It had been the king's design to keep his Protestant subjects in his kingdom rather than to lose them, but to expose them to such pain and persecutions that they must weary of the faith which had brought them to such a pass. Man had not yet learned the lesson so often shown in every age that to persecute a religion is to strengthen it, but that the surest way of undermining it is to allow it to grow prosperous. Hence, even while their creed was forbidded by law, many pastors and freemen were guarded, and the thongs of judges who attempted to escape were headed off at every turn, and thrown into the galleys. Fortunately, however, the kindness of individuals may alone for the harshness of the community, and the good heart is set against the evil law. So many were the fugitives too, and so wide the frontier, that had the whole French army been stationed along it it would have been like chucking a river with a line of paling. As all sides they flowed over the border.

Thanks to the early tidings which the Guardsman had brought with him, his little party were now ahead of the news. As they passed through the village of 

\[\text{[REDACTED]}\]

in the early morning they caught a glimpse of a naked corpse upon a dunghill, and were told by a quaking watchman that it was that of a Huguenot who had died insensate, but that was a common enough occurrence already and did not mean that there had been any change in the law. At Rouen all was quiet, and Captain Ephraim Savage before evening had brought both them and such property as they had saved aboard of his brigantine, "The Golden Rod." It was but a little craft, some seventy tons burden, but at a time when so many were putting out to sea in open boats, preferring the wrath of Nature to that of the king, it was a
refuge indeed. The same night the seaman drew up his anchor and began to slowly make his way down the winding river.

And very slow work it was. There was half a moon shining and a breeze from the east but the stream meandered and twisted until sometimes they seemed to be sailing up rather than down. In the long reaches they set the yard square and raw, but oftener they had to lower their two boats and warp her painfully along. Tomlinson of Salem the mate, and six grave tobacco chewing New England seamen with their broad palmetto hats, tugging and straining at the oars. Amos Green, de Catinat and even the old merchant had to take their spell one morning when the sailors were needed aboard for the handling of the oars. At last, however, with the early dawn the river broadened out and each bank bounded away with a long funnel-shaped cataract between. Ephraim Savage sniffed the air and paced the deck briskly with a twinkle in his keen gray eyes. The wind had fallen away but there was still enough to drive them slowly upon their course.

"Where's the gal?" he asked.

"She is in my cabin," said Amos Green.

"I thought that maybe she could manage there until we get across."

"Where will you keep yourself, then?"

"Tut, a few letter of spruce boughs and a sheet of birch bark over me have been enough all these years. What would I ask better than this deck of soft white pine, and my blankets."

"Very good. The old man and his nephew, him with the blue coat, can leave the two empty bunks. But you must speak to that man, Amos. I'll have no philandering aboard my ship, lad — no whispering or cuddling or any such foolishness. Tell him that this
ship is just a bit broke off from Boston, and he'll have to pull-up with Boston ways until he gets off her. They've been good enough for better men than him. You give me the French for 'no philandering,' and I'll bring him up with a round turn where he drifts."

"It's a pity we left so quick or they might have been married before we started. She's a good girl, Epuraim, and he is a fine man for all that their ways are not the same as ours. They don't seem to take life so hard as we, and maybe they get more pleasure out of it."

"I never heard tell that we were put here to get pleasure out of it," said the Old Puritan, shaking his head. "The valley of the shadow of death don't seem to me to be the kind o' name one would give to a playground. It is a trial and a chastening, that's what it is, the gall of bitterness and the bond of unuity. We're bad from the beginning, like a stream that runs from a tannery swamps, and we're enough to do to get ourselves to rights without any fools' talk about pleasure."

"Seems to me I be all mixed up," said Amos "like the fat and the lean in a bag of pumpcum. Look at that sun just pushing its edge over the trees, and see the pink flush on the clouds and the river like a rosy ribbon behind us. It's real pretty to our eyes, and very pleasing to us, and it wouldn't be so to my mind if the Creator hadn't wanted it to be. Many a time when I have lain in the woods and smoked my pipe, and felt how good the tobacco was and how bright the maples were with their yellow, and the ash with its purple, and the red tufelo blazing like a fire among the brushwood, I've felt that the real fools' talk was with the men who could doubt that all this was meant to make the world happier for us."
I am not sure if I can help you with this. It seems like you are trying to explain something, but I can't make out the words clearly. If you could write it down or speak more clearly, I might be able to assist you.
"You've been thinking too much in them words," said Ephraim Savage, gazing at him uneasily.

"Don't let your sail be too great for your boat, lad, nor trust to your own wisdom. Your father was from the Bay, and you were raised from a stock that could dash the dust of England from their feet rather than bow down to Baal. Keep a grip on the oars and don't think beyond it. But what is the matter with the old man? He don't seem easy in his mind."

The old merchant was leaning over the bulwarks looking back with a drawn face and weary eyes at the red curving track behind them which marked the path to Paris. Adèle had come up now, and after the usual fashion of women had not a thought to spare upon the dangers and troubles which lay in front of her as she clasped the old man's thin cold hands, and whispered words of love and comfort into his ears. But now they had come to the point where the gentle still-flowing river began for the first time to throbb to the beat of the sea. The old man gazed forward with horror at the bowspirit as he saw it rise slowly upwards into the air, and clung frantically at the rail as it seemed to slip away from beneath him.

"We are always in the hollow of God's hand," whispered. "But oh, Adèle, it is a dreadful thing to feel His fingers moving under us."

"Come with me, Uncle," said de Catinat coming forward and passing his arm under that of the old man. "It's long since you have rested. And you, Adèle, I pray that you will go and sleep, my poor darling, for it has been a weary journey. Go now, to please me, and when you wake, you will have left both France and your troubles behind you."

When father and daughter had left the
deck, de Catinaid made his way aft again to where Amos Green and the Captain were standing.

"I am glad to get them below, Amos," said he "for I fear that we may have trouble yet."

"And how?"

"You see the queer white road which runs along by the southern banks of the river. Twice within the last half-hour I have seen horsemen spurring it for dear life along it. Where the spurs and smoke are queer is崇高, and thither it was that those men went. I know not who would ride so madly at such an hour unless they were the messengers of the king. Ah, see, there is a third one!"

On the white band which wound among the green meadows a black dot could be seen which moved along with great rapidity, vanished behind a clump of trees and then reappeared again making for the distant city. Captain Savage drew out his glass and gazed at the rider.

"Ay, ay," said he, as he snapped it up again "It's a soldier, sure enough. I can see the glint of the scabbard which he carries on his larboard side. I think we shall have more wind presently. With a breeze we can show our heels to anything in France, but a galley or an armed boat would overhaul us now."

De Catinaid, who, though he could speak little English, had learned in America to understand it pretty well, looked anxiously at Amos Green. "I fear that we shall bring trouble on this good Captain" said he "and that the loss of his cargo and ship may be his reward, for having befriended us. Ask him whether he would not prefer to land us on the north bank. With our money we might make our way into the Lowlands."
Ephraim Savage looked at his passenger
with eyes which had lost something of their sternness.
"Young man," said he "I see that you can understand
something of my talk"
De Catinaet nodded.
"I tell you then that I am a bad man to
beat. Any man that was ever shipmates with me
would tell you as much. I just turn my helm and
keep my course as long as God will let me. D'ye see?"
De Catinaet again nodded, though in truth,
the seaman's metaphors left him with but a very general
sense of his meaning.
"We're coming abreast of that little town
and in ten minutes we shall know if there is any
trouble waiting for us. But I'll tell you a story as we
go that'll show you what kind o' man you've shipped
with. It was ten years ago that I speak of when I
was in the 'Speedwell', sixty ton brig, trading between
Boston and Jamestown, going south with lumber and
drink and fixtures, and north again with tobacco and
molasses. One night, blowing half a gale from the
south, and we ran on a reef two miles to the east of
Cape May, and down we went with a hole in our
bottom like as if she'd been split open on the steeple o' one
of them Houfleur churches. Well, in the morning
there I was washing about, migh out of sight of land,
clinging on to half the fore yard, without a sign either
of my mates or of wreckage. I wasn't so cold, for it
was early fall, and I could get three parts of my
body onto the spar, but I was hungry and thirsty
and bruised, so I just took in two holes of my waist
belt, and put up a hymn, and had a look round
for what I could see. Well I saw more than I cared for.
Within five fathoms of me there was a great fish, as long
pretty migh as the spar that I was gripping. It's a mighty
pleasant thing to have your legs in the water and a beast creature like that all ready for a nibble at your toes.

"Mon Dieu!" cried the French soldier "And he have not sal-you!"

Ephraim Savage's little eyes twirled at the reminiscence. "I ate him," said he.

"What!" cried Amos.

"It's a mortal fact. I'd a jack-knife in my pocket, same as this one, and I kicked my legs to keep the brute off, and I whittled away at the spar until I'd got a good jagged bit off, sharp at each end, same as a nigger told me once down Delaware way. Then I waited for him, and stopped kicking, so he came at me like a hawk on a chick-a-dee. When he turned up his belly I jammed my left-hand with the wood right into his great quavining mouth, and I let him have it with my knife between the gills. He tried to break away then, but I held on, d'ye see, though he took me so deep I thought I'd never come up again. I was nigh gone when we got to the surface, but he was floating with the water up, and twenty holes in his shirt front. Then I got back to my spar, we'd gone a long fifty fathoms under water, and when I reached it I fainted dead away.

"And them?"

"Well, when I came to it was calm, and there was the dead shark floating beside me. I got my spar over t' him and I got loose a few yards of hankard that was hanging from one end of it. I made a clove-hitch round his tail, d'ye see, and got the end of it slung over the spar and fastened, so as I couldn't lose him. Then I set to work and I ate him in a week right up to his back fin and I drank the rain that fell on my coat, and when I was picked up by the "Gracie" of Gloucester, I was that fat that I could scarce climb.
aboard. That's what Sphairaon Savage means, my lad, when he says that he is a baddish man to beat."

Whilst the Puritan seaman had been detailing his reminiscence his eyes had kept wandering from the clouds to the flopping sails and back. Such wind as there was came in little short puffs and the canvas either drew full or was absolutely slack. The billowy shreds of cloud above them however, travelled swiftly across the blue sky below amid them. It was on these that the Captain now fixed his gaze, and he watched them like a man who is working out a problem in his mind. They were abreast of Honfleur now, and about half a mile out from it. Several sloops and brigs were lying in a cluster and a whole fleet of brown-sailed fishing boats were tacking slowly in. Yet all was quiet on the curving jetty and on the half-moon float over which floated the white flag with the golden fleurs-de-lis. The port-lay on their quarter now and they were drawing away more quickly as the breeze freshened. De Cabina glancing back had almost made up his mind that their fears were quite groundless when his eyes fell upon something instant and more urgently than ever, which turned his face as shade pallor for all its open air bronze.

Round the corner of the mole a great dark-ringed gondol boat had dashed into view, churning the water into foam with her flying prow, and with the ten pairs of oars which swung from either side of her. A dainty white sloop drooped over her stern, and in her bows the sun-light was caught by a heavy brass carronade. She was packed with men, and the gleam which twinkled every now and again from amongst them told that they were armed to the teeth. The Captain brought his glass to bear upon them and whistled. Then he glanced up at the clouds once more.

"Thirty men," said he, "and they go..."
threepacestowourtwo. You, sir, take your blue coat off this deck, or you'll bring trouble upon us. The Lord will look after his own if they'll only keep from foolishness. Get these hatches off, Tomlinson. So! Where's Jim Start and Ariam Jefferson? Let them stand by to clap them on again when I whistle. Starboard! Starboard! Keep her as full as she'll draw. Now Amos, and you Tomlinson, come here until I have a word with you."

The three stood in consultation upon the poop, glancing back at their pursuers. There could be no doubt that the wind was freshening, it blew briskly in their faces as they looked back, but it was not steady yet, and the boat was rapidly overhauling them. Already they could see the faces of the marines who sat in the stern, and the gleam of the limstock which the gunner held in his hand.

"Hola!" said an officer in excellent English.

"Lay her to or we fire!"

"Who are you and what do you want?" shouted Ephraim Savage, in a voice that might have heard from the bank.

"We come in the king's name, and we want a party of Huguenots from Paris who came on board of your vessel at Rouen."

"Brace back the main yard and lay her to," shouted the Captain. "Drop a ladder over the side there and look smart! So! How we are ready for them."

The yard was swung round, and the vessel lay quietly rising and falling on the waves. The boat dashed alongside, her brass cannon trained upon the beaupain, and her squad of marines with their fingers upon their triggers ready to open fire. They jumped and shrugged their shoulders when they saw that their sole opponents were three
unarmed men upon the poop. The officer, a young active fellow with a bristling moustache, like the whiskers of a cat, was on deck in an instant with his drawn sword in his hand.

