

UNDER THE LILY & THE ROSE
ARTHUR G. DOUGHTY

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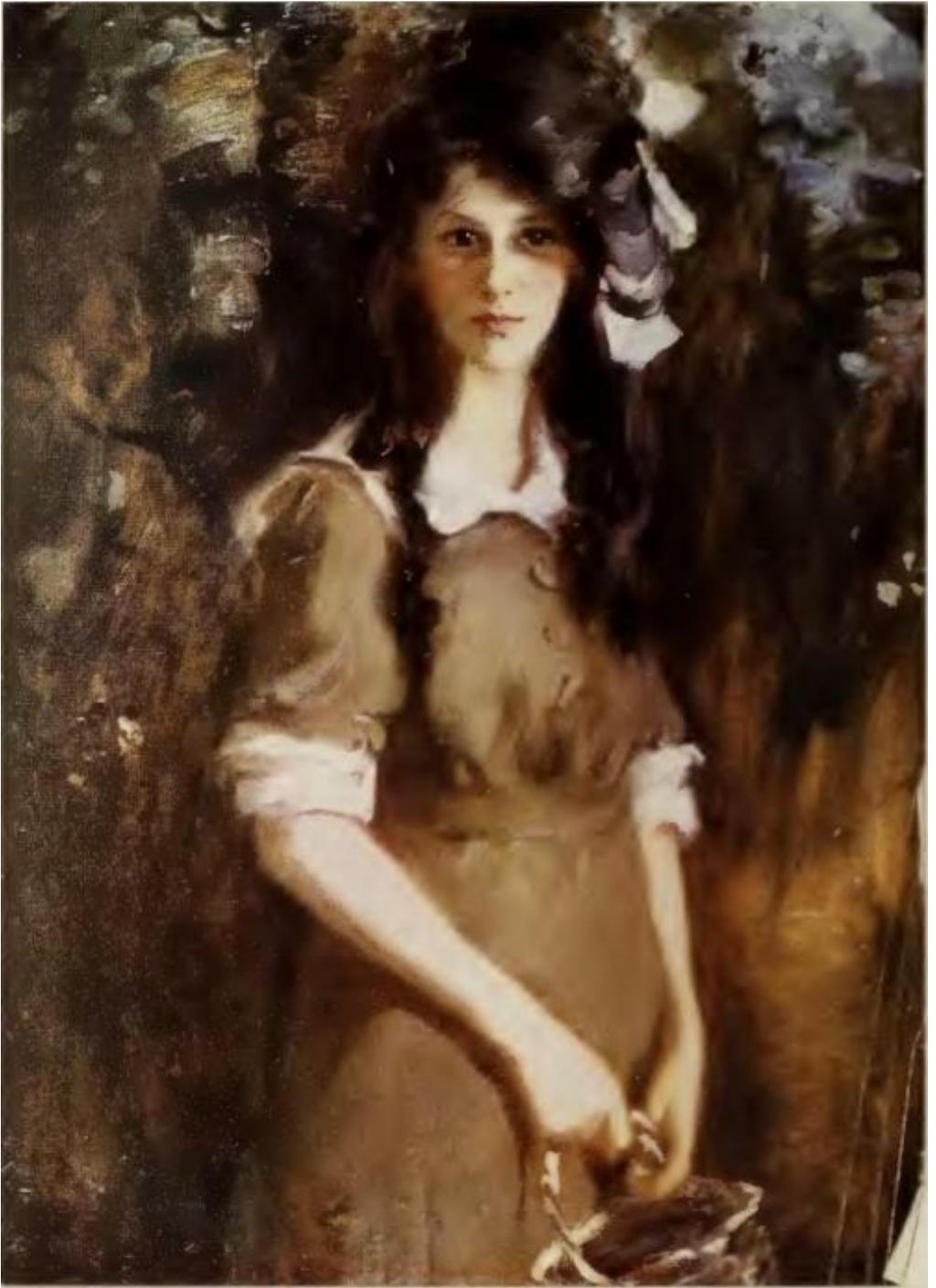
UNDER
THE LILY & THE ROSE

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOUR
FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY
JAS. COCKBURN, C. KRIEGHOFF,
C. W. JEFFERYS, CHAS. SIMPSON,
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VOLUME ONE

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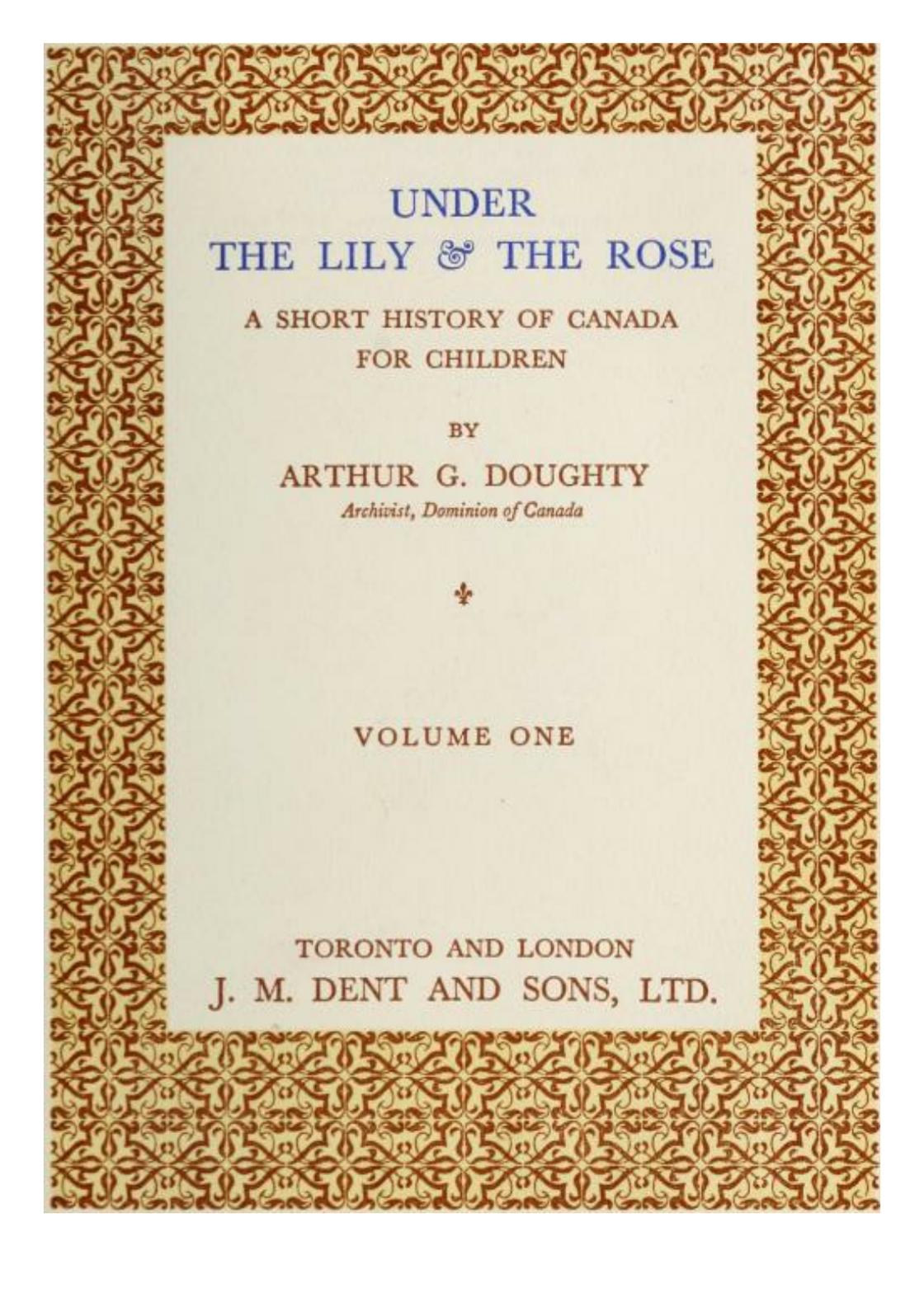
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UNE PETITE CANADIENNE

Gertrude des Clayes, A.R.C.A.



UNDER
THE LILY & THE ROSE

A SHORT HISTORY OF CANADA
FOR CHILDREN

BY
ARTHUR G. DOUGHTY
Archivist, Dominion of Canada



VOLUME ONE

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TO MY CRITICS
TINY AND SYBIL

GOVERNMENT HOUSE

OTTAWA

"Under the Lily and the Rose," a short history of Canada for children, is the title given by Dr. Doughty to this charming book, of which he is the author; but to my mind its two volumes contain, in very simple language and with delightful illustrations, the most complete account of the history of Canada from the days of Cabot and Cartier until the present time, and might well find a place in any library as a most useful book of reference to all who wish to learn the story of this important part of the British Empire.

The fact that it is written by Dr. Doughty himself ensures its entire accuracy as to historical facts, for he has for long years given his time and energies to discovering, collecting and building up the records of Canada which now form a unique collection, all housed in the fine Archives building at Ottawa, of which he has been the controlling and guiding head since his appointment during the Governor-Generalship of the Earl of Minto. Canada and the British Empire owe him a great debt of gratitude for his unceasing efforts to make perfect all the records of this country.

WILLINGDON.

19th December, 1930.

FOREWORD

Many histories of many lands have been written, but this history of Canada, "Under the Lily and the Rose," is certainly novel in the form of its presentation. It purports to be, as its gifted author describes it: "suitable to read to children as an introduction to Canadian history before they begin to study the ordinary text books." In my schooldays there was no such happy road to the study of Canadian history, and I commend this book to the parent of any child who wishes to learn something of the exploits, adventure and romance of that northern part of North America now known as the Dominion of Canada. A knowledge of history is the hallmark of a well-educated man, and it is a very real contribution to the understanding of present-day problems, for "history always repeats itself." To the traveller who knows his history well, the joys of journeying in places familiar to him through the associations of the mind give life a new impetus and wanderings a real value. History, if it colour the life of the traveller, if it enhance the knowledge of the student, is above all essential to the citizen. To those who live in Canada, or who would make Canada with her potential greatness their future home, this book has a particular appeal. It should be read to and later read by every Canadian child. It has been written by one who is well equipped to tell the story of Canada through his long association as Keeper of the Public Records of the Dominion.

It is right I should refer to the Canadian History Society, founded in London in 1923, as this work appears under its auspices. The Society has for its objects the collection of papers for the Canadian Archives, and the stimulation of interest in the History of Canada. Through the years biographies have been published, memorials have been erected, and documents have been gathered. It has as its Patron, H.M. the King; and as its President, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught. The Duke of Connaught went to Canada first as a young officer in the Rifle Brigade, and returned in later years as Governor-General. Through his long life he has never failed to interest himself in the well-being and welfare of the Canadian people. It may be some satisfaction to him to know that in no part of the world is he held in greater regard and affection than in the Dominion he knows so well. The Vice-President, Mary Countess of Minto, is the widow of the fourth Earl, who was Governor-General of Canada from 1898 to 1904. Lord Minto's Governor-Generalship was of particular interest to students of history, for to his leadership and inspiration the

Canadian Archives owes its inception. The Council of the Families, who interest themselves in the affairs of the Society, have at their head the Duke of Devonshire, Governor-General from 1916 to 1921, and include a long list of illustrious names, all of whose forbears have in some way or other contributed to the upbuilding of Canada.

I have said that it should be read by children. But in the form in which it is presented, in its charming narrative style supplemented by beautiful illustrations, it would repay perusal by many who have long passed the days of childhood. To them, if they be unfamiliar with the romance it unfolds, it may serve to kindle a new interest in the land of Cartier and Champlain, in the land of the United Empire Loyalist, in the land of the prairies, the land of the mountains, and the land of the golden west. It is indeed a land to write about, to read of and to live for, and to all who would wish to know more of it, I recommend this book.

CAMPBELL STUART

*Chairman of the Executive Committee
of The Canadian History Society.*

January 1st, 1931.

*39, Princes Gate,
London.*

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Long, long ago in the shadowy past, according to the Saga of King Olaf, there lived a mariner bold who roamed the seas in quest of plunder. His name was Bjarne. His home was Iceland. In the course of his wanderings in the year 985 he stumbled upon an unknown shore which may have been the coast of Nova Scotia. To this he gave the name of Wineland. And so several writers have claimed that Bjarne was the first white man to set foot on Canadian soil.

But according to another Saga which appears to be as reliable as that of King Olaf, Lief, the son of Eric the Red, discovered Wineland in the year 1000. And so for the present we will leave the question of the discovery of Canada to the learned men who for years have tried to reconcile the legends of old with our present knowledge of this continent. For us the real story of Canada begins with Jacques Cartier, though we must say something about Columbus and Cabot.

The charming water-colour drawings by Colonel Cockburn were made during his residence in Canada one hundred years ago. The task of reproducing the illustrations has not been an easy one on account of the age and condition of some of the original drawings. To Miss Frances Beith I am under many obligations. She has kindly read the proofs and verified dates and quotations and prevented errors.

A. G. D.

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UNDER THE LILY AND THE ROSE

CHAPTER I COLUMBUS AND CABOT

Once upon a time, it matters not when, I made a vow that I would write a short history of Canada for children. It matters not why. And now I have written the book and fulfilled my vow.

Once upon a time, about four hundred and fifty years ago, there was a great awakening throughout the civilized countries of Europe. It was the close of a brilliant epoch, the dawn of glorious enterprise and experiment. Art and literature flourished, and the printing press was replacing the hand-written volume. But perhaps the most remarkable achievement of the age was in the field of exploration, and especially the triumph of Columbus, which had placed within the grasp of the Old World the untold treasure of the New.

For fifteen centuries of the Christian era Canada and the whole of the American continent was unknown to the Old World. And now men were beginning to whisper of the discovery of a mysterious land beyond the sea. There were no telegraphs nor cables in those days; but soon, very soon, the news reached England and caused much excitement at the Court of Henry VII, where the achievement was spoken of as "a thing more divine than human."

The glory of this great discovery belonged to Spain. And what Spain could do surely England, France or Portugal could accomplish. So thought the rival nations at that time. The merchants of Bristol, always eager to embrace opportunities for enterprise and profit, became keenly interested and speculation ran high.

Exploration, however, was a costly experiment, and the merchants were cautious. And so was the King. Fortunately for England there lived in Bristol, in 1493, a bold and skilful navigator named John Cabot. He was a fellow-countryman of Columbus, and, like Columbus, he believed in the "roundness of the earth." Now I am sure that any girl in Canada would smile if her teacher told her seriously that the earth was flat. In the dark days of which I write, it was different. The teachers and the learned men, with few exceptions, believed that the world was flat and they scoffed at the representation of the earth as a huge ball.



From the Painting in the Public Archives of Canada

COLUMBUS TURNED AWAY FROM THE CONVENT OF ST. STEPHEN

Oftimes, no doubt, you think that you know better than your teacher, but you would not think it prudent to say so. In that age, far removed, it was not only imprudent but positively dangerous to advance theories which were opposed to accepted dogmas.

Cabot, like Columbus, had often pleaded his cause before the learned, and failed. Sometimes he was dismissed in anger and sometimes in pity. The picture facing page 2 shows Columbus being turned away from the convent of St. Stephen. You will notice the expression of scorn on the faces of some of the learned men, and the look of pity of the good father, who was half inclined to accept the theories of the persistent navigator. But a brighter day had dawned. Scholars were forced to revise their knowledge of geography. The success of Columbus was convincing.

No enterprise could be undertaken without the authority of the King, and when Henry VII visited Bristol in the winter of 1495-6 he became interested in the project of Cabot. We have no exact account of what took place, but Cabot, no doubt, told the story of his several voyages to the East and his visit to Mecca, "whither the spices are brought by caravan from distant countries, and those who brought them, on being asked where they grow, answered that they did not know, but that other

caravans came with this merchandise to their homes from distant countries.” Whatever the argument, the King seems to have been pleased with the plan and, in due course, Cabot received the Royal authority on the 5th March, 1496, “to sail to all parts, regions and coasts of the Eastern, Western and Northern Sea under our banners and flags.”

The prospect of receiving the merchandise of the East, and perchance rich spoil, was indeed enticing. Nevertheless the King was careful to ordain that the cost of the enterprise should be borne by Cabot, while a goodly share of the profit should pass into the Royal Treasury.

The objective of Cabot’s voyage was Cathay, where was the City of Cambuluc, the residence of the Grand Khan.

Full of hope, Cabot sailed from England, passed the shores of Ireland, and finally touched at some part of the island of Cape Breton. It was June, the weather was fine and warm and Cabot persuaded himself that he had reached the north-eastern extremity of Asia. No people were seen, and he may have had some doubts; nevertheless he returned to England and received the sum of £10 for having found the new isle. With money in his pocket he purchased a silk doublet and hose. The merchants made much of him, for he “demanded the honours of a prince.”

The King also must have been impressed, for Cabot was permitted to set out on his second voyage in 1497. This time the first sight of land was on the east coast of Greenland. To a man in search of a passage to the elusive land whence came the silks and spices to the mart at Mecca, the appearance of the barren coast of Greenland must have been a terrible disappointment; nor is it surprising that the crew refused to sail farther north. There was no other course open than to return, and so brave Cabot was forced to set sail for France. This time it was not a pleasing story that he had to relate. Only a record of failure and disappointment. For honest effort uncrowned by success appeals not to the soul of commerce.

The fate of Cabot is unknown. His grave is unmarked. But his discovery of the mainland of North America thirteen months before Columbus discovered the mainland of the South brought honour to the name of England, and posterity has not been unmindful of his memory.

A building depends for its strength and stability upon its foundations, and yet foundation stones are always out of sight. And so in like manner, in the world, and in Canada in which we live, many of the things which contribute to our happiness rest upon the efforts and sacrifices of those whose names are hardly remembered or, perchance, wholly forgotten.

CHAPTER II

ST. MALO

One can hardly imagine the state of mind in Europe at a time when the New World was seen through a golden haze of romance and adventure. The yarns of the mariners, startling from the first, gained in wonder as they were passed on from year to year, until they outrivalled the most thrilling adventures of song-story or of fairy tale. And they were far more satisfactory because there was an element of truth in them. The old stories were all very well: they created a vivid picture in the mind. But no one living had actually seen the fairies. Here it was different. The mariners had actually seen and talked with the dwarfs and imps and all the other curious folk who make up dreamland. At least they said so. Was it not true that some of them had been seen in the streets of Spain? It was indeed a fact that in the triumphal progress of Columbus there were men of strange hue, painted in gorgeous colours, and decked with ornaments of gold such as had never been seen before. Moreover, they had brought with them birds of rich plumage, and strange flowers and plants which surely must have belonged to a real fairy land. And so the marvel grew. And the spirit of youth chafed under restraint and longed to plunge into these mysteries half revealed.

Perhaps we may catch somewhat of the spirit of the time if we turn our attention to the ancient harbour of St. Malo, on the Breton coast, in the month of April, 1534. Something unusual is astir, and we shall do well to watch.

You will notice in the picture facing page 8 that there are a large number of children about, and that many are gathered around an old seafaring man. He just loves to tell them the stories of the sea and of the sailors he has met who have been to the new found isle. Now they would not miss these stories for the world; but on this particular day they are just burning to ask him questions.

A few fathoms from the shore, flying the banners and flags of France, two stately ships are riding at anchor. And if we had a powerful glass, we might discern other ships that do not appear to be flying any flags at all. Surely the kindly old gentleman would be able to tell them all about these ships, for no one else seemed to know why they were there. And why are there so many strange sailors in St. Malo, and so many nobles, high in the service of the King?

We should be able to find out for ourselves. Look towards the square of the Cathedral. The stately equipage that has just arrived is the coach of Sir Charles de Mouy, Lord of Meilleraye, Vice-Admiral of France, and the tall, handsome man by

his side is the famous Pilot of St. Malo, Jacques Cartier. The ecclesiastic who has just alighted is the Bishop, and soon we behold a goodly array of nobles and officials. Listen! the bells of the Cathedral are ringing joyously and a procession enters the church. We had better follow, and mingle with the congregation. As the service comes to an end the Bishop makes an announcement that His Most Christian Majesty, Francis I, has been pleased to appoint his well-beloved and trusty Pilot, Jacques Cartier, to command an expedition to the far-off land of Cathay, and has given him power to take possession of all lands in the name of the King. He further expresses the hope that the expedition will bring great glory to France.



ST. MALO

C. W. Simpson, R.C.A.

The procession leaves the church, the mothers hold up their small children to be blessed by the Bishop and kissed by Jacques Cartier. But did you notice the two tall men who were standing near the church, and how Cartier frowned at them as he passed? He did not know them, neither did the Bishop, and I am quite sure they are not known to the King. Apparently they do not wish to be recognised, for they have suddenly disappeared, feeling no doubt that they had no right to be there.

And why, do you think, had they come to St. Malo? Now it is quite a secret, but I will tell the secret to you. They are in St. Malo because of jealousy. Now jealousy

is a strange thing, the cause of much unhappiness and of many crimes; and jealousy can be caused by so many things. Sometimes it is the size of an apple or a piece of cake; a pretty doll or a handsome beau. If we seek for the cause of jealousy we shall find that usually it arises from the fact that someone has something that another has not. And these strange men are in St. Malo, and the unknown ships are in the offing, because of the jealousy of the King of Spain. In fact, they are spies of Spain and Portugal who hope to find out what the King of France is doing. Rumours had reached Spain that France was fitting out several ships for a voyage. And these men will try to follow the ships, and capture them, if possible. But happily Jacques Cartier knew nothing of this, and presently we see him and his crew getting into small boats and making for the ships amidst the ringing of the bells, the rejoicings of the people and the wonder of the children. Soon the two proud ships become mere specks on the ocean. The voyage of Jacques Cartier has begun.

