

*Stories*  
*from*  
*Louisiana History*



*Grace King.*  
*John R. Ficklen.*













# STORIES FROM LOUISIANA HISTORY

BY

GRACE KING,

*Author of*

*"New Orleans, the Place and the People;"*

*"De Soto in the Land of Florida," etc.*

AND

JOHN R. FICKLEN, B. Let.

*Professor of History in Tulane University of Louisiana.*

*Author of*

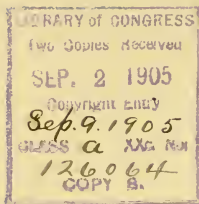
*"History and Civil Government of Louisiana," etc.*



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## P R E F A C E .

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This book of "Stories from Louisiana History" is intended to lead up to the authors' History of Louisiana, which has been used for more than a decade in the public schools of the State. It relates in greater detail and in simpler form the romantic incidents in the early history of the Mississippi Valley.

Though the "Stories" have been prepared for very young readers, the authors have been able, in a large part of the book, to give them word for word from the original sources. The narratives left us by the first explorers and settlers tell in the simplest and most stirring language of the dangers and hardships they themselves endured. Thus, at the beginning of their studies, the young people may taste one of the highest joys of the historian; they may feel themselves in direct, intimate touch with the men who made our history.

The "Stories," it will be found, are true in every particular. Not a single detail has been introduced from the realm of fiction.

It should be added that the first portion of the book, down to the Revolution of 1768, was written by Miss King and the remainder by Mr. Ficklen. The latter wishes to express his obligations to his wife for her aid in preparing the story of the "Great Purchase," and both authors desire to thank her for designing the cover.

If the present volume meets with favor, the authors purpose to issue another covering the period from 1815 to the present time.



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## THE FINDING OF LOUISIANA.

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When Columbus, in 1492, sailed from Spain upon his great voyage of discovery, very few people believed in him and many looked upon him as a kind of madman. But when he came back bringing the account of the new and beautiful land he had found on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean, and showing the gold and pearls he had found there, the chattering parrots and queer animals, and strangest sight of all, the six tall, handsome Indians in their war paint and feathers; then all the greatest men in Spain were proud to honor him; the King and Queen gave him a royal reception, and the people crowded the streets to see him pass, pointing him out to the children so that they could say in their old age they had seen the great Columbus.

It was so hard for Columbus to get money to hire ships and men and buy provisions for his first voyage, that often he was on the point of giving up his glorious enterprise. But, when he was getting ready for his second voyage, more money than he needed was given him; ship captains were eager

to sail with him and from all over Spain came young men begging to go with him.

The first land that Columbus discovered was one of the West India islands, and the first settlements he made in the New World were upon the islands of Cuba and Hispaniola. At these two islands the ships from Spain landed all the men and the provisions and arms and ammunition that came over to the New World, and from these two islands set out all the "adventurers," as they were called; the men who, after Columbus had shown them the way, wished also to discover new lands and find gold and pearls and strange men, birds, and animals; and to go back to Spain and be received by the King and Queen, and be followed on the streets by crowds of men, women, and children. And so, by these, in the course of a few years, South America, Central America, and all the islands of the Caribbean Sea, and Mexico, and Florida were discovered and made known.

What drew the Spanish adventurers to South and Central America and Mexico, was the stories told of the gold to be found there. But the story that the Indians told the Spaniards about Florida was a different and far prettier one. They said that in the land of "Bimini," (this was the Indian name for Florida), there was a most wonderful fountain,

whose waters when one drank of it gave eternal youth. There were no old Indians over there, only young and beautiful ones.

This story came to the ears of an old Spanish



PONCE DE LEON.

knight, in Cuba, Juan Ponce de Leon, and he believed it to be true. No gold nor lands in the world seemed to him to be worth having, when he thought of the Fountain of Eternal Youth. He longed to drink the magical waters and become what he was twenty years before, when he followed Columbus to America. He went to Spain and obtained permission of the King to conquer the land that held the Fountain of Eternal Youth, and so make it his own.

He came in sight of the land of Bimini on Easter Sunday, 1513, and called it the land of Florida, because in Spanish, Easter is called Pascua Florida, the flowery feast. But the Indians fought him so fiercely that he could not land, and he had to sail away again. He tried once more with another expedition, several years later, when he was in still greater need of the waters of the Fountain of Youth. This time he was not only driven away by the Indians, but was shot by an arrow and he died of the wound.

Again and again, after him, did the Spaniards try to land in Florida and make the country their own. They did not believe, as he did, in the Fountain of Youth, but they believed other tales just as untrue, which were told them by the Indians of Cuba, about great villages filled with gold and



precious stones, and wealth enough to make each man of the army rich for life.

They fared, however, no better than poor, old Ponce de Leon. As soon as their boats would appear on the coast, the Indians would swarm out of the woods in wild fury and attack and drive them away. Pineda, the commander of one expedition, did not attempt to land where the others had failed, but sailed along the coast, looking for a more favorable spot. Thus he sailed all the way to Mexico and back again, coming upon a great river with three mouths that poured a vast volume of muddy water into the Gulf. He named the river the "Espiritu Santo," the river of the Holy Spirit, because he came to it on Trinity Sunday. He sailed up the river and stayed forty days with the Indians living on its banks. As the Espiritu Santo was the Mississippi, Pineda may be called the first explorer of Louisiana.

## THE ADVENTURES OF NARVAEZ AND CABEZA DE VACA.

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### NARVAEZ AND HIS THREE HUNDRED HORSEMEN.

Pamphilo de Narvaez was the next one to attempt the conquest of Florida. His fleet of five ships carried not only the men and arms to conquer the country, but the mechanics and laborers and implements to cultivate it. He did not intend to land in the same place as those who had gone before, but as near as possible to Mexico. A storm, however, caught his fleet and drove it into Apalache Bay. His pilot made him believe that he was not far from where he intended to land, that is, from the boundary of Mexico. And so he landed his men and ordered his ships to follow along the coast while he marched inland with three hundred horsemen to explore the country. They came to an Indian village which was deserted and took possession of it. But the next day the Indians returned to it and, by angry words and gestures, seemed to order the Spaniards out of their country. Well would it have

been for Narvaez had he heeded the warning. Instead he pushed forward into the land looking for gold. What met his eye was not gold, but a bare country with empty villages, thick forests, deep rivers, and great swamps. The army marched fifteen days without seeing a native, living on the corn they carried and on the palm roots they gathered, and so were nigh on to starvation when they met a large body of Indians, who instead of fighting them, received them kindly and led them to their village, where they could rest and get food.

When they set out again they found the same forests, swamps, and rivers before them, the same want of food. The Indians that they met were sometimes friendly, sometimes cruel. The largest and most comfortable village they came to was the Apalache village. It contained forty cabins and was situated in a beautiful forest, well stocked with game, deer, rabbits, raccoons, opossums, wild ducks, and birds. The warriors had fled from the village, but the squaws with their children were there. The next day, however, the warriors returned, took the women and children away, and that night attacked the village, and set it on fire. The Spaniards escaped to the swamps. And then the Indians gave them little peace. They shot at them from behind the trees, and always made their escape before the

heavy-footed Spaniards could catch up with them. The Apalaches proved themselves then, as afterwards, the fiercest and bravest of the Florida Indians. They were splendid looking men, large and well formed, and their bows were as thick as a man's arm and from ten to twelve feet long. They could send an arrow two hundred feet, and never missed their aim.

Narvaez at last decided to turn back and march towards the sea to meet his ships. But this march was the worst of all, for he had to make his way through swamp after swamp, and in every swamp to fight the Indians, sometimes standing waist deep in the water, and his men were always starving for food; for now the Indians not only deserted the villages at their approach; they burned them and the food in them.

When the Spaniards arrived at the sea, they were all sick and weak and longed for nothing so much as to leave the dreadful country they had come to conquer. And never had their eyes looked so keenly for gold, as they now looked over the blue gulf in search of their ships. Not one was in sight. What had become of them? Narvaez never knew. What were the army to do? They could not live where they were. To march again inland meant sure death at the hands of the Indians. They saw but one chance



before them; to build boats and to sail along the gulf until they came to Mexico, for they still thought they were near the boundary of Mexico. But what had they to build boats with? Their tools, their iron, their nails, their hemp, their tar, their carpenters, all had been left in the missing ships; and they had no food, sorest need of all.

But brave men find strength in the things that drive cowards to despair. The Spaniards set to work to do what they could with what they had, trusting in God for the rest. They melted down their spurs and what other iron they had, and made axes, saws, and nails of them. They gave their shirts for sails, they made ropes of their bridles and of the manes and tails of their horses and of palmetto fibre. They cut down trees, and though they had not a ship builder among them, they planned and built five boats. They calked them with palmetto fibre and tarred them with pine gum. Every three days they killed a horse for food, and skinning the legs entire, they used the skins for water flasks.

They began their task on the first of August. They finished it on the 20th of September, and two days later embarked, forty-eight or forty-nine men crowding into each boat.

For thirty days they sailed along the gulf coast,

landing where the Indians permitted, for food and water. The horses' skins not being properly cured, the water in them became putrid and unfit for drink. Their food was corn, which they parched when they could, but most of the time ate raw.

#### THE STORY OF CABEZA DE VACA.

At the end of October, they came to a broad river,\* pouring into the gulf such a volume of fresh water, that they were able to drink it; but the current was too strong for their frail, overloaded boats. Narvaez's boat was lost, but the rest went on for many days. Cabeza de Vaca, the treasurer of the expedition, who was in command of a boat, relates what then happened: "All in my boat were lying one on top of the other, and so near death that few of them knew that they were alive. Only the cockswain and I were left to manage the boat. He called to me to do what I could by myself, for he felt that he was dying. A little before day, I thought I heard water breaking upon the shore, and I took up an oar and began to row in the direction of the sound. When we were near, a great swell came and threw the boat high up on the beach.† The shock was so sudden and so great that all the dying men came to themselves, and crawled

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\* This was the Mississippi.

† This was the present State of Texas.

from the boat on their hands and knees. We made a fire to warm ourselves, roasted some corn to eat, and found some fresh water to drink, and so little by little gained our strength. Later on about one hundred Indians came towards us, armed with bows and arrows. In our terror at sight of them they seemed to us as big as giants. We did what we could to make friends of them. When they left us they promised to come next day and bring us something to eat. By daylight they came bringing us fish and some roots, such as they ate. The next day, also, they brought us food. And now, rested and having a supply of food, we decided that we would start again in our own boats. But we were hardly away from the land, when a great wave rolled over us, drenching us from head to foot. As we were naked and the weather freezing cold, the oars dropped from our numbed hands. Another wave rolled over us and capsized the boat, and we were thrown back upon the beach again. We found some coals in the ashes we had left, and so kindled a fire, around which we lay to warm ourselves.

“That evening the Indians came again bringing us food. When they saw the miserable state we were in, they took us with them to their village, and gave us a cabin with a great fire inside. It was now November and there was but one thing for us to do :

to pass the winter where we were. But the weather grew so terribly cold and so wet and stormy, that the Indians could no longer gather roots or catch fish to eat. And the cabins were so poorly built that they were hardly a shelter. And so from hunger and cold, our men perished until there were only fifteen left. And now the Indians were attacked with a sickness that killed half of them. At first they thought that we were the cause of their dying, and they made up their minds to kill us, and came to us for the purpose. But just then one of them pointed out how we, too, were dying, and told them if we had any power over life and death, we would surely save ourselves. And then we were spared. But the Indians insisted that we must be doctors, and so they would bring their sick and tell us to cure them. When we told them that we could not cure them, because we did not know how, they stopped bringing us food and starved us till we gave in. And to satisfy them, we would make the sign of the cross over them, and breathe upon the ailing spot, and then we would pray to God to cure the sick one, and turn the hearts of the Indians towards treating us well.

“And God heard our prayers. As soon as the sick ones were cured, the Indians would do without food themselves in order to give it to us; and they gave

us skins and little trinkets and ornaments. But the famine grew so great that I was once three days without eating; and it seemed to me that I could not bear life any longer. But I had to bear even more than this in the course of time. I was forced to stay with the Indians a year, when on account of their ill treatment of me, I ran away. I made myself a trader among the new Indians, carrying my pack inland and along the coast, going once over a hundred miles. My wares were sea snails, and shells which the Indians use to cut with, and the little shells they use for money, and other trifles that I gathered. I brought back in exchange skins and a kind of red earth that the Indians powder their faces with, flints for arrow points, and reeds to make arrows. This sort of life suited me well. I could go and come as I pleased. I was not forced to work, and wherever I went I was well received by the Indians, who always set up great rejoicings when they saw me coming. But what I suffered on these trips, it would take me too long to tell; the dangers and hunger, the storms, the cold, when I was all alone in the wilderness. I lived nearly six years with the same Indians. I could have left them, but I wanted to take with me a Spaniard, Lope de Oviedo, who was still on the island where we first landed. His companions had all died as

mine had. Every year I crossed over to the island and begged him to come with me to find our way, as best we could, back to the land of Christians, but he would always put me off until the next year. At last he consented to come with me and we started with a party of Indians. We met another party, who told us there were three other men, Spaniards like us, in a tribe further on. All the rest of their companions had died of hunger or been killed. They, with a party of Indians, were coming our way, and if we waited two or three days we could see them. When these Indians left us, our Indian masters began to ill treat us, beating us with their fists and sticks, threatening to kill us. Oviedo became frightened, and giving up, went back to the island. I went on alone. Two days later we met the Indians with the two Spaniards, Alonzo del Castillo and Andreas Dorante, and a negro named Estevano, who also was wrecked with us. When they saw me they could not believe their eyes, for they thought I was dead. I told them I was going to try to escape and make my way into the land of Christians. They agreed to come with me. We passed six months waiting for a chance to escape. But before the chance came, our Indian masters got into a quarrel, which ended in a fight; and they broke up their camp and separated, going off in

different directions from one another, taking their slaves with them. It was one year before we three Spaniards got together again in the same spot as before. We then planned our flight for the full moon; when, as I told my companions, if they did not come, I would go alone. The month was September. When the moon was full we met as agreed and set forth. We had nothing to eat but the fruit of the prickly pear, and no water to drink but the juice of that plant. On the first day's march we were in constant terror of being caught and taken again by the Indians we had left. About sunset we came to an Indian village. The Indians were pleased to see us. They knew who we were, for they had heard how we could cure the sick. That very evening some of them came to us, complaining that they had a pain in the head, and begging us to cure them. We blessed them and prayed over them, and they said the pain left them at once; and going to their cabins they came back bringing great quantities of roots with them and dried meats, which they gave us. And that night a number of other Indians came to us, saying that they were sick and asking us to cure them; each bringing a piece of meat. We did not know where to put all the food they brought us. As soon as the Indians were blessed and cured, they set to dancing and singing and playing games, keep-



ing up their frolic all night. At the end of three days we began to ask about the country ahead of us, so as to go on with our journey. We were told that we would find plenty of prickly pears to eat, but few people, for they had all gone away to their winter homes; that the winter was cold in that country and we would find but few skins to cover ourselves with. When we had thought over all this, we decided to pass the winter with the Indians we were with.

“And so we passed eight months. We calculated time by the moon, and during all this time we were besought on all sides to heal the sick. The Indians believed that we were really children of the sun and, therefore, gods. But all the time there was so little food that we starved. At last we got away from them, and advanced farther on in the country. We came to another tribe, where there was a great number of sick, and where we suffered again from hunger and became so famished that we traded some nets we had and a skin, with the Indians, for two dogs, which we ate. After this food we thought we were strong enough to go on our way. And so we set out, praying God to guide us. It rained hard one day, and we lost our way in the forest, but when we came out on the other side of the forest, we saw some Indian huts. Only women and children were

in them, and they fell into a great fright when they saw us. They called to their men, who were afraid too; they came and hid themselves to watch us. They told us that they were dying of hunger, but that there was a larger village farther on. They guided us to it. The Indians here were also afraid of us at first; but after a while they came up to us close enough to touch us with their hands. Whenever they touched us, they touched themselves afterwards. They brought their sick to us, and begged us to make the sign of the cross over them, and then gave us what food they had, that is, the beans and fruits of the cactus. When they heard we wanted to go on further, they were grieved and when we left them, they cried. The next Indians we joined treated us very well."

Travelling on thus from tribe to tribe, Cabeza de Vaca and his companions went so far north that on the other side of the mountains they saw the sea. But now, wherever they went they were followed by Indians, whose numbers grew larger and larger. They treated the white men as gods, but they hampered their escape and in fact tried in every way to prevent it. At last, after many adventures, the party came upon two women carrying loads of cornmeal. These told the Spaniards that the country where the corn grew was towards where the sun

set. "And now," says Cabeza de Vaca, "we told the Indians that we wanted to go where the sun set. They said that the people in that direction were too far away. We told them to guide us towards the North. They said, as before, that the people in that direction were too far off, and that we would find no food, and have no water to drink. At this we became angry and went to sleep in the woods apart from them. This terrified them; they begged us no longer to be angry with them, that they would lead us anywhere that we wished to go, even if they died on the way.

"After three days' journey we stopped; and the next day one of our Spaniards and the negro set out with two Indian women as guides. They returned after three days, saying that they had found a village of houses, where the people had beans and pumpkins, and that they had seen corn among them. This news made us glad, and giving thanks to the good Lord, we set out and travelled towards those Indians. At nightfall we came to their houses, where great rejoicings were made over us. We stayed here one day and the Indians guided us to their next village, where there were houses and food like their own. We stayed two days with them. They gave us beans and pumpkins to eat. Their way of cooking their food is this: They fill half

of a large gourd with water and throw into a fire a number of stones. When the stones are heated they take them up between sticks and drop them into the gourd until the water boils from heat. Then they put in the food to be boiled. They keep the water boiling by taking out the cold stones and putting in hot ones.

“These were the finest of all the Indians we had seen; the strongest and most active, who understood our questions the quickest and answered them the best. We called them the ‘cow nation,’ because great numbers of wild cattle are killed along the banks of the river on which they live.

“For seventeen days we travelled up this river. Then we crossed it and travelled onwards seventeen days more. Upon some plains that lie between chains of very high mountains we found a tribe who, for the third part of a year, eat nothing but the powder of stems; and as we were there in that season, we also had to eat it, until we came to a village again where there was an abundance of corn stored up.

“Some of the houses here were made of earth and some were woven of cane. From this point on, we went through hundreds of miles of country, with fixed dwellings and plenty of corn and beans. The people gave us coverings of deer skins and cotton,

and beads and corals and turquoises. They gave us emeralds made into arrow heads, which seemed to be very precious. I asked them where they got them, and they said from lofty mountains towards the North, where there were great towns and very large houses, and that they bought them with the feathers of parrots. They gave us also six hundred dried hearts of the deer for food. The women are treated better here than among the Indians we had seen. They wear a skirt of cotton that falls to the knees, and over it dressed deer skin; all wear shoes.

“Throughout all this country the Indians who were at war made friends with one another, that they might come to meet us and bring us presents. In this way we left the land in peace behind us. We taught the people by signs that in Heaven dwelt God, who had created heaven and earth, whom we worshipped and obeyed, and from whom came all good. So quick were they to understand us, that if we had known more of their language, we should have left them all Christians.

“A day’s journey farther on we came to a town at which we were detained fifteen days by rain. The river became so high we could not cross it. Here we saw the buckle of a sword belt on the neck of an Indian, and fastened to it the nail of a horse shoe. We asked the Indian what they were. He said they

came from heaven. We asked who had brought them from heaven, and all the Indians answered that men who wore beards like us had come from heaven and to that very river, bringing horses, lances, and swords; and that they had killed two Indians with their lances. With all the calmness we could put on, we asked what had become of the men. The answer was that they had been seen going towards the sunset, on their way to the sea. We gave many thanks for this to God, for we had given up hope of ever hearing again of Christians, and we made greater haste than ever on our journey. And as we went along we heard more and more of these Spaniards. We told the Indians that we were going in search of the Christians, to order them not to kill any more Indians or to make slaves of them, or take their lands from them, or to do them any more harm. The Indians were glad to hear this.

“We now passed through great spaces empty of inhabitants. The people had fled to the mountains, not daring to live in their houses or till their ground for fear of the Spaniards. It was a painful sight to us, for the land was fertile and beautiful, with plenty of springs and streams; but the villages were deserted or burned, and the people thin and weak, hiding or flying from the Spaniards. As they did not plant, all they had to eat was roots and the

bark of trees. They told us how the Spaniards had come through their land, destroying and burning their villages, carrying away half the men and all the women and boys, while those that escaped were wandering about as fugitives, not daring to stay in any one place. They said they would rather die than live in dread of such cruel treatment as they had received.

“They took us to a town on the edge of a range of mountains, the way to which is over high, steep crags. We found many Indians hiding here in fear of the Spaniards. But they received us well and gave us of what they had with them. They gave us more than two thousand loads of corn, which we gave to the poor hungering beings that had guided us here. We set out the next day with all the Indians. The tracks of the Spaniards and marks of where they had slept were seen all along where we passed. On the morrow, in the afternoon, we came to a place where we saw the stakes to which they had tied their horses. When we saw such sure signs of Christians and heard how near we were to them, we gave thanks to God our Lord for having chosen to bring us out of a captivity so sad and cruel.

“The next morning I took the negro with eleven Indians, and following the Spaniards by their trail,



travelled thirty miles, passing three villages at which they had slept. The following day I overtook four of them on horseback. At sight of us, so strangely dressed, they stood staring, neither hailing us nor coming near me. I bade them take me to their chief, which they did. I told him of Castillo and Dorante, who were behind me, and of the multitude of Indians who were following them. He sent three horsemen and fifty of the Indians who were with him, to meet them. I asked the Spaniards to give me a certificate of the year, month, and day, and the manner of my coming to them, which they did."

It was nine years since Narvaez and Cabeza de Vaca, and the five boat loads of men, had set out from Florida. Of the three hundred who went upon the expedition, only these three were saved. They had walked across the great extent of the present State of Texas and reached Mexico.

## DE SOTO'S SEARCH AFTER GOLD.

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### HE LANDS IN FLORIDA.

When Cabeza de Vaca came back to Spain, he wrote an account of what he had seen and done in the New World. The King and his courtiers read it and wondered at it just as we wonder today. They talked about it to one another, and whenever they had a chance they would question Cabeza de Vaca over and over again about the strange country he had been in, and ask for more and more stories about it. Cabeza de Vaca was as willing to tell about it as they to listen, and his stories, as the stories of travellers are apt to do, grew more wonderful the oftener he told them. But, instead of dwelling on the miseries he had suffered there, he pretended that even the most wonderful things he could tell about the beauty and richness of the country, and the gold and silver and precious stones in it, fell far short of the truth, for, as he said, he kept a great deal to himself, because he intended to go back and conquer it. Just at this time, there came to the court Hernando de Soto, one of the most

noted cavaliers of Spain. He had gone to the New World when he was only a lad of sixteen, and had



HERNANDO DE SOTO.

just come back from the conquest of Peru with the fortune he had gained there. Now, Peru was one of

the richest countries that the Spaniards had conquered, but when De Soto heard the stories told by Cabeza de Vaca, he came to think that the wealth of Peru was nothing in comparison to that of Florida.

He hastened to the King and offered to make the conquest of Florida at his own expense, if the King would only give him the permission to do so. The King consented, and De Soto and his friends at once threw all the money they had brought from Peru into enlisting men and buying ships and food and ammunition for the conquest of Florida. They engaged twelve priests to go with them to convert the natives, and took the supplies with them for the churches they intended to build and the settlements they intended to make. There was nothing talked about all over Spain but De Soto's expedition to the land of Florida, the land that was richer than Peru or Mexico; and from all over Spain came young and daring men to join it. The ships sailed in the spring of 1538, and landing in Cuba, De Soto spent the next winter there, buying horses and live stock, and more ships, to carry them. He set sail from Havana, and on a bright June day landed on the same part of the coast of Florida where Ponce de Leon had tried to land when he came in search of the Fountain of Eternal Youth. Three hundred

soldiers were sent ashore to raise the royal flag of Spain on the beach and to proclaim that they took possession of the land in the name of the King of Spain. But they soon found that the conquest of Florida depended, not upon the consent of the King of Spain, but upon the consent of the Indians of Florida.

That night, as they lay asleep in their camp, they were roused by a fearful clamor of shrieks and yells and blowing of horns; and before they could arm themselves, hundreds of naked Indians were leaping through the darkness upon them, and sending showers of arrows hissing into them. All that they could do was to run out into the water as far as they could, and sound their trumpets to the ship for help, which came just in time to save them from massacre. The whole army was then landed, and De Soto, finding a deserted village about ten miles away, marched to it, and camped there while the ships were unloaded. When he was ready for the march inland, he learned from some prisoners that a man like himself, a Spaniard, was living in captivity in a village somewhere round about. He resolved that he would not move from where he was until he had found that man and delivered him. He sent two companies of horsemen in different directions to search for the village where the Span-

iard was held a slave. One of the companies came back with nothing to report, but six wounded men. The other company came galloping into camp, late in the night, bringing with them a naked, thin, scarred man; a poor wretch who looked like a savage and seemed no better than one. He had been found with a party of Indians, who ran to the woods when they saw the Spaniards coming. The horsemen overtook only two of them; one they killed, the other one turned and making a great sign of the cross in the air, called out "Sevilla! Sevilla!" "Are you a Spaniard?" called out the horseman, who was about to kill him. "Yes! Yes!" he answered. The horseman, who was one of the strongest men in the Spanish army, stooped down, picked up the man with one hand, threw him over his saddle, and galloped off with him to his captain, who then brought him at full speed to the camp.

He told his story to De Soto. He said that his name was Juan Ortiz, and that he had come to that coast nine years before in a ship sent out from Cuba to search for some tidings of Narvaez and his expedition, who had not been seen or heard of by the ships which came back, according to their agreement to bring supplies. Now, Narvaez had shown himself most cruel to the Indians of that coast. He had seized the chief, Hirrihigua, cut off his nose,

and, most horrible of all, had thrown the chief's old mother to the blood hounds, and she was devoured before the eyes of her son. When the savages, therefore, saw another Spanish ship coming towards their land, they determined to revenge themselves. They sent messengers to it, pretending that they had papers left by Narvaez, which they said they would give to the Spaniards, if they came for them. Four warriors were sent to stay on the ship, while four Spaniards went for the papers. But the boat that carried the Spaniards had hardly touched the beach, when the four warriors sprang with a great leap from the ship into the water and swam away like fish. The four Spaniards were seized and dragged off in great glee into the woods. Juan Ortiz was one of them. They were dragged to that very village in which DeSoto was then camped, and were taken before its chief, Hirrihigua. He kept them under careful guard until the great feast time of all the tribes. Then they were stripped, and one by one, driven into the open space in the middle of the village, around which stood Indian warriors, with their bows and arrows. One by one three of the captives were chased like wild beasts and shot to death. When Juan's turn came, and he was driven into the space, he looked so young, almost a child, that he moved the heart of the chief's wife, and she



begged so tenderly for mercy, that she moved the heart of the pitiless warrior, and he gave her Juan to be a slave.

But after sparing him, Hirrihigua, whenever he remembered the fate of his mother, would turn upon Juan with fury, and his life became so hard that he often thought it would have been better for him to have been killed at once with his companions. Every feast day he would have to play wild beast for the amusement of Hirrihigua, and be chased and pelted with blunt arrows from sunrise to sunset. One day he was seized and tied upon a frame and laid upon a great bed of live coals, and was half roasted before the good squaw, the wife of the chief, heard of it and rushed to the spot, and with her own hands loosed him from the frame and dressed his wounds, bitterly reproaching her husband and the warriors for their hard-heartedness. Finally, his misery became so great that the good woman helped him to escape to a neighboring chief, who pitied him and treated him kindly, and there he had been ever since. When the Spaniards heard Juan's story, and saw the scars of ill treatment on his naked body, they wept tears of pity for him and gratitude to God for returning him to his people. The next day handsome clothing was given him, but he had gone naked for so long that he could not at first bear

anything on his skin. He became one of the most useful men in the army to De Soto; for as he knew the Indian and Spanish languages, he could be interpreter for both Spaniards and Indians; and was also a good guide into the country.

Three days after this, the army was drawn out in regular order, and started upon the march inland; and a beautiful sight it was. The men were all young; their bright new arms glittered in the sun; their faces shone with the confidence that fame and fortune lay before them. Between the vanguard and the rearguard came the well-packed baggage train and the priests; and the pack of blood hounds, which always went along with the Spanish army in the conquest of the New World; and there was also a goodly herd of swine to supply fresh meat. Pleasant enough was the march at first. The more the Spaniards saw of the country, the better they liked it; and, indeed, how could they have asked for a better? The soil was rich; with fine forests of oak, pine, mulberry, and many other handsome trees that they did not know; and the trees were twined with vines bearing heavy bunches of grapes. The villages were large and well built, and although they were deserted, the Spaniards found them filled with food.

When he came to one of the great swamps that

line the coast of Florida, De Soto would halt until he could find an Indian to guide him through it. If the guide did not lead faithfully, he was thrown to the dogs, and another guide found, who, dreading punishment, led the army safely. The Indians of Florida, however, proved by far the fiercest fighters that he had ever met, and he found them wherever he marched. If his road lay through the forest, the Indians swarmed from behind the trees, shot their volleys into the midst of his men, and then made their escape, laughing and jeering at the slow-footed Spaniards. When a stream was to be crossed, their canoes would dart from behind bushes along the banks, and before the Spaniards had time to draw their swords or aim their guns, their men were falling about them. In the swamps the Indians ambushed them; and then the two sides would fight, standing waist deep in water. De Soto would question every prisoner, himself; asking if gold was to be found in the country and where he should go to find it. The Indians would always answer that there was no gold there, but that farther north there was plenty of it. And so ever farther onward, ever farther away from the coast, De Soto marched his army; but he did not find what he was seeking for; he did not find gold. He crossed vast forests, went around impassable marshes, built

bridges over river after river, on the march. Everywhere he found only rich lands and prosperous Indians, who were peaceful when the Spaniards were peaceful, fierce and cruel when the Spaniards offended them.

#### THE PLOT OF VITACHUCO.

Finally the army entered the territory of Vitachuco, a famous chief and warrior. De Soto, as was his custom, sent Indian messengers ahead of the army, bidding the chief to receive the Spaniards as friends and to furnish them with food during the march through the country. Vitachuco's reply was, "Tell the Spaniards not to enter my territory, for I promise them, however brave they may be, if they put their foot within it, they shall never get out alive; I will make an end of them all in it." But the Spaniards were not men to be frightened with such threats, and they marched on towards the land of Vitachuco, just the same as if he had promised friendship instead of enmity. Vitachuco then changed his tactics. He invited the Spaniards to his village, and began to make ready for a grand reception of them and a grand massacre of them afterwards. He came forward to meet the army with an escort of five hundred warriors in war paint and feathers. Vitachuco himself was about the

same age as De Soto, fine looking and noble in his bearing. His village was a large and well built one. The Spanish army entered it in full military style, banners flying and band playing; and for three days enjoyed the feasting and frolicking prepared for them. Then Vitachuco got ready to execute his plot. He ordered the neighboring tribes to send him their best warriors, and told them to hide their weapons in the grass of a great plain outside the village, while they came into it loaded with food and wood as if for the Spanish. When ten thousand braves had been thus collected, Vitachuco intended to invite De Soto and his officers to go out into the plain and see a grand review of all his warriors. Vitachuco was to go with his bodyguard of twelve strong, daring warriors, who, at a certain signal, were to seize De Soto and his officers. Then the assembled Indians were to grasp their weapons from the grass, rush into the village, and aid Vitachuco's men in killing the Spaniards. But Juan Ortiz found out the plot and told it to De Soto, who decided to meet trickery with trickery, and to take Vitachuco in the very trap he had prepared for the Spaniards. Orders were given to the soldiers to be on their guard, and twelve of the strongest men in the Spanish army were chosen to act as an escort to the General. When the day

agreed upon came, a bright cheery morning, Vitachuco asked the Spanish General to go to the field with him, and see what a fine band of warriors he had. De Soto accepted with pleasure; but said he would hold a review of his army at the same time, to show the Indians what a fine band of soldiers he had. The Indian chief was much taken aback at this, but, confident in the greater number of his Indians, determined to carry out his plans. So he, with his bodyguard, and De Soto with his, rode together to the field, where the Spanish army and a great body of Indians faced one another. De Soto and Vitachuco walked forward side by side to the spot where each one was to give the signal to his men to seize the other. De Soto gave his signal first. His twelve men threw themselves upon Vitachuco and held him. The Spanish trumpets sounded the charge. De Soto, jumping upon his horse, held in readiness for him, spurred upon the surprised Indians with his battle cry; and he and his men charged over them as over a cornfield, trampling and crushing them to the earth, slaying them with their swords, right and left. The Spaniards were protected by their shirts of mail; the Indians were in their naked skins. The Spaniards had swords and lances, the Indians only their bows and arrows and rude stone tomahawks. Brave as the Indians

were, the moment came when they could stand the slaughter no longer. They broke and ran towards the forests, and those who could outrun the horses escaped; the others were killed. Some ran toward a lake at one end of the field, and those that the horsemen did not catch and kill jumped into it. The Spaniards spurred their horses up to their necks into the water, but the Indians swam out of their reach. The Spaniards then surrounded the lake, and tried to make the Indians surrender, for there was no chance for them to escape. But all day long, the warriors withstood their foe, swimming round and round the lake, shouting out their defiance of the Spaniards, and shooting at them till all their arrows gave out. One warrior would mount on the back of five or six of his companions, and send off arrow after arrow until he had emptied his quiver. Then he would drop into the water, and another would take his place. The water was too deep for standing, the Indians had to keep swimming or drown. When night came on, the Spaniards lighted fires and kept up the watch around the lake. Sometimes a warrior swimming stealthily under the cover of a big leaf, held in his mouth to hide his head, would get safely to the edge of the land, but the Spaniards would thrust their lances at him and drive him back into deep water. The Spaniards



thought that, by keeping the Indians swimming all night, they would tire them to surrender. But by daylight only a few had surrendered. During the following day, however, all came out of the lake except seven, who still swam about in the water, shouting their defiance of the Spaniards. When their voices grew faint and at last ceased, De Soto commanded twelve soldiers to go into the lake and fetch them out. This they did, dragging the Indians out and throwing them on the earth, where they lay as if dead. They had been thirty hours in the water without rest or food.

In the meantime Vitachuco, raging with fury, was kept a close prisoner in one of the village cabins. Far from giving up his bloody designs, he set his mind upon executing them in some other way. It was true that his warriors were now captives and slaves of the Spaniards, their weapons had been taken away from them, and they were forced to cook for them, and serve them, but he counted that each Indian was good to kill one Spaniard, as he himself was to kill De Soto. He found a way to send word secretly to his men that on the third day from the following, at noon, each one was to be ready to kill his master; the signal would be a war whoop, which he himself would give. And so, just

one week from the last attempt, when the mid-day meal was being eaten in the Spanish camp, Vitachuco, who eat at the officers' table, suddenly sprang up, and gave a war whoop. Then, seizing De Soto with his left hand he gave him such a blow with his right that the Spanish General hung like dead in his grasp, with his face crushed in and his teeth dashed out, as if a sledge hammer had struck him. But before Vitachuco could give another blow, which would have finished De Soto, the Spanish officers drew their swords and killed him. As the loud, clear, war whoop of their chief rang over the camp every Indian rushed upon his master with whatever he happened to have in his hand or could seize. Pots were jerked from their hooks over the fire, and the boiling food dashed over the heads of the Spaniards; tongs, pokers, fire irons, red hot, were used; plates, dishes, chairs, tables. The Spaniards fell, stunned, burned, scalded. Many, like De Soto, had their faces crushed and teeth dashed out. But in a moment they were themselves again, calling to one another, seizing their weapons, jumping upon their horses, and now no mercy did they show to the Indians. Every man of them was killed.

Four days later, the army, with bodies sore and stiff, and heads in bandages, drew out from the bloody village. But though they left the village be-

hind, they found the same people before them, the same fierce savages, for seventy-five miles along their march, fighting them by day, harassing them at night. Coming at last to the great village of the Apalaches, they took possession of it, and stayed in it all winter. As soon as spring came they set forth again upon their march. An Indian lad, captured during the winter, now acted as guide; for he said he had been reared by Indian traders, who used to take him great distances into the country, and that in a land called Cofachiqui, twelve or thirteen days' journey away, was to be found plenty of gold and silver. It lay, he said, to the North and towards the sunrise, as he called the East. In this direction, therefore, De Soto led his men, and entered new provinces, where he found a different kind of Indians, kindly, peace-loving, domestic tribes, living in comfortable villages, surrounded by rich corn-fields. At every village, the Spaniards were received with presents of game and fruit; and when they set forth again were given food to carry along with them. And the villages were better built than any yet seen in Florida. The cabins were thatched with cane, and the walls plastered with clay. In every cabin was a fireplace, and before the doors were porticos with benches or seats of cane. The

men and women wore mantles of skin, or of stuff woven from grass, or the bark of trees, or fibre of nettles. The skins were so beautifully dressed that they looked like the finest cloth.