"Come up, two of you!" he cried. "You stand here at the head of the ladder, sergeant. Throw up a rope and you can fix it to this stanchion. Keep awake down there and be all ready to fire! You come with me, Corporal Lemoine. Who is Captain of this ship?"

"I am, sir," said Ephraim Savage submissively.

"You have three Huguenots aboard?"

"Tut! tut! Huguenots, are they? I thought they were very anxious to get away, but as long as they paid their passage it was no business of mine. An old man, his young daughter, and a young fellow about your age in some sort of livery."

"In uniform, sir? The uniform of the king's guard. Those are the folk I have come for."

"And you wish to take them back?"

"Most certainly."

"Poor folk! I am sorry for them."

"And so am I, but orders are orders and must be done."

"Quite so. Well, the old man is in his bunk asleep. The maid is in a cabin below. And the officer is sleeping down the hold there where we had to put him for there is no room elsewhere."

"Sleeping, you say? We had best surprise him."

"But think you that you dare do it alone! He has no arms, it is true, but he is a well-grown young fellow. Will you not have twenty men up from the boat?"

Some such thought had passed through
the officer's head, but the Captain's remark put him upon his mettle.

"Come with me, Corporal," said he.

"Down this ladder, you say?"

"Yes, down the ladder and straight on. He lies between those two cloth-bales." Ephraim Savage looked up with a smile playing about the corners of his grim mouth. The wind was whistling now in the rigging, and the stays of the mast were humming like two harp strings. Amos Green lounged beside the French sergeant who guarded the end of the rope ladder, while Jomlinson the mate stood with a bucket of water in his hand, exchanging remarks in very bad French with the crew of the boat beneath him.

The officer made his way slowly down the ladder which led into the hold, and the Corporal followed him, and had his chest level with the deck when the other had reached the bottom. It may have been something in Ephraim Savage's face, or it may have been the gloom around him which startled the young Irishman, but a sudden suspicion flashed into his mind.

"Up again, Corporal!" he shouted, "I think that you are beat at the top."

"And I think that you are beat down below, my friend," said the Puritan, and pulling the sole of his boot against the man's chest he gave a shove which sent both him and the ladder crashing down onto the officer beneath him. At the same instant he blew his whistle, and in a moment the hatch was back in its place and clamped down on each side with iron bands.

The sergeant had swung round at the sound of the crash, but Amos Green, who had waited for the moment, threw his arms round him
and hurled him overboard into the sea. At the same instant the connecting rope was severed, the main yard creaked back into position again and the bucketful of salt water rushed down over the gunner and his gun, getting out his linestock and wetting his priming. A shower of balls from the marines piped through the air or rapped up against the planks but the boat was tossing and jinking in the short choppy waves and to aim was impossible. In vain the men tugged and strained at their oars while the gunner worked like a maniac to relight his linestock and to replace his priming. The boat had lost its weight, while the briggantine was flying along now with every sail bulging and swelling to the utmost point. Crack! went the carronade at last, and five little stubs in the maricasul showed that her charge of grape had flown high. Her second shot left no trace behind it, and at the third she was at the limit of her range. Half an hour after wards a little dark dot upon the horizon with a golden speck at one end of it was all that could be seen of the Monfleur guard-boat. wider and wider grew the lowlying shores, broader and broader was the vast spread of blue waters ahead, the smoke of Havre lay like a little cloud upon the northern horizon, and Captain Ephraim Savage paced his deck with his face as grim as ever, but with a dancing light in his gray eyes.

"I knew that the Lord would look after his own," said he complacently. "We've got her_beak straight now and there's not as much as a dab of mud betwixt this and the three hills of Boston. You've had too much of these French wines of late, Amos, lad. Come down and try a real Boston brewing with a double stroke of malt in the mash tub."
Chap. XXV

A Boat of the dead.

On the "Golden Rod"

For two days they lay becalmed close to Cape de la Hougue, with the Breton coast extending along the whole of their southern horizon. On the third morning, however, came a sharp breeze, and they drew rapidly away from land, until it was but a vague dim line which blended with the cloud banks. Out there on the wide free ocean, with the wind on their cheeks, and the salt spray prinkling upon their lips, these hunted folk might well throw off their sorrows, and believe that they had left for ever behind them all of those stern, rigorous men whose earnest justice had done more harm than good and wickedness could have accomplished. And yet even now they could not shake off their traces, for the sun of the cottage is bounded by the cottage door, but that of the palace spreads its evil over land and sea.

"I am frightened about my father, Amary," said Adèle, as they stood together and looked back at the dim cloud upon the horizon which marked the position of that France which they were never to see again.

"But he is out of danger now."

"Out of danger from cruel laws, but I fear that he will never see the promised land."

"What do you mean, Adèle? My uncle is brave and hearty."

"Ah, Amary, his very heart roots were fastened in the Rue St. Martin and where they were torn his life was torn also. Paris and his business, they were the world to him."

"But he will accustom himself to this new life."

"Oh, if it only could be so! But I fear, I fear, that he is too old for such a change. He says not
a word of complaint, but I read upon his face that he is
stricken to the heart. For hours together he will gaze back at
France with the tears running silently down his cheeks, and
his hair has turned from grey to white within the week.

de Catinat also had noticed that the quaint old
Huguenot had grown gaunter, that the lines upon his stern
face were deeper, and that his head fell forward upon his
breast as he walked. He was about, however, to suggest that
the voyage might restore the merchant's health, when Adèle
gave a cry of surprise and pointed out over the port
quarter. So beautiful was she at the instant with her seven
hair blown back by the wind, a glow of colour struck into
her pale cheeks by the driving spray, her lips parted in
her excitement and one hand shading her eyes, that he
stood beside her with all his thoughts bent upon her grace
and her sweetness.

"Look!" she cried. "There is something
floating upon the sea. I saw it upon the crest of a wave."

He looked in the direction in which she
pointed but at first he saw nothing. The wind was
still behind them, and a brisk sea was running of a
depth rich green colour, with long creaming curling caps
of the larger waves. The breeze would catch these foam-
crests from time to time, and then there would be a
sharp spatter upon the deck, and a salt-smack upon
the lips, and a sprincing upon the eyes. Suddenly as he
gazed, however, something black was tilted up upon the
sharp summit of one of the seas, and swooped out of
view again upon the further side. It was so far from him
that he could make nothing of it, but sharper eyes than
his had caught a glance of it. Amos Green had seen the
girl point, and observed what it was which had attracted
her attention.

"Captain Ephraim," cried he, "there's a boat
on the starboard quarter."
The New England seaman whipped up his glass and steadied it upon the bulwark.

"Aye, it's a boat," said he, "but an empty one. Maybe it's been washed off from some ship, or gone adrift from shore. Put her hand down, Mr. Tomlinson, for it just so happens that I am in need of a boat at present."

Half a minute later the "Golden Rod" had swung round and was running swiftly down towards the black blow which still bobbed and danced upon the waves. As they neared her they could see that something was projecting over her side.

"'Tis a man's head!" cried Amos Green. "But Ephraim Savage boiled his head presently."

"'Tis a man's foot," said he. "I think that you had best take the qab below to the cabin."

Amid a solemn hush they ran alongside this lonely craft which hung out a semaphore signal. Within ten yards of her the fore yard was hauled aboard and they gazed down upon her terrible crew.

She was a little thirteen foot cockle shell very broad for her length and so flat in the bottom that she had been meant evidently for river or lake work. Huddled together beneath the seats were three folk, a man in the dress of a respectable artisan, a woman of the same class, and a little child about a year old. The boat was half full of water and the woman and child lay with their faces downwards, the fair curls of the infant and the dark lochs of the mother washing to and fro like water weeds upon the surface. The man lay with a slate-coloured face, his chin cocking up towards the sky, his eyes turned upwards until the topknot of the white, and his mouth wide open showing a leathern crinkled tongue like a rotting leaf. In the bows, all huddled in a heap, and with a single paddle still grasped in his hand, lay a very small man clad in black, an open book lying
across his face, and one stiff leg jutting upwards with
the heel of the foot resting between the rowlocks. So this
strange company swooped and tossed upon the long
green Atlantic rollers.

A boat had been lowered by the "Golden
Rod," and the unfortunate were soon conveyed upon
deck. No particle of either food or drink was to be found,
now anything save the single paddle, and the open cable
which lay across the small man's face. Man, woman,
and child had all been dead a day at the least, and so
with the short prayers used upon the ocean they were,
buried from the vessel's side. The small man had seemed
also to lifeless, but Amos had detected some slight
flutter of his heart, and the faintest haze was left upon the
watchglass which was held before his lips. Wrapped in a
dry blanket he was laid beside the mast and the mate
forced a few drops of rum every few minutes between his
lips until the little spark of life which still lingered in him
might be fanned to a flame. Meanwhile Ephraim Savage
had ordered up the two prisoners whom he had entrapped
at Honfleur. Very foolishly they looked as they stood
blinking and winking in the daylight from which they
had been so long cut off.

"Very sorry, Captain," said the seaman,
"but either you had to come with us, d'ye see, or we had
to stay with you. They're waiting for me over at Boston
and occasionally couldn't wait any longer."

The French soldier shrugged his
shoulders and looked around him with a lengthening
face. He and his corporal were limp with sea-sickness,
and as miserable as a Frenchman is when first he finds
that France has been vanished from his view.

"Which would you prefer, to go on with
us to America or to go back to France?"

"Back to France, if I can find my
way. Oh, I must get to France again if only to have a
word with that fool of a gunman.

"Well, we emptied a bucket of water over his
livestock and priming, d'ye see, so maybe he did all
he could. But there's France, where that thickening is
over sooner."

"See it!"

"Ah, I see it! Ah, if my ship feet were only
upon it once more."

"There is a boat beside us, and you may
take it."

"Ah, what happenness! Corporal Lemoine,
the boat! Let us push off at once."

"But you need a few things first. Good
Lord, who ever heard of a man pushing off like that!
Hand that puppy bit to, Amis! Mr. Tomlinson, just
slung a bag of water and a barrel of meat and of
biscuit into this boat. Herum Jefferson, bring two oars
aft. It's a long pull with the wind in your teeth, but
you'll be there by tomorrow night, and the weather is
set fair."

The two Frenchmen were soon provided
with all that they were likely to require and pushed off with
a waving of hats and a shouting of 'bon voyage'. The
paddle was swung round again and the 'Golden Rod'
turned her bowsprit for the west. For hours a glimpse
could be caught of the boat, dwindling away on the
wave tops, until at last it vanished into the haze, and
with it vanished the very last link which bound them
with the great world which they were leaving behind them.

But whilst these things had been done,
the senseless man beneath the mast had twitched his eyelids,
had drawn a little gasping breath, and then finally had
opened his eyes. His skin was like gray parchment drawn
tightly over his bones, and the limbs which thrust out from
his clothes were those of a sickly child. Yet, weak as he was,
the large black eyes with which he looked about him were full of dignity and power. Old Catinat had come upon deck, and at the right of the man and of his dress he had run forward, and had raised his head reverently and rested it on his own arms.

"He is one of the faithful," he cried, "He is one of our pastors. Ah, now indeed a blessing will be upon our journey!"

But the man smiled gently and shook his head. "I fear that I may not come this journey with you," said he, "for the Lord has called me upon a further journey of my own. I have had my summons and I am ready. I am indeed the pastor of the temple at Damascus, and when we heard the order of the wicked king, I and two of the faithful with their little ones put forth in the hope that we might come to England. But on the first day there came a wave which swept away one of our oars and all that was in the boat, our bread, our keg, and we were left with no hope save in Him. And then He began to call us to Him one at a time, first the child, and then the woman, and then the man, until I only am left, though I feel that my own time is not long. But since ye are also of the faithful, may I not serve you in any way before I go."

The merchant shook his head, and then suddenly a thought flashed upon him, and he ran with eagerness to Ephraim, and whispered to Amos Green. Amos laughed, and strode across to the Captain.

"It is time," said Ephraim Savage gravely.

Then the whisperers went to de Catinat. He sprang in the air and his eyes shone with delight. And then they went down to Adile in her cabin, and she started and blushed, and turned her sweet face away, and patted her hair with her hands as woman will when a sudden call is made upon her. And so, since haste was
meekful, and since even there upon the lovely sea
there was one coming who might at any moment snap
their purpose, they found themselves in a few minutes,
this gallant man and this pure woman, kneeling hand
in hand before the dying pastor, who raised his thin
arm feebly in benediction as he muttered the words
which should make them for ever one.

