasing buffalo on the plains; sometimes a party of fishermen; sometimes a winter camp, on the slope of a hill or under the sheltering border of a forest.

Holding a northerly course, the travellers

crossed the Brazos, and reached the waters of the Trinity. It was not an harmonious company. La Salle's cold and haughty reserve had returned, at least for those of his followers to whom he was not partial.

There were two men in the party, Duhaut and the surgeon Liotot, who, being men of some property and interested financially in the enterprise, were disappointed and angry at its ruinous result. They had had a quarrel with La Salle's nephew Moranget, who was of a hot and hasty temper; and Liotot, it is said, had secretly sworn vengeance against La Salle, whom he charged with having caused the death of his brother, or, as some will have it, his nephew. On a former journey with La Salle the young man's health had failed; and La Salle having ordered him to return to the fort, he had been killed by Indians on the way.

Another quarrel with Moranget over some buffalo's meat added fire to the fuel of Duhaut's old grudge. There is reason to think that he had long harbored deadly designs, the execution of which was only hastened. He was a man of respectable birth and education; and, at

home, perhaps, both he and Liotot might have lived and died with a fair repute; but the wilderness is a rude touchstone, which often reveals traits that would have lain buried and unsuspected in civilized life. The surgeon bore hatred against Moranget, because, after he had nursed him with constant attention when wounded by an Indian arrow, he had repaid him with abuse. These two now took counsel apart with three others in the party; and it was resolved to kill Moranget that night. Nika, La Salle's devoted Indian follower, and Saget, his faithful servant, must die with him.

The plotters and the plotted against were camping at some distance from the rest of the party, having been sent on an expedition in search of food. When night came on, the order of the guard was arranged, and doubtless by design the first hour of the night was assigned to Moranget, the second to Saget, and the third to Nika. Gun in hand, each stood watch in turn over the silent but not sleeping forms around him, till, his time expiring, he called the man who was to relieve him, wrapped

himself in his blanket, and was soon buried in a slumber that was to be his last.

Now the assassins rose. Duhaut and Hiens stood with their guns cocked, ready to shoot down any one of the destined victims who should resist or fly. The surgeon, with an axe, stole toward the three sleepers, and struck a rapid blow at each in turn. Saget and Nika died with little movement; but Moranget started spasmodically into a sitting posture, gasping and unable to speak; and the murderers compelled De Marle, who was not in the plot, to compromise himself by despatching him.

The floodgates of murder were open, and the torrent must have its way. Vengeance and safety alike demanded the death of La Salle, who was at his camp about six miles distant.

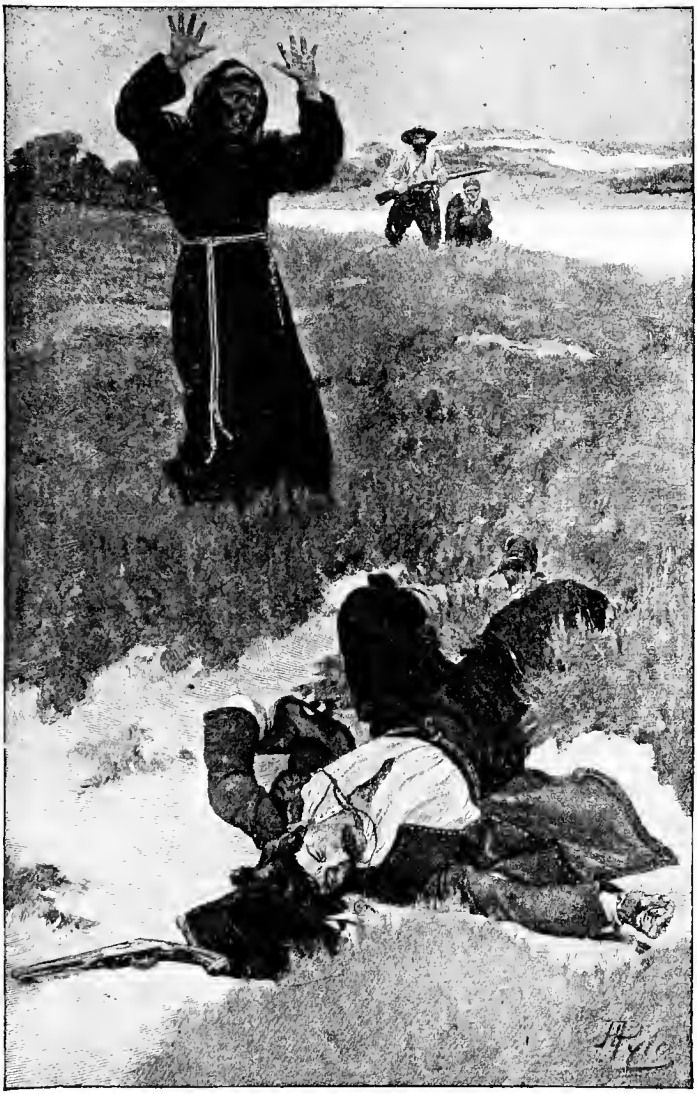
When a whole day had passed and Moranget and his companions had not appeared, La Salle became very anxious. He resolved to go and look for them; but not well knowing the way, he told the Indians who were about the camp that he would give them a hatchet if they would guide him. One of them accepted the offer,

and on the next morning La Salle set out with him and the friar, Anastase Douay.

"All the way," writes the friar, "he spoke to me of nothing but matters of piety; enlarging on the debt he owed to God, who had saved him from so many perils during more than twenty years of travel in America. Suddenly I saw him overwhelmed with a profound sadness, for which he himself could not account. He was so much moved that I scarcely knew him."

He soon recovered his usual calmness; and they walked on till they approached the camp of Duhaut, which was on the farther side of a small river. Looking about him with the eye of a woodsman, La Salle saw two eagles circling in the air nearly over him, as if attracted by the carcasses of beasts or men. He fired his gun and his pistol, as a summons to any of his followers who might be within hearing.

The shots reached the ears of the conspirators. Rightly conjecturing by whom they were fired, several of them, led by Duhaut, crossed the river at a little distance above, where trees or other intervening objects hid them from



The Assassination of La Salle. *Page* 91.

sight. Duhaut and the surgeon crouched like Indians in the long, dry, reed-like grass of the last summer's growth, while L'Archêveque, another of the party, stood in sight near the bank. La Salle, continuing to advance, soon saw him, and, calling to him, demanded where was Moranget. The man, without lifting his hat, or any show of respect, replied in an agitated and broken voice, but with a tone of studied insolence, that Moranget was strolling about somewhere. La Salle rebuked and menaced him. He rejoined with increased insolence, drawing back as he spoke, towards the ambuscade, while the incensed commander advanced to chastise him. At that moment a shot was fired from the grass, instantly followed by another; and, pierced through the brain, La Salle dropped dead.

The friar at his side stood terror-stricken, unable to advance or to fly; when Duhaut, rising from the ambuscade, called out to him to take courage, for he had nothing to fear. The murderers now came forward, and with wild looks gathered about their victim. "There thou liest, great Bashaw![1] There thou liest!"

exclaimed the surgeon Liotot, in base exultation over the unconscious corpse. With mockery and insult, they stripped it naked, dragged it into the bushes, and left it there, a prey to the buzzards and the wolves.

Some time later the assassins in their turn were killed by one of their party, called Hiens, the buccaneer, who was dissatisfied that they should have engrossed all of the plunder: and it is said that he himself was murdered by a Frenchman turned savage. Joutel[1] and some of the others escaped from the rest and much to their joy, encountered a party which Tonty, La Salle's brave and loyal lieutenant, had led down the Mississippi in an effort to rescue his chief, of whose plight he had heard. After long wanderings they reached Quebec, embarked for France, and reached Rochelle safely. None of the party were men of especial energy or force of character, and yet, under the spur of a dire necessity, they had achieved one of the most adventurous journeys on record.

In France they disburdened themselves of their gloomy secret, which, before this, for various reasons, they had not revealed; but the

sole result seems to have been an order from the King for the arrest of the murderers, should they appear in Canada. Joutel was disappointed. It had been his hope throughout that the King would send a ship to the relief of the wretched band at Fort St. Louis of Texas. But Louis XIV hardened his heart, and left them to their fate.

Meanwhile, a power dark, ruthless, and terrible, was hovering around the feeble colony on the Bay of St. Louis. Spain claimed the Gulf of Mexico and all its coasts as her own of unanswerable right, and the viceroys of Mexico were strenuous to enforce her claim.

But when the Spaniards, who marched on Fort St. Louis with intent to destroy it, reached the place, they found it had already been destroyed. No living thing was stirring. Doors were torn from their hinges; broken boxes, staved barrels, and rusty kettles, mingled with a great number of stocks of arquebuses and muskets, were scattered about in confusion. It was in vain to question the imperturbable savages, who, wrapped to the throat in their buffalo-robes, stood gazing on the scene with

looks of wooden immobility. Two strangers, however, at length arrived. Their faces were smeared with paint; yet these seeming Indians were L'Archevêque, the tool of La Salle's murderer, Duhaut, and Grollet, a sailor who had deserted to live with the Cenis. They said that, three months before, the Indians had attacked the fort and killed or carried away the inhabitants. Thus died the last embers of the doomed colony of La Salle.

Here ends the wild and mournful story of the explorers of the Mississippi. Of all their toil and sacrifice, no fruit remained but a great geographical discovery, and a grand type of incarnate energy and will. It is easy to reckon up the defects of La Salle, but it is not easy to hide from sight the Roman virtues that redeemed them. Beset by a throng of enemies, he stands, like the King of Israel, head and shoulders above them all. He was a tower of adamant, against whose impregnable front hardship and danger, the rage of man and of the elements, the southern sun, the northern blast, fatigue, famine, disease, delay, disappointment, and deferred hope emptied their quivers in

vain. Never, under the impenetrable mail of paladin or crusader, beat a heart of more intrepid mettle than within the stoic panoply that armed the breast of La Salle. To estimate aright the marvels of his patient fortitude, one must follow on his track through the vast scene of his interminable journeyings, — those thousands of weary miles of forest, marsh and river, when, again and again, in the bitterness of baffled striving, the untiring pilgrim pushed onward towards the goal he was never to attain. America owes him an enduring memory; for in this masculine figure she sees the pioneer who guided her to the possession of her richest heritage.

CHAPTER VII

THE FRENCH, THE ENGLISH AND THE INDIANS[1]

THE American colonies of France and England grew to maturity under widely different auspices. Canada, the offspring of Church and State, nursed from infancy in the lap of power, its puny strength fed with artificial stimulants, its movements guided by rule and discipline, its limbs trained to martial exercise, languished, in spite of all, from the lack of vital sap and energy. The colonies of England, outcast and neglected, but strong in native vigor and self-confiding courage, grew yet more strong with conflict and with striving, and developed the rugged proportions and unwieldy strength of a youthful giant.

In the valley of the St. Lawrence, and along the coasts of the Atlantic, adverse principles contended for the mastery. Feudalism stood

arrayed against democracy; Popery against Protestantism; the sword against the ploughshare. The priest, the soldier and the noble ruled in Canada. The ignorant, light-hearted Canadian peasant knew nothing and cared nothing about popular rights and civil liberties. Born to obey, he lived in contented submission, without the wish or the capacity for self-rule. Power, centred in the heart of the system, left the masses inert. The settlements along the margin of the St. Lawrence were like a camp, where an army lay at rest, ready for the march or the battle, and where war and adventure, not trade or tillage, seemed the chief aims of life. The lords of the soil were petty nobles, for the most part soldiers, proud and ostentatious, thriftless and poor; and the people were their vassals. Over every cluster of small white houses glittered the sacred emblem of the cross. The church, the convent, and roadside shrine were seen at every turn, and in the towns and villages one met at each moment the black robe of the Jesuit, the gray garb of the Récollet,[1] and the formal habit of the Ursuline[2] nun. The names of saints, St. Joseph, St. Ignatius,

St. Francis, were perpetuated in the capes, rivers and islands, the forts and villages of the land; and with every day, crowds of simple worshippers knelt in adoration before the countless altars of the Roman faith.

