# AMERICA'S STORY FOR AMERICA'S CHILDREN

MARA·L·PRATT


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# AMERICA'S STORY

## FOR AMERICA'S CHILDREN



BY

MARA L. Louise PRATT

IN FIVE VOLUMES

IV. THE LATER COLONIAL PERIOD



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## AMERICA'S STORY FOR AMERICA'S CHILDREN.

By MARA L. PRATT.

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I. **The Beginner's Book.** History Stories for Second Reader Classes.

II. **Exploration and Discovery.** 1000 to 1609.

III. **The Early Colonies.** 1565 to 1733.

IV. **The Later Colonial Period.** 1733 to 1765.

V. **The Foundations of the Republic.**

Printed from large type. Fully illustrated from authentic sources. Bound in cloth, each volume containing about 160 pages.

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# Preface.

America's Story for America's Children is intended to prepare for the regular study of history and to supplement it. With this in view, care has been taken to give prominence to the elements of life and personality and picturesqueness, so as to develop centres of interest which more advanced and systematic study will bring into proper relationship.

The books present in vivid and dramatic style a series of pictures of our past, which sacrifice nothing of historic accuracy, and are replete with elements that will attract and hold the interest of the learner.

The Beginner's Book has already introduced the third and fourth year classes to the picturesque and personal incidents connected with the leading events in our history, North and South and East and West.

In the second volume the stories of the great discoverers and explorers are related in systematic order. The pomp and pride of the Spanish, the good work of some of the monks, the simple life and customs of the natives, and the sturdy temper of the early English, Dutch, and French explorers, are all portrayed, and the pupil will carry to his later study of history a set of mental impressions which will greatly lighten his own work as well as that of his teacher.

The third volume in the series deals with the earlier colonial period, from 1565 to 1733. The hopes and purposes of the early settlers, the hardships that they encountered, and their primitive modes of life are clearly set forth.

The present volume covers the period from the days of Marquette, Joliet, and La Salle to the Stamp Act of 1765. The great events of this period are the exploration of the Mississippi Valley and the French and Indian War.

Much thought and care have been expended upon the illustrations and maps. In some cases drawings after famous historical paintings have been made for the sake of their value in giving correct ideas of costumes and other accessories, but the main idea in making the illustrations has been to set before the reader the person, the place, and the thing described, so as to enable him to complete and round out the mental impression gained from the text.

The summary of the historical facts in connection with each chapter and a list of the authorities consulted, given at the end of each volume, not only serve to show how trustworthy are the stories in the books, but will enable the teacher who wishes to pursue any subject further to do so without the trouble of great research.

The Publishers.

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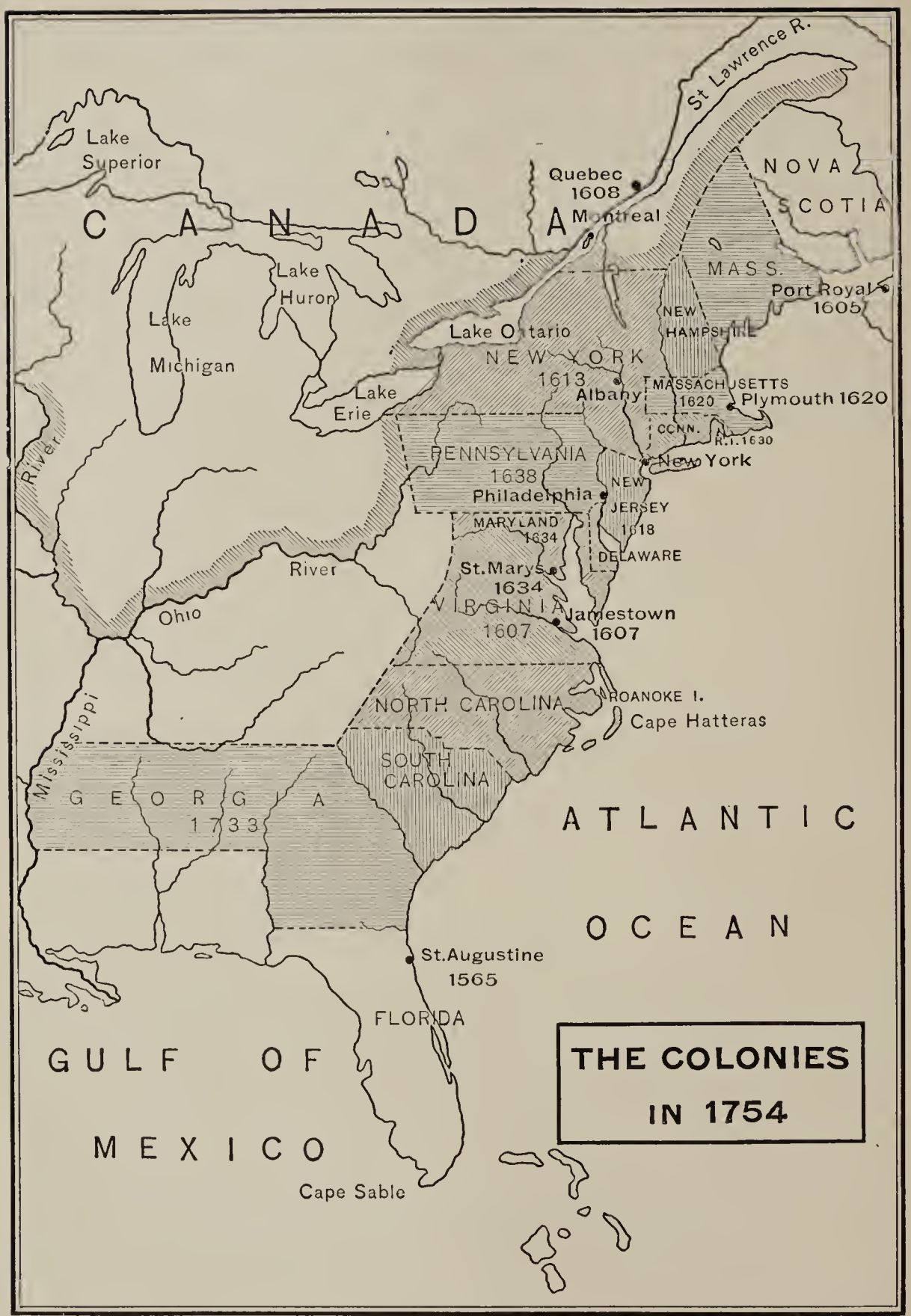
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THE COLONIES IN 1754

# America's Story for America's Children.

## XXIX. Marquette and Joliet.

1673.

Let us look at the map and see the changes that have been made since that October morning when Columbus first landed in the New World. There were forests then up and down the coasts, with here and there an Indian village and a rude trail leading inland; but there was nothing else.

That, however, was in 1492, and now it is 1754. More than two hundred and fifty years have gone by; surely great changes have taken place since that time.

As we look carefully at our maps, we find that in the north, along the St. Lawrence River, there

are French towns — Port Royal, Quebec, and Montreal. We know from this that the French have been coming to the New World in large numbers, and are in possession of the territory up and down the St. Lawrence. They have built their towns where they could be strongly fortified, and are happy and prosperous.

Along the Atlantic coast we find English settlements. There are the little towns that make the colonies of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, and Delaware. The brave and sturdy men who have built their homes here, have learned to rely upon themselves, and lead simple and industrious lives.

Still farther south we find that Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia are also colonized.

All these are English colonies now; for the Dutch and the Swedes have already given way to their stronger English neighbors.

The Spanish power, which for more than a hundred years was almost supreme in the New World, has greatly declined, but still lingers in Mexico and in Florida; yet Spain troubles the neighboring colonists of Georgia very little. She would not dare to do so while the grand old flag of Great Britain floats over them; for that flag is the protection of the English colonies. To

attack an English colony would be to attack England, and Spain knows better than to do that, for she still remembers the lesson of the Invincible Armada.

In recent years wars have been threatening between France and England, and in these wars the colonies of France and of England have taken up the quarrels of the fatherlands.

The English colonists along the coast said: "Our territory reaches to the Mississippi. To be sure, we are not yet ready to occupy it, but it is ours."

But the French had already built sixty military posts along the St. Lawrence River and the Mississippi and its great eastern branches. Every year they were making new settlements and taking possession of more territory.

"This territory belongs to us," the French said, "for we explored it."

Now it was true that the land was originally granted to the English colonists. It was also true that the French had explored the Mississippi and its great eastern branches.

This exploration had come about in this way. There were in France good monks who longed to come over to New France, as they called their colonial possessions in North America, and convert the Indians.

One of these good monks, Marquette, had heard

of the red men of the New World, and his kind soul was inspired with the wish to go to them and tell them of his own Christian religion. So Marquette left France with some fur traders and came to Montreal. There the people told him of Indians at the Falls of St. Mary who were honest and kind to strangers.

JAMES MARQUETTE.

"Who with Louis Joliet discovered the Mississippi River at Prairie du Chien, June 17, 1673." From the statue by G. Trentenove, in the Rotunda of the Capitol, Washington.

"Let me go to them," said Marquette. And so, a few weeks later, he sailed up the St. Lawrence with Joliet, a fur trader, and made a home for himself in the wigwams of the Indians.

For three years Marquette dwelt among these red men, and in that time they told him much of the Father of Waters away to the west.

"A great river!" the Indians said. "So broad! So deep! So long!"

The Indians could not tell how broad, how deep, or how long.

"There are wild tribes living there," the Indians said; "fierce, savage tribes, and they scalp all who come down the river."

"My friends," said Father Marquette, "these fierce savages must be taught to be gentle. They must be taught the Christian religion."

So in the year 1673, Father Marquette and Joliet, who had already seen the headwaters of the Mississippi, set out in little canoes made of birch bark toward the great river.

SIEUR LOUIS JOLIET.

After the bronze relief tablet by E. Kemys in the Marquette Building, Chicago.

For many days they paddled without seeing even one Indian. But when they reached the part of the country where the Illinois Indians lived, they saw through the trees a little cluster of wigwams.

Before Joliet could bring his canoe to the land, the Indians came down to the shore, crying, "Welcome, welcome, good Father Marquette!" For the Illinois Indians had heard of the good father, and were glad to welcome him.

"Oh, good father, stay here with us!" the Illinois chief begged. "Do not go down the river, for there are cruel savages, and giants, and dragons on the banks."

"We must go, good friends; but we will come

back again to you," Marquette said to the Indians. Then for a whole month Joliet and Marquette paddled on farther and farther, till at last they reached the great river — the Father of Waters — the Mississippi.

So fierce and strong was the current, that the little canoes could hardly keep afloat. "Truly, it is a great river!" said the white men.

"See!" said Marquette: "in from the shore is an Indian trail. Let us follow it; it must lead to a settlement."

So Marquette and Joliet left the canoes with their guides, and hurried inland, following this trail for six miles. Then, as Marquette had expected, they came to a group of wigwams. The natives who lived in this village were frightened when they saw the two white men. They huddled together and pointed at them; they hid behind the trees; then the four oldest warriors came forward and offered the pipe of peace.

"Black, black," said one of these old warriors, putting his hand on Marquette's black robe. "We have heard of the men in black, and you are welcome."

Then Marquette told the Indians about the great French king who lived across the sea; and he made them understand that he had come to their wigwams for no harm, but only to ask about the great river.

Then the Indians very gladly told the monk about

the river. But they, too, begged him to go no farther south, because of the cruel savages on the banks.

"All the northern tribes seem to have the same fear of savages farther down the river," said Marquette.

"But we will not be turned back!" said Joliet, bravely.

Then the Indian women prepared a feast for their white visitors. It was a strange feast. First came the Indian mush, which the warriors kindly fed to the monks with great wooden spoons. Then came broiled fish, which again the Indians fed to their guests, but not until they had carefully removed even the tiniest bones.

Then came the third course; and this was a rare treat, — an especial honor to the visitors. It was a fine, fat dog, nicely baked, and lying at full length upon the wooden platter.

"Oh, no, no, no!" cried Marquette.

"Oh, never, never!" cried Joliet.

"How strange this is!" the warriors thought. "Why do the white men refuse to eat a fine baked dog?"

But they were too polite to urge their guests, so the dog was carried away, and nice bits of buffalo meat were brought instead.

When the feast was ended, Marquette said: "Now we must go back to our canoes. You have been

very good to us. May the Great Spirit be as good to you."

Then they paddled on down the river in their little canoes. One day, suddenly coming upon some cliffs, the natives who were rowing cried out: "The sea monsters! The sea monsters!"

"Where?" cried Marquette.

"There, on the cliffs!"

There they were, sure enough — great, savage, fierce-looking monsters, green, and black, and red.

Indeed, they were terrible enough to terrify any warrior. Only, you see, they were not real sea monsters; they were painted pictures of sea monsters, and that made a difference.

"It is wonderful," said Joliet, "how these savages could climb those cliffs to paint pictures on them." For the cliffs were many feet high, and they were very steep.

"But what is that rushing noise?" cried the natives, frightened again at the roaring they heard in the distance.

"It may be that we are coming to falls like those in the St. Lawrence," Marquette said.

But no, the roar that the men heard was the rushing of the waters of the great Missouri.

"Another great river," cried Joliet. "This is truly a land of mighty rivers."

"Never did I see such a rush of waters," wrote Marquette in his journal. "As far as we could see,

AN INDIAN ROCK PAINTING.

From an old print.

the water was so muddy it could not clear itself for miles. Whole trees came down in the current, and our little canoes were not safe to pass them."

By and by the white men came upon another Indian village, and Marquette stood up in his canoe and waved the pipe of peace.

"Tell us, good friends," said he, "how long is this river?"

Again the Indians proved friendly, and were glad to tell all they knew about the river. Thus for very many days the explorers paddled down the great river.

One day, however, when the canoes came close to an Indian settlement and Marquette rose in his boat and waved the pipe of peace, a strange thing happened. These Indians had known something of white men before. They paid no attention to the sign of peace, and their angry yells echoed through the forests. Again Marquette waved the pipe of peace; and at last the chief shouted to his people, and all was quiet.

"What is it you come for?" the old chief asked, coming down to the shore.

"We only ask to be guided down the river," said Marquette, kindly.

"You are very near the end of the river," the old chief said; "but a little farther down you will find a tribe who can tell you all."

So the guides paddled on again till they came

close upon those tribes that De Soto had visited so long before. More than that, there were Spanish settlements a little farther on, and the Spaniards were to be dreaded even more than the Indians. They were within five days of reaching the mouth of the river.

"It seems a pity to turn back when we are so near," said Marquette; "still it is better to turn back than to go on and be captured by our enemies, for who then would tell the story of all we have discovered?"

So the little canoes turned back, and Marquette and Joliet rejoiced to know that the Mississippi had been explored for nearly its whole length.

But it had been a hard journey. Coming back up the river, it was very cold; there were storms; provisions were scarce; and it was a poor, sick, half-starved little party that came at last to Green Bay. Father Marquette was so ill that he could go no farther.

"But the people at Montreal and Quebec must be told of this exploration," he said. "How can it be done?"

"I will try to go to them," said Joliet, bravely. So, with a single canoe, Joliet started down the St. Lawrence. It was a fearful journey. Often the waters were very rough, and there were many rapids, so that the little canoe was whirled round and round like a leaf. Once it upset, and the men barely escaped alive.

But at last Joliet reached Montreal; and when the people heard his wonderful story, they rang the bells and fired the cannon. The whole city rejoiced, for they knew that this voyage down the Mississippi meant that henceforth the Mississippi belonged to France. France could control it; she could build trading stations upon it, and she could keep away all other nations.

For a whole year Father Marquette lay ill in his wigwam at Green Bay. But when he grew a little better, he said, "Now let me go back to those good Indians on the Illinois."

"But you are too ill," said his friends.

"I promised them, and I must go," he said. So when his people saw that he meant to go, they carried his canoe down to the water and placed him in it, and his three trusty guides paddled away toward the camp of the Illinois Indians.

It was cold and stormy, but Marquette never lost courage. "When we reach Lake Michigan," he would say, "it will be easier and better."

But long before they reached the lake the cold winter winds had set in. They lashed the waters so that the little canoe was in great danger, and when at last the travellers reached the Chicago River, Marquette was so ill from the cold and wet that he could go no farther.

"We must build a hut for him," the three guides said. So there, on the bleak, cold bank, they built

a little hut and filled it in with moss and leaves. They laid Marquette upon his bed, and watched over him all winter long. When spring came and Marquette seemed a little better, he said: "Now let us hurry on. The Illinois will think I have deceived them."

As soon as the waters were free from ice, the little canoe set out once more; and after another long, hard journey, Marquette reached again the settlement of the Illinois.

THE DEATH OF MARQUETTE.

After the bronze relief tablet designed by H A. McNeill, in the Marquette Building, Chicago.

"And glad they were to see him," said Marquette's companions afterward. "They received him as an angel from the skies. They fell upon their faces at his feet, and they brought him food and rich presents."

But Marquette was still very ill. Day after day he lay in his wigwam in the warm sunlight. The Indians came and sat around him, and from his bed he taught them as well as he was able.

But each day he grew more feeble; and at last he called the chiefs about him. "I shall live only a little while," he said, "and I should like to be taken back to my mission on Green Bay."