We do not know what became either of the spies or of their ships. Probably Cartier's ships were too fast for them. Or perhaps they did not like the stern look given them by the Pilot of St. Malo. In any event, they did not interfere with him.

CHAPTER III

CARTIER

Twenty days after the departure of the ships from St. Malo, the real adventures of Jacques Cartier began. Surprises there were in plenty and days of alternate hope and despair.

Land was first sighted off the coast of Newfoundland, and to this he gave the name of Bonavista, or Fair View. Beautiful indeed it was to look at, but dangerous to approach, for guarding every entrance were floating mountains of ice, glistening in the sun. And so, as a prudent pilot, he sought shelter within a friendly harbour to the south called St. Catherine's. When the ice had passed he continued his voyage northward and skirted an island completely covered with strange birds. They were curious-looking creatures, larger than fat geese, with a beak broader than the palm of the hand. These were the great auk, which is not seen any more. There were also some smaller birds which Cartier says "were ugly to attack for they bite like dogs," so that the bears which swam out to catch them often had a hard time; at least I hope so. After capturing some of the fat birds, Cartier turned into the Straits of Belle Isle and thus touched the mainland of Canada. And here the sturdy Pilot of St. Malo received a rude shock. Always in his mind, looking forward, was the fair land of Cathay, and the silks and spices and gold and precious stones. And behind him was the beautiful land of France. But this new country was a dreadful place, so ugly and horrible, with stunted shrubs and moss, that poor Cartier thought it must surely be "the land which God gave to Cain." It was his duty to take possession of all lands in the name of the King, and so he set up a cross, but the King's name was not upon it. For this land, said he, "should not be called the new land." If he had returned, one would not have blamed him, but he pushed on and his perseverance was soon rewarded. Listen to his words a few days later when he had reached the shores of a bay which he called "Chaleur." "Their country is more temperate than Spain and the finest it is possible to see and as level as the surface of a pond. There is not the smallest plot of ground bare of wood and even on sandy soil, but is full of wild wheat that has an ear like barley, and the grain like oats, as well as of pease as thick as if they had been sown and hoed; of white and red currant bushes, of strawberries, of raspberries, of white and red roses and of other plants of strong pleasant odour." Here he established friendly relations with the Indians and set up another cross, and this time it bore the inscription: "Long live the King of France." After he had persuaded two Indians, Dom Agaya and Taignoagny, to accompany him, he set sail

for France to tell his story to the King.

The tale that he had to tell was not as colourful as that of Columbus, neither was it a tale the King expected. Nevertheless, he had taken possession of an immense country in the name of France and the Court was not displeased.

And so upon the following Whitsuntide there was another ceremony in the Cathedral of St. Malo which the people attended to witness the departure of Jacques Cartier on his second voyage. And this time he had under his command three ships of the King.

Now this is only a very short history of Canada, and therefore we must not tarry much longer with Cartier, as there are so many people to meet. But I have given you a map of Canada which once belonged to Jacques Cartier, showing the first voyage, and the course of the second voyage.

You will see that Cartier followed almost the same course as on his first voyage until he came to Anticosti. Then he left the Gulf and entered the noble river since known to us as the Saint Lawrence.

Sailing up the river he cast anchor off a large island covered with beautiful trees, and an abundance of hazel nuts, which were better than those of France. He therefore named it Ile aux Coudres, or Hazelbush Island. Some distance beyond were several small islands, and as one of them was inhabited he decided to land. The natives thought it better to make themselves scarce. But Cartier had with him the two Indians he had captured on his first voyage, and after Dom Agaya had conversed with them in their own tongue they became friendly and offered melons, corn and fish.

Leaving the island the ships continued their course and came to anchor before the great rock of Quebec.

Throughout the day there was a great commotion on the river, and many questions were put to the warrior-chief Donnacona, lord of Canada. From whence came these huge ships with curious sails and banners of white and gold? And for what purpose?

And so the next day Donnacona, with many canoes, put off to meet these mysterious visitors. Standing in the foremost canoe he began a long harangue all of which was quite unintelligible to the white men. But when Dom Agaya told them of the wonders of France, and of the presents he had received, they shouted and swayed their bodies in manifestation of their delight. From the Indians Cartier learned that farther up the river was Hochelaga, the stronghold of a powerful tribe. And thither he decided to go. But first he found a suitable place for his ships, and chose the river Lairet, a tributary of the St. Charles.

The conduct of the two Indians was causing Cartier some anxiety. They seemed less friendly, and when he proposed to take them to Hochelaga they did not wish to go. Taignoagny claimed that Donnacona was vexed because the French carried so many weapons. And now for some reasons they tried to persuade him that Hochelaga was a dangerous place to visit, and adopted a curious means to convince him. The Indians withdrew to the woods and began to shout and howl in a most horrible manner. Then three men dressed up in black and white dog skins, with long horns and blackened faces, were placed in a canoe so that they could be seen from the ships. They were perfectly hideous creatures. The chief told Cartier that these demons were messengers from the Indian god Cudouagny and had come to warn him against Hochelaga. Ice and snow covered the place, and all who went thither would surely perish. But Cartier only laughed at them, for he had been warned that Dom Agaya and Donnacona were rogues and traitors. And so on the morrow he departed.

Hochelaga was really a wonderful place. It was situated on the site of McGill University. Within a large circular palisade were a number of square or oblong huts and in the centre a square. Inside the palisade a platform was constructed to which access was gained by a ladder. On the platform were piled large stones which could be thrown upon the heads of invaders. It was the most pretentious place Cartier had seen. On his arrival he was given a boisterous welcome by the chief and bidden to partake of the feast. Cartier was not much impressed with the banquet, as the Indians cook without salt. On the next day a visit was made to the top of the mountain, and Cartier beheld the marvellous panorama visible therefrom. He named it Mont Réal (which means Royal Mountain) and this name it has borne ever since. After making a few presents, Cartier returned to Stadacona. It would have been well for him if he had sailed directly for France. During his absence in Hochelaga the crew had made good progress with the fort, and the two ships had already been set up for the winter. Strong barriers were placed at the entrance and only the masts of the ships could be seen. Soon the winter came, the river was frozen, and ice and snow covered the land.

The weary months dragged on, and scurvy, a horrible disease, broke out in the fort. One by one the men sickened and died, and before the spring there were twenty-five graves in the snow. Of the remaining company there were three only who were not weak and ill. Now a new danger threatened them. The Indians were found lurking outside the fort in a suspicious manner. Why were the crews of the ships so silent, and why were they never seen? Soon they became bolder and approached the fort in numbers, listening and pondering over the silence.

Then poor Cartier was really afraid, not for himself but for the men under his charge. The Indians must be kept off at any cost. But how? What was he to do with three men against savages who only respected force? So he thought of a plan to deceive them. The Indians must think that the crews were busy below decks repairing the ships. So he ordered the men, even the sick, to make a great clatter with sticks and stones, and the men who were well were sent to a place where they could be seen by the Indians. Then Cartier came out with a big stick and pretended to beat them and threw stones at them, and in a loud voice told them to return to their work for they were idle. So the Indians believed that the men were all very busy and went away.

One day when everything seemed very black within the little fort Cartier went outside the barriers and began to walk up and down on the ice, and sad were his thoughts. Presently he saw a band of Indians approaching, and amongst them Dom Agaya. This was a surprise for Cartier, for twelve days before he had seen Dom Agaya, who then was very ill with scurvy: his limbs were swollen, his teeth were decaying and he was indeed in a very bad state. And now he was in good health. Then Dom Agaya told him of the virtues of the tree “Annedda,” and that the leaves, the juice and the dregs were the only cure for scurvy. So a squaw brought him nine or ten branches, for Cartier said that his servant was ill.

Cartier at once ordered a drink to be made according to the directions of the Indians; but none of the men would taste it. Silly men, you will say. Perhaps. But how many times has the doctor sent you a nasty medicine which would make you well, and you have refused to take it! At length one or two thought they would risk a trial, and as soon as they drank it they felt better, and in a day or two they were completely recovered.



CARTIER'S CREW GATHERING THE TREE ANNEDDA

H. R. Perrigard, A.R.C.A.

“When this became known,” says Cartier, “there was such a rush for the medicine that they almost killed each other to have it first. So that in less than eight days a whole tree was used up, and produced such result that had all the doctors of Louvain been there with all the drugs of Alexandria they could not have done as much in a year as this tree did in eight days.”

Now Cartier was glad; but as soon as the river was open he steered his course for his beloved home in St. Malo, taking with him as prisoner the crafty Donnacona.

No doubt he made appeals to the King to allow him to continue his exploration; but the Court would have been more pleased with a few bales of silk, a few sacks of spices, a few nuggets of gold, and a few handfuls of precious stones than it was with the vast unproductive country which he had added to the Kingdom of France. Therefore, it was not until 1541 that he found a patron willing to provide the money necessary for another voyage.

This time Cartier avoided Stadacona over which Donnacona once held sway, and he built a fort at the mouth of the Cap Rouge River, nine miles above Quebec. Here he had a large garden and grew lettuce and cabbage and turnips—the first grown by Europeans in the New World. And he found clear stones which he thought were diamonds, but they were not. These little stones may still be found in Quebec,

and that is why the great rock is called Cape Diamond.

But the Indians gave Cartier great trouble and he did not remain long. The Marquis de la Roche, his patron, spent a winter in this fort, but still France failed to obtain a foothold, and for nearly three-quarters of a century we do not hear of Canada again.



CARTIER SETS UP THE CROSS AT GASPÉ

C. W. Simpson, R.C.A.

CHAPTER IV

CHAMPLAIN

Well on in the sixteenth century there dwelt in the village of Brouage, in Saintonge, a jolly mariner named Antoine Champlain, whose whole life had been devoted to the sea. Strange were the ports into which he had sailed, and fierce had been his battles with the storms. But whether calm or tempest-tossed, the sea was his love. And just like the old mariner of St. Malo he was never more happy than when relating the stories of his adventures. Amongst his many listeners, few were more attentive than his young son, Samuel. Thus the boy grew up attached to the sea, and whether from the parish priest, from his father, or from both, he acquired an astonishing knowledge of geography and of nautical science.

But for the present, adventure on the ocean was denied him. While still a youth he answered his country's call to arms, and for a time served as a soldier under Marshal D'Aumont in the Catholic army of France. Here he gained some experience, and met with men who in later years were of service to him.

At the close of the war he returned to Brouage, and some time after he received a commission to proceed to Spain on a mission of investigation. While at Seville he was given a Spanish commission as captain of a ship in the armada of Don Francisco Colombo, to protect Porto Rico from the attacks of the English. With this expedition we have little concern, beyond stating the fact that Champlain pointed out the possibility of uniting the Atlantic and the Pacific by cutting a channel through the isthmus of Panama. This project, we know, was not carried out until more than three hundred years later.

The Court was delighted with the description of the New World given by Champlain, and as a mark of distinction he was created Geographer to the King and awarded a pension.

This was gratifying to the young mariner. He now held an important post at Court, and his future was provided for. But, alas! it would keep him in France, and for the present at least he must give up the idea of discovering a passage to the Orient, the dream of every navigator since the days of Columbus.

Interest in the New World at this time was less keen. Money had been invested in expeditions and no return was forthcoming. Gold and silver and precious stones were not piled up awaiting the arrival of ships. But still the merchants realised that there might be profit in furs. And so Aymar de Chastes, Governor of Dieppe, had induced a few gentlemen and merchants of Rouen to form a company. They agreed

that they would fit out an expedition, provided they obtained the monopoly of the fur trade for a year, and at the same time they might consider the colonisation of New France.

The King was at Fontainebleau and hitherto went De Chastes to make his project known. As no demand was to be made upon the Treasury of France, royal authority for the enterprise was granted. While at the Palace, De Chastes had the good fortune to meet Champlain, one of his comrades in the late war, and suggested that he accompany their expedition. Nothing would please Champlain better, provided the King was agreeable.

The consent was easily obtained by De Chastes, and Champlain set forth on his first voyage to Canada.

The expedition returned well satisfied, but unfortunately De Chastes died in the interval, and the project was taken up by De Monts. Champlain was now definitely committed to the task of colonising New France. From 1604 to 1607 several efforts were made to colonise Acadia. But they were not alone in claiming this region. England had given patents to two companies and trade interests clashed. After sailing around the Bay of St. John he found a place for settlement on the Island of St. Croix, and here he built a comfortable dwelling, and ran up the French flag. The first winter was a severe trial. Scurvy broke out and took its toll, and moreover they were molested by the Indians. In the spring exploration was continued, and Port Royal was chosen as more agreeable than St. Croix. All worked with good will, and by the end of the summer of 1605 several substantial dwellings were erected and the buildings at St. Croix had been transferred to Port Royal.

During the last winter spent in Acadia, Champlain made a determined effort to prevent scurvy. For this purpose he created the Order of Good Cheer. "To keep our table joyous," an order was established. Each man was appointed chief steward and his turn came once a fortnight. The ruler of the feast was called the Chief Butler, and wearing the collar of the Order and carrying a wand he preceded the members, each of whom carried a dish. Now it was the duty of the steward to provide some delicacy for the table, and this kept the men in the open in search of moose, caribou, ducks and geese and small birds and fish, and there was always a cup of wine.

The results were gratifying, for during the whole winter there were only seven deaths. In the meantime De Monts was having difficulty over trading rights, and finally the monopoly was withdrawn. Then the little colony was ordered to return to France.

In 1608 De Monts received another commission, and being relieved of the necessity of taking out colonists he was free for the period of one season to trade in

furs.

In this expedition Champlain was appointed lieutenant. Both Champlain and De Monts were determined to obtain a foothold for France in the New World, and as trade would be free after 1608, they thought they could manage without Royal assistance. Two vessels were equipped, the "Don de Dieu" under Champlain and the "Levrier" under Pont Gravé. On the arrival of the "Don de Dieu" at Tadoussac, Champlain found that the sister ship had been attacked by the Basque fishermen who, led by Darache, were trading with the Indians contrary to the commands of the King. The ship had been despoiled, and Pont Gravé was practically a prisoner. Champlain, however, compelled Darache to restore the property of the ship, and an agreement was entered into by which the dispute was to be referred to France. Champlain then proceeded to search for a place of settlement, which was more important to him than the profits of the fur trade. Leaving the ships at Tadoussac he took a few men on board in a small bark.

Let us follow this lonely craft as it sails up the St. Lawrence, for it means much to us. From the banks of the river to the purple mountains beyond, we behold nature untouched by the hand of man. To Champlain the scene is familiar, but to his followers it is mysterious and novel. Presently the bark enters the basin, and in front looms the sentinel of the St. Lawrence, the Rock of Quebec. The boat grounds on the shore and the axemen step from the boat. Who are they? They are the pioneers of an advancing host, who from this place will push forward through trackless forests, and by the margin of unnamed lakes, until the Dominion they have come to found stretches from sea to sea. It is the 3rd of July, 1608, the birthday of the Canadian nation.

Soon the crash of falling trees breaks the silence—the work of the foundation has begun. A few weeks pass, and within a strong enclosure may be seen a modest building, fashioned into a fort, the "Abitation de Québec," which was to remain the seat of government for over two hundred years. And here we leave Champlain and his companions for the moment within the little fort which looks so strong and so safe.

If on the 3rd of July, 1608, we could have flown over Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific, what a strange sight it would have been! We should have looked in vain for churches and schools, and roads and bridges, and trains and parks and gardens, and all the other objects which are familiar to us to-day. And all that would have met the eye would have been endless forests, mountains, rivers and lakes. And, I think, we would have been glad to return to this one tiny speck of civilisation in the New World. And yet this was the beginning of Canada. And at what a tremendous

cost it had been achieved. Think of the failure of Cabot, the sufferings of Cartier, and the toil of Champlain. And what was there to show? Only this little fort in a vast wilderness.

But now we will return to the fort. Many things have happened. Darache, whom we met at Tadoussac, is bent upon revenge because Champlain had forced him to give up what he had stolen from the ship. He has started a plot to kill Champlain and take possession of the Fort of Quebec. Duval, a locksmith, one of the chief conspirators, had persuaded his followers to join him. But one of the men told the pilot and the pilot told Champlain. Speedy justice followed. The ringleader is seized and brought to trial, and the next day he is hanged, as a warning to the others. The remaining conspirators were sent to France in Pont Gravé's ship.

Champlain must have felt sad as he saw the ship fade into the distance, for he was left in Canada with twenty-eight men to brave the dangers of the approaching winter. And a very dreadful winter it was. In the spring only eight of his companions were living. Scurvy had reaped its harvest, and he appears to have known nothing of the virtue of the tree "Annedda." With the opening of the navigation a vessel arrived from France with food and supplies, and Champlain, forgetting his troubles, began a voyage of exploration around the lake which has since borne his name.

And now the courage and character of Champlain were tested. In the previous autumn he had derived much assistance from the Algonquins, and it was from them that he obtained the furs for trade, and so he was persuaded to enter into an alliance with them to help them in their wars against the enemy. He was now called upon to fulfil his promise, and though quite unprepared for war, he was ready to meet danger and death rather than break his word. An agreement with Champlain was as good as a bond. Now how often in the world we find men in business who make a promise, but if any loss seems likely to follow the carrying out of their agreement, they manage somehow to evade the fulfilment of their word. With Champlain it was different. Not only was he prepared to keep his word, he was ready to face the most powerful and savage tribes in North America. With two of his companions and a large body of Indians, the expedition embarked in canoes and sought out the enemy. They arrived at their destination somewhere near Ticonderoga as night approached, and found the camp of the Iroquois, and made their purpose known. It was now almost dark and the two chiefs decided to postpone hostilities until sunrise. The night was spent by the Algonquins in singing and dancing and shouting, while the Iroquois seem to have barricaded themselves within a rude fort from which they cast insults upon their enemies. How Champlain spent the night we know not, but I think that each moment he expected a stray arrow to put an end to his career. With the appearance of the

sun the two tribes arrayed themselves for battle. Then Champlain, leaving his men behind, advanced to within thirty paces of the Iroquois. The Iroquois came on in good order, led by three chiefs with plumes on their heads, and thus they stood face to face. One white man against a horde of dusky warriors! When Champlain saw that they were about to draw their arrows, he put his gun to his shoulder and fired directly at one of the chiefs. Two men fell from this shot, and one of the men died shortly after from wounds. Meanwhile the arrows flew from both sides. The Iroquois were greatly astonished, for they had never seen a musket, and they were wearing armoured garments of woven cotton which with pieces of wood were proof against arrows. At this moment one of Champlain's companions fired a shot from the woods. Then the Iroquois lost courage, and took to flight, abandoning the camp and the rude fort. Thus ended the first battle of the Algonquins led by a European.

Champlain had many thrilling adventures, and I think you would like to have been with him when he went down the rapids in a canoe. It must have been very dangerous, because the Indians asked him if he could swim. Now it seems strange that a boy brought up by the sea could not swim. But Champlain could not. And so the Indians gave him minute instructions as to what he should do if the canoe upset. If he carried out their instructions he would be rescued, they said. However, no accident happened; but we do not hear of Champlain repeating the experiment.

At what a tremendous risk was a knowledge of the country obtained. To fight the battles of the Indians was all very well, but to attend their endless banquets was another matter, and so at the first opportunity Champlain with a few of his companions set forth on an independent tour of observation. But they were not free for long, and when they came near a village there was the inevitable feast. Upon one occasion he came to Cahigué and was immediately made welcome. Feasts and war dances consumed the days which Champlain would have devoted to exploration, and he was obliged to join their war party. But here again there was delay on the march for hunting or fishing. As they approached an Iroquois village some of the Indians saw a party of the Iroquois at work in the fields amongst the pumpkins and maize. Off they went, screaming their war cry, to attack them. But the Iroquois were prepared and shot seven of the party. At last they approached the fort, which was protected by four rows of palisades. Champlain now showed them a new method of warfare. He caused a high tower to be constructed and two hundred men dragged it near the fort. The men carried large wooden shields and from the top of the tower shot down the defenders of the fort with arrows. All would have gone well, but the Indians cast prudence to the winds, and rushed at the fort without any protection. The fight lasted for three hours and Champlain was wounded in the leg and could not

walk. Packed in a basket, he was bound fast to the back of a stalwart Indian and carried off. Champlain was in agony. He could move neither hand nor foot. But far worse, he had lost prestige. The Frenchmen were no longer invincible. So when he asked for an escort to Quebec it was refused.

The Indians broke up into parties and went off to the hunting grounds, but one of the chiefs, named Durantal, offered Champlain his lodge which he was glad to accept. He was now condemned to spend the winter with the Indians. What a terrible plight for the Governor of New France!