### THE LADY OF COFACHIQUEI.

After about three weeks the boundary of the land of Cofachiquei was reached; a broad river, on the other bank of which lay a large village. The river is known today as the Savannah. The Spaniards calling loudly, some Indians came out of the village to the river bank; but when they saw such strange men and strange beasts, they ran back into the village as fast as they could in great fear. Soon, however, six warriors, splendid looking savages, came to the bank, and crossed the river in a canoe. Then, all coming forward together and making a low bow to De Soto: "Sir," they asked, "do you wish peace or war?" "Peace," said the Spaniard, "not war"; and, he added, "food for my men on their march." The warriors then told him that the village on the other side of the river was Cofachiquei, and that their chief was a young girl, to whom they would take the answer of the Spaniards. They then returned to their canoes and crossed the river. A little later, the Spaniards saw cushions being brought to two large canoes and a canopy raised over one of

them. After which the young princess was carried to the bank, seated on a litter that was borne upon the shoulders of four warriors. She placed herself in the canoe under the canopy, and was paddled over the river by eight Indian women. When she landed, she came forward towards the Spaniards without fear, and seating herself at the side of De Soto began to speak to him with all the ease and graciousness of a perfect lady. The Spanish cavaliers were charmed, not only with her manners, but with her beauty, and they called her the "Lady of Cofachiqui."

When she had finished talking, she took a string of pearls that she wore around her neck, and gave it to the Spanish general, and he took a gold ring set with a handsome ruby from his finger and presented it to her. The next day the army crossed the river and took up their quarters in the village of the princess.

When the princess was asked for the gold that the Indian lad had seen, she had brought forward great quantities of shining copper, which looked enough like gold to have deceived the boy. Her silver was only great slabs of shining mica. As for precious stones, she had none, she said, but pearls. If the Spaniards wished some of these, they might take as much as they would, from a temple that

she showed them, the burial place of her tribe. In this temple and in one of a neighboring village, the Spaniards did, indeed, find pearls enough to enrich each man in the army for life, and thousands of the finest skins dressed with the fur on, which in Europe would have been almost as valuable as pearls. But as the Indians told De Soto that there was still a richer country further North, he, unmindful that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," made up his mind to march there instead of taking what he found where he was. When the army left Cofachiqui, De Soto, forgetting the kindness with which the young princess had received him, took her along as a prisoner, hoping to use her as a guide and to force her to make friends for him among the Indians on the line of march. But when he reached the limit of her territory, the princess, happily, made her escape. And now the Spaniards went forward nearly a month through the land of a young chief called Coosa, whose village was built on the bank of the Coosa river. The chief, like the princess of Cofachiqui, lived in a rich, happy country; but he had no gold mines, to the great disappointment of the Spaniards.

#### DE SOTO AT MAUVILLA.

The second winter of the Spaniards in Florida was now coming on, and with it the time set for De

Soto's ships to meet him on the coast with more men, and arms and food. So he turned his army towards the Gulf, marching through Georgia, and entered into the territory of the Alabama tribes. Here he met his fiercest foe, the great Chief Tuscaloosa, and suffered from him a most crushing defeat. The army came in sight of him early one morning in a beautiful plain, where he was waiting in state to receive them. He was seated on his royal chair, a seat hollowed out of the solid wood. At his feet were spread beautiful mats, above his head was held a great banner of buckskin striped with blue. Over a hundred tall warriors in war plumes and handsome mantles stood about him. Tuscaloosa was a giant in size, he was taller than the tallest Spaniard by a foot and a half, and was stout in proportion. His eyes were as large as those of an ox; his shins as long as most men's legs. As cunning as he was brave, he saw that it was folly to oppose the Spaniards in open battle, where they would have the advantage over the naked Indians, armed only with bows and arrows. He determined to surprise and massacre them when they were off their guard. Therefore he came out as a friend, and invited them to his village of Mauvilla, and he went along with them to show the way. The Spaniards



mounted him on the largest horse in the army, but when seated in the saddle he nearly touched the ground with his feet. At the close of a beautiful June day, they came to within five miles of Mauvilla and camped there. The next morning De Soto with a hundred cavaliers, followed by the pack bearers of the army with the luggage, set out with Tuscaloosa for the village. The rest of the army was ordered to follow as soon as they could break camp and pack their tents. Unfortunately they took their time about this.

The village was surrounded by a great wall fifteen feet high, made of well grown trees driven into the ground close together, tied with vines, and plastered with mortar. About the height of a man, loop holes for arrows had been cut, and about every fifty paces, towers had been built, which could hold from six to eight men.

As Tuscaloosa and De Soto approached, the gates of the village were thrown open, and bands of warriors and beautiful Indian maids came out dancing and singing to meet them. The Spaniards rode into the street that ran from one end of the village to the other, and looked around them with astonishment. Instead of the small houses of the usual Indian village, they beheld great buildings like barracks, the smallest

of which could hold five hundred and the larger a thousand or fifteen hundred men. Mauvilla was indeed the largest and strongest village in that country, and although the Spaniards saw few men and women walking about, Tuscaloosa had secretly summoned all his tribes there, and the buildings were packed with thousands of the fiercest Indians, watching eagerly the arrival of their enemies and the signal for the massacre. The Spaniards noticed also that there were no children in the streets. They learned afterwards that the children and old women had all been sent away.

Tuscaloosa came to a stop in the open place or public square in the center of the village. Here, after pointing out a cabin where the Spaniards could go, he left them, and went into his own cabin, the largest one around the square. The Spaniards dismounted and sent their horses to graze in the open land outside the wall; while they waited for the rest of the army to arrive.

After a short consultation with his braves, Tuscaloosa decided to kill first the Spaniards in the square, and then the others as they came into the village. A warrior stepped to the door, and, throwing it open, shot an arrow into the group of Spaniards in the square. A Spaniard, who happened to be standing near the door, drew his sword in a

flash and cut the Indian open from shoulder to waist. A war cry then arose from all over the village, and from every cabin Indians rushed out upon the Spaniards. So great was their number, and so wild and furious their rush, that the Spaniards were driven before it like leaves before a hurricane, and were cast out of the gate into the open field. And while one body of Indians were pursuing them, another drove the Indian slaves and the pack-bearers of the Spaniards with all the luggage of the army into the village. The Spaniards leaped upon their horses, turned and charged into the Indians, and drove them back into their walls, where the gates were pushed to and barred. The Spaniards beat against the gates, but such a storm of arrows and stones fell upon them from the wall, that they were forced to retreat again, and again the Indians made a furious charge upon them. Dashing out of the gates and leaping the walls, they drove the Spaniards back and closed the gates against them. The Spaniards, holding their axes in one hand and their shields over their heads with the other, now rushed upon the gates, and with quick strokes cut them open, and charged into the broad open street of the village, driving the Indians before them. And now, before the Indians could turn again upon him, De Soto gave the com-

mand to fire the cabins. In a moment flames and smoke burst out of the dry thatched roofs, and soon the village became a sheet of flame. The Indians then called out their women, who, grasping the weapons of their fallen warriors, stepped into their places and fought side by side with the men, and with as fine a courage as they.

In the meantime the rest of the army, careless and lazy, advanced at their ease and leisure, the men scattered over the field, picking fruit, laughing, and talking like a picnic party. What was their horror when they came in sight of Mauvilla to see smoke and flames rising from it, and to hear within the walls the din and cries of battle. With a shout they rushed forward, and well it was for the Spaniards within the walls that they did so; for De Soto and his men were fighting for their lives and with no hope save that their comrades would come in time. The Indians tried to head them off, and for a while the fight was as fierce outside the walls as in. But the number and fresh strength of the Spaniards soon told, and they made their way to the center of the village, where stood a great hollow square of warriors and women fighting like wild beasts. But their weapons were almost harmless against the Spaniards in armor and mounted on horseback, while the keen swords and lances of the Spaniards

were deadly against their naked skins. They fell like sugar cane under the stroke of the cutter. The horsemen leaped upon them from all sides, trampling them down and charging over them until the horses' hoofs trampled only the dead; for not one would surrender; all died fighting, falling in heaps and rows where they stood. It was sunset, and both sides had been fighting for nine hours, before the Spaniards at last won the day. The victory proved a bloody one to them. Eighty two of their men and forty-five horses were killed, and there was hardly a man in the army that had less than five or six arrow wounds; many of them had ten or twelve. And this was not the worst. As all the army baggage had been captured and carried into the village, it was burned and the Spaniards had no medicines, no oil, bandages, or lint to dress the wounds; and no linen shirts or sheets even to tear up for bandages; for all their clothing had been burned as well as all their food. They were so exhausted they could hardly stand on their feet; but they went to work as best they could, each man helping the man who was worse off than himself. They made sheds of twigs and branches, as a shelter for the wounded. They stripped their dead companions of their shirts for bandages; they butchered the dead horses for meat to make broth to nourish them, and in addi-

tion stood sentinel duty; for they knew that a very small force of Indians could then have done what Tuscaloosa with all his braves had failed to do. It was eight days before the army could leave the spot, and three weeks before they could continue their march.

Some Indians, captured after the battle, told De Soto that Spanish ships had been seen sailing in the Gulf, which lay not more than a six days' march from Mauvilla.

#### HE FINDS THE GREAT RIVER.

De Soto, as we know, had planned to go to the sea shore and meet these ships. When, however, his soldiers heard of them, they began to talk about leaving the country. They said they should never be able to conquer it; that they should all be killed, or should have to kill all the Indians in it before they could bring them under the yoke of Spain. They had found no gold in it, and there was no use staying there, wasting their time and strength, when they could go to Peru or Mexico, where the Indians did not fight so fiercely, and where gold and silver were plentiful. Therefore, they plotted that when they reached the coast, they would rise in mutiny, seize the ships and sail away from the land and their leader. When De Soto

heard of this, he resolved to lead the army, without their knowing it, away from the sea coast, and so when he broke up his camp, he started, instead of South, due North again.

Leaving the land of Tuscaloosa, he entered into the country of the Chickasaws, now the State of Mississippi. The Chickasaws were also warlike and independent, and the march through their land was not an easy one. They had no gold in their land, but they told of gold on the other side of a great river that flowed through it. And so the Spaniards marched to find this river and came to the Mississippi. It was the greatest river they had ever seen. It was so wide, they said, that if a man stood on the other bank it could not be told whether he were a man or not. It was of mighty depth and current and brought along down stream continually great trees and timbers. But even the Mississippi could not stop the Spaniards in their search for gold. De Soto built rafts and crossed the army to the other side of the mighty stream, and took up his march again. But west of the Mississippi, as east of it, they found the same beautiful country, the same Indians, hospitable and generous in some places, fierce and cruel in others. The Spaniards marched North into the rocky country where buffaloes roamed, then turned to the South again; then



turned again to the West, and still found neither the gold nor the precious stones, nor the great temples, nor the populous cities, told of by Cabeza de Vaca.

Another winter passed. The army had now shrunk to one-half, the horses to a small number; provisions and clothing were exhausted. The men were dressed in skins, and were living on the corn and fresh meat they took from the Indians. But still De Soto would not give up his expedition. He determined, on the contrary, to return to the Mississippi, and build boats to send to Mexico or Havana for more men, horses, and provisions, so that he could remain still longer in the land of his hopes.

#### DEATH OF DE SOTO.

He reached the Mississippi at a point not far from where Red River joins it. Finding an Indian village there, he took possession of it, and set his men to cutting timber for the building of his boats, collecting vines for cordage, and pine gum and the gum of other trees to make pitch. He set up forges and began the work of making nails and fastenings out of what metal they had. The Indians round about were treacherous and threatening, and so besides building his boats, he had to keep constantly on the watch against an attack,

which, in the weakened state of his army, it would have been hard to repel.

In the midst of his cares and anxieties he was taken ill with a fever, which never left him, but rose steadily until it reached such a height that he knew he should die of it. He prepared for death like a Christian and a soldier. He drew up his will and he confessed his sins. Then he called for his officers, cavaliers, and principal men of his army. When they had come and placed themselves around his bed, he told them that he was going to give an account, in the presence of God, for all his past life. He said he was much beholden to them for their love and loyalty to him, begged them to pray to God in his mercy to forgive him his sins, and he told them to choose some one among the officers to take his place after his death. The officers and cavaliers begged him to name the man he thought fit, and they would obey him. He named Luis de Moscoso. Then he took leave of them all. He died in May, 1542.

The Indians believed De Soto to be a god. Should they find out that he was dead, Moscoso and his officers feared that they would set upon the Spaniards and overpower them. So they kept the death of the commander a secret, and bade the soldiers go around with careless, gay faces, and tell

the Indians that he was getting better. And they resolved to bury him in such a way that the Indians would never find his body. They cut down an oak tree, took the trunk of it, and hollowed it out like a coffin, and nailed the body of De Soto in it. And at midnight they carried him out to the deepest part of the Mississippi, and, in the darkness and silence of nature, they buried him beneath the waters.

#### THE ESCAPE OF DE SOTO'S FOLLOWERS.

After the death of their leader, the Spaniards had but one idea, to get back to their own country, their homes, and their families. Leaving their unfinished boats, they started out to march across the land in a straight line to Mexico. They tramped from early morning to late at night, halting only for a few minutes at a time to eat and a few hours to sleep. They urged one another to go faster; it seemed to them they could not be speedy enough. They passed through the northern part of Louisiana, fighting their way, for the Louisiana Indians opposed them just as the Florida and Alabama Indians had. They came to the province and tribe of the Natchitoches, and halted at their village, situated in the same spot as the City of Natchitoches today. From here they

marched onward still towards the West, until they passed out of the limits of the present State of Louisiana, and entered the vast regions of Texas. Through Texas they pushed on until they got beyond the tribes with fixed villages and corn fields, and entered the bare and sterile plains where Cabeza had suffered so greatly from the famine, the land of the Vacqueros, or Cowherds. Here Moscoso suffered as keenly for want of food as Cabeza de Vaca and his companions had done. Still they pushed on, hoping to reach Mexico. At last, worn out with hunger and toil, they halted and sent men out to see what was the land ahead of them. These men returned with the report that the farther they went into the country, the poorer they found it. There were no villages, no corn fields in it; the Indians were a roving people, who went about in bands living upon wild fruits and herbs; and that the army would die of starvation in it long ere they reached Mexico. Moscoso then saw that there was but one hope for them, and that was to get back to the Mississippi, and carry out De Soto's plan of building boats and going down the river to the Gulf and along the sea coast until they reached Mexico.

He counted that they were about five hundred miles from the river. And now the army, putting

what strength was left in their bodies into their feet, strained day by day to put those five hundred miles behind them. They started back at the beginning of October; the end of November overtook them still on the road. But through the keen winds, heavy rains, biting cold, they trudged along doggedly. Sometimes the heavy rains and great snow storms of the upper country swelled the streams so that the land overflowed, and often they were forced to stand all night long in water up to their knees. With no food, no rest, no sleep, and spent with marching, it is no wonder that they sickened and died; more than one hundred good men and eighty horses. But no one stopped for sickness. They would hardly take time to bury the dead. At last they came again in sight of the Great River. The Spaniards, when they saw it, wept like children. Moscoso took possession of a deserted village on the bank, and as soon as his men were rested enough for work, he began the building of boats. Through February, March and April, they kept at their task, each man doing with might and main what he was most fitted for. While some sawed the logs into planks, others hammered at the forge, turning chains and stirrups and any bits of iron that could be found into nails. In March the water rose and overflowed all the

land, and nothing was to be seen but the tops of the cabins and trees. But the Spaniards made rafts for their horses, raised the floors of their work sheds, slept under the roofs of their cabins, and went on with their work. The timber for oars was cut from the branches of trees that were standing in the water. At the end of April the water began to go down. The six boats were floated upon it into the river. They were open barges with seven oars to the side and sails of skin. As there were no decks, loose planks were laid down for the men to run upon to trim the sails. The drove of hogs that had followed them in all their wanderings were butchered, and their meat salted for food, and the lard, mixed with resin, was used for tar for the outside of the boats. Some of the horses were killed and their meat parboiled, salted, and dried for food.

By the second of July, 1543, four years and two weeks since they set foot in the country, the Spaniards had completed their preparations for leaving it. There were about three hundred and fifty of them left. Waiting until after sunset to deceive the Indians, they quietly stepped into their boats, pushed off from the shore, and steered into the current. They rowed two nights and one day without stopping, passing over the spot where De Soto lay

buried. The Indians pursued them furiously in canoes and harassed them from the banks. For seventeen days the rowing and fighting were kept up without ceasing, hardly a Spaniard in any of the boats escaping without a wound. One boat was cut off by the Indians, and its load of forty-eight brave Spaniards perished.

At the end of the nineteenth day of their voyage, they came in sight of the Gulf. They rested upon one of the islands at the mouth of the river; and even here they were attacked by the Indians, and forced to fight for their lives. But it was their last fight with the ferocious natives. They got into their boats and passing the night at anchor in the mouth of the river, put out at daylight into the Gulf.

And now came the last stage of their unfortunate expedition; sailing in their open boats along the coast of Louisiana, Texas, and Mexico, in search of the River of Palms, the nearest Spanish settlement on the Mexican coast. Squall after squall struck them. At one time, the wind for five days kept them out of sight of land. For fifty-two days they made their slow way along. How many miles it was, they never knew; for they could only keep count of the days; always creeping along by sail or oar, and coming into the land for water and rest when the wind permitted. If the



place were good, they stopped to fish; some dragging the net and casting the line, some wading along the shore for shell fish; for they had nothing to eat but dry corn. As they were more often in the water than out of it, they wore no clothes but short skin breeches.

With each dawn rose the hope of coming in sight of the River of Palms, but with each sunset the hope went down. At last, they began to fear that they had sailed past it in the night or been driven past it in a squall. On the fifty-third day, a furious storm came on that rose to frightful violence during the night. Two of the boats were driven out to sea, and the main mast of another went down in the blast. With daylight the storm grew even wilder. The Spaniards fought with it all day, as they had all night. Many a time the boats went under the waves, as the Spaniards thought, for good and all. Sunset came, and there was still no promise of better weather. The men had been for twenty-six hours without a wink of sleep, a moment's rest, or a mouthful of food; standing half way up their legs in water, now pulling at the sails, now bailing out the water which the waves poured over them. The sun was sinking and another night was lowering over them, when suddenly, like a dim line of light on the right hand, a coast

appeared. The waves were running so high that most of the time one boat could not see the other, but whenever they rose in sight on the crest of a wave, shouts were sent across from the captain's boat to steer for the white line and beach the boats. This was their only chance for life, so daring the tempest, still at its height, they headed their boats for the coast, and just as the sun went down, they drove hard upon it. At daylight they sent out two parties to explore the coast. One party returned with the good news that the land they were in was Mexico, a Spanish country. The men danced and laughed like mad men, and hugged and kissed one another in their joy.

They made their way to the nearest town, and after resting there ten or twelve days, set out for the City of Mexico. They reached it in the Autumn of 1543. Barefooted, half naked in their ragged garments, parched black by the wind and the sun, thin and weak, they looked more like beasts than men. This was the end of the great expedition that set sail with so much pomp from Spain for the conquest of Florida. Less than one-third of the men lived to return.

## FRENCH EXPLORERS.

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### THE PIONEERS.

And now for a hundred years, the Indians of Louisiana, Alabama, and Mississippi lived in their lands, free from the fear of the white man. For a hundred years, the Mississippi rolled its mighty currents through a wild and savage country, carrying down its huge forest drift and casting it up like a wall or palissade, around its mouth in the gulf, so that in time the river became known as the Palissado River.

But during these same hundred years, the English had settled the Atlantic coast from Florida to Maine, and the French had taken possession of Canada, and settled it from the mouth of the St. Lawrence River up to the great Lakes Ontario, Erie, Huron, Michigan, and Superior. And every year the French and English pioneers pushed farther and farther into new regions, raising their flags and taking possession of the land in the name of the king.

Robert Cavelier de la Salle was the greatest of

French pioneers in America. He was the son of a rich merchant of Rouen, but at twenty-three his bold and daring character led him across the ocean to seek his fortunes in the hardy life of the New World. A few miles above Montreal there can still be seen on the land that belonged to the young La Salle, the stone house in which he lived. As the Indians had to pass by his settlement on their way to Montreal to trade, they got into the habit of stopping there, and from them La Salle first heard of a river called the Ohio, which was so long that it took eight or nine months to paddle in a canoe to its mouth in the sea.

Now La Salle, and indeed all the men of his time, believed that China lay just beyond the western coast of America. When he heard of this wonderful river, he thought that it must run across America, and if so, it would be a short and quick way to China; and if France owned this river, her ships could sail through it to China and make the trade of the vast continent of Asia her own. After he once began to think of it, he could think of nothing but the glory of discovering this river and taking possession of it for his king.

He sold his land and house, and having bought canoes and food and hired men and Indian guides, he started in search of the Ohio. He travelled

down the St. Lawrence through Lake Ontario and into Irondequoit Bay, where he found some Seneca Indians, who knew the way to the Ohio River. His companions, fearing the long route, and the hardships before them, deserted him here, but he went on alone, and for two years nothing was known of him in Canada, but a stray story told here and there by Indians, or fur traders, who had met him, or heard that he was pushing along through friendly and unfriendly Indians in search of the Ohio River.

#### MARQUETTE AND JOLIET.

La Salle, however, was not the only Frenchman who had heard from Indians of the great river, nor the only one whose heart burned to go in search of it.

Far away, on the western end of Lake Superior, in a solitary little mission, lived in 1670 the young priest, Jacques Marquette, engaged in teaching the savages who gathered about him. He, also, had heard from a band of Illinois Indians about a great river they had crossed to come to the mission; they said that it flowed hundreds of miles through the country and emptied no one knew where, and that upon its rich banks lived great tribes of Indians.

Marquette could not, like La Salle, buy boats and



**FATHER MARQUETTE.**

From the Statue in the Capitol at Washington, D. C.

hire men and start at once in search of the river. He could only write what he heard to the Superior of his order and pray that before he died, God would grant him the favor of going there and bringing all its vast country into the fold of His church. But even while Marquette was thus praying, the savages about him broke into war, and, with his little flock of Christians, he had to flee away from Lake Superior and take refuge in a mission on the straits of Mackinaw.

Father Allouez, at the same time, was in charge of another mission at the head of Green Bay, in Lake Michigan, a favorite hunting and fishing place of the Indians, who came there every year in great numbers; and he, also, heard of the Mississippi, as Father Marquette did; and like Father Marquette, he also wrote of it to his Superior, and he, also, hoped one day to preach his faith to the savage tribes living along its wonderful course.

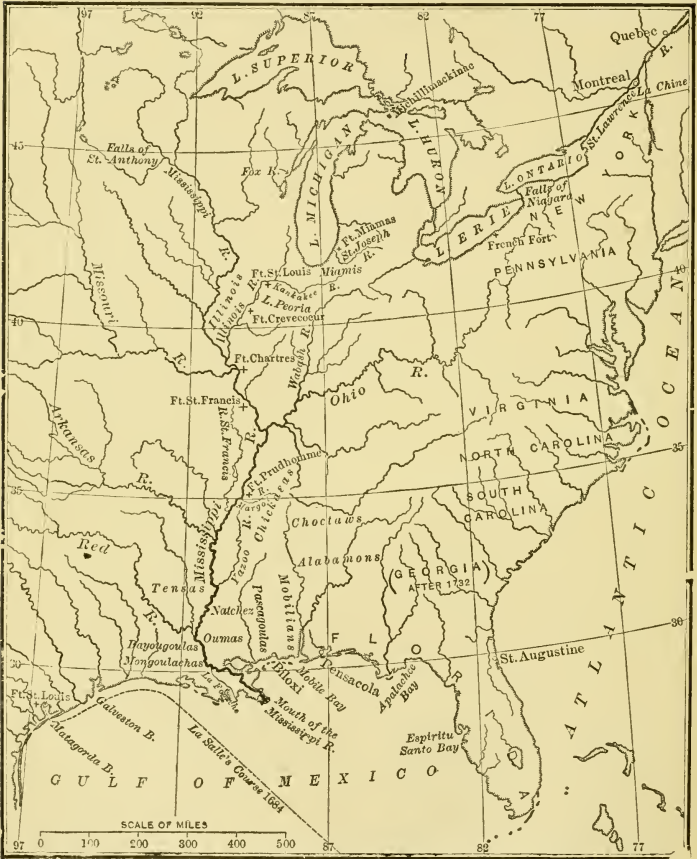
As La Salle had not come back from his search for the Ohio, and, indeed, as we have said, had hardly been heard from, the Governor of Canada decided to send out another explorer to search for the great river and to take possession of it for France. For he feared that the English, also, might hear of it and take possession of it for their king.



He chose Louis Joliet, a daring young fur trader, to carry out his plans, and Marquette to go with him. Joliet found Marquette in his mission at Mackinaw, and gave him the good news that his prayer was answered.

They soon set out in two canoes with five men and a good supply of smoked beef and corn. They paddled through the straits of Mackinaw and into Lake Michigan, and were on their way to the Green Bay Mission, when they came to a little river called the Menomonie, or Wild Rice River, where lived the Menomonie Indians. These told Marquette and Joliet that upon the banks of the Mississippi lived ferocious Indians, who put every stranger to death that came among them; and that there was a demon on the river, whose roar could be heard for miles, who would suck them down into the whirlpool where he lived; that the waters of the river were full of monsters who would devour them; and besides all this, that the heat there was so great that it would surely kill them. Marquette and Joliet listened to these tales, but they were not to be frightened. They paddled their canoes on through Green Bay until they came to the Mission, and from the Mission they followed a little river called Fox River, which brought them to Lake Winnebago. Crossing the Lake, they paddled into a river on

the other side, which brought them to a beautiful prairie, where they saw droves of elk and deer, and found a village of the Mascoutin and Miamie



MAP OF MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

Indians, who gave them guides to the Wisconsin River. Like the Menomonies, these Indians tried to frighten them from their voyage, and when the Frenchmen paddled their canoes away just the same, all the Indians of the village stood upon the banks, gazing at them in wonderment, at men so brave as to go thus into such unknown and terrible regions.

Marquette and Joliet followed the guides to the end of the little river they were in, and then carried their canoes a mile and a half over dry land, a "portage," as it was called, and got into the Wisconsin River, a clear, calm stream, which bore them through a beautiful country of forests and prairies. Day by day, they glided on through a peaceful solitude. At night, they would draw their canoes on to the bank, build a fire, cook their supper, smoke their pipes, and then go to sleep, without fear, under the sky gleaming with stars.

About the middle of June, a month after they had started, they came to a river dashing with a mighty current across the Wisconsin. It was the great river they were in search of. They turned their canoes into it and were borne along, through the savage grandeur of its banks, into a region where they were the first white men to penetrate. They paddled along, looked with awe about them,

expecting to meet the wonders that the Indians had foretold. A catfish bumped against their paddle one day; and another day they caught a curious and ugly spade fish in their net; but they saw no other monsters. And the only demon they met was a hideous figure painted on a rock in red, black and green, with red eyes, horns like a deer, whiskered mouth like a tiger's, a body covered with scales, and a great tail that twisted around it.

They saw no Indians along the banks, only great herds of buffaloes. But now they did not sleep on shore. After they had cooked their supper, they would carefully put out the fire and sleep in their canoes, anchored out in the river, and would keep a man on watch all night.

About the end of June, their keen eyes made out some foot-prints in the mud of the bank on their right. Marquette and Joliet followed the tracks, which led into a forest and across a prairie, where they could see an Indian village on the bank of a river and two or three other villages beyond. They crept, unseen, near enough to the first village to hear the Indians talking in their wigwams. Then they stood out in full view and shouted. In a flash the village was like an ant hill that had been trodden upon. The Indians swarmed out and ran

about wildly. After a little four warriors were seen to be coming forward holding out a calumet or peace-pipe. Marquette and Joliet were thankful in their hearts to see that the Indians wore shirts of French cloth, which showed that they had traded with the French. Marquette asked them who they were. They answered, "Illinois." After smoking the pipe together, as was the Indian custom, the warriors led the Frenchmen first to their own village, and then to one of the villages in the distance, which was the village of the great chief of all the Illinois. Here they were received with all the honors and ceremony that the Indians knew how to show. After smoking the peace-pipe with them the chief made a long speech of welcome, to which Marquette answered, telling the Indians that he was sent by God, whom they should know and obey, and that his chief was the great and powerful French King. A great feast followed. A wooden bowl of hominy boiled with grease was set before them, out of which a warrior fed Marquette and Joliet with a wooden spoon. Then came a great wooden platter of fish, which the same warrior fed to them with his fingers, after carefully taking out the bones and blowing on the morsels to cool them. A large dog had been killed and roasted in their honor; but as

the Frenchmen did not seem to relish this dish, it was taken away and a dish of buffalo meat was brought on in its place. At night buffalo skins were spread on the ground for the guests to lie upon.

When Marquette and Joliet left the village the next morning, the chief with six hundred of his people went out with them to the river and bade them good-bye.

The canoes now passed the mouth of the Illinois River, and after that the Missouri, which poured into the beautiful clear water of the Mississippi a torrent of yellow mud and great logs and branches and uprooted trees. The light canoes pitched and rocked, and were almost wrecked in the furious current. They passed the site upon which has been built the great and stately city of St. Louis, and a few days later came to the Ohio or the "Beautiful River," as the Indians well called it.

Now the banks began to change; they became lower and flatter, and were covered in the low places with cane-brakes. Mosquitoes buzzed and bit, and the sun grew so hot that the white men had to shield themselves with awnings stretched over the canoes.

One day, as they were paddling along without a thought of Indians, they suddenly came upon a

party of them on the bank of the river; and the Indians seemed much startled to see white men. Marquette at once held up the calumet given him by the Illinois. At sight of it, the Indians became friendly and made the Frenchmen land and eat of their food with them.

After this, they went about three hundred miles, seeing no human beings but themselves, hearing nothing but the sound of their own voices and paddles. Then a turn in the river brought them before they knew it in front of a little village on the left bank. As soon as the Indians saw them, they broke into war whoops and seized their weapons. Some, jumping into canoes, paddled out into the river above and below the strangers; some rushed into the water with great clubs to attack them, and others stood on the bank and aimed their bows and arrows at them. Marquette all the time was standing up and holding out the calumet towards the Indians; but they took no notice of it. The Frenchmen gave themselves up for lost, when some old men of the village, hurrying after the young ones, came to the bank. They saw the calumet, and pointing it out to the hot-headed young warriors, quieted them. Then they called to the strangers to land. Marquette and Joliet with their men did so; but they



could not but fear what would follow after so warlike a reception. The Indians, however, did them no harm; on the contrary, after a friendly talk with them, they got ready a feast for them, and that night gave them a wigwam to sleep in. They belonged to the Arkansas tribe. Their greatest village, they said, was twenty-five miles below, opposite the mouth of the Arkansas River.

The next day, on their way to this village, Marquette and Joliet met a warrior from it, standing in his canoe in the river and holding out a calumet to them. The Indians from the village above had sent word ahead of the coming of the strangers.

The warrior guided them to his village, and led them to a sort of cypress shed before the cabin of the chief. The ground was covered with cane mats. On these the Frenchmen sat, while around them sat the warriors, and behind the warriors stood all the rest of the people of the village, gazing eagerly at the strangers. Long speeches were made by the Indians and by the white men, and during the speeches food was brought: great dishes of hominy, boiled corn, and roasted dog. When Marquette asked the Indians about the river below their village, he was told that the Indians down there were armed with guns, which they had got from white men, and that they were so fierce that the Arkansas

Indians did not dare to fish or hunt about there.

Marquette and Joliet had now gone far enough to know that the Mississippi flowed south and into the Gulf of Mexico. They feared that if they tried to get to its mouth, they might be killed on the way by the Indians, or perhaps captured after they got there by the Spaniards, and thus lose the good of their expedition. And, as it was the middle of July, and they had already been two months on the voyage, they decided to return to Canada and report what they had done. They therefore turned their canoes homeward, but found it a long and toilsome task, paddling their boats now up stream against the Mississippi current, under the heat of a mid-summer sun. Marquette fell ill and almost died. When the party reached the Illinois, they turned into it, and went through a country that gladdened their eyes with its fine forests and broad plains. They came to the great village of the Illinois, named Kaskaskia, where Marquette, later, was to meet with the fulfilment of his prayers. The chief and some warriors guided them to Lake Michigan.

When they reached Green Bay, Marquette was too weak to go further, so Joliet went on alone to make report to the Governor of Canada of the great exploration they had made. Marquette, still ill and weak, spent that winter and the next sum-

mer at Green Bay. In the autumn, he thought he was strong enough to carry out the wish of his heart, which was to found a mission at Kaskaskia among the Illinois. He set out in a canoe with two men. But his disease returned, and he was forced to spend the winter in the forests of Michigan. When March came, he made another start, and reached Kaskaskia, where the Indians received him as if he were, indeed, a messenger from Heaven. He went from wigwam to wigwam, bearing his holy message and baptizing the children. The Indians begged him always to stay with them and teach them, but he felt that his life was nearing its end, and he had to hasten away. He left the village a few days after Easter, the Indians following him in a large crowd, as far as Lake Michigan. He lay pale and weak in the canoe, which his faithful men paddled along as fast as they could, hoping to get to the mission in Mackinaw in time to save his life. But on the nineteenth of May, 1675, telling them that his hour was come, he begged them to land that he might die. According to his request, he was buried on the shore of the lake.

## LA SALLE.

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### HIS VAST PLAN.

La Salle came back from his exploration of the Ohio, filled with a vast plan. He had not been able to reach the Mississippi, but, like Marquette, he had found that it flowed not west into the Pacific Ocean, as he once thought, but south into the Gulf of Mexico. And he had learned, by having crossed them himself, the different rivers that flowed into the Mississippi.

The English, as we have said, were settled along the eastern coast of the continent, in the strip of land that lies between the Atlantic coast and the Alleghany Mountains. The Spaniards held Mexico and what is now California. The great rich Mississippi valley, all the middle land of the continent, lying between the Alleghany and the Rocky Mountains, was yet unsettled by the white man, and lay open to the first power that should take possession of it and hold it. La Salle determined that this power should be France.

His plan was to build forts along the Great

Lakes, which feed the streams that flow into the Mississippi, to build forts where these streams join the Mississippi, and lastly to build a



LA SALLE.

great fort at the mouth of the Mississippi, upon the Gulf of Mexico. In each fort a garrison of French soldiers was to be kept, and around it the Indians were to be settled; and so there would be all along the Mississippi from Canada to Mexico a line of French and Indian towns.

It was a vast project and required a vast mind to carry it out, but La Salle had such a mind. He was, as we have said, the greatest pioneer France ever had in this country. For ten years he worked at it, with all his strength of head and heart. He went to France, and there gained the authority and consent of the king for the undertaking, and borrowed what money he wanted, promising to pay it back from the profits he counted upon making out of the furs traded from the Indians. But the greatest gain he made in France was Henri de Tonty, a young Italian officer, who made in America a reputation for courage, loyalty and unselfishness, that still endears him to the hearts of readers and lovers of history. He had lost a hand in the wars and had replaced it by an iron hand, which he always covered with a glove. In America, in disputes with the Indians, Tonty would use this hand to knock them over, and so became known by them as the "Iron Hand." He returned to Canada with La Salle, who brought over, also, a number of other men for the expedition. But there never has been a great man with a great plan who has not had to fight his way against ill-will and jealousy. There were merchants in Montreal who feared that La Salle was going to take away from them their fur trade, and

the furtraders feared that he would get their trade from the Indians, and, therefore, they did what they could to excite enmity against the new expedition, and to turn his own men against La Salle, and even to rouse the Indians against him. But despite his enemies and all the trouble and vexation they caused him, La Salle, by 1678, had raised his first fort, Fort Frontenac, on the Niagara River, and had built a large boat, the "Griffin," to carry his men, provisions, arms, and implements across the Great Lakes, and bring back the furs which he expected to get from the Indians.

#### LA SALLE IN THE GREAT LAKES.

In the month of August, 1679, he set sail in the "Griffin," and passing safely through Lake Erie and Lake Huron, he landed at the French mission in the Straits of Mackinaw, where he expected to meet some of his men with furs, for he had sent men ahead to buy furs and have them ready waiting for him at different points. But he found that some had deserted, stealing his furs; others had sold them and spent the money in Mackinaw. He arrested those he could find in Mackinaw and sent Tonty after the deserters. He then sailed on his way to Lake Michigan, and cast anchor at one of the islands in the mouth of Green Bay, which belonged to the



tribe of Pottawatamies. Here he found the friendly chief of the tribe and some of his men, with so rich a lot of furs that he decided to send the Griffin at once back with them to his creditors in Canada. He charged the captain to make all speed and return as quickly as he could to the head of Lake Michigan, where he would find the expedition waiting for him. La Salle then set out in canoes to go around the shores of Lake Michigan to its head. The canoes were so heavily laden that they could get along only very slowly. And hardly had they left the island of the Pottawatamies, when a great storm arose that came near sending them all to the bottom of the lake. But they managed to reach land, where they had to wait six days before the lake was smooth enough for them to put out again. And they had barely gone a day's journey when again the wind arose and drove them ashore; and this time a snow storm stopped them two days. Then storm after storm belated them, until their food gave out. One day they paddled thirty miles without eating, when a gale came on, and as they were off a high rocky shore, the only way they could save their canoes was to jump into the water, and lifting them up, load and all, to carry them through the waves that broke over their heads, and to climb the heights with them—the heights which now bear the beautiful city of Milwaukee,

October came on and the autumnal winds kept the lake so rough that every night the Frenchmen had to climb the rocky coast with their canoes on their shoulders, and carry them down the next morning, and launch them again. But they soon began to find game in plenty and wild grapes loading the tops of the forest trees. La Salle was getting some of these one day, when he saw some fresh footprints in the ground. He returned at once to his camp, and charged his men to be on their guard against Indians. They obeyed him for a while, but catching sight of a bear, they could not keep from firing at it, and so made their camp known to a roving party of Indians, who were near by.