The Indians grieved like little children when they heard these words, for they loved this kind old monk. But without a word they set to work to make ready a canoe for him. They made it long and broad, and they laid in it a bed of soft moss and leaves.

Then Marquette was placed upon it; and silently his companions paddled up the stream. Many of the Indians followed in their own canoes, for they were not willing that Marquette should go alone.

But Marquette did not live to reach Green Bay. "On the journey he died," said his companions, "and we made a grave for him on the hillside. We wrapped his robe close about him, and we covered him with earth, as he had asked us to do. Then we tolled the bell, and planted a strong cross to mark the place where he was buried."

"But we do not want to leave him there," the Green Bay Mission Indians cried. "He should be buried here in this little town he loved."

So the Green Bay Mission Indians brought the body of good Father Marquette to their little town, and there they laid him beneath the little chapel that he had built.

# XXX. La Salle.

1679.

One of the most remarkable men in Montreal at this time was Robert La Salle, and no one was more rejoiced than he when the news came of the voyage of Marquette and Joliet.

Robert Cavalier Sieur de La Salle.

"We ought at once to build fur-trading stations along this chain of lakes and along this river," said La Salle.

"Then what nation would dare to try to take our possessions from us?" cried the people. For the French felt very brave and strong when they thought of the grand river that they now owned.

So La Salle was sent to France to tell the story of this wonderful voyage and this wonderful river; and you may be sure that he told the story well.

"You shall go back," said the king, "and carry out your glorious plans. You shall be given the

title of Chevalier. France is proud to bestow this title upon you."

In fact, there was nothing that La Salle might not have had, so eager and so grateful was the king

LANDING OF LA SALLE'S EXPEDITION.

From Hennepin's "Voyages."

for the grand addition to his empire. And so, thus honored, La Salle returned to Montreal.

At once he hurried away to Frontenac, a French

fort on Lake Ontario that had of late been much neglected. That, first of all, should be rebuilt, he said, for no place in the new territory would be better for a fur-trading station. Here, too, La Salle planned to build the boat which was to make the great voyage inland up the lakes.

BUILDING THE GRIFFIN.

From an engraving in Hennepin's "Nouvelle Decouverte," Amsterdam edition of 1704.

La Salle was not a man to waste time; in a week he had laid the keel of his boat, and had himself driven the first nail.

One day the Indians came and watched the men at work. "Let us smoke the pipe of peace," said La Salle to these dusky visitors. "Do not be

afraid of us. We are your friends, your brothers. We are building this fort only for a fur-trading station. And the ship? With that we shall go up the lakes to build other fur-trading stations. Shall we be friends? The Great Spirit will be glad to see us friends."

At last La Salle's vessel, *The Griffin*, was ready, and the Indians crowded to the lake to see the great "White Bird" sail away. La Salle fired five salutes, and away it sped. But it sailed very carefully, for no such vessel, we must remember, had ever before sailed these waters. There might be shallows; there might be rocks and sand-bars. La Salle did not know what lay before him.

In thirteen days the vessel reached Lake Huron. Here La Salle found a beautiful island, and the Indians who lived upon it came down to see the great "White Bird." They were friendly, for Marquette had once been there; and wherever Marquette had been the Indians loved the white men.

From here La Salle sailed on to Green Bay, and here he loaded *The Griffin* with furs and sent her back to Fort Frontenac.

"Unload," was La Salle's command; "then come back and overtake us. Meantime, we shall go farther on in canoes."

But hardly had the canoes started, when a great storm arose. The sky grew black, the winds howled, and the rain poured into the little canoes.

At last, however, they drifted into a harbor, and the men paddled toward the shore. Here a hut was built, and the men sat down to dry themselves before a roaring fire. They had been four days without food, and as soon as the storm lulled they pushed out again, hoping to find an Indian village.

The Griffin in a Storm on the Lake.

At the mouth of the Milwaukee River they saw some natives on the shore. The Frenchmen made friendly signs to them, but the Indians only turned and fled.

"We must have food," said the men. And so,

taking their own Indian guides with them, they went ashore and made their way inland.

Not an Indian was to be seen. There were the corn caves, however, and the white men did not hesitate to help themselves. But in return for the corn they took, they left in the wigwam of the chief many presents of beads and bright cloth, such as they knew he would like.

The white men made haste to grind the corn, and as they sat before their camp-fire to eat it, two Indians came with the presents in their hands. No children could have been happier than these Indians were. They danced, and pranced, and frolicked like kittens; this was their way of thanking the white men for their beautiful presents.

La Salle began anxiously to watch for *The Griffin*. It was more than time for her return; provisions were exhausted; it was midwinter; and the men were in sore need of the food the vessel would bring.

But *The Griffin* never came. What her fate was no one ever knew. She may have sprung a leak in one of those terrible lake storms; she may have been driven upon the rocky shores. But we shall never know, for not one of the crew was ever heard from again.

"What shall we do?" said La Salle. "I fear the boat is lost, and it is as dangerous for us to go back as to go on."

"Let us stay here among these friendly Indians," said the half-starved men.

"Stay here! Stay here!" cried La Salle, scornfully. "Know, then, that I started forth to explore the Mississippi! This, of course, I cannot do without your help. Do you mean now to desert me?"

After this rebuke, the men went to work to build a fort; for here was a valuable place for a fur-trading station. Then, leaving a few men to garrison the fort, La Salle and the rest of his brave band went on in their canoes to Lake Peoria.

"Here, too, we should build a fort," said La Salle. And the men set to work.

"We named the fort Heart Break," wrote La Salle, "for we were indeed a broken-hearted band of men. Cold, hungry, sick — we had no hope of relief till spring should come."

At this fort La Salle left more men for a garrison, and with only five faithful followers went back to Frontenac for supplies.

"I believe," said La Salle as he went away, "that there are great branches to this Father of Waters. Surely they are well worth exploring. Search for them while I am gone."

There was with La Salle a monk called Father Hennepin; and with only two men Father Hennepin set out as La Salle had commanded.

"O Father Hennepin, turn back!" the Illinois

Indians begged. "The tribes in the south are savage. They will kill you."

Father Hennepin had heard these stories before. He was not afraid; and at last he reached the Mississippi. It was at the time of year when great masses of ice were floating down; and of the river he wrote, "Never should I have thought that blocks so huge could have been found on any water except the ocean." For the river was full of these blocks piled up one on another; and on them were logs, and bushes, and trunks of trees. There was little chance that a birch bark canoe could live among these blocks of ice.

But when this danger was passed, and the ice had floated on, Hennepin again set sail down the river. One day a swarm of Indians, painted and feathered, came paddling toward the one little canoe of the white men.

Father Hennepin stood up and waved the pipe of peace, but the savages cared little for that. They sprang upon the canoe, and took Hennepin and his men prisoners.

At night the white men and the red men slept together around the camp-fire. In the morning these strange warriors started up the river, taking the white men with them. Sometimes the Indians were kind, and sometimes they were cruel to their prisoners. Sometimes they gave their captives food, sometimes they gave them none.

For days and days the fleet of Indian canoes paddled north. It was a sad journey; the winds and storms were bitterly cold, and once Father Hennepin sank down, quite worn out. But the chief would have no delay. Seizing a fagot of burning wood, he cried, "Get up, get up, or burn!"

At last the savages reached the wigwam village of one of the chiefs. Here the three white men were separated, and were hurried away to different villages.

Father Hennepin on his Travels.

"My one thought always was, how shall I escape?" —this was what Father Hennepin wrote. "Still, while I was with these Indians, I sought to teach them what I could. They were kind to me in their rude way, and came by and by to believe what I said.

"But one day, when we were sailing down the river, we met a canoe of French fur traders. I longed to join them, and I said to the Indians, 'I have been a long time in your land. You have been kind; but I wish much to go back now to my

own people. I will come back again, and when I come I will bring you rich presents.' To my surprise, the chief at once gave me permission to go. And though I knew it was because of the presents, I was glad enough to make my escape. So with these fur traders I went back to Montreal; and when I entered the town the governor stood dumb, staring at me. 'And thou alive!' he said. For I had long since been given up as dead."

Thus far La Salle's explorations had been a failure. His journey on foot back to Frontenac had been one of dreadful suffering. Still the hero was not discouraged.

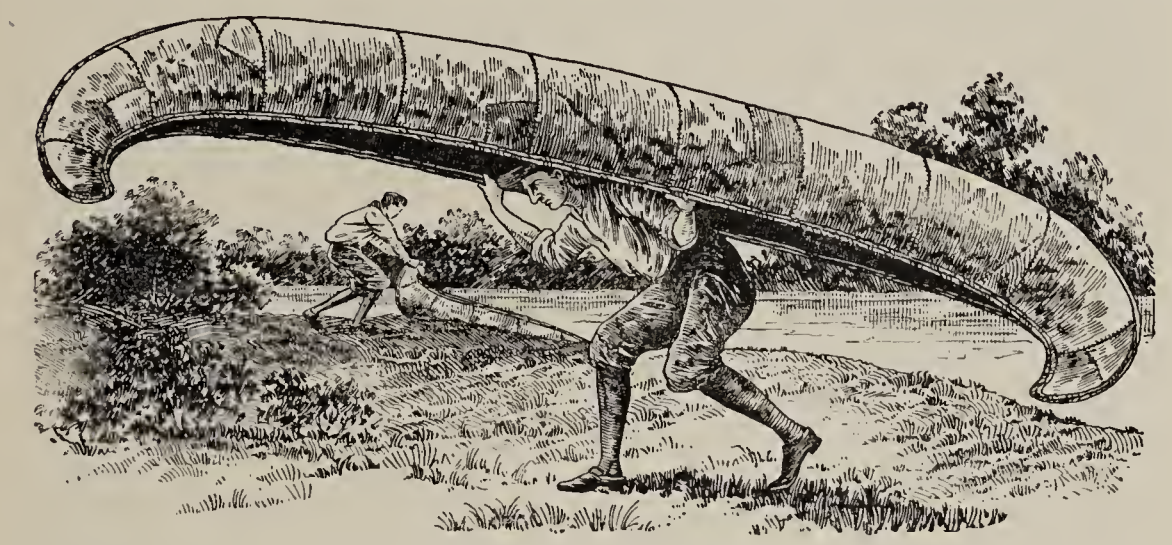
"I am ready," he said to his men, "to go on if you will help me. We must go to the very mouth of the Mississippi or we cannot claim this mighty river for France. There, at the mouth, we will plant the banner of France. Then no Spaniard can dispute our right to sail up and down and control the river."

La Salle again went on, still westward, sometimes paddling, sometimes carrying the canoes overland, till at last the Chicago River was reached.

"From here," one of the men wrote, "we dragged our boats till we came to the place where the Illinois River pours its current into the Mississippi. Still we dragged our canoes on, after weeks of weary travel, coming back to Fort Crèvecœur. Then we

sailed down the river till we came to the Mississippi. It was choked with great blocks of ice, just as Father Hennepin had seen it. But when the ice had floated by, we paddled on till we came to the Missouri.

"Here we found friendly Indians, and they told us that a ten days' journey up the Missouri would bring us to some high mountains, and that from

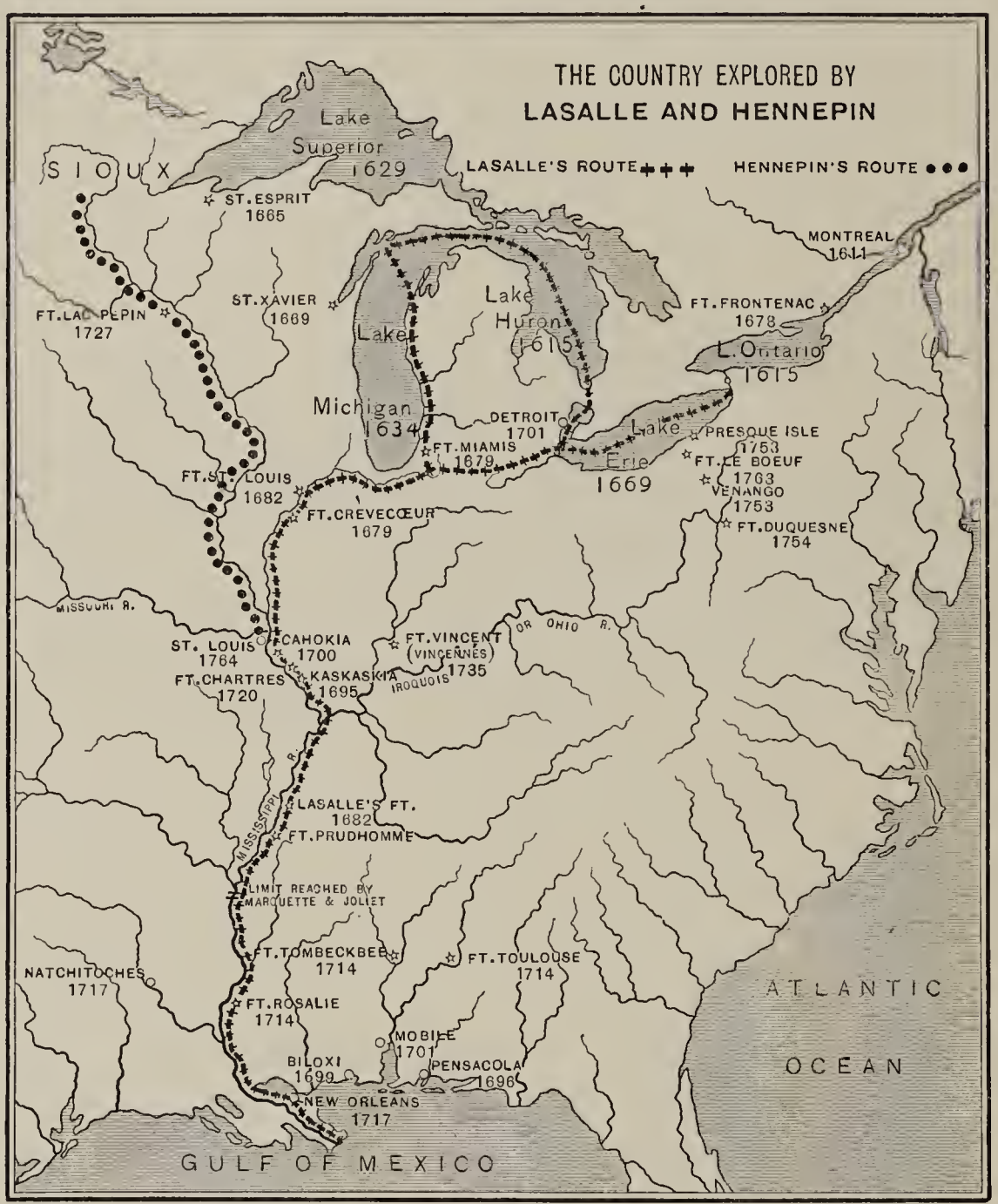


CARRYING THE BOATS.

these mountains we should see a great ocean where ships were sailing.

"But we were afraid this might not be true, and so we went on down the river to the Ohio. Farther south we came upon more Indians. They came down to the shore brandishing their tomahawks, but when they saw that we were friendly they did us no harm. Again we came to Indians; and these were like none we had ever seen. They lived not in wigwams, but in cone-shaped clay houses; and they had beds to sleep on and chairs to sit on.

"The king of this tribe came to us dressed in long white robes. He was kind to us, and we abode with him for days; but after that we pressed on




again. By and by we reached that place, near the mouth of the Mississippi, where the river divides.

"Already the waters were very salt, and we knew

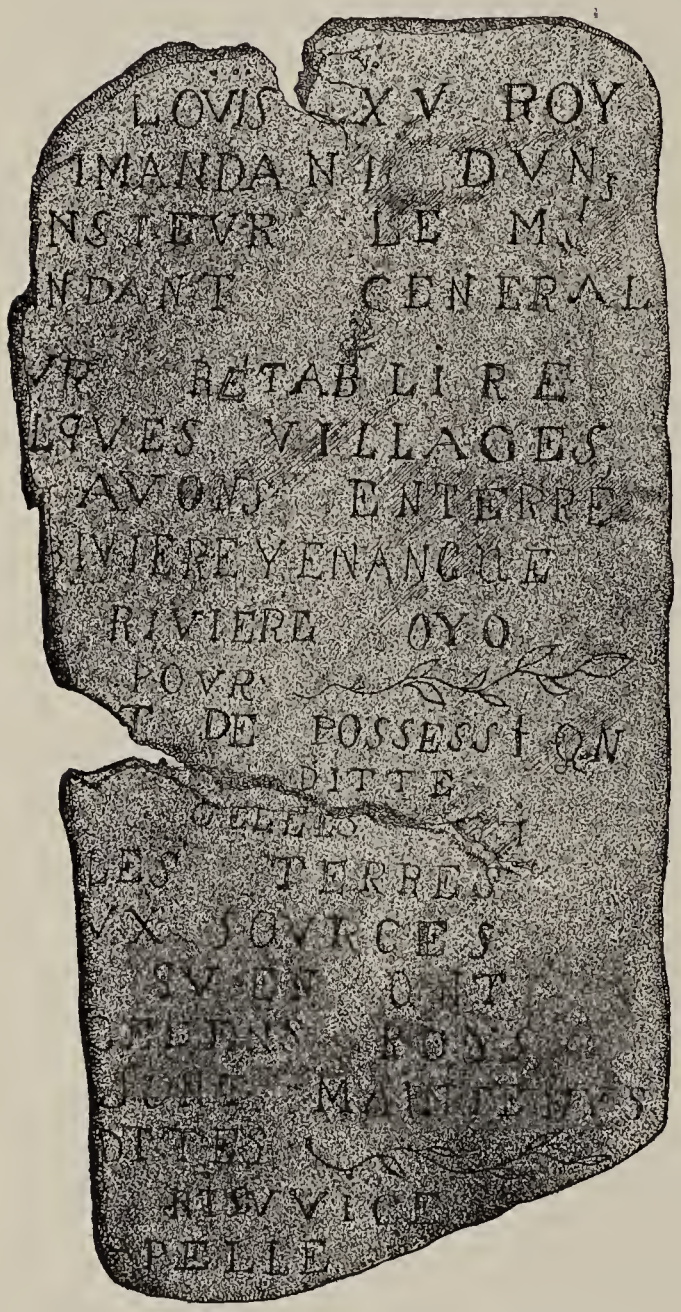
THE ASSASSINATION OF LA SALLE.