If we search the world for the sharpest contrast to the spiritual and temporal vassalage of Canada, we shall find it among her immediate neighbors, the Puritans of New England, where the spirit of non-conformity was sublimed to a fiery essence, and where the love of liberty and the hatred of power burned with sevenfold heat. The English colonist, with thoughtful brow and limbs hardened with toil; calling no man master, yet bowing reverently to the law which he himself had made; patient and laborious, and seeking for the solid comforts rather than the ornaments of life; no lover of war, yet, if need were, fighting with a stubborn, indomitable courage, and then bending once more with steadfast energy to his farm, or his merchandise, — such a man might well be deemed the very pith and marrow of a commonwealth.

In every quality of efficiency and strength, the Canadian fell miserably below his rival;

but in all that pleases the eye and interests the imagination he far surpassed him. Buoyant and gay, like his ancestry of France, he made the frozen wilderness ring with merriment, answered the surly howling of the pine forest with peals of laughter, and warmed with revelry the groaning ice of the St. Lawrence. Careless and thoughtless, he lived happy in the midst of poverty, content if he could but gain the means to fill his tobacco-pouch and decorate the cap of his sweetheart with a ribbon. The example of a beggared nobility, who, proud and penniless, could only assert their rank by idleness and ostentation, was not lost upon him. A rightful heir to French bravery and French restlessness, he had an eager love of wandering and adventure, and this propensity found ample scope in the service of the fur-trade, the engrossing occupation and chief source of income to the colony. When the priest of St. Ann's had shrived him of his sins; when, after the parting carousal, he embarked with his comrades in the deep-laden canoe; when their oars kept time to the measured cadence of their song, and the blue, sunny bosom

of the Ottawa opened before them; when their frail bark quivered among the milky foam and black rocks of the rapid; and when, around their camp-fire, they wasted half the night with jests and laughter, — then the Canadian was in his element. His foot-steps explored the farthest hiding-places of the wilderness, and in the evening dance his red cap mingled with the scalp-locks and feathers of the Indian braves.

The fur-trade engendered a peculiar class of restless bush-rangers more akin to Indians than to white men. Those who had once felt the fascinations of the forest were unfitted ever after for a life of quiet labor; and with this spirit the whole colony was infected. From this cause, no less than from occasional wars with the English, and repeated attacks of the Iroquois, the agriculture of the country was sunk to a low ebb; while feudal exactions, a ruinous system of monopoly, and the intermeddlings of arbitrary power, cramped every branch of industry. Yet, by the zeal of priests and the daring enterprise of soldiers and explorers, Canada, though sapless and infirm,

spread forts and missions through all the western wilderness. Feebly rooted in the soil, she thrust out branches which overshadowed half America; a magnificent object to the eye, but one which the first whirlwind would prostrate in the dust.

Such enterprise was alien to the genius of the British colonies. Daring activity was rife among them, but it did not aim at the founding of military outposts and forest missions. By the force of energetic industry, their population swelled with an unheard-of rapidity, their wealth increased in a yet greater ratio, and their promise of future greatness opened with every advancing year. But it was a greatness of peace rather than of war. The free institutions, the independence of authority, which were the source of their increase, were adverse to that unity of counsel and promptitude of action which are the soil of war.

It was far otherwise with their military rival. France had her Canadian forces well in hand. Now here, now there, in sharp and rapid onset, they could assail the cumbrous masses and unwieldy strength of their antagonists, as the

king-bird attacks the eagle, or the swordfish the whale. Between two such combatants the strife must needs be a long one.

The French colonists of Canada held, from the beginning, a peculiar intimacy of relation with the Indian tribes. With the English colonists it was far otherwise; and the difference sprang from several causes. The fur-trade was the life of Canada; agriculture and commerce were the chief sources of wealth to the British provinces. The Romish zealots of Canada burned for the conversion of the heathen; their heretic rivals were fired with no such ardor. And finally while the ambition of France grasped at empire over the farthest deserts of the west, the steady industry of the English colonists was contented to cultivate and improve a narrow strip of seaboard. Thus it happened that the farmer of Massachusetts and the Virginia planter were conversant with only a few bordering tribes, while the priests and emissaries of France were roaming the prairies with the buffalo-hunting Pawnees,[1] or lodging in the winter cabins of the Dahcotah;[2] and swarms of savages, whose uncouth

names were strange to English ears, descended yearly from the North, to bring their beaver and other skins to the market of Montreal.

In respect to direct political influence, the advantage was wholly on the side of France. The English colonies, broken into separate governments, were incapable of exercising a vigorous and consistent Indian policy; and the measures of one government often clashed with those of another. Even in the separate provinces, the popular nature of the constitution and the quarrels of governors and assemblies were unfavorable to efficient action; and this was more especially the case in the province of New York, where the vicinity of the Iroquois rendered strenuous yet prudent measures of the utmost importance. These powerful confederates inclined to the English alliance, and a proper treatment would have secured their firm and lasting friendship. But, at the early periods of her history, the Assembly of New York was made up in great measure of narrow-minded men, more eager to consult their own petty interests than to pursue any far-sighted scheme of public welfare. Other

causes conspired to injure the British interest in this quarter. The annual present sent from England to the Iroquois was often embezzled by corrupt governors and their favorites. The proud chiefs were disgusted by the cold and haughty bearing of the English officials, and a pernicious custom prevailed of conducting Indian negotiations through the medium of the fur-traders, a class of men held in contempt by the Indians and known among them by the significant title of "rum carriers." In short, through all the councils of the province Indian affairs were grossly and madly neglected.

With more or less emphasis, the same remark holds true of all the other English colonies. With those of France it was far otherwise; she labored with eager diligence to conciliate the Indians and espouse them to her cause. Her agents were busy in every village, studying the language of the inmates, complying with their usages, flattering their prejudices, caressing them, cajoling them, and whispering friendly warnings in their ears, against the wicked designs of the English. When a party of Indian chiefs visited a French fort, they were

greeted with the firing of cannon and rolling of drums; they were regaled at the tables of the officers, and bribed with medals and decorations, scarlet uniforms and French flags. Far wiser than their rivals, the French never ruffled the self-complacent dignity of their guests, never insulted their religious notions, nor ridiculed their ancient customs.

At an early period they discerned the peculiarities of the native character, and clearly saw that while on the one hand it was necessary to avoid giving offence, it was not less necessary on the other to assume a bold demeanor and a show of power; to caress with one hand and grasp a drawn sword with the other. Every crime against a Frenchman was promptly chastised by the sharp agency of military law; while among the English, the offender could only be reached by the medium of the civil courts, whose delays, uncertainties and evasions excited the wonder and provoked the contempt of the Indians.

In its efforts to win the friendship and alliance of the Indian tribes, the French government found every advantage in the peculiar

character of its subjects, — that pliant and plastic temper which forms so marked a contrast to the stubborn spirit of the Englishman. From the beginning, the French showed a tendency to amalgamate with the forest tribes. "The manners of the savages," writes the Baron La Hontan,[1] "are perfectly agreeable to my palate;" and many a restless adventurer of high or low degree might have echoed the words of the erratic soldier. At first, great hopes were entertained that, by the mingling of French and Indians, the latter would be won over to civilization and the Church; but the effect was precisely the reverse; for, as Charlesvoix[2] observes, the savages did not become French, but the French became savages. Hundreds betook themselves to the forest, nevermore to return. These outflowings of French civilization were merged in the waste of barbarism, as a river is lost in the sands of the desert. The wandering Frenchman chose a wife among his Indian friends; and in a few generations, scarcely a tribe of the west was free from an infusion of Celtic blood. The French empire in America could exhibit among

its subjects every shade of color from white to red, every gradation of culture from the highest civilization of Paris to the rudest barbarism of the wigwam.

The borders of the English colonies displayed no such phenomena of mingling races; for here a thorny and impracticable barrier divided the white man from the red. The English fur-traders, and the rude men in their employ, showed, it is true, an ample alacrity to throw off the restraints of civilization; but though they became barbarians they did not become Indians; and scorn on the one side and hatred on the other still marked the intercourse of the hostile races. With the settlers of the frontiers it was much the same. Rude, fierce and contemptuous, they daily encroached upon the hunting grounds of the Indians, and then paid them for the injury with curses and threats. Thus the native population shrank back from before the English as from before an advancing pestilence; while, on the other hand, in the very heart of Canada, Indian communities sprang up cherished by the government, and favored by the easy-tempered people. At Lo-

rette, at Caughnawaga, at St. Francis, and elsewhere within the province, large bands were gathered together, consisting in part of fugitives from the borders of the hated English, and aiding in time of war to swell the forces of the French in repeated forays against the settlements of New York and New England.

CHAPTER VIII

THE FALL OF QUEBEC [1]

IN 1755 began that memorable war [2] which, kindling among the forests of America, scattered its fires over the kingdoms of Europe and the sultry empire of the Great Mogul; the war made glorious by the heroic death of Wolfe, the victories of Frederic,[3] and the exploits of Clive,[4] the war which controlled the destinies of America, and was first in the chain of events which led on to her Revolution with all its vast and undeveloped consequences. On the old battle-ground of Europe, the contest bore the same familiar features of violence and horror which had marked the strife of former generations, — fields ploughed by the cannon-ball, and walls shattered by the exploding mine, sacked towns and blazing suburbs, the lamentations of women, and the license of a maddened soldiery. But in America,

war assumed a new and striking aspect. A wilderness was its sublime arena. Army met army under the shadows of primeval woods; their cannon resounded over wastes unknown to civilized man. And before the hostile powers could join in battle, endless forests must be traversed, and morasses passed, and everywhere the axe of the pioneer must hew a path for the bayonet of the soldier.

The war was prosecuted for five succeeding years with the full energy of both nations. The earlier years were unpropitious to the English, whose commanders displayed no great degree of vigor or ability. In the year 1758, the war began to assume a different aspect, for Pitt[1] was at the head of the government. Sir Jeffrey Amherst laid siege to the strong fortress of Louisbourg, and at length reduced it; while, in the south, General Forbes marched against Fort Duquesne, and, more fortunate than his predecessor, Braddock, drove the French from that important point. Another successful stroke was the destruction of Fort Frontenac, which was taken by a provincial army under Col. Bradstreet. These achievements were

counterbalanced by a great disaster, — the defeat of Lord Abercrombie's army of 16,000 men at Lake George.

This repulse, far from depressing the energies of the British commanders, seemed to stimulate them to new exertion; and the campaign of the next year, 1759, had for its object the immediate and total reduction of Canada. It was to be assailed on three sides at once. Upon the west, General Prideaux was to attack Niagara; upon the south, General Amherst was to advance upon Ticonderoga and Crown Point; while upon the east, General Wolfe was to besiege Quebec; and each of these armies, having accomplished its particular object, was directed to push forward, if possible, until all three had united in the heart of Canada.

The first two operations, which there is not space to describe here, were successful, and, in further accordance with the plan, General Wolfe sailed up the St. Lawrence early in June with a force of eight thousand men, forming his camp immediately below Quebec, in the island of Orleans. From thence he could dis-

cern, at a single glance, how arduous was the task before him. Piles of lofty cliffs rose with sheer ascent on the northern border of the river; and from their summits the boasted citadel of Canada looked down in proud security, with its churches and convents of stone, its ramparts, bastions and batteries; while over them all, from the brink of the precipice, towered the massive walls of the Castle of St. Louis. Above, for many a league, the bank was guarded by an unbroken range of steep acclivities. Below, the river St. Charles, flowing into the St. Lawrence, washed the base of the rocky promontory on which the city stood. Lower yet lay an army of fourteen thousand men, under an able and renowned commander, the Marquis of Montcalm.[1] His front was covered by intrenchments and batteries, which lined the bank of the St. Lawrence; his right wing rested on the city and the St. Charles; his left, on the cascade and deep gulf of Montmorenci; and thick forests extended along his rear. Opposite Quebec rose the high promontory of Point Levi; and the St. Lawrence, contracted to less than a mile in width, flowed

between, with deep and powerful current. To a chief of less resolute temper, it might have seemed that art and nature were in league to thwart his enterprise; but a mind like that of Wolfe could only have seen in this majestic combination of forest and cataract, mountain and river, a fitting theatre for the great drama about to be enacted there.