One day he joined a party who were going on a deer hunt. They made their camp on the borders of a lake near Kingston. It was a bitterly cold night in November, and the wind and the howling of the wolves made sleep difficult. At daybreak they were off to the woods. Champlain followed, but soon he was attracted by a strange bird and followed it as it flitted from tree to tree. When deep in the woods the bird flew off and was lost to sight. Champlain began to retrace his steps, but he had left his pocket compass at the camp. All through the day he wandered about, but there was no sign of a path. Night came on and without food he slept at the foot of a tree. In the morning he wandered on, and after some hours came to a pond where there were water fowl, some of which he shot. Kindling a fire he cooked his game and allayed his hunger. Night returned and he slept again in the forest. On the third day he found a little brook and followed with difficulty its course till he heard the water plunging down into a lake, and there was light in the woods before him. Thrusting himself through the thick brushwood, he found that he was at the edge of a meadow and far off he beheld the portage path of the Indians.

Again he kindled his fire, cooked his game and awaited the dawn. As soon as it was light he followed the shore and in the distance saw the curling smoke of the camp fire. Durantal and the Indians had searched for him unceasingly and there was great joy on his return. They remained in the camp until the 4th December. Snow was on the ground and they put on their snowshoes, packed the game on their shoulders and began their march. Poor Champlain found it very heavy. In nineteen days they reached the Indian town of Cahiaqué and enjoyed the warmth of the smoky lodge fires.

But Champlain did not tarry long. He visited several of the Huron towns or villages and urged them to send their furs to Montreal. Scarcely had he left them when he was recalled to act as a judge in a quarrel.

The people of Cahiaqué had made a present of an Iroquois prisoner to the Algonquins, expecting that they would torture him. But the Algonquins fed and clothed the Iroquois and adopted him. Now when the people of Cahiaqué heard this

they sent a warrior to kill the Iroquois. He stabbed the prisoner, and the warrior was promptly killed by the Algonquin chiefs. Here was a cause for war. The Council assembled and Champlain addressed them. He told them that it was folly to go to war and that an alliance with the French was to their advantage. He urged them to shake hands like brothers, and so the pipe of peace was smoked and war averted.

In the spring Champlain began his journey home, accompanied by the friendly chief Durantal.

Long before rumours had reached Quebec that he was dead, and so when he entered the Château St. Louis with his companion on the 11th July the bells were set ringing and the people were overjoyed to greet their Governor again.

When Champlain returned to France in 1610 he became engaged to a young girl only twelve years of age, named Hélène Boulé. After her marriage she spent some years in a convent and in 1620 accompanied her husband to Quebec. The little fort at the foot of Cape Diamond had been given up, and in its place, on the summit of the cliff, stood the Fort and Château St. Louis. From this time on, with some alterations, it remained the seat of Government until about 1838. Madame Champlain was very happy in Quebec. It was all so different to the Old World. There were no horses and carriages in Canada when she arrived, and her passage from the landing-place to the Château St. Louis was in a rude ox-cart.

Madame Champlain returned to France with her husband in 1624. In 1645 she entered the convent of Ste. Ursula in Paris. Three years later she became the superioress of the monastery at Meaux.

The care of the little Indian children had long been a problem, for the good nuns had not yet arrived in Canada, and so Madame Champlain made them her special charge, and did her best to instruct them. They became so much attached to her that they followed her wherever she went. It was the custom of the ladies of France in those days to carry a small mirror, attached to a girdle. To-day, ladies find a place for a mirror in their purse, and often make use of it. These little ones had never before seen a looking-glass, and they never tired of asking Madame Champlain to let them look at it. And when they saw the reflection of their own face therein they were greatly pleased, and said the Governor's wife must be a very kind lady to carry their image so close to her heart.



MADAME CHAMPLAIN AND THE INDIAN CHILDREN

C. W. Simpson, R.C.A.

Life in the fort was, of course, very simple, but still the people did their best to maintain the dignity of Government House. For example, four men always accompanied the Governor, and there was a guard at the Château. The principal families in Quebec were Abraham Martin, Louis Hébert, Nicolas Pivert and Pierre Desportes, these were the pioneers of New France. There were so many obstacles in the way of settlement. The merchants in France thought only of the profit from the fur trade, and they had no money to spend on sending families to Quebec to found homes for themselves. And then, unfortunately, trouble arose between the Catholic and Protestant fur traders touching methods of worship. Praying and psalm singing in too loud a voice by the Protestants was the grievance of the Catholics; but the sailors refused to obey, and a compromise was effected whereby the singing was discontinued. But, Champlain says, it was a bad bargain, because the energy hitherto devoted to the psalms was now employed to give emphasis to the prayers. Still, they made the best of it, adds the Governor. Nothing seemed to flourish under the trade monopoly except the singing, and at last Richelieu put an end to the quarrels by organising the powerful Company of New France which was to exercise lordship over all the King's possessions in North America. The first act of the new Company was to send men and supplies to Quebec, but while at sea they learned that an

English fleet had spread sail for Canada under Sir David Kirke. A message was sent from Tadoussac for Champlain to surrender. This he refused to do. The summer wore away and the autumn, and no relief came to Quebec. A few roots and a handful of peas were doled out daily to the starving people through the winter, and when navigation opened it was learned that the provision boats from France had fallen into the hands of the enemy. Then indeed the people were in despair. But their troubles were not over. On the 19th July, 1629, Admiral Kirke, in command of the English vessels, anchored before Quebec. Resistance was useless, and Champlain surrendered. The British flag was hoisted on the French fort, and for three years Quebec fell under English rule. In 1632 Canada was restored to France, and a year later Champlain received the keys of the fort and once more Quebec was governed by its founder.

During the next ten years fresh emigrants arrived from France, agriculture flourished and a season of prosperity ensued. Near the fort might be seen the Church of Notre-Dame; the Jesuits had commenced a seminary, and on the Beauport shore was a picturesque hamlet grouped around the seigneurie of Robert Giffard. It was a comfortable-looking house. With this pleasing prospect Champlain felt that he was about to enjoy the fruits of all his toil. But Providence willed it otherwise, for Champlain died on Christmas Day, 1635, and his grave is unmarked.

His service to the colony was great. For twenty-seven years he was the devoted soldier and servant of New France. Brave, honest, steadfast in purpose and free from the vices of the age, he stands out in the pages of history as a fine type of soldier, governor and citizen.

In many places to-day in Canada and in other parts of the world there are monuments to Champlain, the founder of Quebec. But we have known him as a child, a soldier, a sailor, and an explorer, as well as a founder.

CHAPTER V

THE MISSIONARIES

When Champlain died, Louis XIII was still King of France, and he sent out as Governor, Charles Huault de Montmagny, a Knight of Malta. New settlers began to arrive, and carpenters and masons were kept fully employed in providing new buildings. The Indians had their dwellings on the side of the hill leading from the lower to the upper town, securely enclosed by a strong palisade. And from these cabins they were conducted every morn and eve to church.

Quebec was the centre from which all the activities of the colony were directed. For a long time it was not an easy matter to bring settlers to Canada. There were no passenger ships, and the only way one could obtain a passage was by the trading vessels. The supposed riches of the New World induced the merchants to fit out expeditions to secure some of its wealth, but they were not at all interested in people who wished to make their homes there. Champlain and Richelieu had other and more lofty motives. They desired to extend the empire of France and to care for the welfare of the natives.

The Church also considered the possibility of converting the new race to Christianity. And this opens up a new chapter in the history of New France, which is a story of devotion, self-sacrifice, and even martyrdom. It was a tremendous task.

It is the evening of the 31st July, 1639, and the vessel bringing the Ursulines has just anchored off the point of Orleans. It is too late to enter Quebec and so the Captain of the "Admiral" lands them at l'Anse du Fort. They have been nearly three months at sea and are glad to enjoy the sweet breeze of the open air. Their only shelter for the night is a wigwam, but this, no doubt, is a welcome change from their quarters on the ship. At dawn on the 1st August the boom of cannon is heard from Fort St. Louis, and presently a boat approaches, bringing the Governor Montmagny, gorgeous in scarlet coat and plumed hat, and with him the Jesuits and the principal officials of Quebec.



ARRIVAL OF THE URSULINES, AUGUST 1st, 1639

R. H. Perrigard, A.R.C.A.

All work in the town has been suspended, and artisans and labourers and Indians throng the shore to watch the Governor's boat and to give the visitors a hearty welcome. As the party ascends the steep hill-path the gates of the palisade enclosing the Indian cabins are thrown open and the nuns obtain their first glimpse of the life of the half-tutored savage. The squaws seem frightened at the nuns in their strange costume, and gather up their papooses as if ready to take to the woods, while the older red-skinned urchins huddle together, not knowing what to make of it all. But when told that these nuns are "daughters of Captains" who have come to teach them, they gather around and forget their sudden alarm.

A rough building in the lower town serves as the first convent, and in the garden they build a rustic summer-house, always filled with wild flowers, which serves as a school, for the moment, for the Indian children.

How much there is for the nuns to do! Before they can teach they must learn both the Huron and Algonquin languages. So they set to work with a good will and compile a vocabulary. No doubt the Jesuits helped them and lent them their dictionary—perhaps the very book of which we shall speak later. Whatever their methods, they acquired a sufficient knowledge to converse with the Indians before the end of the year.

The nuns had to receive not only the children, but their parents, and before the Indian would talk he must be fed. And here is the sort of afternoon tea which the nuns prepared for their dusky visitors: "a bushel of black plums, twenty-four pounds of bread, a due quantity of Indian meal or ground peas, twelve tallow candles melted and three pounds of fat pork all well boiled together." It would be a pity to deprive them of such a feast said Mère Marie de l'Incarnation. And no doubt the Indians agreed with her.

Having fed the hungry savages they were sorely taxed for material to clothe them, and consequently there were frequent appeals to France for assistance.

The mission of the Church was twofold. There was the care of the new settlers and the conversion of the Indians.

For the missions to the Indians it required men of courage, of physical strength and great learning. Of missionaries there was no lack. Men filled with religious zeal were eager to take up the work. And so we find amongst the pioneers in this field men of culture and splendid physique seeking out the Indians in the wilderness of New France. The only way to become teachers and instructors was to acquire a thorough knowledge of the language. To do this they had to live with the Indians in their smoky huts, eat their food and conform themselves as far as possible to their habits. And this for months and even years. What a contrast to their life in France! They never complained; but endured. The letters that they sent home are the best history we have of conditions in Canada.

I have before me one of the dictionaries written by a Jesuit during his residence amongst the Indians. There are only four of these books known. It is quite a thick book, and with its aid the missionaries learned to talk fluently with the native tribes. Even the writing of the book must have been laborious, and many attempts must have been made and great patience exercised before the pronunciation of the words was acquired. And these were savage tribes, who at any time might take a dislike to them and torture and kill them, as they did in some instances. Theirs is a wonderful story, and just like the early explorers, they had to suffer much in the cause which they had undertaken to uphold. Some of the Jesuits remained in Quebec as teachers in the college, and until there was a Bishop and clergy they attended to the needs of the people. The missionaries were usually clever linguists, particularly Brébeuf and Lalemant, both of whom suffered martyrdom. Brébeuf was of an illustrious family, Norman by birth. One of his ancestors fought at the battle of Hastings and from the English branch of the family descended the Dukes of Norfolk. He was a man of magnificent stature and nobility of mind. Although the Indians were cunning and loved oratory, they were in many respects like children, and before they could be

instructed they must be interested and even amused. And so we find a great scholar descending to the most elementary kindergarten methods to amuse the Indians. One of the objects which interested them greatly was a clock which they called the "Captain." Every time it struck the hour they would say, "the Captain is speaking"; and forgetting all else they would wait for an hour to hear the Captain speak again. Then they would enquire about the food of the Captain. But the greatest mystery to them was writing. Though they tried over and over again they could not understand how it was possible for a letter to convey a message to a person at a distance.

With these and other devices they interested and amused the Indians and gradually won their affection, until they were willing to listen to the story of the Cross. But the life of the missionary was precarious. Superstition was deeply rooted in the Indian mind. He believed in dreams. In fact, the dream was his absolute master. If a warrior dreamed that he had killed a missionary, his first thought on awakening would be to carry out the suggestion of his dream.

In 1649 the Iroquois descended upon the Hurons and put them to torture and to death, and so perished the two missionaries Brébeuf and Lalemant, with many of their converts. The destruction of the Hurons did not deter the Jesuits. They commenced with renewed zeal the conversion of the Iroquois, and the descendants of some of them are found to-day in the Indian village of Caughnawaga, near Montreal.

In the meantime the colony was spreading out. Three Rivers had been settled in 1634, and Ville Marie or Montreal, in 1642. To the latter place came in 1657 a new religious order, the Sulpicians, who were to have such a beneficial influence on the welfare of the city. The beginning of Quebec, as we know, was bound up with trade. But Montreal owed its foundation to religious enthusiasm. The Society of Notre-Dame de Montréal was formed in Paris for the establishment of the faith in New France. Forty men and four women, headed by Paul de Chomedey, arrived in Montreal, May 17, 1642.

Paul de Chomedey, Sieur de Maisonneuve, a man of considerable wealth, was a soldier. Tall, handsome, fearless, he desired to consecrate his sword to the service of the Church in Canada, and so he became the soldier governor of the colony of Ville Marie. He built a fort surrounded by a strong palisade; but always lurking near were the ferocious Iroquois. There was much work for the Governor if a town was to spring up, for many a time the fort was almost captured by the Indians. But still the settlement grew. With the colonists had come a young lady whose memory remains imperishable because she founded the Hôtel Dieu, or Hospital of Montreal. Her name was Jeanne Mance. A few years later, in 1653, the new settlement was

blessed with a still more precious gift in the person of Marguerite Bourgeoys, the illustrious foundress of the congregation of Notre Dame for the education of young ladies which has spread over the country. Under the Lily and the Rose as well—at least for nearly a century, the sisters of Notre Dame and the Ursulines were alone in the sphere of female education, and are largely responsible for the preservation of the purity of the French language, the distinction of manners and the simplicity of morals which impressed the historian Charlevoix and have been noticed by English governors.



HOTEL DIEU, MONTREAL

James Cockburn

News had reached the fort that an overwhelming force of the Iroquois was marching on Montreal to destroy it. Their advance must be checked; but how? Then, with supreme courage, Adam Dollard and fifteen young men, the flower of the colony, offered to throw themselves into the breach. It seemed madness. What could sixteen do against a whole army of trained warriors? Nevertheless, they were determined, and they started on their mission. Each one knew that he would never return. But to die in the service of their country was their ambition, if God so willed. On they marched till they came to the Long Sault on the Ottawa River. Here they halted and set to work with vigour to construct a strong barricade. Presently the

enemy came on and made a fierce attack. But the barrier held. Again and again the Iroquois tried to force a passage, and again and again they were repulsed with loss. Day succeeded night and still the youths held out. But the odds were against them. One by one the heroic defenders succumbed until the sixteen were slain. It was a victory for the Iroquois, but at what a cost! If sixteen youths could fight like this, what hope had they against the whole colony? And so by the heroic death of these sixteen gallant boys Montreal was saved.

We must leave Montreal for a moment and turn to Quebec. Many changes had taken place there since we left Montmagny, the Governor, busy in laying out the streets, and we shall hardly recognise the place. Let us imagine that we have been invited to accompany the Governor to the Jesuit College on the 31st December, 1646. It is a very important event, in fact, we are to witness the first dramatic performance held within a building in the New World. And who are to be the actors? The pupils of the college, and the piece they are to give is "Le Cid," the masterpiece of Corneille. It seems only a few years ago since we spoke of half a dozen families as the total population of Quebec, and here we are in the midst of quite a large audience attending a dramatic performance of a very high order by their children, only fourteen years after Quebec was restored to France.

Surprises meet one all through the pages of Canadian history.

Seven years ago, Mère Marie de l'Incarnation and the other Ursulines landed in Quebec and found shelter in a hut in the lower town, which they turned into a convent. What a contrast to the convent we are just going to visit in the year 1646! It is a stone building finished only fifteen days before, much of the rough work having been done by the nuns themselves before the workmen came in the morning. And some of this very building is incorporated in the convent of to-day.

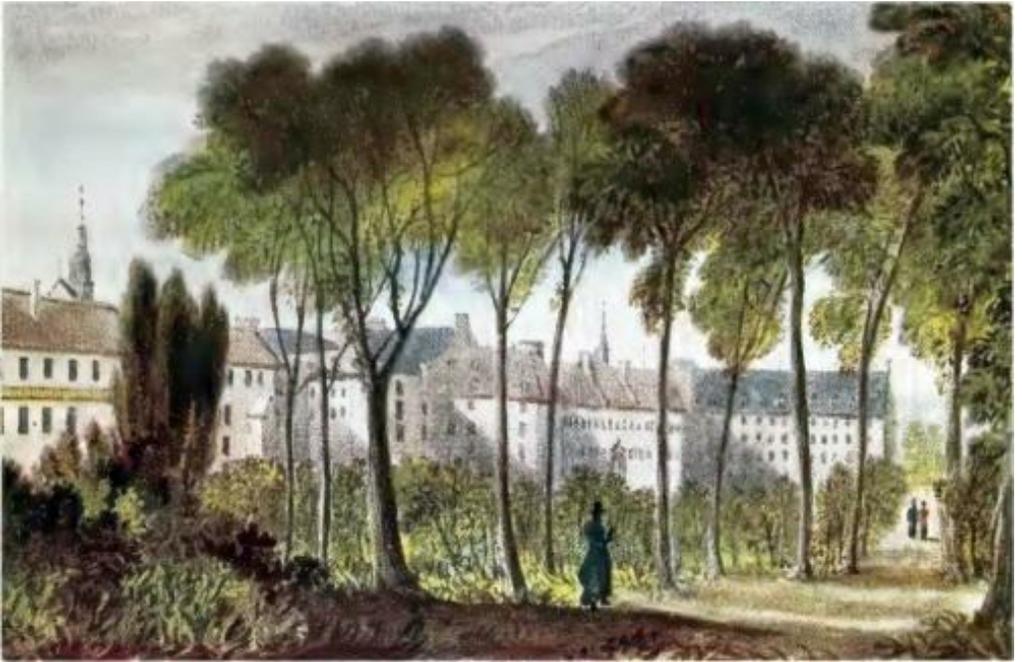
It is the Feast of the Assumption, and a procession is approaching. First come six stalwart Indians in splendid robes of silk and velvet which had been sent to them lately by the King. Then the Cross bearer and the banner followed by a hundred furl-clad Indians marching two by two. Then walked Madame de la Peltrie with a number of her little seminarists in new tunics of red camelot with white caps: and a long file of Indian girls and women in garments of their own fashion with necklaces of coloured beads. Then came the French clergy and behind them the inhabitants of Quebec. They march round the town, pausing at the Hospital, where they sing, and finally they attend a service in the chapel of the new convent, which looks so bright and spick and span, and we marvel how it could have been accomplished in so short a time.

It is a great day in Quebec. The Governor is entertaining a hundred Indians at

dinner, and the six Indians in their gorgeous robes are seated at the table of the Jesuits as honoured guests. But presently the Superior of the Jesuits is notified that his presence is desired in the college hall. And thither he wends his way with the Governor, Madame de la Peltrie and twenty other notable people. It is an Indian council and the chiefs are seated on their mats looking very picturesque. When the Governor and all the guests are seated, an Algonquin chief arises and begins. "Be attentive, Father Le Jeune, let not thy spirit wander, give heed to my discourse." "Ho! Ho!" answers Father Le Jeune. Then the chief continues. "The words thou hearest are not mine. I am the mouth of all my brethren seated here. We wish to believe in God; we wish to cultivate the ground. Now tell our great chief Ononthio (the Governor) to write to our King. Let him say: All the red men wonder to hear that you think of them. They say to you pity and send us help."

Then another chief speaks. "I go to my home where the sun stands in the middle of the sky. When I come back the snow will yet be on the mountains. I will come to see whether thou sayest the truth if thou hast men to help us, that we may no longer live in the woods like beasts." Then the Governor promised to do all that he could to help them.

New France from its foundation was Catholic. Its missionaries and its institutions were under the guidance of the Roman Catholic Church. Towards the close of his life Champlain wrote: "I have faced the perils of the ocean with the hope of seeing the lilies of France able to protect in Canada the Catholic faith." But for the present the colony was under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Rouen. As the country grew, more immediate control became necessary, and Francis Xavier de Montmorency-Laval was appointed Vicar Apostolic, and later first Bishop of Quebec. Under Laval, the Church was firmly established in Canada, and many of the institutions which he founded have undergone little change even to this day. A wonderful work had been accomplished in a very short time; but here, for the present, we must leave the missionaries and the good nuns to carry on their noble work.



THE SEMINARY AT QUEBEC, 1829

James Cockburn

CHAPTER VI

ACADIA

When De Monts lost his charter, you will remember that the little colony at Port Royal was ordered to return to France.

The Baron de Poutrincourt, however, who had been with Champlain, obtained from De Monts a large tract of land at Port Royal which he intended to convert into an estate for his son Charles de Biencourt. After settling his affairs in France he returned to Canada in the company of Marc Lescarbot, a young lawyer of Paris.

While Poutrincourt was absent exploring the coast, Lescarbot wrote a drama called "The Theatre of Neptune," to be presented on the return of the Baron to Port Royal.