From Hennepin's "Voyages."

that we must be near the sea. So on we sailed, and at last we met again out in the open sea beyond the mouth of the river."

"The Mississippi is ours!" cried La Salle, and he raised a great cross upon the river bank. Beneath it he buried a leaden plate on which was written: —

"*Louis the Great. Robert Cavalier with Tonti, Ambassador Lenotra Membra, Ecclesiastic, and twenty Frenchmen first navigated this river from Illinois and passed through this mouth April ninth*, 1682."



Leaden Plate buried by the French at the Mouth of the Muskingum River.

In the collection of the American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Mass.

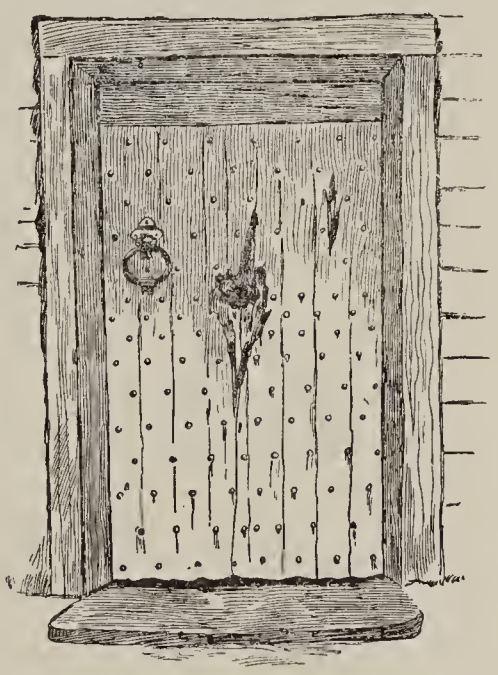
Several of these leaden plates were buried at different places. Here is a picture of one of them which was dug up in 1798.

So it came about that the French claimed the right to the territory up and down the Mississippi and its branches.

# XXXI. Troubles with the French and the Indians.

1688–1748.

A REVOLUTION broke out in England in 1688, and James, the king, fled to France. The French king, Louis XIV., gave James shelter; and this made war between France and England. In these wars, the colonies had their share, and the Indians also took part, some helping the English colonies, some the French colonies.



AFTER AN INDIAN ATTACK.

This door was in existence up to a few years ago.

The first attacks were made by the French colonists upon the English settlements in New York, Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine, and Massachusetts, for these colonies were easy to reach.

In the summer of 1689, a party of French and Indians crept down from Canada, and attacked a settlement at Dover in New Hampshire.

A little later a band of French and Indians surprised some English colonists at work in their fields

in one of the Maine settlements. Their fort was destroyed, and only a few of the settlers escaped alive.

During the winter down came another band of French and Indians, and these broke in upon the quiet town of Schenectady, New York. The people in this town had not dreamed of danger. The winter was so cold and the snow was so deep that they were sure no foe would risk a march across the country. Reasoning like this, they left the town unguarded. Even the gates were left open, and it is said that snow men were placed at the gate in the place of living sentinels — so secure did the people feel.

But the French and Indians were no mean foe. There was nothing they did not dare, nothing they would not risk.

They reached the outskirts of the town in the morning, but lay hidden in the forests all day long. There they waited till the lights were out in the houses and the people were fast asleep. Then they crept out from the forests, past the snow sentinels, through the gates — in upon the sleeping people.

"Make no sound," their leader said, "till I give the signal."

The soldiers and Indians obeyed, and so softly did they creep into the town that the snow hardly crunched beneath their tread.

Then the leader gave the signal. Wild whoops

rang out in the cold, still, midnight air. Torches blazed; rifles cracked. The people sprang from their beds terror-stricken and stunned with noise.

The Attack on Schenectady.

The Indians fell upon them like wild animals. More than sixty settlers were tomahawked. The houses were burned, and the Indians danced and yelled by the light of the fire. Only a few settlers

INDIAN OUTRAGES.

From an old print.

escaped; and these, after a terrible journey, half clad, and with bare feet, dragged themselves into the fort at Albany.

After this more attacks were made upon New England.

A Haverhill farmer, Mr. Dustin, while at work in his fields, saw a party of Indians creeping toward his house. He lost not a second — leaping upon his horse, he rushed to the house "Hurry to the garrison house!" he shouted to his family.

The children, quick to understand, started for the forest. Mrs. Dustin was ill, and before she could reach the door the Indians were upon them. The only thing Mr. Dustin could do was to gallop after the children, urging them on and on, faster and faster. At the same time he kept a watch on the Indians, for he was sure they would follow.

With a whoop the Indians hurried after them. Dustin raised his rifle; but before he could take aim, every Indian had dodged behind a tree. This, however, gave the children time to get away.

But, alas! Meantime two of the Indians had entered the Dustin house, and had dragged out Mrs. Dustin, her maid, and a boy servant. Already these three were crowded into the canoes — captives, to be carried into Canada.

Far up the river the Indians camped, and there they spent one day in a wild scalp dance.

"They will be drunk to-night," Mrs. Dustin said to the boy, "and perhaps we can escape."

Then she watched. By midnight all the Indians lay around the camp-fire in a drunken stupor.

"Now is our time," Mrs. Dustin signed to him. The boy crept to her side.

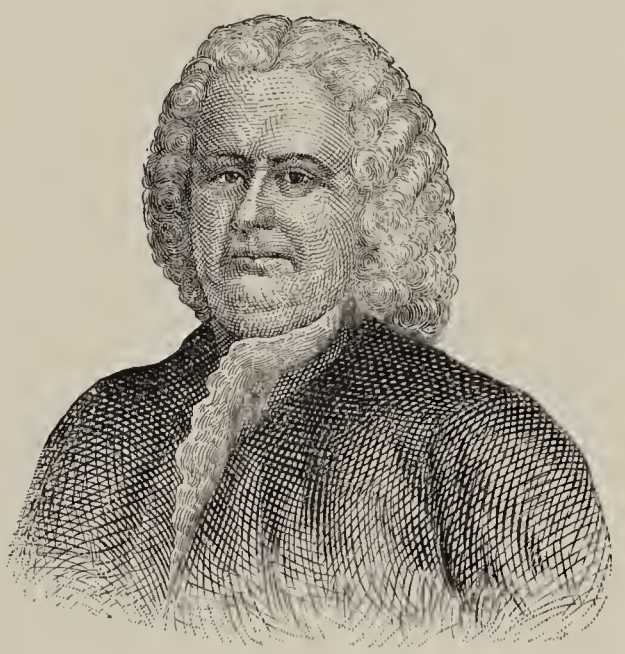
"Give me a tomahawk," she signed again. And seizing one in her strong hands, she drove it into

Mrs. Dustin and the Sleeping Indians.

the skulls of the drunken sleepers one after another; for the thought of her ruined home and her children gave her strength and courage.

She hurried the house-maid and the boy into a canoe, and down the river the three paddled. In time they reached their home in the town of Haverhill.

Such a day of rejoicing! The bell on the town church rang, and all the people rushed out upon the green, to learn what had happened.



General William Pepperell.

After a painting owned by Mrs. Anna C. Howard, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Such was the dangerous condition of the colonies; and we may be sure that there was great rejoicing when at last France and England made peace. For when the two countries stopped fighting, the French and English colonies, too, stopped making trouble for each other.

Peace lasted, however, for only a short time. Another war between France and England soon followed, — Queen Anne's War, it was called, — and in this the colonies again shared the ill-feeling of the mother countries.

After this came a peace of thirty-one years. Then came a third war — King George's War. This lasted only two years, but it was a time of trouble in the colonies.

One of the greatest events of King George's War was the taking of the French stronghold — Louisburg — by the New England colonists.

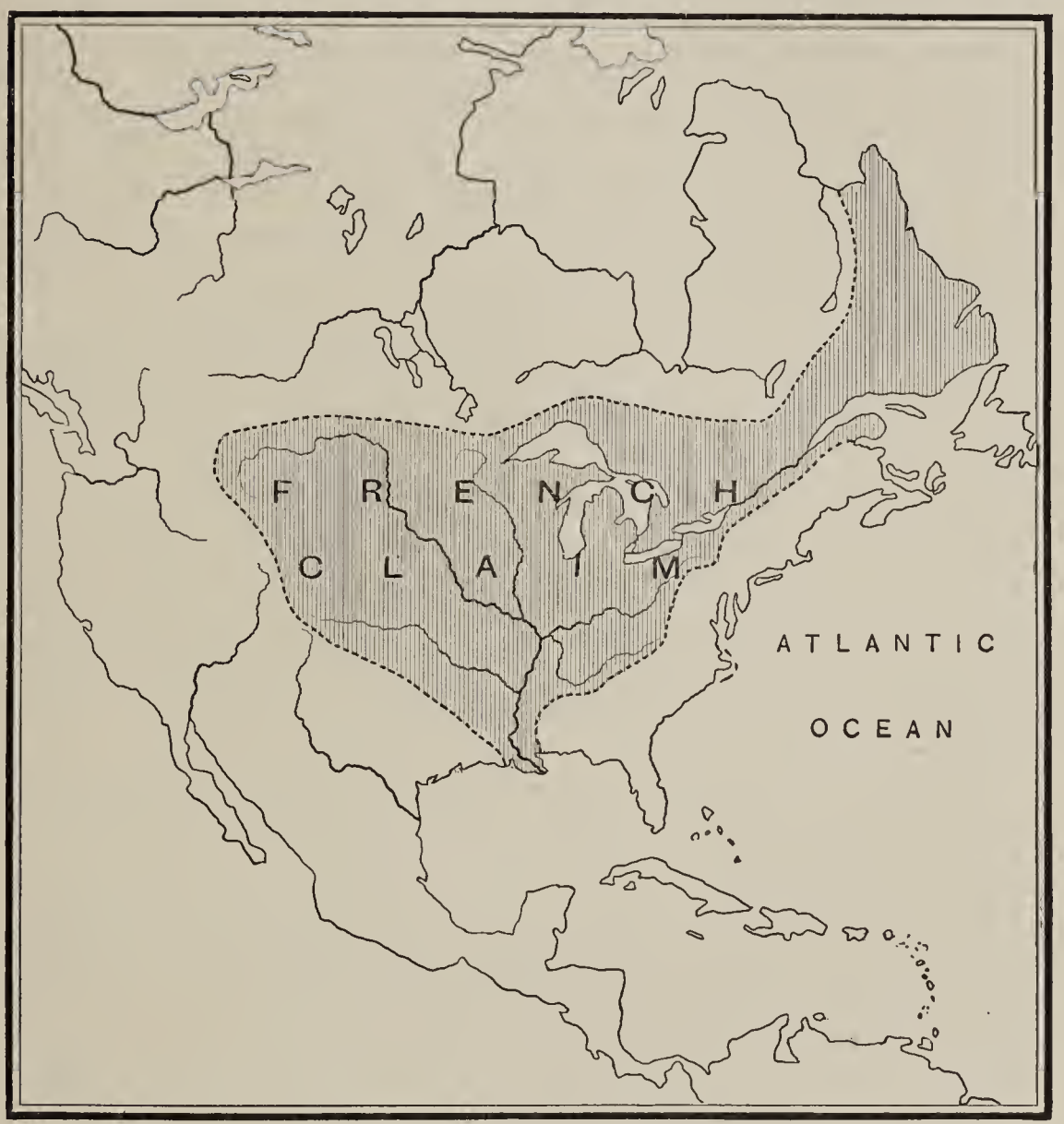
Louisburg had long been called the "Gibraltar of


English Claim before the French and Indian War.

America"; and indeed it seemed rightly named. But General Pepperell set out from New England with an army of four thousand untrained farmers and fishermen; and with these he marched up to

Louisburg, and, to his own surprise, the garrison surrendered to him.

"Despair of nothing!" the good old Puritan preacher had said to these men, as they went out




French Claim before the French and Indian War.

from Boston; "Despair of nothing so long as God is the leader."

It was indeed wonderful how easily Louisburg fell into the hands of the colonists. Even General

Pepperell said, "I wonder myself how we ever did it. Surely God must have been with us."

In time King George's War, too, closed with a peace treaty, but there could never be real peace till the ownership of the new country was settled.

"We discovered and explored the coast. That makes the whole country ours," said the English.

"We have not only explored the inland country, but we have colonized the Mississippi. That makes it ours," said the French.

"There is but one way to settle this," said the English king; "we must fight it out once and for all."

Then the English government laid out its maps. "We own from the northern boundary of the Massachusetts Colony, to the southern boundary of Georgia — and from the Atlantic to the Pacific!" England said.

At the same time the French government laid out its maps.

"We own the country along the St. Lawrence, the Great Lakes, and the Mississippi with its branches," France said.

"We will send forces to keep the French off our territory," said the English.

"We will send forces to keep the English off *our* territory," said the French.

# XXXII. The French getting ready for War.

1749–1754.

"LET it cost what it will," said the French governor of Canada, "we must not lose our hold on the Mississippi Valley."

So Céloron De Bienville was sent down into the valley with a company of soldiers.

"We must get possession of the middle part of this valley," said Bienville.

So when he reached the Ohio River region, he drew up his men around him. "In the name of France, and in the name of our French King Louis XV., do we take possession of this river and the country round about," Bienville said. For this was the French way of taking possession of a country.

Then Bienville buried a lead plate beneath a tree, and on the plate were these words:—

*In the year 1749,*
*during the reign of Louis XV.,*
*we Céloron — commander-in-chief of New France —*
*have buried this plate —*
*near the river Ohio —*
*as a monument of*


Taking Possession of the Country.

*our having taken*
*possession of the said river Ohio*
*and of all streams*
*that fall into*
*the same. And of all*
*the lands on both sides*
*as far as the sources*
*of said rivers.*

Then the little band marched on. At one place Bienville came upon an Indian village friendly to the English.

"My children," said Bienville to these Indians, "I have been told that the English have turned you from us. More than this; in my absence they have come into our lands. Now listen to me, my children, and know that I shall not allow these English to stay in French territory. Mark well what I say to you. Follow my advice, then the sky will always be calm over your village. I expect an answer from you worthy of true children. Stop, then, your trade with the English, and help me to drive them back into their own country."

Of course the Indians promised faithfully. Indeed, they were ready to promise anything, so frightened were they.

Then Bienville marched on to French Creek; and not far from here he came upon some English traders.

"Begone!" was the French leader's command. And as there were only six traders to Bienville's two hundred men, there was nothing for them to do but to promise to obey. And as they went away Bienville gave them a letter to take to their governor in Pennsylvania.

"I am surprised," said Bienville in this letter, "to find English traders on French territory. I know the governor of Canada would be aggrieved to use force against you, but English traders must not again be found within the limits of his government."

So Bienville went on, burying other plates, and taking further possession of the country; and when at last he felt that the territory was secured to the French, he went back to Canada.

"We have travelled," said Bienville in his journal, "about twelve hundred leagues, though I think it is much more. All I can say is, that I find the Indians of these countries round about the Ohio most friendly to the English and very unfriendly to the French."

"It is well for us that we know this," said the governor of Canada; "it may be useful to us by and by when war is declared."

# XXXIII. The Beginning of the French and Indian War.

1754.

But merely to say, "We own the Ohio valley," was not enough. This France knew full well. So forts were built as soon as possible along the route Bienville had taken.

"We will not submit to this," said Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia. "Our own Virginia territory includes the land on which the French have built their forts."