Yet nature did not seem to have formed the young English general for the conduct of a doubtful and almost desperate enterprise. His person was slight, and his features by no means of a martial cast. His feeble constitution had been undermined by years of a protracted and painful disease. His kind and genial disposition seemed better fitted for the quiet of domestic life than for the stern duties of military command; but to these gentler traits he joined a high enthusiasm, and an unconquerable spirit of daring and endurance, which made him the idol of his soldiers, and bore his slender frame through every hardship and exposure.

The work before him demanded all his courage. How to invest the city, or even bring the army of Montcalm to action, was a problem

which might have perplexed a Hannibal.[1] A French fleet lay in the river above, and the precipices along the northern shore were guarded at every accessible point by sentinels and outposts. Wolfe would have crossed the Montmorenci by its upper ford, and attacked the French army on its left and rear; but the plan was thwarted by the nature of the ground and the vigilance of his adversaries. Thus baffled at every other point, he formed the bold design of storming Montcalm's position in front just above the beach of the Montmorenci; but the attempt was unsuccessful, and with bitter agony of mind, Wolfe saw more than four hundred of the flower of his army fall a useless sacrifice. The anxieties of the siege had told severely upon his slender constitution; and not long after this disaster, he felt the first symptoms of a fever, which soon confined him to his couch. Still his mind never wavered from its purpose; and it was while lying helpless in the chamber of a Canadian house, where he had fixed his headquarters, that he embraced the plan of the enterprise which robbed him of life, and gave him immortal fame.

It was resolved to divide the little army; and while one portion remained before Quebec to alarm the enemy by false attacks, and distract their attention from the scene of actual operation, the other was to pass above the town, land under cover of darkness on the northern shore, climb the guarded heights, gain the plains above, and force Montcalm to quit his vantage-ground, and perhaps to offer battle. The scheme was daring even to rashness; but its audacity was the secret of its success.

Early in September, a fleet of ships and transports, under Admiral Holmes, passed the city under the hot fire of its batteries; while the troops designed for the expedition, amounting to scarcely five thousand, marched upward along the southern bank, beyond reach of the cannonade. All were then embarked; and on the evening of the twelfth, Holmes's fleet, with the troops on board, lay safe at anchor in the river, several leagues above the town. These operations had not failed to awaken the suspicions of Montcalm; and he had detached M. Bougainville to watch the

movements of the English, and prevent their landing on the northern shore.

The eventful night of the twelfth was clear and calm, with no light but that of the stars. Within two hours before daybreak, thirty boats, crowded with sixteen hundred soldiers, cast off from the vessels and floated downward, in perfect order, with the current of the ebb tide. To the boundless joy of the army, Wolfe's malady had abated, and he was able to command in person. His ruined health, the gloomy prospects of the siege, and the disaster at Montmorenci had oppressed him with the deepest melancholy, but never impaired for a moment the promptness of his decisions, or the impetuous energy of his actions. He sat in the stern of one of the boats, pale and weak, but borne up to a calm height of resolution. Every order had been given, every arrangement made, and it only remained to face the issue. The ebbing tide sufficed to bear the boats along, and nothing broke the silence of the night but the gurgling of the river, and the low voice of Wolfe, as he repeated to the officers about him the stanzas of Gray's " Elegy in a Country Church-

yard," which had recently appeared and which he had just received from England. Perhaps, as he uttered those strangely appropriate words, —

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave," —

the shadows of his own approaching fate stole with mournful prophecy across his mind. "Gentlemen," he said, as he closed his recital, "I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec tomorrow."

As they approached the landing-place, the boats edged closer in towards the northern shore, and the woody precipices rose high on their left, like a wall of undistinguished blackness.

"*Qui vive?*"[1] shouted a French sentinel, from out the impervious gloom.

"*La France!*" answered a captain of Fraser's Highlanders, from the foremost boat.

"*A quel régiment?*"[2] demanded the soldier.

"*De la Reine!*" promptly replied the Highland captain, who chanced to know that the regiment so designated formed part of Bougainville's command. As boats were frequently

passing down the river with supplies for the garrison, and as a convoy from Bougainville was expected that very night, the sentinel was deceived, and allowed the English to proceed.

A few moments after, they were challenged again, and this time they could discern the soldier running close down to the water's edge, as if all his suspicions were aroused; but the skilful replies of the Highlander once more saved the party from discovery.

They reached the landing-place in safety, — an indentation in the shore, about a league above the city, and now bearing the name of Wolfe's Cove. Here a narrow path led up the face of the heights, and a French guard was posted at the top to defend the pass. By the force of the current, the foremost boats, including that which carried Wolfe himself, were borne a little below the spot. The general was one of the first on shore. He looked upward at the rugged heights which towered above him in the gloom. "You can try it," he coolly observed to an officer near him; "but I don't think you'll get up."

At the point where the Highlanders landed, one of their captains, Donald MacDonald, apparently the same whose presence of mind had just saved the enterprise from ruin, was climbing in advance of his men, when he was challenged by a sentinel. He replied in French, by declaring that he had been sent to relieve the guard, and ordering the soldier to withdraw. Before the latter was undeceived, a crowd of Highlanders were close at hand, while the steeps below were thronged with eager climbers, dragging themselves up by trees, roots and bushes. The guard turned out, and made a brief though brave resistance. In a moment, they were cut to pieces, dispersed, or made prisoners; while men after men came swarming up the height, and quickly formed upon the plains above. Meanwhile, the vessels had dropped downward with the current, and anchored opposite the landing-place. The remaining troops were disembarked, and, with the dawn of day, the whole were brought in safety to the shore.

The sun rose, and, from the ramparts of Quebec, the astonished people saw the plains

of Abraham glittering with arms, and the dark-red lines of the English forming array of battle. Breathless messengers had borne the evil tidings to Montcalm, and far and near his wide-extended camp resounded with the rolling of alarm drums and the din of startled preparation. He, too, had had his struggles and his sorrows. The civil power had thwarted him; famine, discontent and disaffection were rife among his soldiers; and no small portion of the Canadian militia had dispersed from sheer starvation. In spite of all, he had trusted to hold out till the winter frosts should drive the invaders from before the town; when, on that disastrous morning, the news of their successful temerity fell like a cannon-shot upon his ear. Still he assumed a tone of confidence. "They have got to the weak side of us at last," he is reported to have said, "and we must crush them with our numbers."

With headlong haste, his troops were pouring over the bridge of the St. Charles, and gathering in heavy masses under the western ramparts of the town. Could numbers give assurance of success, their triumph would have been

secure; for five French battalions and the armed colonial peasantry amounted in all to more than seven thousand five hundred men. Full in sight before them stretched the long, thin lines of the British forces, — the half-wild Highlanders, the steady soldiery of England, and the hardy levies of the provinces, — less than five thousand in number, but all inured to battle, and strong in the full assurance of success. Yet, could the chiefs of that gallant army have pierced the secrets of the future, could they have foreseen that the victory which they burned to achieve would have robbed England of her proudest boast, that the conquest of Canada would pave the way for the independence of America, their swords would have dropped from their hands, and the heroic fire have gone out within their hearts.

It was nine o'clock, and the adverse armies stood motionless, each gazing on the other. The clouds hung low, and, at intervals, warm light showers descended, besprinkling both alike. The coppice and cornfields in front of the British troops were filled with French sharpshooters, who kept up a distant, spattering fire.

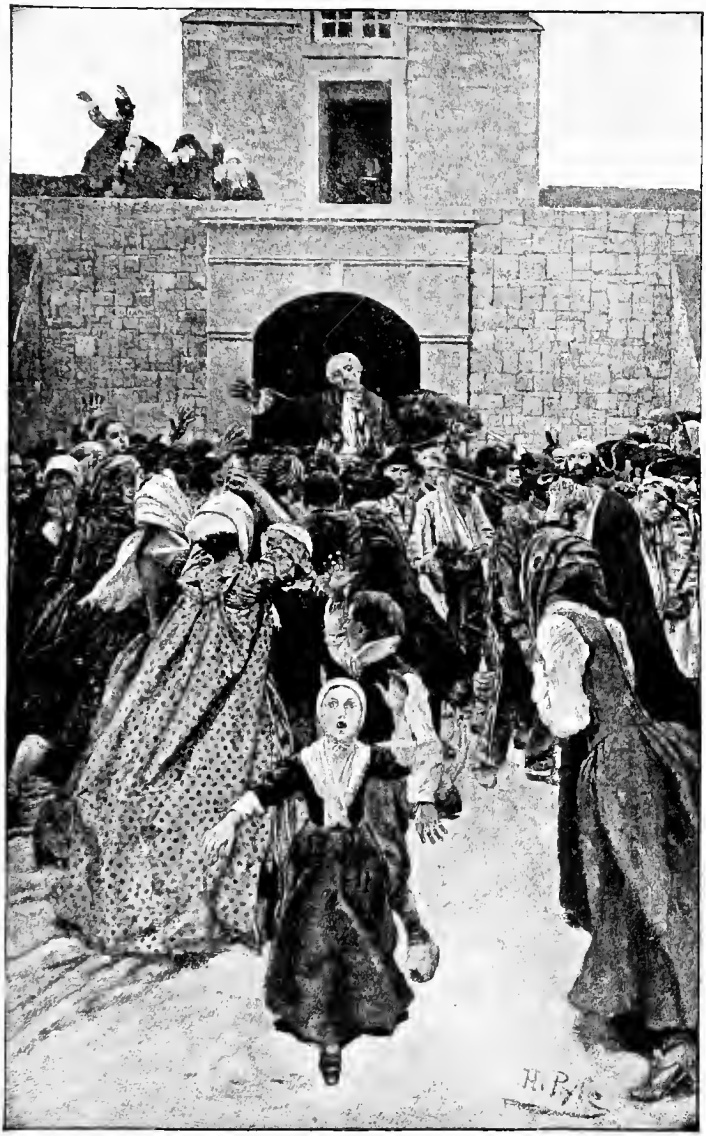
Here and there a soldier fell in the ranks, and the gap was filled in silence.

At a little before ten, the British could see that Montcalm was preparing to advance, and, in a few moments, all his troops appeared in rapid motion. They came on in three divisions, shouting after the manner of their nation, and firing heavily as soon as they came within range. In the British ranks, not a trigger was pulled, not a soldier stirred; and their ominous composure seemed to damp the spirits of the assailants. It was not till the French were within forty yards that the fatal word was given, and the British muskets blazed forth at once in one crashing explosion. Like a ship at full career, arrested with sudden ruin on a sunken rock, the ranks of Montcalm staggered, shivered, and broke before that wasting storm of lead. The smoke, rolling along the field, for a moment shut out the view; but when the white wreaths were scattered on the wind, a wretched spectacle was disclosed: men and officers tumbled in heaps, battalions resolved into a mob, order and obedience gone; and when the British muskets were levelled

for a second volley, the masses of the militia were seen to cower and shrink with uncontrollable panic. For a few minutes, the French regulars stood their ground, returning a sharp and not ineffectual fire. But now, echoing cheer on cheer, redoubling volley on volley, trampling the dying and the dead, and driving the fugitives in crowds, the British troops advanced and swept the field before them. The ardor of the men burst all restraint. They broke into a run, and with unsparing slaughter chased the flying multitude to the gates of Quebec. Never was victory more quick or more decisive.