“THE THEATRE OF NEPTUNE”

Said to be the first dramatic performance in the New World

Having written the drama, he began to instruct the actors and rehearsed the scenes, and as the Sieur de Poutrincourt prepared to land in the Bay, he beheld

approaching in an open boat the great god Neptune, royally robed, accompanied by six noble Tritons. The exterior of the rude fort had been decorated with shields, and it was really a remarkable performance. How they managed to arrange the costumes we cannot tell. But I am sure you have seen children to-day make the most wonderful creations out of a few rags which they have managed to secure from old boxes or trunks. It must have been great fun. Perhaps they borrowed some of the finery of the Indian chief, Membertou. Besides the actors in the boats, there were those on the shore who formed a part of the scene. Amongst the persons mentioned were Champlain, Louis Hébert, the Sieur de Boulet, de Vitré, de Noyes, Ralleau, Charles de Biencourt, and several others besides Membertou and his Indians.

The picture gives you some idea of what the scene was like, and you should remember that this was on the 14th November, 1606, two years before the foundation of Quebec.

In the service of the Poutrincourts were two men, Claude de la Tour and his son Charles. In 1613, Captain Argall, of the newly formed settlement in Virginia, sailed up the coast of Nova Scotia in search of French settlers. He destroyed a Jesuit mission at Mont Desert Island, attacked Port Royal, and Biencourt and his companions were forced to take shelter in the woods with the Indians and follow them in their wanderings. The Baron Poutrincourt died in 1615 and left all his estate to his son Biencourt, and when Biencourt died in 1623, his fortune passed into the hands of Charles de la Tour.

Charles de la Tour was a resourceful young man and built Fort Lomeron, and because it was the only place of strength in the country, he became the French ruler of Acadia. But in 1621 King James I granted to Sir William Alexander the island of Cape Breton and Acadia. And so one fine morning seventy Scotchmen arrived at Port Royal and settled there. Now this annoyed the Frenchmen very much and they described the Scotch settlers as "all kinds of vagabonds, barbarians and savages from Scotland." And since, being Scotchmen, they would not go away, Claude de la Tour went to France to obtain the means of driving them out. He also asked the King to give his son a commission to hold Acadia against all comers. And so a company was formed of One Hundred Associates, and an expedition was sent off with supplies and guns. But when off the Gaspé coast they met the ships of the Kirkes, and Claude de la Tour, instead of going to help his son, was taken as a prisoner to England. Now when he was in England he made friends with the English and accepted grants of land from Sir William Alexander, and he and his son were made baronets of Nova Scotia.

Acadia was restored to France in 1632, and Claude de la Tour returned to

Nova Scotia, and his son accepted the gifts of Sir William Alexander. The year before, however, Charles had received a commission from the King of France as Lieutenant-General of all Acadia. And so here he was, Governor on behalf of the French King, and also a subject of Great Britain.

Cardinal Richelieu, who does not appear to have known of the commission to Charles de la Tour, appointed Isaac de Razilly Governor of all Acadia, with authority to take over the Scotch settlement. Unfortunately, de Razilly died in 1635, but he appointed as his successor Charles de Menou, Sieur d'Aulnay Charnisay.

Then followed years of bitter strife between Charnisay and de la Tour. To settle the dispute, the King divided the territory. But this did not end the quarrel. During the absence of Charles de la Tour, Charnisay attacked and captured the fort, after a most heroic resistance by Madame de la Tour. La Tour was impoverished and driven into exile, and his remarkable wife died soon after. Then Charnisay was lord of all he surveyed; but not for long. In 1650 he was thrown out of a canoe and died from exposure.

Then, a year later, Charles de la Tour reappeared, armed with a commission from France as Governor of Acadia, and took possession of the forts, and ended by marrying the widow of his rival Charnisay. Surely his troubles were over? No. Acadia fell into the hands of the English under Oliver Cromwell in 1654. But La Tour was not forced to leave. He was able to show the grants he had received from Sir William Alexander. Indeed, he was a subject of the English King. Was he not Sir Charles de la Tour, Baronet of Nova Scotia! And so he was permitted to return to his post and lived happily with his wife at Fort St. John until his death in 1666. No man, it is said, can serve two masters. But La Tour seems to have been an exception.

Acadia remained in the hands of the British for thirteen years, and then Le Borgne, having authority from France, turned the garrison out of Fort La Hève and left the people destitute so that they were forced to eat grass and wade in the water for lobsters to keep them alive. In 1667, Acadia was again restored to France under the Treaty of Breda. We must now leave Nova Scotia for a time and return to Quebec, for so many things have happened since we heard the good Father Le Jeune say "Ho! Ho!" in the College of the Jesuits.

CHAPTER VII

LOUIS XIV AND NEW FRANCE

Quebec is a long distance from Versailles. In the days of which I write it seemed far, so very far away, and oft-times the settlers longed for the sunny land of France which the older people still remembered. The colony had fallen on evil days. Sickness and want had left their impress. Even the Governor was quite as helpless as the people, for they were still largely dependent on France for support. There were no factories either in Quebec, Three Rivers, or Montreal, and when the crops were poor the inhabitants were reduced to starvation.

Moreover, work in the open was dangerous because prowling bands of Iroquois were always on the watch for scalps. Indeed, Quebec itself was threatened. In the month of June, 1656, a flotilla of the Iroquois passed the town, and at night a descent was made upon the Island of Orleans. Several of the friendly Hurons were killed and nearly a hundred were carried into captivity. Dismay filled the hearts of the people; houses and windows were barricaded and no one dared to venture abroad after dusk. To protect the approach to the convent there were two guard-houses manned by twenty-four stalwart men, and in their keeping were twelve fierce hounds.

The Jesuit College, the strongest building in the town, was fortified, and thither every night the nuns and their pupils were conducted by the ecclesiastics, and returned to the convent at six o'clock in the morning. For eight days the danger was imminent, but the temporary fortifications were maintained for five months. New France was in an evil plight.

The nuns received a pressing invitation to return to France on account of the precarious state of the colony—and when they announced their decision to remain, the Governor and the citizens expressed their satisfaction.

The Governor had sent many appeals for help, but support must take the form not only of food and clothing, but of men trained in arms to protect life and property. But France was far away, and perhaps the King had forgotten.



ST. MAURICE FORGES AT THREE RIVERS—THE FIRST IN CANADA

James Cockburn

In the month of June, 1662, the trusty ship of Captain Poulet, trader of Dieppe, dropped anchor before Quebec. All sea captains were welcome, for besides carrying merchandise they brought news from the Old World. But Captain Poulet was more than welcome, for he announced to the Baron D'Avaugour, the Governor, that he had on board a distinguished visitor in the person of M. Asselin de Ronual, a young man of wealth and position who was on a visit of pleasure. This was an unusual event, and accordingly the Governor, attended by three hundred soldiers and several gentlemen, went to the wharf to bid his visitor welcome. The young man, after paying a formal visit to the Baron at the Chateau, took up his abode at the inn of Jean Gloria, formerly of Dieppe. He seems to have been quite comfortable there, and perchance M. Gloria's charges were quite reasonable. But one unkind man said that when M. Gloria celebrated the King's marriage by a display of fireworks, he charged three thousand one hundred livres for them instead of forty-five livres. But fireworks are much dearer than meals.

M. de Ronual was probably the first tourist to Canada, and we are thankful to him for the excellent diary that he kept of his voyage. Before visiting Quebec he stopped for a day or two at Tadoussac, and wrote an interesting account of the Iroquois there. He gives a good description of the Island of Orleans and of the

Upper and Lower Towns of Quebec. He had the good fortune to meet the Jesuit Dablon who had just returned from a mission, and he describes the houses of the Indians on the side of Mountain Hill. After leaving Quebec he visited Three Rivers and Montreal, and although the Governor offered him a commission in the army, he preferred to see other parts of the world.

To the little settlement the face of a stranger must have been welcome, and I am sure the people were sorry when he left them.

In 1663 a severe earthquake greatly alarmed the inhabitants from Gaspé to Montreal. The animals ran wildly in the woods, and the forests shook so that the Indians said the trees were drunk. The motion which lasted for several days caused the people to feel sick, and at times the sky was dark and overcast so that day was turned into night. Indeed, it was several weeks before the tremor subsided.

Then, when prospects seemed dark and gloomy, there was a ray of light. Louis XIV, still young and full of enthusiasm, had decided to take a personal interest in his little kingdom beyond the sea.

Le Roi Soleil he was called, and the sun was to shine upon New France.

It is the 30th day of July, 1665. Quebec is in holiday attire. Flags are flying from the Château, from the Jesuits' College, and from the Cathedral. All work is suspended, and young and old wend their way towards the King's Wharf. There is a roar of cannon from the bastion of Cape Diamond, and the Marquis de Tracy, Lieutenant-General of all the King's possessions in North America, steps on shore. In the train of de Tracy follow a few young nobles and men of fashion, and, most important of all, a number of officers of the famous Carignan Regiment, who represent the Royal Army of France in the New World. But this does not end the surprise. De Courcelles, the new Governor, steps ashore, followed by M. Talon, the Intendant, and still more soldiers. Then all wend their way up the mountain path to the church, where a service of thanksgiving is held.

A short time ago we witnessed a very picturesque procession in which the Indians took part, but this procession was such as had never been seen before. The Marquis de Tracy, a veteran of sixty-two years, tall and of military bearing, wore the splendid uniform of a Lieutenant-General. He was attended by four pages and six footmen in royal livery and twenty-four officers. Then came the Governor with his attendants, the Intendant and his staff, and the Bishop and forty priests, then the inhabitants according to their rank, and lastly the Indians. It was a gala day in Quebec. The people were greatly touched. They felt that the colony was no longer a half-forgotten outpost beyond the borders of civilisation, but linked by the tie of sovereignty in their midst to a mighty empire.

When the King took matters in hand things were done on a grand scale. Besides an army of one thousand two hundred men, five hundred workmen and two hundred farmers had arrived, so that from this time forward the country would surely prosper! We shall see. There were seventy dwelling-houses in Quebec at that time. Still, with the Château and Fort St. Louis, the Cathedral and the Seminary, the Ursuline Monastery, the Jesuits' College, and the Hôtel Dieu, it looked quite an imposing place.



QUEBEC FROM URSULINE BASTION, JUNE 17th, 1829

James Cockburn

And now, while all set to work with good will to provide accommodation for the new inhabitants, we must follow the soldiers. It had long been evident that little progress could be made until the savage was brought to submission. For years the wily Indians, leaving their villages, or castles, had descended by way of Lake Champlain and the Richelieu upon the French settlements, destroying cattle, and scalping any unfortunate who came in their path. Fear filled the hearts of the people. And so the first mission of de Tracy was to place obstacles in the path of the Iroquois. With this object in view strong detachments of troops were sent to construct forts at several points of vantage, and Sorel, Chambly and other places derive their names from the officers sent on this mission. While these forts were in

the making, de Courcelles at the head of five hundred men set out to chastise the Indians. It was the 6th January, 1666. Neither the troops nor the Governor had any idea of the severity of the Canadian climate, nor of the requirements for a winter march. Each man was given a blanket and a few biscuits, and stores were packed on light sleighs "drawn by mastive doggs."

The St. Lawrence was frozen, and they decided to follow its course as far as possible. A fierce wind was blowing and the river was as smooth as glass in places, and at others in ridges of snow. "Snow shoes which hath the very form of a Rackett tyed to each foote" greatly impeded their march, and frost nipped their fingers and toes. And so this ill-fated march began. Seven miles a day was all they could accomplish, and at the end of three days their progress was more like that of a stranded army struggling to rejoin its camp than of an expedition bent upon punishing a powerful foe to whom wind and weather offered no terror. De Courcelles struggled on until the 9th of February, and then called a halt. He believed that he had reached the camp of the enemy; but it turned out to be a place held by the English.

The English Governor offered him hospitality, but de Courcelles well knew that if his men "got within the smell of a chimney corner" it would be difficult to make them leave until milder conditions prevailed. He was glad, however, to accept a certain amount of provisions, and kept control of his men, "whome he could now keape from stragglng or running away, not knowing where to runn for fear of ye Indians." And so for a few days "he campt under the blew canopye of the heavens," and then in silence turned towards Canada. The Indians followed closely and the nephew of de Tracy was killed, several were scalped, some perished by the wayside, and when de Courcelles reached the haven of Fort Chambly he had lost sixty men and the rest were in a deplorable condition. Thus ended the first attempt of the French troops to conquer the Mohawks.

The Indians, learning that there were many troops with the French, sent delegates to Quebec to make a treaty. The chiefs were invited to dine at the Château, and during the evening mention was made of the severe loss the Marquis de Tracy had sustained in the death of his nephew. Thereupon one of the Indians raised his arm and declared that his was the hand that had split the head of the youth. Amid a scene of wild disorder, the Indian was taken out and promptly hanged. All negotiations were at an end, and the troops were more determined than ever to end the Iroquois' incursions.

A great meeting was held in the Jesuits' garden, attended by the friendly Indians, and speeches were made in favour of peace. But it soon became apparent that no peace would endure until the Mohawks had been subdued.

Six hundred regulars, six hundred Canadians and one hundred Indians were to compose an expedition, and on the 14th of September, the day of the Exaltation of the Cross, the troops left Quebec, headed by de Tracy and de Courcelles. They were given an enthusiastic send-off, and much was hoped for. On September 28th the troops assembled at Fort Sainte Anne on Lake Champlain. De Courcelles, hasty as ever, pushed forward with a part of the troops, followed by de Tracy on October 3rd. No roads had yet been opened, there were only narrow paths and swamps, and by night the men slept in the open on damp leaves. De Tracy, being subject to gout, was once nearly drowned. Fortunately, a Swiss soldier of great strength and a Huron carried him ashore and the King's Lieutenant-General was saved.

Notwithstanding the experience of the previous campaign, provisions ran short, and the sufferings of the army increased. On the march some chestnut trees were discovered, and the nuts were eagerly devoured by the famished soldiers. At the sight of the advancing army the Mohawks fled. The roll of the drums and the roar of the guns filled them with alarm. Surely these were the voices of demons! On marched the troops with measured tread, and took the first village without a blow. Then the second, and then the third village was entered without any show of defence. At this moment an Algonquin girl, once captive of the Iroquois, approached and told them of other villages. Tired though they were, and hungry, the march was continued, and the fourth village fell into their hands. The sun had set, and as the darkness gathered they proposed a halt. But the Algonquin girl seized a pistol and, grasping the hand of de Courcelles, said, "Come on, I will show you the straight path." And in the dark with the brave girl guide they drew near the most important stronghold of the Mohawks. Within the triple palisade of the fort the enemy felt secure. Great precaution had been taken against fire, for vessels of bark filled with water were arranged behind the barriers.

But the roll of the drums and the shouts of a mighty army created a panic, and the Indians sought safety in flight.

The fort, which was called Ondaraque, was a surprise. Instead of the miserable wigwams of the other villages they found a well-ordered town with wooden houses large enough for eight or nine families. The houses were well supplied with tools and utensils and an abundance of corn and other necessities. And yet, if peace was to be established, all this must be destroyed. But before setting fire to the town de Tracy and de Courcelles took possession of the country in the name of the King and set up the arms of France.

On the return of the army, which had suffered exceedingly, there was great rejoicing in Quebec.

The mission of de Tracy was now ended and he returned to France, leaving de Courcelles and Talon to carry out the purpose of the King regarding New France.

CHAPTER VIII

THE INTENDANT TALON

Never was there a more remarkable man in New France than Jean Talon, the Intendant. He was a man of resource, of considerable wealth, and of excellent judgment. He did not believe that the expeditions to punish the savages would be very effective. The Iroquois had been checked for the moment, but he knew that they would not forgo vengeance and would await a favourable moment for attack. He thought rather of strengthening the country by means of settlement. For his scheme he required men, and therefore hesitated to part with the soldiers.

Along the accustomed path of the invaders he proposed to create seigneuries, so that there would be a continuous settlement from Three Rivers to Montreal. The officers of the Carignan Regiment would be the seigneurs, and the soldiers would be their tenants. The King would thus be relieved of the expense of a standing army, and at the same time well-disciplined men would be available for defence.

As few of the officers had private means, he proposed to help them to establish their seigneuries, and each tenant was to receive a grant of money and provisions for several months. The King approved, and thus it came to pass that a number of the seigneuries, now old and picturesque villages, sprang up along the path of the invaders.

Talon was untiring in his efforts to people New France. In 1666 three hundred soldiers were brought over under six captains, and for several years every ship from France brought additions to the settlement. Louis XIV had expressed the wish that his Canadian subjects, from the highest to the lowest, should be regarded almost as his own children, and so the Intendant was to be a father to the whole community. This was an extraordinary position for a man to fill. Still there was the command of the King, "to solace them in all things, and encourage them to trade and industry, and as nothing will better promote this end than entering into the details of their households and of all their little affairs, it will not be amiss that he visit all their settlements one after the other in order to learn their true condition, and performing the duty of a good head of a family, put them in the way of making some profit."

Now I wonder what you would say if to-morrow the Governor-General came to your home and told you that His Majesty King George wished to know how you were getting on. Would you not think it very strange? But if he told you how to make money, or, if in need, gave you some, I think you would say that both the Governor and the King were very kind. Yet this is just what Talon did. And he did something

more that the King did not know. He made careful enquiry and discovered that many of the King's servants were poorly paid, and when he could not obtain the money from France he wrote to his own agent to send him some money to pay these poor men, but he added, "Do not tell the King."

Sometimes, on his visits, the Intendant did not wish to be recognised, and, wearing plain clothes, represented himself as the valet of M. Talon. Upon one occasion he called at the Hôtel Dieu, and meeting the Superioress assured her of the kindly disposition of the Intendant towards the community, and of his desire to bestow on them every gift in his power. But one of the nuns, struck by the extreme distinction of manner and speech of the valet, told the Superioress that she was sure that he was more than he pretended to be; that perhaps the Intendant himself was honouring the Hôtel Dieu. And when asked if he really were the valet, there was nothing for him to do but acknowledge that he was not.

From that day forward, Talon was the devoted and generous friend of the Hospital.

To make the colony self-supporting was the aim of the Intendant. First he made a census of the people, enumerating the occupations or callings of the inhabitants, the number of buildings and the number of cattle. Then he laid out villages in a peculiar and sensible manner. Over a very large tract of land he made grants of triangular shape, and the houses were erected in a large square in the centre of the tract, so that from each house there was a fine farm gradually growing wider as it approached the boundary. By this means there was easy communication between neighbours; they were never lonely, even in the long winter months. And in the centre of the great square were the church and other public buildings.

I think some of our settlers in other parts of Canada would still like this form of village. For loneliness and isolation are the drawbacks of pioneer life. Then Talon thought it would be a good example if he became a farmer himself. So he bought land and cleared it at his own expense, and built a large house and barns, and cultivated fields and meadows and gardens, and stocked the farm with a good breed of cattle. While Talon was busy in carrying out all these activities and building villages and houses, he intended to keep the people busy and, therefore, happy. From the first he saw the value of hemp. Several acres were sown the first year, and the seed distributed to the farmers on the understanding that they would bring back an equal quantity of seed the following year. But they did not all keep their word, and so he seized all the thread and ordered that no one could obtain any more except in exchange for hemp. And soon there was a goodly supply. Then he insisted that the girls and women should be taught to spin, and procured instructors for them. And he

distributed looms, and after a time the colony produced home-made carpets and table covers, and serges and bunting. The fine homespun rugs and serge which you buy in the Province of Quebec to-day are made by the descendants of the people who were instructed by Talon so long ago.

Carpets and serge and coarse linen were now made in the country, but there was still the question of shoes and hats. But Talon had provided for these. Tanneries were erected to provide the leather, and shoemakers were on hand to make the shoes; and a hat factory was opened which provided for headgear. I rather think they were mostly for the men, because I am sure the girls would not have been satisfied, at least not all of them, unless the hats came from France.

However, Talon wrote to the King in 1671: "I am now clothed from head to foot in home-made articles." And since they were good enough for the King's representative, they were better probably than some of our home-made articles to-day. And when difficulties arose, instead of going to law he proposed the "amiable composition."

To provide work for the men he turned to shipbuilding, and nearly five hundred men were employed in the trade. First he built only small ships for commerce on the river, but in 1672 he launched a vessel of over four hundred tons, and was prepared to trade with other countries. Perhaps he hoped to ship coal, for he discovered a mine in Quebec.

Until Talon's time there was only one horse in the country. You will remember that when the wife of the first Governor arrived she was driven to the Château in a rough ox-cart. During the first three years of Talon's administration, forty-one horses and eighty sheep were brought to Canada. The fur trade had been encouraged, and in one year skins of good quality to the value of 250,000 dollars were obtained from the Indians.

Now Talon had provided horses, food and clothing, and taught the people several industries, but he could not prevent the traders indulging in drink. Brandy was used as a medium of traffic with the Indians, and the traders were beginning to acquire a taste for it themselves. Indeed, it soon became a difficult problem to deal with, and for a time it severely taxed the energies of the State and the Church.

In order to provide a less harmful form of beverage, and to discourage the importation of wine, Talon built a large brewery which supplied home-made beer. But it does not appear to have been a successful financial venture. To-day the building is used for the purpose for which it was constructed, and possibly with more profit.

From the first Talon had a difficult and delicate task. If the soldiers were to settle

down on the farms, they needed wives. But, unfortunately, there were few women in the country, and since Talon had been commanded to enter into the details of the life of the people, it was to the Intendant they looked for a wife. And so we find him making an appeal to the King for brides for the settlers.