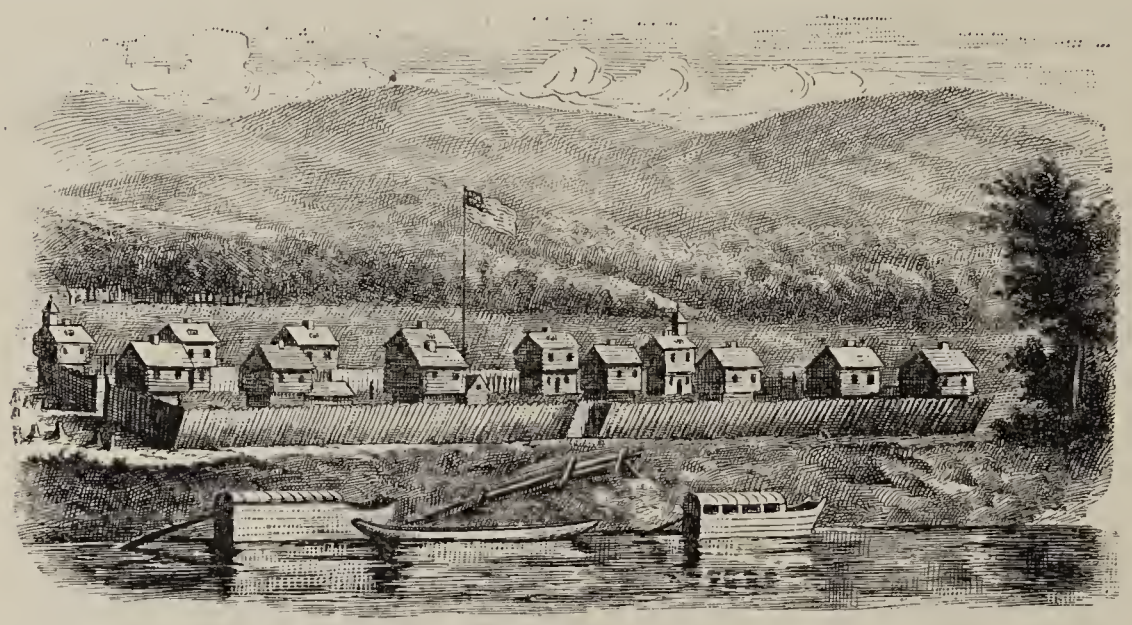
Governor Robert Dinwiddie.

At this time George Washington was a young man of twenty-one. He was brave and wise and a good woodsman. So to him Dinwiddie said, "Can you go to the commander of these French forts and give this letter to him?"

"I shall be proud to be trusted," said Washington, bravely.

"And while you are there, find out if possible how many forts have been built, and how many soldiers are in each."

The country west of the Alleghanies was as yet wild and unbroken. The forests were dense; the plains were trackless, and, at this time of the year, were covered with deep snow. There were no roads; the rivers were bridgeless; and even the



A Fort on the Ohio River.

Indian trails were hidden beneath the snow. More than this, the country was filled with hostile Indians. Could any undertaking, then, have been more difficult or dangerous?

Washington was brave of heart, however, and set forth with four companions, one white guide, and an Indian interpreter.

At Fort Le Bœuf, Washington was received very cordially by the French commander. As a guest,

he was honored; but upon the matter of business which Washington brought to his notice, the French commander was firm and decided.

"This is our country," he said to Washington, "and you must tell the Virginia governor that we

Washington on his Way to the French Forts.

make no excuse to English colonies for what we do in our own country."

With this discouraging reply Washington set out upon his journey home. There had been heavy storms since the little company first travelled across the country, and the danger had increased. The snow was deeper, rains were falling, the rivers

were swollen, and their banks were overflowed. Cold winds with sleet and rain beat upon the travellers. The horses failed, and food grew scarce. Washington, with one companion, struck into the forests. He had his compass, and he was sure he could shorten his journey by pushing ahead on foot.

Soon he came to the Allegheny River. How it rushed and roared! Its banks were overflowed, and blocks of floating ice filled the stream. How could he cross this torrent?

"We have our choice," said Washington, "to build a raft or stay here till spring."

His companion smiled grimly and looked at the haversacks.

"It will be as well, perhaps, to build a raft," he said.

So Washington and his companion set to work. It was a rude raft they built, but with this they tried to push their way across. Midway in the stream a huge block of ice struck the raft, and Washington was thrown into the water.

Struggling against the ice, he swam to an island and climbed upon its rocks. The night was very cold, and Washington's clothes froze. But even now he could find some cheer. "If it is as cold as this, the river will be frozen over," he said.

It grew even colder and colder, and soon the river was frozen over. How grateful Washington

was, for now he could easily get across to the Virginian shore! There he built a fire, warmed himself, and dried his frozen clothes.

The long, cold journey was a bitter experience; but Washington did his work well, and when at last he reached his home, the people received him with cheers and shouts of welcome. This was, as we know, only the beginning of George Washington's noble service to his country.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

From the portrait painted by C. W. Peale in 1772.

"There is no time to be lost," said Dinwiddie, when he read the letter that Washington had brought from the French commander. "The French will be coming farther down the river. Let us ourselves build a fort at the junction of the Ohio and the Allegheny. This will force the French to stay where they are."

Forty men, then, were hurried off to build this fort; but while they were in the midst of the building, down came a party of French and Indians upon them.

"What are you doing in our territory?" the French commander demanded.

"We are building a fort, but we are building it in our own territory," was the answer.

"It is a fine location for a fort," said the French commander; "but we will finish the building ourselves and save you the trouble."

There were only forty Virginians, and there were two or three times that number of French and Indians. It was useless to fight, so the workmen dropped their tools, and marched back to Virginia. The French finished the fort, took possession of it, and named it Fort Duquesne.

"We couldn't have chosen a better site," said the French commander, gleefully. "How easy it will be to make raids from here into Pennsylvania and Virginia!"

Governor Dinwiddie was furious when he heard of the fate of his fort.

"Shall we endure this insult? Shall we make no attempt to rout the French from our fort?" Dinwiddie thundered into the ears of the Virginia legislature, till at last ten thousand pounds were raised to protect the Ohio valley.

"But Virginia alone cannot protect the Ohio valley," said the wise men of other colonies.

"We must join forces!" said wise Benjamin Franklin. "We must join or die!"

And when the next issue of Franklin's *Pennsylvania Gazette* came out it had at its top this strange picture; for there was a belief in these days that if

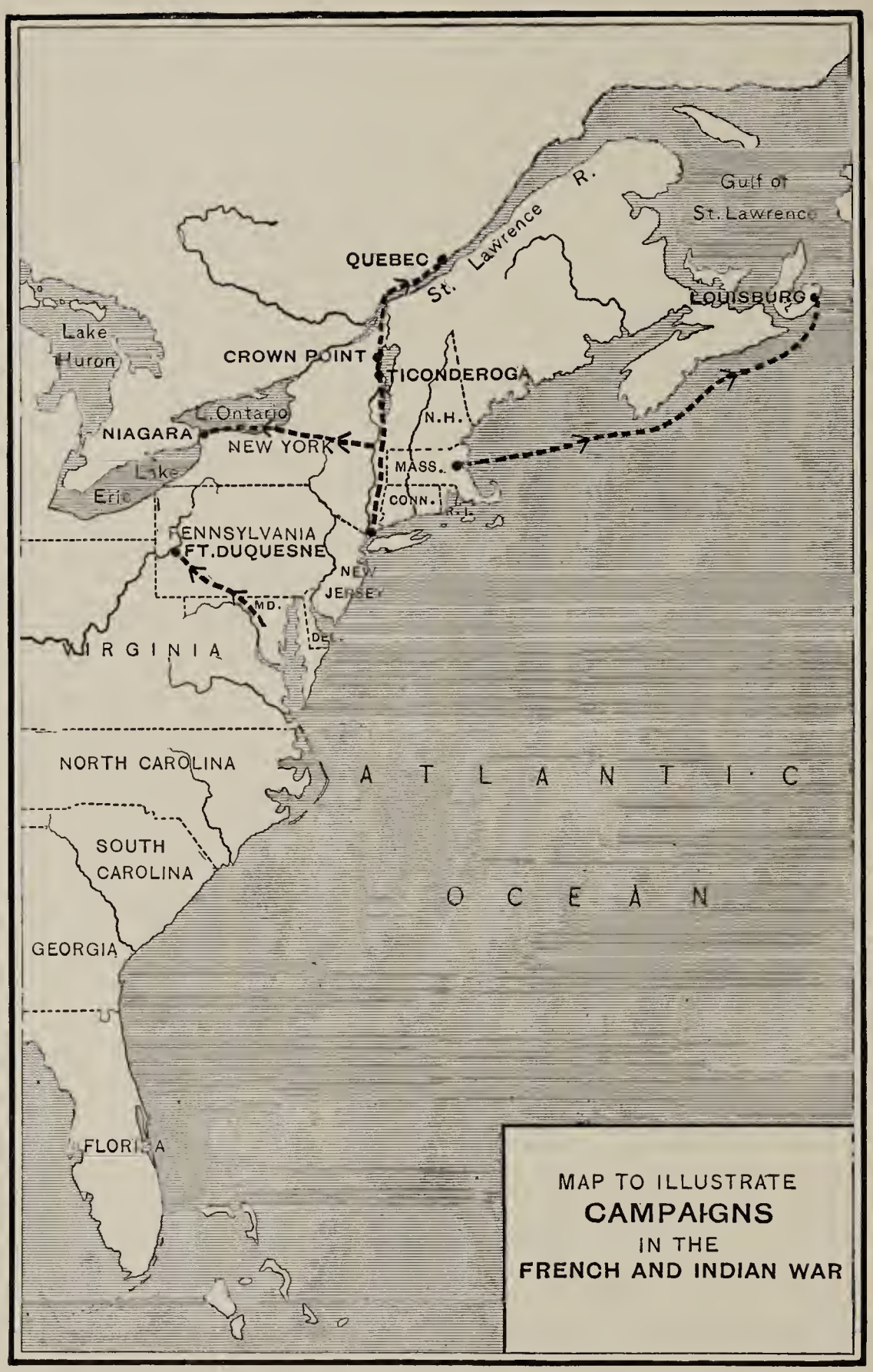
a snake was cut in pieces it could live again if only the pieces were joined together in time.


Device printed in Franklin's *Pennsylvania Gazette* in 1754.

Now, although the danger was so great, the *join-or-die* feeling grew very slowly. It was a new idea for the colonies. Never until now had they felt any close friendship for one another. Indeed, between some of the colonies there had often been real enmity.

One great result, then, of the French and Indian War was that a feeling of brotherhood sprang up among the colonies; they stood now before a common danger; they were forced to forget old quarrels. That they must *join or die* began to be understood by the people from Massachusetts to Georgia.

Other newspapers copied the join-or-die picture; and when by and by the different colonies began to hold their public meetings, "Join or die! Join or die!" came to be the watchword of the hour.


Gulf of
St. Lawrence
R.
St. Lawrence
QUEBEC
LOUISBURG
Lake
Huron
CROWN POINT
TICONDEROGA
L. Ontario
N.H.
NIAGARA
NEW YORK
MASS.
Lake
Erie
CONN.
R.I.
PENNSYLVANIA
FT. DUQUESNE
NEW
JERSEY
MD.
DEL.
VIRGINIA
NORTH CAROLINA
ATLANTIC
SOUTH
CAROLINA
OCEAN
GEORGIA
FLORIDA
MAP TO ILLUSTRATE
CAMPAIGNS
IN THE
FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR

# XXXIV. How the English planned the French and Indian War.

1754.

Now when England heard of all this, the king called his council together, and they spread out the maps of America.

This time it was to see just where the French forts were.

"War is sure to come," they said. "Let us see, then, which forts are most important; for those are the ones that we must capture."

"Fort Duquesne must surely be attacked," said the council; "for see how close it is to Pennsylvania and Virginia. So long as the French hold that, those two colonies must be in danger."

"Surely, then, Duquesne must be attacked!" said the king and the court and all the English generals.

"Then Fort Niagara must be ours. See where it lies — on the route between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario! That fort protects the whole fur trade of the West. Certainly, we must get possession of that."

"Certainly, certainly!" cried the king and the court and all the English generals.

"Then there are the two forts — Crown Point and Ticonderoga. They must be taken for the same reason that Fort Duquesne must be taken. The French will sail up Lake Champlain to these forts; and from there they will march by land upon the New York and New England settlements."

Fort Ticonderoga looking over Lake Champlain.

"Certainly, certainly!" cried the king and the court and all the English generals. "Nothing could be plainer."

"Then there is Quebec, one of the strongest fortresses in all America. The French made it strong to protect the St. Lawrence. It was built in the

days of Champlain, and Champlain was a far-seeing man."

"Certainly, certainly!" said the king and the court and all the English generals.

"And the French possessions at the mouth of the St. Lawrence — they must be attacked, and for two reasons: They overlook our own possessions, and are dangerous to them, just as Duquesne is dangerous to New York and Virginia. And the other reason is this: they overlook our Newfoundland fisheries; and of course the French will try to destroy our fishing vessels as they enter the bay."

"Certainly, certainly!" cried the king, the court, and all the English generals.

So it was decided that these six points must be attacked at once.

# XXXV. General Braddock.

1755.

General Braddock was first sent over with the British troops to fight the French, and he was one of England's good generals. He had fought bravely in English battles and had won a name for himself.

General Edward Braddock.

Braddock came at once to Virginia, and there the governors of all the colonies went to meet him, that they might consult together.

It was an unknown land to Braddock; he knew nothing of the routes, nothing of the distances. So he and the colonial governors spread out their maps, and went to work to plan a campaign. This is what they finally decided upon; and you will see how well it falls in line with the plans the king and his council had already made.

Four armies were to be made ready. One of these was to start from Fort Cumberland in Maryland, and go direct to Fort Duquesne.

Another army was to start out by sea from Boston and attack Louisburg; for in the treaty at the close of King George's War, Louisburg had been given back to France.

Another army was to start out from Albany and go up Lake Ontario to Fort Niagara.

Fort Duquesne.

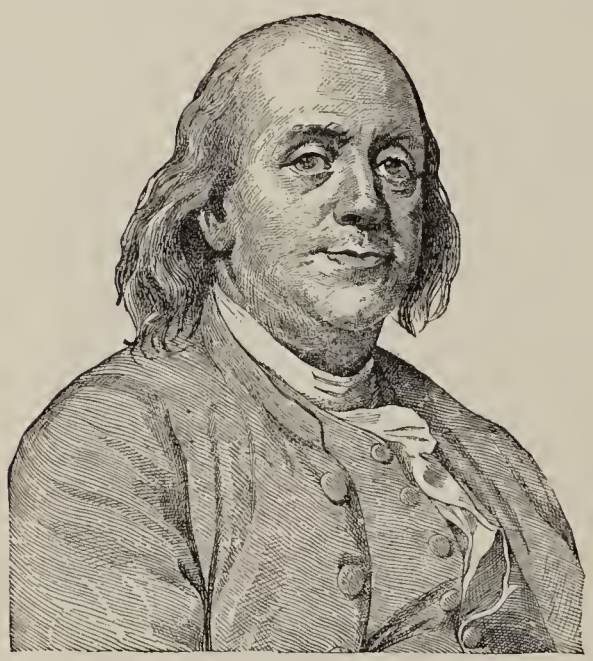
Another army was to start from the town of New York and march north to Crown Point and Ticonderoga. When these two forts were taken the same army was to march on to Quebec.

Braddock himself took command of the army that was to march upon Fort Duquesne. Now we are sometimes told that Braddock was lofty and proud,

that he thought he knew everything, and that he would take no advice from anybody.

But I am sure that he was not quite so bad as he is painted; and we must own that the colonies were not always as helpful to him as they might have been. Many of them didn't yet believe that there was any need for war.

"It is one of Governor Dinwiddie's scares," they said. "He owns fur-trading stations in the Ohio valley, and he is afraid that he will lose them."



Benjamin Franklin.

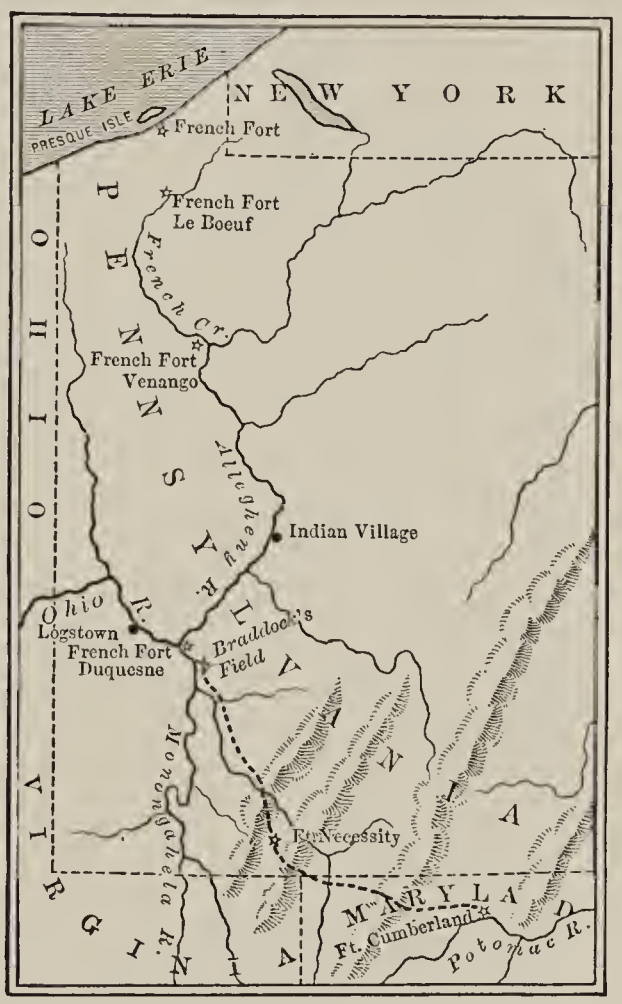
Then there were others who said, "The whole thing is a scheme to stir us up to throw off English rule by and by."