Yet the triumph of the victors was mingled with sadness, as the tidings went from rank to rank that Wolfe had fallen. In the heat of the action, as he advanced at the head of the grenadiers of Louisbourg, a bullet shattered his wrist; but he wrapped his handkerchief about the wound, and showed no sign of pain. A moment more, and a ball pierced his side. Still he pressed forward, waving his sword and cheering his soldiers to the attack, when a third shot lodged deep within his breast. He paused,

reeled, and staggering to one side, fell to the earth. Brown, a lieutenant of the grenadiers, Henderson, a volunteer, an officer of artillery, and a private soldier, raised him together in their arms, and, bearing him to the rear, laid him softly on the grass. They asked if he would have a surgeon; but he shook his head, and answered that all was over with him. His eyes closed with the torpor of approaching death, and those around sustained his fainting form. Yet they could not withhold their gaze from the wild turmoil before them, and the charging ranks of their companions rushing through fire and smoke. "See how they run," one of the officers exclaimed, as the French fled in confusion before the levelled bayonets. "Who run?" demanded Wolfe, opening his eyes like a man aroused from sleep. "The enemy, sir," was the reply; "they give way everywhere." "Then," said the dying general, "tell Colonel Burton to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River, to cut off their retreat from the bridge. Now, God be praised, I will die in peace," he murmured; and, turning on his side, he calmly breathed his last.



The Fall of Montcalm. *Page* 125.

Almost at the same moment fell his great adversary, Montcalm, as he strove, with vain bravery, to rally his shattered ranks. Struck down with a mortal wound, he was placed upon a litter and borne to the General Hospital on the banks of the St. Charles. The surgeons told him that he could not recover. "I am glad of it," was his calm reply. He then asked how long he might survive, and was told that he had not many hours remaining. "So much the better," he said; "I am happy that I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec." He died before midnight, and was buried at his own desire in a cavity of the earth formed by the bursting of a bombshell.

The victorious army encamped before Quebec, and pushed their preparations for the siege with zealous energy; but before a single gun was brought to bear, the white flag was hung out, and the garrison surrendered. On the eighteenth of September, 1759, the rock-built citadel of Canada passed forever from the hands of its ancient masters.[1]

CHAPTER IX

HENRY'S ADVENTURES WITH THE INDIANS[1]

ALEXANDER HENRY was a pioneer of the English fur-trade in the region of the Great Lakes. In the years following the French and Indian war, the Indians of that neighborhood were strongly hostile to the English,[2] and Henry had many narrow escapes from death at the hands of the Ojibwas and Ottawas.

He had one friend, however, in an Ojibwa chief named Wawatam, who had conceived for him one of those attachments which often form so pleasing a feature in the Indian character. Henry had made his acquaintance under the following circumstance. One morning when he was staying in the English garrison at Michilimackinac Wawatam entered his house, and placing before him on the ground a large present of furs and dried meat, delivered

a speech to the following effect: Early in life, he said, he had withdrawn, to fast and pray in solitude, that he might propitiate the Great Spirit, and learn the future career marked out for him.[1] In the course of his dreams and visions on this occasion, it was revealed to him that in after years he should meet a white man, who should be to him a friend and brother. No sooner had he seen Henry than the irrepressible conviction rose up within him, that he was the man whom the Great Spirit had indicated and that the dream was now fulfilled. Henry replied to the speech with suitable acknowledgements of gratitude, made a present in his turn, smoked a pipe with Wawatam, and as the latter soon after left the fort, speedily forgot his Indian friend and brother altogether.

Many months had elapsed since the occurrence of this very characteristic incident when, on the second of June, 1763, Henry's door was pushed open without ceremony, and the dark figure of Wawatam glided silently in. He said that he had just returned from his wintering ground. Henry, at length recollecting him, inquired after the success of his hunt; but the

Indian, without replying, sat down with a dejected air and expressed his surprise and regret at finding his brother still in the fort. He said he was going on the next day to the Sault Ste. Marie, and that he wished Henry to go with him. He then asked if the English had heard no bad news, and said that through the winter he himself had been much distressed by the singing of evil birds. Seeing that Henry gave little attention to what he said, he went away, but on the next day returned, with his squaw, and, offering the trader a present of dried meat, again pressed him to go with him.

His words were spoken in vain; and at length he and his squaw took their departure, but not, as Henry declares, before each had let fall some tears.

On this same afternoon, Henry remembers that the fort was full of Indians, moving about among the soldiers with a great appearance of friendship. Many of them came to his house to purchase knives and small hatchets, often asking to see silver bracelets, and other ornaments, with the intention, as afterwards appeared, of learning their places of deposit, in

order the more easily to lay hands on them at the moment of pillage. As the afternoon drew to a close the visitors quietly went away; and many of the unhappy garrison saw for the last time the sun go down behind the waters of Lake Michigan.[1]

On the following morning the Indians, under cover of a ball-game, surprised the English and rushed into the fort. The officers were led away, and the men slaughtered without mercy.

Henry had not gone to see the ball-game, but was in his house, writing letters, when he heard the Indian war-cry. Looking out of his window, he saw the Indians within the fort furiously cutting down and scalping every Englishman they found, and concluded very soon that no resistance could be made to the enemy and that he himself must look for shelter.

He found it in the house of a Canadian, M. Langlade, whose servant, a Pawnee[2] (or Pani) slave, allowed him to hide in the attic. Henry says:

"Having followed me up to the garret door, she locked it after me, and, with great presence of mind, took away the key. . . .

"No long time elapsed before everyone being

destroyed who could be found, there was a general cry of 'All is finished.' At the same time I heard some of the Indians enter the house where I was.

"The garret was separated from the room below only by a layer of single boards, at once the flooring of the one and the ceiling of the other. I could, therefore, hear everything that passed; and the Indians no sooner came in than they inquired whether or not any Englishmen were in the house. M. Langlade replied that 'he could not say, he did not know of any;' answers in which he did not exceed the truth; for the Pani woman had not only hidden me by stealth, but kept my secret and her own. . . . He added . . . that they might examine for themselves. . . . Saying this, he brought them to the garret door.

"The state of my mind will be imagined. Arrived at the door, some delay was occasioned by the absence of the key; and a few minutes were thus allowed me, in which to look around for a hiding-place. In one corner of the garret was a heap of those vessels of birch-bark used in maple-sugar making.

"The door was unlocked and opening, and the Indians ascending the stairs, before I had completely crept into a small opening which presented itself at one end of the heap. An instant after four Indians entered the room, armed with tomahawks, and all besmeared with blood upon every part of their bodies.

"The die appeared to be cast. I could scarcely breathe; but I thought the throbbing of my heart occasioned a noise loud enough to betray me. The Indians walked in every direction about the garret; and one of them approached me so closely that, at a particular moment, had he put forth his hand, he must have touched me. Still I remained undiscovered; a circumstance to which the dark color of my clothes and the want of light . . . must have contributed. In a word, after taking several turns of the room, during which they told M. Langlade how many they had killed and how many scalps they had taken, they returned downstairs; and I, with sensations not to be expressed, heard the door, which was the barrier between me and my fate, locked for the second time."

He was not to have this refuge long, however, for Langlade, who had discovered his place of concealment, soon after gave him up to the Indians, in fear lest they should take revenge on him or his children if they should find out that he had hidden the Englishman.

After many narrow escapes from death Henry and some other captives were put in a large lodge, which served as prison, and which was soon filled with Indians, who came to gratify themselves by deriding and jeering at them. One day Henry observed an Indian stooping to enter at the low opening which served for a door, and, to his great joy, recognized his friend and brother Wawatam, whom he had last seen on the day before the massacre. Wawatam said nothing; but as he passed the trader he shook him by the hand, in token of encouragement, and, proceeding to the head of the lodge, sat down with Minavavana and Wenniway, the war-chiefs. After he had smoked for a while in silence, he rose and went out again. Very soon he came back, followed by his squaw, who brought in her hands a valuable present, which she laid at the feet of the two chiefs.

Wawatam then made a speech in which he said:

"Friends and relatives, what is it that I shall say? You know what I feel. You all have friends and brothers and children, whom as yourselves you love; and you, — what would you experience, did you, like me, behold your dearest friend — your brother — in the condition of a slave; a slave, exposed every moment to insult and to menaces of death. . . .

"He is my brother; and because I am your relation, he is therefore your relation too; and how, being your relation, can he be your slave? . . .

"You, Minavavana, who had the command in this enterprise, gave me your promise that you would protect my friend, delivering him from all danger, and giving him safely to me.

"The performance of this promise I now claim. I come not with empty hands to ask it. You, Minavavana, best know whether or not, as it respects yourself, you have kept your word; but I bring these goods to buy off every claim which any man among you all may have on my brother as his prisoner."

To this speech the war-chief returned a favorable answer. Wawatam's request was acceded to, the present was accepted, and the prisoner released. Henry soon found himself in the lodge of his friend, where furs were spread for him to lie upon, food and drink brought for his refreshment, and everything done to promote his comfort that Indian hospitality could suggest. When, after some months, famine began among the Indians, he followed Wawatam and spent the winter among the frozen forests, hunting the bear and moose.

Henry was living at Montreal as late as the year 1809. He wrote a book about his adventures, from which this account was taken.

CHAPTER X

THE SIEGE OF DETROIT[1]

ONE May morning, in the year 1763, the open common behind the fort at Detroit, which had lately been taken over from the French by the English, was thronged with squaws, children and warriors, some naked and others fantastically arrayed in their barbarous finery. All seemed restless and uneasy, moving hither and thither, in apparent preparation for a general game of ball. Many tall warriors, wrapped in their blankets, were seen stalking towards the fort, and casting malignant furtive glances upwards at the palisades. Then, with an air of assumed indifference, they would move towards the gate. They were all admitted.

Meanwhile Pontiac, a great Ojibwa chief, who had crossed with the canoes from the eastern shore, was approaching along the river

road, at the head of his sixty chiefs, all gravely marching in Indian file. They reached the fort, at ten o'clock, and the gateway was thronged with savage faces. All were wrapped to the throat in colored blankets. Some were crested with hawk, eagle or raven plumes; others had shaved their heads, leaving only the fluttering scalp-lock on the crown; while others, again, wore their long black hair flowing loosely at their backs, or wildly hanging about their brows like a lion's mane. Their bold, yet crafty features, their cheeks besmeared with ochre and vermilion, white lead and soot, their keen, deep-set eyes gleaming in their sockets, like those of rattle-snakes, gave them an aspect grim, uncouth and horrible. For the most part they were tall, strong men, and all had a gait and bearing of peculiar stateliness.

It was just after the close of the French and Indian war, and though the treaty of peace had not been signed, the English were in possession of Canada and the Great Lake region. There were, of course, not nearly as many people there then as there are now; and it was by a few insignificant forts, separated by oceans of fresh

water and uncounted leagues of forest, that the two great European powers, France first, and now England, endeavored to enforce their claims to this vast domain. The English did not think they had reason to be afraid of the Indians, but they were soon to learn their mistake.

The country was scarcely transferred to the English when smothered murmurs of discontent began to be audible among the Indian tribes. From the head of the Potomac to Lake Superior, and from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi, in every wigwam and hamlet of the forest, a deep-rooted hatred of the English[1] increased with rapid growth. They had fought with their friends, the French, against them, and they entertained towards the English that rancorous hatred which an Indian always feels against those to whom he has been opposed in war. This was aggravated by the foolish policy of the British government, which, now that the Indians were no longer important as allies, treated them as mere barbarians. Already their best hunting-grounds were invaded, and from the eastern ridges of the Alleghanies they

might see from far and near, the smoke of the settler's clearings rising in tall columns from the dark green bosom of the forest. The doom of the race was sealed, and no human power could avert it; but they in their ignorance believed otherwise, and vainly thought that, by a desperate effort, they might yet uproot and overthrow the growing strength of their destroyers.

When, early in 1763, it was announced to the tribes that the King of France had ceded all their country to the King of England without even asking their leave, a ferment of indignation at once became apparent among them; and, within a few weeks, a plot was matured, such as was never, before or since, conceived or executed by an American Indian. It was determined to attack all the English forts upon the same day; then, having destroyed the garrisons, to turn upon the defenceless frontier, and ravage and lay waste the settlements, until, as many of the Indians fondly believed, the English should all be driven into the sea, and the country restored to its primitive owners. It was Pontiac, chief of the Ottawas, who gave

order and method to these attacks, and changed what would have been a wild burst of fury into a formidable and protracted war, and it was he who was now to direct the siege of Detroit.