Now the King thought this was a very strange request, and was amused, but since he had become what one might term a universal provider, wives the settlers should have. And so the ships each year brought out a number of brides who were willing to tempt fortune in the New World.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST BRIDES DURING THE RÉGIME OF TALON

C. W. Jeffreys, R.C.A.

When the ships arrived no wonder there was much excitement among the bachelors who were eager to pay court to these daughters of France. They did not always have their own way. First they had to satisfy the Governor that they could provide for a wife, and if they could they were married. The girls who were not satisfied with their prospective husbands were taken care of by the nuns until a satisfactory suitor appeared.

There were many officers who wished to be married, and they required brides who were well educated. To meet their request the Intendant had to appeal for girls of a certain standard of education. Nothing seemed too difficult for the Intendant.

In the administration of the country, which was largely in the hands of the Intendant and the Bishop, many regulations were made to preserve order which seem to us severe. So the Intendant was not without enemies. His work had been very strenuous, and now his personal affairs at home demanded attention, and so in 1668 the King granted him leave to return to France, and appointed a successor. His departure was the cause of deep regret to the colony, for he had laboured unceasingly in its behalf. While at the Court he pleaded the cause of New France so eloquently that the King, on the advice of his Minister Colbert, granted all his requests, on the condition that he returned to Canada. It was a great sacrifice, but the King's will was law.

Talon sailed from La Rochelle on July 15th, 1669, accompanied by several gentlemen and a Franciscan friar. He was expected at Quebec by October at the latest. The winter crept on, and fearful hurricanes swept over Quebec; buildings were destroyed and loss was sustained amounting to over 100,000 livres. Possibly the ship was lost, for Talon came not. In due course M. Patoulet, the secretary of Talon, arrived. He had sailed on another ship. To Colbert he wrote: "If the Intendant is dead, His Majesty will have lost a good subject; yourself, Monseigneur, a faithful servant, Canada an affectionate father, and myself a good master." Then in the spring tidings were received in Quebec that Talon was in France. His ship had been driven far out of its course, and after three months of suffering the captain was obliged to put into port at Lisbon.

After the ship was overhauled and supplied, she sailed from Lisbon; but a few leagues out ran upon a rocky shoal and became a complete wreck. Talon and his companions were rescued, and early in the new year were in France again.

On the 18th August, 1670, after barely escaping shipwreck at Tadoussac, Talon landed at Quebec, and great was the delight of the people. The Intendant had several important projects to consider. It was the desire of his heart to extend the sphere of French influence westward to Hudson Bay, and therefore he sent an expedition there under the Jesuit Albanel, who formally took possession of James Bay in 1672.

Louis Joliet had command of an expedition, and with Father Marquette discovered the Mississippi; and La Salle was in the midst of his exploration of the Ohio. Far and wide trading posts and forts were flying the flag of France.

One would like to dwell upon the activities of Talon, but this is only a brief sketch.

Ill-health was bringing his career to a close, and in 1672 the King gave him permission to retire.

On the 9th November he sailed from Quebec, nevermore to return, and died two years later. What a glorious life upon which to look back! He had set government and justice upon a sure foundation. He had given an impetus to trade and commerce, and to the poor he had been a father and friend. He found an expiring settlement; he left a flourishing colony, and, after the lapse of two hundred and fifty years, Canada still does him honour.

CHAPTER IX

HOME LIFE IN NEW FRANCE

Now we have heard much about the excellent plans of Talon for promoting the welfare of the people. Some day the seigneuries and villages he planned would be very picturesque places to look at, and very comfortable homes to live in. But there was much hard work to be done in the meantime, and we shall do well to take a glance at the inhabitants as they are building their houses. Nearly all the country is covered with trees, and there are few open spaces. And so, if we pass along the banks of the St. Lawrence or the Richelieu, we shall see men everywhere felling trees, squaring logs, and sawing planks. There was not much in those days to distinguish the seigneur from the habitant, for both must be prepared to endure fatigue and exposure before even a rough shelter could be provided. It was hard work, for there were no saw-mills, or machines for extracting roots. All had to be done by hand. Even these tasks were dangerous, and while men swung the axe, others, musket in hand, were always on the watch. Look at this large open space which has been cut out of the forest. They are beginning to build a log cabin in the centre, and in the distance men are putting up a palisade. To the right of them and to the left of them are others carrying muskets, keeping a sharp look-out. But where is the man we saw just now on the right, near the big tree? He is not there, and we did not see him go away; neither did his companions. It is a sad story, too often repeated. Two stalwart Indians had pounced upon him while his back was turned and carried him off to the woods. The Indians made no noise. Silently they came and silently they stole away. His companions are hastening to the spot, and are discharging their muskets, but too late. Pursuit is useless and dangerous. Probably a whole band is waiting to surround them. And so until the dwellings of the inhabitants were encircled by a strong palisade they could not feel safe.

As we pass up the river we shall find several of these seigneuries in the making; farther up more progress has been made. Here is quite a strong-looking fort. In the angle of the palisade there is a mill, built of stone, with loopholes for defence. In the centre of the large square with its high palisade, is the stone manor house, and several smaller houses, barns and stores; and there is the oven. Quite a large patch of ground is under cultivation, and what a pretty garden! At the door stands the wife of the young seigneur. She tells us that she has been there nearly two years. The house is neatly furnished. Some of the furniture was made during the winter, including the cradle, in which there is a healthy youngster. There are a few pieces which were

brought from France. The mats on the floor were made in Quebec. It is all very clean and comfortable. The seigneur who owned a mill and an oven was quite important, because all the inhabitants who did not own a mill were bound to take their grain to be ground at his mill, and to bake their bread in the seigneur's oven.



THE WAYSIDE OVEN IN OLDEN TIMES

Frank Hennessey

Now the mills and the ovens were a sore trial to many a housewife, and as more land was cleared, and houses extended beyond the fort, the difficulties became greater. Many a woman after facing a winter storm found when she reached the baker that the dough was frozen. And sometimes the baker had too many batches to bake, and a second journey was necessary. Baking was not free—toll had to be paid to the fortunate seigneur. There were no bakers to deliver bread, and no shops at which it could be bought. So if the mothers were sometimes cross, they certainly had much to try their patience. As for the children, their mothers did their best to instruct them, but there was little time in the summer. Every spare moment between seed-time and harvest was spent in making preparations for the winter. Large quantities of wood had to be cut and piled up outside the buildings for fuel; grain and roots had to be dried and stored before winter held the land in its grip. But in the long days when snow and ice kept them from wandering far away the mothers were

often the teachers.

Occasionally they had a visit from the curé, who would spend here a day, and there a day, giving advice and instruction. In summer he came in a canoe. In winter he tramped on snowshoes. Surgeons were few in the country, and so they seldom saw a doctor. The barbers in Quebec claimed some knowledge of the healing art. But the mothers of New France seem to have been the best physicians, for their children were usually healthy notwithstanding the absence of the apothecary and the patent medicine man.

For a time, perhaps, the winters in the more remote villages and seigneuries were dull, but the French habitant was resourceful, and always cheerful. With a love of singing, and an ear for music, the longest hours were enlivened by the violin and the songs of Old France. Then there were cards and other games.

As horses multiplied, most of the habitants owned a horse and sleigh. Then visits could be made to neighbours, and so the tedious winter wore away. Journeys to the capital either on business or pleasure were usually made at least once a year. But they were not always satisfactory.

At the seat of government and the residence of the King's representative, the standard of living differed from that of the seigneurs, at least for the present. Old France was to be reflected in New France. Shops had been opened and the ships brought over the merchandise of Paris. Silks and laces and damask-shoes and hats and shawls and ornaments were amongst the articles imported. So that in the streets and at functions in the Château costumes might be seen that would not have been out of place in the Court of Versailles.

Gossip travels apace, and the farmers who carried their shingles to Quebec brought back wonderful stories of the gay life in Quebec, and every young wife longed to see the wonders of the place.

The most attractive place was, naturally, the mart where the articles were displayed, and usually the wife returned with some article of personal adornment; but to some, very few, life in the seigneurie seemed less attractive thereafter.

The seigneurs when they could afford it wore the usual coat and breeches of a gentleman of France. The habitant wore a blanket coat in winter, with a sash and tuque. The girls were simply dressed, and were particularly careful in dressing their hair, in which they wore an aigrette.

But as families increased it was often difficult to procure clothing for so many. But the King still loved his children, and so we find occasions when his representatives sent presents of socks and pants to cover the nakedness of the little ones.

There were some curious customs in the country. A guest was provided with a silver spoon and fork but not with a knife. This he was supposed to bring with him. There was very fine silver in the country, spoons and forks and dishes, and in a few instances gold plate was found in the seigneuries; but no one seems to have imported knives.

Holidays were few in the country places, but St. Martin's Day and the 1st of May were always observed. On the 1st of May the people assembled at the house of the seigneur, and amidst the rejoicing and dancing of the children the young people planted the maypole.

On St. Martin's Day pleasure was mingled with business. It was on this day the habitants went to pay their dues to the seigneur or lord of the manor. Early in the morning they started out, some on foot and some in carriages, bringing with them the tribute exacted by their form of lease.

There was little money in Canada, and eggs and capons and wheat were offered instead. When business was over they partook of the hospitality of the seigneur, the older people enjoying the gossip; and when the shades of evening fell they returned to their homes.

Such was the life of the early settlers; but we shall meet them again. For the present they have much to do, and we will not disturb them.

CHAPTER X

FRONTENAC

Louis XIV made an excellent nurse for infants of tender age; but sturdy youth, unless very hungry, declined to be fed from the bottle. The paternal government of the King, so beneficial at the outset, was doomed to failure. With the increase of population and the natural expansion, individual care of the inhabitants became impossible. Taught to rely upon the bounty of the King rather than upon their own efforts, there was a tendency to indulge in illicit trade offering large profits, when their wants were not forthcoming. And, not having much to say in the management of their own affairs, they lacked initiative and many became indolent.

Drink, too, was a cause of alarm. The mild beverage of the brewery could not compete with the demand for “eau de feu.”

“The chief mason,” wrote the Governor, “is an excellent craftsman, but a mighty drunkard.” The chief engineer was little better, and had to be boarded at the Château in order to keep him at his task.

The clergy were doing their utmost to encourage temperance, but they were few, and it needed a very strong hand to enforce the law.

Fortunately, a governor of great determination arrived in Quebec in the person of Frontenac.

Louis de Buade, Comte de Frontenac, a man brought up at Court, came to Canada with the determination to uphold the dignity of the Crown. The Château St. Louis seemed mean to him after the splendour of Versailles, and he ordered enlargements and improvements. While these were in progress he created a favourable impression by the magnificence of his entertainments. They were such as had never been seen before. And so with this policy fixed in his mind he began his régime.

Old France was the model on which New France was to be developed. This was the aim of both Richelieu and Colbert. The King was to govern, not the people. Frontenac, however, had his own views on certain matters, and they were in opposition to those of the King.

His first move was to create three distinct classes or orders in Canada—that of the clergy, the nobles and the commoners. Then he proposed to give the people a certain measure of political freedom. They were to elect their own mayor and two aldermen.



ST. LOUIS STREET, QUEBEC, 1829

James Cockburn

Now this seems all very simple to us to-day. We have our Governor-General, Lieutenant-Governor, Prime Minister, Cabinet Ministers, Privy Councillors, and the people who have no official positions called commoners. And if we wish to have Mr. Jones or Mr. Smith for our mayor we vote for him, and if Mr. Jones obtains more votes than Mr. Smith, he becomes our mayor. We do not have to ask the King. In those days it was quite different. And so Frontenac was told that the King did not wish his representative to create these orders in Canada, and the people were not free to elect their own mayor or aldermen. The King's word was law, and Frontenac was a King's man.

There were several problems for him to deal with. The most important perhaps was the question of the Iroquois. So Frontenac proposed to meet the different tribes and see if it were possible to conclude a treaty of peace. With a large retinue he set out for Montreal. There were no roads, and the journey must be made by water. In France the King's representative would travel in a royal barge gaily decorated. All Quebec could offer was a birch-bark canoe. And Frontenac said that it was a very undignified method of travel.

He paid a brief visit to Trois Rivières, where Pierre Boucher was Governor, and

passed on to Montreal, where he attended a reception given by the Governor and the leading citizens. At the close he informed them that he had come to recruit forces for his expedition in order to make an impression on the Iroquois, with whom he intended to hold a conference.

There was some opposition, but in the end four hundred Frenchmen and Indians were ready to launch their canoes and barges on Lake St. Louis. Frontenac's visit was not unannounced. La Salle had been sent in advance to make preparations. The procession of the Governor was imposing. First came four squadrons of canoes, then two barges brilliantly painted, then Frontenac and his attendants and the regular troops. Then the militia with a squadron from Three Rivers; to the right and left Indians, and in the rear two more squadrons. Never before had the Indians seen such a wonderful display of strength. On landing, a tent was set up for the Governor, gay with flags and surrounded by guards.

Cataraqui, now Kingston, was the scene of the meeting, and here Frontenac had already begun to build a fort which was to bear his name. The next day the conference began. Frontenac was diplomatic. Through an interpreter he expressed regret that he had not yet acquired their language, but assured them of his good-will. Each evening some of the chiefs dined with him, and he played with the children and gave them sugar plums, or rather prunes. Hatchet in hand he danced their war dance, and even danced with the Indian girls. In his speech he told them that he was their kind father who loved peace and deplored war, but at the same time he told them of the ease with which he could mount the rapids, and that if they preferred war it would end in their destruction. Frontenac did not make a treaty, but the Indians for a time ceased their activities.

Trouble was brewing in another quarter. The Indians had brought in all the furs that could be obtained in the vicinity of Montreal and Quebec, and now they had to go a long way into the woods to secure them. Therefore their visits to town were less frequent and trade was less brisk. Many of the inhabitants therefore followed the Indians into the distant woods in order to obtain furs. This gave rise to a disordered condition and the appearance of the "coureurs de bois."

At first the young men were attracted to the forest by the love of adventure. The nomadic life of the red man, free from all restraint or discipline, appealed to them. How different from the dull life of the village and the thrall of parental authority! Then there was the lure of trade and the thirst for gold. And so gradually they became accustomed to the ways of the Indians and their habits. Orders were issued forbidding young men to go to the woods without a licence. But they were not obeyed. At one time there were upwards of eight hundred of these young men

engaged in trade with the Indians. True, there was an element of danger in the occupation, and oft-times skirmishes with the Iroquois, but this only added zest to their quest. There were a few notable exceptions amongst the “coureurs de bois”; Du Lhut, for example, who followed the trail to increase his fortune and add to his knowledge of the country. But many were dissolute, and when they came to town spent their days in wild debauch. Dressed in a curious fashion, half Indian, half courtier, they claimed to be the true nobles of the country.

But the fur trade appealed to all classes. One day the Governor in Montreal received intelligence that Lake St. Louis was covered with canoes, but whether those of friend or foe no one could tell. By sound of cannon the people were summoned to arms. A few days later, with barbaric pomp and pageantry, five or six hundred men of various tribes landed near the town, bringing with them furs valued at over one thousand crowns. Then began the barter in which all classes were eager to engage. It was a strange sight. Here a noble of France, in court attire, talking through an interpreter to a stalwart Indian bespattered with paint. Here a woman of rank, and there an officer, each with an eye on the trader, in the hope of a bargain. To the children it was a great treat, and they followed the gaily painted savages in wonder and delight.

In the midst of it all, the Governor found his position exceedingly difficult. Profit there was in the fur trade, and furs were needed in the cold Canadian winters. The English offered the Indians six quarts of brandy for one beaver skin, and the Dutch offered them rum. The French gave them eight pounds of powder for one skin, and for two skins a white blanket. But brandy they must have, or they would not trade.

Now what was to be done? The Bishop and the clergy were opposed to liquor because it had such a bad influence, not only on the Indian, but on the habitant. But the merchant clamoured for more and more trade because of the profit, and in spite of the Bishop and the Governor, and against all the laws, the “coureurs de bois” increased in number. The Governor was in favour of trade because the country must be supported, and the King could no longer bear the whole expense of the country.

And so Frontenac, who was of hasty temper, quarrelled with the Bishop and then quarrelled with the Intendant because he supported the Bishop, and he quarrelled with the “coureurs de bois” on account of their lawlessness, and punished them severely at times. Frontenac was a fighter, and when the Governor of Montreal refused to obey him he put him in prison; and he gave the son of the Intendant a good beating and locked him up for a month. And so he had many enemies. But he was kind at times. Two little Indian children of nine or ten years old were brought up as members of his family at the Château, and sent every day to school at the Jesuits’,

and four Indian girls he sent to the Ursuline Convent to be cared for and educated by the nuns.

But continual quarrelling was not good for the country, and Frontenac was recalled, and the Intendant as well.

A new Governor came, Le Febvre de la Barre, and the Chevalier de Meulles was named Intendant. On their arrival nearly all the lower town had been destroyed by fire, and the people were in sore distress.

The English also were a cause of anxiety, for they encouraged the Iroquois to invade the French settlements, and they soon discovered that the new Governor was quite different from Frontenac, whom they had met at Catarauqui.

La Barre tried to conciliate the Indians by offering them presents. But when he asked the Iroquois to obtain his permission before attacking the friendly tribes, they had a poor opinion of him and were determined to carry on their warfare. In fact, they intimated to him that they intended to complete their destruction of the Illinois, which would include the French posts on the Mississippi.

From the first La Barre engaged in trade on his own account, and when he sent out a convoy of canoes it was promptly captured by the Indians.

These savage tribes must be overcome, said La Barre. And so with two hundred men he started to carry out his purpose.

His forces were increased as he proceeded up the river by a number of militia and by a band of Indians. After much hardship he reached Fort Frontenac, and here many of his men died from fever, which was raging in the vicinity. Then his valour seems to have deserted him, and he proposed a parley with the Indians within the fort. The invitation was not accepted, but they were willing to meet at the village of La Famine, and thither went the weak Governor with what force he could muster.

La Barre began his address by reciting the wrongs which the French had suffered, for which satisfaction would be demanded. "Otherwise," said the Governor, "I shall declare war, and the English will assist me." This the Iroquois knew to be untrue. Then spoke Big Mouth, the great chief: "Ononthis, in setting out from Quebec you must have fancied that the scorching beams of the sun had burnt down the forests which render our country inaccessible to the French. This certainly must have been your thought; and it would be nothing else but the curiosity of seeing a burnt or drowned country that moved you to undertake the journey here. But now you have the opportunity of being undeceived, for I and my warriors come to assure you that the Five Nations are not destroyed."

La Barre stormed and blustered, and the Iroquois looked on. Then Big Mouth favoured the spectators with a dance, and entertained the Frenchmen. And after a

while La Barre and his army set their faces towards Montreal. The savage tribes must be overcome, said La Barre, but perhaps he realised by this time that some other man must undertake the task. When the King heard the story of the Governor's exploit he politely told La Barre that he was too old for the hardships of the office.

Then the King tried another Governor, Jacques René de Brisay, Marquis de Denonville. He had some good qualities, though he was quite unfitted to deal with the crafty savage.

The Iroquois had a high opinion of the character of the French leaders. Men like Le Moyne and Lamberville were trusted, and they had a great respect for brave deeds. If invited to a conference they went without fear. So when Denonville invited them to a banquet at Fort Frontenac they were pleased. But when this unwise Governor had enticed them within the fort he promptly made them prisoners. But all the Indians were not captured, and vengeance was sure. The wily Indians would watch and wait, and one fine day in August, 1689, they descended upon the settlement of Lachine and massacred the inhabitants.

New France was in an evil plight, though help was forthcoming when for the second time Louis de Buade, Comte de Frontenac, was appointed Governor of New France.

England, as we have seen, was jealous of the possessions of France in America, and now that the throne of England was occupied by William, Prince of Orange, it was certain that war would soon take place. France also had designs upon the English settlements, and each country tried to find out what the other was doing. You will remember the two tall men at St. Malo who were watching Jacques Cartier. So sometimes men came to Quebec to spy out the land. One day Frontenac had a discussion with a prisoner who had been captured in Nova Scotia, and being a very nice gentleman he took a fancy to him and invited him to the Château as his guest. In the course of time he was allowed to wander about at will, and cleverly found out that Frontenac intended to send an army against the English. Then he wrote a letter to the English Governor giving him the information. But how to send the letter he did not know. Often in his walks he would talk to the soldiers, and one day he persuaded two of them to desert and carry the letter. Soon the soldiers were missing from their post, but they were swift of foot and for the moment escaped. But suspicion fell upon the fine-looking gentleman, whose name was Nelson, and he was arrested and sent as a prisoner to France.



VIEW FROM THE COURTYARD OF THE CHATEAU ST. LOUIS, JUNE 16th,
1830

James Cockburn

These were the conditions which confronted Frontenac on his arrival in Quebec. You remember that Denonville had treacherously invited the Indians to a banquet at Fort Frontenac and then seized them and sent them as prisoners to France. Frontenac had brought back with him thirteen of these prisoners, whom he treated kindly and intended to restore them to their tribes. The others were dead, and he knew their death would be avenged.

It was a critical situation, and the people were thankful that they had a strong man in their midst.