So, when Braddock landed his great army in Virginia, is it any wonder that he was vexed now and then by these quarrels and misunderstandings? Indeed, the provisions which the colonists were to bring for the army were so slow in coming in, that even Washington himself said, "The laggards! They should be chastised." And so, because of these conditions, there was a long, long delay in setting out upon the march.

"Braddock seems in no hurry to be scalped," said

England. But England didn't know all that Braddock had to delay him.

At last Benjamin Franklin — the wise, cool-headed man who seemed to know how to do the right thing at the right time — came to the aid of Braddock. He scoured the colony of Pennsylvania and got horses and wagons from the farmers, so that at last Braddock, with his army of twenty-two hundred men, started out through the forests to Fort Duquesne.




ROUTE OF BRADDOCK'S EXPEDITION.

At Fort Cumberland the heavy baggage was left, and the army then moved on much more rapidly. Down the valley of the Monongahela marched British soldiers in their fine new red uniforms. The Virginia companies, too, though in leather and homespun, marched no less proudly. The bayonets glistened, the banners waved, the trumpets sounded, and the drums rolled.

Braddock had long counsels with Washington, whom he had taken with him for his aid, and from

Washington he had learned much of the Indian way of carrying on war. It was all very new to him; for he had been trained to march his armies out over broad fields, and no one was braver to face an enemy in this way than Braddock was.

Now it is sometimes said that Braddock scorned the advice that Washington gave him, but that doesn't seem quite true. For when Washington advised Braddock to keep scouts ahead lest the Indians be hidden in the swamps, Braddock did as Washington advised. At the time the Indians surprised the army, there was one little force ahead of the main army, and a smaller force still ahead of that, watching and marking out a road.

British Footguard, 1745.
From Grant's "British Battles."

But the French and Indians, also, were on the watch. They were used to attacking from behind trees.

So, whether Braddock tried to follow Washington's advice or not, it is little wonder that the general and his soldiers were unprepared for the sudden onslaught of their savage enemies.

"*Vive le roi! Vive le roi!*"

"Whoop! Whoop!"

It was the French and the Indians. They had crept out from Duquesne to surprise the English army.

Out flashed fire from behind the trees, from the swamp — from everywhere. The head of the advance was mowed down. Then the English rallied, and poured so terrible a volley upon the enemy that the French leader and thirteen of his chosen men fell.

A French Soldier.

After a sketch in the Massachusetts Archives.

But the English were panic-stricken. What could they do? Braddock tried to form them into platoons, as he had been taught, and as they had been taught. But platoons were of little use in a fight like this. For three hours this terrible fight went on. Braddock himself had five horses shot from under him.

Washington's own horse was killed, and he mounted another. That, too, was killed. A bullet went through Washington's coat and another through his hat.

"Truly, the Great Spirit protects that warrior," said the Indians.

At last General Braddock himself was shot, and

Braddock surprised by an Ambuscade.

he fell from his horse. At the sight of their fallen leader, the British soldiers turned and fled.

"Shame upon you!" shouted one officer, "will you leave your general to be scalped?"

But the British soldiers were in a frenzy of fear. For three hours they had fired into space, seldom seeing one of their enemy. So it was the Virginia soldiers that lifted the dying general and carried him from the field.

Braddock's Field.

"Who would have thought such a battle possible!" gasped Braddock. A few minutes later he said, "How brave the Virginians were! I hope that I may live to reward them. They are noble soldiers."

But Braddock was growing weaker and weaker. The men who stood about him knew that he would

never live to reward the Virginians or to conquer the French.

"It was very strange," he whispered; "but we shall know better how to fight next time."

Then Braddock closed his eyes and died; and thus ended the first of the four expeditions against the French.

AFTER BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT.

After a sketch in Black's "Story of Ohio."

# XXXVI. The Expedition against Acadia.

1755.

The country of Nova Scotia had once belonged to France; but, as we know, England had taken it in one of the three wars that came before the great French and Indian War.

"The only way to keep this country," the English said then, "is to plant English colonies in it."

So shiploads of people came over from England, and Halifax was settled. An English governor was placed over this country, and its French name, Acadia, was changed to Nova Scotia.

Of course the French Acadians did not like this change, and many of them emigrated to other parts of Canada. Many of the poor peasants, however, still kept their houses and lived among the English colonists.

"You may live here if you wish," said England. "You may have your own priests and keep your own religion. All we ask is that you promise to be loyal to the English king."

Now this was very generous for these early times. No nation had then fully learned the wisdom of allowing people much liberty.

The simple peasants were quite willing to do as the English demanded. They were harmless, innocent people; few of them could read or write; and they asked only to be allowed to till their farms in peace.

But the French at Montreal and Quebec did not like this plan; and since they could not send sol-

A View in Acadia.

diers to the Acadians, they sent priests who would teach them to rebel against the English.

"Do not be friendly toward the English," said the priests. "You are French people, and you are still subjects of the great King Louis."

For seventeen long years this went on. Now and then there was an Indian attack upon the

English; and the English had good reason to believe that the Acadians and their priests were the cause.

At last, after seventeen years, nearly all the Acadians signed a paper promising henceforth to be loyal to England.

For a long time after this there was peace between the Acadian peasants and the English colonists; but when the French and Indian War broke out trouble began again.

"We will take no part in this war," the peasants said; "we will neither aid nor hinder the French or the English."

Now this was the wisest thing for the simple Acadians to do; and they would have kept their word had they been let alone. But again the French leaders began to stir them up.

"You must help us," they said. "You must refuse to obey the English; you must keep a watch on them and tell us their plans whenever you can find them out."

Then the old troubles began again. There were several Indian outbreaks, and more than once Acadians, dressed in feathers and war-paint, were found among the Indians.

This, of course, could not be allowed. So the Acadians were told that they must sign their pledges anew. Their priests, too, must promise loyalty to England.

The priests refused to do this; moreover, they threatened the Acadians if they dared obey the English command.

"We must have the help of these Acadians," said the French at Montreal and Quebec.

"But the English will not permit them to help you," was the word the priests sent back.

"Then they must come out from Nova Scotia," said the French officers to the priests. "If they cannot help us, at least they shall not stay where they can hinder us."

So hundreds of the Acadians were forced by the French to give up their beautiful farms and to go over into the Canadian frontier.

Poor Acadians! They were simple, home-loving people. They could not understand these questions of war; they only knew that they must do what the priests told them to do. And so, taking with them only those things which were easy to carry, they came out from Nova Scotia.

Even the French themselves at Louisburg pitied them. "They seem to have lost all heart," said the commander at Louisburg; "they are dull, and careless of everything. They will not take the trouble even to till the ground, and they live like Indians in huts of spruce branches."

One priest, when he wrote to Montreal and Quebec, said: "These Acadians who have come out from Nova Scotia cannot protect themselves from

the cold. The children have no clothes. Whole families crouch around their wigwam fire by night and by day to keep from freezing."

As the French and Indian War went on, something had to be done with those Acadians who were left in Nova Scotia, for they began to act as spies. Some of them plotted and planned with the Indians in attacks upon the English settlements. Many more, however, would have been glad to be left to till their farms in peace — quarrelling with neither French nor English.

Already the French army was planning to invade Nova Scotia. "We need Nova Scotia," they were saying, "to furnish provisions for the army. It is too great a risk to depend upon provisions that must be brought by water from France. Besides, the harbors of Nova Scotia will make fine naval stations for us."

The English knew of this, and they knew, too, that if the French came, the Acadians would fight on the side of the French. There were several thousands of these Acadians, and they would prove a great help to the French if once they joined them.

The governor of Canada had already written to the Acadian priests, saying, "Let us make some excuse for an attack on the English."

Then the English governor of Acadia wrote to Boston: "I have good reason to believe," said he,

"that the French are planning an attack upon Nova Scotia. As soon as they have repaired their own defences at Louisburg, it is their plan to attack our fort here."

At once a fleet of three vessels was sent to Nova Scotia by the English. They reached the harbor where an Acadian village was located just at night-fall, and it was not until the next morning that the Acadians spied them.

Then there was great alarm among the Acadians. A messenger was sent to Louisburg for help; and the Acadians set to work to defend themselves. Night and day they worked, their priests working side by side with them. Many of the Acadians begged to be allowed to go back to their farms; but the priests threatened them with disgrace and death if they dared to leave. And so they worked on, for they were but tools in the hands of the French priests.

Then began the attack on the Acadians. One by one their villages fell, until at last all Acadia was in the hands of the English.

And now what should be done with the Acadian people? They were conquered, but they were not safe neighbors, and they never would be, so long as the French were there to spur them on.

"There is but one thing to do," said the English. "Nova Scotia must be rid of the Acadians."

So the colonel in charge of the English forces

sent a summons to the Acadians. This is what one of the orders said: —

Reading the Decree of the Expulsion of the Acadians.

"Whereas His Excellency, the Governor, has ordered us to give this message to the Acadian people of Grand Pré, We therefore order that all

Acadians of the above named district both old men and young men and all lads of ten years, do attend at the church at Grand Pré on Friday the fifth at three o'clock."

The Acadians gathered in the church as they were bidden, and this is what was read to them: —

> "By the order of the Governor, you are called together to hear his final words concerning the Acadians.
>
> "The orders of His Majesty are that all Acadians be removed from this island. Through His Majesty's judgment you are allowed to carry with you your money, and as many of your household goods as you can take, without overloading your vessels.
>
> "Every care will be taken that your goods are safe, that you are not harmed while you are moving them, and that families shall not be separated.
>
> "It is hoped that wherever your lot may fall, you will be good and faithful subjects, and a peaceful, happy people."

Then the doors of the church were locked, and the Acadians were made prisoners. "It would not be safe to allow them to go back to their farms," said the English colonel. "So bid their families bring food until the vessels can be made ready."

For a few days the Acadians were kept in the

church. As soon as the ships were ready they were placed on board.

"Truly," wrote one of the English officers, "this was the most grievous business I was ever engaged in."

Another English officer wrote: "The Acadians are more patient than I could have expected. But

THE EXILE OF THE ACADIANS.

I long much to see the poor wretches on their way to their new homes, and this affair somewhat settled."

Then came the day for setting out. The Acadians were called together according to their villages, so that, as far as possible, friends need not be separated from friends.

Of the setting out, one English officer wrote:

"They went very sorrowfully and unwillingly; the women were in great distress, carrying their children in their arms. Others carried their old parents down to the vessels in carts. There was a great confusion, and it was the scene of war and distress."

Truly it was a sad piece of warfare. It was very cruel, but we are glad to know that the English were not heartless; that they gave the Acadians every chance possible, and that, at least, when the time came that the Acadians could stay no longer, they were dealt with as fairly as it was possible to deal with them in this time of sorrow and pitiful woe.

NOTE. — For this version of the English policy toward the Acadians, see Parkman.

# XXXVII. The Campaign against Quebec.

1759.

The English expedition against Niagara was a failure, and the expedition against Crown Point and Ticonderoga could hardly be called a success.

It was now 1759. The war had been going on for four long years, and thus far the English had not been very successful.

But now there was a new prime minister in England named William Pitt, and a wise prime minister he promised to be. Clear-headed he was, and far-seeing, and brave of speech.

"Something must be done in America," he said. So he, too, laid out the maps of the colonies and planned a campaign for the coming year.

"There is the fort at Niagara," he said. "It should be taken."

"Then another attempt should be made against Ticonderoga and Crown Point. These taken, — and they must be, — then that same army shall march on to Montreal. To strike at Montreal would be to strike at the heart of Canada."

"A third army should sail up the St. Lawrence to Quebec; for if Quebec could be captured, the war

would be ended. Quebec is their stronghold. It controls the river."

Now the campaign against Quebec proved to be the most important of all.

"We must make no mistake in our choice of commanders," said Pitt. "Montcalm is in command at

QUEBEC IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

From an old print.

Quebec. He is one of the greatest officers France ever knew. We must send one to match him."

So a young Englishman named Wolfe was chosen. He was only thirty-two years old, but he had already proved himself a hero in many an English battle, and Pitt knew that he could be trusted.

Montcalm wrote to France, begging for aid. "We have only thirty-two hundred soldiers," he said, "and the English have a force of fifty thousand. We

have no money; our men are growing sullen because they receive only paper promises of money. Our fields are untilled, and there will be a scarcity of provisions. Truly, unless the English make some terrible blunders, the next year will be a hard one for Quebec. Unless something is done, and that speedily, I have great fear that we shall be forced to surrender when that most excellent English general lays siege to this city."

GENERAL JAMES WOLFE.

After the print in Entick's "General History of the Late War."

The campaign began. First, one English army sailed up Lake Ontario to Fort Niagara. There were only a few Frenchmen in the fort, but twelve hundred more were on the way to help them. These twelve hundred and the English army arrived at about the same time, and a fierce battle followed. In this battle the Iroquois, who had hated the French since the days of Champlain, rushed out from the woods and attacked the French army on both sides. At the same time the English poured a volley in upon their front ranks.

This was more than the French could endure. They fought for a time, but they were so hemmed in that they could hardly manage their own muskets.

Then they turned and fled — the Iroquois after them, howling and shrieking. For it had been a sharp battle — just the kind that the Indians liked. It was the only kind in which they knew how to fight well.

There was no hope for the fort now, as the commander knew; so the white flag was run up, and the English marched in and took possession.

Meantime, the second army, under General Amherst, was making its way up from Albany to Ticonderoga. Now Ticonderoga was a strong fort. It was built at great expense, and its walls were thick and strong. There were few men in the garrison, for Montcalm could spare but few. With Wolfe threatening to sail up the St. Lawrence, the soldiers were needed at Quebec.

But the French had strengthened the lines of defence; and the commander meant to do his best. There was a hot little skirmish; but night came on and then nothing more was done.

During the night the French soldiers — all but four hundred — stole away in boats to Crown Point.

"It is strange," said the English leader, when morning dawned. "See! The defences are deserted. What does it mean?"

As the English marched toward the fort, out poured the shot from the cannon upon them. They drew up their artillery and sent back a volley upon

the fort. All day long the fight went on. Night came; and the English rested on their arms.

But the four hundred in the fort — what were they doing through the night? Did they, too, rest upon their arms?

No, they had other plans. They knew well enough they could not hold out against the English thousands. So they loaded every cannon on the walls. They loaded every musket and rifle; then they laid trains of fuses from one to another. If the fort could not be saved, at least it should not fall into the hands of the English.

When all was ready, the four hundred stole down to the boats. One Frenchman alone was left to light the fuse. Then he, too, hurried into the boat, and rowed away.

Soon a crackling and snapping was heard. "Have the French opened fire again?" cried the English commander.

But in a moment he understood. One report followed another. The walls rocked and reeled. Great masses of rock shot up into the air. The sky was black with timbers and stones and cannon-balls and bursting shells. For the French had blown up their fort and fled to Crown Point.

So after them the English army marched; but when they reached the fort, they found it, too, deserted. The flying French had stopped only to warn the garrison, and then had hurried on down the lake to Canada.

What terror spread through Canada, when the news of these defeats reached Quebec! Even the stout heart of Montcalm quaked. Already Wolfe was coming up the St. Lawrence. "Surely General Amherst will follow up these victories by marching straight on to Montreal," said Montcalm. "He must know only too well how easy it will be to take that town, now that the people are terror-stricken."

Had General Amherst been as good a general as Montcalm, he would indeed have pushed on at once to Montreal.

"If he does," said Montcalm, "we are lost! With Amherst above us on the river, and Wolfe below us, there can be no hope."

But Amherst did not march on to Montreal. Instead, he stopped at Crown Point and built vessels. When the vessels were ready, Amherst thought it was too late in the season to march against Montreal, and so was lost his one chance to prove himself a hero.