Adèle had often pictured her wedding to
herself, as what young girl had not? Often in her
dreams she had knelt before the altar with Amory in
the little temple of the Rue St. Martin. At some times
her fancy had taken her to some of those smaller churches
in the provinces; those little refuges where a handful of
believers gathered together, and it was there that her
fancy had placed the crowning act of a woman's life.
But when had she thought of such a marriage as
this with the white deck swaying beneath them, the
rope humming above, their only choristers the gulls
which screamed around them, and their wedding
worship the world old anthem which is struck from the waves by
the wind! And when could she forget the scene? The
golden masts and the bellering sails, the golden drawn
face and the cracked lip of the castaway, her father's
gnath earnest features as he knelt to support the dying
minister, De Catineau in his blue coat, already faded
and weather stained, Captain Savage with his wooden
face turned towards the clouds, and Amos Green with
his hands in his pockets and a quiet turn of his blue
eyes! Then behind all the land's mate and the little
group of New England seamen with their palmetto
beads; their serious faces. How often in after years it was
to come back to her, and how often it was to be told
and retold until her children's children could see it
even as she had seen it herself.

And so it was done amid kindly words in
a harsh foreign tongue, and the shaking of rude hands hardened by the rope and the sun. De Catinat and his wife leaned together by the shrouds when all was over and watched the black side as it rose and fell, and the green water which raced past them.

"It is all so strange and so new," she said, "Our future seems like the course of a ship which plunges into that cloud-bank before us as vague and dark as yonder cloud-banks which gather in front of us."

"If it rest with me," he answered, "your future will be as merry and bright as the sunlight that glints on the crest of those dark waves. The country that drove us forth lies far behind us, but out there is another and a fairer country, and every breath of wind wafts us nearer to it. Freedom awaits us there, and we bear with us youth and love, and what could man or woman ask for more."

So they stood and talked while the shadows deepened into twilight and the first faint gleam of the stars broke out in the darkening heavens above them. But when those stars had waned again one more tide had found rest aboard of the "Golden Rod," and the little flock from Isigny had found their little pastor once more.
For three weeks the wind kept at East or Northeast, always at a brisk breeze and freshening sometimes into half a gale. The Golden Rod sped merrily upon her way with every sail drawing, aloft and aloft, so that by the end of the third week Amos and Ephraim Savage were reckoning out the hours before they would look upon their native land once more. To the old seaman who was used to meeting and parting it was a small matter, but Amos, who had never been away before, was on fire with impatience, and would spend smoking the whole eight hours with his legs outside the shanks of the bowsprit, staring ahead at the skyline, in the hope that his friend's reckoning had been wrong, and that at any moment he might see the beloved coast line looming up in front of him.

"'tis no use, lad," said Captain Ephraim, laying his great red hand upon his shoulder. "They that go down to the sea in ships need a power of patience, and there's no good eating your heart out for what you can't get."

"There's a feel of home about the air, though," Amos answered. "It seems to whistle through your teeth with a bite to it that I never felt over yonder. Ah, it will take three months of the Mohawk valley before I feel myself to rights."

"Well," said his friend, thrusting a plug of Trinidad tobacco into the corner of his cheek, "I've been on the sea since I had hair on my face, mostly in the coast trade, dry sea, but over the water as well, as far as those navigation laws would let me. Except the two years that I came ashore for the King Phillip business, when every man that could take a gun was
needed on the边界，I've never been three casts of a biscuit from salt water, and I tell you that I never knew a better crossing than the one we have just made."

"Aye, we have come along like a Galloway before a forest fire. But it is strange to me how you find your way so clearly out here with never track nor trail to guide you. It would puzzle me, Ephraim, to find America, to say nought of the Narrows of New York."

"I am some what too far to the north, Amos.

[Image 0x0 to 516x850]

"Alas! tomorrow! And what will it be? Mount Desert? Cape Cod? Long Island?"

"Nay, lad, we are in the latitude of the St. Lawrence, and are more like to see the Azores coast. Then with this wind a day should carry us south or two at the most. A few more such voyages and I shall buy myself a fair house brick house of Queen Lane of North Boston, where I can look down on the Bay, or on the Charles or the Mystic, and see the ships coming and going. So I would end my life in peace and quiet, few is not the gleaming of the primate of Ephraim better than the waterfront of Algiers."

All day Amos Green, in spite of his friends' assurance, strained his eyes on the fruitless search for land, and when at last the darkness fell he went below and prepared his fringed hunting tunic, his leather gauntlets, and his raccoon-skin cap, which were more to his taste than the broad cloth coat in which the Dutch sea-captains of New Amsterdam had also put on the dark coat of civil life, and the York had clad him. The Pilgrims too, the Planters and the Adels, were busy preparing all things for the old man who had fallen so weak that there was little which he could do for himself. A fiddle was screaming in the forecastle, and half the night through hoarse banter of homely song mingled with the dash of the waves and the whistle of the wind, as
the New England men in their own grave and solid fashion made merry over their homeward.

The mate's watch that night was from twelve to four, and the moon was shining brightly for the first hour of it. In the early morning, however, it clouded over, and the "Golden Rod" plunged into one of those dim clammy mists which lie over all that tract of ocean. So thick was it that from the poop one could just make out the boom of the fore sail, but could see nothing of the fore-topmast-stay sail or the jib. The wind was north-east with a very keen edge to it, and the dainty brigantine lay over to it, scudding along with her lee rails within hands' touch of the water. It had suddenly turned very cold - so cold that the mate stamped up and down the poop, and his four seamen shivered together under the shelter of the bulwarks. And then in a moment one of them was up, thrashing with his forefinger into the air, and screaming, while a huge white wall sprang up out of the darkness at the very end of the bowsprit, and the ship struck with a force which snapped her two masts like dried reeds in a wind, and changed her in an instant to a crushed and shapeless heap of spar and wreckage.

The mate had shot the length of the poop at the shock, and had narrowly escaped from the falling mast while of his four men two had been hurled through the huge gap which yawned in the bows, while a third had dashed his head to pieces against the stock of the anchor. Tomlinson staggered forwards to find the whole front part of the vessel driven inwards, and a single seaman sitting dazed amid splintered spars, and flapping sails and withering lashing cordage. It was still as dark as pitch, and save the white crest of a leaping wave nothing was to be seen beyond the side of the vessel. The mate was peering round him in despair at the ruin which had come so suddenly upon
them when he found Captain Ephraim at his elbow, half clad, but as wooden and as serene as ever.

"An ice braq" said he, sniffing at the chill air. "Did you not smell it, friend Tomlinson?"

"Truly I found it cold, Captain Savage, but I set it down to the mist."

"There is a mist ever set around them, though the Lord in his wisdom knows best why, for it is a sore trial to poor sailors men. She makes water fast, Mr. Tomlinson. She is down by the bows already."

The other watch had swarmed upon deck and one of them was measuring the well. "There is three feet of water" he cried, and the pumps sucked dry yesterday at sundown."

"Ephraim Jefferson and John Moreton to the pumps!" cried the Captain. "Mr. Tomlinson, clear away the long boat and let us see if we may set her right, though I fear that she is past mending."

"The long boat has stave two planks," cried a seaman.

"The Jolly boat then?"

"She is in three pieces."

The mate tore his hair, but Ephraim Savage smiled like a man who is gently tickled by some coincidence.

"Where is Amos Green?"

"How Captain Ephraim. What can I do?"

"And I?" asked de Catimat eagerly. Adèle and her father had been wrapped in mantles and placed for shelter in the lee of the round house.

"Tell him he can take his spell at the pumps," said the Captain to Amos. "And you, Amos, you are a handy man with a tool. Get into yonder quarter boat with a lantern and see if you cannot patch her up."

For half an hour Amos Green hammered.
and trimmed and caulked, while the sharp measured clanking of the pumps sounded above the dash of the seas. Slowly, very slowly, the bows of the brigantine were settling down, and her stern cocking up.

"You've not much time, Amos lad," said the Captain quickly.

"She'll float now though she's not quite water tight."

"Very good. Lower away! Keep up the pumping there! Mr. Tomlinson, see that provisions and water are ready, as much as she will hold. Come with me, Simeon Jefferson."

The seaman and the Captain swung themselves down into the towing boat, the latter with a lantern strapped to his waist. Together they made their way until they were under her mangled bows. The Captain shook his head when he saw the extent of the damage.

"Cut away the fore sail and pass it over" said he.

Tomlinson and Amos Green cut away the lashings with their knives, and lowered the corner of the sail. Captain Simeon and the seaman seized it, and dragged it across the mouth of the huge gaping leak. As he stooped to do it, however, the ship heaved up upon a long swell and the Captain saw in the yellow light of his lantern long black cracks which radiated away backwards from the central hole.

"How much in the well?" he asked.

"Five and a half feet."

"Then the ship is lost. I could put my finger between her planks as far as I can see back. Keep the pumps going there! Have you the food and water, Mr. Tomlinson?"

"Here, sir."

"Lower them over the bows. This boat
cannot live more than an hour or two. Can you see anything of the berg?"

"The fog is lifting on the starboard quarter," cried one of the men. "Yes, there is the berg, quarter of a mile to leeward!"

The mist had thinned away suddenly, and the moon glistened through once more upon the great lonely sea and the stricken ship. There, like a huge saucer, was the monster piece of ice upon which they had shattered themselves, rocking slowly to and fro with the wash of the waves.

"You must make for her," said Captain Ephraim. "There is no other chance. Lower the gal over the bows! Well, then, her father first, if she likes it better. Tell them to sit still, Amos, and that the Lord will bear us up if we keep clear of foolishness. So! You're a brave lad for all your thinking-pining lingo. Now the berg and the barrel, and all the cargo and clothes you can find. Now the other man, the man with the blue coat. Aye, aye, passengers first and you have got to come. Now Amos. Now the seamen and you last, friend Tomlinson."

It was well that they had not every far to go for the boat was weighted down almost to the water's edge, and it took the bailing of two men to keep in check the water which leaked in between the shattered planks. When all were safely in their places, Captain Ephraim Savage swung himself aboard again, which was but too easy now that every minute brought the bows nearer to the water. He came back with a bundle of clothing which he threw into the boat.

"Push off!" he cried.
"Jump in then.
"Ephraim Savage goes down with his ship," said he quietly. "Friend Tomlinson, this is not my habit to give my orders more than once. Push off, I say!"
The mate thrust her out with a boat-hook. Amos
Green and de Catinat gave a cry of dismay, but the
solid New Englanders settled down to their oars and
pulled off for the ice berg.

"Amos! Amos! Will you suffer it!" cried
the Guardsman in French. "My honour will not permit
me to leave him thus. I should feel it a stain for ever.

"Tonnison, you would not leave him! Go on
board and force him to come!"

"The man is not living who could force him to
do what he had no mind for,"

"He may change his purpose."

"He never changes his purpose."

Borne calculated how considerably he would be de
fended.

"But you cannot leave him, man. You must
at least lie bye and juck him up."

"The boat bakes like a sieve." said the mate.
"I will take him to the berg, leave you all there, if we can
find footing, and go back for the Captain. Put your backs
into it, my lads; for the sooner we are there the sooner
we shall be back."

But they had not taken twenty strokes before
Adèle gave a sudden scream.

"My God!" she cried "the ship is going
down!"

She had settled lower and lower on the
water, and suddenly with a sound of rending planks
she thrust down her bows like a diving water fowl, her
stern flew up into the air, and with a long sucking
noise she shot down swifter and swifter until the
leaping waves closed over her high poop lanterns. With
one impulsion the boat swept round again and made
backwards as swiftly as willing arms could pull it.
But all was quiet at the scene of the disaster. Not even
a fragment of wreckage was left upon the surface to show
where the "Golden Rod" had found her last harbour. For a
long quarter of an hour they pulled round and round
in the moonlight, but not a glimpse could they see of the
Punian seaman, and at last, when in spite of the
bales, the water was washing round their ankles, they
put her head about once more and made their way in
silence and with heavy hearts to their dreary island of
refuge.

Dreadful as it was, it was their only hope now
for the leak was increasing and it was evident that the
boat could not be kept afloat long. As they drew nearer
they saw with dismay that the side which faced them
was a solid wall of ice sixty feet high without a flaw
or crevice in its whole extent. The berg was a large
one, fifty spaces at least each way, and there was a
hope that the other side might be more favourable.
Bailing hard they paddled round the corner but only to
find themselves faced by another gloomy ice-crag. Again
they went round, and again they found that the berg
increased rather than diminished in height. There
remained only one other side and they knew as they
rowed round to it that their lives hung upon the
result for the boat was almost settling down beneath
them. They shot out from the shadow into the full
moonlight and looked upon a sight which none of them
would forget until their dying day.