La Salle blamed his men for their carelessness, and placed a guard over the canoes that night. But as it was raining heavily, the guard grew careless, and the wily Indians, creeping flat on the ground under cover of the rain to the farthest canoe, stole almost everything in it; the Indian nearest the canoe handing what he took to the one behind him, who passed it on to the next, and so on till the plunder reached the last Indian.

La Salle, who had waked, saw something moving. He roused his men and kept them on guard until daylight. Then, finding out that he had been

plundered, he went after the Indians and frightened them into returning what they had stolen; after which they had a great feast, all together. From them La Salle heard what to him was a very bad piece of news; that war had broken out between the Iroquois and the Illinois, through whose country he had to pass.

The Iroquois, the fiercest and strongest tribe of the Northern Indians, had been, in the past, the most cruel foes of the French in Canada, and had reddened the soil of the French settlements with the blood of men, women, and children. But at last they had buried the hatchet, that is, made peace with the French. What La Salle feared was that the Illinois would make war against his party as friends of the Iroquois.

#### THE ILLINOIS RIVER AND THE ILLINOIS INDIANS.

When he reached the end of Lake Michigan, at the mouth of the little river St. Joseph, where he expected to meet Tonty and the "Griffin," neither the boat nor Tonty was there, nor any sign of them. While he waited for them, he put his men to work to cut timber and build a fort. They had it nearly finished before Tonty came. As for the "Griffin," Tonty reported that she had not put into Mackinaw, nor could any news be heard of her by the men

he had sent out in her search. La Salle was sorely troubled at this, but anxious as he was for news of his missing boat, he dared not wait any longer where he was; for the winter was coming on fast and he feared the streams would freeze over and so block his way. He started, therefore, with what he had: thirty men and eight canoes; and followed the little river St. Joseph to its end. Then, carrying their canoes over land five miles, they floated them on the Kankakee, one of the heads of the Illinois River. It was but a small rill hardly large enough for a canoe to pass in it. But it grew broader and deeper as it carried them along. Great swamps and trembling prairies lay on each side as far as the eye could reach. They could see bones of the buffalo in all directions, but the Indians had already hunted over the plains and burnt the grass. For when they see a heard of buffalo, they fire the grass in a great circle all around, leaving only one passage. Here they post themselves with their bows and arrows, and as the flames drive the buffalo through the passage, they shoot as many as they want. The only buffalo the Frenchmen got was one they found stuck fast in the mire, and the only other game, one deer and some wild geese.

By the end of December, the party reached a large Illinois village on the right hand of the river.

It held four hundred and sixty cabins; long and rounded on the top and covered with double layers of rush mats, so closely woven that they kept out wind, rain, and snow perfectly. They looked, the Frenchmen said, like great cradles stuck in the ground. Each cabin was large enough to hold five or more families around its own fire place. The village, however, was deserted, all the Indians being away on their winter hunt.

This troubled La Salle, for he was out of food, and although he had found where the Indians had hidden their corn underground, he was afraid to take any, as he knew there was no surer way than this of offending them. But he could not go on any further without food, for the firing of the prairies had driven away the game. So he did take some of the corn, hoping that when he met the Indians, he could make the act good to them. A few days later, towards evening, he saw smoke rising in the air from an Indian camp, down the river. And the next morning he came in view of a great number of pirogues in the river ahead of him; and on both banks, a village filled with Indians. As he had been warned against the Illinois, he prepared himself to meet them. He ranged his eight canoes side by side, and as they came down the current in a line across the river, each man held his gun to his

shoulder. The old men, women, and children in the village took to the nearest woods as fast as they could go. The warriors ran for their weapons; but before they could do anything, La Salle's canoes were at their landing, and La Salle had jumped ashore. He could easily have gotten the better of the Indians in the panic they were in; but instead, he halted his men and waited for the Indians to quiet down. The warriors on the other side of the river, seeing this, came forward at once with the calumet, and they all smoked the pipe of peace together. The savages, as joyful now as they were terrified before, passed the rest of day in eating, dancing, and frolicking with their new friends. La Salle then called the head warriors of the tribe around him, and after making them a present of some tobacco and hatchets, told them how he had been forced to take corn from their village above. He said he would pay them for it in things that they needed; but if they wished to take the corn back, they could do so; and then he would go to their neighbors, the Osages, who would gladly trade him corn for presents. He told them, besides, that he meant to make a settlement in their country, and build a great boat there and go down in it to the end of the great river. As for the Iroquois, he said, they were now sons of the

King of France and brothers of the Frenchmen. He therefore advised the Illinois to make peace with them and offered to help them to do it. But, he added, that if the Illinois allowed him to build a fort in their land, he would help them against the Iroquois, should these bring war into their country. The Illinois gladly took the presents as pay for the corn, and agreed to all that La Salle said. In their speeches they told him about the wonderful length and beauty of the Mississippi, and how boats could easily go down all the way to the mouth.

But the next day an Indian came secretly to the village and told the Illinois that La Salle had come there to arm their enemies against them, and that he was a friend of the Iroquois; that he already had a fort in their country, and that he gave them arms and powder. The following day, therefore, when the Frenchmen and Indians were eating together, one of the Illinois chiefs arose and told La Salle that he wished to cure him of the sickness he had of wishing to go down the great river; that no one had ever gone down there and come back alive; that the banks were filled with a multitude of savages, barbarous people who could crush the Frenchmen no matter how well armed they were; that the waters of the river were filled with monsters and serpents; and even if in their big boats



the Frenchmen could pass through all these dangers, the river, at its lower end, went over great falls and precipices, and ended by plunging into a bottomless gulf in the earth. The chief's manner was so serious, and he showed so much interest in the French, that La Salle's men hearing him, and not knowing of the secret visit of the strange Indian, believed him and became very much frightened. La Salle, who had heard of the visit, knew that the warrior was sent by enemies, and that he had brought presents to the Illinois to turn them against him. But he could not make his men believe this, and that night six of them deserted, choosing rather to risk the danger from Indians and famine on the way back to Canada, than the dreadful things that the warrior said lay before them on the river.

La Salle did what he could to prevent the others from following so bad an example. He promised that if any among them wanted to return to Canada, he would give them a boat to do so in the spring. He asked them only to stay through the winter, and repeated over and over again to them that he wanted no man to go with him against his will. But he made up his mind to withdraw his men from the Indian village, where it was so easy for them to be turned against the expedition. He

went down the river some miles below the village, where he built a fort that he called "Creve-Coeur," or "Break Heart." But he should have called it "Great Heart" instead, for although, as we shall see, he suffered trials enough to break the heart of almost any man, he never gave up courage, but on the contrary, pushed on more bravely after each disappointment. Within the new fort the Frenchmen were safe from the Indians; but they suffered for food and for news of the "Griffin." The men whom La Salle had sent back to search for the vessel, had never returned. The timber was cut and sawed for the new boat, but there was no chance of finishing it without the fastenings, the cordage, sails, and anchors that were in the "Griffin." In fact, there was no hope of going any further in the expedition, unless with the other supplies in the "Griffin" came food, arms, and ammunition.

#### THE LOSS OF THE "GRIFFIN."

Fearing that while he was waiting for the vessel, the time would slip by and he would be kept another winter where he was, La Salle made up his mind to go himself to Canada, and find out the truth about the "Griffin," and if she were lost to raise money and get the other supplies and men and bring them back with him to Fort Creve-Coeur. It

seemed a desperate undertaking and one above the courage and strength of any man, for it was a journey of more than a thousand miles over a strange country, filled with hostile Indians. He set out with four Frenchmen and a faithful Mohegan Indian, who never left him. Each man carried his gun, powder, balls, a hatchet, an iron pot, a blanket, a change of clothing, and dressed leather to make new moccasins. For, like the Indians, the Frenchmen wore moccasins, not shoes, and used up a pair in a hard day's tramp. It was the first of March, and the ice was just beginning to melt. For a few miles they could paddle their canoes up the center of the river, where the current kept a passage free from ice. But when the river spread out into Lake Peoria, they found it frozen hard and covered with snow. They made sleds, put their canoes on them, and dragged them over to the other end of the lake. But the river there was covered with ice, too thin to walk on, and too thick to paddle through, so they had to carry their canoes along the bank through the woods, walking in snow that came half way up their waists. That night a heavy rain fell, which melted the ice, and the next morning they found they could travel by the river; but seven or eight times during the day, they had to cut a passage through the ice with

their hatchets. Before evening the ice was so thick that they were forced to carry or drag their canoes over the frozen ground or marsh until they came to running water again.

At the end of the ninth day, they found the snow so firm that they made snow shoes, and gliding swiftly over the surface, pulling their boats behind them, they made from twenty to thirty miles a day. This brought them to the great Illinois village, where they were kept two days by a heavy fall of rain. The village was still deserted and empty. La Salle had hoped to find corn here to send back to his hungry men at Fort Creve-Coeur; but there was none. As far as he could see, the country around was white, frozen, desolate. The rain had loosened the ice in the river above; and in the still, clear air the sound of its bursting and cracking echoed like cannon shots, followed by grinding and crunching, as the huge blocks piled up one upon the other along the bank or against the islands in the river. La Salle knew that the Indians would not return to their village in such a season as this, but he made a fire of some dried rushes and grass, in hopes that the smoke might catch the eye of some roaming hunter. A buffalo was caught struggling in the snow. The Frenchmen killed it. While they were smoking its meat, La Salle, walking around

outside the village, came upon three warriors. One of them was Chassagoac, a noted Illinois chief, who was also a great friend of the French. La Salle brought him into the village and gave him a present of some hatchets, knives, a red blanket, and an iron pot. He then told him of the great need of food at Fort Creve-Coeur, and asked him to send some thither. Chassagoac promised to do this, and also to be the friend of the Frenchmen left at the fort.

Eased in his mind, La Salle and his men left the village and worked their way along as before, paddling when they could, cutting their way through the ice, carrying their boats around bad places. They came at last to a point where the river was completely closed by the ice; so hiding their canoes on an island and taking their packs on their backs, they set out on foot to cross the country that lay between them and the southern end of Lake Michigan. For two days they walked across the prairie through the ice and snow, and came to swamps and lowlands, where they waded in water up to their knees, until they were stopped by a swift river, which they crossed on a raft. The next day, after crossing three more streams in the same way, they came in the evening to Lake Michigan, and the morning after they were at their fort on the little

river St. Joseph. La Salle found here the two men sent in search of the "Griffin." They had no good tidings of the missing vessel for him. They had gone all around the lake, but had found no sign of her or of her cargo. La Salle ordered the men to go on to Fort Creve-Coeur and join Tonty, while he and his party pursued their way across the country to Lake Erie.

For two days they pushed their way through a forest so thick with thorns and brambles that their clothes were torn in tatters, and their faces became so scratched and bloody that they hardly knew one another. But after this they came into the open woods, where they found plenty of game, and so had not to suffer for food as before, when often they would walk from dawn to night without eating. Their gun shots, however, were heard by Indians, who started out at once in pursuit of them. One party surrounded them, and would surely have put an end to them, had not the white men quickly jumped behind trees, and pointed their guns. The Indians, not seeing their faces, took them for Iroquois, of whom they were afraid, and so made off again, giving the alarm on all sides that the Iroquois were in the country. Thus, for days, the Frenchmen were let alone. To hide their tracks from the Indians, they burnt the grass behind them

as they went over the prairie. But they came to a swamp which they had to cross in mud and water up to their waists; and their footprints here were found by a band of Indians, who followed them for three days. They did not dare make a fire at night, and so they could dry their wet clothes only by spreading them out while they slept, wrapped in their blankets. One morning they found their clothes frozen so stiff that they could not put them on, and had to make a fire to thaw them. The Indians, who were camping not far away, seeing the smoke, ran up at once with loud cries; but fortunately a deep little river was running between them and the Frenchmen, and this and the sight of the Frenchmen's guns stopped them. In the first week of April, two of the men fell sick and were not able to walk any longer. La Salle was forced to make a canoe and carry them on by a little stream he found that flowed into Lake Erie. As there were no birch trees there, he had an elm cut down and the bark taken off whole by pouring boiling water upon it. With this bark they made a canoe, and all getting into it paddled along as far as they could, which was not very far; for great trees, brought down by the high water or fallen in from the banks, blocked their passage and they were continually forced to get out and carry their canoe around; and besides the river was so crooked that in five days they had



not gone as far as one day's walking in a straight line would have taken them. So, as the sick men were now better, they gave up their canoe, and a few days afterwards reached the Straits of Detroit, through which the waters of Lake Huron pass into Lake Erie. La Salle sent two of his men from here to Mackinaw to find out if there had not yet come some news of the "Griffin," while he and the two other Frenchmen and the Indian crossed the strait on a raft and pushed on afoot around Lake Erie. They found the woods overflowed with the melting of the snow and ice, and after a few days of wading through this, one of the Frenchmen and the Indian fell very ill, and La Salle and his one well man made a canoe and carried them in it the rest of the journey. They reached Niagara the last week of April. La Salle found some of his men here, and from them heard that not only the "Griffin" and all of her cargo were lost, but that a vessel sent to him from France, loaded with goods, had been wrecked at the mouth of the St. Lawrence. As far as loss of money could make him so, he was a ruined man.

#### BAD NEWS FROM TONTY.

It was not loss of money, however, that could ruin La Salle. This misfortune only acted like fuel to brighten the flame of his courage. He hurried at

once on to Fort Frontenac and from there to Montreal. As his men were broken down, he hired three fresh ones to go on with him. In one week he finished his business in Montreal and came back to Fort Frontenac, ready to start on the return to Fort Creve-Coeur, when there came to him messengers from Tonty with the worst news received yet; which was that nearly all his men had deserted from Fort Creve-Coeur, after plundering his store-house and destroying and throwing into the river all the goods, arms, ammunition, and stores they could not carry off. Tonty and the few who had remained faithful to him had taken refuge in the Illinois village. Tonty's messengers were followed by two men, who told La Salle that the deserters had also destroyed the fort at St. Joseph, had stolen the furs belonging to La Salle at Mackinaw, and had plundered his store-house at Niagara. Some of them had gone to New York, but the rest, in three canoes, were then on their way to Fort Frontenac, to kill La Salle himself, so that he could not punish them.

La Salle at once took his measures to arrest the villains and to recover what he could of his stolen property. Leaving a boat and five men at Fort Frontenac, he set out in a canoe with five other men, and paddling all night came, at daylight, to

a point that the deserters had to pass. Their first and second canoes were surprised, captured, and sent on to Fort Frontenac, where the men were cast into prison. The third canoe was not seen until the next day. As it would not stop when hailed, La Salle's men fired into it, and killed two men. The rest gave themselves up and were sent to join their comrades in prison.

And now, after engaging new men, soldiers, masons, ship carpenters, blacksmiths, and laborers, and buying a fresh supply of food and goods as well as what was needed to finish and rig the vessel begun at Fort Creve-Coeur, La Salle made all haste to get back to Tonty in the Illinois country

He set out in August; but when he reached Mackinaw, where he expected to buy corn and meet some of his men, he found the Indians there in an ugly temper and slow about selling food to him, and the men he had engaged did not come on time. He left a lieutenant to bring them and the food on, while he and twelve men hastened on to Fort St. Joseph. He found it in ruins. Leaving there his heavy luggage and five men to wait until the rest of the party came, he with six men and the Mohegan set out to get as quickly as they could to Tonty in the great Illinois village.

As before, they followed the St. Joseph River

and carrying their boats over to the Kankakee, paddled down this river to the Illinois. The prairies had not been burned, and they killed plenty of buffalo, deer and other game, and loaded a canoe with the best portions to take to Tonty. But when they came in sight of the village, they saw only the charred poles of the cabins standing; all else was cinders and ashes. The Iroquois had passed over it, and well did the Frenchmen know their bloody work. On the upright poles of the cabins were stuck the heads of the unfortunate Illinois. Heaps of ashes showed where a number had been burned at the stake. Wolves and buzzards were feasting on the bodies of the dead. The corn fields had been destroyed; the storehouses broken open, and the food carried off. Even the graveyard of the Illinois had suffered the savage vengeance of the Iroquois. The graves had been broken open, and the bones of the dead Illinois thrown out; the greatest insult the Indians could inflict upon one another.

La Salle and his men, with hearts heavy with grief and fear, looked at each head to see if it might be that of a Frenchman; but all had the hair of Indians. They looked at the bodies; all were Indians. They searched, but found no marks of gun shots or any sign that the Frenchmen had been made prisoners.

But in a garden of the Illinois, about a mile and a half below, on the bank of the river, they found set in the ground six stakes painted red, and upon each stake, drawn in black, the figure of a man with blindfolded eyes. As it is the custom of the Indians to paint such stakes when they have killed their enemies, or made them prisoners, La Salle thought that this meant that the Iroquois had found the six Frenchmen and had killed them or made them prisoners. There was no sleep for him that night, but in its stead, grief, pain, and cruel anxiety, and trying to decide what was best for him to do.

By morning he had made up his mind to push down the river after the fleeing Illinois, in hopes of finding that they had carried Tonty and his men with them as prisoners. He took four men with him and left two men hidden in an island near the village, on watch for the rest of the party, who might come in his absence. He ordered them to cover their fire at night, make no smoke by day, and not to fire their guns. He and his men each carried two guns, a pistol, a sword, powder and lead, and some hatchets and knives for gifts to the Indians. About fifteen miles below the village they came to an island where the fleeing Illinois had camped with their wives and children. Just op-

posite, on the river bank, was the camp of the pursuing Iroquois; but in neither could be found any trace of the Frenchmen. As he went down the river La Salle passed seven camps of the Illinois and on the other side of the river as many of the Iroquois, but in none of them was there any sign of the Frenchmen.

He came to the ruined and deserted Fort Creve-Coeur, and passed on, following the route of the fleeing Illinois and the pursuing Iroquois, stopping only to examine their camps always just opposite one another on the river bank. At last, by the fresh state of the ash heaps, La Salle saw that the Indians could not be much ahead of him, and he paddled all night to gain on them the more quickly. The next day he saw in a meadow on the right bank of the river some straight, still, human figures. He and his men landed, but when they came near they saw that the figures were the half burned bodies of Indian women, tied to stakes, and all around the bloody signs of savage victory. But still no trace of the Frenchmen! La Salle still paddled on down the river and came to where it poured into the Mississippi. How he had schemed and planned to reach the Mississippi! How he had looked forward to leading the expedition into it! And here he was, in a single canoe and but four men with

him, in sight of it, and on the threshold of the great country that it was to be his glory to affix to the crown of France. His men begged him to go on. They offered their lives, if necessary, to finish the discovery. But until he knew what Tonty's fate was, there could be no further discovery for La Salle. He turned his canoe up the river, and the men used their paddles with such a will that in four days they did two hundred and fifty miles, and reached the Illinois village. The two men left here were taken up, and the party pushed on, now with their boats in sleds, now breaking a way through the ice with their paddles, as far as the canoe could go, and then on foot through soft snow, waist deep. La Salle was always in the lead; and he, who never seemed to mind cold and fatigue, who had made such a bitter journey the year before, even he said that he had never yet felt such cold or suffered such hardships. The only consolation in it was finding, in a camp cabin, a bit of *sawed* wood, and some other traces of Frenchmen, which made him hope that Tonty and his party might have passed along that way.

At the end of January, La Salle reached the Fort of St. Joseph, where he found his men waiting for him. He spent the rest of the winter there, and turned his time to good account by making friends



of the Indian tribes around him, and winning peace from them for his friends, the Illinois.

In the month of May, he set out for Canada. At Mackinaw, he found, to his great joy, Tonty, who, with his men, had had the good fortune to get out of the village of the Illinois before the Iroquois fell upon it; and so, while La Salle was looking for him, he was on his way to Mackinaw.

#### THE NAMING OF LOUISIANA.

For the third time La Salle fitted out his expedition, but he had learned from two failures the lesson of success. This time he led his men himself, all in one body; and instead of taking along the heavy loads of materials, and the carpenters and blacksmiths for boat building, he took only the necessary food, arms, ammunition, and the goods to trade with the Indians. His canoes made the long voyage from Fort Frontenac through the lakes safely, and arrived at Fort St. Joseph at the end of the Autumn of 1681. By the last week of December, all was in readiness for the start for the Mississippi.

There were fifty-four in the party; twenty-three white men, eighteen Indians; ten squaws and three children; for some of the warriors would not go without their squaws and children. The gallant

and loyal Tonty and Father Zenobe Membré, the priest who had gone on the other expedition, were the most noted among the white men. Among the Indians was the faithful Mohegan, who had followed La Salle in all his wanderings.

The country lay in all the beauty of a Northern Christmas tide. The prairies were a dazzling white expanse of frozen snow. The leafless trees of the forest shone like silver under the calm blue sky. The streams were still and silent, frozen from bank to bank.

Over prairies, through forests, and down the solid roadway of the Illinois river, they went, dragging their canoes on sledges behind them. They passed by the Illinois villages, now Illinois graveyards. They glided over Lake Peoria and into the river again, and went onward until the ice grew thin, and they were able to launch their canoes and use their paddles. The river led them past the Illinois and Iroquois camps of the year before, into the Mississippi, and La Salle reached the point on the bank of the river where, with so heavy a heart, he had turned back from his desperate search for Tonty. Smoothly and pleasantly the voyagers went on into the new and strange country before them. The Indians hunted along the bank and kept them supplied with game. Fish could be had at any time by

casting a line into the river; and one time a catfish was caught so large that it fed all the white men for supper.

Early in the afternoons, the canoes were paddled to the bank at some convenient place for the camp; when all quickly got ashore and went briskly to work; the men gathering wood; the squaws lighting the fires and putting the kettles to boil, while the children played around. Soon the good smell of supper rose in the air. Then came the hearty, cheery meal, and then all lay down under the stars or in the moonlight to sleep.

A few miles below the mouth of the Missouri, the expedition passed a large Tamaroas village of one hundred and eighty cabins. Three days later, they paddled by the beautiful Ohio, flowing in from the left.

As they advanced, the aspect of the country began to change. The wild and rugged northern scenery seemed to soften and grow gentle. The high rocks and wooded cliffs became more and more level. Then came stretches of swamp, and again the bank would rise into bluffs. At what we know as the Chickasaw Bluffs they had an adventure. While camping here, some of the men went off to hunt. Pierre Prudhomme, who had never gone on a hunt before, went with them. La

Salle charged him not to get lost; but told him if he should, to guide himself by the compass and keep to the North, and he would be sure to get back to the camp.

That evening, when the hunters returned, Prudhomme was not with them. As a great many Indian tracks had been seen, La Salle was afraid that he had been captured or killed, and the whole camp was excited and troubled over it. The next day the hunters went out to search for him, but only found a cabin in the woods, which the Indians had just left. La Salle sent out a party of his men, red and white, to track these Indians, and capture some of them, in hopes that they could tell him something about Prudhomme; and in the meantime, he raised a stockade around his camp, in case of trouble with the Indians. Two warriors were caught, and brought to La Salle. They said they were Chickasaws, and that their village was a few days' journey away. La Salle sent men to the village to see if Prudhomme was there, and to get him back. But Prudhomme was not there. After eight days spent in hunting for him, La Salle sadly decided to go on without him, giving his little fort the name of Prudhomme, in memory of him. When the canoes, however, had paddled about fifteen miles, a fire was seen on the bank, and all stopped.

From what they saw, Prudhomme had evidently just left the fire, and the search for him began anew. Some of the Indians and white men at last found the poor man. He was on a raft, which he had made to float down the river, hoping to come up with the canoes. He had been lost ten days, during which, he said, he had eaten nothing. Great was the joy of the camp to see him again alive; and the men put out in their canoes from the bank with renewed spirits.

And ever as they went along, the great river unfolded still newer scenes for their eyes. Now, they came to cane-brakes so dense that the hunters could not make a way through them; and now the current divided to flow around islands that rose fresh and green from the yellow water. Winter dropped ever further behind them; and with each day they seemed to come closer and closer upon spring. The long, thin twigs of the willows along the banks turned a faint green and then blossomed; the vines that had twisted like dry ropes around the forest trees turned into living garlands, which soon were hung with clusters of flowers and fruit. The wild peach and plum scented the air with their fragrance.

One morning, when a fog hid both banks from the canoes in the river, a war cry and the beating of

drums were heard on the right. La Salle ordered the canoes to the left bank, and set the men to making a barricade behind which they might be safe in case the warlike sounds meant an attack. When the fog cleared, an Indian village was seen on the other bank, whose people, taking the French for enemies, were hastily getting ready for them. As the French did not move from their side, the Indians sent a canoe across the river to spy out who and what they were. The canoe stopped in mid stream, and a warrior shot an arrow towards the camp; the custom of the Indians to find out whether war or peace be meant. As the answer of the French was not an arrow, but a calumet, held out by La Salle, the Indians paddled their canoes back to the village, and soon another canoe was seen coming, filled with warriors, bearing a calumet. They landed and presented it to La Salle and to all the Frenchmen, who smoked it, each in turn. Then the warriors asked the strangers to come to their village. They did so; the whole party getting at once into their canoes and crossing the river. When they reached the landing place, they found all the men of the village waiting to receive them. The women and children had fled to the woods on the first alarm, and were still hiding.

The village belonged to the Kappas, a tribe of the

Arkansas Indians. The French thought them the handsomest savages they had ever seen, and the pleasantest and most polite. They were dressed in skins. Their cabins were well built, and roofed with the bark of cypress trees. Their canoes were also made of cypress, dug out of the solid log, not of bark like those of the Canadians. There were peach and other fruit trees in the village; and what the French had never seen among other savages, plenty of chickens. When the Kappas saw that the French would rather stay to themselves, they were not offended, but like good hosts, helped to make shelters for them out of the green boughs outside the village; sweeping a clean place for the camp, and bringing them all the firewood they needed. When the women came back from the woods, La Salle made them presents of beads and little trifles, which delighted them so much, that they brought him a fine supply of corn and beans, dried plums, persimmons, and grapes. On the next day a great feast was given by the village, when the Peace or Calumet Dance was danced. Around the open playground, in the center of the village, forked poles were stuck, upon which were hung the presents to be given the French. In the center of the space was a bare, straight pole. The dance began by one of the chiefs



of the tribe entering the ring, bearing two calumets of red clay, filled with tobacco and gaily decked with feathers. For music there was a great rattling of empty gourds filled with pebbles, and much beating of great earthen pots, covered with dressed skins. After this, warrior after warrior, in full war paint and feathers, stepped into the ring and chanted the great deeds he had done on the war path, dancing in a stately step all the while around the center pole, and casting his tomahawk into it for every enemy he had killed.

At the end of the dance, sixty buffalo skins were given to La Salle. The next day La Salle, in his turn, gave the village an entertainment, and it must have seemed as curious to the Indians as the calumet dance to the Frenchmen. He took possession of the land in the name of the King of France. It was done in this manner: A great tree was felled and its trunk squared into a pillar, upon which was painted the figure of the cross, and under this, the arms of the King of France, with the inscription, "Louis the Great, King of France and Navarre, 13th March, 1682."

This was brought in solemn procession from the camp to the village, the priest marching in front, and all the Frenchmen following, singing a Latin hymn. Three times around the open space they

walked, singing; then the pillar was fixed upright in the ground. La Salle, taking his place by it, read in a loud voice from a paper in his hand, that in the name of the most high and noble and victorious Prince, Louis the Great, by the grace of God, King of France and Navarre, the 14th of his name, on the 13th of March, 1682, and with the consent of the nation of the Arkansas, assembled in the village of Kapaha, and present at the time, he, in virtue of the commission which he held in his hand, took possession of the country of Louisiana and of all its provinces, peoples, mines, ports, in short of all the land watered by the Mississippi and its branches, from its source in the North, to its mouth in the Gulf.

A translation in the Arkansas language was then made to the Indians, who stood around gazing curiously. "Vive le Roi!" was shouted by the Frenchmen, the guns were fired in salute, and France thus gained her title to the great country, to which La Salle gave the beautiful name of "Louisiana," after Louis XIV.

The other villages of this tribe were one about twenty miles below on the river, and the one visited by Marquette and Joliet, at the mouth of the Arkansas river. The Indians of both received the Frenchmen well, and begged them to stay and

dance the calumet with them; but La Salle, in haste to get on with his journey, would not stop. Losing, once, a day, by a strong wind, his men paddled all night by moonlight to make up, resting at daylight for a few hours on a small flat island, covered with willows. The next night they camped on a large, beautiful island, covered with laurel, mulberry and other fine forest trees. The following day, while they were paddling along, they killed two deer, and a day later they killed their first crocodile, and ate the meat for supper, making a great frolic over it, and finding that it tasted very good. That night they stopped at a little stream which led into Lake Tensas. Again they camped on an island in the river, and as they had done on all the other islands, they made a barricade of timber and brush around the camp for fear of an Indian surprise. The next day, they saw ahead of them a canoe of Indians crossing the river, from the right to the left. The Frenchmen paddled at full speed through the water to catch up with them, but stopped short when they came in sight of a fishing camp of about two hundred Indians, who, giving their shrill war cries, at once caught up their tomahawks, bows and arrows. La Salle turned his canoes to the other side of the river and waited there while Tonty and five men carried

the calumet to the savages. After smoking it together, Tonty came back with a friendly message from the Indians, and La Salle crossed over to the fishing place and camped there, and afterwards went to the villages of the Indians, some miles back from the river bank. This was the celebrated village of the Natchez, who, as we shall see, played a great part in the early history of Louisiana. While La Salle was there, the chief of the Coroas, the next tribe on the river, came to see him, and La Salle visited his village also.

The following day, which was Easter, the expedition came to the Houma village, opposite the mouth of Red River; but did not stop at it. Three days later, the canoes saw some Indians fishing on the right bank, and called to them; but the Indians fled, and soon the beating of the drum and war cries came from behind a cane-brake. La Salle landed and sent a party of his men towards it with the calumet; but they were received with a volley of arrows. The Indian guide said they were Quinipissas. The Frenchmen went on their way down the river, until now they saw on the left bank another village, over which hovered flocks of buzzards. They landed here and found a ghastly sight; five large cabins filled with corpses, and the ground running blood. The rest of the village had been

burned. La Salle found out afterwards that this was the village of the Tangipahoas, and that the enemies who had destroyed them were the Chouchoumas.

The banks now grew so flat and low, that at night the men had to pile up rushes or brush to get a dry sleeping place. It was the time of the spring rise in the Mississippi, and as they went on further, they found even the forests overflowed. Then after some days, the forests ceased, and on each side of the river were seen only vast open prairies stretching out for miles; trembling prairies, covered with tall rushes, with no solid land, save here and there, a spot like an island, upon which grew clusters of trees. Whenever these could be found on the bank, the camp was made. And here, one afternoon, one of the Frenchmen, climbing to the top of a tree, saw, beyond the flat, green prairie, a great expanse of water shining in the sun.

La Salle knew then that the great river was coming to the end of its long course, and on the morrow the canoes had not made ten miles before they came to the three mouths or passes, by which it pours its floods into the Gulf of Mexico. The canoes paddled into the right hand pass and into the middle channel, but turned back, as they saw no chance of finding a camping place. Over the low banks, the

tide was then rising. They at last found a dry spot on the bank of the right hand pass, opposite an island, where they killed a quantity of red and white herons and other marine birds. In the morning, La Salle went through the right pass, while Tonty went through the middle one, and another canoe took the left one. All three came out at the open water of the Gulf and saw the muddy current of the river running far out before it mingled with the clear, blue depths.

The dream of La Salle had come to pass. He had explored the great river whose course and end, as the Indians had told him, were unknown to man. In the satisfaction of that moment all the past ten years of disappointment and trouble must have passed from his memory. Now nothing was needed to complete his triumph, but to make public proclamation, that he, the discoverer of the region, took possession of it for his sovereign, the King of France. The ceremony at the Kappas' village was repeated, but with greater solemnity. There was no one to witness it but the white men, Indians, squaws, and papposes who had made the long journey down there together. A tree was sought, cut, squared, and planted in the ground, to bear the arms of the King of France. A great

cross was raised beside it, and in the earth at its feet was buried a leaden plate, on which were written the words: "In the name of Louis XIV, King of France and Navarre, 9 April, 1682." The priest, followed by La Salle and his little band, sang the Latin hymn, "Vexilla Regis." La Salle read aloud the act by which he took possession of the river and all the land that it and its branches flowed through; the land of Louisiana. The Te Deum was sung, a salute of musketry fired, and "Vive le Roi!" was shouted in the solemn stillness of nature.

The canoes were then turned up stream, and the long voyage back to Lake Michigan was begun. Day after day the men plied their paddles, night after night the camp was made, as in the journey down. Indian villages were stopped at; the calumet was smoked with the tribes. But La Salle was seized with a desperate illness and was forced to stop at Fort Prudhomme, while the rest went on without him. For forty days he lay in danger of his life, but as soon as he had strength enough he set out again for Mackinaw, where Tonty awaited him. He and Tonty then went back with a band of men to the Illinois river, and on a great rock that rose one hundred and twenty-five feet above the river, near the site of the destroyed Illinois village, they



built a fort, which La Salle named St. Louis. The two passed the winter here, making friends of the Indians, who came from all the country round about to settle at the fort. Greatly pleased with his success, thus far, La Salle, in the fall of 1683, turned the fort over to the command of Tonty, and went to Canada, and from there to France, to carry out the next steps in his scheme.

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## LA SALLE'S LAST VOYAGE.

In France, La Salle appeared before King Louis XIV himself, and told him of the great river, the Mississippi, that he had explored, and of the vast and rich country he had taken possession of for France. He unfolded his plan of holding this country by building forts along the course of the river, and he proposed now to build a fort and make a settlement at the mouth of the Mississippi, which would not only prevent the ships of any other power from entering the river, but would also give France a port and a stronghold that could protect her ships upon the Gulf of Mexico. For, over the Gulf, as has been said, the Spaniards

ruled as lords and masters. Instead, however, of making again the long and toilsome journey from Canada, La Salle wished now to sail from France direct to the mouth of the Mississippi, taking with him the colonists and the materials and provisions for the settlement. The king gave him not only the two ships he asked for, but a third vessel, a royal man-of-war, to escort the expedition, and to protect it, in the Gulf of Mexico, from the Spaniards.

One hundred soldiers were enlisted and eighty colonists to go out to the new country; mechanics of all kinds, farmers, laborers, with some gentlemen of good family, and well-to-do tradesmen. Some of the men took their families with them. Some young girls went along hoping to get homes and husbands in the new, sweetly named country of Louisiana.

As Providence before had sent to La Salle the true and loyal Tonty, so now again was sent to him a faithful companion and good friend, Henri Joutel. Joutel was a Rouen boy, the nephew of a gardener of the La Salle family. He was a soldier and had been away from home sixteen years. When he came back to Rouen, he found the people there all talking about the new enterprise of La Salle. La Salle's brother, the Abbé Cavelier, and his two nephews, Cavelier and Moranget, had joined it. Joutel himself was too fond of adventure not to join it, also,

In July, 1684, La Salle's four ships set sail from La Rochelle; the royal man-of-war, "Joly"; a large ship, the "Amiable"; the bark, "La Belle"; and a small vessel called a "ketch." The last three were heavily loaded, and sailed so slowly, that it was September before the expedition reached San Domingo, where a stop was to be made for fresh supplies of food and water. The man-of-war came first into port, and after a few days the lagging "Amiable" and "La Belle"; but the "ketch," which was thought to be following, never came. She was captured off the coast of Cuba by Spanish buccaneers. The ships were but a short time at San Domingo before fever broke out among the crew and passengers, who had to be put ashore for fresh air and treatment. La Salle, himself, became very ill of it and when the loss of the "ketch" with all her cargo of stores was told to him, he fell into a violent delirium and came near dying. It was the end of November before all were well enough to sail away.