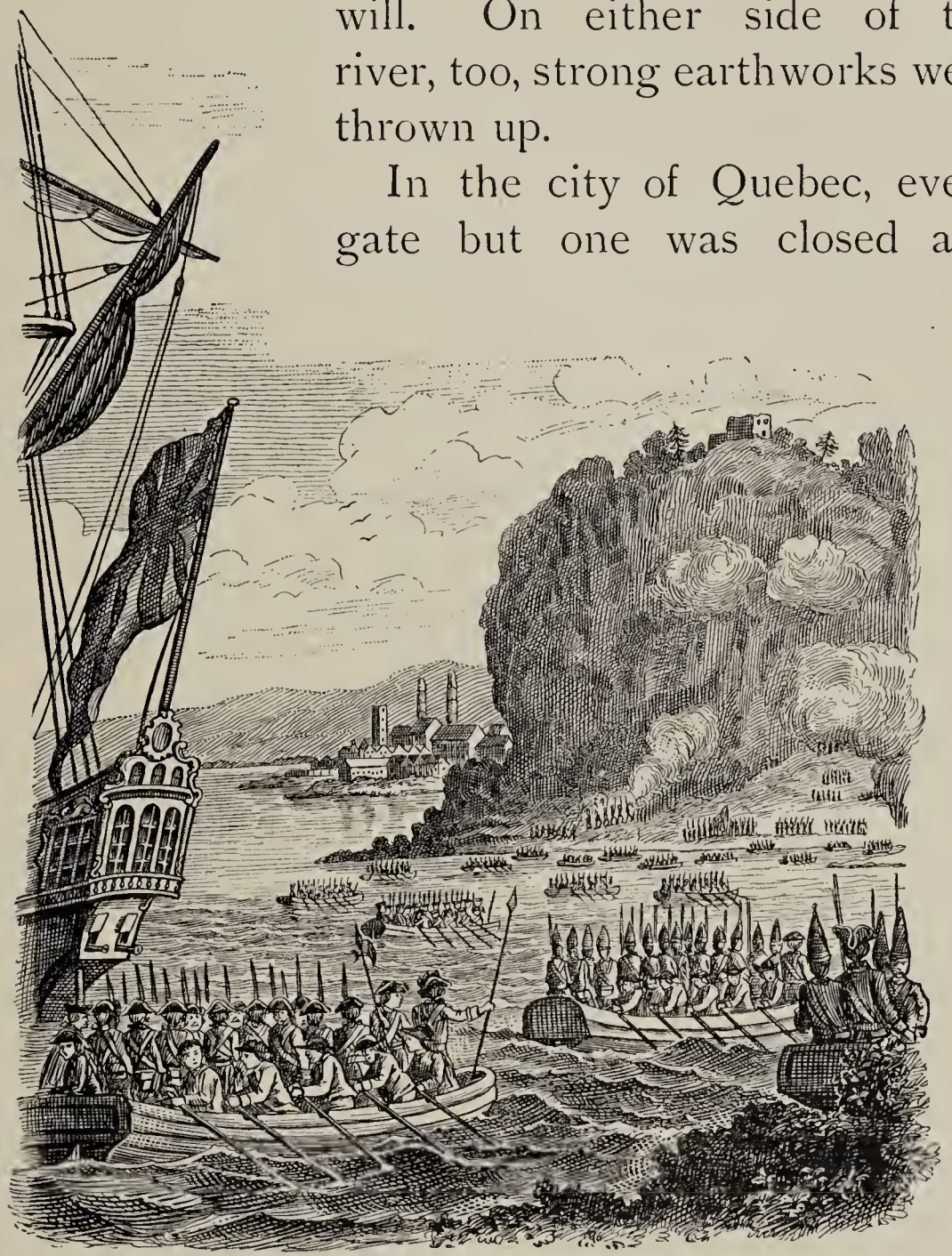
Meantime Wolfe was sailing up the St. Lawrence.

"This is indeed a natural fortress," said Wolfe, as he looked up at the steep cliff above the city of Quebec.

Along the St. Lawrence, as far as Wolfe could see, Frenchmen were busy throwing up redoubts and batteries. Across the mouth of the little St. Charles River, a boom of chained logs was placed, to catch the vessels of Wolfe should he try to enter.

Above this boom was a bridge of boats, and on these the French soldiers could pass back and forth at will. On either side of the river, too, strong earthworks were thrown up.

In the city of Quebec, every gate but one was closed and



THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC.
From an old print.

heavily barricaded. On the walls were more than a hundred cannon. In the river was a floating

battery of twelve heavy pieces, and there were as many more gunboats and fire ships. Montcalm had done all that could be done to protect the city.

But Wolfe had brave men. "We can destroy the town even if we can't take it," he said, "and that will be something."

So he opened fire upon the city, and the red-hot bullets went whizzing over the walls. Down into the town they fell, crashing in upon the roofs and setting fire to the houses.

Then the governor of the city sent his fire boats down upon Wolfe's fleet. Blazing from hull to mast, filled with pine knots and smeared from end to end with tar and pitch, they bore down upon the English ships.

But the commanders of them had not reckoned well. The fire had been set too soon, and before they reached the English fleet their fury was spent. Then the English soldiers rode out to them in boats, and pushing them aside with poles and boat hooks, they turned them so that they floated by the English fleet and did no harm.

For days Wolfe watched the lines of earthworks that Montcalm had thrown up, wondering where he could make an attack. But there seemed to be no place. One place was as strong as another, for Montcalm had done his work well.

"There is a place above the falls," said some one, "where, at low tide, the rock is almost bare."

"We must try that," said Wolfe.

So a force was sent to see what could be done. But Montcalm had not been so foolish as to leave the spot unguarded, and the result was, that the force sent out by Wolfe was driven back, and the attack was a failure.

"If Amherst would only come!" said Wolfe.

"If Amherst will only keep away!" said Montcalm.

But Amherst had no idea of coming. He was idling his time away at Crown Point, wondering how Wolfe was getting on in the St. Lawrence.

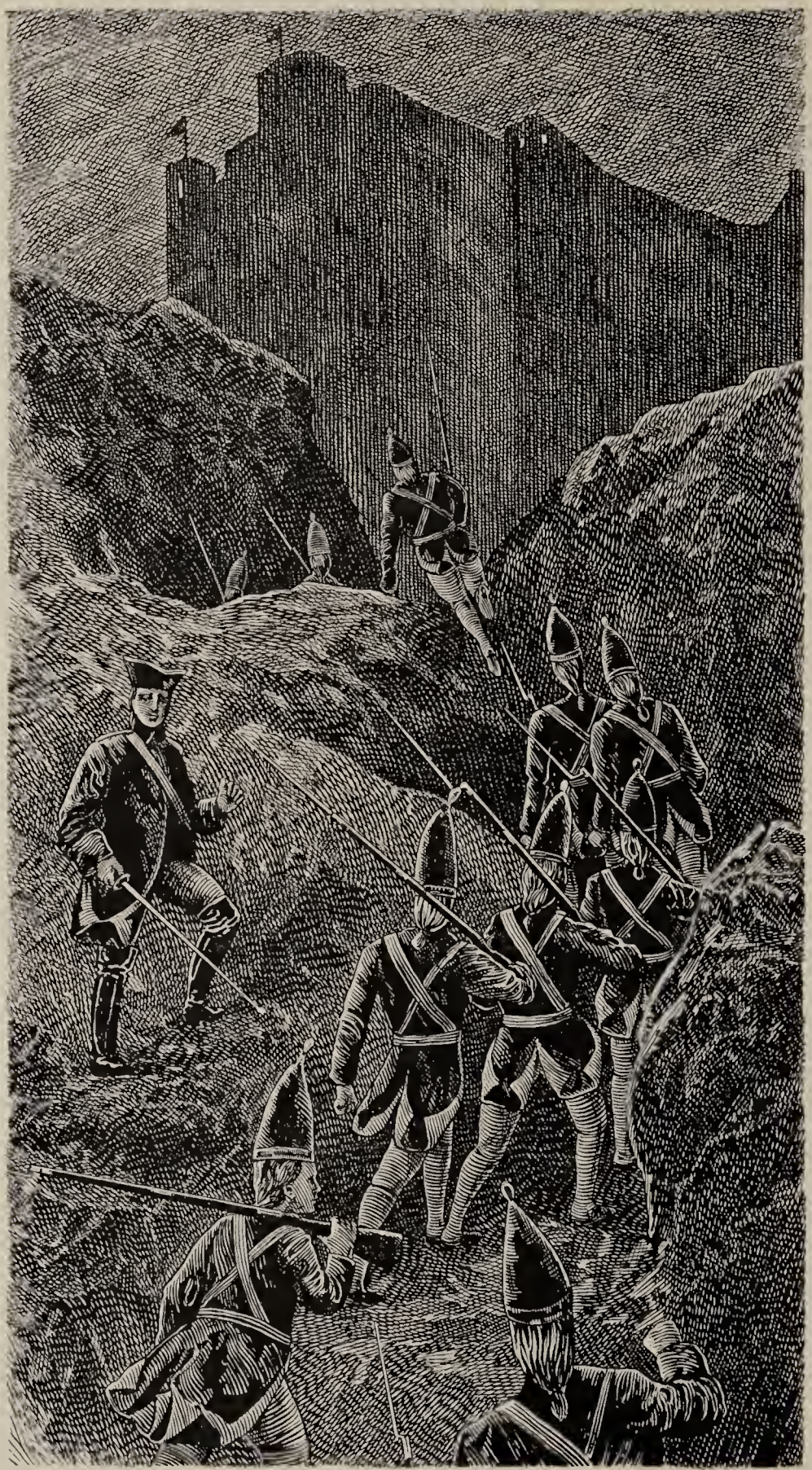
One day as Wolfe was studying the cliff on which Quebec was built he saw a ravine. There seemed to be a footpath winding in and out among the rocks. Wolfe seized his field glass. Was there really a path? Yes, there was no doubt about it, and it reached to the very top of the cliff.

But Montcalm had not forgotten this path. There, at the top, a company of soldiers was camped to defend it.

"It is a desperate chance," said Wolfe; "but who will dare to climb that cliff with me?"

"I! I! I!" for Wolfe's men loved their leader, and were willing to follow him even to death.

"But first we must draw the attention of the French in just the opposite direction. We must make them think that we are going to land on the other side of the city," said Wolfe.



The Night Attack on Quebec.

So Wolfe's men set to work on the mud flats below the town. They pretended to be looking for a landing place.

"What is this I see?" cried Montcalm. "The English are taking soundings in the mud flats, and an officer is taking notes. If we could only hear as well as see!"

Then Montcalm saw Wolfe's boats plying to and fro from the ships to the flats. The English were surely going to make an attack on the city from that side.

But now the sun was going down. Darkness covered the mud flats and the movements of the English.

Montcalm had warned his men. The batteries had been strengthened on this side of the town, and forces were drawn off from the other side to guard it. All this Wolfe had seen with his field glass, and he knew that his make-believe was succeeding.

At midnight the English silently paddled their boats into the little cove at the foot of the ravine. Then the soldiers leaped out from the boats and began to climb in single file up the steep cliff. It was a perilous thing to do; for the path was slippery, and there were only bushes here and there to cling to. But the men pushed on in silence, till at last they were almost at the top of the cliff.

"Who goes there?" cried the sentinels, awaking from their nap. But the English did not stop to

explain. The sentinels were shot down, and the French soldiers were captured — except the few who escaped to tell the news to Montcalm.

"The English! the English! They are above the ravine — on the Plains of Abraham!" said these breathless runners.

Then there was great shouting and hurrying in the French city. The five thousand troops were formed in line, and Montcalm led them out to the Plains above the ravine. Already ten thousand English were there, drawn up in battle array.

"Forward!" shouted Montcalm. "Sweep the English over the bluff down into the river!"

The English stood, waiting the attack.

"Charge!" thundered Montcalm. And his men did charge; and that, too, right bravely. It was a fearful fight; for the two armies were face to face, with no trees, no bulwarks to shield them.

One bullet struck Wolfe in the wrist, another struck him in the arm, another in the breast; then he staggered backward.

"Let no man see me fall," he gasped; and his soldiers bore him fainting from the field.

Then Montcalm, too, fell, shot through the body; and as the French soldiers saw their leader fall, panic seized them, and they turned and ran.

"They run! they run!" shouted the soldiers.

"Who run?" gasped Wolfe.

"The French! the French!"

THE DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.

After the painting by Benjamin West.

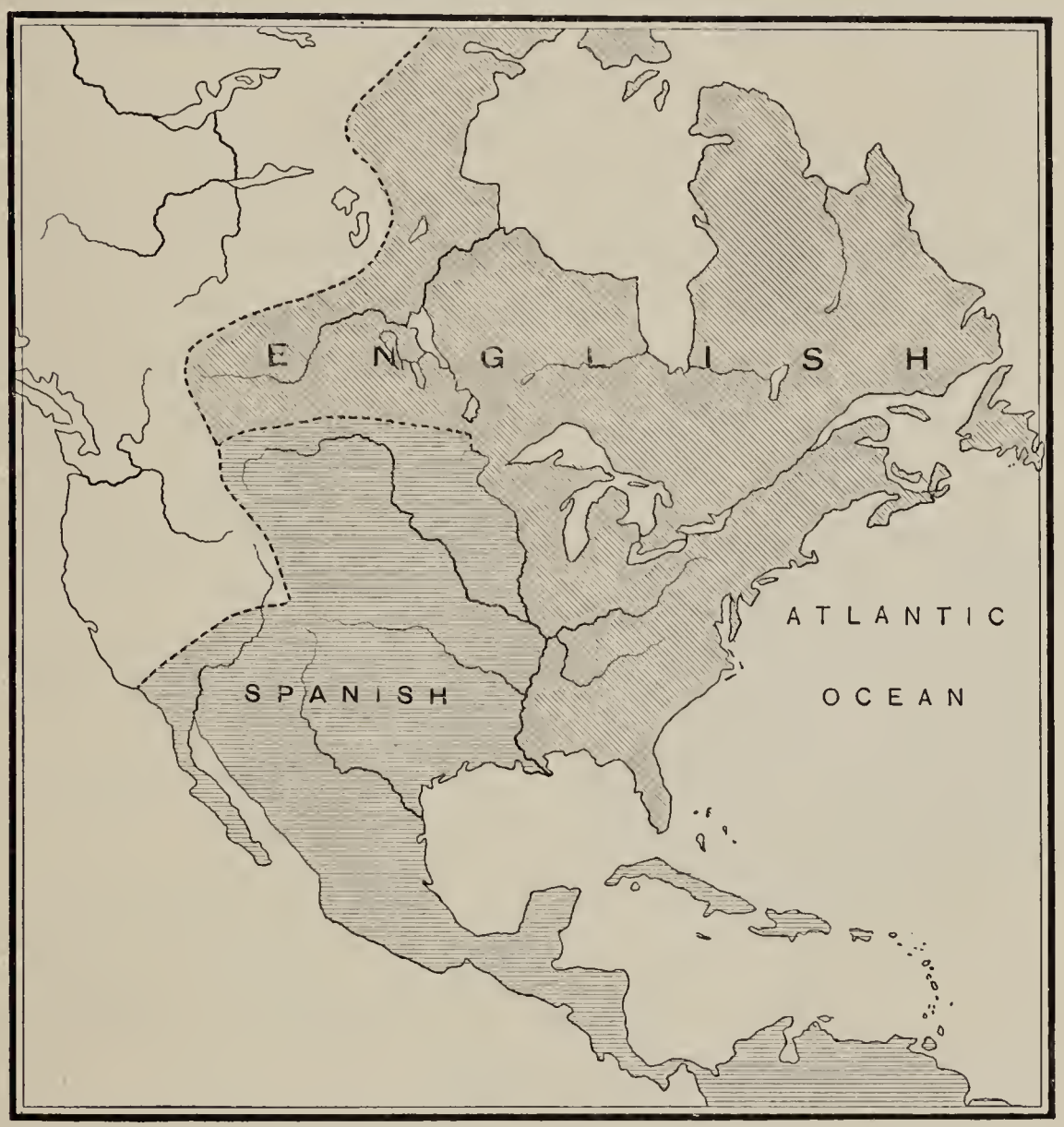
"Thank God!" said Wolfe, "then I die happy."

"Thank God, I need not live to see the surrender of Quebec!" said Montcalm, when he heard of the fate of his soldiers.


Before the French and Indian War.

With this battle on the Plains of Abraham the French and Indian War was ended, and the day Quebec surrendered was one of the greatest days in all American history.

But do you understand why this French and Indian War was so great? Not because of the many battles; not because of the great number of troops; not because of the great loss of men, or the




After the French and Indian War.

number of generals who took part in it; but because of the effect it had upon the history of the French and English in America. It was a great war because of the *results* that followed; and it is by results

that we must test the greatness of any event in history.

America was now to be an English country, and the American colonists had learned to unite; to call upon one another; to think of themselves as a united people.

And do you remember how the map of the country looked at the beginning of the war? Let us take another look and see what changes in ownership were made at the close of the war.

France had, of course, given up her territory east of the Mississippi to the English, and when the treaty of peace was made, she gave her territory west of the Mississippi to Spain, for Spain had been fighting on the side of the French.

But it happened that during the war the English had taken Havana from the Spanish.

"We will give Havana back to you," said the English, "if you will give Florida to us."

At first Spain grumbled. But she wanted Havana; and she knew, too, that it would be hard to protect Florida, now that the English owned all the land east of the Mississippi.

So at last the exchange was made; and there was now no French territory on the continent of North America. The English owned all east, and the Spanish all west, of the Mississippi. Such, then, were the changes brought about by the French and Indian War.

# XXXVIII. The Story of Pontiac.

1763.

The French and Indian War had ended in success to the English. But for all this the French still held certain trading posts in the far West.

"This cannot go on," said the English. "The western Indians must be told of the change."

Major Robert Rogers.

After a print published in London in 1776.

Now during the war there was a Major Robert Rogers, who was both brave and wise, and had made a great name for himself among the Indians. Surely he, if anybody, could take possession of the forts, pull down the French flags, and tell the story of British ownership to the savages.

Rogers gladly accepted the honor, and took with him his "rangers," who were as daring as he was himself. With these men, Rogers set sail on Lake

Ontario. When he reached Cleveland, on Lake Erie, he stopped to rest and to learn about the country. While there, a party of Indians came one day to the white men's camp.

"We come from our great chief, Pontiac," they said.