The cliff which faced them was as
precipitous as any of the others, and it glittered and
sparkled all over where the silver light fell upon the
thousand facets of ice. Right in the centre however
on a level with the water's edge there was what appeared
to be a huge hollowed out cave which marked the
spot where the "Golden Rod" had, in shattering herself,
dislodged a huge boulder, and so amid her own
ruin prepared a refuge for those who had trusted
themselves to her. This deep cavern was of the
richest emerald green, so light and clear at the edges,
but toning away into the deepest purples and blues
at the back. But it was not the beauty of this grotto,
nor was it the assurance of rescue which brought a
cry of joy and of wonder from every lip, but it was
that seated upon an ice boulder and placidly smoking
a long corn-cob pipe, there was peeped in front of
them no less a person than Captain Ephraim Savage of
New Boston. For a moment the castaways could
almost have believed that it was his wraith, were
wraith in so lonely an attitude, but the
tones of his voice very soon showed that it was indeed
he, and in no very Christian temper either.

"Friend Tomlinson," said he, "when I
tell you to row for an ice berg I mean you to row right
away there, and not to go philandering about over the
ocean. It's not your fault that I am not froze, and so I
would have been if I hadn't some dry tobacco and my
tinder box to keep myself warm."

Without stopping to answer his
commander's reproaches the mate headed his boat for the
ledge, which had been cut into a slope by the bows of the
brigantine, so that the boat was run up easily onto the
ice. Captain Savage seized his dry clothes and vanished
into the back of the cave to return presently
warmer in
body, and more contented in mind. The long boat had
been turned upside down for a seat, the gratings and
strokes taken out and covered with waps to make a
couch for the lady, and the head knocked out of the head
of biscuits.

"We were frightened for you, Ephraim,"
said Amos Green. "I had a heavy heart this night when
I thought that I should never see you more."
"Tut, Amos, you should have known me better."
"But how came you here, Captain?" asked Tomlinson.
"I thought that maybe you had been taken down by the
suck of the ship."
"And so I was. It is the third ship in which I
have gone down, but they have never kept me down yet. I
went deeper tonight than when the "Speedwell" sank, but
not so deep as in the "Governor Winthrop". When I came
up I swam to the berg, found this nook, and crawled
in. Glad I was to see you, for I feared that you had
foundered."
"We put back to pick you up and we passed
you in the darkness. And what should we do now?"
"Rig up that boat sail and make quarters
for the gal. Then get our supper and get such rest as
we can, for there is nothing to be done tonight, and
there may be much in the morning."
Amos Green was aroused in the morning by a hand upon his shoulder, and, springing to his feet, found de Catina standing beside him. The survivors of the crew were perplexed about the upturned boat, slumbering heavily after their labours of the night. The red rim of the sun had just pealed itself above the horizon, and sky and sea were one blaze of scarlet and orange from the dazzling gold of the horizon to the lightest pink at the zenith. The first rays flashed directly into their eyes, flooding and gleaming upon the ice crystals and tingling the whole grotto with a rich warm light. Never was a fairy's palace more lovely than this floating refuge which nature had provided for them.

But neither the American nor the Frenchman had time now to give a thought to the novelty and beauty of their situation. The latter's face was grave, and his friend read danger in his eyes.

"What is it then?"

"The berg. It is coming to pieces."

"Tut, man, it is as solid as an island."

"I have been watching it. You see that crack which extends backwards from the end of our grotto. Two hours ago I could scarce put my hand into it. Now I can slip through it with ease. I tell you that she is splitting across."

Amos Green walked to the end of the funnel-shaped recess and found, as his friend had said, that a queer sinuous crack extended away backwards into the ice-berg, caused either by the tossing of the waves, or by the terrific impact of their vessel. He roused Captain Ephraim and pointed out the danger to him.

"Well, if she springs a leak we are gone," said he. "She's been thawing pretty fast as it is."

They could see now that what had seemed in the moonlight to be smooth walls of ice were
really furrowed and wrinkled like an old man’s face by the streams of melted water which were continually running down them. The whole huge mass was brittle and honeycombed and rotten. Already they could hear all round them the ominous drip drip, and the splash and tinkle of the little rivulets as they fell into the ocean.

“Hello!” cried Amos Green “What’s that?”
“What then?”
“Did you hear nothing?”
“No.
“I could have sworn that I heard a voice.
“Impossible. We are all here.”
“I must have been my fancy then.”

Captain Ephraim walked to the seaward face of the cave and swept the sea with his eyes. The wind had quite fallen away now and the sea stretched away to the eastward smooth and unbroken save for a single great black spar which floated near the spot where the Golden Rod had foundered.

“We should lie on the track of some ships,” said the Captain thoughtfully. “There’s the codders and the herring-buses. We’re over far south for them, I reckon. But we can’t be more’n two hundred mile from Port Royal in Acadian, and we’re in the line of the St. Lawrence trade. If I’d three White Mountain junices, Amos, and a hundred yards of stout canvas I’d get up on the top of this thing, and I’d rig such a jury mast as would send her humming into Boston Bay. Then I’d break her up and sell her for what she was worth, and turn a few pieces over the business. But she’s a heavy old craft, and that’s a fact, though even now she might do a knot or two an hour if she had a hurricane behind her. But what is it, Amos?”

The young hunter was standing with his ear slanting, his head bent forwards, and his eyes glancing sideways, like a man who listens intently. He
was about to answer when de Catitat gave a cry and pointed
to the back of the cave.

"Look at the crack now!"

It had widened by a foot since they had noticed it
last, until it was now no longer a crack. It was a pass.

"Let us go through," said the Captain;

"It can but bend through on the other side."

"Then let us see the other side."

He led the way and the others followed him.

It was very dark as they advanced with high dripping ice walls
on either side, and one little zigzagging slit of blue sky
above their heads. Tripping and grooping their way they stumbled
along until suddenly the passage grew wider and opened out
into a large spacious, square of flat ice. The berg was level in the
centre and sloped upward from that point to the high cliffs
which bounded it on each side. In three directions this slope
was very steep, but in one it slanted up quite gradually,
and the constant thawing had grooved the surface with a
thousand irregularities by which an active man could
ascend. With one impulse they began all three to clamber up;
until a minute later they were standing not far from the edge
of the summit, seventy feet above the sea, with a view
which took in a good hundred miles of water. In all that
broader miles there was no sign of life, nothing but the
endless glint of the sun upon the waves.

Captain Hilarion whistled. "We are out of luck,"
said he.

Amos Green looked about him with startled eyes.

"I cannot understand it," said he. "I could have sworn —
By the Eternal! Listen to that!"

The clear call of a military bugle rang out in the
morning air. With a cry of amazement they all three leaned
forward and peered over the edge.

A large ship was lying under the very shadow
of the iceberg. They looked straight down upon her snow white
decks, fringed with shining brass cannon, and dotted with
seamens. A little clump of soldiers stood upon the poop
going through the manual exercises, and it was from them
that the call had come which had sounded so unexpectedly in the
case of the castaways. Standing back from the edge they had
not only looked over the topmasts of this welcome neighbour,
but they had themselves been invisible from her decks. Now
the discovery was mutual, as was shown by a chorus of
shouts and cries from beneath them.

But the three did not wait an instant. Sliding
and scrambling down the wet slippery incline they rushed
shouting through the crack and into the cave, where their
comrades were just preparing for their cheerless breakfast. A
threaded rope and
few seconds later the leaky longboat had been launched; their
few possessions had been bundled in, and they were afloat
once more. Pulling round a promontory of the berg, they
found themselves under the stern of a fine corvette, the
side of which were lined with friendly faces, while from
the peak there dropped a huge white banner mottled over
with the golden lilies of France. In a very few minutes their
boat had been hauled up and they found themselves on board
of the St. Christophe man-of-war, conveying
Marquis de
Bironville, the new governor general of Canada to take over
his new duties.
A singular colony it was of which the shipwrecked party found themselves now to be members. The St. Christophe had left Rochelle three weeks before with four small consorts conveying five hundred soldiers to help the struggling Colony on the St. Lawrence. The squadron had become separated, however, and the Governor was pursuing his way alone in the hope of picking up the others on the river. Abroad he had a company of the Regiment of Peyster, the staff of his own household, Saint Vallier, the new bishop of Canada, with several of his attendants, three Recollet friars, and five Jesuits bound for the fatal Iroquois mission, half a dozen ladies on their way out to join their husbands, two Ursuline nuns, ten or twelve gallants whom love of adventure, and the hope of bettering their fortunes had drawn across the seas, and lastly some twenty peasant maidens of Anjou who were secure of finding husbands waiting for them upon the beach, if only for the sake of the beds, the pot, the tinsplate and the kettle which the king would provide for each of his humble wards.

To add a handful of New England indigents, a puritan of Boston, and three Huguenots to such a gathering, was indeed to bring firebrands and powder barrel together. And yet all aboard were so busy with their own concerns that the Castaways were left very much to themselves. Thirty of the soldiers were down with fever and scurvy, and both priests and nuns were fully taken up in nursing them. Denonville, the governor, a pious-minded dragoon, walked the deck all day reading the psalms of David, and sat up half the night with plans and charts laid out before him, planning out the destruction of the Iroquois who were ravaging his dominions. The gallants and the ladies flirted, the maidens of Anjou made eyes at the soldiers of Peyster.
and the Bishop Saint Vallier read his offices and lectured his clergy. Ephraim Savage used to stand all day glaring at the good man as he paced the deck with his red-edged missal in his hand, and muttering about the 'abomination of desolation,' but his little ways were put down by exposure upon the iceberg, and by the fixed idea in the French minds that men of the Anglo-Saxon stock are not to be held accountable for their actions.

There was peace between England and France at present, though feeling ran high between Canada and New York, the French believing, and with some justice, that the English Colonists were whooping on the demons who attacked them. Ephraim and his men were therefore received hospitably on board, though the ship was so crowded that they had to sleep wherever they could find cover and space for their bocce. The Catelier, too, had been treated in an even more kindly fashion, the weak old man and the beauty of his daughter, arousing the interest of the Governor himself. De Catelier had, during the voyage, exchanged his uniform for a plain zborinc suit, so that, except for his military bearing, there was nothing to show that he was a fugitive from the army. Old Catelier was now so weak that he was past the answering of questions; his daughter was for ever at his side, and the soldier was diplomatist enough, after a training at throgenes, to say much without saying anything, and so their secret was still preserved. De Catelier had known what it was to be a Huguenot in Canada before the law was altered. He had no wish to try it after.

On the day after the rescue they sighted Cape Breton on the South, and late on the same evening running swiftly before an Easterly wind, saw the loom of the east end of Anticosti. Next morning they were sailing up the mighty river, though from mid-channel the
banks upon either side were hardly to be seen. After passing the shores narrowed in, and they saw the wild gorge of the Seamenay river upon the right, with the smoke from the little fishing and trading station of Tadoussac streamimg up above the gum trees. Naked Indians with their faces daubed with red clay, Algonquins and Abenakis, clustered round the ship in their birch-bark canoes with fruit and vegetables from the land which brought fresh life to the scurvy-stricken soldiers. Thence the ship tacked on up the river past Mal Bay, the Rarime of the Aboulemato, and the Bay of St Paul with its broad valley and wooded mountains all in a blaze with their beautiful autumn hues, their scarlets, their purples and their golds, from the maple, the ash, the young oak, and the saplings of the birch. Amos Green, leaning on the bulwarks, stared with longing eyes at these vast expanses of beautiful woodland, hardly traversed save by an occasional wandering savage, or hardy courrour-de-bois. Then the bold outlines of Cape Tourmente loomed up in front of them, the rich placid meadows of Laval's seigneurie of Beaupré, and, skirting the settlements of the Island of Orleans, they saw the broad pool stretch out in front of them, the falls of Montmorency, the high palisades of Cape Levis, the cluster of vessels, and upon the right that wonderful rock with its diadems of towers and its township huddled round its base, the centre and stronghold of French power in America. Cannon thundered from the bastions above, and were echoed back by the warship, while insignia dipped, hats waved, and a swarm of boats and canoes shot out to welcome the new governor, and to convey the soldiers and passengers to shore.

The old merchant had quizzed away since he had left French soil, like a plant which has been plucked from its roots. The shade of the shipwreck
and the night spent in their bleak refuge upon the iceberg had been too much for his years and strength. Since they had been picked up he had lain amid the scurry of the soldiers with hardly a sign of life save for his thin breathing and the twitching of his scraggy throat. Now, however, at the sound of the cannon and the shouting he opened his eyes, and raised himself slowly and painfully upon his pillow.

"What is it, father? What can we do for you?" cried Adile. "We are in America, and here is Amary and here are you, our children."

But the old man shook his head. "The Lord has brought me to the promised land, but He has not willed that I should enter into it," said he, "May this will be done, and blessed be His name for ever! But at least I should wish, like Moses, to gaze upon it, if I cannot set foot upon it. Think you, Amary, that you could lend me your arm and lead me on the deck."