The danger point for the moment was Montreal, and thither went the Governor. Here he beheld the destruction wrought by the Indians at Lachine, and heard that Denonville had ordered the troops to demolish Fort Frontenac. What a strange proceeding! Denonville had incurred the hatred of the Iroquois by his treachery, and had weakened the defences of the country at a time when a display of strength was particularly necessary. Frontenac was angry, and his relations with Denonville did not improve. Something must be done. In the meantime he sent a delegate to the Indians promising to restore to them their great chief who had been taken prisoner, and requested them to meet him in the ruins of Fort Frontenac. But the Indians had long

memories. They thanked him for having brought back their chief, but they could no longer meet him at Catarauqui where the council was held, because the ground "is all red. If the tree of peace is to be planted again, it must be in some other place."

For the present nothing could be done. Fortunately some of the walls of Fort Frontenac were still standing, and Frontenac hastened to rebuild the fort.

Preparation for an attack on the English colonies was now complete. A war party under the command of Le Moyne de Sainte Hélène was recruited in Montreal to proceed to Albany. With Le Moyne were his two brothers, Le Moyne d'Iberville and Le Moyne de Bienville, men of courage, skilled in the art of war, who had the confidence of the Indians forming part of the army.

They left Montreal in the depth of winter when the whole country was in the grip of ice and snow. Frost nipped their fingers, their ears and toes. But they were far more used to wind and storm than the poor soldiers under de Courcelles, a few years before. Their path was by way of the frozen Richelieu and Lake Champlain. Here the Indians became curious. They wanted to know their destination. When told that it was Albany, they objected. "How long is it since the French grew so bold?" asked one. And so when they came to the cross roads, one leading to Schenectady and the other to Albany, they took the path to Schenectady. It was four o'clock in the afternoon of 8th February when they reached the outskirts and took possession of a wigwam occupied by four squaws. Warming themselves by the fire for a time, they pushed on through the night, crossed the frozen river Mohawk and surrounded the village of Schenectady. There were a few friendly Indians in the place who were on a visit, but the inhabitants were Dutch. Although there were two gates, they were both open, because they had no thought of invasion. In crept the soldiers, and silently closed one gate and stole up close to the houses. Then with a wild screech they burst in the doors with hatchets and the carnage began. Few escaped. One Simon Schemerhorn mounted a horse and galloped through the unclosed gate, followed by the soldiers. Although wounded, he reached Albany at daybreak and gave the alarm.

The army returned in haste to Montreal, but when within sight of the town they were overtaken and fifteen were either killed or taken prisoners. Frontenac's second war party left Three Rivers for New Hampshire in January, under the command of François Hertel. Towards the end of March they reached the farms near Salmon River. Before daybreak they surrounded the houses, burst open the doors, killed a few, and took the others prisoners. Then they proceeded to the scattered farms, destroyed the cattle and burned the houses. In the midst of their work of destruction, two Indian scouts brought news of the approach of a considerable body of the

English. Hertel was overtaken, but made a stand and killed a number of the English, then returned to one of the Abenaki villages on the Kennebec River. While there he heard that a band of French and Indians had lately passed on their way to attack the fort at Canso Bay.

It was Frontenac's third war party under Portneuf, and Hertel hastened to join him. They had now a force of nearly five hundred men. On the 25th May, the army encamped not far from Fort Loyal, on the site of Portland, Maine. Here they adopted a method of warfare similar to that employed successfully in the late war. They dug trenches, and gradually wormed their way up close to the palisade. Fire was directed against the fort and its surrender was demanded. The Commander, Sylvanus Davis, asked for a delay of six days. This was refused, but when the French brought barrels of tar to burn the palisade he gave way. Davis was taken to Quebec and treated kindly, but many of his companions were killed.

These expeditions had wrought much destruction, but they had not conquered the English nor subdued the Iroquois.

On the 10th October, 1690, alarming news was brought to Frontenac in Montreal. The Town Major of Quebec reported that 34 ships from Boston were in the St. Lawrence bent on the capture of Quebec. It was the fleet under Phipps. Frontenac returned at once and did what he could to make a show of defence. But on the 16th the vessels cast anchor before the town and an envoy from Phipps demanded the surrender of Quebec.

The envoy was received at the wharf and conducted blindfold over many obstacles into the presence of Frontenac. Here, again, a great display was made. The Governor was surrounded by all his officers in uniform, and the message was presented to him with much ceremony. The envoy took out his watch and asked the Governor to observe the time, as an answer must be received at eleven o'clock precisely. "I will not keep you waiting so long," replied Frontenac. "Tell your General that I do not acknowledge your King William, Prince of Orange. He is a usurper of the throne of King James. I have no answer to give save from the mouth of my cannon and musketry, that your General may learn a man of my rank is not to be summoned in this fashion." The envoy returned, and for the remainder of the day shouts of "God save King William" were heard from the ships, mingled with the beating of drums and the sounding of trumpets.

The next day about 2,000 men were landed at Beauport, while the French fired at the ships from the batteries and did some damage. The English troops now attempted to advance from the camp, but a strong body of volunteers drove them back. On the following day overtures for the return of several English prisoners were

made, and the French agreed to effect an exchange for an equal number of French prisoners. Sixteen were returned to Quebec, including Madame Lalonde and her daughter, who had been captured in Acadia.

Phipps evidently found that the capture of Quebec was not an easy task, and, without warning, the ships disappeared and sailed for Boston. It was a great relief to Quebec. The escape had been a narrow one, for famine threatened the colony. All the houses in the lower town had been abandoned, and the cellars of the Ursuline convent were filled with women and children. Now they could return to their homes, and there was great rejoicing. One of the flags of Phipps had been captured, and this was borne in triumph to the Cathedral.

But peace was of short duration. During the following year an attack by the English on La Prairie led by Schuyler resulted in loss of life and much damage to the French. At this time the Iroquois made a great effort to destroy the trade of the French. The Ottawa River was the main artery of commerce for the furs from the upper country. Cargo after cargo was seized until the traders were afraid to venture any longer. And while every available man was engaged in protecting Montreal, other bands of the Iroquois invaded the settlements on the St. Lawrence and the Richelieu as far as Sorel and Three Rivers. Work in the fields without protection was always perilous, and the harvest was gathered under a strong guard of the militia.

In the seigneuries the inhabitants seldom ventured beyond the palisade unless there was urgent work outside.

One day, in October 1692, Madeleine de Verchères, daughter of the Seigneur de Verchères, was standing at the landing-place not far from the gate of the fort. Suddenly she heard firing in the direction where the labourers were at work. She knew what it meant. The Iroquois had made their appearance in the field, and perhaps some of her men had been captured. Turning around she saw forty or fifty Indians within pistol shot. Rushing towards the gate, she called out "To arms! To arms!" hoping that someone would come out to help her. Swift of foot, she had gained the fort and barred the gate, but not before the Iroquois had fired at her. Within the fort were two soldiers, but they had taken refuge in the blockhouse. At the gate were two women whose husbands had just been killed by the Iroquois. Inspecting the fort, she discovered one or two weak spots, and these she protected with the aid of the women. On going to the blockhouse she met one of the soldiers with a lighted torch. All hope was abandoned, and he intended to blow up the fort rather than fall into the hands of the enemy. But Madeleine was not of that type. Her father was on duty at Quebec and her mother was in Montreal, and she and her two little brothers were the guardians of the fort.

Calling her brothers, she said: "Let us fight to the death. We are fighting for our country and our religion. Remember our father has taught you that gentlemen are born to shed their blood for the service of God and the King."

The boys began to fire from the loopholes, and Madeleine ordered a cannon to be discharged. Then she opened the gate and walked boldly to the landing-place, alone. She thought that the savages would suppose this to be a ruse to draw them near the fort, in order to make a sortie upon them. And this they did suppose, and so they kept at a safe distance. Thus passed the night. In spite of wind, snow and hail, the cry of "All's well" was kept up as if the fort was manned with soldiers. "About one in the morning the sentinel on the bastion near the gate called out, 'Mademoiselle, I hear something.' I went to the bastion, and by the aid of the snow which covered the ground I could see a number of cattle, the miserable remnant of what the Iroquois had left us. The sentinel wanted me to open the gate, but I said 'God forbid! You do not know all the tricks of the savages. They are no doubt following the cattle clothed in the skins of beasts.'"

And so the defence was kept up for over a week. "On the eighth day, near midnight, the sentinel told me he heard a voice from the river. And through the darkness could be distinguished a body of men moving slowly towards the fort, but whether friend or foe we could not tell. 'Qui vive?' I called, and the answer was, 'We are Frenchmen. It is La Mounier who comes to bring you help.' I saluted him and said 'I surrender my arms to you.' 'They are in good hands,' he replied. 'Better than you think,' I returned." Thus was the fort of Verchères saved from the Iroquois. Now Madeleine was only a child in years; but she was a soldier in valour and resource. "For God and the King" was her motto, and both she served faithfully.

One day Lord Grey, our Governor-General, read her story, and he decided to perpetuate her heroic deed. And now on Verchères Point, near the site of the fort, stands a bronze statue of Madeleine, a girl who adorned the age in which she lived and whose memory is dear to posterity.

But we must return to Frontenac. He had repulsed the invader Phipps, and the Iroquois had been attacked from time to time, but it was quite evident that with so small an army and without a fleet of ships he could not hope to hold out long against the enemy. The Iroquois, enraged by the treachery of Denonville, were growing bolder from year to year. Still, in spite of all this, the boundaries of New France had broadened from Newfoundland to the Mississippi, and from Onondaga to Hudson's Bay, and Canada still belonged to the French King. What the country needed was a much larger population protected by a powerful army. That the colony was still French was due largely to the pluck of the men, women and children. The Canadian

habitant was brought up in a stern school. His farm was a fort, and he was as familiar with the use of a musket as with spade or scythe. Nor were the mothers of New France less hardy or resourceful. By day they worked in the fields and cooked the meals, and in the long evenings they taught the children and made their clothes. And boys of fourteen and even girls could shoulder the musket as effectively as men.



THE RETURN TO THE FORT

This represents the mode of travel in Quebec two hundred years ago

Frank Hennessey

The Peace of Ryswick in 1697 gave Canada a breathing spell. They were free from invasion by the English. But their old enemy, the Iroquois, was as relentless as ever. And so Frontenac, now 77 years of age, made one determined effort to conquer them by leading an attack into the heart of their country. He obtained no victory, but his daring and courage had broken the spirit of the red man, and three years later the Five Nations made peace with the French. Frontenac was not there, the sword of the fighting Governor was sheathed for ever, for he died in the Château St. Louis on the 28th day of November, 1698.

For a long time he had been the hero of the people. Enemies he still had, but many realised that he possessed qualities needed in New France.

To sum up the character of Frontenac is difficult. The merchants as a whole

respected him. To the poor he was a father, and although he once imposed a fine upon a woman for a slight offence, he gave the amount to her children. The nuns of the Ursulines regarded him as a friend and patron, and one of his conspicuous enemies, the Intendant Champigny, said that during his last illness he treated him in such an obliging manner that he felt thankful to him. And it was to him that he bequeathed a valuable crucifix. If he made money out of trade he spent it on the colony, for he died poor. He was a man of strong will and violent temper, which when opposed to men of equal force often resulted in positive harm. But New France had need of such a man to cope with a situation which was not of his creation, and he brought all his energy to bear in carrying out a policy which he believed to be right. He found the colony in a state of weakness and fear, and he left it strong and courageous. But while all the circumstances we have described were happening in New France we have lost sight of what was going on in a part of Canada which was not under the sway of France, and we will now turn for a moment to England.

CHAPTER XI

HENRY HUDSON AND THE GREAT COMPANY

In the Church of Saint Ethelburga the Virgin, in Bishopsgate Street, London, a stained glass window was unveiled in April 1928 to the memory of Henry Hudson. The church is very, very old, because in the deeds of the City of London in 1280 it is mentioned as a parish. It is such a curious church. On either side of the door there is a window; but no one can see either, because ever since 1571 there has been a shop on each side of the door. To this church on the 19th of April, 1607, went Henry Hudson and three of his companions to receive Holy Communion, "those persons proposing to goe to sea foure days after for to discover a passage by the North Pole to China and Japan."

We do not know when Hudson was born or where, only that in the month of May he sailed in the "Hopewell," and that the cost of the expedition was borne by the Muscovy Company, which was engaged in trade with Russia. He did not find the passage, but touched the coast of Greenland and brought back word that whales and walrus were plentiful in the northern sea.

Two other voyages were made, but with them we have little concern.

In 1610 a number of English gentlemen offered to find the money to fit out another expedition, and in April Henry Hudson sailed from the Thames in the "Discovery" on his fourth voyage. Towards the month of June he reached Iceland and found the water of one of the springs so hot "that it would scald fowl." On the 1st June he steered westward and entered the straits which have since borne his name, till he came to the great open waters of a bay, ever since known as Hudson Bay. Surely this must be the passage to China, thought Hudson.

The sailors went ashore and discovered a herd of caribou, and wished to replenish their stores. But Hudson was eager to push forward; perhaps success would crown his efforts. For three months they sailed around James Bay, but could find no outlet. Then winter came on. The ground was covered with snow, and the "Discovery" was bound fast in the ice. This was bad. But there were worse troubles ahead. On board was a worthless fellow named Henry Green, who stirred up strife amongst the crew, and the men refused to work. Food became scarce, and there was great distress. Poor Hudson, he did not know what to do. He changed his officers; but there was no improvement in the conduct of the men. In fact, they were hatching a terrible plot. At last came the spring, and the vessel sailed out of winter quarters. Then on one fine day in June, while he was on deck, he was seized from

behind, his arms were bound, and with seven others he was placed in a shallop. And then the "Discovery" sailed away under the command of Green. A few days later, while ashore, Green was attacked by the Eskimos and killed by arrows. Several other men were wounded. With little food they drifted on the ocean, reduced at last to eating the bones of wild fowl and candles. One died of starvation. At length the vessel reached the coast of Ireland, but the men were too weak to work the ship. The skipper of a fishing boat came on board and steered the "Discovery" to the west coast of Ireland.

So the ship of Henry Hudson came home, but possibly not before its gallant commander had found a grave. An expedition was sent to search for him, but no trace of him or of the shallop was ever found.

Like Cabot and like Champlain, his grave is unmarked.

Now all this happened just after the foundation of Quebec, and by this voyage England had a claim to Hudson's Bay. If we had been in London soon after the people were recovering from the effects of the terrible fire of 1666, we might have heard rumours of a great trading expedition in which the King, Prince Rupert, and many nobles and knights were interested. In fact, preparations were being made for the first fur trading expedition to Hudson's Bay. Probably it would have been undertaken earlier, but the horrible plague and then the fire had cast a gloom over England. This expedition was to be under the charge of two men, Radisson and Groseilliers. They had both been north of Lake Superior and perhaps to Hudson Bay, trading in furs. But alas! without the permission of the Governor of New France. So when they returned to Quebec with a quantity of furs they were so heavily fined that they found themselves poor men.

Groseilliers went to France to ask the King to remit the fine, but failed and returned to Canada. At Port Royal the two men met Zachariah Gillam, and finally went with him to Boston. Here they met the Commissioners sent out by Charles II to settle some affairs relating to the plantations. One of the Commissioners, Sir George Carteret, was vice-chamberlain to the King, and to him they described the possibility of huge profit from trade in furs. Carteret became interested and persuaded Radisson and Groseilliers to accompany him to England.

On 3rd June, 1668, the "Eaglet," under Captain Stannard, with Radisson on board, and the "Nonsuch," commanded by Captain Gillam, with Groseilliers, sailed from the river Thames; but the "Eaglet" sprang a leak and was obliged to return. The "Nonsuch" reached the straits, spent a winter there and returned with a small, though valuable, cargo of furs. It was a beginning, and the promoters were greatly pleased. But not even the most sanguine could have foretold that the voyage of the

“Nonsuch” marked the birth of an enterprise which was to give the Hudson Bay Company control over half a continent, with trading posts from Labrador to the Pacific and from the Arctic to California.

News of the venture of the “Nonsuch” spread far and wide. Rival companies would soon be found in other countries. Absolute control of the trade was essential, and so on 2nd May, 1670, the King handed to Prince Rupert the most remarkable charter ever given to a trading company, constituting “The Gentleman Adventurers Trading into Hudson Bay” feudal lords over a region as vast as the whole of Europe! Thus began the history of this remarkable Company which, after a lapse of 250 years, is still the greatest fur trading company in the world.

France viewed with alarm the activities of the new Company. They heard from the Indians that large ships from England were seen in the sea of the north, and that the English were erecting trading posts there. The principal trade of New France was furs, and if the English obtained a monopoly it would seriously cripple the colony. The English were intruders, they said, and protested that the country belonged to France.

Radisson and Groseilliers, as we have seen, were once in the service of France. Not being satisfied with the treatment received at Quebec, they offered their services to the English. Through their efforts the adventurers of England engaged in the fur trade which resulted in the formation of the powerful Company. But they were merely the servants of the Company, and they made a plea for better treatment. There were charges against them, however, and they could not come to terms. Then they went to France and offered their services to Colbert. Radisson, in the meantime, had married the daughter of a man high in the favour of the Company, and Colbert was suspicious. He therefore advised him to seek employment under Frontenac. But the Governor would have nothing to do with him. Once more he returned to France and joined the Royal Navy. Meeting one of his former friends, he and Groseilliers were induced to return to Quebec. Here they obtained two vessels and, after an exciting voyage, brought back a valuable cargo of furs. The Governor, de la Barre, was an avaricious man and confiscated most of the cargo, and when protests were made, ordered Radisson and Groseilliers to report to Colbert in France. News of Radisson’s exploit reached the English, and they requested the French monarch to punish this persistent trader. Between the two countries they were now in a sad plight. Radisson was resourceful. He had married an English wife and he had friends in England and in the Company. And so he returned once more to London, and persuaded the Company to engage him and make him a stockholder. In the meantime, Groseilliers was in command of the French post, Fort Bourbon. In

the summer of 1684 Radisson sailed for Hudson's Bay, and Groseilliers was astonished to find his companion in command of an English ship. Nevertheless, Radisson hauled down the French flag, and took possession of all the furs, which he stored on board his vessel. Groseilliers was induced to board the ship as the anchor was lifted, and he and seven companions were carried off to London. New France was furious, and a reward was offered for the capture of Radisson. From this time there was war between the rival traders. In 1686 the Chevalier Pierre de Troyes, an officer of the famous Carignan Regiment, led an expedition against the English. With him were the Sieur Le Moyne d'Iberville, the Sieur de Sainte Hélène and the Sieur de Maricourt. They left Montreal, ascended the Ottawa, then crossed overland by way of Lake Temiskaming and Lake Abitibi, and after three months arrived before Fort Munro. D'Iberville led a night attack, slew the sentinel at the gate, and took the panic-stricken garrison prisoners. On they marched to attack Fort Charles, on the Rupert River. Hearing that the Governor was on board a vessel at the mouth of the river, he approached the vessel in a canoe with some Indians, boarded the ship and took the crew prisoners. Pushing on, they attacked the fort, and, after a hard fight, dismantled the post and threw down the palisades. While this was going on, Sainte Hélène captured another vessel of the Company. With much loot and thirty prisoners, de Troyes sailed for Fort Albany. On leaving, d'Iberville brought his guns to bear on the walls, and after two days effected a breach. Finally the fort surrendered, and fifty thousand beaver skins passed into the hands of France. While this warfare was going on in the New World, England and France were at peace, and notwithstanding the Treaty of Neutrality between James II and Louis XIV of 1686, the traders were in no mood to observe its terms. For years the struggle was kept up, but in spite of heavy losses and discontent in England, the Hudson Bay Company retained a foothold. Fort Nelson was captured, and twenty thousand beaver skins were sent to England in 1696. The following year was a most critical period for the Company. The French made a strong effort to drive the Company out of the Bay. D'Iberville was in command of the expedition, and again succeeded in capturing the fort. Of its seven posts, only one remained to the Company. They continued to trade with the Indians around James Bay, but no dividends were paid to the shareholders. The French, however, did not find the posts profitable. They had no vessels, and the route overland was not practicable.

The English were masters of the sea, and the French who were sent to the Bay were captured. The red men also were not satisfied and longed for the days when trade was uninterrupted.

Finally the French were compelled to withdraw from the Bay under the Treaty of

Utrecht, and the English were to receive compensation for their losses. The effect was marvellous. Soon the warehouses in London were packed to overflowing with beaver skins, and the Company branched out in all directions.

CHAPTER XII

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AFTER CHAMPLAIN

We left Quebec when the people were mourning the death of their pugnacious Governor, Frontenac. His successor, Louis Hector de Callières, was even more determined to uphold the dignity of the Crown; in fact he claimed all the honour paid to a Marshal of France. To some who loved pomp and pageantry this was welcome, but others were jealous or envious.

Frontenac had paved the way for peace with the Iroquois, and de Callières was anxious to conclude a treaty. But there was much to be done before an agreement would be reached between the various tribes. Finally, they agreed to meet in Montreal. The Indians had no idea of conducting business in a simple manner. Feasting, dancing and singing were the necessary accompaniments. When the tribes had assembled, each chief must sing a song, rattling at the same time a dried gourd half filled with peas. Then six large kettles were brought in containing dogs and a bear suitably chopped to pieces, which was ladled out and consumed in an instant. This was to give them an appetite. There was a supper of boiled corn to follow, and then a dance. All this seems very nasty, but it was only the preliminary proceeding; no more could be done that day.