The officer in command of the fort at Detroit was Major Gladwyn. He had been warned the day before that Indians would try to gain admission with guns under their blankets, and at a given signal would kill the officers, while those in the town outside would attack the inhabitants. Nevertheless, Gladwyn allowed every one of them to enter. He had a surprise of his own prepared.

As Pontiac came in, it is said that he started, and a deep ejaculation half escaped from his breast. Well might his stoicism fail, for at a glance he read the ruin of his plot. On either side, within the gateway, stood ranks of soldiers and hedges of glittering steel. The swarthy *engagés* [1] of the fur-traders, armed to the teeth, stood in groups at the street corners, and the measured tap of a drum fell ominously on the ear. Soon regaining his composure, Pontiac strode forward into the narrow street, and his chiefs filed after him in silence, while

the scared faces of women and children looked out from the windows as they passed. Their rigid muscles betrayed no sign of emotion; yet, looking closely, one might have seen their small eyes glance from side to side with restless scrutiny.

Traversing the entire width of the little town, they reached the door of the council-house, a large building standing near the margin of the river. On entering, they saw Gladwyn, with several of his officers, seated in readiness to receive them, and the observant chiefs did not fail to remark that every Englishman wore a sword at his side, and a pair of pistols in his belt. The conspirators eyed each other with uneasy glances. "Why," demanded Pontiac, "do I see so many of my father's young men standing in the street with their guns?" Gladwyn replied through his interpreter, La Butte, that he had ordered the soldiers under arms for the sake of exercise and discipline. With much delay and many signs of distrust, the chiefs at length sat down on the mats prepared for them; and after the customary pause Pontiac rose to speak. Holding in his hand the

wampum belt which was to have given the fatal signal, he addressed the commandant, professing strong attachment to the English, and declaring, in Indian phrase, that he had come to smoke the pipe of peace, and brighten the chain of friendship. The officers watched him keenly as he uttered these hollow words, fearing lest, that though conscious that his designs were suspected, he might still attempt to accomplish them. And once, it is said, he raised the wampum belt as if about to give the signal of attack. But at that instant Gladwyn signed slightly with his hand. The sudden clash of arms sounded from the passage without, and a drum rolling the charge filled the council-room with its stunning din. At this, Pontiac stood like one confounded. Gladwyn made a brief reply, assuring the chiefs that friendship and protection should be extended towards them as long as they continued to observe it, and the council shortly afterwards broke up. The baffled savages were suffered to depart, rejoiced, no doubt, to breathe once more the free air of the open fields.

Balked in his treachery, the great chief with-

drew to his village, enraged and mortified, yet still resolved to persevere. On the following morning the common behind the fort was once more thronged with Indians of all the four tribes, Ottawas, Wyandots, Pottawattamies and Ojibwas. Pontiac, advancing from the multitude, approached the gate. It was closed and barred against him. He shouted to the sentinels, and demanded why he was refused admittance. Gladwyn himself replied, that the great chief might enter if he chose, but that the crowd he had brought with him must remain outside. Thus repulsed, Pontiac threw off the mask which he had worn so long. With a grin of hate and rage, he turned abruptly from the gate, and strode toward his followers, who, in great multitudes, lay flat upon the ground, just beyond reach of gun-shot. At his approach, they all leaped up and ran off, yelping, in the words of an eye-witness, " like so many devils."

Looking out from the loopholes, the garrison could see them running in a body towards the house of an old English woman who lived, with her family, on a distant part of the common. They beat down the doors, and rushed tumul-

tuously in. A moment more, and the mournful scalp-yell told the fate of the wretched inmates. Another large body ran, yelling, to the river-bank, and, leaping into their canoes, paddled with all speed to the Isle-au-Cochon, where dwelt an Englishman, named Fisher, formerly a sergeant of the regulars. They soon dragged him from the hiding-place where he had sought refuge, murdered him on the spot, took his scalp, and made great rejoicings over this miserable trophy of brutal malice.

Pontiac had borne no part in the wolfish deeds of his followers. When he saw his plan defeated, he turned towards the shore; and no man dared approach him, for he was terrible in his rage. Pushing a canoe from the bank, he urged it with vigorous strokes, against the current, towards the Ottawa village on the farther side. As he drew near he shouted to the inmates. None remained in the lodges but women, children and old men, who all came flocking out at the sound of his imperious voice. Pointing across the water, he ordered that all should prepare to remove the camp to the western shore, that the river might no longer

interpose a barrier between his followers and the English. The squaws labored with eager alacrity to obey him. Provisions, utensils, weapons, and even the bark covering to the lodges, were carried to the shore; and before evening all was ready for embarkation. Meanwhile, the warriors had come dropping in from their bloody work, until, at nightful, nearly all had returned. Then Pontiac, hideous in his war-paint, leaped into the central area of the village. Brandishing his tomahawk, and stamping on the ground, he recounted his former exploits, and denounced vengeance on the English. The Indians flocked about him. Warrior after warrior caught the fierce contagion, and soon the ring was filled with dancers, circling round and round with frantic gesture, and startling the distant garrison with unearthly yells.

Every Englishman in the fort, whether trader or soldier, was now ordered under arms. No man lay down to sleep, and Gladwyn himself walked the ramparts throughout the night.

All was quiet till the approach of dawn. But as the first dim redness tinged the east,

and fields and woods grew visible in the morning twilight, suddenly the war-whoop rose on every side at once, and fierce Indians came bounding naked to the assault. The men hastened to their posts. And truly it was time; for not the Ottawas alone, but the whole barbarian swarm — Wyandots, Pottawattamies and Ojibwas — were upon them, and bullets rapped hard and fast against the palisades. The soldiers looked from the loopholes, thinking to see their assailants gathering for a rush against the feeble barrier. But, though their clamors filled the air, and their guns blazed thick and hot, yet very few were visible. Some were ensconced behind barns and fences, some skulked among bushes, and some lay flat in hollows of the ground; while those who could find no shelter were leaping about with the agility of monkeys, to dodge the shot of the fort. Each had filled his mouth with bullets, for the convenience of loading, and each was charging and firing without suspending these agile gymnastics for a single moment. There was one low hill, at no great distance from the fort, behind which countless black heads of

Indians alternately appeared and vanished; while, all along the ridge, their guns emitted incessant white puffs of smoke. Every loophole was a target for their bullets; but the fire was returned with steadiness, and not without effect.

For six hours, the attack was unabated; but as the day advanced, the assailants grew weary. Their fire slackened, their clamors died away, and the garrison was left once more in peace, though from time to time a solitary shot, or lonely whoop, still showed the presence of some lingering savage, loath to be balked of his revenge. Among the garrison, only five men had been wounded, while the cautious enemy had suffered but trifling loss.

Gladwyn was still convinced that the whole affair was a temporary uprising, and being in great want of provisions, he resolved to open negotiations with the Indians, under cover of which he might obtain the necessary supplies. At their request he sent Capt. Campbell, a venerable officer who had gained the confidence of the Indians, together with another officer, to treat with them.

As these men approached the camp of the Ottawas, they saw a dark multitude gathered along its outskirts, who had no sooner recognized their red uniforms, than they all raised at once a horrible outcry of whoops and howlings. Indeed, they seemed disposed to give the ambassadors the reception usually accorded to captives taken in war; for the women seized sticks, stones and clubs, and ran towards Campbell and his companions, as if to make them pass the cruel ordeal of running the gauntlet.[1] Pontiac came forward, and his voice quieted the tumult. He led the way to a large lodge, and entering, pointed to several mats placed on the ground at the side opposite to the opening. Here, obedient to his signal, the two officers sat down. Instantly the lodge was thronged with savages. At their first entrance, Pontiac had spoken a few words. A pause then followed, broken at length by Campbell, who from his seat addressed the Indians in a short speech. It was heard in perfect silence, and no reply was made. For a full hour the unfortunate officers saw before them the same concourse of dark, inscrutable faces, bending an

unwavering gaze upon them. At length Capt. Campbell rose to his feet and declared his intention of returning to the fort. Pontiac made a sign that he should resume his seat. "My father," he said, "will sleep tonight in the lodges of his red children." The gray-haired soldier and his companion were betrayed into the hands of their enemies.

Many of the Indians were eager to kill the captives on the spot, but Pontiac would not carry his treachery so far. He protected them from injury and insult, and took them to the house of a Canadian, where they were safe for a while. Before the war was over the other officer had escaped, but Capt. Campbell was killed barbarously by his captors.

The garrison meanwhile was in a desperate condition, and it was the opinion of most of the officers that they ought to surrender it and sail for Niagara. There were only about 160 men as opposed to, some writers say, as many as 2000 savages; they had scarcely enough provisions to sustain them three weeks, and the houses, being of wood and chiefly thatched with straw, could easily be set on fire with burning

missiles. But the chief fears of the officers arose from their dread that the enemy would make a general onset, and cut or burn their way through the pickets, — a mode of attack to which resistance would be unavailing. Their anxiety on this score was relieved by a Canadian in the fort, who had spent half his life among Indians, and who now assured the commandant that every maxim of their warfare was opposed to such a measure. Indeed, an Indian's idea of military honor widely differs from a white man's; for he holds it to consist no less in a wary regard for his own life than in the courage with which he assails his enemy. Yet he is not a coward, and, in his own way of fighting often exhibits no ordinary courage. Stealing alone into the heart of an enemy's country, he prowls around the hostile village, watching every movement; and when night sets in, he enters a lodge, and calmly stirs the decaying embers, that by their light he may select the sleeping victim. With cool deliberation he deals the mortal thrust, kills foe after foe, and tears away scalp after scalp, until at length an alarm is given; then, with a wild

yell, he bounds out into the darkness and is gone.

Time passed on, and brought little change and no relief to the endangered garrison. Day after day the Indians continued their attacks, until their war-cries and the rattle of their guns became familiar sounds. For many weeks no man lay down to sleep, except in his clothes, and with his weapons by his side. Parties of volunteers sallied, from time to time, to burn the outbuildings which gave shelter to the enemy. They cut down orchard trees, and levelled fences, until the ground about the fort was clear and open, and the enemy had no cover left from whence to fire. Two vessels in the river, which belonged to the English, sweeping the northern and southern curtains of the works with their fire, prevented the Indians from approaching those points, and gave material aid to the garrison. Still, worming their way through the grass, sheltering themselves behind every rising ground, the persevering savages would crawl close to the palisade, and shoot arrows, tipped with burning tow, upon the roofs of the houses; but cisterns and tanks of

water were everywhere provided against such an emergency, and these attempts proved useless.

Meanwhile, great efforts were made to procure a supply of provisions. Every house was examined, and all that could serve for food, even grease and tallow, was collected and placed in the public store-house, the owners having been paid for it. In spite of these precautions, Detroit must have been abandoned or destroyed, if it had not been for a few friendly Canadians, who provided the garrison with cattle, hogs and other supplies. These were carried to the fort by boat under cover of night, the Indians long remaining ignorant of what was going forward.

Day after day passed on, and the red cross of St. George still floated above Detroit. The keen-eyed watchfulness of the Indians had never ceased; and woe to the soldier who showed his head above the palisades, or exposed his person before a loophole. The garrison was now waiting anxiously for a fleet of boats which had been sent up the lakes, with a supply of provisions and ammunition for the use of Detroit and the other western posts.

The fort, or rather town, of Detroit had by this time lost its wonted vivacity and life. Its narrow streets were gloomy and silent. Here and there strolled a Canadian, in red cap and gaudy sash; the weary sentinel walked to and fro before the quarters of the commandant; an officer, perhaps, passed with rapid step and anxious face; or an Indian girl moved silently by, in her finery of beads and vermilion. Such an aspect as this the town must have presented on the morning of the thirtieth of May, when, at about nine o'clock, the voice of the sentinel sounded from the southeast bastion; and loud exclamations, in the direction of the river, roused Detroit from its lethargy.