"If I have another strong arm to help me," said de Calatrà, and, ascending to the deck, he brought Amary Green back with him. "Now, father, if you will lay a hand upon the shoulders of each, you need scarce bow your feet to the ground."

A minute later the old merchant was on deck, and the two young men had seated him upon a coil of rope with his back against the mast, where he should be away from the crush. The soldiers were already crowding down into the boats, and all were so busy over their own affairs that they paid no heed to the little group of refugees who gathered round the stanchion man. He turned his head painfully from side to side, but his eyes brightened as they fell upon the broad blue stretch of water, the flash of the distant falls, the high castle, and the long line of purple mountains away to the North west.
"It is not like France," said he, "It's not green and graceful and smiling, but it is grand and strong and stern like Him who made it. As I have grown weaker, Adèle, my soul has been less clamped by my body, and I have seen clearly much that has been dear to me. And it has seemed to me, my children, that all this country of America, not Canada alone, but the land where you were born also, Amos Green, and all that stretches away towards you, the setting sun will be the best gift of God to man. For this has the held it concealed through all the ages, that now the own high purpose may be wrought upon it. For here is a land which is innocent, which has no past guilt to atone for, no feud, nor ill custom, nor evil of any kind. And as the years roll on all the weary and homeless men, all who are striken and plundered and wronged will turn their faces to it, even as we have done. And hence will come a nation, which will surely take all that is good and leave all that is bad, moulding and fashioning itself into the highest. Do I not see such a mighty people—a people who will care more to raise their lowest than to exalt their richest—who will understand that there is more bravery in peace than in war, who will see that all men are brothers, and whose hearts will not narrow themselves down to their own frontiers, but will warm in sympathy with every noble cause the whole world through. That is what I see, Adèle, as I lie here beside a shore upon which I shall never set my feet, and I say to you that if you and Amary go to the building of such a nation, then indeed your lives are not meagre. It will come, and when it comes may God guard it, may God watch over it and direct it!" His head had sunk gradually lower upon his breast and his lids had fallen slowly over his eyes which had been looking away out over Point Levy at the rolling woods and the far-off mountains.
Adèle gave a quick cry of despair and threw her arms round the old man's neck.

"He is dying! Amaury, he is dying!" she cried.

A stern Recollet friar who had been telling his beads within a few paces of them heard the cry and was beside them in an instant.

"He is indeed dying," he said, as he gazed down at the aghast face. "Has the old man had the sacraments of the church?"

"I do not think that he needs them," answered de Catinat evasively.

"Which of us do not need them, young man?" said the friar sternly. "And how can a man hope for salvation without them! I shall myself administer them without delay."

But the old Huguenot had opened his eyes, and with a last flicker of strength he pushed away the gray hooded figure which bent over him.

"I left all that I love rather than yield to you," he cried, "and think you that you can overcome me now."

The Recollet started back at the words and his hard suspicious eyes shot from de Catinat to the weeping girl.

"So!" said he. "You are Huguenot then!"

"Hush! Do not wrangle before a dying man who is dying!" cried de Catinat in a voice as fierce as his own.

"Before a man who is dead," said Amos Green solemnly.

As he spoke the old man's face had relaxed, his thousand wrinkles had been smoothed suddenly out as though an invisible hand had passed over them, and his head fell back against the mast. Adèle remained
motionless with her arms still clasped round his neck and her cheek pressed against his shoulder. She had fainted.

De Catinat raised his wife and bore her down to the cabin of one of the sailors who had already shown them some kindness. Death was no new thing aboard the ship, for they had lost ten soldiers upon the outward passage, so that amid the joy and bustle of the disembarking there were few who had a thought to spare upon the dead pilgrim, and the less so when it was whispered abroad that he had been a Huguenot. A brief order was given that he should be buried in the river that very night, and then, save for a sail-maker who fastened the canvas round him, mankind had done its best for Theophilus Catinat. With the survivors, however, it was different, and when the troops were all disembarked, they were mustered in a little group upon the deck, and an officer of the Governor's suite decided upon what should be done with them. He was a gently good-natured ruddy-cheeked man, but de Catinat saw with apprehension that the Beaujolais flier walked by his side as he advanced along the deck, and exchanged a few whispered remarks with him. There was a bitter smile upon the monk's dark face which boded little good for the benedictions.

"It shall be seen to, good father, it shall be seen to," said the officer impatiently, in answer to one of these whispered injunctions, "I am as jealous a servant of holy church as you are."

"I trust that you are, Monsieur de Bonneville. With so devout a governor as Monsieur de Bonneville it might be an ill thing even in this world for the officers of his household to be lax."

The soldier glanced angrily at his companion for he saw the threat which lurked under the words.
"I would have you remember, father," said he, "that if faith is a virtue, charity is no less so." Then, speaking in English, "Which is Captain Savage?"

"Phineas Savage of Boston."

"And Master Amos Green?"

"Amos Green of New York."

"And Master Tomlinson?"

"John Tomlinson of Salem."

"And master mariners, Thomas Jefferson, Joseph Cooper, Sock-peace Spaulding, and Paul Cushing, all of Massachusetts Bay."

"We are here."

"It is the Governor's orders that all whom I have named shall be conveyed at once to the trading brig "Hope," which is yonder ship with the white paint line. She sails within the hour for the English provinces."

A buzz of joy broke from the cast-a-way mariners at the prospect of being so speedily restored to their homes, and they hurried away to gather together the few possessions which they had saved from the wreck. The officer put his list in his pocket and stepped across to where de Catinat leaned moodily against the bulwarks.

"Surely you remember me," he said, "I could not forget your face, even though you have exchanged a blue coat for a black one."

De Catinat grasped the hand which was held out to him.

"I remember you well, de Bonneville, and the journey that we made together to Fort Frontenac, but it was not for me to claim your friendship now that things have gone amiss with me."

"Tut, man, once my friend always my friend."

"I feared, too, that my acquaintance would do you little good with yonder gray-cowled priest..."
who is glowering behind you."

"Well, well, you know how it is with us here. Frontenac could keep them in their place, but De la Barre was as clay in their hands, and this new one promises to follow in his steps. What with the Jesuits at Montreal and theulpas here, we poor devils are between the upper and the nether stones. But I am grieved from my heart to give such a welcome as this to an old comrade, and still more to his wife."

"What is to be done then?"

"You are to be confined to the ship until she sails, which will be in a week at the furthest."

"And then?"

"You are to be carried home in her, and handed over to the governor of Rochelle, to be sent back to Paris. These are Monseigneur de Bonneville's orders, and if they be not carried out to the letter, then we shall have the whole house's meat about our ears."

De Calmet groaned as he listened. After all their strivings and trials and efforts to return to Paris, the scorn of his enemies, and an object of pity to his friends, was too deep a humiliation. He flushed with shame at the very thought. To be led back like the hamsick peasant who has deserted from his regiment! Better one spring into the broad blue river beneath him, were it not for little pale-faced Adelé who had none but him to look to. It was so tame! So ignominious! And yet in this floating prison, with a woman whose fate was linked with his own, what hope was there of escape.

De Bonneville had left him, with a few blunt words of sympathy, but the Friar still paced the deck with a furtive glance at him from time to time, and two soldiers who were stationed upon the poop passed and repassed within a few yards of him. They had
carried out of the bridge a beam,

heard in another, and was taking under full

face the same and quiet in an awkward, and a passion

come by gradually after the other, and thus, and thus, fished on this:

summoned, but that address made in front of the ground.

in a moment. He could save some and think from the

enough. That they had met a thought to sloe now

more of the hand came back like the year's edge. They

dedication, yet no word of farewell, and no looking

of the woodman now turned more than once on the

the English face of the old Ruskin, and the led presence

gave commanding together and ground the cloth hanging.

the decline was efficient from chimney barns and chimneys

now the four corners huddled together, and then in

the sky which was to compose the

Where

immediately undistinguish when the shed

with a shed of ore, and a large back full of men pressed

of iron and address. The address was drawn away by the

of the beam which was driving above from the ground.

the beam which was driving above from the ground.

trembling and trembling, when the showered multitude of

achieved normally of all which without which it made, made

along with as if the deadWorld and perfection the

and composition destroyed the beam. The settling

the bridge of the bridge the which a few years before

quilt задача ended of boredom and changed under multiplied.

emerged, and hanging across at the beam under the

and emotional, shivering exhilaration and forwards on their

found none the dead untilting the band in their print.

understandably to model the announcement. Washed in the
That night old Theophile Catimat was buried from the ship's side, his sole mourners the two who bore his own blood in their veins. The next day de Catimat spent upon deck, amid the bustle and confusion of the unloading, endeavouring to cheer his idle wife by light chitter which came from a heavy heart. He pointed out to her the places which he had known so well, the citadel where he had been quartered, the college of the Sulpicians, the Cathedral of Bishop Laval, the magazine of the Old Company, dismantled by the great fire; and the house of Aubert de la Chenay, the only private one which had remained standing in the lower town. From where they lay they could see not only all the places of interest, but something else of that motley population which made the town so different to all others save only its younger sister, Montreal. Passing and repassing along the plots with the picket fence which connected the two 6 quarters they saw the whole panorama of Canadian life moving before their eyes, the soldiers with their slouched hats, their plumes, and their bandoleers, habitans from the river coterie in their ruda peasant dresses, little changed from their forefathers of Brittany or Normandy, and young rufflers from France or from the Escipiones, who colored their hats and swaggered in what they thought to be the true Versailles fashion. There, too, might be seen little knots of the men of the woods, Coureurs de bois or voyageurs, with leathern hunting tunicos, fringed leggings, and fur cap with eagle feathers, who came back once a year to the cities, bearing their Indian wives and children in some up-country wigwam. Redhinos, too, were there (Algonquin fishers and hunters, wild Micmacs from the north, and
savage Abernaces from the south, while everywhere were
the hairy habits of the Franciscans, and the black casacks
and broad hats of the Sulpicians, and Jesuits, the
moving spirits of the whole.

Such were the folk who crowded the streets
of the capital of this singular offshoot of France which
had been planted along the line of the great river, three
centuries ago. And it was a
singular settlement, the most singular perhaps that has
ever been planted. For a long time it extended, from Tadoussac in the east, away to the
trading stations upon the borders of the great lakes, limiting itself for the most part to narrow little
cultivated strips upon the margin of the great river, banished in behind by wild forests and unexplored
mountains which forever tempted the peasant from his
veins and his groves to the free life of the paddle and the
muskets. Their scattered clearings, alternating with
dense dark woods, marked the
line where civilization was forcing itself in upon the
huge continent, and barely holding its own against the
forces of a northern climate, and the ferocity of merciless
enemies. The whole white population of this huge mighty
district, including soldiers, priests, and woodsmen, with all
customers and children, was very far short of twenty
thousand souls, and yet so great was their energy, and
such the advantage of the central government under
which they lived, that they had left their trace upon the
whole continent. When the prosperous English settlers were
content to live upon their acres, and when no one had run upon the further side of the Alleghanies, the French
had pushed their daring pioneers, some in the black
role of the missionary, and some in the fringed
tunic of the hunter, to the uttermost ends of the Continents. They had mapped out the lakes and had bartered with the
fierce Sioux on the great plains where the wooden wigwam gave place to the hide teepee. Marquette had traced the course of the great river until, first of all white men, he looked upon the turbid flood of the rushing Missouri. La Salle had pushed even further, had passed the Ohio, and had made his way down to the Mexican gulf, raising the French arms where the City of New Orleans was afterwards to stand. Others had pushed on to the Rocky mountains, and to the great wilderness of the north west, preaching, bartering, cheating, baptising, swayed by many motives and holding only in common a courage which never faltered; and a fertility of resource which took them in safety past every danger. Frenchmen were to the north of the British settlements; Frenchmen were to the west of them; and Frenchmen were to the south of them, and if all that the Continent is not now French the fault assuredly did not rest with that wise race of early Canadians.

All this de Catinat explained to Adèle as they leaned together upon the balustrades during the long autumnal day, trying to draw her thoughts away from the troubles of the past, and from the long dreary voyage which lay before her. She, fresh from the staid life of the Parian street, and from the tame scenery of the Seine, gazed with amazement at the river, the woods and the mountains, and clutched her husband's arm in horror when a canoeful of wild skimming Algonquins, their faces striped with white and red paint, came flying past with the foam dashed from their paddles. Again the river turned from blue to pink; again the old Château was bathed in the evening glow, and again the two sides descended to their cabins with cheering words for each other and heavy thoughts in their own heads.