When La Salle was at the mouth of the Mississippi, the year before, he took the latitude of it, but failed to get the longitude, which would have given him the sure course to find it. He had hoped to get some advice about it in San Domingo, but the gulf coast was unknown to the people there. No one could be found who had ever explored it, or knew

of any one who had done so. All that La Salle could learn was, that in the gulf there was a very strong current towards the East, which bore ships out of their course, unless the pilot made allowance for it by steering to the West. Unfortunately, La Salle heeded this as a true warning. When he sailed into the gulf, instead of steering a straight course, which would have brought him to the coast of Florida, he steered to the West, and so, as there was no strong easterly current to bear his ships back, they sailed past the mouth of the Mississippi. When land was sighted, La Salle thought it was Florida, but it was Texas. He sailed slowly along the shore line, looking for the mouth of the river, and anchoring at night and in fogs so as not to pass it unknowingly. Whenever a curve in the shore showed anything like a bay or the mouth of a river La Salle would send a boat ashore with an exploring party. Once, one of these parties came back with some Indians, and La Salle tried to ask them about the river, but he could not understand them nor they him, and so nothing was learned from them. Thus, he sailed onward ever further and further away from the mouth of the Mississippi. At last he reached the large bay which we know as Matagorda Bay.

## FORT ST. LOUIS IN TEXAS.

The low flat shore, covered with rushes, the sand islands and reefs, and the muddy water, were not different from what he had seen about the mouth of the Mississippi. When the exploring party returned and reported that they had found a river emptying into it at the further end, he thought this might be an arm of the Mississippi. He was in doubt about it, and had the season not been so late, in order to be sure, he would have turned his ships and sailed back again along the shore, when, as we know, he could not have failed to find the river. But the colonists were suffering from their long confinement on shipboard, and Beaujeu, the commander of the "Joly," was impatient to get on his way back to France. La Salle, therefore, despite his doubt, decided to land his colony here. He was sure, at least, of one thing, that he was somewhere in the neighborhood of the river. He was, in truth, four hundred miles away from it. With his usual energy, as soon as he got his colony ashore, he put the men to work, clearing a space for a camp, collecting timber to build houses and barns to store the provisions in, and to make canoes for use in the river. He sounded the bay and the channel carefully, and had them marked so that the "Amiable" could come through in safety to land her cargo.

On a bright morning, the ship with spread sails was just coming in, and La Salle was watching her from the shore, when the cry came to him, that a band of Indians had fallen upon one of the working parties, and had carried two men off. There was nothing for him to do but to start at once after the Indians and to rescue his men. But as he turned away and left the coast, he exclaimed anxiously to Joutel, who was with him: "If she does not change her course, she will surely go aground." The Indians carried their prisoners to their camp, about five miles away. By the time La Salle reached the camp, a cannon shot from the "Amiable" boomed upon the air. The Indians, frightened to death at the strange thunder, fell upon the ground. La Salle knew what it meant; it was a signal of distress from the "Amiable." As soon as he could get his men from the Indians, he hastened back to the beach to look for the "Amiable." What he feared, had happened; the great ship lay helpless on her side on a reef. She was lost. But the cargo might be saved. La Salle worked with all his might and urged his men to work. With what boats and canoes they could gather, they hurried to the stranded ship. The gunpowder was first taken out and brought ashore, and then the flour. But the wind rose and great waves, rolling in from the gulf,

broke over the reef and the helpless ship, pounding upon it, shivering and shaking it, and rocking it to and fro. The men jumped upon the deck, and at the risk of their lives, cut away the masts. But the wind growing stronger and the waves greater, it became harder and harder to board the wreck, and many of the boats lost their loads in getting away from her. At last the danger was so great that the men had to give up. The ship went to pieces that night; and in the morning, the beach all around the bay was strewn with barrels of wine, boxes of goods, fragments of timber, papers, books, bales, and bundles—all that was light enough to float; but the guns, balls, nails, hatchets, axes, saws, the furnaces, grindstones, and the iron and steel cooking pots, the anvils, the casks of salt, and all the heavier articles—they strewed the bottom of the bay.

Two of his vessels and their cargoes lost! Surely La Salle's heart must have sunk within him. But he gave no sign of it. He sent men up and down the beach to gather and save what they could of the drift, which he piled in one place, and kept under guard, not alone for fear of Indians, but also of the dishonest among his own colonists. For most of these had been picked up in France, as colonists were picked up in those days, among the



good and bad, the poor and the needy, the beggars, the vagrants, and even the criminal classes. Often they were captured by force and made drunk, and put upon a ship, and came to themselves only when upon the high sea in a vessel bound for they knew not where. In spite of the sentinels, the Indians managed to steal a good deal, as some Frenchmen found upon a visit to their camp. La Salle sent a party, under his nephew, Moranget, to claim these articles. Moranget was high tempered and domineering, and did not know how to deal with the Indians; and so the only result of his expedition was, two men killed and two others, besides himself, wounded. The sight of the killed and wounded threw the newly landed colonists into a panic; and a dread of the Indians was added to their other miseries.

They were encamped on the beach, exposed to the hot sun by day and the dampness by night. Most of them were still weak from the fever caught at San Domingo. Their biscuits had been lost in the wreck; they had no ovens to bake more. As provisions were measured out to them in scanty rations, and they had only sea water to cook with, it is not surprising that they ate the shell fish they found, and berries and fruit, without knowing whether they were wholesome or not. And they

would drink at once all their portion of fresh water, and afterwards, when thirsty, drink salt or brackish water. Such numbers of them fell ill that the camp was soon a hospital. Every day some one died, and around the graves of the two young men killed by the Indians, so many other graves were dug that it seemed as if the only settlement to be made in the new land was that of the dead.

As soon as possible after seeing the colonists landed, Beaujeu sailed away in the "Joly." He had, from the first, disliked the duty of escorting La Salle, and showed this so plainly that La Salle soon grew to dislike Beaujeu bitterly, and showed it plainly, and became as eager to get rid of his royal escort, as Beaujeu was to get rid of him. Unfortunately this ill-will between the two men had hampered the expedition all along. It had stood in the way of a more thorough search for the mouth of the Mississippi, and now, although Beaujeu was sure that La Salle had made a mistake, it kept him from helping him in a friendly way, as it kept La Salle from asking Beaujeu's advice and help. La Salle, however, soon proved to his colonists what kind of a man he was, into whose keeping they had given their lives and their fortunes. He gave himself to them, mind and body; ever planning and thinking for them, and ever foremost in the work, or in the dan-

ger, of carrying out his plans, and ever the last in rest or recreation. His patience was as endless as his energy. He was strict, stern, and haughty; it is true, but not unjust. He bore his own great losses and misfortunes, as we have seen, without murmuring; and he only demanded that those under him should bear their smaller ones in like spirit. Unfortunately, the trials that call forth great qualities in heroic hearts, call forth base ones in hearts of weaker strength. What we admire in La Salle now-a-days, is what gained him the hatred and enmity of many of his colonists.

When he had made the camp safe from the Indians by raising around it a fortification and had built some cabins and storehouses, he set out with fifty men to explore the shores of the bay and to find a better place for the settlement; one where there was fresh water and pasturage for the live stock, and better soil for a garden. He found such a spot on the rising bank of the little river La Vaca, which flows into the head of Matagorda Bay. In April he removed the colony to it. As sickness still held on to the emigrants, many of them were taken in a dying condition to the new home, and only reached it to be buried there.

It was hard work, indeed, building the great fort which La Salle had planned, in the heat of summer,

with such poor working force as the colonists proved themselves to be; some of them never having done a day's honest labor in their lives. The woods where the timber was cut, was at some distance from the settlement, and as there were no horses or oxen, the men themselves had to drag the heavy logs over rough ground, until, at last, they found they could make use of a gun carriage; but even then, the strain was so great that the strongest broke down under it. The garden was made and the seeds, brought from France, sowed in it; but there was a drought during the summer, and the plants were parched in the ground. Nevertheless, by October, in spite of the sickness, the shirking from work, the constant fear of the Indians, and the general discouragement, a large fort was put up, and a stout wall built around it. La Salle then felt he could leave the settlement, and carry out his intention of going in search of the mouth of the Mississippi, for he was determined to find the place he had taken possession of, and to settle the colony there, as he had told the king he would do.

To be sure of not missing it, this time, he resolved to go along the shore in a canoe, and to make explorations inland as he went along, while "La Belle" followed, anchoring every night opposite the place where he camped. He was so sure, indeed, of find-

ing the mouth of the Mississippi, that "La Belle" was loaded with most of the provisions in the settlement; and with a quantity of merchandise and arms, tools, cannon, powder, lead, a forge, and with the personal property of himself, the priests, and officers of the expedition; their boxes of clothing, linen, papers, silver and crockery, and two thousand livres in gold. She carried, in fact, the best part of the supplies still left in the colony.

Twenty-seven men went in "La Belle"; fifty in canoes accompanied La Salle. They started the last of October; La Salle putting Joutel in command of the fort.

There were but thirty-four persons in all, left in it; three priests, the girls and married women, soldiers and workmen. Joutel proved himself a good commander. Strict guard was kept up; the sentinels were changed every two hours, and if any of them was caught sleeping at his post, he was punished. Details of men went outside the wall every day to bring in the wood and water needed. One of the regular employments was to kill buffalo and dry the meat. From the top of a house one could get a good view of the prairies round about; and whenever buffaloes were seen, the men started out at once with their guns. At first the Frenchmen did not know how to kill the buffalo, and lost a great many,

and had all kinds of mishaps with them; but they were soon taught by experience. Where the animal fell, he was killed and butchered. The priests went out with the hunters, and even the women and girls went along and helped to carry away the meat; for, as Joutel said, if they ate they must also work. In the fort the meat was cut in small strips, dried in the sun, and smoked. Once one of the priests was lost for a night and a day, and great fear was felt that he had been killed by the Indians; and when he came back safe and sound, there was great rejoicing. Another time, one of the young girls lost her way, and when she did not return, guns were fired and even the cannon shot off; and parties were sent in all directions to search for her. She, too, was given up as killed by the Indians. But after two nights and two days, she made her way back, being guided to the fort by the river, as the priest had been. Every day, morning and evening, prayers were said by all in common; on Sundays and feast days, mass was celebrated. Two or three men died—to the grief of the little band; but there were no crimes nor bad conduct.

As for La Salle, at the very beginning of his expedition, he lost four or five men from eating poisonous berries; and “La Belle” lost six men, who, against La Salle’s orders, carelessly slept

ashore one night around a camp fire, and thus were surprised and killed by the Indians. La Salle, coming back to the coast after a journey inland, found their dead bodies and buried them. Returning to his inland exploration, he went through a vast extent of country. He saw beautiful prairies and great forests, and he killed much game; he met many different tribes of Indians, and came to a wider river; but he found not the Mississippi. The time he had allowed for his absence ran out, so he turned back to the fort. He reached it in March, sending some of his men to the bay to bring him news of "La Belle," which he had left anchored there.

These men came to the fort one day after him; they had not seen "La Belle," nor any sign of her or her crew anywhere along the coast. This threw La Salle into great uneasiness. What had become of the boat and all the valuable property she carried? Could she have been wrecked? Was she aground somewhere? Or could her crew have run away with her to the islands? If this last were the case, he had a hope that the governor of San Domingo would seize her and send her back. He saw now what a great mistake he had made in not foreseeing some accident and keeping at least half of her cargo at the fort. But when he started he had been confident



of finding the mouth of the Mississippi. This loss was the worst blow of all, worse, indeed, than the loss of the "Griffin," the "ketch," and the "Amiable," all combined. Indeed, with "La Belle" went all hope for the colony. How, now, if he found the Mississippi, could he transport the colony to it? And if he did not find the Mississippi, he could, with the vessel, at least have taken the poor unfortunates who had followed him back to San Domingo. With the vessel, he could always send to the island for provisions or for help. Without her, he was no better than a cast-away on an unknown coast, without the means of getting away from it, or getting help to it. There was but one course open to him now; to make his way to Canada, and to get word to France of the desperate straits of the colony. In April, as soon as he rested from his last journey, he set out again, taking twenty men with him, and leaving the fort again under command of Joutel.

As before, Joutel kept up good guard against the Indians, and sent out hunting parties to kill buffalo, and as this weakened the number of men at the fort, he made the women and girls take their turn at sentinel duty with the men. About the first of May, some of the men who had sailed in "La Belle," arrived at the fort, bringing an account of the wreck

of the vessel. Only six men of the crew and some of La Salle's clothing and papers were saved. The certainty that "La Belle" was lost threw the colonists into great discouragement. They could see, as well as La Salle, how desperate their situation was without a vessel. Joutel worked harder than ever to keep them busy and amused. He would gather them all together of an evening, when they would dance and sing songs; and although he had been ordered to measure out the rations very sparingly, he did so only when food was scarce. When the hunters killed plenty of buffalo, he would give the colonists as much meat as they could eat. There was love-making among the young people, and even a marriage. The men, women, and girls all practiced shooting at a target, and Joutel gave little prizes for the best shot; and so the time passed pleasantly, even gaily.

As before, prayers were said together, morning and evening. Mass was celebrated on feast days and holidays. The chapel was only a rude log cabin thatched with grass and reeds; but the altar was prettily decorated by the good priests with images and pictures. Whenever there were any murmurs about La Salle being away so long, Joutel would preach patience, and tell how long it would take to go up the Mississippi to the Illinois country and return. When the summer came on, a space in the

open was cleared for a play-ground, and here of evenings Joutel would get them all to playing games; each one contributing his or her share to the general fun. They were amusing themselves, thus, one evening, when La Salle returned. He brought back only eight men of the twenty who had set out in April. Four had deserted, one had been eaten by an alligator, one had been lost, and the rest had given out on the march, and never been heard of afterwards. The evening was passed by the anxious colonists in listening to the tale of all that had happened in the long and dismal journey which their leader and his little band had made. They had gone to the North until they saw, as far as the eye could reach, vast prairies alive with buffalo. They had crossed the Colorado river, and turning their steps towards the East, had come to a region thick with Indian villages. In crossing a river on a raft, La Salle was caught in the current and swept out of sight, and his men had to wait so long for him that they thought they would never see him again. They reached the villages of the Ceniz Indians, in the country watered by Trinity river. Here the Indians received them well, and sold them five horses, which La Salle brought back to the fort. After leaving these Indians he and his nephew were taken with a fever, which kept them in one camp for more than

two months. When they were well enough to travel again, their ammunition was nearly out, so they saw that they must return to the fort.

Even before La Salle began to talk, the colonists knew that he had not found what he went for—the Mississippi river, and that all the time he had been away was time lost. Their hearts sank with disappointment. Of the hundred and eighty who had set out from France, only forty-five remained. What was to be their fate? Hope and trust in La Salle, alone, saved them from despair. He walked among them with so calm and serene a face, spoke so cheerfully and bravely to them, kept them so busy in and about the fort, that he inspired them all with some of his own great nature. Christmas came, and the great festival was celebrated with a fervor and devotion that none of them had ever felt before. There was a midnight mass, at which all made vows to God, and prayed Him to guide and protect them in their forlorn condition. Twelfth Night was passed in a gay frolic, and the old game, ‘the king drinks,’ was played with water instead of wine, but the fun and laughter were only the greater.

#### MURDER OF LA SALLE.

A few days later La Salle, for the third time, led a party from the fort, in his last and only hope to reach Canada and in some way get a ship to come

to the colony. Seventeen men went with him, among whom were his brother, Cavelier, his two nephews, Moranget and young Cavelier, Father Anastase, and the sturdy and trusty Joutel.

La Salle made an address to the twenty who were to stay at the fort. His words were so tender and so kind, his manner so full of feeling, his sentiment so noble, that the little colony was melted to tears; and the good byes were said as if, indeed, each one knew the parting might be forever.

La Salle led his men along, in easy stages, through the country he had been over, in the direction of the Cenis villages. When he met Indians, La Salle was most careful to treat them well, so that they should have no cause to make war on the feeble band left in the fort. Sometimes the band came to thickets and cane-brakes so dense that they could not have made their way through, had they not followed the buffalo paths. But when it rained, these paths were running streams, and when it was dry, they were so hard and rugged, that the men suffered cruelly, for they were shod in moccasins, made of raw buffalo hide, which, unless it was kept wet, grew as tight and hard as iron around their feet. Fortunately for them, after a while they were able to get some dressed skins from the Indians. They had a great many rivers to cross, and each time had

to unload their horses and carry the loads over, while the horses swam to the other side, and were then loaded again. Sometimes the rains kept them three and four days at a time in the camp, and then they would find all the streams so swollen that they were afraid to cross. They made a boat by sewing four buffalo skins together and stretching them over a frame, and putting grease on the seams to prevent them from leaking. This was a great help, for after using the boat, they could take the skin off the frame and carry it along on one of the horses. Where there were no buffalo tracks to guide them, they had to look out a passage for themselves in the cane-brakes and thickets. January and February passed, and March came on. They had pushed along towards the Northeast, across the Brazos river, and had reached the Trinity river, which ran through the country of the Ceniz Indians.

All along there was much ill humor and quarreling among the little band. La Salle, busy with his own thoughts and feelings, held himself apart from the men; his nephew, Moranget, was hated by all of them. La Salle, himself, was hated by some of them, who even in the fort had conspired against him. Therefore the long and toilsome journey was made doubly hard and toilsome by the want of the hearty good will and good fellowship, which, as we

have seen, Joutel kept up so well in the little Fort St. Louis.

It so happened that on the 15th of March, they camped eight or ten miles from a place where La Salle, the year before, coming back from the Ceniz village, had buried some corn and beans in the ground, for the Indians had given him more than he could carry, and he prudently hid some, in case he should return that way and be in need of food. As his supply of food was now getting low, he decided to send a party of men to the hiding place for the corn and beans. The men found the place, but the grains were rotting and spoiled, so they were returning empty-handed, when they came across two buffaloes. They stopped and killed them and sent a messenger to La Salle, asking for horses to carry the beef to the camp. La Salle sent his nephew, Moranget, and two other Frenchmen with the horses, and ordered them to load one horse with a part of the meat, and send it at once to the camp; while they stayed with the other and dried the rest of the meat. When Moranget reached the men, he found them busy cutting up the meat and drying it. The marrow bones and those parts of the meat which would not do to dry, they laid aside to cook for their supper. Moranget, in his high-handed way, at once took possession of



the meat, telling the men that in future he should have charge of it, and that they need not expect to have so much of it as in the past. He even, in the rudest manner, took away from them what they had laid aside for themselves, and that night, at supper, he served himself with the best and the most of the beef, measuring out small pieces of it to the others. There was not a man in the group who had not cause to hate him for trying to play the tyrant with them many times before. Each one had some insult to remember, to revenge. This last act brought all they had suffered in the past from Moranget back to them, and in their temper, they resolved that they would suffer no more from him, but be revenged upon him at once. So that night while Moranget, his man, and the guide slept, they were knocked on the head with a hatchet and killed. When the deed was done, the assassins saw that, for their own safety, they must also kill La Salle, his brother, Cavalier, his other nephew, and Joutel. They would at once have gone to camp and carried out their bloody design, but that a little river which lay in their way was so swollen by the rain, that they had to stop and make a raft to cross it.

When the evening came, but not the expected horse with the meat, and when the next day passed and still there came no horse and no mes-

senger, La Salle grew anxious, and did not know what to think of it. He made up his mind to go, himself, and see what had happened. Leaving his brother, his nephew, Cavelier, and Joutel at the camp, he set forth with Father Anastase, the priest, and an Indian guide. As he walked nearer and nearer the spot where he expected to find the men, and saw no sign of them, La Salle became more and more troubled. Looking up and seeing eagles circling in the air, he judged that they could not be far off. He fired off his gun, so that if they heard it, they could answer. But the signal brought no reply; it only warned the assassins to make ready for him; for they did not doubt but that he was coming in search of Moranget. Two of the men crossed the river; one of them hid in the bushes on the bank. La Salle, seeing the other one, asked where Moranget was. He was answered: "Somewhere round about." At that instant came the crack of the gun from the man in the bushes, and La Salle fell, shot in the head.

Satisfied with the blood they had shed, the assassins did not attempt the life of Joutel, nor of the Abbé Cavelier, nor of the young nephew. But they carried them along with them to the Cenis village, and kept them there for two months. One day the assassins fell to quarreling, and two were shot

and killed. Joutel and the Caveliers, with Père Anastase and three others of their party, then managed to escape. They made their way across the country to the East, and after two months of hard marching, reached the Arkansas, not far from where it joins the Mississippi. Here they found two of Tonty's men. Tonty had heard that La Salle had landed at the mouth of the Mississippi, and collecting a party of Canadians and Indians, he had gone there in canoes to meet him. But finding no trace of him, he had gone back to Fort St. Louis on the Illinois, leaving these men at the Arkansas village to wait and watch for news of La Salle. Joutel and his party arrived at Fort St. Louis in September, but could not get on to Canada till the following spring. They sailed for France in August, and reached Rochelle in October, 1688, four years and three months after they had set sail from it.

And what became of the little band of twenty-six who were left in Fort St. Louis of Texas? When the brave and generous Tonty heard from Joutel and the Caveliers of their sad condition, he set out in a canoe with five Frenchmen and three Indians to go to their relief. But when he reached the village of the Caddo Indians, on Red river, all but one of his Frenchmen deserted him. He would still, however, have pushed on, had he not learned

that all in Fort St. Louis had been put to death. This was true. All were killed by the Indians, except two children and two men, who were saved by the Indian women and carried away captives.

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## IBERVILLE.

Nine years went by after the sorrowful ending of La Salle and of his colony in Texas, without any further attempt by the French to settle the mouth of the Mississippi. It almost seemed as if La Salle and his Mississippi and his great scheme of French domination in America, were forgotten both in Canada and in France. But the king of France had not forgotten. While La Salle and his colony were struggling for life in Texas, King Louis was engaged in a great war in Europe. So soon as the peace of Ryswick was signed, which ended this war in 1697, he gave orders that an expedition should be sent, at once, to the mouth of the Mississippi to carry out what La Salle had planned. Pierre Le Moyne Iberville was selected to lead this expedition.

No one in the king's service at that time sur-

passed this young Canadian as a good seaman and a good fighter. He was born in Montreal in 1661, and was the third son of Charles Le Moyne, and the most famous of nine brothers, who all gained fame in the service of France.

Charles Le Moyne, the father, was himself a noted man of that day. He was the son of a tavern-keeper of Dieppe, the great shipping town of Normandy, in France. At the age of fifteen he sailed for Canada, and there by his quickness in learning the ways and the language of the different tribes of Indians, and his skill in trading, he made a large fortune, and became the owner of many valuable grants of land. One of these, an island opposite the city of Montreal, he named Longueuil, after the district in Normandy in which stood Dieppe, and when the king, to reward him for his good and successful service in Canada, raised him to the rank of a Canadian noble, Charles Le Moyne took the title of the *Sieur de Longueuil*. As his sons grew to be men, he gave them lands, named for the places in Normandy, and they, too, added them as titles to their names. Thus, Pierre Le Moyne was called *d'Iberville* (of Iberville); and Jean Baptiste Le Moyne was *de Bienville*. In the course of time, they were known only as Iberville and Bienville.

Before Iberville was fourteen, he had sailed so

often in a vessel of his father's, upon the St. Lawrence, from Quebec to Montreal, that he knew the river by heart. At fourteen he was a midship-



IBERVILLE.

man, sailing between France and Canada, and he learned to handle a frigate and navigate the ocean as perfectly as he knew how to handle river craft

and navigate the river. At twenty-five he was a lieutenant, and Canada was ringing with a daring exploit of his against the English in Hudson's Bay.

Setting out with his men from Montreal, in the depth of winter, he marched over the frozen country to Hudson's Bay, in snowshoes, stopping to make canoes as they were needed to cross lakes and shoot rapids. Iberville's canoe upset in one of the most dangerous of these rapids, and two of his men were drowned, but his coolness and presence of mind saved his own life and the life of the other men with him. Reaching the English, his men stormed and captured a fort, while he, with nine men in two canoes, surprised an English vessel lying at anchor, jumped on deck, killed the sentinel, fastened down the hatches, and made prisoners of all on board.

He was now raised to the rank of captain and in his frigate swept the New England coast, capturing vessels and raiding settlements. Later he went, once more, against the English in Hudson's Bay, this time with a squadron of four ships. But Hudson's Bay was so blocked by icebergs, that the squadron was hemmed in for weeks. Iberville's ship made her way out first, and sailed alone towards the English, and meeting three of their ships, he sank one, captured another, and



chased the third out of sight, before the rest of his squadron joined him.

When, after this, he went to France, the Minister of Marine, Pontchartrain, sent for him and gave him the commission to lead an expedition to the mouth of the Mississippi river, and to take possession of it; to build a fort and make a settlement there. He was given four vessels; two frigates, the "Badine" and the "Marin," and two transports of provisions. His young brother Bienville, who had been with him in Hudson's Bay, was enlisted for the new enterprise, as midshipman.

While Iberville was in France, fitting out his expedition, he heard that the English were also fitting out one for the mouth of the Mississippi. He hurried his preparations, determined to get to the goal first, or if he found the English there already, to drive them away. So, besides the crews of his vessels, he engaged a band of Canadians to go with him; men as hardy as himself upon land and water, and as well trained as he in the fighting of Englishmen.

On the 24th of October, 1698, he sailed from Brest, and brought his vessels safe to port in San Domingo. Here he was joined by the royal man-of-war, "Francois," whose captain, the Marquis de Chateaumorant, had been ordered to escort and protect him in the Gulf.

Iberville heard, in San Domingo, that four English vessels had been sighted; sailing no one knew where. Guessing that they were his rivals on their way to the mouth of the Mississippi, he laid in, with all haste, the fresh supplies he needed, and sailed away. He had the good fortune to find on the island a noted filibuster captain, named Laurent de Graff, who knew the Gulf of Mexico and its coast well. He engaged him as a pilot, and he also engaged a band of filibusters to go with him. These filibusters were "free booters," as they were called; seamen who went about in their own boats, preying upon the commerce of the gulf, fighting for or against anyone for the profit of the spoils. Sometimes, when they had made their fortune they retired to peaceful homes and became good citizens, but sometimes, again, they became pirates or outlaws, and were run down and killed by all nations.

On the evening of the twenty-third day after leaving San Domingo, Iberville's fleet came in sight of land, which throughout the night was lighted up by the red glare of burning prairies. The next morning, a low line of white sand, with woods behind, was clearly seen. A barge was sent to row along the coast, while the ships followed in deep water. Just before nightfall of the second day's search, the barge signalled that it saw the mouth of a river,

with ships in it. Iberville feared it was the Mississippi, and that the vessels were English. He stopped his fleet. Then a fog fell and nothing more could be known. When it lifted, Iberville sent a party ashore. They found out that the bay was Santa Maria de Pensacola, and that the Spaniards were in possession of it. Iberville was relieved about the English, but he was greatly disgusted that he had not come a few months earlier, for the harbor of Pensacola was a fine one, and he could easily have taken possession of it for France.

He sailed along until he came to Mobile Bay. Here again he hoped to find the Mississippi, but was again disappointed. A terrible storm, which lasted three days, broke upon him here. When fair weather came, he set sail again and followed the curving line of the Gulf shore. Before him, tiny islands, like dots of white sand and green trees, came into view in the Northwest. As another storm was rising, he sent Bienville with a barge to look for shelter among them for the ships. But Bienville found none. More islands were seen in the Northwest, and, nearer in the South, two flat, sandy ones. Iberville ran into these, and found shelter. It was Candlemas day, and the islands were called "Chandeleur," or Candlemas Islands. While the ships stayed here a day, Bienville was again sent

out to look for a harbor among the little islands at the North, and a passage between them. At nightfall, he came back with the good news that this time he had been successful. At daylight, Iberville steered his ships through the pass, and cast anchor in the harbor of Ship Island, an easy shelter, he joyfully said, from every wind that blew. The live stock was landed; the swine were put on the island near by, which the sailors called "Cat Island," taking the raccoons upon it for cats.

On the shore, about twenty miles away, Iberville could see, with his spy glass, the figures of Indians moving about. He lost no time in sailing over there with Bienville and a crew of Canadians. Landing they followed the trail of the Indians, and came to where they could see canoes full of them, crossing between a little island and the mainland—Deer Island and Biloxi, as we know them now.

At sight of the white men the Indians, in terror, leaped from their canoes to the land, and ran into the woods. The Canadians tried to head them off, or stop them by friendly cries; but the only one they caught was an old man, who had a dreadful sore on his leg and could not run. He was shivering with cold and fear. The Canadians wrapped him in a blanket, kindled a fire to warm him, and gave him food and tobacco. In the meantime, Bien-

ville and two Canadians, who had gone into the woods in chase of the Indians, came back with an old woman, whom they had found hiding. She, too, was frightened to death, thinking that her last hour had come. But she, too, was won by friendly signs and a present of enough tobacco for herself and her own family. She was taken to the old man, and the two were left together.

As Iberville expected, that night the old woman slipped away, carrying her presents and her tale about the strangers to her people. As for the poor old man, during the night the grass around him caught fire, and he was badly burned. The Canadians did what they could to ease his pain, but he died a short while afterwards. The effect of the old woman's talk and tobacco was soon seen, or rather heard, for the sound of Indians singing approached nearer and nearer through the woods, and they came forward in a procession, bringing their calumet. Iberville received them with their own greeting; a gentle rubbing of the stomach; and taking them to their canoes, which they had jumped out of in such a hurry the day before, he showed them that the corn in them had not been touched. He feasted them on "sagamity," that is, pounded corn boiled with grease and bits of meat. And, other Indians coming out of the woods, all were

soon smoking together like the best of friends. The next morning, however, when the Canadians looked for their good friends of the night before, they had nearly all slipped away, taking their canoes and corn with them. Only a few warriors were left. Iberville coaxed three of these to go with him on a visit to his ships.

As the boats approached the ships, the chiefs stood up and chanted the peace song. Their reception flattered them greatly. The cannon were fired off, and the ships put through their manœuvres for them; and spy glasses were held to their eyes. This was the strangest wonder of all to them, that they could see so far off with one eye, and so near with the other, at the same time. They looked with curiosity at everything on the "floating houses," as they called the ships. They belonged, they said, to the Annochy and Biloxi tribes, who lived on the Pascagoula river, about three days' journey from the ships. Iberville asked them about the Mississippi, but they knew nothing about the river. When he took them back to the mainland, he found Bienville, who had been left on shore, making friends with a new set of Indians. These were, indeed, worth knowing. They were a chief and warriors of the Mongoulachas and Bayougoulas tribes, who lived on the banks of the Mississippi itself. They

were out on a hunt, but hearing the sound of the cannon, had hurried to the shore to find out what it was. Iberville gave them a lot of presents, one of which was a calumet or peace pipe, such as they had never seen before. It was made of iron, in the shape of a ship flying the lily banner of France. The evening was passed in great jollity; Canadians and Indians singing, dancing, and feasting around the campfire.

In the morning the warriors left to go on with their hunt, but they promised to come back to the same spot in three days, to meet the French and guide them to a little stream that would take them into the Mississippi. They were to light a fire on shore as a signal, and Iberville was to answer by a cannon shot. Two days later, the fire was seen on the shore, and Iberville fired his cannon, and with all haste sailed over to the spot. But not an Indian was to be seen. He returned disappointed to his ships, and the next day set about the discovery of the river by himself. He took with him a crew of Canadians, soldiers, and filibusters, in two barges, which were loaded with food for twenty-five days, and each armed with a small cannon, and carrying a canoe in tow. Iberville took command of one barge; Sauvole, his lieutenant, of the other. They sailed from the ships on Friday, the



27th of February, and steered South, where groups of sandy islands could be seen. The weather was bad; for the wind was blowing from the South-east, with rain. Running the length of the first island, that they came to, the boats entered the strange scene of the Mississippi Delta. Far as the men could see, islands small and great rose before them—some standing high and dry, some rippled over the slightest waves, and beyond, far out in the open, they could see the Chandeleur Islands, and they could hear, further away still, the roar of the breakers over other islands. No growth was seen except grasses and willows. The men worked with sail and oar to find a way through the maze; but would get around one island only to find another in their way. Well tired out at night, they camped on the nearest dry land they could find. They gathered oysters and ate them. The only game they saw was wild cats—great red, furred animals.

On Sunday such a furious storm broke over them that they could not leave their camp. The thunder roared as they had never heard it before; the lightning flashed fearfully; the rain came down in torrents; the wind changed to a freezing keenness. The water rose until it stood two inches over the highest part of their island, and the waves swept it from end to end. All day the men were cutting

rushes and piling them up to stand on, or bending, shivering, over the fire to keep the rain from putting it out. On Monday they were able to make a start. They steered to keep the shore line in sight, so as not to pass any river that might be there. The wind rose to a gale, and the raging seas broke over and over their open boats. The canoes were taken up and shipped inside, and the men held their tarpaulin over the decks by main strength to keep the water from pouring in and swamping them. At one time they were running with the wind into the land, fearing in the storm to pass the Mississippi by; at another they were fighting with the wind to keep off the land against which the sea was driving them. For three hours they battled to get around a rocky point, that rose as grim as death before them. Night was coming on. The fury of the gale showed no sign of lessening. Iberville saw that he must either perish at sea during the night, or be wrecked ashore. Seizing the one chance of daylight for himself and his men, he grasped the tiller, put the barge about, and with the wind full astern drove her on the rocks. But to his wonder, as he neared them, the rocks opened out before him; and through the opening he saw whitish muddy water gushing. He steered into it, tasted it, found it was fresh. The Mississippi was discovered! The

grim-looking rocks were only driftwood, piled up in huge, fantastic shapes, and covered with mud, hardened by sun and wind. They looked, indeed, like the palissades that made the Spaniards call the river the Palissado.

The boats entered the channel and went on until they came to a good camping place. Then landing and lighting their fires, they cooked their supper, and after eating it, threw themselves upon the rushes and enjoyed the rest they had earned.

#### IBERVILLE'S EXPLORATION OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

The next morning, which was Mardi-Gras, the priests celebrated mass, and all chanted the Te Deum, and raised a cross to mark the spot. Then the boat pushed off from shore, and steered up the river. It still spread out ever wider and wider before them until it looked like a great lake; and the explorers saw the other two passes branching out towards the Gulf. Then it grew narrower again. After going about thirty miles, Iberville stopped for the night at a little bayou, which he named "Mardi Gras."

Henceforth, the low banks gradually began to rise, and instead of willows and grasses they bore oaks and magnolias and fine forests of splendid trees, and down the current came great masses of

drift; upturned trees, with their branches still green, dead and bare trunks, and leaves and trash, the washings out of low swamps. Bienville, paddling ahead in his canoe, would startle up flocks of ducks and sarcelles. Sometimes the tracks of deer on the banks would tempt the Canadians into a hunt; and great was the joy when they brought in game to add to the supper. Several alligators were killed and eaten, but not enjoyed.

Every evening, when the camp was pitched, the cannon were fired off to attract the Indians thereabout, and Iberville would climb to the top of a tall tree, to spy out the new country about him. But no Indians were seen until the fifth day, when turning a bend, they came upon two in a pirogue. In a flash, they jumped into the woods and ran away. Further on, five more pirogues of Indians were seen; and they took to the woods, also, in a panic. But, this time, Iberville was as quick as they, and chasing them through the woods, he caught up with one warrior, and got him to call his companions back, which he did by chanting a peace song. They belonged to the Annochy tribe, which, as we have seen, lived on the lake shore. They gladly traded their store of dried meat to the Frenchmen. One old Indian, spreading out his stock, and sitting behind it in market style, sold the whole of it—a hundred

pounds—for two knives. These Indians knew the Bayougoulas, and sent a guide with Iberville to their village. As the Indians had not heard the cannon shot, Iberville had one fired off for their amusement. They threw themselves to the earth in a fit of fear and wonder, at the terrible thing.

That night, Iberville camped close to the spot selected by Bienville, twenty years later, for the site of New Orleans. Nearby was a small deserted Indian village of about ten cabins, with straw roofs; and on a point of the river bank was a fortified cabin, surrounded by a palissade, the height of a man. A few miles higher up, the guide took Iberville to the portage used by the Indians to cross between the river and the lakes. Taking their pirogues out of the river, they had only to drag them over a short road to launch them in a bayou that flowed into the lake. The Indian, himself, went to the lake and came back to show how short a trip it was. This spot Iberville and Bienville never forgot. Iberville praised it in his report; and when Bienville came to found the City of New Orleans, he founded it here.

The weather changed from great heat to great cold, but the only change in the river was, that it grew still more crooked, and its current still stronger. The rowers grumbled that they had to

travel five miles to get ahead one; and had to cross the river four times to get around a bend. When, one day, the rain kept them idle, some of the men went out hunting, and two of them were lost. The cannon was fired to guide them to the camp, and for two days Iberville kept the men in the woods hunting for them, while the boats went up and down the river searching the banks. But it was all in vain. No trace of the lost men could be found, and the expedition had to go on without them. The next afternoon they passed a little river on the west bank. The guide called it the river of the Ouacha Indians. It is now supposed to be Bayou Lafourche. Some miles beyond this, they met two large pirogues filled with Ouacha and Bayougoula Indians. As soon as the Bayougoulas heard that the French were going to their village, they turned back to tell the news, so that a reception could be prepared.