Instantly the place was astir. Soldiers, traders and *habitants* hurrying through the water-gate, thronged the canoe-wharf and the narrow strand without. The half-wild *coureurs de bois*,[1] the tall and sinewy provincials, and the stately British soldiers stood crowded together, their uniforms soiled and worn, and their faces haggard with unremitted watching. Yet all alike wore a joyous look. The long expected fleet of boats was in sight! On the farther side

of the river, some distance below the fort, they were rounding a point, their oars flashing in the sun, and the red flag of England flying from the stern of the foremost. The toils and dangers of the garrison were drawing to an end. With one accord, they broke into three hearty cheers, again and again repeated, while a cannon, glancing from the bastion, sent its loud voice of defiance to the enemy, and welcome to approaching friends.

But suddenly every cheek grew pale with horror. Dark naked figures were seen rising, with wild gesture, in the boats, while, in place of the answering salute, the distant yell of the war-whoop fell faintly on their ears. The convoy was in the hands of the enemy! The boats had all been taken, and the troops of the detachment slain or made captive. Officers and men stood gazing in mournful silence, when an incident occurred which made them forget the general calamity in the absorbing interest of the moment.

In the foremost boat were only three Indians to four soldiers. As it came opposite one of the two English vessels which were anchored

in the river, the soldier who acted as steersman thought of a daring plan of escape. The principal Indian sat immediately in front of one of the soldiers. The steersman called, in English, to his comrade to seize the savage and throw him overboard. The man answered that he was not strong enough; on which the steersman directed him to change places with him, as if fatigued with rowing, a movement which would excite no suspicion on the part of their guard. As the bold soldier stepped forward, as if to take his companion's oar, he suddenly seized the Indian by the hair, and gripping with the other hand the girdle at his waist, lifted him by main force, and flung him into the river. The boat rocked till the water surged over her gunwale. The Indian held fast to his enemy's clothes, and, drawing himself upward as he trailed alongside, stabbed him again and again with his knife, and then dragged him overboard. Both went down the swift current, rising and sinking; and, as some relate, perished, grappled in each other's arms. The two remaining Indians leaped out of the boat. The prisoners turned, and pulled for the distant

vessel, shouting aloud for aid. The Indians on shore opened a heavy fire upon them, and many canoes paddled swiftly in pursuit. The men strained with desperate strength. A fate inexpressibly horrible was the alternative. The bullets hissed thickly around their heads; one of them was soon wounded, and the light birch canoes gained on them with fearful rapidity. Escape seemed hopeless, when the report of a cannon burst from the side of the vessel. The ball flew close past the boat, beating the water in a line of fōam, and narrowly missing the foremost canoe. At this, the pursuers drew back in dismay; and the Indians on shore, being farther saluted by a second shot, ceased firing, and scattered among the bushes. The prisoners soon reached the vessel, where they were greeted as men snatched from the jaws of fate; "a living monument," writes an officer of the garrison, "that Fortune favors the brave."

After the bitter disappointment of the capture of the convoy, the besieged garrison heard for a long while nothing but bad news. Pontiac had sent his messengers with their war-belts

and hatchets stained red all over the Great Lake country, and massacres all along the frontier were the result. The forts at Sandusky, St. Joseph's, Michilimackinac, Outanon, Presqu' Isle, Le Boeuf, Venango, and Fort Pitt, they learned, had all been taken; but still Detroit held out.

At last one of the two vessels, which had been sent down to Niagara, came back after an exciting fight with some Indians on the way, and brought the garrison a much-needed supply of men, provisions and ammunition. She brought also the important tidings that peace was at length concluded between France and England by formal treaty. The Canadians were now subjects of the English king, and to many of them the change was extremely odious, for they cordially hated the British. They went about among the settlers and the Indians, declaring that the pretended news of peace was only an invention of Major Gladwyn's; that the King of France would never abandon his children; and that a great French army was even then descending the St. Lawrence, while another was approaching from the country of

the Illinois. The Indians, including Pontiac, were delighted to believe this, and kept up the war.

About this time Pontiac tried to win the neighboring Canadians as auxiliaries. For this purpose he sent messengers to the principal inhabitants, inviting them to meet him in council. When they were all assembled, he rose, threw down a war-belt at their feet, and made a speech to the effect that the Indians were fighting for the good of the French as well as for themselves, and that the French ought to join them. Most of the Canadians knew too well that their cause was lost, and refused to do so. There was, however, a collection of trappers, *voyageurs*, and nondescript vagabonds of the forest, who were seated with the council, or stood looking on, variously attired in greasy shirts, Indian leggins, and red worsted caps. Not a few of them had thought proper to adopt the style of dress and ornament peculiar to their friends, the red men, and appeared with paint rubbed in their cheeks, and feathers dangling from their hair. One of these now took up the war-belt, and declared that he and his com-

rades were now ready to raise the hatchet for Pontiac. The better class of Canadians were shocked at this proceeding, and vainly protested against it. Pontiac, on his part, was much pleased at such an alliance to his forces, and he and his chiefs shook hands in turn with each of their new auxiliaries. The allies remained in the Indian camp all night, being afraid of the reception they might meet among their fellow-whites in the settlement. The whole of the following morning was employed in giving them a feast of welcome. For this entertainment a large number of dogs were killed and served up to the guests, none of whom, according to the Indian custom on such formal occasions, were permitted to take their leave until they had eaten the whole of the enormous portion placed before them.

The new allies were not much of a help to their friends, for, before the war was over, fearing the resentment of the English and the other inhabitants, they had fled to the country of the Illinois.

The Indians by this time were very much afraid of the two armed vessels in the river,

which every little while left their anchorage and fired with great effect on their villages. Once in particular — and this was the first attempt of the kind — Gladwyn himself, with several of his officers, had embarked on board the smaller vessel, while a fresh breeze was blowing from the northwest. The Indians, on the bank, stood watching her as she tacked from shore to shore, and pressed their hands against their mouths in amazement, thinking that magic power alone could enable her thus to make her way against wind and current. Making a long reach from the opposite shore, she came on directly towards the camp of Pontiac, her sails swelling, her masts leaning over till the black muzzles of her guns almost touched the river. On she came, till their fierce hearts exulted in the idea that she would run ashore within their clutches, when suddenly a shout of command was heard on board, her progress was arrested, she rose upright, and her sails flapped and fluttered as if tearing loose from their fastenings. Steadily she came round, broadside to the shore; then, leaning once more to the wind, bore away gallantly on the other

tack. She did not go far. The wondering spectators, quite at a loss to understand her movements, soon heard the hoarse rattling of her cable, as the anchor dragged it out, and saw her furling her vast white wings. As they looked unsuspectingly on, a puff of smoke came out from her side; a loud report followed; then another and another; and the balls, rushing over their heads, flew through the midst of their camp, and tore wildly among the forest trees beyond. All was terror and consternation. The startled warriors bounded away on all sides; the squaws snatched up their children, and fled screaming; and, with a general chorus of yells, the whole encampment scattered in such haste that little damage was done, except knocking to pieces their frail cabins of bark.

Twice, after this, the Indians sent burning rafts down the river to destroy the ships; but fortunately, in each case, they missed them.

It was now two or three months since the siege began, and the red men, like children, were growing tired of the task they had undertaken. Two of the tribes, the Wyandots and Pottawattamies, begged for peace, but the Ottawas

and Ojibwas still held their places. On the 29th of July, however, another fleet of boats came up the lake and succeeded in reaching Detroit. There were 22 barges in this fleet, about 280 men, several small cannon, and a fresh supply of provisions and ammunition.

With all these fresh men and supplies the garrison should have felt much encouraged; but unfortunately Capt. Dalzell, one of the officers who had just come, was anxious to make an attempt upon the camp of the Indians, and Gladwyn, though he felt it was unwise, consented. This resulted in the worst disaster of the whole siege.

About two o'clock on the morning of the 31st of July, the gates were thrown open in silence, and the detachment, 250 in number, passed noiselessly out. They filed two deep along the road, while two large bateaux, each bearing a swivel on the bow, rowed up the river abreast of them. To reach the Indian camp, the soldiers who were marching had to cross a bridge over a gully, beyond which the land rose in abrupt ridges. Along the summits were rude intrenchments, piles of firewood, and picket

fences overlooking orchards and gardens belonging to the Canadians.

The night was exceedingly dark. As the English drew near the pass, they pushed rapidly forward, not wholly unsuspicious of danger. The advance guard were halfway over the bridge, and the main body just entering upon it, when a horrible burst of yells rose in their front, and the Indians, who had been lying silent as snakes behind the entrenchments and fences, began firing upon them. Half the advanced party were shot down; the appalled survivors shrank back aghast. Again the Indians poured in their volley, and again the English hesitated; but Dalzell shouted from the van, and in the madness of mingled rage and fear, they charged at a run across the bridge and up the heights beyond. Not an Indian was there to oppose them. In vain the furious soldiers sought the enemy behind fences and entrenchments. The active savages had fled; yet still their guns flashed thick through the gloom, and their war-cry rose with undiminished clamor. The order to retreat was given, but on the way back a great many were killed by the

enemy in ambush. Altogether 59 English were killed and wounded in this encounter.

Still the fort held out, and when fall came the Indians began to beg for peace that they might go unmolested to their winter quarters. As the garrison was threatened with famine, and it was impossible to procure provisions while completely surrounded by the enemy, Gladwyn consented to a truce, and the Indians melted away, to find food during the winter for themselves and their families.

In the spring they came back to the attack, but with much less vigor than before, for they had heard that an army was coming up the lake to relieve Detroit.

And on the 26th of August this came — Bradstreet's army of 1200 men. Well might Gladwyn's soldiers rejoice! They had been beset for more than fifteen months by their wily enemy; and though there were times when not an Indian could be seen, yet woe to the soldier who should wander into the forest in search of game, or stroll too far beyond range of the cannon. They had been cut off for months together from all communication with

other white men; shut up in a tiresome imprisonment; ill supplied with provisions and with clothing worn threadbare. No wonder they hailed with delight their return to a world from which they had been banished so long. The army was no sooner landed than the garrison was relieved, and fresh troops substituted in their places.

As for Pontiac, the great war-chief had retired to the banks of the Maumee, whence he sent a haughty defiance to the English commander. Later on, he was to stir up all the tribes of the West in a struggle to retrieve his broken cause; but after that he saw all his hopes in the dust, and the whole structure of his plot crumbling in ruins around him. Finally he came to Detroit and in behalf of several of the Indian nations spoke to the English ambassador, Croghan, in council. "Father," he said, in part, "I declare to all nations . . . that I have settled my peace . . . and now deliver my pipe to Sir William Johnson,[1] that he may know that I have made peace, and taken the King of England for my father."

As he paddled his canoe on Lake Erie after-

wards, he probably little dreamed that within the space of a single human life that lonely lake would be studded with the sails of commerce; that cities and villages would rise upon the ruins of the forest; and the poor mementoes of his lost race — the wampum beads, the rusty tomahawk, and the arrowhead of stone, turned up by the ploughshare — would become the wonder of schoolboys, and prized relics of antiquarians. Yet it did not need a prophet to foresee that, sooner or later, the doom must come. The star of his people's destiny was fading from the sky; and, to a mind like his, the black and withering future must have stood revealed in all its desolation.

NOTES

Page 1, No. 1. **Chapter I. (Indian Tribes and Traditions.)** This chapter is taken from "The Conspiracy of Pontiac." As all of the chapters in the "Boys' Parkman" are connected in one way or other with Indians, their manners, customs, or fate, it has seemed best to place this vivid description of Indian tribes and traditions at the beginning of the book.

"The Conspiracy of Pontiac" was the first of Parkman's histories to be published. John Fiske called it "one of the most brilliant and fascinating books that has ever been written by any historian since the days of Herodotus." Its main subject, as indicated by the title, is the rebellion of the Indians, headed by Pontiac, against the English, who assumed possession of their country after the French and Indian War; but a good part of the first volume is taken up by a general survey of French, English, and Indian history in America, told in a peculiarly vivid and interesting way. It is hoped that the extracts given here will lead to a knowledge of the book at first hand.

Page 2, No. 1. **Clans.** Members of a clan are either actually or theoretically blood-relations. In the Iroquoian and Muskhogean tribes the kinship was traced through the female line.