De Catinat's bunk lay close to a great hole, and
it was his custom to keep this open, as the cabin in which the cooking was done for the crew, was close to them, and the air was hot and heavy. That might be found it impossible to sleep, and he lay tossing under his blanket, thinking over every possible means by which they might be able to get away from this cursed sleep. But even if they got away, where could they go to then? All Canada was sealed to them. The woods & the south were full of ferocious Indians. The English settlements would, it was true, grant them freedom to use their own religion, but what could his wife and he do, without a friend, strangers among folks who spoke another tongue! Had Amos queer remained true to them, then, indeed, all would have been well. But he had deserted them. Of course there was no reason why he should not. He was no blood relation of theirs. He had already benefited them many times. His own people and the life that he loved were waiting for him at home. Why should he linger here for the sake of folk whom he had known foes but a few months? It was not to be expected, and yet, and yet, de Catiniat could not realise it, could not understand it.

But what was that! Above the gentle lapping of the river he had suddenly heard a sharp clear beat! Perhaps it was some passing boatman or Indian. Then it came again, that eager urgent summons. He sat up and stared about him. It certainly must have come from that open port-hole. He looked out, but only to see the broad basin, with the boom of the shipping, and the distant twinkle from the lights on Point Pelee. As his head dropped back upon the pillow something fell upon his chest, with a little tap, and rolling off, rattled along the boards. He sprang up, caught a lantern from a hook and flashed it upon the floor. There was the miracle which had struck him—a little golden brooch. As he lifted it up and looked closer at it, a thrill passed through
him. It had been his own, and he had given it to Amos Green upon the first day that he had met him when they were starting together for Versailles.

This was a signal then, and Amos Green had not deserted them after all. He dressed himself, all in a truncheon with excitement, and went upon deck. It was pitch dark, and he could see no one, but he knew the sound of regular footsteps somewhere on the fore part of the ship showed that the sentinels were still there. The guardsman walked over to the side and peered down into the darkness. He could see the boom of a boat.

"Who is there?" he whispered.

"Is that you, de Catinat?"

"Yes."

"We have come for you."

"God bless you, Amos."

"Is your wife there?"

"No, but I can rouse her."

"Good!"

De Catinat had gripped the line which was thrown to him, and on drawing it up had found that it was attached to a rope ladder furnished at the top with two steel hooks to grip the bulwarks. He placed them in position, and then made his way very softly to the cabin on the ladies' quarters which had been allotted to his wife. She was the only woman on board the ship now, so that he was able to tap at her door in safety and to explain in a few words the need for haste and for secrecy. In ten minutes Adèle had dressed, and with her few valuables in a little bundle, had clipped out from her cabin. Together they made their way upon deck once more and crept oft under the shadow of the bulwarks. They were almost there when de Catinat suddenly stopped and ground out an oath between his clenched teeth. Between them and the rope..."
ladder there was standing the grim figure of a Redlet friar. He was peering through the darkness and advancing slowly as if he had caught a glimpse of them. A lantern hung from the monk's shroud. He unfastened it and held it up to cast a light upon them.

But de Catinaë was not a man with whom it was safe to trifïe. His life had been one of quick resolve and prompt action. Was this vindictive friar at the last moment to stand between him and freedom? It was a dangerous position to take. The guardman pulled Adèle into the shadow of the mast and then, as the monk advanced, he sprang out upon him and seized him by the gown. As he did so the other's coat was pushed back, and instead of the haggard features of the Redlet, de Catinaë saw with amazement in the glimmer of the lantern the shrewd grey eye and strong shrewd face of Ephraim Savage. At the same instant another figure appeared over the side and the haughty Frenchman threw himself into the arms of Amos Green.

"It all right," said the young hunter, disengaging himself with some embarrassment from the other's embrace, "We've got him all right in the boat with a buckskin glove jammed into his quillt."

"Who then?"

"The man whose cloak Captain Ephraim there has put round him. He came out & up when you were away rowing your lady, but we got him to the shore. Do the lady there?"

"Here she is."

"As quick as you can, then, for someone may come along."

Adèle was helped over the side, and seated in the stern of a birch-bark canoe. The three men unhoisted the ladder, and swung themselves down by a rope, while two Indians who held the paddles pushed
silently off from the ship's side and they shot swiftly up the stream. A minute later a dim gloom behind them, and the glimmer of two yellow lights was all that they could see of the St. Christopher.

"Take a paddle, Amos, and I'll take one," said Captain Savage, stripping off his monk's gown. "I felt right in it on the deck of your ship, but it don't beth in a boat. I believe we might have fastened the hatches and taken her, brass guns and all, had we been so minded."

"And been hanged as pirates at the yardarm next morning," said Amos. "I think we have done better to take the honey and leave the tree. I hope, Madame, that all is well with you."

"Ay, I can hardly understand what has happened, or where we are."

"Nor can I, Amos."

"Did you not expect us to come back for you then?"

"I did not know what to expect."

"But surely you could not think that we would leave you without a word."

"I confess that I was cut to the heart by it," looked at you with the bale of my eye, and "I feared that you were when I said you standing blackly looking so deadly over the bulwarks at us. But if we had been seen talking or planning they would have been upon our trail at once. As it was they had not a thought of suspicion, save only this fellow whom we have in the bottom of the boat here."

"And what did you do?"

"We left the brig last night, got ashore on the Beaupré side, arranged for this cause, and lay dark all day. Then tonight, we got alongside and I roused you easily, for I knew where you slept. The friar nearly scream'd all when you were below, but we gagged him, and passed him over the side."
popped on his gown so that he might go forward to help you
without danger, for we were scared at the delay.

"And it is glorious to be free once more. What
do I not owe you, Amos?"

"Well, you looked after me when I was in
your country, and I am going to look after you now.

"And where are we going?"

"Ah! there you have me. It's this way or
none, for we can't get down to the sea. We must make
our way over land as best we can, and we must leave
a good stretch

many a long mile between Quebec Citadel and us before
the day breaks, for from what I hear they would rather
have a Huguenot prisoner than an English naval

By the eternal I cannot see why they should make such a
fuss over how a man chooses to save his own soul,
though here is old Ephraim just as fierce upon the other
side, so all the folly is not one way."

"What are you saying about me?" asked the
scamander, prickling up his ears at the mention of his own
name.

"Only that you are a good stiff old Protestant."

"Yes, thank God. My motto is freedom to
conscience, 1, 2, 3, 4, except just for Lutherans and
Papists, and - and I wouldn't stand Anne Hutchinson's
and women testifying, and such like foolishness."

Amos Green laughed. "The Almighty seems
to pass it over, so why should you take it to heart," said he.

"Ah, you're young and callow yet. You'll
live to know better. Why, I shall hear you saying a good
word soon, swore for such uncleavenly spawn as this," prodding
the prostrate priest with the handle of his paddle.

"I daresay he's a good man, accordin' to his
lights."

"And I daresay a shark is a good fish
accordin' to its lights. No, lad, you won't mix up light and
dark for me in that sort of fashion. You may talk until you unship your jaw—but you will never talk a foul wind
into a fair one. Pase over the pouch and the tinder box, and
maybe our friend here will take a turn at my paddle.

All night they toiled up the great river, straining
every nerve to place themselves beyond the reach of pursuit. By
keeping well in to the southern bank, and so avoiding the
force of the current, they sped swiftly along, for both Amos and
de Catimiat were practised hands with the paddle, and the
two Indians worked as though they were wine and whipcord
instead of flesh and blood. A great silence reigned over
all the broad stream, broken only by the lapp-lapp of the water
against their curving bows, the whirring of the night-hawk
above them, and the sharp high barking of foxes away in
the woods. When at last morning broke, and the black
shaded imperceptibly into grey, they were far out of sight of
the Château and of all trace of man's handiwork. Virgin
woods in their wonderful many-coloured autumn dress
flowed right down to the river edge on either side, and in
the centre was a little island with a rim of yellow sand
and an out-flame of blooming tulips and sumach in
one bright tangle of colour in the centre.

"I've passed here before," said de Catimiat,
"I remember marking that great white beech with the
branches hanging down, when last I went with the Governor
to Montreal. That was in Frontenac's day, when the king
was first and the bishop second.

The redskins who had sat like terra-cotta
figures without a trace of expression upon their oil-hard
faces, quickened up their ears at the sound of that name.

"My brother has spoken of the great
Ontonio," said one of them, glancing round. "We have
listened to the whistling of evil birds who tell us that he will
never come back to his children across the seas.

"He is with the great white father," answered
de Catinaé. "I have myself seen him in his council, and he will assuredly come across the great water if his people have need of him."

The Indian shook his shaven head.

"The rotten month is past, my brother," said he, speaking in broken French, "but ere the month of the bad laying has come there will be no white man upon this river save only behind stone walls."

"What then? Have we heard little? Have the Sauquois broken out so fiercely?"

"My brother, they said that they would eat up the Hurons, and where are the Hurons now? They turned their backs upon the Erie, and where are the Erie now? They went westward against the Illinois, and who can find an Illinois village? They raised the hatchet against the Andaotes, and their name is blotted from the earth. And now they have taken us captive, danced a dance and sung a song which will bring little good to my white brothers."

"Where are they, then?"

The Indian waved his hand along the whole southern and western horizon.

"Where are they not? The woods are rustling with them. They are like a fire among dry grass, so swift and so terrible."

"On my life," said de Catinaé, "if these devils are indeed unchained, we shall need old Pontiac back if they are not to be swept into the river."

"Aye," said Amoo, "I saw him once when I was brought before him with the others for trading on what he called French ground. He did not say much but he looked at us as if he would have liked our scalps for his legging. But I could see that he was a chief and a good man."

"He was an enemy of the church, and the right-hand of the foul fiend in this country," said a voice from the bottom of the canoe.
It was the musket who had succeeded in getting rid of the buckskin glove and belt with which the two Americans had gagged him. He was lying huddled up now, glaring savagely at the party out of his little fiery dark eyes.

"His jaw tackle has come adrift," said the seaman, "let's brace it up again."

"Nay, why should we take him further?" asked Amos. "He is but weight for us to carry, and I cannot see that we profit by his company. Let us put him out."

"Aye, sink or swim," cried old Ephraim with enthusiasm.

"Nay, upon the bank."

"And have him maybe in front of us warning the black jackets."

"On that island, then."

"Very good. He can hail the first of his folk who pass."

They shot over to the island and landed the friar, leaving with him a small supply of biscuit and of flour to last him until he should be picked up. Then, having passed a bend in the river they ran their canoe ashore in a little cove where the whortleberry and cranberry bushes grew right down to the waters edge, and the earth was bright with the white Ephedraria, the blue gentian, and the purple balm. There they laid out their small stock of provisions, and ate a hearty breakfast while discussing what their plans should be for the future.
They were not badly provided for their journey.

The Captain of the Gloucester barge in which they had started from Quebec knew Ephraim Savage well, as who did not upon the New England coast? He had accepted his bill there for at three months' date, at so high a rate of interest as he could screw out of him, and he had let him have instead three excellent guns, a good supply of ammunition, and enough money to provide for all his wants. In this way he had hired the canoe and the Indians, and had fitting her with enough meat and biscuit to last them for a whole at the least.

"It's like the breath of life to me to feel the breath of a gun and to smell the trees round me," said Amos.

"Why, it cannot be more than a hundred leagues from here to Albany or Schenectady, right through the forest!"

"Aye, lad, but how is the gab to walk a hundred leagues through a forest? No, no, let us keep water under our keel, and lean on the Lord."

"There is only one way for it. We must make the Richelieu river, and keep right along to Lake Champlain and Lake St. Sacrament. There we should be close by the headwaters of the Hudson."

"It's a dangerous road," said de Catinat, who understood the conversation of his companions, even where he was unable to join in it. "We should need to sketch the country of the Mohawks."

"It's the only way, I fancy I guess. It's that or nothing."

"And I have a friend upon the Richelieu river who I am sure would help us on our way," said de Catinat with a smile. "Addle, you have heard me talk of Charles Le Noue, seigneur de Sainte Marie."

"He whom you used to call the Canadian Duke, Amos?"
"Precisely. The seigniory lies on the Richelieu, a little south of Montreal, and I am sure that he would speed us upon our way."

"Good!" cried Amos. "If we have a friend there we shall do well. That clinches it then, and we shall hold fast by the river." Let's get to our galleys then, for that priest will make mischief for us if he can.

And so for a long week the little party toiled up the great waterway, keeping ever to the southern bank where there were fewer clearings. On both sides of the stream the woods were thick, but every here and there they would pull away, and a narrow strip of cultivated land would skirt the stream with the yellow stubble to mark where the wheat had grown. Adèle looked with interest at the wooden houses with their jutting stoves and quaint gable-ends, at the solid stone built manor-houses of the seigneurs, and at the mills which projected above the houses in every hamlet, and which served the double purpose of grinding flour, and of a loopholed place of retreat in case of attack. Horrible experience had taught the Canadians what the English settlers had got to learn, that in a land of savages it is a folly to place isolated farm houses in the centre of their own fields.