The next day when Iberville came in sight of the landing, a pirogue of Bayougoulas and Mongoulachas came out to meet him, chanting their peace song and holding out a great calumet three feet long, decked with gay and bright feathers. As Iberville, Bienville and Sauvole stepped from the boat, they were gently taken under the arms by two warriors, and led to a cleared space, spread with mats and skins, where the chief sat in state, sur-

rounded by his warriors. In the center of the meeting place, resting on two forked sticks, Iberville saw the pretty calumet he had given the Indians on the lake shore; the little ship flying the white banner of France, dotted with golden *fleur-de-lis*. It was guarded by a warrior, who never left it or took his eyes off it.

The chief was a man of great dignity, who seemed to think it beneath his pride to notice the Frenchmen. He sat staring fixedly before him all the time, and never laughed or smiled. But the most curious thing about him was a blue serge coat that he wore, a Frenchman's coat. Iberville eagerly asked him where he got it. He said it had been given him by the "Iron Hand," who had passed by the village going to the mouth of the river and coming back. The afternoon was spent in feasting, singing, and dancing, and at nightfall the Indians went, through the woods, to their village, about a mile distant, lighting their way by holding burning fagots of canes in their hands. The long line looked like a torchlight procession through the woods. The French visited the Bayougoula village the next morning. It was on the bank of a little bayou, surrounded by a palissade of cane ten feet high. Warriors met them at the gateway, and led them to the open space before the cabin of the chief. Here Iberville spread



out the presents he had brought; a sight that dazzled the eyes of the savages—a scarlet coat embroidered in gold, scarlet hose, shirts, blankets, mirrors, beads, hatchets, knives! The Indians, in their turn, spread out their presents, the richest they could give—twelve large, dressed deer skins, and quantities of sagamity and cornbread.

While the Indians were dividing their presents, Iberville walked through the village. In the center of it was a round temple, made of posts set upright in the ground, and plastered half their height with mud. The roof was like a pointed cap, made of split cane, neatly joined together; and it was painted with figures of birds and animals in red. Over the doorway was a portico eight feet deep. On one side were painted the same animals as on the roof; but on the other side, all alone, was the picture of an opossum, the ugliest beast the Frenchmen had ever seen, and which they described as having a pig's head, a rat's tail, a badger's skin, and an open bag in its stomach. In the center of the temple, two great dried logs lay, slowly burning with a fire, which, the Indians said, never died out. At the end, on a table, lay bundles of buffalo, deer, and bear skins, which had been offered to the "opossum," the guardian spirit of the tribe. Iberville saw also on the table, a glass bottle that had been left in the village by Tonty.

The cabins were built like the temple, but without the portico; there was no floor in them but the earth, and no chimney but a hole in the pointed roof. The beds were made of branches, laid on frames raised two feet from the ground and covered with cane mats and skins. The men went naked, except on grand occasions, when they tied around their waists a kind of sash made of feathers strung together, weighted at the ends with bits of stone or metal, which jingled and tinkled gaily when they danced. The women wore red or white girdles of cloth, woven from the fibre of trees, edged with a fringe of cord that fell to the knee. They tattooed their faces, blackened their teeth, wore a great many bracelets, and twisted their hair up on the top of their heads. The dead, wrapped in cane mats, were laid on scaffolds, covered with little pointed roofs, which stood all around the village.

When the Frenchmen went back to the landing place, the chief proudly escorted them, wearing the scarlet coat embroidered in gold. The Bayougoula chief went up the river with Iberville, eight of his tribe following in pirogues. As they rowed along, he pointed out to Iberville a little stream on the right hand side of the river, and said it was called the Ascantia, and that it flowed into the lake where the ships were. Some miles further on they came to

the dividing line between the hunting grounds of the Houmas and the Bayougoulas, a little river which was noted among the Indians for its fish. Here Iberville saw a tall, straight post, painted red and hung, by the Indian hunters, with offerings of fish and game. The French called it the "Baton Rouge," and thus the spot that has become the capital of Louisiana, received its name .

The boats then went past the first island met in the river. About five or six miles above the island, the bank on the right rose in a bluff fifty feet high; the other bank being as flat as ever. A few miles further on the Bayougoula chief pointed out to Iberville a little bayou, not six feet wide, and said if the barges could only get through it, a whole day's journey would be cut off. Iberville stopped at once, and put the Canadians to work. A huge pile of drift was cut away, and the bayou was cleared of logs and deepened in shallow places. Then the boats were unloaded, and were slowly pulled through the bayou by pulleys rigged to the trees, while the luggage was carried along on the bank. It was raining, and the trampled ground soon became a mire in which the men could hardly keep their feet; but they were so eager to knock off a day from their rowing, that they never stopped until 9 o'clock that night, when, by the blazing light of cane torches, the

barges came through the little bayou into the great river again, just eighteen miles from where they had left it. Thus was made *Pointe Coupée*, and this "cut off" of Iberville's was in course of time taken by the river itself, which left its old channel for it.

The next day the explorers came to the Houma village. As the cannon had been fired off to let the Indians know they were coming, they found the Houmas at the landing place waiting to receive them, with a calumet and singing the peace song. After the smoking and the speech-making were over, the Houmas asked the strangers to go to their village. Like the Bayougoulas', it was not on the river bank, but back in the woods. Iberville, Sauvole, and Bienville, with some of the Canadians, set out at once for it, following the Indians, who, chanting their peace songs all the way, led them through swamps and cane-brakes, and up and down hills, at such a pace, that the heavily clad white men found it hard to keep up. At some distance from the village, another party of Indians was waiting to receive them with a calumet, which had to be smoked. Iberville complained a great deal of all the smoking he had to do; for as he had not the habit of it, it made him sick. And again the visitors were halted on a little hill, just outside the village,

until the chief was told that they were there. Then they were allowed to enter the village, the warriors in front still singing, those behind carrying the calumets, and the Frenchmen following. The chief received them kindly, and Iberville gave him his presents. After each gift, all of the warriors would rise and, stretching their arms out, would give a long cry of "Hou! Hou!" a kind of howl of thanks.

All the afternoon the eating and the smoking were not allowed to stop a moment. And besides, there was given what the Frenchmen called a regular ball. Singers, placing themselves one on one side of the open space, raised their voices in music, beating time with gourd rattles. Thirty-five young girls and young men then bounded from behind the trees into the circle, with their fringe girdles and feather sashes tinkling and flying in the air. Their faces shone with fresh paint, and the young girls had bouquets of birds' feathers in their braided hair, and in their hands held long branches of different colored feathers, which they used as fans to beat time with. For three hours, they kept up the dancing. When night came, all went to the cabin of the chief, where after supper, by the light of a cane torch fifteen feet long and two feet thick, the young warriors danced a war dance, with their bows and arrows, knives and tomahawks. At midnight the

Frenchmen retired to their couches, but not to sleep, for the two chiefs, the Houma and the Bayougoula, began to make speeches to one another, and kept this up till daylight.

The Houma village was about the same size as the Bayougoula. Its cabins were built in a double row around the top of a hill, with an open space in the center. Their cornfields lay in the surrounding valleys, the soil of which was black, strong, and rich.

The Houmas told Iberville that Tonty had passed five days in their village, when he went down to the mouth of the river in search of La Salle; and they said, also, what the Bayougoulas had not told him, that Tonty had left a written paper with the Bayougoula Indians to give to a man "who was to come up the river from the sea." This paper was, of course, meant for La Salle.

Iberville left the Houma village, with the intention of going still further up the Mississippi, but when he stopped at mid-day for dinner, he came to the conclusion, that as his men were tired with rowing, and his food had given out, a further journey was unwise and useless. So he gave orders, and the boats were turned around. Rowing now down stream and towards their ships and good fare, and away from Indian food and cornmeal, the men

easily put mile after mile behind them, and brought the barges quickly to the Ascantia. Iberville decided to go through it to the Gulf. Leaving the expedition in command of Sauvole, and charging Bienville to get the letter written by Tonty from the Bayougoula village, he, with an Indian guide and four Canadians pushed his way through the tangled opening of the little bayou, which was henceforth called Bayou Iberville. It was only about ten feet wide and three or four deep, and so choked up that it was hard to get even a pirogue through it. The first day, they went twenty-one miles, and carried the canoes fifty-times over or around fallen trees. On the second day, the Indian guide deserted; but Iberville went on without him. Then one of the Canadians fell ill, and Iberville had to take his place in paddling the pirogue and in carrying it. He noted with delight the beautiful country through which the little bayou flowed; it was the finest, he wrote to France, he had ever seen; the soil was rich; the forests fine; there were no cane-brakes. The bayou was filled with fish, but there were so many alligators in it, that he seemed at times to be paddling through a mass of them. He heard numbers of wild turkeys, but he did not see any. After leaving the bayou, they came to a beautiful little lake, which Iberville named "Maurepas," after the son of the Duke of Pontchartrain.



The second and larger lake he named Pontchartrain, after the duke himself. Camping at night on the low grassy points or islands around the lakes, he made the acquaintance of the mosquitoes; "terrible little animals to men in need of rest," he calls them. As he paddled from twenty to thirty miles a day, he soon came to the shore opposite Ship Island. He crossed to it, and mounted the deck of the "Badine," just one month after he had started on his expedition.

Eight hours later, Sauvole and Bienville were seen speeding their way over the Gulf to the ships. Bienville brought to Iberville the letter written by Tonty; he had bought it for a hatchet. It was addressed to "M. de La Salle, Governor General of Louisiana." In it, Tonty wrote how he had gone down the river to help La Salle; but had not found him, although he had explored for twenty miles around the mouth of the river. Bienville brought, also, a little Indian boy, whom he had bought for a gun; but, best of all, he brought back the two men who were lost going up the river. They had been found by Indians, and taken to the Bayougoulas' village; the Indians promising them that if the French did not pass back that way, they would take them to the ships in the lake.

## THE FIRST CAPITAL.

Iberville had intended making his settlement at the mouth of the river, as La Salle had planned. But now with time and provisions running short, he saw he must choose a spot nearer to Ship Island and to his vessels. He decided upon the snug little harbor of Biloxi Bay, with Deer Island lying in front of it, like a cloak against the storm winds of the Gulf. On its eastern shore was a high bank, which seemed made by nature for a fort, for guns upon it would sweep the horizon east, west, and south.

Work was begun there at once. Trees were cut, a space cleared, and the fort laid out. The site of it may be seen today.\* The trees were of such great size and of such hard woods, mostly oak and nut, that the men sometimes took a day to cut one down, and a forge had to be set up to mend the axes that were constantly broken upon them. The barges and small boats were kept busy, plying between the ships and the shore, fetching over the supplies, tools, implements, provisions, arms, ammunition, and the bands of workmen drawn from the crews of the ships.

In six weeks enough of the fort was finished for Iberville to leave. He sailed back to France, put-

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\* It is the site of the present town of Ocean Springs, in Mississippi,

ting Sauvole in command and Bienville second in command under him. Sauvole vigorously carried on the work left him to do. He finished the fort, kept up discipline among his men, and made friends with Indian neighbors. Almost every week brought a visit from some of them curious to see the fort. The first to arrive was our old acquaintance, the Bayougoula chief, with a party of his warriors. They were received with a salute of guns, which terrified them greatly; but the presents comforted them; particularly the shirts, which, to their huge delight, were fitted on them. They looked with great surprise at the fort, wondering how the French could get together and pile up such a number of great logs in so short a space of time. All went well until at night, when the sentinels came to get the watch-word from the sergeant. The whispering threw the Indians into a fear of treachery, out of which Sauvole had to soothe and coax them. At daylight the warriors said that their wives were on the other side of the bay, and that they, also, would like to see the fort. The savage dames were at once sent for. When they landed, the chief, anxious that the show should be equal to what they expected, made signs to Sauvole to put his men under arms, and went himself to hunt up the drummer. When the visit ended, Sauvole sent two French boys along

with the Indians to learn their language, while he kept an Indian boy with him to learn French.

About the first of July, two pirogues paddled across the bay to the fort, filled, not with Indians as Sauvole, expected, but with white men. They were some Canadians and two priests, who had come all the way down from their missions among the Tensas and Tunicas Indians, to see the settlement of the French at the mouth of the river, which the Indians had told them about. They were worn out with toil and thirst; for their drinking water had given out, and during the ten days it had taken them to make their way from the mouth of the river to Biloxi, they would have died of thirst, they said, if they had not had a rain.

#### BIENVILLE VISITS THE INDIANS.

In the meantime Bienville was learning something of the country and of the Indians living in it. He visited the Quinipissas, who lived on the shore of Lake Maurepas, and went to the villages of the Moctobys, Biloxis, and Pascagoulas along the Pascagoula river. In the three villages there were not more than a hundred warriors with their families. A part of them came afterwards to the fort, bringing their calumet and a present of deer skins. Sauvole said that they were the most polite savages he had seen.

From Pascagoula river, Bienville went to Mobile Bay, which he again explored and sounded, and he marched by land to Pensacola and made an inspection of that place. When he came back, after a short stay at Biloxi, he set out again, with two pirogues of Canadians and Indians, to go over the route followed by Iberville from the river, and to explore Bayou Ouacha. In three days he reached the Iberville bayou, and in a week was at the Bayougoula village, where he got a guide, and paddled to the Ouacha village, which lay a mile or so in the woods. But he met here Indians of a different temper from any he had come across before. So fierce and war-like were they, that he was very glad to get safely away from them, and back to his pirogues, and into the Mississippi again. He was paddling his way rapidly along, when turning a bend about seventy-five miles above the mouth, he was stopped by a sight that startled him. A sloop of war lay anchored in mid-stream before him. He sent his companion pirogue forward to speak the vessel. It proved to be English. Bienville then paddled forward in his pirogue and went aboard. The captain was named Banks, and he turned out to be one of Iberville's old Hudson Bay prisoners, and so an acquaintance of Bienville. He said he was in search of the Mississippi and his vessel was one of

three that had sailed from London, loaded with emigrants, to make a settlement upon the banks of the Mississippi.

This was the expedition Iberville had heard about, and for which he had been on the lookout. It had sailed from England in October, almost at the same date that Iberville had sailed from France; but had passed the winter in Carolina, where most of the colonists, pleased with the climate, had chosen to remain. One ship had gone back to England, leaving the other two to find the river. Captain Banks had cruised for a hundred miles round about, and finding this large stream, he had sailed into it. As it was the only large river on the coast, he said he was sure it was the Mississippi. Bienville, however, proved to the Englishman that the river, and all the country round about, now belonged to the King of France, who had force enough at hand to protect his rights; and he had the satisfaction of seeing the captain raise his anchor, and head his sloop down stream. The bend in the river, where this took place, is still called English Turn, in memory of the event.

The Summer of 1700 came to an end, and winter drew on. At Biloxi, Christmas and New Year's day passed; and the impatience of the colonists for Iberville's ships to return grew with the hours. At

last, on the eve of Twelfth Night, the boom of a cannon at Ship Island told the good news to the waiting ears. Sauvole hastened over to the island, and brought Iberville back to the fort, where he was received with salutes from the guns and joyful cries from his men. He came, indeed, like a belated Santa Claus to the little settlement. For Sauvole and Bienville he brought royal commissions; for the colony, money, provisions, and more men; sixty Canadians among them, who had served with him in Hudson's Bay. His seventeen-year old brother, Chateauguay, the youngest of the Le Moyne brothers, came with him; and the famous Juchereau de St. Denis, who later founded the town of Natchitoches.

Iberville stayed only long enough at Biloxi to get an expedition ready to build a fort on the Mississippi, which the visit of the English captain showed him was needed there. The place he selected was on the left bank\* of the river, about fifty-four miles from the mouth. Here he built a strong log house, which he called Fort Maurepas.

About the middle of February, while the clearing, cutting, and building were busily going on, a pirogue of Canadians came down the river, and stopped at the landing. Iberville greeted the leader

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\*The left bank always means the bank on the left of a person descending the river.



heartily; for he was Henri de Tonty, the true and loyal friend of La Salle.

He had heard of the settlement, and had come to offer his services. Iberville gladly accepted them for an expedition he wished to make into the Red River country. They got ready and set out at once. At the Bayougoula village, they met some Tensas Indians. As they were the Indians who, the year before, had told Iberville about Red River and the tribes living there, Iberville tried to get a guide from them, but they said Red River was filled with logs, and the only way they could guide him, was by land through the big Tensas village, above Natchez. So the pirogues were all set in motion up the Mississippi towards the Natchez and the Tensas. At the Natchez landing, a messenger was sent to tell the chief they were there. The chief responded by sending his brother, escorted by twenty-five men, with a calumet of peace and an invitation to visit the village.

Climbing to the top of the steep Natchez bluff, covered with magnificent forest trees, Iberville looked with joy upon a beautiful landscape of meadows and hills, dotted with groves of trees, and crossed with roads leading from village to village and from cabin to cabin. Half way to the village, the chief was met, ceremoniously advancing

with his body guard, twenty large, handsome men. He himself was rather a small and slight man, about five feet three or four inches high, but with a very intelligent face.

The village was handsomer and better than any yet seen among the Indians. The cabin of the chief stood on a mound ten feet high. Facing it was the temple; around stood the cabins, enclosing a handsome open space. A small running stream nearby furnished water to the village. The Natchez were the most civilized of all the southern Indians. They worshipped the sun, and their chief was called the Great Sun. He never worked. His servants were taken from the most noted families in the tribe; and when he died, they were strangled so as to follow him into the next world. When an infant chief was born, each family that had a newborn infant brought it to the chief; and a certain number were chosen as servants for him, and if the baby chief died, all of these were strangled.

The Natchez spoke a different language from any of the other Indians, but Bienville picked up enough words of it to talk with them, as he talked with the Bayougoulas, Houmas, and Choctaws. After leaving the Natchez, Iberville with his party travelled up to the Tensas landing, and went on foot through the woods to Lake Tensas, where they found piro-

gues for the rest of the way. The Tensas village stood on the shore of the lake; it had once been the home of a numerous and powerful tribe, but now it was thinned out by sickness. The French were well received, but during the night they saw such an act of barbarity as turned their hearts from the tribe.

A terrific storm broke out, and lightning striking the temple, set it on fire, and in a few minutes it was burned. The Indian priest thought the disaster was caused by the wrath of their god. Standing by the flames, he called out in loud commands: "Women, bring your children and offer them a sacrifice to the Great Spirit to pacify Him." Five women came forward and five infants were thrown into the heart of the flames. The priest then led the unnatural mothers in triumph to the cabin of the chief, where all the village came to praise and caress and do them honor.

A painful trouble in his knee, which prevented Iberville from walking, put an end to his going on with the Red River exploration. He turned over the command of it to Bienville, and after seeing him start off, journeyed back to Fort Maurepas. There he fell very ill of a fever.

It was early in March, when Bienville with his party set off, and the rising streams were begin-

ning to overflow the country. As they had no pirogues, they crossed the streams on foot logs; but most of the time they swam or waded across, pushing their clothes before them on rafts; always firing off their guns first, to scare away the alligators. But Bienville kept a journal, and we can read about it all in his own words.

## BIENVILLE'S JOURNAL.

“On the 22d of March, I left the village at nine o'clock in the morning, with twenty-two Canadians, six Tensas, and one Ouachita. I marched all day in an overflowed country, the water half way up the leg. In the evening I arrived at the bank of a little river, about seventy paces wide and very deep. I found there some Ouachitas, with sveral pirogues loaded with salt. They were abandoning their village to go and live with the Tensas.

“24th. We set out at sunrise, the weather pretty cold. . . . . Came to two little rivers, which we crossed on trees that we threw over from one side to the other. . . . We came to a beautiful dry prairie. . . . at the end of which was a river about forty paces wide, with a strong current and full of crocodiles. We crossed it with rafts.

“25th. Walked all day through woods and prairies, in water to the knees, waist, and sometimes to

the neck. A man of middle height is at great disadvantage in such countries. I see some of my men with the water only up to their waists, while I and others are swimming, pushing our bundles before us on rafts, to keep them from getting wet.

“28th, Sunday. Swam across a swamp five hundred paces broad, and walked over several prairies separated by strips of forest, and came to the village of the Ouachitas. This village is on the banks of Red River, or rather on a branch of it. . . . The river in this place may be one hundred and eighty paces wide, and with as much current as the Mississippi. . . . It rained all day.

“29th. Rained until mid-day, when I set out with a Natchitoches to guide me to his village. We crossed a river very broad and rather deep. From there we fell into a wet country. We came to two little rivers, very rapid, which we had to swim across; the water in them was very cold. From there we went into a swamp, at the end of which we met six Natchitoches, who were going to the Coroas to sell salt.

“April 1st. Rained in torrents all night, and this morning until 10 o'clock. . . . We crossed eight little rivers from ten to twelve paces wide, and very deep; we cut down trees for bridges; after which we came to several swamps and sloughs, in

which the water came up to the waist and arm-pits. We walked until night without being able to find, in all that time, a camping ground.

“2d. Rained all night and until two o'clock in the day. We were only able to make four miles to-day, because of the bad roads through the swamp; the water was as high as the waist, at least. We came to six little rivers, which we had to cross on trees, at least two feet under the water. The cane grows so thick in this country that we had to force our way through.

“5th. A half league from our camp we came to a swamp, a quarter of a league wide, where there was no bottom at six feet, and which was filled with wood, out of which we made rafts to carry our clothes. We were all day in crossing it. The water was very cold, and several of my men were so chilled that they had to climb trees and stay there to recover. Four passed nearly the whole day up in them, until rafts were sent to fetch them away. My men and I were never so tired in our lives. But we never stopped singing and laughing to show our guides that fatigue does not trouble us, and that we are different men from the Spaniards.

“14th. Came to a swamp, very deep; but our guides said that, a few miles to the south, there were three cabins on the bank of a river, where we

should find pirogues. I put my men immediately to hollowing out a pirogue with our tomahawks. It was finished in five hours, large enough to hold six men, whom I sent to hunt for the Indian cabins and the pirogues. My other men went hunting and killed six deer.

“15th. My men returned, bringing me three pirogues, in which we embarked.

“16th. Left our pirogues and marched the length of the lake on a ridge of fine country and forest, where, walking along, we killed five deer. We fired several shots to notify the Indians on the other side of a lake a league away, in the west-south-west. Five men came in a pirogue to see who we were. Our guide called them and made them come to us. I went to their village, which was overflowed.

“17th. I set out in two pirogues to go to the Yataches, cutting across the woods the shortest way, the river having overflowed the country all around. Night overtook us opposite a little village of the Nakasas, on the left bank of Red river, where we slept.

“20th. We followed the river, which makes several bends.....arrived at the village of the Yataches.....The Indians, having heard from an Indian who arrived a little before us, that we



wished provisions and pirogues, had hidden their corn and pirogues. I threatened them if they did not provide us with them, that I should remain there. From here to the Caddodaquious, they calculate it as only a two days' journey in summer.

“22nd. Embarked for the Caddodaquious, who are northwest from here. Although the Indians tell me it will take ten days and ten nights to get there by the river, I cannot believe it, as it is only two days' journey by land, on which I cannot travel, on account of the high water; but being once started, the guides, seeing me determined to go there, will, as they have done in several places, tell me the truth about the distance.”

Bienville found, however, that the guides were telling the truth, and that to get to the land of the Caddodaquious would take more time than Iberville had allowed him. So he turned back, and reached the ships in the Gulf the middle of May. Ten days later Iberville sailed for France, leaving his young brother in command of the new fort on the Mississippi.

#### CHANGE OF CAPITAL.

Fort Maurepas, with its fields of corn and vegetables, soon formed a bright spot on the wild and savage banks of the great river. Canadian hunters

found out the way there from the far distant North and West. Every now and then, bands of them would come paddling up to the landing in pirogues, almost sinking under their loads of game, skins, dried meat, and bears' grease; and the quiet little landing would break into noisy laughter, singing, dancing, and frolicking. Sometimes, a solitary canoe would glide down the river to the landing, bringing a black-gowned priest—a missionary from some little post among the Indians far up the river, who came to greet his countrymen and get news from France. It is true the place overflowed in high water, and the black snakes—so it was believed—ate up all the vegetables at the root, and food was scarce; and there were such quantities of mosquitoes, that at times the air was dark with them, and they bit furiously; but the young Canadian, Bienville, had been brought up in a school that taught him, as we have seen in his Red River trip, to make light of hardships.

The young French lieutenant, Sauvole, at Biloxi, was not so well fitted for the trials of his command. He found the Canadians under him unruly. They liked no work but hunting and fighting; and they were given to drinking, saving up their daily rations of spirits until they got enough to make them drunk. Then there were so many Indians

coming to the settlement all the time, that Sauvole was hard pressed to give them food and the presents they expected, and without which they would get offended and turn into enemies. And in addition to them great pirogues of Canadians, who went down to Fort Maurepas, would also come to Biloxi, and they would stay there frolicking and eating until Sauvole had to ask them to leave. The sun was so hot that the men could work only two hours in a day. There was a drought that killed all the vegetables and dried up all the springs, and even the swamps. The only drinking water for the fort came from a spring several miles away. After this came a season of great rain. Food grew so scarce that there would have been a famine, if Iberville had not sent a transport of provisions from San Domingo. Alligators crawled around the fort, and rattlesnakes abounded. Fever broke out, and the soldiers and Canadians died fast of it. Sauvole struggled along bravely, doing what he could to keep up order, and supply the needs that pressed upon him on all sides. But he, too, was stricken with the fever, and died of it in August, 1701. At the news of his death, Bienville hastened over from Fort Maurepas, and took command in Biloxi.

Iberville, who was due in March, with the ships of supplies, did not get to the colony until Decem-

ber; and then he came no further than Pensacola; for he was suffering greatly from an abscess in the side, and was unable to rise from his bed. This time he brought another brother to Louisiana—Joseph Le Moyne, the *Sieur de Serigny*, who, also, was a seaman of great reputation.

When Iberville made his report to his government in France, he showed what an advantage it would be to France to have Pensacola, a harbor directly on the Gulf, and much easier than Biloxi for the ships to get into; and an effort was made to get Spain to cede Pensacola to France, but Spain refused. Iberville, therefore, in order to have a harbor on the Gulf, made up his mind to take possession of Mobile Bay, and build a fort and make a settlement there. From Pensacola he sent orders to Bienville to move the colony at once to Mobile Bay, and to build a fort on the right bank of the river, about fifty miles above its mouth.

The work of moving was begun at once and pushed forward with all the strength of the men. De Serigny brought over from Pensacola his ship laden with supplies for the colony, and with all the small boats and men that could be spared from Iberville's ship. Tents were put up on Dauphine Island to store the freight in until flat-boats could be built to take it across the bay and

up the river, where the fort was being put up. As soon as Iberville was well enough to come from Pensacola he took charge of the work, and sent Bienville into the country to make friends with the Indian tribes about there. Bienville found, on the river above the fort, the Mobile Indians, the descendants of the fierce warriors who had given De Soto so bloody a reception at Mauvilla. Above the Mobiles lived the Tohomes, a small, but industrious tribe, whose corn crops fed the French garrison at Fort Louis through many a season of hunger. On the Alabama river were the Alabammas,\* a warlike tribe, always fighting against their neighbors. Between the Tombigbee and the Mississippi lay the land of the Choctaws, the most powerful tribe of that region. North of the Choctaws lay the Chickasaws, the worst foes that the French met among the Indians. Tonty went to these great tribes and came back, bringing with him their chiefs, who were received by Iberville in such a grand way, and were given so many presents, that they smoked all the calumets and made all the treaties that he wished. So when Iberville sailed to France, in March, he had the satisfaction not only of leaving behind him a fine, large, well-built fort, but of knowing it was in a country of friendly Indians.

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\*The old spelling of this tribal name.

Louisiana never saw the gallant Iberville again. He died four years later of yellow fever in Havana, where he stopped to enlist men to go on an expedition with him against the English possessions on the Atlantic coast and in the Gulf. For as he had fought the English in Hudson's Bay, so now he had determined to fight them in these southern waters.

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## BIENVILLE.

Jean Baptiste Le Moyne, the Sieur de Bienville, was the eighth son of Charles Le Moyne. He was born in Montreal on the 23d of February, 1680. His father died when he was five years old, and his mother, when he was ten; so that he was taken in charge by his eldest brother, Charles, the Baron de Longueuil, who lived in the Chateau de Longueuil. This chateau was the wonder and admiration of all the country around. It was built after the manner of the chateaux in France; and with its thick walls of brick and masonry, its towers, guard-rooms, and barracks, its church, its farms, stables, sheepfolds and dovecotes, it was the handsomest and stateliest residence in Canada.

The Baron de Longueuil had been sent to France in his youth and had served as page to a marshal of France; and had gone to court and married the daughter of a nobleman there; and he not only lived as a nobleman of France, but he had the manners, language, and appearance of one. At the same time he had the character and qualities of his worthy father, the pioneer; and for them was held in honor and esteem by his fellow Canadians.

The young Bienville, therefore, learned in these surroundings, not only the graces, but the solid virtues of life. Following the example of his elder brothers, Iberville and Serigny, he chose the sea as a career, and like them, by the time he was ready to embark upon it, he had learned all that was to be learned on land, in the forest, and on the St. Lawrence. He was a perfect canoeist and woodsman, and although only a boy at the time, he went to Hudson's Bay with Iberville, and took part in all the dangers from ice, water, and gunshots, that we have told about. At the end of this expedition, he went with Iberville to France, and sailed with him on the *Badine* for the discovery of the mouth of the Mississippi. As we have seen, he was foremost in every exploration sent out by Iberville—in Pensacola, in Mobile, in looking for a harbor among the islands, and finally in the finding of the mouth





BIENVILLE.

of the Mississippi. On the first exploration of the river, he always paddled ahead of the boats in his pirogue; and, indeed, he was the scout and the mes-

senger, always ready for and always capable of any undertaking.

He was gentle and reserved in disposition, but he had a firm will and a courage that could not be quelled, even in early youth. He knew how to gain a strong influence over his friends and the men under his command. The Canadians were ever devoted to him, and would follow him through any danger. The Indians of Louisiana learned to love and respect him. They called him "father." In his dealings with them, he was ever fair and just. He never broke his word to them, nor forgot a promise. When with them, he always followed their customs and manners, and could talk to each tribe in its own language. As, in Canada, he had learned the language of the Indians there, so, in Louisiana, he learned the language of every tribe that he had dealings with. He was but twenty-two, when Iberville put him in command of the colony, and charged him to hold the mouth of the Mississippi for France, to keep the Spaniards of Pensacola in check, and to be on his guard against the English, and to keep the Indians in peace and friendship with one another and with himself.

It was not a small task, but the young Canadian did not fail in it. The war that had broken out in Europe, between England and France, made itself

felt in America. Bienville was hardly at home in Fort Louis de la Mobile, when Indian war parties, armed and sent out by the English in Carolina, began to raid the cornfields and burn the villages of the Indians, who were friends and allies of the French; and an English fleet, sailing about in the Gulf, kept Mobile in constant fear of an attack. English traders turned the Indians upon the Mississippi against the French; and the humble pious missionaries and their little flocks were always the first victims; and pirogues would come speeding over the bay to Fort Louis de la Mobile, bearing the news of assassination and murder, and bringing a load of wounded praying for help and medicine. So Father Davion came, fleeing from the Tunicas, and he told of the murder of an old priest, by the Coroas, as he and his attendants were peacefully coming down the river to visit Mobile. And so came Father Gravier, from the Illinois, with his arm wounded by five arrow shots. And closer to the fort the Alabamma Indians killed five Frenchmen, who had gone to their village to buy corn. Bienville armed the Arkansas Indians against the Coroas to punish them for killing the priest; and he himself made an expedition against the Alabammas. Then war broke out between the Chickasaws and Choctaws; and Bienville's hope of

keeping these two powerful tribes as friends died away. He held the Choctaws true to the French; but the Chickasaws went over to the English.

For two summers ships came from France, bringing all the supplies that a growing colony needed; emigrants, money, cattle, provisions, missionaries, and young girls to be married to good and thrifty young men; and all seemed to bid fair for the happiness and prosperity of Fort Louis. But one of the ships, touching at Havana for live stock, brought the yellow fever into the colony and for a time it raged pitilessly. Priests, sailors, soldiers, and the new emigrants sickened and died, and the place was almost depopulated. But the greatest loss and the most sorrowful death of all was that of the brave and loyal Tonty.

After this, for three years, no ships came from France, and the colony would, indeed, have been in a sore strait, had it not been for Chateauguây, who, with his small vessel, sailed to Cuba, San Domingo, and Vera Cruz, bringing provisions and carrying the mails not only for the French, but for the Spaniards as well. For Pensacola had caught fire and burned to the ground, and had lost its only ship; and the Spaniards, in their misery, appealed to the French for aid. At last after three years of waiting, a ship with supplies came to Mobile; but again another three years passed without a ship.

As the soldiers were not paid, many of them deserted; those that remained were out of clothes; and would have gone naked, as Bienville wrote to his government, had he not given them deer skins to dress in. The one vessel the colony had sank; and if the officers of the garrison had not with their own money bought another from a captain, who came by chance to Dauphine Island, there would have been no means of communicating with San Domingo and Cuba.

Provisions gave out, and, what was worse, the gunpowder threatened to give out. The able-bodied men had to serve as soldiers, and could not cultivate the land; and, besides, there were no oxen to plow with. The fort, therefore, had to depend upon the Indians for corn. During the summer months, to save the food in the fort, Bienville was glad enough to allow his men to go and live among the neighboring Indians; but they enjoyed this so much, that it was not easy to get them to come back to duty, when summoned.

At last, in 1711, when one overflow after the other had ruined the corn crops of the Indians, and there seemed no chance for any other food for the garrison than acorns, and when Fort Louis itself stood under water, Bienville decided to build another fort nearer the mouth of the river and closer

to Dauphine Island, so that one place could help the other more quickly in case of an attack by Indians or English. All during these hard times he had been writing letter after letter to the royal minister, Pontchartrain, telling him of the great dearth the colony was in, and begging him to send the needed supplies of men, money and provisions; telling him, also, how, with a handful of poorly clad, poorly fed, and poorly paid men, he had held the great country of Louisiana for France, and kept off the English; had lived on good terms with the Spaniards, and had made the Indians respect his authority. But Ponchartrain did not send relief to the colony. He could not, in truth; for France, at that time, needed all the money she had for uses nearer home. The many wars and the luxury and extravagance of Louis XIV. had brought the country almost to bankruptcy. Public expenses had to be cut down, and France's great glory and pride, her colonies, had to be sacrificed. As for Louisiana and the mouth of the Mississippi, Ponchartrain saw that he must abandon them, unless he could find some private person who would be willing to take them off his hands, for what money he could make out of them. He found what he wanted in the *Sieur Antoine de Crozat*, a great banker, who undertook to keep up the colony for fifteen years for



the profit he could get out of the monopoly of its trade.

It was a blow to Bienville and his officers and his hardy independent Canadians to find, after their long years of struggle and their sore trials, that their king had made them over by charter to a banker, whose only feeling for the colony was to make money out of it. And, as if this were not disgrace enough, a new governor, Lamothe Cadillac, was sent to take the place of Bienville. Bienville begged that he might retire and go back into the navy. But Louisiana without Bienville to manage the Indians would have been a poor bargain for Crozat. Pontchartrain ordered him to remain in the colony, and to take up his station among the Natchez, where a fort was to be built.

#### FIRST WAR OF THE NATCHEZ.

But in January, 1716, before it was built and Bienville had taken up his post there, news came to Mobile that the Natchez, offended by some neglect or insult of Cadillac, had broken out into war with the French. They pillaged Crozat's store house there, killed the men in charge of it, and began putting to death every Frenchman they could catch traveling up and down the river.

Bienville knew that the Natchez must be pun-



ished severely, and at once, or they would despise the French as cowards, and other Indians would follow their example. But Cadillac would give him only forty-nine men, half the number he had asked for his campaign. With these, however, he started, and by April he reached the village of the Tunicas, about fifty miles below the Natchez, where he stopped. Here he learned that the Natchez had just killed another Frenchman on the river and were lying in wait for fifteen more, who were on their way down. He was warned, also, to be on his guard against the Tunicas, who had received presents from the Natchez to kill him. As he had not men enough to punish the Natchez by force, he laid his plans to gain his point by cunning. Keeping all that he had learned to himself, he called together the Tunica warriors, and told them that he was on his way to the Natchez to make a trading post there, where they and other tribes could trade skins for merchandise; but as his men were very tired with the trip up the river, he was going to camp on the island a few miles below, to rest awhile. He also told the Tunicas they would do him a favor by sending some of their tribe to tell the Natchez that he was coming. This the Tunicas did; and Bienville, after smoking their calumet, and making them smoke his, went to the island, where

he put his men at once to work making a fortification, and building some cabins. A few days later, three Natchez arrived, sent by their chief to present the calumet to Bienville. He waved it aside, saying that they could get some of his soldiers to smoke it, but that for himself, being a great chief of the French, he would only smoke the calumet of a sun chief. This troubled the warriors. However, Bienville gave them something to eat, and talked gaily with them; asking news of their chiefs; saying he had a great desire to see them, that he was astonished that they had not already come, that the Natchez, perhaps, did not care about the French making a trading post with them, and that, if this were so, he would make it among the Tunicas. The warriors replied that their nation desired nothing better than to have a French post on their territory, and that they were sure that in five or six days, without fail, the chiefs of the nation would come themselves to show their joy at it. The next day, the three warriors went away. Bienville sent with them a young Frenchman, who spoke their language perfectly, to whom he explained everything to say to the chiefs to induce them to come to the island. The same day he sent one of his bravest Canadians, in a pirogue, to slip by the Natchez at night, and hasten up the river to warn the fifteen men coming

down from the Illinois. He gave him, also, to place at the different points on the river, a dozen large sheets of parchment, on which was written in large characters: "The Natchez have declared war against the French, and M. de Bienville is camped at the village of the Tunicas."