Page 5, No. 1. **Five Tribes.** The confederacy of the Iroquois was known as the Five Nations. The tribes were the Senecas, Onondagas, Cayugas, Oneidas and Mohawks. Later on, a kindred people, called the Tuscaroras, joined them, and the confederacy was called the Six Nations.

Page 6, No. 1. **Medusa-like.** Medusa was the most terrible of the three Gorgon sisters celebrated in Greek mythology. A glance from her turned mortals to stone. Her hair was intertwined with serpents.

Page 8, No. 1. **Lake Teungktoo.** This is an Anglicised form of the Seneca Iroquois name for Cross Lake, N. Y.

Page 8, No. 2. **Hill of Genundewah.** This was the name the Seneca Iroquois had for the hill on which their capital stood. It was not far from Honeoye Falls in central New York.

Page 9, No. 1. **Garangula.** An Onondaga chief. "The governor of Canada equipped an army in 1684 to crush the Five Nations because they interfered with French trade. Sickness among the troops having prevented the expedition, Governor de la Barre crossed Lake Ontario to offer peace, which he sought to make conditional on the restoration to French merchants of the trade that the Iroquois had diverted to the English. Garangula, representing the Five Nations, replied defiantly that the Iroquois would trade with English or French as they chose, and would continue to treat as enemies French traders who supplied the Miami, Illi-

nois, Shawnee, or other tribes with arms and ammunition to fight them." (Handbook of American Indians.)

Page 9, No. 2. **Sagoyewatha.** Sagoyewatha, commonly called Red Jacket, was a celebrated chief of the Seneca Indians. He received his English name from the great pride he took in a scarlet jacket given him by an English officer. He was considered the most eloquent speaker the Indian race had ever produced. He took the part of the British during the Revolution. In 1784 he bitterly opposed the treaty of Fort Stanwix, by which the Iroquois ceded some of their land to the United States. At the time of Tecumseh's rebellion he aided the United States troops.

Page 9, No. 3. **Count Frontenac.** Count Frontenac is called by Parkman "the most remarkable man who ever represented the crown of France in the New World. . . . Under the rule of Frontenac occurred the first serious collision of the rival powers, (France and England) and the opening of the grand scheme of military occupation by which France strove to envelop and hold in check the industrial populations of the English colonies." (Preface to "Frontenac and New France.") He waged war against the Iroquois, who had reduced Canada to desolation, and against the English, who were their allies. He repeatedly ravaged the frontier towns of New England and New York.

Page 9, No. 4. **General Sullivan.** A major-general in the Revolutionary War. In 1779 he marched into

western New York and defeated the Iroquois and their Tory allies at Newton (Elmira).

Page 10, No. 1. **Denonville.** The Marquis of Denonville, governor of Canada, determined to chastise the Senecas, and to that end moved up the St. Lawrence with a strong force. He invited a number of chiefs to a conference at Fort Frontenac, treacherously seized them, and sent them to France to be worked to death in the King's galleys. He also ravaged two villages of peaceful Iroquois. Then he crossed Lake Ontario and destroyed the towns and store-houses of the Senecas, most of whom had fled. It was in revenge for his treacherous actions that the Indians massacred the people of La Chine, in 1689. Denonville was recalled in that year, and Frontenac succeeded him.

Page 12, No. 1. **Cartier.** Jacques Cartier, the Breton mariner, discovered the St. Lawrence in 1535, while seeking a highway to China, and took possession of the new-found land in the name of the King of France.

Page 12, No. 2. **Adventurous Englishman.** The reference is, of course, to the story of John Smith and Pocahontas. Smith's fiery spirit, military reputation and sagacity made him an influence among the early colonists of Virginia. He was sent on several expeditions for forage and discovery among the Indians, and in 1607 was captured by the Indian chief Powhatan. He asserted in a letter to the Queen that he was about to have his brains knocked out against a large stone when Pocahontas, the chief's daughter, " hazarded the

beating out of her owne braines" to save his. His story, however, has been discredited. Pocahontas married John Rolfe, an Englishman, and was taken to England, where she was received with great enthusiasm as the daughter of an "American King."

Page 12, No. 3. **Sassacus the Pequot.** The war referred to took place at the time of the early settlement of Connecticut. The Pequot tribe was practically destroyed in 1637.

Page 12, No. 4. **Philip of Mount Hope.** Philip was chief of the Wampanoags. He was prominent in the Indian war against the New England colonists, begun in 1675, in which 600 colonists were killed, 600 buildings burned, and thirteen towns destroyed. It is said that less than 200 individuals were left of the two once powerful Indian tribes engaged in the war. Philip was captured in a swamp, where he was killed by another Indian while trying to escape. His body was quartered on a Thanksgiving Day especially appointed, and his head was kept for a long time on a gibbet at Plymouth.

Page 12, No. 5. **Present day.** About the year 1869.

Page 17, No. 1. **Manitoes.** "Manitou and Oki meant anything endowed with supernatural powers, from a snake-skin or a greasy Indian conjurer, up to Manabozho and Jouskeha." (Parkman, "The Jesuits in North America," Introduction, P. 79.)

Page 19, No. 1. **Weendigoes.** "A mythical tribe of cannibals, said by the Chippewa and Ottawa to

inhabit an island in Hudson Bay." (Handbook of American Indians. Bulletin 30, Bureau of American Ethnology, Washington, D. C.)

Page 19, No. 2. **Geebi.** An Algonquin word for spirit.

Page 26, No. 1. **Chapter II. (The Discovery of the Mississippi.)** This chapter is taken from "La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West." "The Spaniards discovered the Mississippi," the author says in the introduction to this book. "De Soto was buried beneath its waters; and it was down its muddy current that his followers fled from the Eldorado of their dreams, transformed to a wilderness of misery and death. The discovery was never used, and was well-nigh forgotten. On early Spanish maps the Mississippi is often indistinguishable from other affluents of the Gulf. A century passed after De Soto's journeyings in the South before a French explorer reached a northern tributary of the great river." This was Jean Nicollet, who was sent as ambassador to the Winnebagoes, a tribe living near the head of the Green Bay of Lake Michigan. He ventured as far as the Wisconsin River, which he descended some distance. The Iroquois war put a stop to exploration for a time, but in 1658 two traders reached Lake Superior, spent the winter there, and brought back tales of the ferocious Sioux, and of the great western river on which they dwelt. Jesuit missionaries, pushing into the wilderness, confirmed these

stories. "More and more," Parkman says, "the thoughts of the Jesuits — and not of the Jesuits alone — dwelt on this mysterious stream. Through what regions did it flow; and whither would it lead them, — to the South Sea, or the 'Sea of Virginia,' to Mexico, Japan, or China? The problem was soon to be solved and the mystery revealed."

Page 26, No. 2. **Jesuits.** A Roman Catholic order founded by Loyola. Bancroft says: "In Canada, not a cape was turned, not a mission founded, nor a river entered, nor a settlement begun, but a Jesuit led the way." One of Parkman's most interesting books is "The Jesuits in North America."

Page 26, No. 3. **Garnier.** Father Charles Garnier was a Jesuit priest sent to the missions of the Hurons in 1635. He was of noble birth and gentle breeding, of delicate constitution and keen sensibilities, but his religious enthusiasm was such that he embraced gladly a life of suffering and peril. He was killed by the Iroquois. (Parkman's "The Jesuits in North America.")

Page 26, No. 4. **Jogues.** Father Isaac Jogues was a Jesuit missionary of great courage and heroism. He was taken captive by the Iroquois, and "led from canton to canton, and village to village, enduring fresh torments and indignities at every stage of his progress. Men, women, and children vied with each other in ingenious malignity. Redeemed, at length, by the humane exertions of a Dutch officer, he repaired to

France, where his disfigured person and mutilated hands told the story of his sufferings. But the promptings of a sleepless conscience urged him to return and complete the work he had begun; to illumine the moral darkness upon which, during the months of his disastrous captivity, he fondly hoped that he had thrown some rays of light. Once more he bent his footsteps towards the scene of his living martyrdom, saddened with a deep presentiment that he was advancing to his death. Nor were his forebodings untrue. In a village of the Mohawks, the blow of a tomahawk closed his mission and his life." (Parkman's "Conspiracy of Pontiac," P. 54, Vol. 1.)

Page 26, No. 5. **Joliet.** Louis Joliet was a native of the colony, having been born at Quebec in 1645. He was a well-educated man, with considerable knowledge of higher mathematics, logic and metaphysics, and he apparently possessed prudence and good judgment.

Page 26, No. 6. **Frontenac.** See p. 169, No. 3. Frontenac was noted also for his encouragement of French explorations in the West.

Page 26, No. 7. **Intendant.** "The intendant was an officer charged with the duty of enforcing a minute system of regulations in the colony, and incidentally of keeping a watch upon the governor's actions, according to the universal system of surveillance for which the old régime in France was so notable." (Fiske's "New France and New England," P. 102.)

Page 27, No. 1. **The 17th of May.** This was in the year 1763.

Page 31, No. 1. **Calumets.** The Indians had pipes of various shapes and sizes, made of clay, stone, or bone, but the ceremonial pipe was usually of large size, in the East and Southeast of white stone, and in the West of the red catlinite from the noted pipestone-quarry in Minnesota. The stem was made long, of wood or reed ornamented with feathers and porcupine quill-work. Although frequently referred to as the "peace pipe," the ceremonial pipe was in fact used in the ratification of all solemn engagements, both of war and of peace.

Page 38, No. 1. **Chapter III. (La Salle's Winter Journeys.)** This chapter is taken partly from the summary of La Salle's life in the "Conspiracy of Pontiac," Volume I, and partly from "La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West." La Salle was, without doubt, one of the most remarkable of the pioneers of France. He came of a wealthy and respected family of Rouen, and his early training was received at the hands of the Jesuits. Feeling no inclination towards the priesthood, he parted from them and went to Canada, where he had an elder brother, Jean Cavelier, a priest. He received at first a tract of land at the place now called La Chine, on the St. Lawrence, above the rapids of that name. Here he learned the Iroquois language and several dialects of the Algonquin. After Joliet's

and Marquette's discovery of the Mississippi he developed his scheme of planting not only a town at the mouth of the Mississippi, but a chain of forts connecting Lakes Erie and Ontario and the Sault Ste. Marie with the Illinois and the Mississippi. The Intendant Talon and the Governor Frontenac were also in favor of this plan.

The main thing lacking was money; and to raise this La Salle was inclined to resort to monopoly, or the obtaining of the exclusive trading rights in the country which he explored. This excited the anger of the fur-traders, a very powerful class of men. He also incurred the enmity of the Jesuits, whose service he had abandoned and whose plans ran counter to his. His stern discipline also offended many lawless spirits under his control. From first to last he was plotted against and hampered by his enemies.

After several preliminary exploring trips La Salle went to France and had an interview with the King, Louis XIV, which resulted in his obtaining that monarch's authority for an expedition to find the Mississippi. La Salle was then placed in command of Fort Frontenac, upon his promise to rebuild and strengthen it.

The main traits in his character and events in his career are brought out in the next four chapters. It is hard to imagine more inspiring reading for young people than the story of this shy, taciturn, ambitious, invincibly determined and gloriously heroic explorer.

Page 38, No. 2. **Fort Frontenac.** This was about where Kingston now stands.

Page 40, No. 1. **Tonty.** See introduction to Chapter IV.

Page 40, No. 2. **Crèvecoeur.** "Heartbreak." Seldom has a fort been more appropriately named.

Page 42, No. 1. **20,000 livres.** This was worth about $30,000 in our modern money.

Page 46, No. 1. **Not so many years ago.** Parkman wrote this about the year 1869.

Page 47, No. 1. **Great town of the Illinois.** For a description of a typical Indian town see pp. 56–58.

Page 55, No. 1. **Chapter IV. (Tonty's Adventures.)** This chapter is taken from "La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West." Henri de Tonty was a native of Naples, the son of the man who invented a kind of insurance still known as the Tontine. He had had one hand blown off in battle in his youth, and had replaced it with an iron hand covered with a glove; hence he was called by the Indians "Iron Hand." His presence of mind, courage, and absolute loyalty to La Salle have made him an interesting and admirable figure.