The clearings then radiated out from the villages, and the every cottage was built with an eye to the military necessities of the whole, so that the defence might make a stand at all points, and might finally centre upon the stone manor-house and the mill. Now at every bluff and hill near the villages might be seen the gleam of the muskets of the watchers, for it was known that the scathing parties of the five nations were out, and none could tell where the blow would fall save that it must come where they were least prepared for it.

Indeed, at every step in this country, whether the traveller were on the St. Lawrence, or west upon the lakes, or down upon the banks of the Mississippi, or south in the country of the Cherokees and of the Creeks, he would still find the inhabitants in the same state of dreadful
respectancy, and from the same cause. The Iroquois, as they were named by the French, or the five nations, as they called themselves, hung like a cloud over the whole great continent. Their confederation was a natural one, for they were of the same stock and spoke the same language, and all attempts to separate them had been in vain. Mohawks, Cayugas, Onondagas, Oneidas, and Senecas were each proud of their own totems and their own oracles, but in war they were all Iroquois, and the enemy of one was the enemy of all. Their numbers were small, for they were never able to get two thousand warriors in the field, and their country was limited, for their villages were scattered over the tract which lies between Lake Champlain and Lake Ontario. But they were united, they were cunning, they were desperately brave, and they were fiercely aggressive and energetic. Holding a central position they struck out upon each side in turn, never content with simply defeating an adversary but absolutely annihilating and destroying him, while holding all the others in check by their diplomacy. War was their one business, and cruelty their amusement. One by one they had turned their arms against the various nations until for a space of over a thousand square miles none existed save by sufferance. They had swept away Hurons and Huron missions in one fearful massacre. They had destroyed the tribes of the north west, until even the distant Saco and Foxes trembled at their name. They had swept the whole country to westward until their scalping parties had come into touch with their kinsmen the Sioux, who were lords of the great plains, even as they were of the great forests. The New England Indians in the east, and the Shawneecos and Delawares further south paid tribute to them, and the terror of their arms had extended over the borders of Maryland and Virginia. Never, perhaps, in the world's history has so small a body of men dominated so large a district and for so long a time.
For nearly a century these tribes had nursed a grudge toward the French since Champlain and some of his followers had taken part with their enemies against them. During all these years they had brooded on their forest villages, flashing out now and again in some border outrage, but waiting for the most part until their chance should come. And now it seemed to them that it had come. They had destroyed all the tribes who might have allied themselves with the white men. They had isolated them. They had supplied themselves with good guns and plenty of ammunition from the Dutch and English of New York. The long thin line of French settlements lay naked before them. Abbeville they had amount to an ablaze, to secure their escape, and to influence the presence of their young men. De Beauce, the late French province. They were gathered in the woods, waiting for the orders of their chiefs, which should precipitate them with torch and with tomahawks upon the belt of villages.

Such was the situation as the little party of refugees paddled along the banks of the great river, seeking the only path which could lead them to peace and to freedom. Yet it was, as they well knew, a dangerous path to follow. All down the Richelieu river were the outposts and blockhouses of the French, for whom the feudal system was grafted upon Canada. The various seigneurs or native noblesse were assigned their estates in the provinces which would be of most benefit to the Settlement. Each seigneur with his tenants under him, trained as they were in the use of arms, formed a military force exactly as they had done in the middle ages; the farmer holding his fief upon condition that he mustered when called upon to do so. Hence the old officers of the Regiment of Carignan, and the more hardy of the settlers, had been placed along the line of the Richelieu river which runs at right angles to the St. Lawrence, right down towards the Mohawk country. The blockhouses themselves
might hold their own, but to the little party who had to travel
down from one to the other the situation was full of deadly peril.
It was true that the Iroquois were not at war with the English, but
they would discriminate little where on the war path, and the
Amerindians, even had they wished to do so, would not separate
their fate from that of their two French companions.

As they ascended the river they met many
canoes coming down. Sometimes it was an officer or an
official coming down on his way to the Capital from Three Rivers
or Montreal; sometimes it was a load of skins, with
Indians on Courreurs-de-bois conveying them down to be
shipped to Europe, and sometimes it was a small canoe
which bore a sunburned, glossy-haired man, with rusty
weather-stained black caucasian, who zigzagged from bank to
bank, stopping at every Indian but upon his way. If aught
were amiss with the Church in Canada the fault lay not with
men like these village priests, who toiled and worked and
spent their very lives in bearing comfort and hope and a
little touch of refinement too through all those wilds. More
than once these wayfarers wished to have speeches with the fugitives,
but they pushed onwards, disregarding their signs and hails.
From below nothing overtook them, for they paddled paddled
from early morning until late at night, coming drawing
up the canoe when they halted, and building a fire of dry
wood, for already the nip of the coming winter was on the air.

It was not only the people and their dwellings
which were stretched out before the wondering eyes of the French girl
as she sat musedly day after day on the stern of the canoe. Her
husbands and Amerindian taught her also to take notice of the
rights of the woodlands, and as they skirted the banks they pointed
out a thousand things which her own senses would never have
discerned. Sometimes it was the furry face of a racoon peeping
out from some tree eft, or an otter swimming under the over-
hanging bushwood with the gleam of a white fish in its mouth. Or, perhaps, it was the wild cat crouching along a branch with its
wicked yellow eyes fixed upon the squirrels which played at the
further end, or else, with a scuttle and rush, the Canadian
josephine, thrust its way among the yellow blossoms of the resin
weed, and the tangle of the blackberry bushes. She learned, too, to
recognize the wanton cry of the tiny chick-a-dee, the call of the blue
bird, and the flash of its wings amid the foliage, the sweet chirpy
note of the black and white bobolink, and the long drawn meowing
of the cat bird. On the breast of the broad blue river, with Nature's
sweet concert ever sounding from the banks, and with every colour
that artist could devise, spread out before her eyes on the foliage of
the dying woods, the smile came back to her lips, and her cheeks
took a glow of health which France had never been able to give.
De Catiat saw the change in her and rejoiced at it, but her
presence came while it brought him joy, weighed him down too
with fear; for he knew that while Nature had made these woods
a heaven, man had changed it into a hell, and that a
nameless horror lurked behind all the beauty of the fading
leaves, and the woodland flowers. Man knew better than he that
his path to freedom was compassed round by dangers; which a
man alone might flinch from, but which were truly terrible to one
who loved with him here whom he loved a hundred fold more
whose safety was a hundred fold more precious than his own.
Often as he lay at night beside the smouldering fire upon his
couch of spruce boughs, and looked at the little figure muffled in
the blanket and slumbering peacefully by his side, he felt that
he had no right to expose her to such peril and that in the
morning they should turn the canoe eastward again and
take what fate might bring them at Quebec. But every thought of
the separation, the dreary homeward voyage, the separation
which would await them in galley and dungeon, to turn him
from his purpose.

On the seventh day they neared at a point but a
few miles from the mouth of the Richelieu river, where a large
block house, Fort Richelieu, had been built by the Englishmen.
Once past this they had no great distance to go to reach the encampment of De Catina's foremost friend, who would help them upon their way. They had spent the night upon a little island in midstream, and at early dawn they were about to thrust the canoe out again from the little sand-lined cove in which she lay, when Ephraim Savage growled in his throat and pointed out across the water.

A large canoe was coming up the river, flying along as quick as a dozen arms could drive it. In the stern sat a gray figure which bent forward with every swing of the paddles, as though consumed by eagerness to push onwards. Even at that distance there was no mistaking it. It was the fanatical monk whom they had left behind them.

Concealed among the brushwood they watched their pursuers fly past and vanish round a curve in the stream. Then they looked at one another in perplexity.

"We'd have done better either to put him overboard or to take him as ballast," said Ephraim, "He's hull down in front of us now and drawing full."

"Well, we can't take the back track anywhere," remarked Amos.

"And yet—how can we go on," said De Catina, dejectedly, "this vindictive devil will give word at the fort and at every other point along the river. The farther we go the further we shall have to come back. He has been back to Quebec. This one of the Governor's own canoes; and goes three paces to our two."

"Let me cipher it out," said Amos Gren. "Faloon fell on a fallen maple with his head sunk upon his hands. "Well," said he, presently, "if it's no good going on, and no good going back, there's only one way, and that is to go to one side. That's so, Ephraim, isn't it not?"

"Aye, aye, lad, if you can't run you must walk, but it seems shallow water on either bow."

"We can't go to the north, so it follows that we must go to the south."

"Leave the canoe!"

"It's our only chance. We can cut through the
woods and come out near this friendly house on the Richelieu. She
will lose our trail then; and, we'll have no more trouble
with him, if he stays on the St. Lawrence.

"There's nothing else for it," said Captain Ephraim
sulkily. "It's not my way to go by land if I can get by water,
and I have not been a fathom deep in a wood since King
Phillip came down on the province, so you must lay the course
and keep her straight, Amos."

"He is not far and it will not take us long. Let us
get over to the southern bank and we shall make a start. If
Madame trois de Catineat, we shall take turns to carry her."

"Ah, monsieur, you cannot think what a good
walker I am. In this splendid air one might go on for ever."

"We will cross then." In a very few minutes they
were at the other side and had landed at the edge of the forest.
There the guns and ammunition were allotted to each man,
and his share of the provisions and of the scanty baggage.
Then having paid the Indians, and having instructed them
to say nothing of where they had their movements, they
turned their backs upon the river, and plunged into the
silent forest.
All day they pushed on through the woodlands, walking in single file, Amos Green first, then the seaman, then the lady and de Catignat bringing up the rear. The young woodsmen advanced cautiously, seeing and hearing much that was lost to his companions, stopping continually and examining the signs of leaf and moss and twine. Their route lay for the most part through open glades amid a dense under forest, with a green sward beneath their feet, made beautiful by the white euphorbia, the golden rod, and the purple aster. Sometimes, however, the great trunks closed in upon them, and they had to grope their way in a low, dim twilight, or push a path through the tangled brushwood of green pines, and scarlet sumach. And then again the woods would fall suddenly away in front of them, and they would skirt marshes, overgrown with wild rice and dotted with little dark clumps of alder bushes, or make their way past silent woodland lakes, all streaked and barred with the tree shadows which threw their crimson and claret and bronze upon the fringe of the deep blue sheet of water. There were streams too, some clear and rippling, where the great flashed and the king fisher gleamed, others dark and poisonous from the lamenock swamps, where the wanderers had to wade over their knees and carry Adelie in their arms. So all day they journeyed mid the great forests, with never a hint or token of their fellow man.

But if man were absent, there was at least no want of life. It buzzed and chirped and chattered all round them from marsh and stream and brushwood. Sometimes it was the dun coat of a deer which glanced between the distant trunks, sometimes the uproarious which scuttled for its hole on the hollow tree at their approach. Once the long intoned track of a bear lay marked in the soft earth before them, and once Amos picked a great horn from amid the bushes which some moose had shed the month before. Little red squirrels danced and chattered above their heads and every oak was a choir with a hundred little voices.
jumping from the shadow of its foliage. As they passed the lakes the heavy grey ducks flapped up in front of them, and they saw the wild ducks whirring off in a long V against the blue sky, or heard the quacking cry of the loons from amid the reeds.

That night they slept amid the woods, Amos green lighting a dry wood fire in a thick copse where at a dozen paces it was invisible. A few drops of rain had fallen, so with the quick skill of the practiced woodman he made two little sheds of elm and basswood barks, one to shelter the two refugees, and the other for Ephraim and himself. He had shot a wild goose and two, and, with the remains of their biscuit, served them both for supper and for breakfast. Next day at midday they passed a little clearing in the center of which were the charred embers of a fire. Amos spent half an hour in reading all that sticks and ground could tell him, and then, as they resumed their way, he told his companions that the fire had been lit three weeks before, that a white man—two Indians had camped there, that they had been journeying from west to east, and that one of the Indians had been a squaw. No other trace of their fellow mortals did they come across, until in the evening Amos suddenly halted in the heart of a thick grove, and raised his hands to his ear.

"Listen!" he cried.

"I hear nothing," said Ephraim.

"Nor I," added de Catinat.

"Ah, but I do!" cried Adèle gleefully. "It is a bell—and at the very time of day when the bells all sound in Paris."

"You are right, Madame. It is what they call the Angelus bell."

"Ah, yes, I hear it now!" cried de Catinat; "it was drowned by the chirping of the birds. But whence comes a bell in the heart of a Canadian forest?"

"We are near the settlements on the Richelieu. It must be the bell of the chapel at Balanceby the fort."