In about a week, six Canadian trappers arrived at the island camp in three pirogues, loaded with skins, smoked beef, and bears' oil. They said that, not knowing of the war of the Natchez, they had landed there; but hardly had their feet touched the earth, when some warriors jumped upon them and carried off everything they had in their pirogues, and took them to the village of the chief named "Bearded One." A short while afterwards, some of the great chiefs of the Natchez came in a great temper, and took the "Bearded One" to task for his treatment of the Canadians. Their arms were given back to them, and food was brought them; but, for three days, they were shut up in a cabin, while the chiefs and warriors talked over what should be done with them. Then they were taken to their pirogues, in which they found almost everything that had been taken from them. The chiefs told them that Bienville was at the village of the Tunicas, resting, and that shortly he expected to come to the Natchez to make a trading post there.

A few days later, in the morning, there were seen nearing the island four pirogues, in each of which were four men standing, chanting the calumet, and three sitting under parasols, with twelve men swimming alongside. They were the Natchez chiefs coming to fall into the trap prepared for them.

Bienville ordered one-half of his men not to show themselves, but to remain under arms near at hand. The other half were to stand unarmed around his tent, and when the boats were landed, were to take the arms one by one of the savages as they stepped ashore; and he charged them only to let the eight chiefs he named enter his tent; the rest were to be seated at the door. All of this was done, as he said. The eight chiefs came in singing, holding their calumet, which they passed several times over Bienville, from his head to his feet, in sign of union; passing, also, their hands over his stomach, then over theirs; after which they presented him their calumet to smoke. He pushed it aside with contempt, and said he wished to hear their speeches and know their thoughts before he smoked with them. The chiefs then went out of the tent, and presented their calumets to the sun. One of them fixing his looks on the sun, and raising his arms over his head, prayed to it. Then they came back into the tent, and again presented their calumets. Bienville told

them they had to tell him what satisfaction they were going to give him for the five Frenchmen they had killed. They hung their heads without answering. At this Bienville made a sign, and they were led to a prison and put in irons. In the evening bread and meat were given to them. They refused to eat. All sang their death song. At nightfall, Bienville had the great chief of the nation, called "Great Sun," with his brother, "Stung Serpent," and a second brother, named the "Little Sun," brought to his tent. He told them he knew it was not by their orders that the five Frenchmen had been killed; but he demanded not only the heads of the murderers to be brought to him, but the heads of the chiefs who had given the orders. He said that the scalps would not content him; he wished their heads also, so as to recognize them. He added that it would be easy to declare war against the Natchez and to destroy their villages, without risking the life of a single Frenchman; that they must remember how, in 1704, when the Chichimaches killed a missionary and three Frenchmen, and refused to give up the murderers, all of his Indian allies had been set upon them, and they were punished. He reminded them how he had condemned a Frenchman to death for killing two Pasagoula Indians; and how the Coroas had put to

death five of their warriors who had killed a missionary and two other Frenchmen; and that in the same year he had forced the chief of the Touachas to put to death two of his tribe who had assassinated a Chickasaw; and later the Choctaws had given him the same satisfaction; and after that, the Mobilians had brought him the head of one of their tribe who had killed an Indian ally; and that, only a year or so before, when the Pascagoulas had killed a Mobilian, he had forced them to make amends for it. This speech, the truth of which they could not deny, made a great impression on the Natchez chiefs. They listened with grave attention, but made no attempt to answer. Bienville gave them that night to decide what they would do. The next morning at daylight, the three brother chiefs asked to speak to Bienville. They told him there was no one in the village high enough in authority to put to death the men whose heads he demanded; that if he would permit it, the "Serpent," as the head of the nation, would go and do so. This Bienville refused, putting in the place of the "Serpent" his younger brother, the "Little Sun," who went at once. Five days later, the "Little Sun" returned, fetching with him three heads; but only two belonged to the murderers. Bienville sent for the chiefs, and the rejected head was thrown at their

feet, and they were told they had sacrificed an innocent man. The chiefs confessed that the head was that of a warrior who had taken no part in the killing of the Frenchmen, but that being the brother of one of the murderers, who had escaped, they had put him to death in his place. Bienville, showing his displeasure at this, told them they would have to send, on the morrow, another chief to their village to get the head he demanded. The next day, two warriors and the great priest of the temple went to the Natchez village. They were confident of bringing back the head of the chief "White Earth," the leader of the movement against the French.

The river now rose until the highest part of the island was overflowed a foot deep, and the tents and powder magazine had to be raised on scaffolds. The weather grew very hot, and many of the men fell ill. Chief "Serpent" himself took a fever. Bienville had his irons removed, and brought him and his brothers into his own tent. During the days they passed together, he found out the truth about the outbreak of their tribe; and the names of the guilty warriors and chiefs who had killed the Frenchmen; and he agreed to let his prisoners go to their village, on their promise to put to death the murderer, who had run away, as soon as they could catch him.



The chiefs consented to this, and that Bienville should put to death two warriors taken in the Sun's party, who had been proved to have had a hand in the killing of the Frenchmen. They pledged themselves, also, to furnish timber and help in building a French fort at their landing, and to live in future peace with the French.

As the Mississippi did not fall, and the island was still under water, Bienville sent his sick soldiers to the high lands of the Tunicas, where the Indians cared for them and kept them supplied with fresh beef and venison. As he heard that the Spaniards from Mexico were coming towards Red river to take possession there, he hurried off to the head of the river, so as to make a settlement there before them. On his return, he went with his men to Natchez, and stayed at the new fort until it was finished. The Indians, true to their word, furnished all the timber and cypress bark the builders needed. The fort was named "Rosalie," after the wife of the Duke of Pontchartrain.

At the end of August, Bienville handed over the command of the fort to his lieutenant, and he went down the river to make his report to his superior officer, the Governor Cadillac. But when he arrived in Mobile, in October, he found great news awaiting him. Cadillac had been recalled, and

Bienville was ordered to take his place until the new governor, de l'Epinay, arrived. He came in March, in a ship that brought fifty emigrants and three companies of soldiers. To Bienville was sent, as a reward for his services, the Cross of St. Louis. This was a medal in the shape of a cross, which the king conferred on men who had served France with distinction. Many of them can still be seen in Louisiana, in the possession of the descendants of those who received them.

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## THE COMPANY OF THE WEST.

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### THE FOUNDING OF NEW ORLEANS.

But De l'Epinay had a short rule as governor. Crozat, who had lost money in Louisiana, instead of making it, prayed the king that he might give up his charter. His prayer was granted; but Louisiana did not go back under the royal government. By another charter, she was made over for twenty-five years to a company called the Company of the West,

or the Company of the Mississippi; for such is the name it is known by.

This company undertook what Crozat had just failed in, to pay the expenses of the colony for what profit could be made out of it. But the company went about in a different way to make the profit. Throughout all France it advertised the soil and the future wealth of Louisiana. By every means it urged people to go there and settle. It sold great tracts of lands to French buyers, who, in their turn, sold it in smaller pieces to people with less money. Lords and ladies bought estates in Louisiana, and sent out settlers to it from their estates in the old country. And the company itself sent out emigrants by the ship loads.

The Company recalled De l'Epiney, and made Bienville governor, as the one man who was able to bring about the great future planned for Louisiana. But under him was a council composed of directors of the company, sent from France, who voted on all measures and in fact acted with the governor very much as our city council acts with the mayor. Ships soon began to arrive at Dauphine Island, loaded with money, provisions, merchandise, and emigrants. A corps of able engineers under the command of the Chevalier Leblond de la Tour came to superintend the construction of such public

buildings as were needed. At last Bienville had the men and money he wanted to carry out his ideas about the colony. He at once sent men to take possession of the site of La Salle's old fort on the coast of Texas, and to build a new fort there, so as to make sure against the Spaniards in that quarter. He sent fifty emigrants up Red river to settle in the country of the Caddoquious, or Caddos, as we call them today. He ordered the engineers to sound and examine the mouth of the Mississippi, and to find a channel for ships through it. He, himself, with a party of workmen, set out for a purpose that had been in his heart for eighteen years, ever since the time when he had commanded at Fort Maurepas. This was to found a city on the banks of the Mississippi; for he was sure that a city there would one day be one of the great centers of trade on this continent. He had chosen the spot, as we have seen, years before, and had even settled some Canadians upon it. He named the place Orleans, after the Duke of Orleans, the regent of France, but he called it "New Orleans," as there was another city named Orleans in France. In the meantime, ship after ship arrived at Dauphine Island with emigrants for the concessions (as the grants of land were called), that had been sold in France. These concessions were all along the Mississippi and on

the Gulf coast, at Natchitoches, on the Yazoo river, at Bay St. Louis, at Natchez, and so on. But the emigrants had to wait on Dauphine Island until boats and carts could be made to send them on to the homes which they had come to settle. Thus the island became packed with people, and a more helpless lot never landed in a new country; ignorant peasants, tired from a long sea voyage and weak from sickness, without shelter, with scant rations of food, with no work, blinded by the dazzling white sand, under the burning rays of a tropical sun, and catching the fever which the ships brought from Cuba and San Domingo. Always waiting, and hoping and being disappointed, many, indeed most, of the unfortunate creatures, died of misery on the spot. The directors of the company saw that a move must be made to a better place for the receiving and handling of such great numbers of immigrants. Bienville spoke and urged in favor of New Orleans, where he said the immigrants could be landed straight from the ships, and be easily sent to their different concessions, or could support themselves at once by cultivating the soil.

But the directors, who were strangers in Louisiana, voted not with Bienville, but against him, for Biloxi. A move to the old fort that Iberville had built was made in all haste, and Fort Louis and Dauphine Island were left almost deserted.

But what Bienville foretold came to pass. Things were not made better by the move to Biloxi. The immigrants unloaded there, found the same bare, white sands, the same burning sun, the same want of food. The famine became so great that more than five hundred died of hunger. Fish and oysters were all the food that the starving creatures could find, and to get them they had to wade in water up to their waists, and their dead bodies would often be found around piles of oyster shells. And crime and lawlessness added to the suffering; for, in their eagerness to build up the new country, the company shipped as emigrants to Louisiana any men that their agents could get, even from prisons, reformatories, asylums, hospitals. People were kidnapped even in the streets of Paris and other large cities of France, and sold to the agents at so much a head. To finish the misery of it all, yellow fever broke out.

It seemed almost a special blessing when a drunken, sleeping sergeant let his lighted pipe fall from his hand, in his tent, and started a fire that burned Biloxi to the ground. The council of directors were glad to change to some other place, and again Bienville tried to get them to move the colony to New Orleans; but he was again outvoted. The directors said there was not enough water at

the mouth of the Mississippi for loaded vessels to get through. So New Biloxi—the present town of Biloxi—was chosen. Bienville, to show that a loaded vessel could get through the mouth of the river, took one through it himself. He ordered, besides, one of De la Tour's assistants, Pauger, to go to the passes, and sound and make maps of them, and to write a report to send to France, proving the truth of what he had said to the council—that the Mississippi was deep enough for large vessels, and that New Orleans should be the capital of the colony. He also sent Pauger with a force of men to lay out his city.

Just at this time, the news came that the Company of the Mississippi had failed. But too much money had been spent on Louisiana; too many emigrants—over seven-thousand—had been sent there, for the colony to be given up. The affairs of the company were put into the hands of a board of liquidation, as is done now-a-days with the affairs of a railroad or any other great public enterprise. Bienville's letters, with the engineer's maps and reports, coming at this time, convinced the new board that he was right; and he received the long-wished-for orders to remove the colony to New Orleans, and to make it the capital of Louisiana.

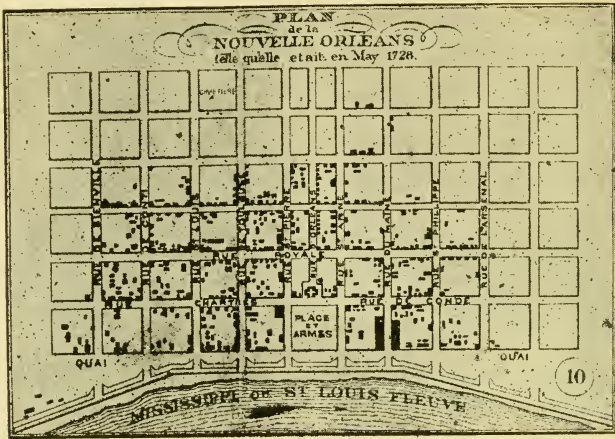
The work of this was begun at once. In June,



1722, De la Tour and Pauger led the way by sailing up the river in a loaded vessel; and other boats followed with men, building materials, ammunition, and provisions. Under De la Tour's direction the new city took shape. A church and houses were built; a levee was thrown up in front; ditches made; a canal dug in the rear for drainage. A cemetery was laid out and a landing place made. Bienville himself came and took up his residence there in August.

But New Orleans had no easier a beginning than Mobile or Biloxi. In the midst of the building and moving, the September storm came on with a violence never known before. For five days, a furious hurricane raged over land and sea. The church and most of the new buildings were blown down, and three vessels were wrecked in the river. And after this the fever broke out and most of the new population were taken ill, and many died. Bienville himself, the untiring Bienville, fell so ill of fever that hope for his life was given up. But the city grew despite it all. And the little square map of houses that De la Tour made began to fill up with inhabitants. Ships still brought in merchandise and emigrants; many of these stayed in the city, and many that had gone into the country left their land there, preferring to settle around the city. A

party of these, Germans, were given land on both sides of the river, about twenty miles above the city, which is still called from them "Côte des Alle-



mands." They cultivated gardens, and in time supplied New Orleans with vegetables. Every Saturday evening, their little boats could be seen coming down the river, with their fresh green loads.

### SECOND NATCHEZ WAR.

The year after he had moved to New Orleans, Bienville had again to go against the Natchez, who, forgetting the punishment they had received, began anew their attacks upon the property and lives of the French. After trying in vain, by peaceful means, to bring them back to their duty, Bien-

ville came against them suddenly with an army of seven hundred men. His old friend, "Stung Serpent," hurried to him at Fort Rosalie. He came, he said, to beg pardon for his nation. He confessed that the people of the White Apple, Jenzenaque, and Gray villages were in a state of rebellion against the French, but he prayed that vengeance should strike only them. This Bienville promised.

His army, taking all care for the surprise of the Indians, slipped through the narrow paths of the forest surrounding the White Apple village. But when they reached the village, it was found to hold nothing but empty cabins. The people had received warning, and, in their turn, had slipped away; and it was the French who were surprised. They had only the satisfaction of a cruel foe—that of burning the village. A few days later, Bienville led his army against the Gray village, but it, too, was empty; its people had escaped. It also was burned. From a captured squaw Bienville learned that the Indians were awaiting the French at the Jenzenaque village, a half league away. The army wheeled about, and a Tunica chief taking the lead, it marched upon that village. Here was a strong cabin, built on a height; and the French believed that this time they would catch the Indians in it. The drums beat, the fifes

struck up, and the army advanced. But this cabin, like the others, was empty; the people of the village had escaped. The Tunica chief, taking a turn around the height, saw below him one of the Natchez chiefs, or rather they both at the same time saw each other, and fired. The Tunica chief killed his enemy on the spot, but fell himself at the same time, dangerously wounded.

The baffled army marched back to Fort Rosalie, and Bienville did all that was left for him to do. He summoned "Stung Serpent" to him, and through him made a peace with the Natchez, on condition that the chief of the White Apple village should pay, with his life, for the lives of the Frenchmen he had taken. The "Serpent" asked to be given three days. When they were over, he came, bringing the bloody head of the guilty chief. Bienville returned to New Orleans; but before long there came to him a sad surprise—a letter from the king ordering him to turn the colony over to another, and to return at once to France.

#### RECALL OF BIENVILLE.

This meant that he was to answer charges made against him and, perhaps, suffer a penalty. From the very beginning of the colony, from the days of Iberville, there had been ill feeling between the

Canadians and the French. The French resented the influence of the Canadians, whom they looked upon as rough, uneducated pioneers. The Canadians, great, strong, hearty, and mighty in their way with the savages, despised the Frenchmen for their polish and civility. The Canadians felt that it was they who had made Louisiana, not the French, who came there only as soldiers or to fill offices and to keep accounts. The French, who did fill the government offices, and keep the accounts, and wrote home long official reports, seldom failed in these reports to call the attention of the government to the failings of the Canadians. They accused them of smuggling and of illegal trading with the Indians, and of banding themselves together against the French, whenever any difficulty arose in the Colony. Bienville, the idol of the Canadians, was accused not only of upholding them in this conduct, but also of making a profit out of his position, that is, of trading the government stores to the Indians for skins, and putting the money in his pocket. When he was placed in command of Mobile, this malicious accusation was started against Bienville, and it had been kept going ever since by one French official after another. It was true, and no one could deny it, that under Bienville the savage countries settled by

Iberville had become a great French colony, with a city that bade fair, even then, to be a great center of commerce. It was true, as all knew, that Bienville himself, in his long service, had never made money; that, on the contrary, he was a poor man; that his life had never been other than that of a frugal, simple Canadian pioneer. The charges, nevertheless, were believed in France, and he was recalled.

He turned over the government of Louisiana to another, as ordered, and made his preparations to sail at once. He took leave of his friends, and went to Dauphine Island to wait for his ship. A very strange thing now happened. The ship came into the roadstead in front of the harbor, but an accident, the upsetting of her barge, on the way to land, prevented Bienville's going aboard. As it was Saturday of Holy Week, his departure was put off until Easter Monday. At dawn of that day, he was to sail, and boats were sent ashore for him and his luggage. Hardly had the boats reached land, when the ship fired two cannon shots, signals for help. The weather was delightful, there was not a wave nor a breath of wind. Before the eyes of all, however, she sank under the water, the crew and passengers jumping overboard. She had sprung a leak. Bienville returned to New Orleans, and waited for another ship.

When he reached France, he presented, as his justification to the minister, the memoir of the services that had filled his life, since, as a mere boy, he had come with his brother Iberville to explore the country, for whose misgovernment he was now, a middle-aged man, called to account. The paper begins proudly: "For thirty-four years the Sieur de Bienville has had the honor of serving the king; twenty-seven of them as lieutenant of the King and commandant of the colony." After giving an account of his government, he modestly tells about himself: "It was not without trouble that I became absolute master of so many nations with such barbarous tempers and different characters. One can imagine how many difficulties I encountered and what risks I ran to found the colony and maintain it to the present time. Necessity, it is said, renders one industrious; I experienced that it also renders one intrepid in danger, and makes one perform, so to speak, the impossible in the different conjunctures one has to meet in an unknown world with so small a force. I first strove to qualify myself to govern without the aid of an interpreter. I applied myself to learn the language which appeared to me to be the dominant one among the savages, the knowledge of which would help me in learning the others. I



was fortunate enough from the first to gain the confidence and friendship of the savages. I studied their customs in order to retain them in peace, one with the other; so that for the twenty-seven years during which I had the honor of commanding in the province, I was the arbiter of their differences."

But notwithstanding, and just as if the charges against him had been proved, Bienville was deprived of his rank and his offices, and in his ruin his whole family and all his relatives in Louisiana suffered. They, also, were dismissed from the service and ordered to France. Even the official members of his government were disgraced, and, within a year, not one of the old Canadian set held office in the colony. The new governor who took Bienville's place was named Périer.

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## THE NATCHEZ MASSACRE.

All went well in Louisiana for two years after the arrival of the new governor. In the country the plantations made good crops, and the city increased in size, in population, and in trade. The

Indians were quiet and peaceful. Therefore, like a thunderclap in a cloudless sky, came the news, in 1727, that the Natchez had risen and murdered all the white people at Fort Rosalie and in the neighboring settlements.

Ever since Bienville's last treaty with them, the Natchez had been good friends of the French, and they would have continued so, but for the tyranny and injustice of Chepart, the officer in command of Fort Rosalie. He drove them to the revenge which caused the ruin of the fort and finally of the Natchez nation itself.

Looking for land for a plantation, Chepart cast his eyes upon the charming White Apple village, and he determined to make it his own. He sent for the Sun of the village, and ordered him and his tribe to leave it. The Sun replied that the ancestors of his tribe had lived in the village as many years as there were hairs in his warlock, and it was only right that he and his children should still live in it. But the French officer would not listen to him, and fixed the day for the Indians to leave the village. The Sun, calling together the men of his village, made a speech, telling them of the outrage that was to be done to them, and urging them to make a stand against the tyranny of the French. Village by village was aroused, and their Suns

swore to strike one bloody blow, and free themselves forever from the yoke that was upon them. To all the villages were sent packages of an equal number of sticks tied together, and the command was given to take out a stick every day after the new moon, and to fall upon the French and kill them on the day on which the last stick was taken out.

The fatal day arrived. By daylight the Natchez, in small groups, strolled into Fort Rosalie and the neighboring white settlements, until they outnumbered the whites. Pretending they were going on a hunt, they borrowed guns and bought powder and shot. At nine o'clock the signal was given. Each Indian fell on a man. By noon two hundred Frenchmen were killed, and ninety-two women and fifty-five children and all the negroes were made prisoners. Chepart was among the first slain. During the massacre, the Great Sun was coolly and carelessly smoking his pipe in a government warehouse. His men brought to him the heads of the French officers, placing that of Chepart in the center and the others around. When the Sun was informed that not a white man was left alive, except a carpenter and a tailor specially saved from the massacre, he gave the command to pillage. Every building was sacked and the spoils

divided. Two soldiers, who were accidentally in the woods, escaped and carried the news to New Orleans.

The colony trembled from one end to the other. New Orleans went into a panic. Ships were sent to France for troops. Couriers were hurried to the Illinois, the Red River, and to the Mobile settlements, warning the white men there.

Their Choctaw allies were the first in the field for the French. Seven hundred of them falling upon the Natchez, while they were still in the midst of their feasting and rejoicing, killed sixty of their warriors, and rescued fifty-nine women and children, and one hundred slaves, who had been taken prisoners. By the time the troops from New Orleans arrived, the Natchez had fortified themselves in two strong houses in the White Apple village, Fort Valor (as the French well named it) and Fort Flour. Their defense was so good that the French, with all their cannon, could not force them to surrender. In fact they held their own so bravely that the French had to make terms with them. They agreed to deliver up the rest of the French women, children, and negro prisoners, if the French would retire from the village, with their guns, to the banks of the river. This agreement was carried out. But two nights afterwards, the Natchez

made their escape from their forts so secretly that the French could not pursue them. Some of them sought refuge with the Chickasaws; others, crossing the Mississippi, made their way westward, through forest and swamp, to a mound in the present parish of Catahoula. Here they remained until tidings reached them that Périer was leading a great army of white men and Indians against them. They then withdrew to a high bluff, known now as Sicily Island, at the end of Lake Lovelace, where they fortified themselves.

In the middle of the summer, the reinforcements from France arrived, eight hundred French and Swiss soldiers. These, with what he could raise among the colonists and his Indian allies, gave Périer over a thousand men to lead against his enemies. He went up the Mississippi to the mouth of the Red River, and went through Red River to Black River, and up the Ouachita, until he reached the bluff, upon which the Natchez stood like beasts at bay. But as before, the Natchez would not give up, and held their own, until the French were glad to talk about a treaty. Périer, however, refused to treat with any but chiefs. Two Suns and the warrior who had defended Fort Flour so gallantly, came forward, but Périer dishonorably seized them as prisoners, and then demanded the surrender of

all the French prisoners. To this the chiefs had to agree. During the night, the warrior from Fort Flour made his escape; but the Two Suns were not so fortunate—they were discovered in the attempt and held. Périer then offered to spare the lives of all the Natchez men, women, and children who delivered themselves up to him. The next day four hundred women and children and forty-five men left the Natchez fortifications, and ranged themselves inside those of the French; but they came in such small groups that the whole day was passed in the surrender. Seventy still remained in the fort, asking to stay there until the morrow. It was raining in torrents. Between the water under foot and the water overhead, Périer, not being able to take them, was forced to consent. At nine o'clock at night, the weather cleared and the French were able to take possession of the Natchez forts. They closed in around them, and found them—deserted! Again the warriors of the Natchez, under the leadership of the warrior of Fort Flour, had given the slip to their captors. The forts were destroyed, and the only two prisoners taken there were, as if in spite, scalped and burned. Périer returned to New Orleans with his women and children prisoners, and the two Suns, and the forty warriors, all of whom were sold into slavery in San Domingo.

The number of Natchez Indians who had escaped was three hundred. They spread themselves over the Red River country, and took possession of a deserted Natchitoches village, from which they were driven out only after an obstinate fight. They then took refuge with the Chickasaws, who, as we remember, were enemies of the French, and who from the first had offered their villages and strongholds to them.

With the peace, prosperity, and life of the colony threatened by an Indian war, the directors in France could not hope to make any profit out of Louisiana trade. They therefore gave the colony back to the king.

In New Orleans confidence in Périer was lost, and those of the old colonists who had served under Bienville's long and wise administration, wrote to the French government, telling of Bienville's wisdom in dealing with the Indians, and declaring that he was the best governor that had ever been in the colony. This had a good effect. Périer was recalled, and Bienville was given his old place.



## LAST CAMPAIGNS OF BIENVILLE.

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On his way to Louisiana Bienville stopped at San Domingo, and he saw there his old friends, the Natchez Suns, who had been sold into slavery. He was very much touched with their changed fate and wretched appearance. Very different was their condition, indeed, from what it was when they came in such state in their pirogues to meet him on the island in the Mississippi. They told Bienville how they had been driven to revolt by the hard treatment they had received from the French officers, and they said they bitterly regretted the sad ending of their long friendship with the French.

Bienville's first and foremost duty, after his arrival, was to bring the Natchez tribe to account for the massacre at Fort Rosalie, and to punish the Chickasaws for receiving and protecting them.

The country of the Chickasaws lay, as has been said, in the northern part of the present states of Alabama and Mississippi. Bienville's plan of campaign was one that he thought could not fail of success. It was to go up the Tombigbee River into the

Chickasaw country, where D'Artaguettes, the commandant of the Illinois country, was to join him in October with three hundred men. But as his boats could not be gotten ready in time, Bienville had to send a messenger to D'Artaguettes, putting off the meeting until the middle of April.

On the first of April all was ready, and a grand start was made from Mobile. A fine show the army made, rowing up the river in the early morning sunlight; thirty pirogues followed by thirty flat-boats, loaded with five hundred soldiers, without counting the brilliant staff of officers, and the company of forty-five blacks, commanded by free negroes.

It took twenty-three days to get to the place of meeting on the Tombigbee. No trace of D'Artaguettes and the Illinois men was to be seen. But the Choctaw chiefs, with their warriors, arrived promptly, on time at the place of landing, shortly after the French. After throwing up a fortification, and leaving a small force behind them, to protect their boats and provisions, the army set out on the march to the Chickasaw villages. At first it was a hard march through deep ravines filled with water waist high, and across thick-grown cane-brakes. But after this came a beautiful country easy to travel. Camp was pitched about six miles from the Chicka-

saw villages. The chief of the Choctaws asked Bienville which village he intended to attack first. Bienville told him the Natchez village, as they were the authors of the war. The chief then explained that the first village was the nearest Chickasaw village to the Choctaws, and did them most harm, and that he would like to attack that first, especially as it was filled with provisions which the Choctaws needed. Knowing that the Choctaws, after taking this first village, would go back home, with the provisions, Bienville persuaded them to attack the Natchez village first, promising to return and take the other one afterwards. The Choctaws seemed satisfied, and their guides, leading the army as if to conduct it to the point agreed upon, came to a small prairie, where were three little villages, placed like a triangle on the crest of a ridge, at the foot of which flowed a brook almost dry. This prairie was separated only by a small forest from the large prairie where lay most of the Chickasaw villages. Bienville marched his army along the edge of the woods surrounding the smaller prairie, and stopped on a little hill, where a halt was made for dinner. It was just past mid-day.

The tricky Choctaws had gained their point; they had led the army before the village that they wanted to attack, and now with war cries and yells,

they began skirmishing around it, and drew its fire upon the French. From the little hill where the French were, they could clearly see four or five Englishmen bustling around among the excited Chickasaws, and over one village floated the English flag. The French officers then angrily joined their demands to those of the Choctaws that this village should be taken at once. Pressed thus on all sides, Bienville ordered the attack. A company of grenadiers, drawn from the French and Swiss troops, and forty-five volunteers under Bienville's nephew, De Noyan, were commanded to lead it. They moved out of the woods, crossed the brook, and began to ascend the ridge, when a murderous fire poured upon them from the three villages. The column of grenadiers which first reached the summit of the ridge, and the entrance to the village, met the full fire of the three batteries of the three strong-holds.

Bienville thus describes the Chickasaw strong-holds: "After having surrounded their cabins with several rows of great stockades filled with earth, they hollow out the inside, until they can let themselves down into it shoulder deep, and shoot through loopholes almost level with the ground; but they obtain still more advantage from the situation of their cabins, which are placed so that their

fires cross. The coverings of the cabins are a thatching of wood and mud, proof against fire, arrows, and grenades; nothing but bombs could damage them."

#### DEFEAT OF THE FRENCH.

Two or three cabins were taken and burned; but when it came to crossing, under fire, the open space between these and the next, De Noyan, looking about him, saw only a few officers, a remnant of grenadiers, and about a dozen volunteers. The other soldiers were seeking shelter from the Indian loop-holes, behind the captured cabins, and refused to come out. Almost all the officers were killed or wounded. De Noyan and four officers fell wounded at the same moment. In vain he sent his *aide* to rally the soldiers; the *aide* was killed, and this added to their panic. He finally got a message to Bienville that, unless help were sent or a retreat sounded, not an officer would be left alive. Bienville ordered the retreat, sending a company to protect it. The officers were found crowded together, still fighting. The Choctaws were hiding under a hill.

The night was passed in cutting down trees and making hasty defences against surprise, but the Chickasaws held themselves quiet in their strong-

holds. The next morning Bienville dared not renew the attack. Litters were made for the wounded, and the beaten French troops led the way back to the landing, and embarked in their boats. The Tombigbee was slowly reached, and finally the Mobile. Here Bienville heard the first news of the full extent of his disaster. The young commandant of the Illinois, D'Artaguet, had not received the message changing the date of meeting, and so had set out at the date first named, with one hundred and forty white men, and two hundred and sixty Iroquois, Arkansas, Miamis, and Illinois. Arrived at the place of meeting, his scouts could discover no signs or traces of Bienville's army. He called his officers and Indian chiefs together in a council of war. They advised not to wait, but to strike a blow at once. Pushing forward, they arrived within a mile of the great Chickasaw prairie. Leaving their baggage under a guard of thirty men, the army confidently took the road to the village. It was the road to death for all but two of them. Hardly had the attack on the village begun, when a troop of from four to five hundred savages darted from behind the neighboring hill, and bore down upon D'Artaguet's men with such speed and force, that his Indians, the greater part of his army, took to flight. He turned to gain the road to his

luggage, in order to save or, at least, blow up his powder. Fighting desperately, step by step, he, his officers, men, and the Iroquois and Arkansas, who stood by him, held out for a short space. Then the savages overwhelmed them. Nineteen only were taken alive, among them D'Artaguet, wounded in three places, and a Jesuit priest.

Two of the prisoners were put aside to exchange for a Chickasaw warrior in the hands of the French. The remaining were divided into two lots, and burned in two huge fires, prepared by the Chickasaw women. All died heroically, one Frenchman singing his death song to the last, like an Indian brave.

By the papers found on D'Artaguet, which were read to them by their English friends, the Chickasaws learned the plan of Bienville's campaign. And they took their measures of defense, and, as we have seen, took them well. The English supplied them with ammunition, and showed them how to fortify their cabins. They had only to wait for Bienville to come, certain of defeating him.

Bienville never recovered from the pain and shame of this double defeat. He returned to New Orleans, more determined now than ever to go against the Natchez and Chickasaws in such force as would crush them, and wipe



out the disgrace of the French defeat by a brilliant triumph. He wrote to France for artillery and bombs and soldiers; and to the governor of Canada for a reinforcement of Canadian volunteers. He sent engineers to explore the best routes to the Chickasaws, and he kept his Canadians busy, winning over the Indians to join him. On the report of the engineers, he selected the route by the Mississippi and Yazoo rivers, and two years were spent in building a fort, called Fort Assumption, and a depot for provisions, at the mouth of Wolf river. This fort was to be the meeting place of the whole army. Two hundred horses were sent from New Orleans for the transportation of provisions, which were to be drawn from the rich fields of the West. Beeves and oxen were ordered from the Natchitoches country.

In the summer of 1739, the help asked for came from France: arms, ammunition, provisions. There were also, seven hundred soldiers, bombardiers, cannoneers, and miners; but, on their arrival, these were suffering so much from scurvy that less than one-half were able to go on duty. Then they took the fever, and great numbers of them died. They were hurried out of the city, but on their way up the river, many more of them died.

When Bienville himself landed at Fort Assump-

tion, he found the men from Canada and the Illinois waiting. They raised his army to twelve hundred white men and two thousand four hundred savages. But it was one thing to get an army to the fort, and another to get it into the Chickasaw country. The continual rains and overflows made the roads impassable for heavy wagons and artillery, while the bottom lands could be crossed only by boats or on bridges. More than one-half of the live stock died in the woods before reaching the river. Three months passed, and the situation did not improve. Without a road and the means of getting to the Chickasaws, the French army saw itself in danger of a more inglorious fate even than befell it on the Tombigbee; and the safety of the Chickasaws was proved more clearly than ever. A council of war was held to decide how to end the campaign in the manner least shameful to the French.

The Chickasaws, on their side, saw with uneasiness, the great preparations made against them, and in spite of the arms and ammunition given by the English and the strength of their forts, they began to drop, all around the French camp, calumets and other symbols of peace. These, at first, the French refused to consider; but finally they decided to seek an agreement with the Indians. The

chiefs were persuaded, by the Indian allies of the French, to come to the French camp and ask for peace; but they were told they could not get it unless they gave up the Natchez. The cunning savages were prepared for this condition. They declared they had bound and imprisoned their Natchez guests in order to surrender them to the French, but that unfortunately some of their young men had released them, and all except three had gone to the Cherokees. Again the Natchez had escaped!

Bienville returned with his army to New Orleans. There, feeling bitterly that, after this last defeat, his old reputation could no longer be the same in the colony, he wrote to his government, asking to be relieved of his office. This was granted, and the Marquis de Vaudreuil was named to succeed him. While awaiting the arrival of his successor, Bienville endeavored to arrange affairs with the Indians, so that the colony would not suffer by his absence. Calling the prominent chiefs of the Alabama tribes to meet him at Mobile, he made them presents, and had them sign treaties, which would help them to get along with his successor. He left Louisiana forever on the 10th of May, 1743. He came to the colony a youth, full of hope and courage; he left it looking like an aged man, worn with

care, anxiety, and disappointment. He had given forty-five years of toil to the task left him by Iberville. We shall meet him once again, twenty-two years later, in our stories. He died in Paris in 1768, a white-haired patriarch of eighty-eight years.

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## THE REVOLUTION OF 1768.

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### THE TREATIES.

In the year 1762 peace was made between the great nations of Western Europe, Great Britain, France, and Spain. War had been going on for nearly seven years, especially between Great Britain and France; and this latter country had lost so many battles that she was glad to sign a treaty of peace. But by this treaty (the first form of which was drawn up November 3d, 1762), France had to agree to give up to Great Britain all that part of Louisiana lying east of the Mississippi river, except the Isle of Orleans. As the American colonies had not yet won their independence, Great Britain now owned all of North America from the

Atlantic to the Mississippi. Just across the Mississippi was the great province of Louisiana with the city of New Orleans at its lower end, all of which still belonged to France. But France was afraid that this portion, also, might fall into the hands of Great Britain; and so the French king (Louis XV.) now decided secretly to give it away to his cousin, Charles III. of Spain, who had given him help in the recent wars. Spain already had Mexico and South America and might be strong enough to keep Great Britain from crossing the Mississippi and taking the rest of Louisiana.