For six days they plied the Governor with questions, all of which he must answer. At last the meeting opened, and Kondiaronk, the Rat, began his speech. For two hours he spoke, and at the end was so exhausted that they carried him in his chair to the hospital, where he died at midnight. And so they bore the dead chief to his wigwam and stretched him on a beaver skin, wrapped in a scarlet blanket, with a kettle and a gun by his side. Then sixty warriors came in solemn procession and stood around him, and the principal chief said that "the sun had covered his face that day in grief for the loss of the great Huron." And the next morning there was an imposing funeral. Saint Ours, captain of the guard, led the procession with an escort of troops. Behind him sixteen Huron warriors, with faces painted black, marched with measured tread. Next came the clergy, followed by six warriors carrying the coffin decorated with flowers, upon which lay a plumed hat. And now the funeral was over, they consented to name a day for the meeting. With much labour a great square was marked out with branches of trees; and in the midst seats were arranged for the spectators, and troops were drawn up to line the sides. Under a canopy of boughs sat the ladies and principal inhabitants of Montreal. The Governor, seated in the centre, was surrounded by interpreters. Thirteen hundred Indians had come to

the meeting, some of them from over two thousand miles. The savages were painted in gay colours, and wore their dress of ceremony, including feathers and horns. One could admire the brilliancy of the colours and be amused at the gestures of the warriors; but their long flowing discourses must have been tedious. Each speech had to be repeated in five different tongues through the medium of the Jesuits. The chief of the Foxes was perfectly wonderful. His face was painted red and he wore an old French wig with long curls, and, not knowing the use of curling tongs, it was in a sad plight. He walked in a stately manner towards the Governor, and wishing to be polite, lifted his wig as if it were a hat. Then the spectators laughed, and the chief thought he had made a hit. The Governor told him he might keep his wig on, and he made a short speech. "The darkness is gone. The sun shines bright again, and now the Iroquois is my brother." One after another the Indians spoke, and the Governor was presented with four wampum belts. The ceremony was over, and the Indians dispersed as rapidly as they came. From this time forward there was occasional trouble, but the Indians were no longer a menace to the growing colony. Frontenac's work was finished. The friendly Indians of Quebec and Montreal were well satisfied with their neighbours the French, and were particularly grateful to the nuns for their care of the children. There were few, if any, Indian children in the convent at the time, they had all been restored to their parents, with a good education. They were apt pupils, for girls of eleven could write in French and read three languages.

"It is better to instruct a little child than to gather great wealth for him," was the motto of the Breton women. Let us hear what they taught their children:

"Approach, my little children; come and hear a new song composed expressly for you. Take pains to remember it entirely. When you awake in your bed, offer your heart to the good God, and say with faith: My God, I give thee my heart, my soul and my body. Make me to be good or else to die before my time. When you see a raven fly, think sin is as black and wicked; when you see a little white dove fly, think that your soul, if pure, is as sweet and white."



OLD FRENCH CATHEDRAL, MONTREAL, 1828

James Cockburn

Now all the girls did not always remember this. But some did, and they in turn taught their children. And that is why there were many nice girls like Madeleine de Verchères, who wrote such nice letters and was so brave. I will tell you a story of another girl, Marie-Joséphine Fezeret. When she left the convent at the age of 17 and returned to her parents in Montreal, she found that her three brothers had fallen in battle against the Iroquois. Her parents were growing old and absolutely without means. “Since my brothers are dead,” said she, “I will provide for you.” So she drew up a petition to the Governor, showing that her three young brothers had died in fighting for the King, and asked for a grant of land with all seigneurial rights. So eloquently did she plead her cause that the Governor granted her a seigneurie under the title of Bourg-Marie, subject to fealty and homage at the Castle of St. Louis. Taking charge of the seigneurie, she was able to provide for the comfort of her parents in their declining years. And then one day she married an officer in the navy, and seems to have been very happy, as she deserved to be.

In the age when we have every convenience and luxury, we wonder sometimes how people managed to live and be happy. For my own part, I think they were far happier than to-day. But by this time you will have realised that I am old-fashioned.

There were no street cars, nor motor cars, nor moving pictures, nor circuses, nor candy shops. Neither were there telephones nor gramophones, and everything was still primitive except at the Château and in Quebec. And even there some of their contrivances were amusing. One day there was a big fire in the seminary. They had no fire alarm or fire engine. But at the Château they kept a number of leathern buckets, and it was the duty of the people whenever they saw a fire to run to the Château, take a bucket, fill it with water and carry it to the fire. On this particular day there were so many people running with buckets that they got in each other's way, and by the time they reached the fire there was not much water in the buckets. So the poor fire chief said that he could have done better with thirty helpers than he did with the 200, who were only in his way. And so a fire in those days generally ran its course.

There were no newspapers in Canada under the French régime, so that the people did not know what was going on in the world day by day, as we do. But every season when the ships arrived with the silks and laces, shawls, dresses and trinkets, the captains brought a goodly supply of newspapers and books from the Old World. Then there was great anxiety to glean the news. The fortunate ones could read the papers themselves, but there were not enough even for Quebec. Those at a distance relied upon what information could be gathered from the seigneurs or farmers who visited Quebec.

After the fire in Quebec there was an account in the papers of a wonderful Dutch pump for throwing water on a fire. The people asked the King for one, and he gave his consent, but as he did not send the money to pay for it, they still clung to the buckets, which we have seen were not of much use. Fire destroyed much property in Canada, and disease thinned the population. Quebec as a port of entry suffered most, for the ships which brought the merchandise of France brought also small-pox and plague. Then the convents and hospitals were often overcrowded with the sick, and some of the Sisters were amongst the victims. And until the arrival of Timothée Roussel, in 1667, there was no surgeon in the country.

The course of instruction in the convent must have been equal to that which was given in France, because in 1709 a pupil of the Ursulines was appointed governess to the children of the King.

Life in the convent school seems to have been enjoyable in early days, for the garden was very extensive. There were clusters of fine trees, fruits and flowers. And in the garden even to this day is grown the plant Angélique, which after it is boiled in sugar is good to eat. The little ones say it is good for a pain in the "tummie," but older people think it is excellent candy.

Change is taking place all around; one would hardly recognise the Quebec of Champlain or of Talon. Substantial houses line the water front and the mountain path. In the upper town new streets and houses cover the vacant places of a few years ago. There are now 17,000 people in New France. But the convent changes not. Within the convent chapel Marie Madeleine de Repentigny has just put a torch to the lamp which is to burn perpetually.

Two hundred and seven years after Marie set up this lamp, I was in the Palace of Louis XIV at Versailles, and I heard the Prime Minister of France repeat these words: "In the convent of the Ursulines of Quebec there is a votive lamp, the flame of which was kindled more than two centuries ago. I trust that it is a symbol of that friendship between France and England, which, like the lamp, will for ever remain burning." The young girls I have told you about passed away more than 200 years ago, but their names will never die.

The people in New France were not all like Marie Madeleine de Verchères or the other Marie of Bourg-Marie. Some were idle and worthless like so many of the "coureurs de bois." They did not want to work. One day five women from the country appeared and began to beg. Perhaps some of them had drunken husbands and were not altogether to blame. I do not know. But an order was issued requiring them to return to their homes and support themselves by work, and a fine was imposed upon anyone who gave them alms. They went away for a time, but returned in force upon the plains, built huts and threatened to pillage the homes of those who refused to help them. The five had now increased to three hundred. The council took up the question and appointed two women to solicit alms, and a third to follow with a basket to collect the donations. The proceeds of their daily rounds were distributed to the needy, and thereafter whenever a healthy looking beggar was found he was given a sound thrashing. New France had many troubles and was sorely tried. Invasions by the Iroquois and by the English, and famine and disease accompanied progress. Brief were the times of respite.

In the summer of 1711 the Governor was warned of the approach of a powerful fleet from Boston under Sir Hovenden Walker. Nine ships, sixty transports and twelve thousand men! What could the people do against such a powerful foe?

But the elements fought for Canada. On the 22nd of August the fleet was caught in a heavy gale and dense fog enveloped the river. All through the night the vessels were driven before the storm. Neither the Admiral nor his crews knew anything of the dangers in their path. Before dawn eight transports had been dashed to pieces on the rocks and nearly nine hundred men found a watery grave. When the storm abated, the Admiral was less confident of taking Quebec and returned crestfallen to

Boston.

A great many changes will be noticed in Quebec at this time. The brewery built by Talon has been converted into a palace for the Intendant, who lives in grand style. It is richly furnished, much better than the Château. There is a beautiful garden with greenhouses for the rare plants brought from France, and the water comes right up to the wharf. Here you will see the gaily decorated boats of the Intendant. In the upper town at the top of the mountain path you will see the home of Timothée Roussel, surgeon, and over the door an ugly-looking dog gnawing a bone. In the course of time this house became known as the Golden Dog, and all sorts of stories have been told about it. Near the home of Timothée Roussel in France there is a house with a similar stone, and when the surgeon came to Canada he brought a copy of the stone with him. Then there are the King's storehouses, and the Bishop's home, and the improvements to the Château. Many of the inhabitants have now quite comfortable houses of stone. At Charlesbourg, on the way to Beauport, the Intendant Bigot had constructed a château, and brought over from France a valuable library. But he did not enjoy it long, for all the Intendant's possessions were destroyed by fire.

Montreal had kept pace with the progress of Quebec. It would indeed be difficult to recognise in it the Ville-Marie of Maisonneuve. It is now quite a strong fort, and with a strong army it could withstand a long siege.

In Three Rivers there is much activity. The iron mines employ over one hundred and fifty men, and the churches and convents give it a substantial appearance.

But within the colony forces are at work which will hasten its fall. Many of the officials in high places are gaining large profits at the expense of the King, and Bigot, not Talon, rules in Quebec.

CHAPTER XIII

THE FALL OF NEW FRANCE

It is the month of July, 1756. News has just reached Quebec that England and France have declared war. This means that sooner or later an attack will be made on New France. Let us take a flight over the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific in our make-believe aeroplane, and see what there is for an army to oppose. The last time we skimmed over Canada the only dwelling we saw was Champlain's rough fort at Quebec.

The grim-looking bastion, the long rows of guns, and the fine stone buildings are a part of Louisbourg, the strongest fortress in the New World. For a time it pertained to England, but it is now held by France, as the key to the St. Lawrence. Surely no army could capture such a place. Here is Port Royal, where Champlain spent the winter. It is quite a strong fort, and is flying the flag of England, for it passed into the hands of the English under the Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713. The name was then changed to Annapolis Royal, in honour of Queen Anne. And there are the Acadian settlements. Dear me! What a pity we cannot drop a note to tell the poor people what dreadful things are to happen next year! Thousands of them will be driven from their homes and, crowded into boats, will be taken away to New York, Virginia, Maryland, and other places. Few of them will ever see their native land again, and they have much to suffer. There is the church at Grand Pré to which they were summoned to hear their fate. Now we pass over the St. John River, and the forts we saw just now were Beausejour and Fort Lawrence. This country will soon be known as New Brunswick. Here we are at Tadoussac. There is the oldest church in Canada. Here at one time lived Father La Brosse. He was so beloved by the people that after his death some of them went to his grave and spoke to him through a cleft in the rock. But we cannot stop. Yonder is the church of Ste. Anne, which one day will become a place of pilgrimage. Here, on both sides of the St. Lawrence, we find picturesque villages, soon to experience the horrors of war. Now we are passing Quebec and we recognise the steeples and convents and schools and the Château, and to our left the Isle of Orleans and the heights of Lévis. And here is the Foulon, of which we shall hear more. But I think we will circle about for a little. Yonder is the General Hospital, and the bridge of boats leading to Beauport, then Charlesbourg and Beauport Church, and a house near by, where the French General is to live. There are the Falls of Montmorency, and L'Ange-Gardien is near by. If we could look down, or had a strong glass, we might see a tall, slim-looking gentleman talking

to a soldier on the Plains. He is near the old house which once belonged to Abraham Martin, after whom the Plains of Abraham are named. Some day the Franciscan convent will be built on this site. The two men seem to be laughing. If we could follow the tall man we should find him dining with the Governor, and everyone is enjoying his company. The next day he would be at the Jesuits', who take him over the college, evidently delighted with his conversation. In a day or two he leaves Quebec. When he is safe in New York, he begins to write a description of the city, of its bastions and forts, the number of men, and just such information as the enemy needed. And he made an excellent map, of which we shall hear more.



MERRY-MAKING

Now we pass on, following the River Saint Lawrence, leaving Sillery behind us, then Cap Rouge, St. Augustine, Pointe aux Trembles, Jacques Cartier and Deschambault. Soon we come to Three Rivers, where you will notice much smoke. It is from the forges of St. Maurice, where they make good stoves. On either side

are the picturesque seigneuries which we saw in the making. They are now growing old and grey with time, but the fields and gardens are beautiful, and there are flowers everywhere. How hard the people must have worked! Here is the old house of Madeleine de Verchères and the mill which she defended seventy years ago. And on that spot, a hundred and fifty years later, there will be a monument to her. Here is Chambly; and now we are crossing St. Helen's Island, named after the wife of Champlain. Before us is the fortified town of Montreal. We fly over the mountain; but there is no vestige of the Indian village of Cartier, nor do we see the palisaded fort of Maisonneuve. It is a grand sight and the buildings look solidly built and comfortable. Now we pass over the scene of the great council at which the chief of the Foxes wore a wig; and here is Lachine where the people were massacred. Away we fly towards Niagara Falls, with its strong fort, and skim over the site of the former mission posts, and where Brébeuf and Lalemant were put to death. Then we leave what is now the Province of Ontario, and soon come to the Red River and the forts of the Hudson Bay. What a number of posts they have! But we do not see any houses in between, though there are several camps of the Indians. It is, indeed, a great change. Here we must start on our return journey over the forests, and this time we land at Quebec, near Wolfefield.

For two years before the formal declaration of war, New France and the English colonies had been fighting, and the Baron Dieskau, commander of the French forces, had been wounded and sent to England as a prisoner. Since the two great countries had taken a hand in the war, it was more serious. The struggles between rival colonists gave place to a contest for the mastery of a continent. The question to be decided was whether France or England should rule in America. Louisbourg, Quebec and Montreal would be objects of attack. Dieskau had failed, and a new commander must be sent out at once, and the choice was Louis Joseph, Marquis de Montcalm, then 44 years of age, who had won renown in many campaigns.

The home of Montcalm was at Candiac, near Nîmes, and it has since become famous for its mineral springs. The table water called "Perrier" comes from Montcalm's estate. Towards midnight a courier arrived post haste bearing the King's commission to Montcalm to command the French forces in North America, with the rank of Major-General. To the soldier this was welcome news, but his family were very much distressed. Nevertheless, Montcalm took leave of them with a light heart, and passed from the home he was never to see again. But Candiac, with its beautiful orchards and its olive-trees and almonds, was always in his memory. "When again shall I see my dear Candiac?" he wrote in the stress of war. And with the raven we could answer, Nevermore! Montcalm's wife was the grandniece of Talon, the

famous Intendant of New France, of whom we have heard so much. And he had some dear little children of whom he often thought. His own life he knew was uncertain, but he believed that God would preserve them both in this world and the next. "It is a good deal to ask," he says, "but does God ever leave his children in want?"

This was the man who was sent out to defend the expiring colony. After a brief visit to the King at Versailles, he sailed from Brest with his staff and arrived in Quebec towards the end of May. From the moment of his arrival there was a remarkable change in the life of the people. War, and the preparation for war, occupied their thoughts. There was much to do. Fortifications had to be built, and strengthened, and supplies sent to the distant posts. All day long vehicles were in motion. From Quebec to Niagara is a long distance, but the troops, wherever they happened to be, must be fed. Men, women and children were busy, for horses were scarce, and the carts had to be dragged over rough roads, and many a dog team was employed.

Montcalm took command of the troops, and within the space of two years Fort William Henry and Carillon had been captured; but not without loss. Montcalm was the hero of the hour. In the meantime, conditions in Quebec were not improving. Bigot, the Intendant, and his boon companions lived in luxury at the palace. One day he invited M. Panet to dinner at a certain hour, but the Intendant was playing cards and kept his guest waiting. Panet entered the dining-room, and seeing a beautiful white roll at the plate of each guest, gathered them up and stuffed them into his waistcoat, till he bulged out like a pouter-pigeon. When Bigot at last came into the room he noticed the peculiar appearance of Panet and saw one of the long rolls peeping out. "What is this?" said Bigot. "Surely this is some jest." "No, sir," said Panet, "it is not a jest; my family have not seen white bread for over two months." I hope he was allowed to keep the bread, for the people were glad to get roots to eat.

Two years of war, war with many victories, had told heavily upon the people, and filled the coffers of Bigot and his associates. At this time the Intendant was sending large sums of money to France to build a château for himself. He was a profiteer who rolled in wealth while the people starved. He was like those contemptible people in the late war who made large profits out of the food required for the soldiers. How different from the Intendant Talon!

But Bigot was not to enjoy his ill-gotten wealth. Montcalm had informed the King, and after the war the Intendant was brought to trial and forced to restore eleven millions, and was banished from France. While all this revelry was going on, the English had been active. Louisbourg had been captured and the hero was James

Wolfe.

This was a blow to France, for Louisbourg was the key to the St. Lawrence.

But we need not dwell on those sad pages of history, for New France is hastening towards her fall.

When Wolfe returned to England after the capture of Louisbourg he was not well, and hoped to have a long rest. But one day, when returning to his home in Westerham, his mother met him at the garden gate, and handed him a letter which had been brought by courier from London. It was from Lord Barrington. The King had been pleased to appoint him to command an expedition to the St. Lawrence River, with the rank of Major-General. Wolfe was only 32 years of age, and he, like Montcalm, left the home which he was never to see again.

He was to sail in little over a month, and there were many preparations to make. Now, you will remember that when we flew over Quebec we spoke of a slim-looking gentleman who was very busy writing a report and making a map. Well, his name was Patrick MacKellar, and now he came to Wolfe and handed him the map and the report. In fact, he was to accompany Wolfe as chief engineer. The map that he handed to Wolfe is in Canada, with many others made by him, and they are remarkably good maps.

In the course of time the expedition, under Admiral Saunders, reached Louisbourg. In the meantime, Admiral Durel, who had wintered in Halifax, sailed up the St. Lawrence and took soundings of the river, and one of his boats even reached Quebec.

He then sent a boat to meet the British fleet with a plan of the river so that the ships could sail up without danger. There were sixty ships with about 4,000 soldiers. What a wonderful sight it must have been to see these stately ships sailing past the picturesque villages on either side of the St. Lawrence!

But the poor people, I am sure, must have been very much afraid. On the 23rd June, 1759, the ships came to anchor in the basin of Quebec, and a few men landed upon the Isle of Orleans.

The next day General Monckton formed a camp at Pointe Lévis, opposite Quebec. And Wolfe and his officers made their camp beyond Montmorency Falls. He was now separated from the French army by the chasm of the falls. Montcalm's army was encamped along the Beauport road extending from the river St. Charles to Montmorency, a distance of eight miles. Vaudreuil's camp was at Charlesbourg, near Quebec. Montcalm's headquarters were in the old house of Robert Giffard, the first seigneur of Beauport, and on the left of Montcalm, near the Falls, was the camp of the Marquis de Lévis.

Within a few days the British had set up their batteries and began to fire across the water on the city. At first they did little harm. Soon they used sea mortars which threw bombs high in the air, and some of them fell on the church and on the hospital and Jesuit College, and set fire to the buildings. It was a terrible time. Many of the women and children were sent beyond the reach of shells, but the nuns remained in their places, for every day someone was wounded, and the hospitals were needed. Now the French had devised a plan, at a great expense, to destroy the English fleet. They had fitted up a large number of old boats and filled them with tar and gunpowder, and then set them adrift with the tide to burn the ships of the enemy. By some mistake they were ignited too soon. It was a tremendous blaze: for hours the flames shot up, but only slight damage was done to the English ships. The sailors went out with grappling hooks and towed the burning hulks to the shore.

The French were terribly disappointed. They thought the English would be quite unprepared for such an attack. But they were not. MacKellar had heard of the preparation of these ships. In fact, he found out how they were made, and gave a good account of them in his report which we have already mentioned. It would have been well for the French if they had watched the slim-looking gentleman more closely.

The firing was kept up all day by the French, but there were not many targets for them to fire at, only the tents. Occasionally a man was killed. The English, however, had all the buildings before them in the upper and lower town, which they could destroy with bombs. They could not touch the French army, however, it was too far off.



VILLAGE OF CHARLESBURG, JUNE 15th, 1830

It was in this village that the Intendant Begon had a country house in 1710

James Cockburn

Day by day the fighting from the batteries was kept up, and often through the night as well. It was not only Quebec that the French were afraid of, but Montreal and the posts as far as Niagara. There was one army with Wolfè at Quebec and another with Amherst which would attack Canada by way of Lake Champlain. The troops, wherever they were, had to be supplied with food and with arms and ammunition. It was a tremendous task, for all this had to be dragged over rough roads, often by women and children. Every cart and waggon in the country was needed. The English army also had to be fed, and troops were sent to the villages and farms to take the cattle and produce of the fields and gardens. If the habitants offered any resistance they were shot. The people were afraid to work in the fields, and food became very scarce. There had been no engagement so far between the two armies, but often the sailors in the boats attacked the French boats, which were trying to pass on the river with provisions. A month wore away, and then the English made an attempt to climb the cliffs at Montmorency and attack the French army. But they met with a terrible loss of life, and were obliged to retreat.