"You are welcome," said Rogers. And he offered them pipes and tobacco.

But the Indians shook their heads. "We can smoke no pipes with the white men till they have seen our great chief Pontiac," they said; "for Pontiac orders that the English go no farther west until he has talked with them."

"We shall be glad to talk with your great chief Pontiac," Major Rogers answered politely; and the red men went away.

Soon Pontiac himself came. He was indeed a great chief, and he carried himself like a king.

"Why have you come into this land of the French and Indians?" Pontiac demanded.

"This is no longer the land of the French," said Rogers. "The French have been conquered in the war, and we are on the way to take possession of the western forts in the name of the English king. We shall then have peace, and it shall be good for the red man as well as for the white man."

Pontiac listened closely. His eyes flashed; he lifted his head proudly. He arose and left the camp; but as he passed out, he said, "Go no farther

west till to-morrow. Meantime, if there is anything you need, Pontiac's chiefs will serve you."

"There is trouble brewing," said Rogers to his men, and they kept watch all through the night. When morning dawned, Pontiac again came to the camp.

"I am willing," he said, "to live at peace with the English. I am willing that the English should remain in our country, as long as they deal fairly with me and with my people."

This sounded friendly. So the peace pipes were smoked, and the chief went back to his people.

A few days later Rogers sailed westward on the lake, and came to Detroit.

"Why do you come here?" said the Frenchmen in command of the fort at Detroit.

Rogers showed his papers, and the French commander could only surrender to the English. So he pulled down the French flag, and marched out from the fort with his soldiers. Detroit was now an English fort.

But hardly were the English in possession of the forts along the lakes and the rivers, when the Indians began to show their ill-will.

Now, the French from the very beginning, through their good and zealous monks, had cared for the poor savages, and had really tried to make them happier and better. So when the French were

driven out, it was not strange that the Indians were unfriendly toward the newcomers.

Moreover, we shall have to admit that the Englishmen who now came to live in the forts showed very little tact. Neither did they take any pains to win the good-will of the Indians.

"We will be just to them. What more can they ask?" said the English.

This treatment of the red men soon began to bring about unhappy results. First, the Seneca Indians plotted with the Wyandot Indians to attack Forts Detroit, Niagara, and Pitt. If the captain at Detroit had not discovered the plot in time, a fearful blow would have been given to the English power in the West.

A little later another plot, very much like the first, was discovered and thwarted.

But Pontiac was not a chief to be discouraged so long as life was left, and in a few months he had under way a third plot.

First he sent messengers to every tribe for miles and miles around. Up and down the great western rivers, across plains, and through dense forests, these messengers travelled, carrying Pontiac's secret orders.

The plan was this: On a certain day in May, each tribe was to fall upon the nearest fort. All the forts being attacked in this way at the same time, no fort could bring aid to another. All of them would be destroyed at one stroke. The tribes

could then turn upon the helpless frontier settlements, and easily destroy them.

In the early spring, Pontiac's plans were complete. The tribes were ready; and on the twenty-seventh of April, Pontiac called his chiefs and his warriors together upon the banks of a river. There he made a speech; and this speech was so full of fire, so full of hate, so full of hope, that every warrior longed for the hour when he might strike at the Englishmen with his deadly tomahawk.

"And now," said Pontiac, in closing his speech, "on the second of May I shall enter the fort at Detroit. I shall say to the commander, 'We come to dance the calumet dance before you.'

"Then will he throw open the gates, and we shall enter. So shall I learn the strength of the garrison. Be ready, then, to come again into council with your chief when he bids you."

And so, on the second of May, Pontiac presented himself at the gate of the Detroit fort. He and his warriors were dressed in their dance paint and dance feathers.

"We come to dance the calumet dance," said Pontiac to the sentinel.

This seemed innocent, and the warriors were allowed to come in.

"Show us the major's house," Pontiac said.

And there before the doorway of the major's home, Pontiac danced the calumet dance. Then

the Indians wandered about the streets, seeming to see nothing, but really seeing everything.

When they went out from the garrison, and Pontiac called his council, not an Englishman suspected that this calumet dance was anything but a calumet dance.

At the second council, Pontiac laid before his chiefs this plan: "A few of us will go again to the commander of this Detroit fort, and we will ask to be let in. We will say that we have speeches to make to the English commander.

"Each one of us shall carry beneath his blanket a loaded musket. At a signal from me, we will raise the war-whoop and fall upon the officers in the fort. At the sound of the war-whoop, you warriors who are hidden in the forests outside shall rush in upon the fort."

But alas for Pontiac! One morning a little before the day of the attack, a French Canadian woman came into the village, and saw the red men filing off the barrels of their guns.

"What does this mean?" she asked the village blacksmith.

"I don't know," answered the blacksmith; "the Indians have been borrowing my files for a week or more."

"There is mischief brewing," said the woman. And she sent a messenger to the fort to tell Gladwyn, the commander, what she had seen.

Gladwyn thanked the messenger, but he could see no reason for fear. A few hours later, however, an Indian girl came to him. "There is a plot," she said. "Pontiac, with sixty chiefs will come to you to-morrow. Beneath his blanket each warrior will carry a shot-gun. At every fort this same kind of attack will be made, even at the same hour."

There could be little doubt now that danger was ahead, and Gladwyn called his officers together. "Our defences are in a bad condition," he said, "let us go to work at once."

At daybreak a fleet of birch canoes was seen crossing the river. It was an innocent looking fleet, with only one or two Indians in each canoe.

Gladwyn watched the fleet closely.

"I see," he said, after a time.

"What is it?" asked one of the officers.

"The boats seem very heavy. Do you notice how they lie in the water, and how hard it seems for the rowers?"

The officer took his glass and looked.

"I see also," he said, after a time; for the canoes were packed as full as they would hold with warriors, lying full length in them, and covered over with skins.

"There can be no doubt now that there is some plot," said the commander; and the officer was sent to inform the men of this latest discovery.

In an hour Indians began to gather in the open field round about the garrison.

"We come to play a game of ball," the Indians said. This seemed innocent; and had the white men not known better, they might have believed it.

In time a few of the warriors came to the fort. They were allowed to come in; and they wandered about, as was their habit, looking at this and that. By and by Pontiac himself came to the fort, and behind him, in Indian file, marched his thirty chiefs. Each was blanketed close to his chin, and his scalp lock was decorated with feathers.

"Welcome, Pontiac!" said Gladwyn.

One instant, and Pontiac's quick eyes saw that his plan was foiled. He saw that the fort was in readiness for battle, and that the men were drawn up on every side. Then Pontiac and his chiefs marched on toward the council house.

"Why do the white men carry their guns?" asked Pontiac, for he had not failed to notice that every man was in arms.

"It is well to keep in training," Gladwyn answered carelessly.

Pontiac looked at the commander sharply, and the commander looked sharply at Pontiac. Then the savages sat in a circle round their chief, and Pontiac rose to make his speech.

How his warriors watched him! Would he give the signal? Did he know that the Englishmen were

on the watch? The chiefs wondered as they sat with their right hands upon their hidden guns. If he should give the signal, they were ready, — every one.

As for the Englishmen, they too sat with their hands upon their guns; they too watched their chief; they too were ready.

PONTIAC AND GLADWYN.

Pontiac spoke long and earnestly. His words were friendly too. But Gladwyn was not deceived. At one place in his speech it seemed as if Pontiac was about to give the signal. Then the warriors

strained forward and fixed their keen eyes upon his face. They grasped their guns more tightly, ready to spring to their feet.

Gladwyn saw all this, and he raised his hand. Out rolled the drum call, and instantly there was heard the clash of arms. For a second Pontiac shrank back. He glanced at the soldiers, then at Gladwyn.

"Fear not," said Gladwyn, looking Pontiac sternly in the face. "You and your people are safe so long as you are true to me and to my people. But let me know of one dishonest act, and you and your men shall pay for it with your lives. Not one of you shall be spared."

"My people are your friends," Pontiac hastened to say. "We are your friends always. Now and always we are the friends of the Englishmen."

Then the council broke up, and Pontiac and his chiefs filed out from the fort. Solemnly they crossed the river, defeated and crestfallen, but not one whit discouraged.

On the very next day Pontiac appeared again at the fort. "We are your friends, your friends," he repeated. "Friends always to the Englishmen! Always, always!"

"You may be sure, then, that the Englishmen are friends to you and to your people, always, always," was Gladwyn's answer.

When Pontiac left the fort, he went straight to

the village of the Pottawattamies to stir them up to another plot against the English; and news of this visit to the Pottawattamies was soon brought to Gladwyn.

"We have had enough of this," Gladwyn now said. "Close the gates; and if Pontiac comes again, I myself will meet him."

Soon Pontiac appeared again. "It is Pontiac! It is Pontiac!" he shouted, when he found the gates closed.

But the sentinels made no answer.

"It is Pontiac! Pontiac, the friend of the Englishmen!" he called again.

Still no answer.

"Open! open!" Pontiac shouted.

"I will answer him," said Gladwyn, striding up to the loop-hole.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" he cried.

"I am Pontiac, the friend of the Englishmen!" Pontiac said. "Why do you close your gates?"

"We close our gates against traitors," Gladwyn answered.

Pontiac saw that it was useless to try to deceive the Englishmen longer; and so, with a howl of rage, he turned and went back to his waiting warriors. Before another sun had risen, the Indians had moved their camp across the river, so that now they lay just outside the fort.

"War is upon us," said Gladwyn. Every man in

the fort was ordered under arms, and Gladwyn himself walked the ramparts all night long that not a movement might escape him.

Hardly had the sun begun to rise, when the war-whoop of the savages rent the air. Out from the forests on all sides they swarmed, and in a second the air was heavy with the smoke from the guns.

"Take good aim!" shouted Gladwyn to his men. "Waste no powder! Let every charge count!"

For six hours the attack was kept up. Few of the Indians were killed, and none of the men within the garrison; for neither force was easily reached by the other. At last the Indians went away, and there was quiet in and around the fort.

"Let us hope we shall have peace now," said Gladwyn; for he had no idea, even yet, of how deep a plot this was.

"We must have food," Gladwyn said, a few days later. "We must treat with the Indians in some way."

So La Butte, a French interpreter, was sent to treat with Pontiac; for surely Pontiac would not harm a Frenchman.

La Butte was received with all courtesy by Pontiac. "The English commander wishes me to tell you that he is still ready to listen to any honest reason you may have to give for your attack upon the fort," said La Butte to Pontiac. "And, more-

over, he is willing to right any real wrong that you have suffered from the Englishmen."

The Frenchmen who had gone with La Butte tried to show Pontiac how unwise he had been. He listened to all they had to say. He even listened politely; and, moreover, he made promises — many of them — that he would do no more harm to the Englishmen.

But there could be no doubt now that Pontiac was still on the warpath. Already he had placed his men along the river banks below the fort to keep away any possible aid by water. In the forests, for miles around, Indians were placed to keep away any possible aid by land. Moreover, in the forests, close around the fort, they were hidden, ready to shoot any Englishman who might venture out.

"Our supplies are cut off by land and by water," said the officers, gravely.

"Neither can we ourselves go out to hunt or to fish," said the soldiers.

Days, weeks, even months, dragged by. Had the French not often smuggled in supplies, the English would indeed have been starved out.

One day word came that English convoys were coming up the lakes, bringing aid to the western posts.

"Now we shall have help," said the men in the fort; for the sentinels were on the walls, watching for the first sight of an English flag.

Soon an English boat was seen rounding the bend in the river.

"They come! they come!" the sentinels cried.

"Thank God!" said the soldiers, and they hurried to the gateway to see the coming boats. How the men cheered! They waved their arms. They flung the flag to the breeze. The cannon sent forth its salute of welcome. The whole garrison was beside itself with joy.

But why do the men in the coming boat make no answer? Gladwyn raised his glass. "God have mercy upon us!" he groaned. "The Indians have captured our convoy."

For a moment the sick, half-starved men stood staring out upon the waters. Their convoy lost! They could hardly understand. Then without a word they turned and went back to their places, discouraged, disappointed, and sick at heart.

"There is nothing left for us now but starvation," they said to one another.

Soon woful tidings began to come from other English posts. Pontiac had planned a similar attack upon Fort Sandusky, and this fort was one of the first to fall. As the commander of Fort Sandusky had no one to warn him, he allowed the band of savages to enter the fort as was their custom. Hardly were the Indians within the fort, when their leader gave the signal; and before the garrison could understand what had happened, the

savages were upon them with tomahawks and scalping knives.

Nearly all the garrison were murdered, and the commander was carried away as a prisoner to the camp of the savages.

A few days later Fort Joseph was attacked in the same way; and one day the commander of Fort Presque Isle, escaping from the Indians, came breathless to Gladwyn with a sad story of the attack on his fort.

One day there seemed to be great confusion among the Indians in Pontiac's own camp. Gladwyn took his glass and watched from the sentinel's post. The red men were scurrying up and down the river, and rushing back and forth from the forests to the shores.

"Something has happened," said Gladwyn. But the bend in the river shut off his view, and he could learn nothing of what the confusion meant.

At night, a friendly Canadian came to the fort. "The schooner! the schooner!" he cried. "She is below the bend in the river, and the Indians are planning an attack upon her."

"What? The schooner that went to bring us provisions and help?"

Then Gladwyn ordered a salute. "*Boom! boom! boom!*" This was to tell the men on the schooner that the fort was still standing, and that the garrison waited for the coming of the vessel.

By and by the schooner came around the bend, all sails set. There was a stiff breeze, and help seemed close at hand. But just as the vessel reached the very narrowest place in the river, the wind suddenly died away. The vessel lay becalmed.

How the Indians danced with delight! Nothing could have suited them better.

On the shore, opposite the vessel, were breastworks, which the Indians had thrown up; and these were so carefully hidden in the bushes that even the pilot, keen-eyed as he was, had not seen them.

Night came on, and the sentinel paced the deck, calling from time to time, "All's well! all's well!"

But toward midnight he thought he saw something moving on the shore. He called the commander, and they watched. Not a rustle was heard; but the moving objects, whatever they were, were very busy, and were moving about rapidly.

"Mischief brewing!" said the commander. And his sixty men were ordered on deck. Without a sound they took their places, and in a few minutes canoes began to dart out from the shore. They came close up to the sides of the vessel, and hid themselves in the shadow of the hull. Then more canoes followed. Then more, and more, until the water was black with them. But in all this time not a sound came from the vessel, and the Indians

were sure that a great prize was about to fall into their hands.

Suddenly the order, "Fire!" rang out on the still air. Then out poured a shower of grape-shot from the vessel. The Indians, stunned with terror and surprise, hastened to the shore with all the speed they could make. But the bullets followed them, and the water was stained with their blood.

The few that reached the shore opened fire upon the schooner from behind the breastworks; but a good wind had arisen now, and the vessel dropped back down the river beyond the range of the savages' guns.

A few days later the schooner made its way up the river to the fort.

Never was a vessel more welcome. The men in the fort fell upon the provisions like half-starved creatures, as indeed they were; and a day of rejoicing followed.

Pontiac was furious that the schooner had escaped him, for he knew very well what this supply of provisions meant to his plans. There was but one thing for him to do, and that was to try to frighten Gladwyn into surrender.

So he sent a messenger to the fort, who said: "I, Pontiac, am to have large reënforcements shortly. With these I shall again attack the fort. I give you this chance to save yourselves. Surrender, and you shall go away in safety; but if you will not

surrender, then we will tomahawk every one of you."

But to this threat Gladwyn answered: "Do you think that we are afraid of you and your warriors? Never will we surrender so long as there is one man left to fire a gun!"

Then Pontiac called his chiefs together for a council, and with them were a few Frenchmen.

Throwing his belt down before the French, Pontiac spoke:—

"Brothers," he said, "how long will you allow these evil Englishmen to dwell upon your lands? I have already told you, and now I tell you again, that when I took up the hatchet against these English, I did it for your good. The English throughout this country must perish. The Master of Life commands it, and you know him better than the Indians know him.

"Until now I have said nothing of this to you. I have not urged you to join us. Had you sat upon your mats and watched us fighting for you, we would have said nothing. But you have not done this. You have been spies and traitors to us. You have carried provisions to the English. You have been spies in our camps.

"Now this must not be; you must be wholly French or wholly English. If you are French, then you must take up the hatchet with us. If you are English, then we will take up the hatchet against

you. This is hard, for we are children of the King of France. We would not fight against our brothers. But you must now take your choice. Here is the belt. Will you wear it, or will you not wear it?"

Now there was one Frenchman who had suspected that Pontiac was going to say something of this kind to them. Therefore he had brought along with him a copy of the surrender of the French to the English.

And when he had read this to Pontiac, he said: "You see, Pontiac, we cannot fight for you. For our king has given this territory to the English. If we should fight against them, then there would be war between the King of France and the King of England, and our king would punish us for disobeying him."

But help was already coming up the lakes. Captain Dalzell, with nearly three hundred men, was making his way toward the fort. At Sandusky, Dalzell landed his forces, marched inland to the Indian village, and burned it. Then he came on to Detroit.

Now Dalzell was a daring man; and when he heard the story of Pontiac's plots, he longed to avenge the wrongs which the English had suffered. So he made a plan to attack the Indians at midnight.