When the King of Spain was told of this splendid present, he agreed to accept it, but neither he nor the King of France let the secret be known to the world for nearly two years. It is hard to keep such a secret, however, and soon after the treaty was made, it was whispered about in New Orleans that Louisiana no longer belonged to France; that the French king, Louis the Well-Beloved, had given away one of his fairest provinces. Still the French Creoles did not receive any message from their king, and so they hoped and prayed that it was all a mistake, and that they should continue to live under the flag of France. Great was their grief, therefore, when in October, 1764, the French governor in Louisiana received a letter from the King

of France, telling him that, two years before, the province of Louisiana had been given to the King of Spain and that as soon as the Spanish governor arrived, he should be allowed to take possession of it in the name of his Catholic Majesty, as the King of Spain liked to be called. All the Creoles were filled with grief at this dreadful news. There could now be no doubt about the truth of it. Without asking them whether they wished to change kings or not, their own beloved Louis had given away their country to the King of Spain. Of course, if they wished to leave Louisiana and go to France, they could do so, but if they remained, as they all wished to do, they must swear to obey the King of Spain and cease to be called Frenchmen. Besides the laws would be changed, and the rule of Spain, they knew, would be much harder to bear than that of France. Perhaps, however, they might persuade their king to take back a gift for which he had received nothing in return. So a great meeting was held in New Orleans, and every parish was asked to send its best men. After listening to a noble speech from one of the members, this assembly chose John Milhet, a rich merchant of New Orleans, and sent him to France to tell the king how grieved the Creoles were to hear that Louisiana had been given to Spain, and to beg him to take back the province and be its king once more.

Milhet sailed away to France, and as he knew nobody at court, he went to see Bienville, the founder of New Orleans, who was still alive at the great age of eighty-six. Bienville said he understood the feelings of the Creoles, and would do everything in his power to help them to remain under the rule of France. So he went with Milhet to call on the Duke of Choiseul, who was secretary of state to the king and who could introduce visitors at court. But they soon found out that Choiseul, who had made the treaty with Spain, did not wish the king to take back Louisiana, and was unwilling to let them even speak with his majesty. So Milhet had to write home that he could do nothing in Paris for those who had sent him, but that he would remain a while with the hope that Choiseul might change his mind.

#### THE COMING OF ULLOA.

The Spaniards have always been famous for "putting off until tomorrow what might be done today," and so it was in this case. For six months after Milhet sailed for France, nothing was heard from the Spaniards, and the Creoles began to hope that they were never coming to take Louisiana. Finally, however, a letter came from the new Spanish governor, Don Antonio de Ulloa, which said that



he would soon arrive in New Orleans to take possession of Louisiana in the name of the Spanish king. On the 5th of March, 1765, his vessel anchored at the levee in New Orleans, and the Creoles thought it a bad sign that when he landed a great thunder storm burst over the city, and flooded the streets with water. The inhabitants were not glad to see him, but they received him with proper respect, and waited with interest to see what he was going to do. And certainly his behavior was very queer. He did not show any orders from the king, his master, nor take possession of the province in a public manner. The French governor, M. Aubry, was always very polite and ready to serve him; so he gave orders to the police through Aubry and even made rules for the trade of the province through the same person. The reason he behaved in this manner seems to have been that he had brought with him only ninety soldiers, and he did not think these were enough to rule the province with. There were a number of French troops in Louisiana and he invited these to serve under him, but they declared that they had already served their terms and that they did not wish to serve under any king but the King of France. As Ulloa could not force them to serve the King of Spain, he decided to wait for troops from Spain, and then take public possession of Louisiana.

After he had been in New Orleans some months, he left the city and went down to a lonely fort called Balize, near the mouth of the Mississippi. Here, surrounded by marshes and bitten by mosquitoes, he remained for seven months. Part of the time he spent in building a strong Spanish fort, upon which he spent over \$100,000. Besides this, two curious things happened at the Balize. The first was that Aubry came down from New Orleans to see Ulloa, and while he was there, Ulloa asked him to sign a paper transferring Louisiana to the Spanish King. Aubry agreed to do this, and Ulloa promised to raise the Spanish flag at the Balize the next morning. When the next morning came, Ulloa had changed his mind and had decided to wait for the Spanish troops before raising the flag. When Aubry returned to New Orleans, he did not tell the Creoles what he had done, but wrote an account of it to the King of France, just as Ulloa had done to his king. All this secrecy was to do a great deal of harm a little later on. Soon after the return of Aubry, the news of a second strange happening came up to New Orleans. A marriage had taken place at the Balize and Ulloa was the bridegroom. There was great surprise at this; for Ulloa was fifty-one years old, and no one thought that he had gone to the Balize to meet a bride. The

lady whom he had married was the beautiful Marchioness of Abrado, a rich Peruvian, whom he had courted in her own country, and who had come all the way to Louisiana to marry him. After the marriage, Ulloa brought his wife up to New Orleans to spend the honeymoon, but the Creoles, who had learned to dislike him for the manner in which he treated them, did not welcome his wife, and Ulloa was much displeased. If he had been a wise governor, he would have seen that the way to win the favor of the Creoles was to be frank and open with them. Instead of doing this, he raised the Spanish flag at some of the posts in Louisiana and sent his ninety soldiers to them, while at New Orleans he left the French flag flying. Even Aubry, who was trying in every way to win his favor, wrote to France: "I command for the King of France, and, at the same time, I govern the colony as if it belonged to the King of Spain. It is not a pleasant task to govern a province which for three years has not known whether it is French or Spanish, and which, until the Spaniards take possession, has really no master."

#### THE DEPARTURE OF ULLOA.

The proud Creoles became very indignant when they saw that Spain did not send over any troops, as if Louisiana were not worth the trouble; and

some of the chief men among them began a plot to get rid of the Spaniards altogether. One of these men was Jean Milhet, who had now returned from France, where he had never been able to see the king. The others were Lafrénière, the eloquent attorney-general; DeMasan, an ex-captain of infantry; De Noyan, and his brother Bienville, both nephews of the founder of New Orleans; Marquis, formerly an officer in a Swiss regiment; De Boisblanc, a councillor; Doucet, a lawyer; Joseph Milhet, a merchant; Caresse, a merchant; Joseph Villeré, an officer from the "German Coast" above New Orleans; Petit and Poupet, merchants; and Foucault, the intendant of the colony.

These men used to meet at the house of a Madame Pradel, just outside of the old city, where they thought themselves safe from discovery.\* Bienville and Masan were sent over to Pensacola, which then belonged to England, to ask aid of the English governor. But this governor thought that if the Louisiana colony were helped to revolt against Spain, the American colonies might be encouraged to rise up against England (as they did a few years later), and so he refused to help the Louisianians to free themselves from Spain. As they could get no help from England, the Louisianians now decided

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\* The Pradel house stood where the Cotton Exchange now is.

to help themselves. Six hundred of the chief men of the colony signed a petition to the Superior Council in New Orleans, asking that Ulloa be forced to leave Louisiana in three days. After listening to two eloquent speeches from Lafrénière, the council decided that as Ulloa had shown no orders from his king, he had no right to be governor in Louisiana, and that he must depart in three days. A thousand people had gathered in Jackson Square (then the Place d'Armes) to hear what the council would do. As soon as the news was given out, a white flag was run up in the square, and every one cried: "Long live the King of France! Long live Louis, the Well-Beloved!"

Ulloa and his wife saw that they should have to go, and so they went on board a ship at the levee and made ready to sail the next day. But that night there was a wedding in New Orleans. Some young men, returning from the wedding feast, saw Ulloa's ship, and in a spirit of mischief, they cut the ropes and it floated down the river. It was finally stopped by those on board; but the following day Ulloa took the hint and sailed away to Havana. When he reached that city, he found a body of troops and a large sum of money, which the King of Spain was at last sending over to Louisiana. But it was too late. Ulloa feared to

return to New Orleans; and after resting a while at Havana, he sailed away to Spain, where he told the king of the wicked revolt of the Louisiana colony. Thus the colony was rid for a while of the Spanish government, but the King of Spain was very angry, and was resolved to make the Louisianians suffer for their conduct.

In the meantime the colonists were wondering what was best for them to do. They finally decided to send two more messengers to France to beg at the foot of the throne that Louis XV. would take back the province and keep out the Spaniards. So Charles Le Sassier and St. Lette sailed away to France to carry the petition of the colonists. But now the aged Bienville was dead, and the Duc de Choiseul was as decided as ever not to let them get the ear of the king. St. Lette stayed in France, but Le Sassier came back, as Milhet had done, and brought the sad news that the French King would give no aid. Deserted on all sides, the colonists thought of declaring their independence, as the American colonies did some seven years later, and of forming a republic on the banks of the Mississippi. But Louisiana at this time contained only about 6,000 white inhabitants, and so small a republic could not resist for a day the powerful army of Spain. There was nothing to do except to wait and see what the Spanish King would do.

## THE DEATH OF THE PATRIOTS.

One morning in July, six months after Ulloa had sailed away, the news reached New Orleans that a new Spanish governor, Don Alexandro O'Reilly, with a force of several thousand men, had arrived at the Balize and was coming up the river to take possession of Louisiana.

Some of the Creoles prepared to resist the Spaniards, but the wiser heads thought it would be useless, and so Lafrénière, Jean Milhet, and Marquis went down the river to meet O'Reilly and to explain to him why Ulloa had been driven out of the colony. The new governor invited them to dinner on board his ship, and listened politely to their speeches.

On the 18th of August, 1769, O'Reilly reached the city. All the French troops and the militia were drawn up in the Place d'Armes, and, placing himself at their head, Aubry marched out to the levee to meet the new governor. Bridges were thrown from the Spanish ships to the levee, and 3,000 Spanish troops in full uniform landed and formed in regular columns along the sides of the square. When the two governors met, O'Reilly announced his name and rank. He then asked Aubry to read to the people the orders of the Spanish King. This was done, and Aubry spoke to the people, saying:



“Louisiana is now ceded to the Spanish crown. From this moment you are subjects of his Most Catholic Majesty, and I release you from the oath which bound you to the King of France.”

The Creolés kept silence, but the Spanish soldiers fired their muskets and shouted, “Long live the King of Spain!” while the heavy guns of the ships fired salutes. After the keys of the city had been handed over to O’Reilly the two governors and their staffs entered the cathedral and listened to a solemn “Te Deum,” sung in honor of these important events.

The Creoles now thought the governor had forgiven all that had been done in the past; especially as, on the following day, he gave a great dinner and invited some of the chiefs of the revolution to dine with him. But in this they were to be sadly disappointed. On the very day of the dinner party, he asked Aubry to give him the names of those who had led the people in driving out Ulloa, and to tell him all the details of the affair. Aubry, who wished to win favor with O’Reilly, now acted in the meanest manner. He did not try to excuse his countrymen, as we should expect, but described them as the most wicked of men. He even gave the names of those who had led the revolt. On the day after, O’Reilly invited the greater number of these to the

fine house which he had taken as his residence. At the same time, he gave orders that some of his soldiers should surround the building. When his visitors arrived, he asked them to step into his sitting-room. As soon as they had done so, he said to them: "The Spanish nation is respected throughout the world. Louisiana is the only country which is lacking in proper sentiments towards that nation. The King of Spain is displeased at the writings which have come from the colony and at the insult offered to Ulloa. I have been commanded by his Catholic Majesty to arrest and judge, according to the laws, the authors of this rebellion. You must surrender your swords and consider yourselves my prisoners. All your goods must be given up to the king, but help will be given to your wives and children."

Those who were arrested were Lafrénière, Noyan, De Masan, Marquis, DeBoisblanc, Doucet, Joseph and John Milhet, Caresse, Petit, Poupet, and Foucault. Another name sent to O'Reilly by Aubry was that of Villeré, but he was absent on his plantation. When O'Reilly came to New Orleans, Villeré thought of taking refuge among the English, but he was persuaded, it is said, by a letter from Aubry to come down to New Orleans. Here he was immediately arrested and placed on board

ship. There are different accounts of his death. The truth seems to be that he made up his mind to escape, and crying out "Villeré was not born to die on a scaffold," he tried to break through his guards. One of them, however, ran a bayonet through the prisoner's thigh, and Villeré fell upon the deck, wounded and furious with rage. A few days later he died. Another rather doubtful story is that while he was a prisoner, his wife came out in a small boat to visit him, but instead of allowing her to see him, the Spanish guards threw down to her the bloody shirt of her husband.\*

It was hinted to Noyan, who was the nephew of the great Bienville, that if he wished to escape, the Spanish governor would permit it, but he had the noble spirit of his uncle, and refused to desert his companions.

The day for the trial of the prisoners was soon fixed. They were tried by judges, as was the custom in such cases, without jury and without any lawyers to defend them. Eleven were found guilty. Six of them were sent to Havana and shut up in Moro Castle, while Lafrénière, Noyan, Caresse, Marquis, and Joseph Milhet, as chiefs of the rebellion, were to be led to the gallows, with ropes around their necks and mounted on asses, and there to be hanged.

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\*The son of Villeré was afterward governor of Louisiana.

All the Creoles wept over the sad fate of these patriots, and prayed O'Reilly to spare their lives. But nothing could move him. He declared that they must die; but as the hangman of the colony was a negro and no white man could be found to do the work, he agreed that they should be shot instead of hanged. Accordingly they were taken to a little square near the old Ursuline Convent on Chartres street. Here the sentence of death was read to them. Then, refusing to have their eyes bandaged, they faced the guns of the soldiers. The nuns praying with the families of the condemned in the convent near by heard the reports of the muskets. All was over.

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## THE GREAT PURCHASE.

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### JEFFERSON AND NAPOLEON.

Up to the time when the first Spanish explorers wandered into the country of the Mississippi, it had always been the home of the red man, but after the arrival of the white man there came many changes. The far-stretching valley of the great river was

claimed and claimed again by different countries in Europe, given away, and traded off and sold by them before it all passed at last into the hands of its next-door neighbor and natural owner, the United States. Only the United States was strong enough and near enough to hold on to Louisiana, to search out all the secrets of its woods and streams and plains, and to people it with men and women who would make it prosper like the other parts of the United States.

We have seen that the Spanish explorers made no settlements, and it was the French, who many years afterwards discovered Louisiana anew and named and claimed it for the King of France, that were the first to build houses and towns, and make Louisiana the home of white men. Louisiana is French by birth, and though she is now a good and true American, many of her people will always be French by nature and French at heart. But only for eighty years, we must remember, was Louisiana under the French flag, and even then France knew little of the great land she claimed, beyond the small settlements that were scattered along the coasts and rivers.

The old Louisiana first named and claimed by France was all the vast country which is watered by the Mississippi and its branches. You see on

the map how this takes in the greater part of the United States, reaching from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico and from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains. It is about fourteen hundred miles from north to south, and the same from east to west, and more than twenty of our states and territories were cut from it, either partly or wholly.

All this country and more besides France lost in the year 1762. In the great war between France and England, which lasted seven years, you remember France was beaten, and had to give up to England all that part of Louisiana lying east of the Mississippi, and then, for fear England would help herself to the rest, which France was now too weak to defend, the French King made haste to give this, also, to his cousin, the King of Spain. So Louisiana not only changed owners, but was cut in two, and the part that was given to Spain alone kept the name of Louisiana. But this was much the greater part. It took in all the country west of the Mississippi River, across to the Rocky Mountains, up to Canada, and down to the Gulf; and also that land east of the river called the Isle of Orleans. This Isle of Orleans has always been a most important part of Louisiana. It was then bounded on the west by the Mississippi, on the north and east by the Iberville River—(which has since been closed)—by Lake

Maurepas, and Lake Pontchartrain; and on the south by Lake Borgne, and the Gulf of Mexico. On it was New Orleans, where there lived then most of the white people in that part of the world; and as it reached down to the Gulf it gave to Spain the whole mouth of the old Father of Waters.

We find it hard to remember, at present, all that our big river meant to the Indians and the early settlers. Now we have roads and railroads through all the country, but then through the West there were no roads except the rivers; and, as all the great rivers between the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains flow into the Mississippi, all this wide country had no way to the sea except through the mouth of the Mississippi.

Into the mouth of the Mississippi and up to New Orleans came Spanish ships, bringing from Europe oil and wine, and cottons, and woolens, and silks, and tools, and all the other things that the colonists needed, but were not yet able to make or raise for themselves. On the Mississippi, and on the long branch rivers to the east and west, there were every year more people and new settlements; and every year more and more boats came floating down the river loaded with lumber, and furs, and corn, and tobacco, which the colonists brought down to exchange for the things that came to New Orleans



in the ships. Of course, the boatmen must have some place where they could land and store their goods, and trade with the merchants from the ships—what is called a “place of deposit.”

New Orleans was the place of deposit for all the river trade. She was close enough to the sea and had deep enough water to let the ocean ships come up and land, as they do now at her wharves. This made New Orleans, from the first, a busy town, and each year the trade between the boats and the ships grew larger and brisker.

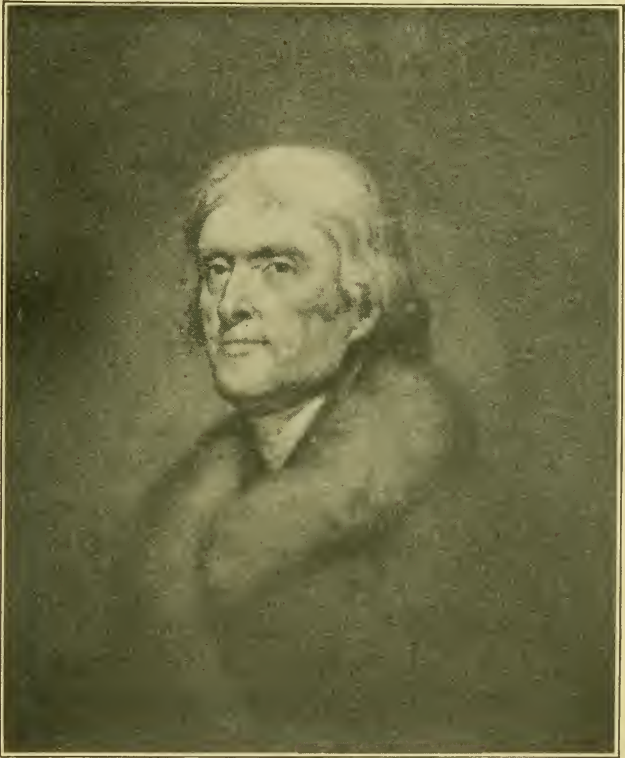
For some years all went pretty well for the American colonists who lived on the east of the Mississippi. Spain hated England, and during the Revolutionary War she did everything to help the Americans. But Spain also disliked republics, and after the United States won their freedom, in 1783, she made more and more trouble for the American boatmen who came trading down to New Orleans. These Westerners, who lived along the Mississippi and its branches, were, as you know, a brave and adventurous race of men. They were determined that New Orleans should belong to the United States, and, as Spain was unwilling to sell it, they were ready at a word to swarm down and drive out the Spaniards and seize the city. Still the American government believed that its river trade was

in no real danger. Spain was a weak country, and the United States could always force her to keep the river open.

But in the year 1801, came news from Europe that made the American President decide that New Orleans must be owned by the United States. It was whispered that Louisiana had again changed hands. Spain had given it back to France.

France was no longer the crippled country that had been forced to give up Louisiana. There had come from an island to the south of France a little cadet named Napoleon Bonaparte, who in a few years had climbed to the head of the French army, and had grown to be one of the greatest generals the world has ever known. With Napoleon to lead her army, France was winning every battle she chose to fight, and now the French felt strong enough to conquer the world. Napoleon wished to make France the mightiest of all the nations, and he determined to get back for her all the colonies that she had lost in the past. As the greatest of these was Louisiana, he sent his brother, Lucien, down to Spain to persuade the Spanish King to give Louisiana back to France. Napoleon had so much power that he found it easy to "persuade" the weaker countries of Europe. Through Lucien he promised to give Spain some help that she

needed, and he also promised that he would not let any other nation get possession of Louisiana;



THOMAS JEFFERSON IN 1803.

and on these easy terms, Spain gave the whole immense colony back to France.

Again the people of Louisiana had changed

masters without having a word to say for themselves; but this time they were glad of the change that would bring them again under the flag of their beloved France.

But the United States did not feel this joy. Thomas Jefferson, the President, wrote to Robert R. Livingston, the American Minister in France, that there was, on the globe, one single spot, the owner of which was the natural enemy of the United States. This was New Orleans, through which the produce of nearly half of the United States must pass to market.

The President knew that France was strong enough to make a most uncomfortable neighbor for the Western States. She could charge the American boatmen any price she chose for landing in New Orleans, and she might at any moment stop the American boats from coming into the lower Mississippi. President Jefferson wisely decided that he would not wait for the trouble to begin, but would at once send a special agent over to France, and try in every way to buy New Orleans. He sent James Monroe to join Livingston in Paris, and he gave these two power to make a bargain with Napoleon. They were to offer two million dollars at first, and were allowed to bid as high as ten millions for New Orleans and a part of West Florida.



NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.  
(After painting by Delaroche.)

Napoleon was now the ruler, not only of the French Army, but of all France. His word was the law of the land, and if the Americans could persuade him to sell New Orleans, no one in France had power to stop him. There was a kind of legislature called "The Chambers," but it could do nothing against Napoleon.

This was in the year 1803. Napoleon had won great battles in Austria and Italy and Egypt; but England, the strong old enemy of France, was still to fight. Napoleon hated and dreaded England more than all the rest of Europe, and he was gathering all his strength, and all the strength of France, for the great battle with England that he knew must soon take place. So Jefferson's offer to buy New Orleans came at a lucky time. In the first place, Napoleon needed more money than France could afford for his coming fight with England. In the second place, though France fought well on land, England was the Queen of the Sea, and Napoleon felt sure that as soon as war was declared, the English ships would sail over and seize Louisiana. Here was a good chance to get money for the war, to have the Americans defend Louisiana against England, and at the same time to make friends with the United States, which was growing to be a stronger nation every year.

One day, in the springtime of 1803, Mr. Livingston was making his offers to buy New Orleans to Talleyrand, Napoleon's minister, when, to his surprise, Talleyrand, who up to this time had done his



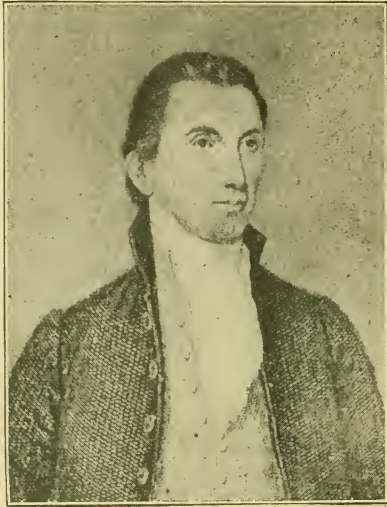
ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON.

best to stop the sale, asked suddenly, "How would the United States like to have the whole of Louisiana?"

This was more than Mr. Livingston was ready to bargain for, but Talleyrand said, "If France gives up New Orleans, the rest of Louisiana will be of little value. What will you give for the whole of it?"



Livingston and Monroe had not been given the right to make such a big purchase, but they saw that this was a rare chance for the United States, and they were wise enough and bold enough to act



JAMES MONROE.

without waiting to hear from home. Nowadays an American can cable home from France and get an answer the same day, but then it took at least two months to hear from America. There was no way of sending a word across the ocean, except by sailboats. So Livingston and Monroe, hoping that the President and the Senate would approve of their

bargain, agreed to take the whole of Louisiana, and to pay for it, in all, fifteen million dollars.

When their treaty, dated April 30, 1803, reached home, one month later, there was at first a good deal of trouble. Jefferson himself was shocked, as he had never dreamed of buying such a whole new world. Some people thought fifteen millions were too much to pay for Louisiana; some thought that Louisiana was too big a country for the United States to manage; some feared that the French and Spanish Catholics would never make good American citizens, and some declared that Spain would go to war with the United States, and even that France would take our money, and then help Spain to get back Louisiana. But Jefferson collected and sent to Congress many papers, telling of the wonders and riches of Louisiana. Some of these told strange stories—of a mountain of solid salt one hundred and eighty miles long, of prairie land which was too rich to grow trees, and on which wandered giant Indians and animals much larger than elephants. Finally the people grew accustomed to the idea of owning Louisiana, the treaty was accepted, and the price was paid.

Just a few months after the people of Louisiana heard that Spain had given them to France, they learned that France had sold them to the United



States. They were grieved and indignant, as they perhaps had a right to be, for they did not then see that they were to be much better off now than they ever had been before.

As for the United States, it has never been sorry for its bargain. We bought for our fifteen million dollars the larger part of the greatest and richest valley of the world. We bought a country as big as France and Spain and Portugal and Italy and Germany and Great Britain all together—more than a million square miles, nearly six hundred million acres, for about two and a half cents an acre. Though the exploring parties that were sent to find out about the new land did not find the mountain of salt and the great animals, they found untold wonders and riches.

The sale of Louisiana was an unpleasant surprise to Spain. The King of Spain was very angry to find that Napoleon had broken his promise, and he warned the United States not to touch Louisiana. But what could he do, after all? Napoleon was too strong for Spain to fight. After thinking awhile, therefore, the Spanish King said he would make no more trouble, "because of his love for the United States."

And as for Napoleon, he was proud of his sale and boasted that he had strengthened forever the power of the United States. "I have given England," he said, "a rival on the seas who will sooner or later humble her pride." These words of Napoleon seem to have come true some ten years later; for in the war of 1812-15, the Americans fought fifteen ship-duels with the English, and won all but three of them.

#### THE BATH-TUB SCENE.

It is said that the French never forgave Napoleon for selling Louisiana. His own brothers were very much shocked when they first heard of his plan, and did all they could to stop the sale. His younger brother, Lucien Bonaparte, who had just helped to get Louisiana back from Spain, has described the scene. He tells how, one evening in

the month of April, he and his brother Joseph met to go to the theatre.

“‘Here you are at last!’ exclaimed my brother, ‘I was afraid you were not coming. It is a fine time to go to the theatre. I come to tell you a piece of news which will not make you feel like amusing yourself. . . You will not believe it, and yet it is true. I give you a thousand guesses; the General\* (we still called Napoleon in that way), the General wishes to sell Louisiana.’

“‘Bah! who will buy it from him?’

“‘The Americans.’

“‘I was thunderstruck for a moment. ‘The idea! If he could wish it, the Chambers† would not consent to it.’

“‘And, therefore, he expects to do without their consent. That is what he replied to me when I said to him, as you do now, that the Chambers would not consent to it.’

“‘What, he really said that to you? That is a little too much! But no; it is impossible. It is a bit of brag at your expense. . . .’

“‘No, no,’ insisted Joseph, ‘he spoke very seriously, and, what is more, he added to me that this sale would furnish him the first funds for war.’”

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\* Napoleon was now First Consul of France, and had as much power as if he were king.

† The legislature of France,

Lucien and Joseph talked earnestly over the matter, and decided that on the next morning they would go to see their brother and beg him to give up what seemed to them his wild and foolish plan.

Lucien writes, "The eighteen\* millions seemed to me besides, as I still think them today, a miserable and pitiable price."

"The next morning...." he goes on, "I betook myself to the \*Tuileries, where I was immediately shown up to my brother, who had just got into his bath. I found him in excellent humor. He began by speaking of the theatre...It was almost time to leave the bath and...we had not discussed Louisiana any more than we had the year forty. I was vexed at it, but the nearer the last moment of speaking of it approached, the more I put off doing so. The body-servant was already holding the sheet prepared to wrap his master in: I was about to leave the place when Rustan scratched at the door like a cat...The person for whom Rustan had broken his nails...was Joseph.

"'Let him come in,' said the First Consul, 'I will stay in the water a quarter of an hour longer.'

"It was known that he liked very much to stay there a long time, when there was no pressing business. I had time to make a sign to the new-comer

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\* It was fifteen millions.

† The royal palace where Napoleon lived.

that I had not yet spoken of anything, and I saw that he was himself embarrassed as to when and how he was to open the subject. . . .

“All at once the Consul said to Joseph: ‘Well, brother, so you have not spoken to Lucien?’

“‘About what?’ said Joseph.

“‘About our plan in regard to Louisiana, you know.’

“‘About yours, my dear brother, you mean? You cannot have forgotten that, far from being mine—’

“‘Come, come, preacher—but I have no need of talking about that with you: you are so hard-headed. With Lucien I speak more willingly of serious matters; for he knows how to give in to my opinion, Lucien does. . . .’

“Joseph then said to the Consul, rather roughly: ‘Well, you still say nothing of your great plan?’

“‘Oh! yes,’ said the Consul, ‘but it is late, and if Lucien will wait for me in my study with you, Mister Grumbler, I will join you soon: do me the favor to recall my body-servant, for I must leave the bath. Know merely, Lucien, that I have decided to sell Louisiana to the Americans. . . .’

“I contented myself with saying, ‘Ah! ah!’ in a tone which was meant to show only a wish to know more. . . .

“This seeming indifference made Napoleon say,



‘Well, Joseph, you see! Lucien does not make an outcry about that as you do, yet he would almost have a right to do so for his part.’

“‘As for me, I assure you,’ replied Joseph, ‘that if Lucien says nothing, he thinks none the less.’

“‘Truly? And why should he play the actor with me?’”

Lucien answered that it was true that on this subject he thought like Joseph.

“I flatter myself,” he added in a tone which he tried to make as little angry as possible, “I flatter myself that the Chambers will not give their consent to it.”

Then Lucien’s story goes on:

“‘You flatter yourself?’ Napoleon said....‘That is fine in truth’....and at the same time Joseph exclaimed, with an air of triumph: ‘And I, too, flatter myself so, and that is what I told the First Consul.’

“‘And what did I answer you?’ said my brother pretty sharply, looking at us one after the other, as if that the expression of our faces might not escape him.

“‘You answered that you would do without the consent of the Chambers: is not that it?’

“‘Precisely: that is what I have taken the great liberty of saying to Mr. Joseph, and what I repeat here to Citizen Lucien.’

“The discussion, perhaps, would have stopped there to our great regret, and we were about to start for the door to leave the Consul free to come out of his bath; he had already made a movement to do so and his body-servant was still holding his sheet spread out, ready to receive his master and to dry him by wrapping him in it, when this master, changing his mind all at once, said to us loud enough to make us turn round:

“‘And then, gentlemen, think what you please about it, but give this affair up as lost to both of you; you, Lucien, on account of the sale in itself; you, Joseph, because I shall get along without the consent of anyone whomsoever, do you understand?’”

Lucien felt hurt, he says, at these words of Napoleon, and there escaped from him “a smile of astonishment,” which seemed to displease the great man in the bath-tub. Joseph, who was Napoleon’s older brother, was now very angry, and declared that he would himself head the party that he knew would rise up to stop the sale of Louisiana.

To this Napoleon only replied by laughing aloud. Joseph became redder and redder from anger, and, almost stuttering, said:

“Laugh, laugh, laugh then! None the less I will do what I say, and although I do not like to speak in public, this time I shall do so.”

At these words, Napoleon, lifting himself half-way out of the bath tub, said that there would never be a chance for Joseph to rise up and speak against him; that there would be no discussion, as the sale, which was his own idea, was entirely his own affair, and would be put through by himself alone: "By me," he said, "who snap my fingers at your opposition."

Lucien says: "After these words the Consul sank down tranquilly in the waves whitened with cologne water of his bath tub."

But Joseph, in the tone of the greatest anger, with which his handsome face was aflame, replied that in that case Napoleon and all his family had better get ready to go into exile, where they would surely be sent.

At this, Napoleon, flying into a fury, which made his face as white as Joseph's anger had made his red, cried out: "You are an insolent fellow!" and rose suddenly from the water, and as suddenly threw himself back with a splash that deluged Joseph from head to foot.

The scene changed and became comic. The sudden bath to his face and his clothes had cooled Joseph's anger. He allowed himself to be sponged and dried off by the body-servant, who, to Lucien's regret, had been a witness of the whole scene, and

who in the end actually fainted away—so overcome was he at seeing the anger of such great men.

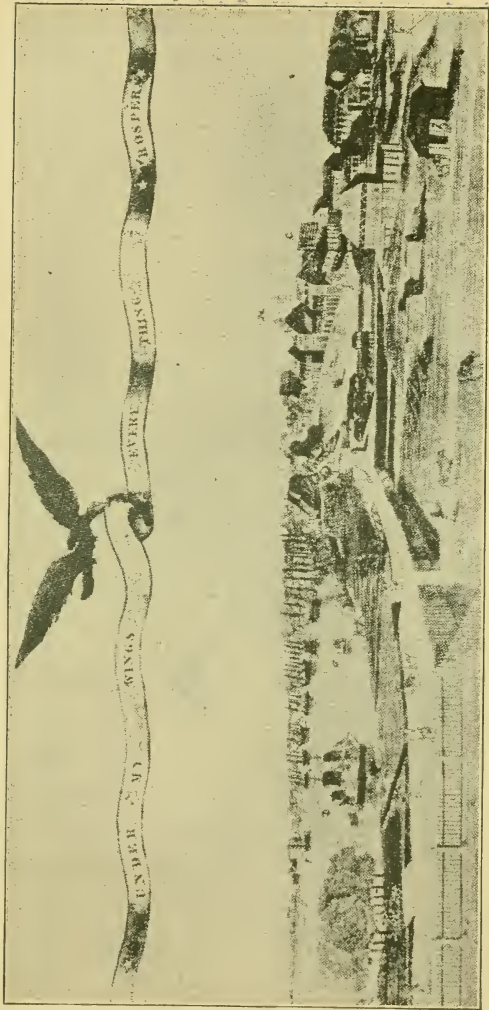
Soon after this bath-tub scene, Napoleon sold Louisiana to the United States, and the French Chambers did not venture to make any objections.

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## THE CHANGE OF FLAGS IN NEW ORLEANS.

Before the sale of Louisiana took place, the First Consul (Bonaparte) had sent over to New Orleans an agent, Mr. Laussat, who a few months later was the Commissioner of France to receive the province of Louisiana from Spain and to hand it over to the United States. So slow was the coming of news in those days, when there were no steamboats or telegraph, that Laussat did not hear until near the end of July that the rumors were true and that, on the 30th of April, Louisiana had actually been sold to the United States. Laussat was very much astonished; he had been sure that Napoleon would keep Louisiana and make it a French colony.

On the 30th of November, a great crowd assem-

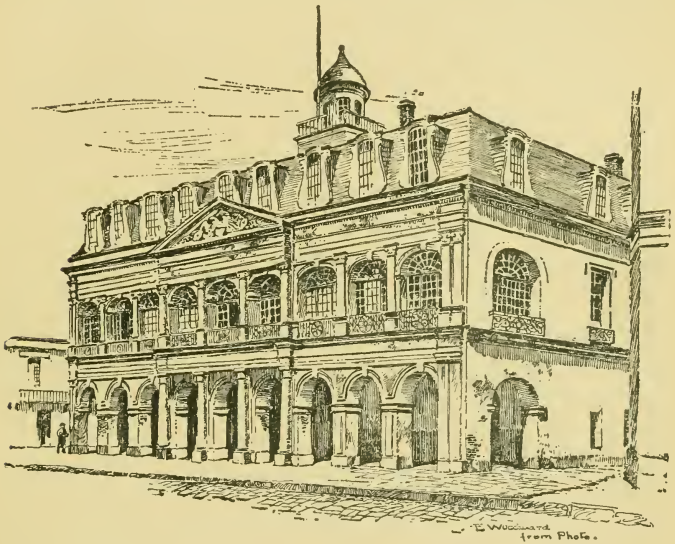


A QUAIN OLD PICTURE OF NEW ORLEANS IN 1803.

bled at Jackson Square, then known as the Place d'Armes. In the Cabildo, (now the Supreme Court building), just opposite, Laussat, as French Commissioner, met the Spanish Commissioners, Casa Calvo and Salcedo. The latter placed in Laussat's hands the keys of the city, declaring that Louisiana now belonged to France, and that all the inhabitants who wished to be subjects of the French government were released from their allegiance to the King of Spain. The Commissioners then walked out onto the gallery to see the change of flags. Amid the firing of cannon the Spanish flag came down from the tall staff in the square and the French "tricolor" soon waved over the crowd. This would have been a very interesting event for the Creoles, if they had not known that they would remain under the flag of their beloved France only a few weeks and then be subject to the government of the United States.

Twenty days later the people assembled in the Place d'Armes once more. This time Laussat met in the Cabildo the Commissioners of the American government, Messrs. Claiborne and Wilkinson. The treaty was read, the keys of the city handed to Mr. Claiborne, and Laussat declared that Louisiana now belonged to the United States. Claiborne made an address, in which he told the people that they

would soon be made full citizens of the United States, and in the meantime would be protected in their liberty, and property, and religion. Again the cannon boomed, and again the flags were changed. Now the French flag came fluttering



THE CABILDO.

down and the Stars and Stripes waved in the breeze. The Creoles did not cheer the new flag. They had not been asked whether they wished to have their country sold to the United States, and they did not love the flag that had just been placed over them. They did not foresee that twelve years later



they would be fighting with great bravery and enthusiasm under this very flag. Now they looked with a kind of dull curiosity at the soldiers drawn up in the Square and at the fall of the flag that was dear to them because it seemed to take them back to their beloved France.\*

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## NEW ORLEANS IN 1804.

A traveller,\* who visited New Orleans in 1804, has left us some interesting notes on the manners and customs of the Crescent City as he saw it at that time. "The French, Spanish and Americans," he tells us, "keep themselves separate in society. The Americans assemble much together and the French, except in business, keep aloof, though when one visits them, they are very friendly and agreeable. The people are simple in their habits—they indulge in no extravagance or expense. They are fond of gaiety and dancing, but all is cheaply done. The

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\* In December, 1903, the scenes we have described were repeated in the Cabildo by the descendants of those who took part in them one hundred years before.