The English carried off all the wounded they could find to their hospital on the Island of Orleans. But two men, Captain Ochterlony and Ensign Peyton, were

overlooked. They were lying not far from each other. Towards evening a French soldier and two Indians approached. The soldier ripped off the gold lace of the captain, took his money and watch, and left him to the mercy of the Indians. But his friend Peyton crawled towards a musket and shot and killed one of the Indians. The other came close to Peyton and fired, but missed. Peyton then caught hold of the end of the musket and pulled the Indian down and killed him with a dagger. A soldier of the regiment of Guienne, in passing, found Captain Ochterlony and took him to the General Hospital in Quebec. At about the same time, Captain McDonald and a party of Highlanders came in search of the wounded and carried off Peyton to the Island of Orleans. Two days after a French soldier was sent to General Wolfe's camp under a flag of truce with a request for the clothes of Captain Ochterlony to be taken to the Hospital. General Wolfe, on hearing the story, sent the sum of twenty pounds to the soldier of the regiment of Guienne who had taken Ochterlony to the Hospital, and he addressed a letter to Madame de Ramezay assuring her that if fortune favoured his arms, he would extend his protection to her and to the community. Two weeks later poor Ochterlony died, and the money sent by Wolfe and the officer's effects were returned under a flag of truce.

Some of the ships under Admiral Saunders managed to escape the guns from the battery and pass the city. This was dangerous, because all the settlements above the town as far as Three Rivers might be open to attack, and perhaps even farther up. Montcalm was now obliged to send an army along the road following the river St. Lawrence to watch them and prevent them from landing. But one day they managed to land at Deschambault, about 40 miles off, where the French had a great storehouse. It was to this place that the women and children had fled. After destroying the stores, they took 150 women prisoners and conveyed them to the ship, where they were well treated.

The next day Captain Harvey Smyth was sent to Quebec under a flag of truce with an offer to return the women if the French would allow a boat with provisions to pass the town. This was granted, and the guns remained silent for six hours. But the French remarked afterwards that following the boat with its little white flag were a number of barges laden with cattle and plunder. So the English had the best of the bargain.

In the meantime the condition of the people was terrible. The French in the villages were terrified, and many took to the woods. The English soldiers, hoping to subdue the inhabitants, destroyed their farms and houses, often without any provocation. And the French army could offer little protection.

The English soldiers also were depressed. The repulse at Montmorency seemed

a reflection upon the generalship of their leaders. And Wolfe, never robust, was ill with a slow fever in the attic of a labourer's cottage at Montmorency. It was a lonely chamber under the roof, and the only means of access thereto was a ladder. His thoughts were of home and of his lady love whom he would never see again. It was the 1st of September, thirteen days before his death, and he must set his house in order. And so by the light of a candle he sat down and wrote his will. He had not much to leave, only a few thousand dollars, and from this sum he desired that two thousand five hundred dollars should be paid for a frame to surround the little picture of Miss Catherine Lowther. This miniature, by Cosway, was returned to Miss Lowther after Wolfe's death, and it is now in Raby Castle, England. And years after, when the lady became a great Duchess, she wore always a small black locket. She never told anyone why. But people who knew her believed that it was in memory of the hero of Quebec.

Wolfe had little time for grief. For him sorrow would sign no armistice with fate, and there was so much to do. After midnight on the 1st of September he abandoned the camp at Montmorency with all its sad memories, and made his headquarters at Pointe Lévis.

For over two months he had been before Quebec and no advantage had been gained. In October at the latest the ships would have to leave, for they could not winter in the St. Lawrence. Then on the 12th September he decided to make one desperate attempt to capture Quebec. Admiral Saunders, who commanded the fleet, was to make a pretence of landing the crews of the ships on the Beauport shore, opposite Montcalm's camp. And so all day on the 12th and through the night, sailors were busy lowering the boats and filling them with a tremendous force of sailors, while the guns from the ships and the guns from the batteries kept up a continual fire. There was only a brief period during which the boats could reach the shore, because at low tide it is dry for a long distance.

All day, without rest, Montcalm passed up and down the line for eight miles, urging the soldiers to keep a sharp look-out. Bougainville, with over two thousand men, was watching the shore some twenty miles away. Meanwhile, Wolfe had taken a number of men up the river in the dark, and put them into boats six or seven miles from Montcalm's camp. Towards daybreak, they drifted down with the tide towards the Foulon, since called Wolfe's Cove.

As they were passing Sillery, a French sentinel on the heights immediately above cried out: "Qui vive?"—"France," answered young Simon Fraser, an officer of the Highlanders. "À quel régiment?"—"De la Reine," replied Fraser, and the boats of Wolfe were allowed to pass.

How much depended at this moment on a knowledge of French! If there had been no response to the sentinel's challenge, or if the answer had been in English, the sentinel would have fired and sounded the alarm. The whole venture depended upon secrecy. On went the boats and landed at the Foulon. Then began the ascent of the steep cliff. The men pulled themselves up by the bushes and soon a good number were on the Heights of Abraham. Twenty French soldiers at the top of the cliff could have kept a whole army from ascending. If the officer had not answered in French it is not probable that Wolfe would have taken Quebec. When you say to yourself, What is the use of learning French? think of Wolfe and Simon Fraser. Once upon the Heights the small post, a few hundred yards off, was overpowered. But two men escaped and ran by a roundabout way to the French camp. It was a quarter to seven on the morning of the 13th, when a soldier reached the camp of the Marquis de Vaudreuil, on the Beauport road. He could give little reliable information. All he knew was that some English soldiers were upon the Heights. Vaudreuil sent at once to the camp of Montcalm, some three miles away. And Montcalm with a hundred men hastened to the bridge of boats which crossed the river St. Charles. Here he met a French officer, Boishebert, who told him that from the windows of the General Hospital he had seen the English troops upon the Heights. "This is serious," said Montcalm, as he rode back to bring up as many men as he could spare. He must still guard the camp, for Saunders might land with the sailors at any moment.

On came Montcalm with 4,000 men, and at ten o'clock he faced the British force under Wolfe. The two lines advanced until there were only forty yards between them. Wolfe in the centre gave the order to fire, and three thousand muskets were discharged into the ranks of the French. At the moment Wolfe gave the order to fire, he received his fatal wound and was carried to the rear, where he died a short time after. No one saw him fall. Following the volley, the troops rushed towards the enemy, whose ranks were broken. In the midst of the smoke Montcalm was trying to rally his army, but the claymores and shouts of the Highlanders had caused a panic. Montcalm had also received his fatal wound, and the gate of St. Louis opened for the last time under the French régime to admit the dying General. The English forced the French towards the bridge of boats and then returned to the Plains. The camp was formed on the ground where the battle was fought, and the next day a large number of guns were brought up. De Ramezay was Governor of the city of Quebec, and supposed that the army was still at Beauport. There were still a number of the militia and many of the inhabitants within the walls. But Vaudreuil had fled with the whole army to Jacques Cartier.

Monckton, Wolfe's chief brigadier, had been wounded, and Townshend was in

command. Montcalm just before his death signed a letter giving up Quebec, and this was in the hands of the British. But De Ramezay refused to give up the city. From a place of safety at Jacques Cartier, Vaudreuil wrote to De Ramezay to hold on, while he had taken away the army which would enable him to do so.

The people were starving. At eight o'clock on the morning of the 18th September the British troops passed through St. Louis Gate and took possession of the city. The flag of the Bourbons was lowered and the British flag was unfurled in its place. The first act of the British was to place a guard around the General Hospital, in accordance with the promise made by General Wolfe to Madame De Ramezay.

General Murray became Governor of Quebec. He placed a guard at the Ursuline Convent and at the Hôtel Dieu, and the soldiers were instructed to gather wood for the convents, and to perform all work required.

Soon the winter set in and the troops had a terrible time. Few of the houses had escaped damage, and little work could be done outside by soldiers improperly clothed. Food also was scarce. In the spring the Chevalier de Lévis appeared with a strong army to recapture Quebec. Murray had made what defence was possible. In front of the crumbling walls, out of which so much profit had been made, he piled flour barrels filled with snow. But the sun was powerful, and each day the snow would melt. So at last Murray marched out with the remnant of his army to give battle to Lévis. The fight was disastrous, and far more men were killed in this engagement than at the battle of the Plains. Murray barely escaped capture, but he succeeded in reaching the city with the remainder of his army. Lévis now commenced to batter the walls, and several ships rounded the Point of Orleans which he thought were from France. But they were British, and so Lévis thought it advisable to retire.

In the summer Murray set out to meet Amherst, who was approaching Montreal with a strong army. And Vaudreuil surrendered on the 8th September, 1760. The fate of the country was to be decided by a treaty, and in 1763 all Canada was ceded to England, and British rule began.

Montcalm had been buried in the Ursuline Convent in a grave hewn out of the rock by a shell, and Wolfe was sleeping in his native land.

The French régime in Canada was over. It had many faults and many virtues. From its infancy until its close it was beset by foes from without and from within. Surrounded by savage hordes, its people never lost their identity, but maintained till the last the traditions of their race, and with courage and devotion blazed the trail for us to follow. They found a wilderness, and they left a furnished house, and Canada should never be unmindful of the men sent forth from France.

CHAPTER XIV

THE ENGLISH IN QUEBEC

Now the British flag is flying from the Château St. Louis, and the ragamuffin army under General Murray is marching through the streets to attend the victory service in the Ursuline chapel. I wonder what the nuns think of the chaplain as he ascends the pulpit and gives out his text: "Therefore will we give thanks unto Thee, O God, among the heathen." Perhaps the chaplain did not mean the good Sisters, for within a very few weeks the army would be under great obligation to them.

The snow came early, and in November Quebec was in the grip of ice. This year it would seem worse, for many of the roofs were off, and there were chinks in the walls. Then the poor men would begin to feel the want of clothing. These soldiers under Wolfe had given to England half a continent, and yet they were clothed in rags.

Whether the King was poor or stingy, or whether the Prime Minister was mean, I do not know. But never in the history of war do we hear of an expedition being sent to a foreign country without a single cent of money. They had the clothes they wore and no more. They could not even buy new kettles for cooking before they left England, and so had to make shift with their old pots and pans. And as there were no boards for the floors of their tents, the men had slept on the bare damp ground. True, they had been rewarded for taking Quebec, and what do you think it was? A hank of thread, a piece of cloth, and a gill of rum. Murray had found two rolls of cloth in the French stores, and this he gave to the men to make waistcoats. They had no gloves or mitts, and several men were found frozen to death on the ramparts. The nuns knitted pants for the Highlanders, and stockings for the other men, but they could not knit them fast enough. In Quebec there were not many people who could knit, and they must have worked very hard day and night.

In the late war, with the aid of a knitting machine, the Duchess of Connaught knitted one thousand pairs of socks; and all the girls and women of Canada were knitting. You could see them at work even in the street cars and in the theatres, for so many things were needed. These poor soldiers in Quebec had no warm coats of furs. It was surely a motley army. They are queer folks, said the habitant. They wear their waistcoats outside their coats, and their stockings over their shoes. They were totally unprepared for the severity of a Canadian winter, and suffered accordingly. One day a body of men was ordered to go to the lower town. The mountain path was a sheet of ice. So they sat down and slid to the foot of the hill. And that night there was much work for the hank of thread.

Murray had many difficult problems. In Canada there were about seventy thousand people, all of whom were French, and with the exception of a few officers, none of the English understood the language of the country. Soon arrived a few English traders who increased the burdens of the Governor, for it seemed impossible to convince them that the inhabitants of Canada were British subjects and entitled to the same privileges as themselves. The English traders thought that they should be given all the important positions, and the American merchants supported them. There are, however, many offices under English law which require certain qualifications, such, for example, as ownership of land. This requirement the English did not possess, and, therefore, they were not entitled to the offices they desired. Complaints were made, but Murray was not the man to yield, and history is now trying to render him justice. And then Murray had much trouble with the followers of the army and with the soldiers. Victorious armies were accustomed to a certain licence, and even plunder, upon entering a city. But here everything was to be kept inviolate. Two days after the entry into Quebec, a man attempted a raid on the Ursulines and was promptly condemned to death. It was with reluctance that Murray pardoned him at the request of the nuns.

With the spring, ships arrived bringing supplies and money. Now the Governor could make purchases and pay for them in silver. This established confidence amongst the inhabitants. For years the Intendant had taken their produce and paid for it in card money, for which they had little respect. Playing cards were used as currency for a long time, so that a King of Hearts or Jack of Spades, after it was signed by the Governor and the Intendant, might be worth twenty dollars or more.

The country was organised by Murray into three districts, Quebec, Three Rivers and Montreal, and in each Government, as it was called, there was a Governor.

British goods were brought into Canada which replaced the merchandise of France, especially in Quebec, but in Montreal several merchants from Boston took up their residence in the town and brought in their own goods. The merchants were persistent in their complaints against the Governor, and finally he returned to England to answer charges which they made against him. Murray was an able administrator at a most critical period. He enjoyed the confidence of the people of Quebec, and, because he was just, his name is held in esteem there even to this day.

CHAPTER XV

GUY CARLETON

Guy Carleton, who had been Quartermaster-General under Wolfe, succeeded Murray. He soon realised that his predecessor's opinion of the traders was correct.

Under a proclamation of 1763, the Canadian people were promised a Legislative Assembly. You will remember that in the reign of Louis XIV the people had little voice in their affairs, and Murray considered that as there were so few English people it would give the old subjects too much power. Now that the English were increasing and the French were growing accustomed to the freedom of British institutions, Carleton thought they should have a voice in the direction of their affairs, and consequently the Quebec Act of 1774 was passed after a lengthy debate in England. Under this Act the limits of Quebec were enlarged, and the territory extended from Labrador to the Ohio and westward to Hudson's Bay. French civil law was recognised, and British law was to prevail in criminal cases. The English did not like this, but while there were so many French it was quite fair. The American colonies also objected to the Quebec Act. By restoring French law they feared it would keep the country French. In May, 1775, a body of "Green Mountain Boys" from Vermont came over and attacked and captured Fort Ticonderoga, where you will remember we met the Indians. Their success encouraged the war party, since it would assure the support of the disgruntled English in Quebec and the Americans in Montreal, and thereupon they decided to invade Canada. They feared the French more than they did the British, since it was the withdrawal of the French which made the United States possible. Richard Montgomery, who had been an officer in Wolfe's army, was to lead an expedition against Montreal, and Benedict Arnold was to march on Quebec. Fort Chambly was the first place attacked, and as the force was not strong, it surrendered. Then St. John's was captured, and the victorious army marched into Montreal and took possession. The Americans had many friends in Montreal, and Carleton could offer little resistance. In fact, he was nearly captured, but managed to escape in a boat to Quebec. Montgomery followed him with his army and joined the forces of Arnold, who had marched through the woods from Maine. Taking up a position beyond the reach of shells, Montgomery was industrious in making his influence felt. With plenty of money, he made purchases for which he paid liberally. A few disgruntled residents of Quebec joined his ranks and were rewarded. Jeremiah Duggan, a barber of Quebec, strutted about as a general in the invading army. Poor Carleton was cooped up within the walls of Quebec, and

found it difficult to communicate with the villages beyond, as all the avenues were guarded. Then a brave young boy named Cox, son of the Lieutenant-Governor of Gaspé, offered to carry the despatches of Carleton through the lines of the enemy. Away he rode out of the Palais Gate, and by a circuitous route succeeded in his mission, but not without many hairbreadth escapes. For this act he was given a commission in the British army, although he was only thirteen years old.

On the night of the 31st December, Montgomery led an attack on Quebec by way of the lower road. On he came through a blinding snowstorm till he reached the barrier guarded by McLean. Carleton's soldiers fired a volley, and Montgomery was killed in the middle of the road just below the citadel. Arnold's men were marching by the same road from the opposite direction, but were beaten off and made a hasty retreat, pressed hard by Carleton. In a naval engagement on Lake Champlain, a few months later, Carleton captured twelve of the fifteen American ships and took over a hundred prisoners. Carleton had driven the Americans out of Canada, and with them went most of the worthless inhabitants who had joined the ranks of the invaders. For the moment Canada was safe.

Within seventeen years much progress had been made. In 1764 the first newspaper in the province appeared. It was printed in French and English under the title of "The Quebec Gazette." In it were published the notices of the Government and a summary of the news of Europe. The advertisements are quite amusing. But the most remarkable fact of this time is that the men who fought against England at the Battle of the Plains in 1759 now fought against the Americans under Carleton in 1775. For the English colonies had declared their independence and were separated from England.

CHAPTER XVI

HALDIMAND

When Guy Carleton returned to England at the close of the American invasion, Sir Frederick Haldimand was appointed as his successor. Haldimand was born at Yverdon, in the canton of Neuchâtel. He had seen considerable service in Europe before he entered the British army. When Amherst appeared before Montreal in 1760, Haldimand was the officer directed to take possession of the town, and during the absence of Burton, the Governor of Three Rivers, he acted in his place. From Haldimand's proclamations one may gather a good deal of the life of the country. A fire destroyed five houses in Three Rivers, whereupon the Governor issued a proclamation calling upon the inhabitants who had escaped to contribute to the rebuilding of the dwellings of their less fortunate neighbours. Those who could not give money were to give timber and planks. In another proclamation the people were warned to look out for two German servants who had deserted from Montreal. Cattle were to be fenced in. Pickaxes were not to be bought from soldiers. And by proclamation it was announced that the administration of justice would be suspended from the 7th August to 15th September in order to allow the administrators to go home and attend to their crops!

Haldimand had many difficulties to overcome. The troubles of the Governor arose through the scandalous conduct of the merchants, who had not improved since Murray's time. Wheat was excessively dear, and the Governor determined to know why. He soon discovered that a number of greedy merchants had obtained control of the supply of wheat, peas and cattle, and that they were charging whatever price suited them. So he called the merchants together and remonstrated with them, and this made them furious. But the Governor thought more of the poor people than he did of the merchants or of the Americans, and so he fixed the price of flour, and prohibited them from selling wheat or peas or flour or cattle to Boston. The poor could not buy flour in the winter, and so he headed a subscription list with £20 for their relief, and he sent eight barrels of flour to the General Hospital. Then he found there was a monopoly in fish, and this he broke up. The anger of the merchants increased, and you may imagine he was not popular after this.

Haldimand was much disturbed at this time by rumours of the invasion of Canada. In fact, preparations on a large scale were being made by the New Englanders, and as the walls of Quebec were in a defective state, the Governor built outworks beyond them. The ruins of these works are still to be seen, and many

people think they are the remains of the old French walls. To improve navigation, he ordered the construction of the canal at Côteau du Lac, which was completed in 1781.

During a visit to Montreal he purchased the Château de Ramezay. It is now a museum, and contains very many interesting souvenirs of Canada in the early days. It was in this house that De Ramezay, the Governor, lived while in Montreal. During the siege you will remember he was Governor of Quebec and signed the capitulation in 1759. While in Montreal, Haldimand attended a performance by the pupils of St. Raphael's College, which was formerly the Château de Vaudreuil, the residence of the last French Governor. The fortifications of Montreal were no better than those of Quebec, and prisoners easily made their escape. A prison was needed, and to pay for the building he authorised a lottery. Perhaps this is the first instance of a gaol being erected in this way.

Some of Haldimand's methods seem odd to us now. In order to keep the roads in good order in winter, he made all the farmers who brought in firewood or provisions carry a hoe and shovel and level the road within a distance of three miles from the city.

If one found a pig on the roadside he was to tell the bell-man, who would go round and proclaim the fact, and the owner could have it by paying 10/-. If the fine was not paid, the finder could keep the animal. Pigs of various kinds seem to have been the principal offenders in those days, but from time immemorial pigs have been greedy.

I wonder what you would think of the postal service of 1782. In June the Deputy-Postmaster of Canada issued this notice: "The letters sent from here last fall by the ship 'London,' have now been returned to this office. Gentlemen wishing to have their letters again are requested to send in impressions of their seals in order that the right owners may receive them." The captain had forgotten to deliver the mail bags in England! Here is another peculiarity of the Post Office. A Montreal letter-carrier gave notice that in future letters must be paid for on delivery, as he himself had to pay the post office the day after the letter was delivered to him. But as giving change was difficult, he would take their note in payment.

The Governor had a hard time with the rebels. They were distributing newspapers containing treasonable articles. To secure copies of these documents, scouts were sent out, and whenever papers were found they were passed on to the Governor. The papers were often very dirty, as the scouts had to travel along the American border, and often carried the documents in their pockets for months. The Governor suggested that they should place them in a hollow tree until they were

ready to return home.

The official residence of the Governor was the Château, but as it was old and in bad repair he built a new home called Haldimand House.

Haldimand had many enemies, especially amongst the rebels. Perhaps no Governor had more. But he was an able Governor, and the two hundred and sixty-two large volumes of correspondence which he left furnish a very detailed history of his administration.

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TRANSCRIBER NOTES

Mis-spelled words and printer errors have been fixed.

Inconsistency in hyphenation has been retained.

Illustrations have been relocated due to using a non-page layout.

Some photographs have been enhanced to be more legible.

[The end of *Under the Lily and the Rose: A Short History of Canada for Children Volume 1 of 2* by Sir Arthur G. (Arthur George) Doughty]