Parkman says: "There are very few names in French-American history mentioned with such unanimity of praise as that of Henri de Tonty. . . . The despatches of the governor, Denonville, speak in strong terms of his services in the Iroquois war, praise his

character, and declare that he is fit for any bold enterprise, adding that he deserves reward from the King. The missionary, St. Cosme, who travelled under his escort in 1699, says of him: 'He is beloved by all the *voyageurs*: . . . It was with deep regret that we parted from him: . . . he is the man who best knows the country; . . . he is loved and feared everywhere' . . ." (Parkman's "La Salle," P. 440, note.)

For further information about him, see P. 92 of this volume, and Parkman's "La Salle."

Page 55, No. 2. **Secret enemy.** La Salle's enemies had been among the Illinois, telling them that the French were instigating the Iroquois to invade their country. (Parkman's "La Salle," P. 148.)

Page 58, No. 1. **Membré and Ribourde.** These were the two Récollet friars whom La Salle had brought with him. "Though no friend of the Jesuits, he was zealous for the Faith, and was rarely without a missionary in his journeys." (Parkman's "La Salle," P. 136.)

Page 62, No. 1. **Wampum belt.** "Wampum is the name given to strings of perforated shells, usually the great clam, the pearl oyster, or the Venus shell, which are woven into belts of various patterns, into which dates, treaties, and national events are 'talked.'" (Isaac Taylor, "Alphabet," V. I, ch. 1, p. 18.)

Page 67, No. 1. **Eat Illinois flesh.** "The Indians are not habitual cannibals. After a victory, however, it often happens that the bodies of their enemies are

consumed at a formal war-feast — a superstitious rite, adapted, as they think, to increase their courage and hardihood." (Parkman's "Conspiracy of Pontiac," V. I, 357.)

Page 71, No. 1. **Chapter V. (La Salle Finds the Mouth of the Mississippi.)** This chapter also is taken from "La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West." Though it bears some resemblance to the account of Father Marquette's discovery of the Mississippi, it is included because the vivid description of La Salle's one successful expedition lightens to some extent the gloomy story of his life, and because the information about the historic tribe, the Taensas, is particularly interesting.

Page 73, No. 1. **Membré.** See note to P. 58.

Page 75, No. 1. **Calumet.** See note to P. 31.

Page 77, No. 1. **Taensas.** "The Natchez and the Taensas, whose habits and customs were similar, did not, in their social organization, differ radically from other Indians. The same principle of clanship, or *totemship*, so widely spread, existed in full force among them, combined with their religious ideas, and developed into forms of which no other example, equally distinct, is to be found. Among the Natchez and Taensas, the principal clan formed a ruling caste; and its chiefs had the attributes of demi-gods. As descent was through the female, the chief's son never succeeded him, but the son of one of his sisters; and as

she, by the usual totemic law, was forced to marry in another clan, — that is, to marry a common mortal, — her husband, though the destined father of a demi-god, was treated by her as little better than a slave." (Parkman's, "La Salle," 284, note.)

Page 78, No. 1. **Divan.** The word is used here in the sense of *council.*

Page 80, No. 1. **Louis le Grand,** etc. "Louis the Great, King of France and of Navarre, reigns; the ninth of April, 1682."

Page 81, No. 1. **Sultan of Versailles.** This refers of course to Louis XIV, whose palace was at Versailles and who was noted as a despotic monarch.

Page 82, No. 1. **Chapter VI. (The Assassination of La Salle.)** This account is taken from "La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West." It has of necessity been much shortened. Part of La Salle's plan, as outlined to the King, has led people to think that his mind was unhinged. This was his proposal to collect 15,000 savages at the mouth of the Mississippi, and with them and his French and Abenaki followers, to invade New Biscay, the northern province of Mexico, which belonged to Spain. The impossibility of not only collecting, but of keeping together such an army of Indians in a march of unknown distance through unknown country is obvious. Other circumstances, such as his extreme suspicion, which included even Henri de Tonty, his doubts at the last moment

whether he should sail for the Gulf or for Canada, point to the conclusion that his mind had been affected by the terrible strain of hardship, anxiety and loss.

Page 82, No. 2. **King.** Louis XIV.

Page 85, No. 1. **Twelfth Night.** A feast-day, otherwise known as the Epiphany, occurring twelve days after Christmas.

Page 91, No. 1. **Great Bashaw.** Bashaw, or pasha, was a title given to Ottoman or Egyptian generals, admirals or governors. It was also used to designate a haughty or pompous official.

Page 92, No. 1. **Joutel.** Joutel was a fellow-townsman of La Salle's who had accompanied him on the expedition of which he became the historian. An abstract of his narrative, under the title of "Journal Historique," was published in 1713.

Page 96, No. 1. **Chapter VII. (The French, the English and the Indians.)** This summary of the opposing aims and characters of the French and English in America is taken from Volume I of the "Conspiracy of Pontiac." It is an extremely valuable and interesting piece of writing, which cannot fail to be of service to any student of American history; and it is one which strikes the key-note for Parkman's whole series, "France and England in North America." The reason is obvious for its being inserted in this volume before the account of the sharp struggle which marked the end of French supremacy in America.

Page 97, No. 1. **Récollet.** A name given to the members of certain reformed bodies of monastic orders, whether of men or women, in the Roman Catholic church.

Page 97, No. 2. **Ursulines.** A religious order for women in the Roman Catholic church, particularly devoted to the education of girls.

Page 102, No. 1. **Pawnees.** The Pawnees were a tribe who established themselves in the valley of the Platte River, Nebraska.

Page 102, No. 2. **Dahcotah.** The Dahcotah Indians, commonly known as the Sioux, roamed over the region now called by their name. They are conceded to be of the highest type, physically, mentally, and probably morally, of any of the western tribes.

Page 106, No. 1. **Baron La Hontan.** Baron La Hontan wrote a book called "New Voyages to North America," which gives the results of his observations while travelling in this country from, approximately, 1683 to 1701.

Page 106, No. 2. **Charlevoix.** Pierre Francois Xavier de Charlevoix was a French missionary and traveller. He was sent by the Duke of Orleans in 1720 to find the "Western Sea." He ascended the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, and reached New Orleans by way of the Mississippi. He wrote a book called "Histoire de la Nouvelle France." ("History of New France.")

Page 109, No. 1. **Chapter VIII. (The Fall of Quebec.)** This account of the decisive battle of the French and Indian War is taken from the general historical summary in Volume I of "The Conspiracy of Pontiac." Those interested, however, should read Parkman's "Montcalm and Wolfe," which he regarded as his best book, and in which the subject is treated in detail. John Fiske said: "Perhaps never has there been a historic drama in which the leading parts have been played by men of nobler stuff than Montcalm and Wolfe."

Page 109, No. 2. **Memorable war.** This was known as the Seven Years' War. It involved all the European powers and their colonies, and in it France and England fought out their struggle for supremacy in North America and India.

Page 109, No. 3. **Frederick.** This was Frederick the Great, king of Prussia from 1740 to 1786. Maria Theresa of Austria formed an alliance against Prussia with France, Russia, Saxony and Sweden. England sided with Frederick, who at once marched upon Saxony, thus beginning the Seven Years' War, which changed the map of the world and brought about the downfall of France in North America and India.

Page 109, No. 4. **Clive.** Robert Clive, Baron of Plassey, was an English administrator whose achievements laid the foundation of the British Indian Empire. (See Macaulay's "Essay on Clive.")

Page 110, No. 1. **Pitt.** William Pitt, First Earl of Chatham, was a famous English statesman. He entered Parliament in 1735 and immediately gained great influence on account of his oratorical ability. In 1756 the King called upon him to carry on the government. A new Cabinet was formed, of which the Duke of Devonshire was nominally the head, but Pitt had the real power. His war policy was unusually vigorous and sagacious, and under his rule French armies and fleets met with signal defeats. Pitt was the idol of the people, who called him "The Great Commoner." (See Green's "William Pitt, Earl of Chatham," Macaulay's "Chatham," and Thackeray's "History of the Earl of Chatham.")

Page 112, No 1. **Montcalm.** Montcalm had been sent in 1756 to command the French forces in America. After gaining victories at Fort William Henry, Ticonderoga, and other places, he was forced to retreat to Quebec on account of lack of men, ammunitions and provisions. He was ill supplied by the French government and harassed by disaffection among the authorities in Canada.

Page 114, No. 1. **Hannibal.** Hannibal's invasion of Italy in 218 B. C. was one of the triumphs of ancient warfare.

Page 117, No. 1. **"Qui vive?"** "Who goes there?" (Literally: "Who lives?")

Page 117, No. 2. **"De la Reine."** "The Queen's!"

Page 125, No. 1. The capture of Montreal by

Amherst in the following summer put the finishing touch to the conquest of Canada.

Page 126, No. 1. **Chapter IX. (Henry's Adventures with the Indians.)** This chapter is from "The Conspiracy of Pontiac," Volume I. It is included, not so much for its historical value, as on account of the lively nature of the story and the light which it throws upon the generosity and devotion of the Indian character, traits not dwelt upon in the other parts of this book.

Page 126, No. 2. **Hostile to the English.** See P. 2.

Page 127, No. 1. **The future career marked out for him.** "At about fifteen years of age, in the old days, throughout the entire eastern and central region, the boy made solitary fast and vigil to obtain communication with the medicine spirit which was to be his protector through life." (Handbook of American Indians.)

Page 129, No. 1. **Waters of Lake Michigan.** See P. 155 and P. 156.

Page 129, No. 2. **Pawnee.** "How the term Pani or Pawnee, as applied to Indian slaves, came into use is not definitely known. It was a practice among the French and English of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to obtain from friendly tribes their captives taken in war and to sell them as slaves to white settlers. . . . The Pawnee do not seem to have suffered espe-

cially from this traffic." (Handbook of American Indians.)

Page 135, No. 1. **Chapter X. (The Siege of Detroit.)** This account is taken from the "Conspiracy of Pontiac," of which it is the culminating incident. Parkman's introduction to this work may well be quoted here:

"The conquest of Canada was an event of momentous consequence in American history. It changed the political aspect of the continent, prepared a way for the independence of the British colonies, rescued the vast tracts of the interior from the rule of military despotism, and gave them, eventually, to the keeping of an ordered democracy. Yet to the red natives of the soil its results were wholly disastrous. Could the French have maintained their ground, the ruin of the Indian tribes might long have been postponed; but the victory of Quebec was the signal of their swift decline. Thenceforth they were destined to melt and vanish before the advancing waves of Anglo-American power, which now rolled westward unchecked and unopposed. They saw the danger, and led by a great and daring champion, struggled fiercely to avert it. The history of that epoch, crowded as it is with scenes of tragic interest, with marvels of suffering and vicissitude, of heroism and endurance, has been, as yet, unwritten, buried in the archives of governments, or among the obscurer records of private adventure. To rescue it from oblivion is the object of the following

work. It aims to portray the American forest and the American Indian at the period when both received their final doom."

Page 137, No. 1. **Hatred of the English.** See pp. 104, 107.

Page 139, No. 1. **Engagés.** Hired men.

Page 147, No. 1. **Running the gauntlet.** "The Iroquois, some Algonquins, and several western tribes, forced prisoners to run between two lines of people armed with clubs, tomahawks and other weapons, and spared, at least temporarily, those who reached the chief's house, a certain post, or some other goal." (Handbook of American Indians.)

Page 152, No. 1. **Coureurs de bois.** Bush-rangers, or, literally, "runners of the woods."

Page 164, No. 1. **Sir William Johnson.** Sir William Johnson was one of the most interesting figures in American colonial history. He owned a large tract of land in the Mohawk Valley and, on account of his great influence with the Indians, was made superintendent of all the affairs of the Six Nations and other Northern Indians. It was owing to him that the Six Nations sided with the English instead of with the French in the French-Indian War. He was also noted in warfare. (See Stone's "Life of Sir William Johnson.")