"It will be a dangerous thing to do," Gladwyn said.

But Dalzell felt sure of success. So one night he started out from the gateway of the fort, with his little band. Silently they crept along toward Pontiac's camp.

A mile from the fort there was a narrow place in the path, with high cliffs and heaps of rubbish on either side, — just the place for an Indian ambush. But Dalzell never dreamed that the enemy knew that he was on the road.

The sky was dark and cloudy, and the men could not see before them. In between the cliffs they made their way, on toward the little bridge that lay just beyond. But on the cliffs, behind rocks and bushes and piles of wood, the Indians were crouched. Their fingers were upon the triggers of their guns, and they were ready to spring to action. Already the advance-guard of Dalzell was upon the bridge, and the main force was just approaching.

Suddenly there was a blinding flash from levelled guns. With the first fire half the advance-guard fell dead upon the bridge. Another, and many from the main army fell. Then the fragment of the advance-guard shrank back in terror. Confusion seized upon the ranks. The guns of the enemy were blazing, and Englishmen were falling; but in all this not an Indian was to be seen, though their whoops echoed on every side.

"Charge!" thundered Dalzell. But upon what,

upon whom? In the dense darkness the men could see nothing.

For a long time they made a brave stand; then, "Retreat!" Dalzell called. There, across the bridge, and scattered up and down the rough field, lay the dead bodies of the men who had set out with him so bravely. It was a sorry little force that, wounded, worn, and exhausted, came straggling up to the gateway of the fort at the break of day.

But this was a glorious victory for Pontiac. Hardly did he wait till the sun was up, before he sent runners in hot haste to all the Indian villages round about to tell the wonderful news.

"A great victory! a great victory!" the runners shouted as they entered the villages. "And Pontiac bids you come at once. Join his forces, and follow up this victory with another. Success is sure for the red men at last."

The red men came at Pontiac's command, and with pride he looked upon them seated around the council fire. For there were now a thousand warriors, and every one was thirsting for the blood of the Englishmen.

Up at the head of Lake Huron was still another important English post, Fort Michillimackinac, and near this fort there were two smaller forts. So that the three together made a little settlement of white men.

Round about these forts lived two strong tribes,

whose hatred of the English was equal to that of Pontiac himself. Early in the spring, Pontiac sent his runners to these tribes, to tell them what he had already done, what he meant to do, and what they, too, might do if they would.

The tribes were only too glad of an excuse to fall upon the forts at Michillimackinac.

OLD FORT MICHILLIMACKINAC.

From Tuttle's "General History of Michigan."

"The Indians are planning an attack," said some friendly Frenchmen to the commander at Michillimackinac.

"Nonsense," was the commander's answer. And so the plotting went on. Again the Frenchmen warned the commander. "Don't mention an Indian plot again in this fort. The first man that disobeys

shall be sent a prisoner to Detroit," said the stubborn commander. So one morning the Indians gathered around the fort for a game of ball. This seemed innocent surely, and the commander himself stood near the gate, watching the game.

But suddenly the ball shot up high into the air, and landed within the pickets of the fort. With yells the whole band started after it. Now all at

THE GAME AT BALL.

The Indians are from Capt. Eastman's drawing in Schoolcraft's "Indian Tribes."

once, the shouts of the ball player changed into the howl of the warrior; for this throwing of the ball was the signal for attack. Then followed a terrible slaughter. The commander himself was seized and hurried off to the woods, and the entire garrison was slain.

At length Pontiac's men became weary of wait-

ing week in and week out. The Indians were never patient waiters, and Pontiac now had all he could do to keep his warriors from going back to their villages.

At last he made his plan. He would send one of the chiefs to the fort, and the chief should make a piteous speech. He should tell Gladwyn that his tribe was tired of war, that they had always been friends of the Englishmen, and that they would behave as enemies no longer.

In this way Pontiac hoped to deceive the English. If he could only make a peace for the winter, he would begin war again in the spring.

Gladwyn listened carefully to this speech of the chief, and even pretended to be pleased with it.

"Come to-morrow," said he, "and we will give you our answer."

But as the chief went out through the gateway, Gladwyn said, "What new plot is on hand now, I wonder?"

On the next day the chief came again. "I am sorry," said Gladwyn, "to be unable to do as you ask. We cannot agree to a long peace, but we will agree to a truce."

The chief's face fell. This was not what he wished, still he had no choice but to go back to Pontiac with this word. Then Pontiac went up and down the country, stirring up the tribes for miles and miles around. "Come together in the

spring," he said. "Let us make one more great attack on Fort Detroit."

In the meantime the English had succeeded in sending word of these Indian massacres to the East, and a campaign was already planned against the savages. There were to be two armies: one was to come overland, and the other to come by way of the lakes.

But even this did not frighten Pontiac. "We shall meet them," he said. "We shall drive them back."

With all his boasting, however, Pontiac knew this was a serious time for his people. He must act, and all the tribes must act with him.

So again he started out. Crossing the Wabash River, he hurried from tribe to tribe, rousing them, threatening them, and inspiring them by his own fire and fury. Then on he went across the prairies to the Mississippi, where the Illinois Indians dwelt. Once these Illinois were a brave nation, but they were now conquered and broken by the neighboring tribes; and there was little of the old warlike spirit left in them.

"Cowards!" Pontiac cried. "Cowards! squaws! pappooses! Refuse to join with me to destroy these palefaces, and I will fall upon your tribe and destroy it! I will destroy it as the fire destroys the dry grass on the prairies."

From this place Pontiac went to a French fort

on the Mississippi. Here he made an appeal for arms, and told the story of his plan for the spring. The commander, however, could give him little help; and Pontiac went away, angry and disappointed. On his return to his camp Pontiac found other disappointments awaiting him, for messengers that he had sent out to the French returned unsuccessful. For the first time Pontiac's courage failed, and he began to see that his cause was hopeless. The English armies were coming; the French would not help him; even his own people were lukewarm and uncertain. Still he would not give up. "I will make a pretended peace," he said; "— and — I will wait."

So he went out to meet the leader of that English army that was marching overland.

"Oh, Englishmen," Pontiac said, "we have all smoked the pipe of peace. It is your children's pipe; and as the Great Spirit has brought us here together, I now declare to all my people, that I do send my pipe to the great English commander in token of peace."

At this, the English officer turned his army eastward; for the peace he had been sent to make with Pontiac was made. But before he turned back he made Pontiac promise that when the spring came he would go to the eastern fort at Oswego, and there finish the terms of the treaty.

In this Pontiac kept his word, and again at

Oswego he made a peace speech. "We thank the Great Spirit," he said, "for giving us this beautiful day. I speak for all the nations of the West, over whom I am chief. It is the will of the Great Spirit that we meet here to-day. And before him, I now take you by the hand. I call him to witness that I speak from my heart. For I see that it is the Great Spirit's will that the Englishmen and the Indians shall be friends. Once we were friends with the French, but the Great Spirit willed it not so. Now, then, I take the English by the hand, and promise to keep this peace with them as long as I shall live."

Then Pontiac presented a wampum belt to the English officer, and said, "This, O my English father, is to cover and strengthen our peace treaty, and to show that if any nation lift its hand against you, we shall fight for our English brothers."

Thus ended the famous war of the great Pontiac. He was a brave warrior, and he proved himself a fearless leader. No campaign in our land was ever more finely planned. He was a mighty chieftain, and he fought for his people bravely and well. Whether this peace would have been kept we do not know, for only a few months later Pontiac was killed. An English trader, who had good reason, no doubt, to hate this chief, made up his mind that so treacherous a foe should live no longer.

"Do you see Pontiac?" this Englishman asked of an Indian who stood at his side.

The Indian grunted, and shook his head.

"And do you see these presents?"

The Indian grunted again, but listened.

"Go, then, and bring me Pontiac's scalp. Then these presents shall be yours."

So after Pontiac stole the Indian; and as he entered the forest, he crept close up to the chief and drove his tomahawk into the great Pontiac's brain.

Thus ended the life of Pontiac; and by his death the English were freed from one of the greatest Indian foes the white men ever knew.

# HISTORICAL NOTES.

The following notes give the basis of fact on which the stories in this volume have been founded. A bibliography of the authorities consulted is appended.

CHAP. XXIX. *Marquette and Joliet.* Adventurers coming back from voyages down the Mississippi brought news of the Indians living in their ignorance on its banks. These stories touched the simple, kindly heart of Father Marquette, a French priest, and he resolved to explore the Mississippi and convert the Indians. Leaving the St. Lawrence with Louis Joliet, Marquette started out in canoes for the Mississippi. For a month they sailed down the river until they came to a group of wigwams, the home of the Illinois Indians. They were joyfully received, and when they departed promised to return and teach them. From here Marquette and Joliet sailed down the Mississippi almost to its mouth; but fearing the Spaniards farther down, they decide to return. On the voyage back Father Marquette fell ill, and when they reached Green Bay he was unable to go any farther. Joliet, after a perilous trip, reached Montreal with the news of the great voyage which meant so much for France. When Marquette grew better he started out to keep his promise to the Illinois Indians, but on the way he grew worse, and the men built a hut for him on the banks of the Chicago River. After a rest they again started out, at last reaching the Illinois town. While here Marquette grew still worse and begged his men to take him back to Green Bay to die. On his way back he grew so weak he could go no farther; the men built a hut for him on the banks of the river, and there he died. His body was later taken to Green Bay and buried.

CHAP. XXX. *La Salle.* La Salle was a native of France who settled in Canada in 1699. He made several explorations, and when news came of the voyage of Marquette and Joliet, he planned to take possession of the Mississippi in the name of France. He obtained permission and grants from the French government and started out. He rebuilt Fort Frontenac, built a post above Niagara Falls, and then built a small vessel and sailed up the lakes to Green Bay. Here he loaded the vessel with furs and sent it back to Frontenac for supplies. He then took the remaining men in boats to the Illinois River where he built a fort called Fort Crève Cœur. From here Father Hennepin and small parties made explorations. On one of these explorations Father Hennepin and his party were captured by Indians, but after months

of cruel treatment from their captors they were allowed to go back to their friends with some French traders. The vessel did not return with supplies, and La Salle and his companions were forced to set out in canoes. They descended the Illinois to the Mississippi and at the mouth set up a cross bearing the arms of France and a Latin inscription, formally taking possession of the river in the name of France.

CHAP. XXXI. *Troubles with the French and Indians.* Trouble had been brewing in the colonies for some years, and in 1687 a party of Indians, in revenge, destroyed the towns of Dover, New Hampshire, Saco, Maine, and other towns. February 8, 1690, in the middle of the night, a party of French and Indians entered the town of Schenectady, New York, burned the town, and brutally murdered its inhabitants. In the spring of 1697 the Indians fell upon the town of Haverhill, Massachusetts. Mrs. Hannah Dustin, her maid, and servant were carried away as prisoners. They later escaped, taking with them the scalps of their captors, and made their way to Haverhill.

Peace lasted a short time, then came Queen Anne's War; then, after over thirty years of peace, King George's War. The most important act of this war was the taking of the French stronghold, Louisburg. April 4, 1745, a party of soldiers under General Pepperell started for Louisburg. June 28 it surrendered. The French later made an attempt to regain the fort, which was unsuccessful; but in 1748, when peace was declared, it was restored to France.

CHAP. XXXII. *The French getting ready for War.* In 1749 three hundred Frenchmen were sent, under Bienville, to take possession of the territory west of the Alleghanies. They carried with them leaden plates bearing an inscription in Latin and the arms of France, which they buried at every important point along the river and lake shore as far as Detroit.

CHAPS. XXXIII AND XXXIV. *The Beginning of the French and Indian War.* In 1753 George Washington was sent by Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia to warn the French from the forts in Pennsylvania. After a dangerous journey Washington delivered the message and returned with the French answer — a refusal to leave the forts, which they claimed were their own. The journey back was even more perilous than the journey out, and Washington and his men returned with their clothes frozen stiff. A force was then sent to build a fort at the junction of the Ohio and Allegheny rivers, to keep the French from coming farther down the river. When the fort was partly completed, the French, with a much larger force than the English, marched down, and the English were compelled to surrender their half-finished fort and return to Virginia.

CHAP. XXXV. *General Braddock.* General Braddock was sent from England to take charge of the English forces in America. Soon after his arrival he called a convention of the governors of the colonies, and together they decided

upon a plan of warfare very like that planned by the English council. One army was to go direct to Fort Duquesne; another to Fort Niagara; a third was to attack the French forts in Acadia; and the fourth was to go against Forts Crown Point and Ticonderoga. General Braddock himself commanded the attack against Fort Duquesne. Though a good soldier, Braddock knew nothing of the new country and the Indian mode of warfare, and on the way to Fort Duquesne his army was surprised by an ambuscade of French and Indians. At last Braddock fell, mortally wounded, and his soldiers fled in a panic. Braddock died a few days later, thus ending the first of the four attacks of the English against the French.

CHAP. XXXVII. *The Campaign against Quebec.* When the news of Braddock's defeat reached the English soldiers on the way to Niagara, they were disheartened; the reënforcements did not come, and as the French had a much larger force than the English, the expedition was abandoned until the next year. Ticonderoga was to have been attacked when the lake became frozen over, but the mildness of the winter prevented this. The large force which had started out had been gradually decreased by sickness and desertion, and a spirit of inaction had come upon the army.

William Pitt now came into the position of prime minister in England, and he at once made plans for expeditions against Forts Niagara, Ticonderoga, and Crown Point, and then Montreal. A third army was to capture Quebec. England sent supplies and money, and the colonies were to supply the men.

The first expedition started from Schenectady against Niagara. A fierce battle took place in which the Indians took part, and the French were obliged to surrender.

The second army under General Amherst meantime started out from Albany to Ticonderoga. A skirmish took place, but the French, knowing they could not hold out against the larger force of English soldiers, withdrew from Ticonderoga to Crown Point, leaving a small force to blow up the fort and then make their escape. Amherst then set out to attack Crown Point, but found that the French had deserted this fort also. Amherst, instead of following up his victory and attacking Montreal, stayed at Crown Point, fortifying the place and building boats.

The third expedition, under General James Wolfe, sailed up the St. Lawrence to Quebec. The French, under General Montcalm, were encamped above the almost perpendicular cliffs of the city. For days fighting went on without accomplishing anything of importance, but one day a small ravine was discovered leading to the top of the mountain. At dawn, September 13, the English marched up this path, shot down the French sentinels, and drew up for battle before the French army on the Plains of Abraham. A terrible battle followed; Montcalm and Wolfe were both mortally wounded, and the French fled.

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## PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY OF PROPER NAMES.

(According to the Century Dictionary.)

Acadia, A-kā′ di-ạ̈.
Armada, Ar-mä′ dạ̈.
Champlain, S. de, Sham-plān′.
Chevalier, Shẹ̈-vä-lyā′.
Crève Cœur, Krāv kėr′.
Dalzell, Dal-zel′.
De Bienville, De-byȧn-vēl′.
Dinwiddie, Din′ wid-i.
Duquesne, Dü-kān′.
Frontenac, Frôṅt-näk′.
Gladwyn, Glad-win′.
Hennepin, Hen′ e-pin.
Huron, Hū′ rọn.
Joliet Sieur Louis, Zhō-lyā′ si-yė′ löo′ẹ̈.
La Butte, Lä-būt′.
La Salle, Lä-säl′.
Le Bœuf, Le-bėf′.
Lenotra Membra, Lė-nō̤′-trä mäm-brȧ.
Louisburg, Lö′is-bėrg.
Michillimackinac, Mik′ i-li-mak′ i-nâ.
Montcalm, Mont-käm′.
Monongahela, Mọ̄-non-gạ-he′ lạ̈.
Muskingum, Mus-king′ gum.
Oswego, Os-wē′ gō.
Peoria, Pẹ̄-ō′ ri-ạ̈.
Pontiac, Pon′ ti-ak.
Pottawottomies, Pot-ạ-wot′ ọ-mis.
Presque Isle, Präs-kēl′.
Sandusky, San-dus′ ki.
Schenectady, Ske-nek′ tạ-di.
Seneca, Sen′ ẹ-kạ̈.
Ticonderoga, Tī-kon-dẹ̈-rō′ gạ̈.
Tonti, Ton′ tē.
Trentenove, Trān-tā̤-nō̤′ vā.
Wabash, Wâ′ bash.
Wyandot, Wi′ ạn-dot.
Yamacraw, Yä′ mạ̈-krâ.

## KEY TO PRONUNCIATION.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| *a* as in *fat.* | *e* as in *met.* | *ī* as in *pine.* | *ô* as in *non.* |
| *ā* as in *fate.* | *ē* as in *meet.* | *o* as in *not.* | *u* as in *tub.* |
| *ä* as in *far.* | *ė* as in *her.* | *ȯ* as in *note.* | *ū* as in *mute.* |
| *ȧ* as in *ask.* | *i* as in *pin.* | *ö* as in *move.* | *u̇* as in *pull.* |

The dot under any vowel, thus ạ̄, indicates its abbreviation and lightening without loss of its distinctive quality. The double dot under any vowel, thus ạ̈, indicates that it takes the short *u* sound of *but, pun,*

th as in *thin* TH as in *then* ′ denotes the syllable accented.

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