† John F. Watson in "American Pioneer" for May, 1843. The order of these notes and the language have been somewhat changed.

admittance to a ball is half a dollar, and the ladies go gratis. The ladies' dresses are mostly of white muslin, and sometimes silk of gay colors, but never costly, and always neatly and modestly made.

“Being at the theatre one night when it came on to a rain, the wife of the sheriff of New Orleans and the daughter of a Spanish captain both pulled off their silk stockings and gave them to me to carry, and casting the skirts of their gowns over their heads, set off home on foot, making merry all the way! The ladies at no time wear caps, turbans, or bonnets. No bonnets are ever seen on the streets. They cover their hair with a graceful veil. They are beautiful in person, in gestures, and in action. Nearly all are brunettes. Though none have color in their cheeks, none look unhealthy. Young ladies do not dare to ride out or to appear abroad with young gentlemen; but ladies frequently ride abroad in a chair carriage (*volante*), managing the horse themselves. They usually drive in a gallop; no trotting is seen. Their *volante* carriages are very ugly. Often mules are driven, and sometimes horses and mules are driven three or four abreast.

“The boys here never romp or riot in the streets at rude play. They all affect long coats and boots, even from their earliest boyhood.

“I often see negroes put up for sale, and I see vessels loaded with them for sale also. In the latter they are made to dance and seem lively and healthy to increase their value. They assemble in great numbers on the levee on Sunday and make themselves glad with song, dance, and merriment. ‘Light-hearted wretches’; in them the wind indeed seems ‘tempered to the shorn lamb.’ They do enjoy themselves.

“Generally people live upstairs in the large houses and rent out the lower part for stores. Many houses have no glass lights. None of the streets have pavements, and after a rain the black, loamy, greasy state of the earth would make sleighing easy. On such occasions we all walk on a long line of single logs, set at the edge of the footway as the water sewer. There is some fun in contending for this single walk on wet days.

“I have never seen or eaten any butter here; few persons milk cows, though cattle are plenty and cheap. There is no copper coin in circulation; one can’t buy anything for less than a six cent piece, called a picayune.\* Shrimps are much eaten, also a dish called gumbo. This last is made of every eatable substance, and especially of the shrimps, which can be caught at any time at the river side, with a small net.

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\*This was a Spanish coin worth  $6\frac{1}{4}$  cents,

“New Orleans has four forts at the four corners of the town, and a levee entirely surrounds the whole place. The forts in the rear are going to ruin, but those in the front (on the river) are guarded by soldiers. The first part of January, 1805, three or four flatboats arrived from Charleston (West Virginia); they were twelve weeks in coming. They had taken out half their cargoes to get over the falls of the Ohio. By their early arrival they sold their flour at \$12.50 a barrel.”

Our traveller also describes the *charivari*, a curious form of amusement, borrowed from France, which he witnessed in New Orleans: “Masquerades,” he says, “have ceased in New Orleans for eight or nine years, but *sherri-varries* (*charivaries*) are still practiced. They consist in mobbing the house of a widow\* when she remarries, and demanding a gift for the public. When Madame Don Andres Almonester was married, the affair lasted three whole days, and brought in crowds from the country. The house was mobbed by thousands of persons, shouting at the tops of their voices. Many were in disguise dresses and masks; hundreds were on horseback; and all had some kind of noisy musical instrument, as old kettles, shovels and tongs, and clanging metals. Some of the crowd drew along in a cart effigies of the widow’s

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\* Men were also *charivaried*.

former husband and of her present husband. The former husband's effigy was lying in a coffin, while the widow, represented by a living person, sat near it. As Madame did not receive this rude mob very courteously, she became unpopular and was forced to make a public gift of three thousand dollars in solid coin for an out-door mass."

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## THE FIRST STEAMBOAT ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

At the beginning of the year 1812, no steamboat had ever appeared at New Orleans, but on the 12th of January, in that year, there was great excitement in the Crescent City. A vessel run by steam had come down the river from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, and was to be seen at the levee. A curious, wondering crowd assembled to view the strange object. Before this time all the products of the West had been brought down to the city in flatboats, keel boats, and barges. The flatboats were so large and so hard to steer that when they reached New Orleans they were broken up as soon as they were

unloaded, and sold for old lumber. The keel boats were long, with sharp ends, and when they were covered over with a rough shed roof, were called "barges." "Keels" and "barges" could be taken back up the river with long poles and heavy oars, but it was slow, hard work.

Robert Fulton, who some years before, had built a steamboat to run on the Hudson in New York, decided to make a model for a steamboat which should trade between Natchez and New Orleans. The task of building the boat and the engine was to be superintended by Mr. Nicholas J. Roosevelt, a well known navigator of that day.\* First of all Mr. Roosevelt and his wife floated down the Ohio and the Mississippi from Pittsburg to New Orleans on a flatboat. On this trip he examined these rivers, their currents and their channels, and even purchased a lot of coal, which he had piled up on the banks at certain stations for the steamboat which he had not yet built, but which he felt sure he would build. The old boatmen on the Mississippi told him that a steamboat would be lost in the whirling eddies and currents of a great river like the Mississippi; but Mr. Roosevelt thought he knew better. At any rate, he was determined to make the trial.

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\* He was the grandfather of President Theodore Roosevelt.

In 1811, at Pittsburg, he began to build the new boat. It was 116 feet long and 20 feet wide. It cost about \$38,000. Men were sent out into the forest to cut the timber and to float it down to the shipyard. As soon as the vessel was completed, it was christened "The New Orleans," and in September, 1811, it was ready to start on its trip to the city after which it had been named. The only passengers were to be Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt. As the voyage was looked upon as dangerous, especially the "shooting" of the falls of the Ohio, the friends of Mrs. Roosevelt tried to dissuade her from going; but she was glad to share the dangers of her husband. Besides the passengers, there were the captain, the engineer, a pilot, six sailors, several servants, and a big New Foundland dog.

When all was ready, the steamer started on its long voyage amid the shouts of a great crowd of spectators, who cried Godspeed to the passengers. On the second day they reached Cincinnati, and were greeted by nearly all the inhabitants of the place. "You are as good as your word," some one cried out to Mr. Roosevelt; "you have visited us in a steamboat; but we see you for the last time. Your boat may go down the river, but as for coming up, the very idea is absurd."

At midnight, October 1st, the boat reached Louisville, and the roar of the steam escaping



aroused the town. Some said that the comet which had been seen in the heavens for some months had suddenly fallen into the river opposite the town. When it was known that the long-expected steamboat had arrived, Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt had a great dinner given in their honor. Unfortunately it was found that the water in the Ohio was so low that it would not float "The New Orleans" over the falls. So a stop of two months had to be made, while waiting for rain. Finally the up-country rains swelled the waters of the river until it was found that at the falls the channel was five inches deeper than was necessary to allow the boat to pass. The channel, however, was very narrow, and the boat could not be steered straight unless it was driven faster than the current. So under a full head of steam, while all on board held their breath, the little steamer was run at headlong speed through the foaming waters. Luckily no accident happened, and the vessel glided safely into the still waters below the falls. Just here, while it was resting at anchor, there came the shock of an earthquake. The water was so much shaken that some persons on board were made seasick. But the anchor was drawn up and the voyage was continued.

One day the Chickasaw Indians, who were still living in Tennessee, seeing the vessel passing,

sent out a large canoe full of warriors to pursue it. There was much excitement on board; for the canoe at first equalled "The New Orleans" in speed. But muscle could not endure like steam; gradually the Indians were left behind in the race—much to the joy of the passengers. But more trouble was in store for the vessel and her crew. It had been hoped that the shock felt at the falls of the Ohio was the last. But this was the year in which there was a series of earthquakes, the most terrible ever remembered in the Mississippi Valley. Chimneys and even log cabins were shaken down. Many people in Missouri were so much frightened that they ran away from their homes, leaving behind them their cattle, their horses, and all other belongings. Some rushed to the bank as "The New Orleans" passed, and begged to be taken on board, but Mr. Roosevelt had so little food that he was obliged to refuse. Sometimes there came a great rumbling noise like thunder and this would be followed by frightful shocks. Great cracks appeared in the earth, some of which were four miles long and four feet deep. The channel of the river was so much changed in places by the movement of the earth that the pilot often became confused and could not steer the boat properly. Where he expected to find deep water, he found great roots and stumps rising out of the water too shallow to float the vessel. As immense

trees were often thrown into the water by the shocks, it became dangerous to tie up to the bank. One evening the boat was anchored at the foot of a little island; in the morning the captain was astonished to find that though the anchor had held, the island had disappeared, and the water was pouring over the spot.

All these incidents made the voyage one of "terror and anxiety." And very happy were Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt when they reached Natchez, in Mississippi, where they found rest and comforts.

As the boat approached the bank, the current swept it by, and it was found necessary to put on more steam to breast the current and make the landing. When "The New Orleans" began slowly to ascend the river, an old negro on the bank cried out: "By golly, ole Mississippi got her massa dis time."

After stopping a while at Natchez the vessel steamed down without accident to the Crescent City, having made the trip from Pittsburg, not counting the time lost at Louisville, in 259 hours. As "The New Orleans" had thus opened the way, other steamboats were put on the Mississippi and they took the place of the slow, tedious old flat-boats.\*

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\*Condensed from the interesting narrative in Claiborne's "Mississippi," pp.537-45.

## THE LAFITTES.

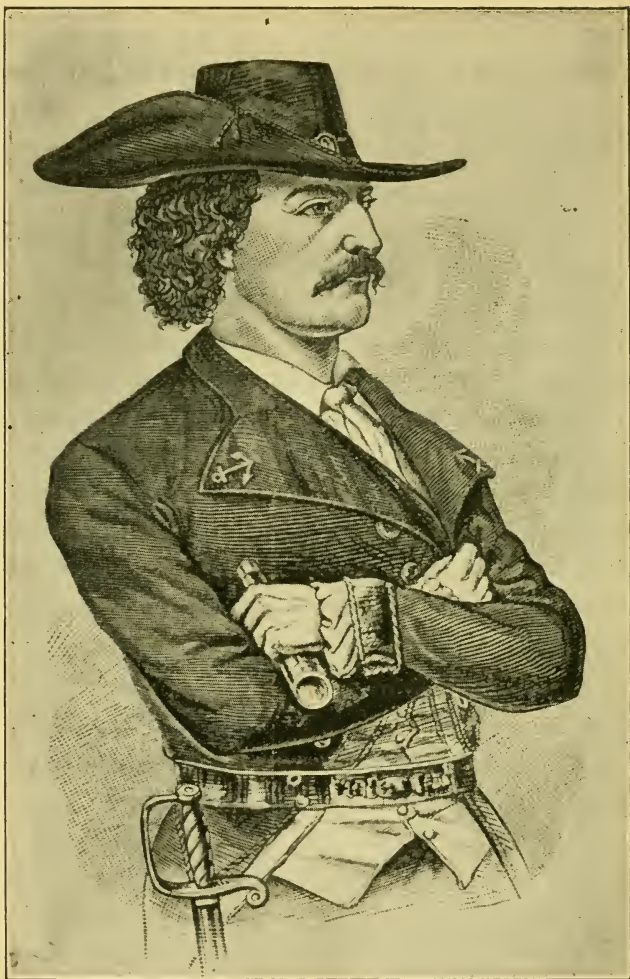
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On the coast of Louisiana, almost due south of New Orleans, we find the large bay of Barataria, and just in front of it, on the Gulf, is the little island of Grande Terre. On the innerside of this island the old maps of Louisiana show a place called "Smugglers' Anchorage." One hundred years ago this used to be the meeting place of a band of reckless men, who were said by some to be mere smugglers and by others to be pirates. They had a number of swift vessels, which sailed about in the Gulf and captured Spanish ships. The goods from these ships, often of great value, were brought to Grande Terre, where they were sold at a low price to the traders that came in large numbers from Donaldsonville, from New Orleans, and other parts of the state. The Baratarians, as they were called, began to grow rich from this trade. They did not find much difficulty in capturing merchant vessels, with their armed cruisers, and they never paid any duties to the United States government on the goods that they sold. On one occasion, when the inspector of revenue was sent down to Grande

Terre to look into the matter and stop any illegal trade, two of his men were wounded by the Baratarians and he himself was killed. Moreover, the Congress of the United States in 1808 had passed a law that no more negro slaves should be brought into this country. Yet whenever the Baratarians captured a ship containing slaves, they sold them at Grande Terre like any other goods.

The captain of the band of smugglers was Jean Lafitte, who was assisted in his unlawful business by his brother Pierre. They were Frenchmen by birth, and it is said that when they came to New Orleans from France they first took up the trade of blacksmithing, and soon getting tired of this slow road to wealth, they moved down to Barataria Bay. Other writers say that they were never blacksmiths themselves, but that they had a friend who was a blacksmith and who acted as their agent in New Orleans.

Jean Lafitte, himself, was a dark, handsome man, brave and even reckless in all his acts. He was much liked by his men and his orders were obeyed as if he had been a king. He claimed that he had a right to attack Spanish ships because the state of Carthage, in South America, which had revolted from Spain, had given him a commission to use a flag and to fit out privateers against that country.



JEAN LAFITTE.



His enemies said that he captured the ships not only of Spain, but also of other nations, and that he was, therefore, a pirate. Lafitte denied this, but there seems to have been much truth in the accusation. What Lafitte could not deny, however, was that he was bringing his prizes into a port of the United States and was selling goods without paying the duties. All this was contrary to the laws of the United States. It was the duty of the Federal government to put a stop to these unlawful acts, but the government acted slowly, especially after 1812, when the war with Great Britain began. The governor of Louisiana, W. C. C. Claiborne, tried to get the State Legislature to authorize him to raise a company to assist the revenue officers in putting down the Lafittes, but the Legislature decided to leave the matter to the Federal government. The governor became so indignant at the acts of the Baratarians that he offered \$500 reward for the capture of Jean Lafitte on the ground that he had recaptured some goods seized by the revenue officers. No one seems to have tried to win the reward, and Lafitte was impudent enough to announce that he would give \$15,000 to any one who would bring the governor to him as a prisoner. He and his captains boldly walked the streets of New Orleans, and for a while no one seems to have been rash enough to



lay hands on them. But they were carrying things too far. Pierre Lafitte was finally captured and thrown into the calaboose in New Orleans, while preparations were made by the Federal government to send troops to Grande Terre and break up the nest of smugglers.

And now a remarkable thing was to happen. The war with Great Britain was then being carried on actively, and in September, 1814, the British fleet approached the coast of Louisiana with the intention of landing a force to capture New Orleans and to seize the lower Mississippi Valley. One day the Baratarians were surprised to see a British brig standing off the coast near Grande Terre. When Jean Lafitte started out in a boat to see what she wanted, she sent to the shore a pinnace with British colors and a flag of truce. In the pinnace were some English officers, who brought a letter addressed to "Mr. Lafitte, Commandant at Barataria," and some orders issued by the senior officer of the British fleet. The orders declared that some British merchant vessels had been taken and sold by the inhabitants of Barataria, and that unless they were paid for, the whole settlement at Grande Terre should be destroyed. "In case, however, the Baratarians were willing to assist Great Britain in her just war against the United States and would

employ their armed vessels in such service, they would be forgiven what they had done, and would be well rewarded." The letter to Lafitte himself was very polite. It told him that if he and "his brave followers" would enter the service of Great Britain, lands would be given to them after the war was over, and that he himself should have the rank of captain and a present of \$30,000. One of the officers, moreover, tried to persuade him to accept these tempting offers by reminding him that Lafitte himself had been declared an outlaw by the American government and that his brother was at that moment lying, loaded with chains, in the jail at New Orleans.

Some men, under the circumstances, would have gladly gone over to the enemy, but it was not so with Lafitte. He asked for time to prepare an answer, and sent his visitors on board their brig. After waiting in vain for some days they began to fear that Lafitte was laying a trap for them, and they sailed away. In the meantime Lafitte had hurried off a letter to New Orleans, addressed to a member of the Legislature, in which he said that, though he had been outlawed by his adopted country, that country was still very dear to him, and that he wished to serve it. He enclosed the letter he had received from the British, and a few days later he wrote again telling how the British in-

tended to attack Louisiana. At the same time he wrote to the governor asking to be taken back as a citizen, and offering to fight against the British if Claiborne would forget what he had done in the past. "I am a stray sheep wishing to return to the sheepfold." He added that he had been a smuggler, but never a pirate. Governor Claiborne, not wishing to answer his letter without asking advice, called together the officers of the militia and some officers of the navy, who were in New Orleans. The governor was so much pleased with the letter which the outlaw had written to him that he voted to accept the services of Lafitte and his men in the defense of Louisiana. But the majority of the officers voted to have no friendly dealings with the Baratarians and to try to capture the whole band. So Commodore Patterson, of the navy, who was present at the meeting, collected a strong force of soldiers and swooped down on the camp of the smugglers. The Baratarians, hearing that he was coming, and fearing to meet his soldiers, had already disappeared in the winding bayous, but the Commodore brought back to the city a quantity of rich plunder, which he had found at Grande Terre.

Six weeks later there arrived in New Orleans a famous soldier. He was feeble in health, and scarcely able to eat anything, except a little rice, but full of energy and patriotism. It was General

Andrew Jackson, who had come to defend New Orleans against the British. Now was Lafitte's chance. While the Creoles were flocking to the assistance of Jackson, Jean Lafitte suddenly appeared at Jackson's headquarters one day, and offered the services of himself and his followers. Jackson had heard of the Baratarians, and had once called them robbers and pirates. But now that he found himself face to face with the daring "robber and pirate," he seems to have been pleased with the manly air of Lafitte. He learned, moreover, that the Baratarians had arms and flints, which he was very much in need of, and which they were willing to hand over to him. So he agreed to accept the offer of Lafitte and promised him that if the Baratarians behaved well in the war, he would ask the President of the United States to pardon them. Accordingly Lafitte gave the General, among other things, 7,500 pistol flints, which were put into the guns of the militia. "Without this providential supply obtained from the Baratarians," wrote Jackson, "our country would probably have been lost."

The General sent Lafitte down to Barataria Bay to defend it against the British, while others of the smugglers were sent to Bayou St. John and Ft. Pike. When the great battle of January 8th was fought on the field of Chalmette, two of Lafitte's followers, Dominique You and Beluche, had charge

of Battery No. 3 and behaved with great bravery. The other Baratarians, wherever they were placed, acted with the same bravery, and Jackson was greatly pleased. Mr. Gayarré (the historian of Louisiana) tells us that whenever Jackson, in reviewing his troops, came up to any of the men from Baratavia, he would stop and chat a while with them. Once during the great battle, he found himself near Battery No. 3, where that skillful old gunner, Dominique You, was in command. But Dominique's guns were silent. "What, by the Eternal," cried Jackson, "you have ceased firing?"

"Of course, General, of course," replied You; the powder is good for nothing, fit only to shoot black-birds and not red coats."\*

"Tell the ordnance officer," said Jackson to his aide, as he galloped off, "that I will have him shot in five minutes as a traitor, if Dominique complains any more of his powder."

When the General returned, Dominique's battery was blazing away.

"Ha! friend Dominique, I see you are hard at work."

"Pretty good work, too," replied Dominique with a chuckle; "I guess the British have found out by this time that there has been a change of powder in my battery."

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\*The British were called red coats on account of their uniform.

After the battle was over, Jackson, in his general orders, spoke of the Baratarians as "gentlemen" who had defended their country with great bravery, and added that the President of the United States should be informed of their good conduct. Jackson kept his promise, and President Madison gave a full pardon to all the outlaws for their unlawful acts at Grande Terre.

Pierre Lafitte and Dominique You lived in New Orleans for many years after this time, and there was no more smuggling at Barataria. You is buried in the old St. Louis Cemetery, where his tomb may still be seen. The epitaph is in French, of which the following is a translation:

"This warrior bold on land and rolling sea  
 In hundred battles proved his bravery;  
 Nor had this pure and fearless Bayard\* known  
 One tremor, though the world were overthrown."

Jean Lafitte, soon tiring of the quiet life of the city, went over to Texas. Here he led a wild and reckless life of adventure, being known as "the Lord of Galveston." He was finally compelled to leave Galveston, and died a few years later (1826) in Yucatan.†

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\*Bayard was a famous French knight, of whom it was said that he was "without fear and without reproach."

†The deeds of Lafitte inspired Lord Byron to write his famous poem called the "Corsair."

## BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

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In the year 1814, Louisiana was drawn into the war which the United States had declared against Great Britain, and which had been carried on already for eighteen months in the north. The two countries had quarrelled over sailors' rights and commerce. Great Britain had seized several thousand sailors on American vessels, saying that they were Englishmen and not Americans. The United States government declared that these sailors had become American citizens by naturalization, but Great Britain answered: "Once an Englishman, always an Englishman." Nor was this all. Our trade with foreign countries was interrupted by Great Britain, until for a time we gave up trade with countries across the Atlantic, and kept our ships at home. But this act hurt us more than it did England, and we ended by declaring war. On sea and land we had had some success—especially on the sea—when in 1814 the British sent a fleet to the coast of Louisiana to capture New Orleans. We have already seen that Lafitte gave notice to the city of the approach of the British.



Jackson had arrived in full time to meet the enemy, and he was determined to keep them out of New Orleans. His feelings towards them were very bitter; for at the age of fourteen, while the Revolutionary War was in progress, he had been



JACKSON'S STATUE IN NEW ORLEANS.

taken prisoner and treated with great cruelty. One day he was ordered to clean the boots of a British officer, and when he refused, saying that he was a prisoner of war and could not be forced to play the servant, the officer drew his sword and cut the boy so severely on his head and one of his hands, that Jackson bore the scars to his grave.

In New Orleans Jackson encouraged the Creoles to drill, and to polish up their guns for the battle. Troops also came to his aid from Mississippi and

Tennessee, and finally from Kentucky. The "Marseilles Hymn" and "Yankee Doodle" (the first French and the other American) were sung in the streets of the city, while "the women at the windows and on the balconies encouraged their husbands, sons, fathers, or brothers to defend them from the insults of the enemy." The Creoles were eager to fight the enemies of their adopted country, who were also the enemies of France.

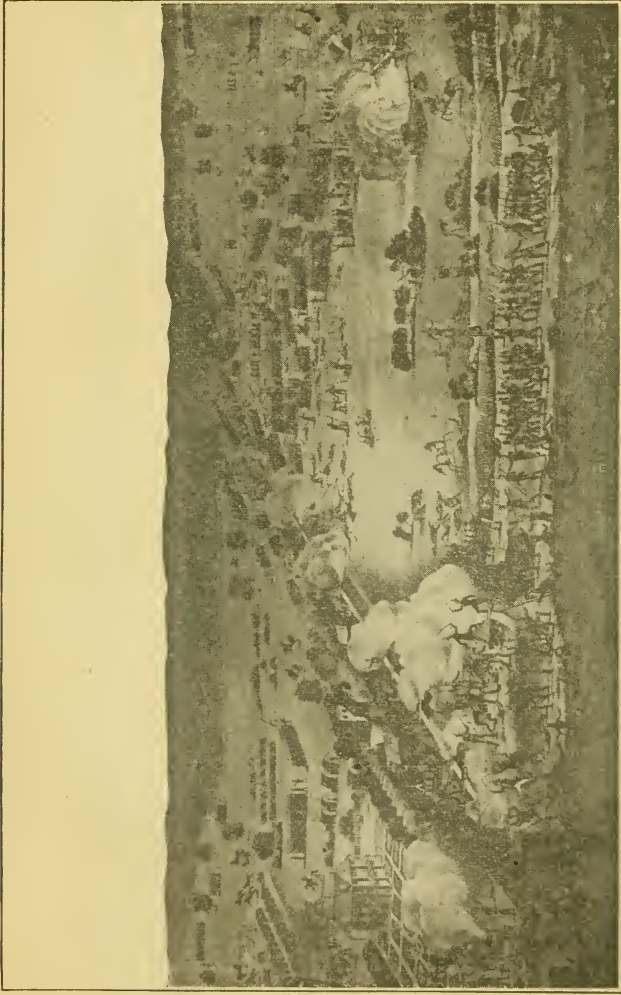
The British ships first appeared on Lake Borgne, and, here, meeting a small naval force, placed there to stop them, they succeeded in defeating the Americans. Then finding that Bayou Bienvenu, leading from Lake Borgne to the plantation below the city, was not guarded, they loaded their boats with men and began to creep up this bayou towards the field of Chalmette. Jackson heard of their landing and rushed two thousand men down the river bank to meet them. In the meantime the British had made a camp, and had collected from the plantation houses a lot of fowls, hams, and wines for their supper. It was the evening of December 23d. Suddenly in the twilight they saw a large vessel sailing down the river. It was the "Carolina," sent by Jackson, but the British at first thought it was one of their cruisers which had come up the river. Some one cried out: "Ship

ahoy! what have you got to sell?" To their astonishment the ship opened fire on their camp with grape shot and canister, while a rough voice was heard to say: "Now, my lads, load again, and give those tarnal Britishers another round of grape." As the British soldiers were rushing to the levee for protection, they heard their pickets firing at Jackson's men, who were attacking on the land side. Now that they had an enemy to fight against (for they had no cannon as yet to answer the fire of the "Carolina"), they bravely formed themselves in order of battle and went forward to meet the Americans. It was a sharp fight. From 7 to 9 "by the moonbeams' misty light," Americans and British threw themselves upon each other in small parties. "After the fight was over," says a British officer, "I went over the field and in some places found two soldiers lying dead, each pierced by the other's bayonet." Jackson lost 213 and the British 400 men. One of Jackson's general's (General Carroll) says: "On the night of December 23d, I came too late for the battle, about midnight, and found the two armies camped within 600 yards of each other." The British were afraid to relight their fires, for the "Carolina" was still on the river, and they passed the night shivering in the cold.

Jackson's bold attack saved New Orleans. The

British, instead of marching up to New Orleans, waited to bring up heavy guns from their ships, while Jackson thus gained time to build his famous fortifications across the field of Chalmette. His breastworks were about a mile long. The British, having brought up some heavy guns from their ships, built batteries opposite to the American line, and strengthened them with hogsheads of sugar, which they found in the store-houses of the neighborhood. Not to be outdone, Jackson lined the openings of his batteries with cotton bales. First of all the British, who were now commanded by General Pakenham, got rid of the dangerous "Carolina" by throwing red-hot shot into her, and setting her on fire. Then, on the 28th of December, and on January 1st, they threw a great number of shells at Jackson's cotton bales, and the guns behind them. But cotton won the battle on both days. The Americans were such fine gunners—especially old Dominique You—that even the British praised their skill. The hogsheads of sugar were knocked to pieces, and the British, who hoped to advance against Jackson's line under the protection of their guns, were unable even to hold their position.

Many pictures of the battle of New Orleans show a long line of cotton bales with the Americans fighting behind them. As we have seen, it is true



THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.  
(From an engraving of 1815.)

that Jackson used cotton bales to line the embrasures or openings of his batteries. A Mr. Nolte, a German merchant, who was in New Orleans at this time, says this cotton was taken from him. As he was a foreigner and did not wish to aid the Americans, he asked Livingston, one of Jackson's lieutenants, to give back the cotton. But Livingston only said: "If it is your cotton, Mr. Nolte, take a rifle and defend it." This Mr. Nolte refused to do, but he was paid for his cotton when the war was over. Where it was used in the batteries, however, it was sometimes set on fire by the balls of the enemy, and the flying particles threatened to set the powder magazines on fire. So most of the cotton was removed, and the Louisiana mud took its place. Thus in the great battle of January 8th, which we are about to describe, there were very few cotton bales left. "Our line," says General Carroll, "from river to swamp was less than a mile long: it was made of clay (alluvial) four to four and a half feet high and six or seven feet thick. It is a common idea that we fought behind cotton bales; this is an error. Cotton was used only for the embrasures (of the batteries)." \*

After the artillery battles, both sides began to prepare for the great struggle. Jackson had been

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\* From Carroll's letters in library of S. J. Swartz.



now joined by about 2000 men from Kentucky, and some from the Acadian coast, until his army was about 5500 strong. The English had brought up troops until their force was about 8900; most of whom had fought many battles in Europe, while many of Jackson's men were not used to fire, and his whole army was little more than half that of the British.

#### THE STRUGGLE OF JANUARY 8TH.

Having learned that the British had chosen January the 8th for the attack, and that they were going to advance up the right bank as well as the left, Jackson sent some of his men across the river under General Morgan to meet them there. Early on the morning of the 8th, while a thick fog rested on the field, the British sent up two rockets as a signal to their men to advance. A young Kentuckian, sixteen years of age, who ran away from home and came down the Mississippi on a flatboat, to join Jackson's army at New Orleans, has left us an interesting account of what he saw of the battle. "The hour for battle had come," he says, "the long roll of the British was being beaten. We Kentuckians were marched to the breastworks (about four and a half feet high), and we formed right behind the Tennesseans, who stood two deep. I



was in the front line of the Kentuckians and, consequently, third from the breastworks. Our men stood but four deep at this part of the breastworks. We were on the right of the line, about one-half mile from the river and near the edge of the swamp. We had hardly formed in line, when our front guard came running in, crying out, 'success!'—our watchword. There was a deep ditch all along in front of our breastworks, and near where I stood there was a bridge across this ditch. Our pickets rushed in over this crossing, yelling that the British were coming. I freely admit that right then and there I was scared. The hair on my head seemed to have a peculiar feeling—as if it were standing erect, a sort of pulling sensation. One of the Tennesseans, just in front of me, said to one of the pickets: 'I don't see them (the British).' 'Look low down, under the fog,' was the answer. I showed my head to a level with the breastworks and peered underneath the fog, which was rising in the sunlight. Just as I had made them out with their white pantaloons, red coats, and black gaiters, the British, like a cloud of grasshoppers arising, blew the charge. They had a speaking trumpet, which looked like tin, wound around like a ram's horn and probably ten feet long when straightened. They blew it just as I caught sight of them, and it seemed to me that no

man could say more plainly, 'Charge, charge, charge!' Then the sound was drowned by the most terrifying yells that I ever heard or want to hear. Imagine ten thousand men [there were only 5300 in the attack] coming on, all shouting at the top of their voices, while everything on our line was still, not even a whisper, except the short command, passing from the right to the left: 'Don't shoot, pass it on.' "

Jackson's men, as we know from others who were present, hardly showed their heads over the breastworks, and waited in dead silence until the enemy had advanced within forty yards of them. Then General Coffee cried out: "Aim for the center of their crossbelts." \* In a moment Jackson's line fired as if it had been one man, and then stepped back to reload and to give place to the men behind them. When the smoke cleared away, it was seen that the field in front was covered with wounded or dying soldiers. The brave Britishers closed their ranks and made another dash for the deadly breastworks. But it was no use. The big-mouthed cannon were throwing shells, and the sharpshooters in five volleys killed or wounded 2117 British soldiers. General Pakenham, riding forward on horseback and cheering his men, was struck three

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\* These belts crossed on the shoulders and met on the breast.

times, and died under an oak tree, to which his men carried him. . At 9 o'clock, when the battle was really over, one could have walked across the field for a quarter of a mile on the bodies of the British. General Jackson had lost only eight killed and fourteen wounded!

On the other side of the river General Morgan had not been so lucky. When the British landed on that side, he sent forward some militia to stop them, but these became frightened and fled back to Morgan's line and beyond, taking most of Morgan's troops with them. Some of them, it is said, ran twelve miles, so great was their panic. The British, finding that Pakenham had been beaten on the other side of the river, did not pursue the Americans very far. They thought it best to cross the river again and join their general. But their general was killed, and they came too late to be of any help. The bodies of Pakenham and other chief officers were sunk in barrels of rum, to be taken back to England, but the common soldiers were buried in long shallow trenches on the battlefield.

The British soldiers who were left gave up all hope of taking New Orleans, and refused to march up to Jackson's breastworks again. When they first landed in Louisiana, they had been told by their officers that they would eat their Christmas din-

ner in New Orleans; but ten days after the great battle these same soldiers were glad to make their way through the marsh back to their ships on Lake Borgne.†

An English officer, who joined in this retreat, has left us an account of the sufferings of the British soldiers after the great battle. He tells us that General Jackson did not come from behind his breastworks to attack the British, but his batteries continued to throw shells into their camp even in the night time. Four nights after the battle a shell burst over a hut in which two officers of an English regiment were sleeping, and the pieces cut off both the feet of one of the officers—one just below the knee and the other at the ankle-joint. He crawled out of the hut in this horrible condition. One of his feet was driven so far into the soft mud that it had to be dug out the following day.

“Food,” he says, “became so scarce in our camp, that some days we did not have anything at all to eat. Once when we had a kettle of soup on the fire and were getting ready for our dinner, a round shell from Jackson’s line struck the kettle and spilt all

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\*Some of Jackson’s Tennessee riflemen, who shot so well in the battle, were dark, sunburned fellows, dressed in coonskin caps and coarse homespun clothes. A fine British officer, who was wounded, was trying to escape from the battle field, when one of these Tennesseans stopped him and said, “surrender.” The officer had to give himself up, but he remarked that it was “a disgrace for an English officer to have to surrender to a chimney sweep.”—(See Alexander Walker: “Jackson at New Orleans.”)

the soup, without touching the men who were standing around."

On January the 18th, at 9 o'clock in the evening, the British silently entered the marsh to make their way to Lake Borgne. As there were not enough boats to carry the men down the bayou, most of them had to walk. It was 10 o'clock of the next morning before they reached the lake, and escaped to their boats. The path through the marsh was the worst the soldiers had ever seen. Sometimes they sank up to their knees in mud; at other times up to their hips, and any one stepping off the path was almost certain of going down over head and ears. One officer went down until only his head was to be seen, and in a few seconds, if he had not been helped, he would have disappeared. During the night the soldiers struggled along as best they could, and when morning came, it is said that the whole army was covered with mud from head to foot. All were happy to see the waters of the lake and the British ships.

The defeat at New Orleans was the worst that an English army had ever suffered, and when the news reached England, no one at first would believe it. The Duke of Wellington, who afterwards defeated Napoleon at Waterloo, said it was "a Yankee lie." Of course, Napoleon, who was then an exile at

Elba, was glad to hear that his enemies, the English, had been defeated. He wanted to know all about the sharp-shooters and their rifles. So one of his friends, an American, sent over to him four rifles used at New Orleans. They were about four feet long, and weighed between nine and ten pounds. It is said that with their rifles the Tennesseans could knock a squirrel out of the highest trees. Napoleon was amazed when he was told of the skill of these American sharp-shooters, and it is said that if he had won at Waterloo, he would have trained some riflemen for his army.

After this great victory Jackson praised the bravery of all the troops who had fought under him, not forgetting the Lafittes and the other Baratarians. When he returned to New Orleans, the people prepared a hearty welcome for him. The streets were crowded with men, women, and children to do honor to "Old Hickory," as he was called. Some persons even climbed on the top of the houses. In what is now Jackson Square (then called Place d'Armes), there was a great arch for the hero to walk under. Here stood two handsome little boys holding crowns of laurel in their hands. These they were allowed to place on General Jackson's head as he passed them. Beyond them at a little distance from one another were a number of

young ladies, dressed in white and covered with white veils, who represented the States and Territories of the Union. Each had a silver star on her forehead, and held in one hand a flag and in the other a basket of flowers. Behind them stood long lines of soldiers with glittering bayonets. With music playing and cannon booming, the General marched through the arch to the Cathedral, while the young ladies waved their flags and covered his path with flowers. At the Cathedral door he was met by Abbé Dubourg, who thanked God for the great victory won by Jackson, and presented the General with a wreath of laurel. When Jackson had replied to this welcome, praising the courage of his soldiers and wishing happiness to New Orleans, the crowd entered the church and a solemn service of thanksgiving was held.\*

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\*An equestrian statue of General Jackson now stands in the center of the square in front of the Cathedral; and on the field of Chalmette there is an unfinished monument in honor of the famous victory.



## ODE.

Composed for the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans; celebrated by the Charleston Riflemen, January 8, 1856.

By HENRY TIMROD.

The land hath many a battle-ground  
As rich and red with crimson stains;  
But Orleans is the very sound  
To stir the blood in warrior veins:  
There the young giant of the world  
Struck a last blow at England's side;  
And the free Flag of Stars was furled  
Above the grave of England's pride.

Than his who led, no sterner will  
E'er crouched within a human breast;  
And his was human, and could thrill  
To all that's softest, purest, best.  
The hand from which the Briton fled,  
And the bold savage learned to fear,  
Could stroke a tender infant's head,  
And tremble at a woman's tear.

The Roman of his country's fame,  
The mighty Consul of the West,  
No stronger arm, or haughtier name,  
E'er gained a crown, or graced a crest:  
Yet the white honor of his life  
Nor blood could stain, nor power eclipse;  
And having faced all shapes of strife,  
He died with blessings on his lips.

So long as these bright arms we bear,  
    May rest all spotless and unproved:  
So long, we trust, our hearts shall share  
    The homelier virtues which he loved.  
But when the war-blast shall be heard,  
    And other battles must be won,—  
Be Jackson's name our battle-word;  
    And his great Shade shall lead us on.



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