"Assembly! Ah, then we are but two leagues from my friend's seigniory."
"Seabourne: "Then we may sleep there tonight, if you think that he is indeed to be trusted."

"Yes. He is a strange man, with ways of his own, and too soon a strange man, too, but I would trust him with my life."

"Very good. We shall keep to the south of the river, and make for his house. But I hear the sound of steps! Crouch down here among the underbrush, until we see who it is who walks so boldly through the woods."

They stooped all fours among the underbrush, for peeping out between the tree trunks at a little glade towards which Amos was looking. For a long time the sound which the quick ears of the woodman had detected was inaudible to the others, but at last they too heard the sharp snapping of twigs as some one forced his way through the undergrowth. A moment later a man pushed his way into the open whose appearance was no strange, and so ill suited to the spot, that even Amos gazed upon him with amazement.

He was a very small man, so dark and weather-stained that he might have passed for an Indian were it not that he walked and was clad as no Indian had ever been. He wore a broad-brimmed hat, att frayed at the edge, and so discoloured that it was hard to say what its original colour had been. His dress was of skins, rudely cut and dangling loosely from his body, but he wore the high boots of a dragoon, so tattered and stained as the rest of his raiment. On his back he bore a huge bundle of what seemed to be canvas with two long sticks projecting from it, and under each arm he carried what appeared to be a large square painting. He came no nearer, and he walked, in spite of his burdens, with the quick, springy step of a man who was used to the life of the wilds.

"He's no Injun," whispered Amos, "and he's no woodman either. Blessed if I ever saw the match of him!"

"He's neither voyagers, nor soldiers, nor cowards," said de Latinaat.

"Seems to me I have a Jury mast rigged upon his back, and fore and main staysails out under each of his arms," said Captain Ephraim. "Well, he seems I have no consort, so we
may hail him without fear;"

They rose from their ambush, and as they did so the stranger caught sight of them. Instead of showing the uneasiness which any man might be expected to feel at suddenly finding himself in the presence of strangers in such a country he altered his course and came towards them. As he crossed the glade, however, the sounds of the distant bell fell upon his ears, and he instinctively whipped off his hat and sunk his head in prayer. A cry of horror rose not only from Adele, but from every one of the party at the sight which met their eyes.

The top of the man’s head was gone. Not a vestige of hair or of white skin remained; but in place of it was a dreadful wrinkled discoloured surface with a sharp red line running across his brow and round over his ears.

"By the eternal!" cried Amos, "the man has lost his scalp."

"My God!" said de Catinat, "look at his hands!"

He had raised them in prayer. Two or three little stumps projecting upwards showed where the fingers had been.

"I’ve seen some queerfigured heads in my life, but never one like that," said Captain Ephraim.

It was indeed a most extraordinary face which confronted them as they advanced. It was that of a man who might have been of any age and any nation, for the features were so distorted that nothing could be learned from them. One eyelid was drooping with a quaking and flatness which showed that the ball was gone. The other, however, was as bright and merry and kindly a glance as ever came from the chosen favourite of fortune. His face was flecked over with peculiar brown spots which had a most hideous appearance, and his nose had been burst and shattered by some terrific blow. And yet in spite of this dreadful appearance there was something so noble in the carriage of the man, in the pose of his head, and in the expression which still hung, like the scent from a crushed flower, from his distorted features, that even the blunt Puritan seaman
was awed by it.

"Good evening, my children," said the stranger, picking up his picture again, and advancing towards them, "I presume that you are from Algeria, though I may be permitted to observe that the woods are not very safe for ladies at present.

"We are going to the manor house of Charles de Noue at Sainte Marie," said de Catinat, "and we hope soon to be in a place of safety. But I grieve, sir, to see how terribly you have been mishandled;"

"Ah, you have observed my little injuries then! They know no better, poor souls. They are but mischievous children — merry hearted but mischievous. Tut, tut, how laughable indeed that a man's vile body should ever cloq his spirit, and yet here am I full of the will to push forward, and yet I must even seat myself on this leg and seat myself, for the moccio have blown the calves of my legs off."

"My God! Blown them off! The devils!"

"Ah, but they are not to be blamed. No, no, it would be uncharitable to blame them. They are ignorant poor folk, and the prince of darkness is behind them to urge them on. They sowed little charges of powder into my legs and then they exploded them, which makes me a slower walker than ever, though I was never very brisk. The Snail was what I was called at school in Tournay, and afterwards at the Seminary I was always the Snail."

"Who are you, then, sir, and who is it who has used you so shamefully?" asked de Catinat.

"Oh, I am a very humble person. I am Ignatius Mont of the Society of Jesus, and as to the people who have used me a little roughly, why, if you are sent upon the Inquisition's mission, of course you know what to expect. I have nothing at all to complain of. Why, they have used me very much better than they did Father Togues, Father Bélobouf, and a good many others whom I could mention. There were times, I know, when I was quite hopeful of martyrdom, especially when they thought my
treasure was too small, which was their merry way of putting it. But I suppose I was not worthy of it, indeed I know that I was not, so it only ended in just a little roughness."

"Where are you going then?" asked Amos, who had listened in amazement to the man's words.

"I am going to Quebec. You see I am such a useless proper person that until I have seen the bishop I can really do no good at all."

"You mean that you will resign your mission into the bishop's hands," said de Catinat.

"Oh no. That would be quite the sort of thing which I should do if I were left to myself, for it is incredible how cowardly I am. You would not think it possible that a priest of God could be so frightened as I am sometimes. The mere sight of a fire makes me shrink all into myself ever since I went through the ordeal of the pricked pine splinters which have left all these ugly stains upon my face. But then of course there is the order to be thought of, and members of the order do not leave their posts for trifling causes. But this against the rules of the clergy that a maimed man should perform the rites, and so, whilst I have seen the bishop and had his dispensation, I shall be even more useless than ever."

"And what will you do then?"

"Oh, then, of course, I will go back to my flock;"

"To the Sisquio!"

"That is where I am stationed;"

"Amos," said de Catinat, "I have spent my life among brave men, but I think that this is the bravest man that I have ever met!"

"On my word," said Amos, "I have seen some good men too, but never one that I thought was better than this. You are weary, father. Have some of our cold meat, and there is still a drop of cognac in my flask."

"Tut, tut, my son, if I take anything but the very simplest living it makes me so lazy that I become a snail..."
indeed,"

"But you have no gun and no food. How do you live?"

"Ah, the good God has placed plenty of food in these forests for a traveller who dare not eat very much. I have had wild plums, and wild grapes, and nuts and cranberries, and a nice little dish of tripe-de-messe from the rocks."

The woodman made a vyri face at the mention of this delicacy.

"I had as soon eat a pot of glue," said he, "But what is this which you carry on your back?"

"It is my church. Ah, I have everything here, tent, altar, surplice, everything. I cannot venture to celebrate service myself without the dispensation, but surely this venerable man is himself in orders and will now solemnize the most blessed function."

Amos, with a sly twinkle of the eyes translated the proposal to Ephraim who stood gazing with his huge red hands clenched, mumbling about the saltless potion of Popery, and the impossibility of keeping the sacred vessels; but Catinat replied briefly, however, that they were all believers, and that if they were to reach their destination before night fell, it was necessary that they should push on.

"You are right, my son," said the little Jesuit, "These years people have already left their villages and in a few days the woods will be full of them, though I do not think that any have crossed the Richelieu yet. There is one thing, however, which I would have you do for me."

"And what is that?"

"It is but to remember that I have left with Father Lambeville at Onondaga the dictionary which I have made of the Iroquois and French languages. There also is my account of the copper mines of the Great Lakes which I visited two years ago, and also an oratory which I have made to show the northern heavens with the stars of each month as they are seen from this Meridian. If ought were to go among with Father
with me
deserter, and we do not live very long on the Dacotah
mission; it would be well that someone else should profit from
my work."

"I will tell my friend tonight. But what are these
great pictures, father, and why do you bear them through the
wood?" He turned them over as he spoke, and the whole
party gathered round them, staring in amazement.

They were very rough daubs, crudely coloured
and quaint. In the first a red man
was reproving sternly upon
what appeared to be a range of mountains, with a musical
instrument in his hand, a crown upon his head, and a smile
upon his face. In the second a similar man was screaming
at the pitch of his lungs, while half a dozen black creatures
were battering him with poles and prodding him with lances.

"This is a damned soul and a saved soul," said
Father Ignatius Manat, looking at his pictures with some
satisfaction. "These are clouds upon which the blessed spirit
reclines, basking in all the joys of paradise. It is well done
this picture, but it has had no good effect, because there are no
beavers in it and they have not painted in a tobacco pipe. You
see they have little reason, these poor folk, and so we have
to teach them as best we can through their eyes and their
polish senses. This other is better. It has converted several
sauaws and more than one Indian. I shall not bring back
the saved soul when I come in the spring, but I shall bring
five damned souls, which will be one for each nation. We
must fight Satan with such weapons as we can get, you
see. And now, my children, if you must go, let me first call
down a blessing upon you!"

And then occurred a strange thing; for the
beauty of this man's soul shone through all the wretched
clouds of sect, and, as he raised his hands to bless
them down went those Protestant knees to earth, and
even old Ephraim found himself with a softened heart
and a bent head listening to the half-understood words of this
crippled self-blinded little stranger.

"Farewell, them," said he, when they had risen.

"May the sunshine of Saint Eulalie shine upon you, and may Saint Anne of Beauficrel shed you at the moment of your danger."

And so they left him, a grotesque and yet heroic figure staggering along through the woods with his tent, his pictures and his mutilation. If the Church of Rome should ever be wrecked, it may come from her weakness in high places, where all churches are at their weakest, or it may be because with what is very narrow she tries to explain that which is very broad, but assuredly it will never be through the fault of her rank and file, for never upon earth have men spent and women spent themselves more lavishly and more splendidly than in her service.
Chapter XXXII
The Lord of Sainte Marie.

At St. Louis,

Leaving the fort at Clark's, whence they had

sounded, upon their right, they pushed onwards as swiftly

as they could, for the sun was so low in the heavens that the

bushes in the clearings threw shadows like trees. Then suddenly

as they gazed in front of them between the tree trunks, the queen of

the cloud turned to the blue of the water, and they saw a broad

river running swiftly across before them. In France it

would have seemed a mighty stream, but, coming fresh from

the bosom of the St. Lawrence, their eyes were used to great sheets

of water. But Amos and de Catimat had both been upon the

broad of the Richelieu before, and their hearts bounded as they

looked upon it, for they knew that this was the straight path which

led them, the one to home, and the other to peace and freedom.

A few days journeying down there, a few more along the lovely

island-studded lakes of Champlain and Saint Sacrament, under

the shadow of the treedlad Adirondacks, and they would be at the

headquarters of the Hudson, and their toils and their dangers be

but a thing of gossip for the winter evenings.

Across the river was the terrible Iroquois

country, and at two points they could see the smoke of fires

curling up into the evening air. They had the Jesuit's word for

it—however that none of the war parties had crossed yet, so they

followed the path which led down the eastern bank. As they

pushed onwards, however, a stern military challenge suddenly

brought them to a stand, and they saw the gleam of two

musket barrels which covered them from a thicket overlooking

the path.

"We are friends," cried de Catimat.

"Where come you then?" asked the irascible sentinel.

"From Quebec."

"And whence are you going?"

"To visit the Marquis Charles de Noye, Seigneur of Sainte
Marie.

"Very good. It is quite safe, Madame. They have a lady with them too. I greet you, Madame, in the name of my father."

Two men had emerged from the bushes, one of whom might have passed as a full-blooded Indian, had it not been for those courteous words which he uttered in excellent French. He was a tall slight young man, very dark, with piercing black eyes, and a grim square relentless mouth which could only have come with Indian descent. His black flowing hair was gathered up into a scalp-lock, and the eagle feathers which he wore in it was his only head gear. A rude suit of fringed hide with Cariboe skin mocassins might have been the felons to the one which Amos gun was wearing, but the gleam of a gold chain from his belt, the sparkle of a costly ring upon his finger, and the delicate richly-inlaid musket which he carried, gave a touch of grace to his equipment. A broad band of yellow ochre across his forehead, added to the strange inconstancy of his appearance.

The other was undoubtedly a pure Frenchman, curly, dark, and wily, with a nestling black beard and a fierce eager face. He too was clad in hunter's dress, but he wore a gay striped sash round his waist into which a brace of long pistols had been thrust. The buckskin tunic had been ornamented all over the front with dead porcupine quills and Indian bead work, while his leggings were scarlet with a fringe of racoon tails hanging down from them. leaning upon his long brown gun he stood watching the party, while his companion advanced towards them.

"You will excuse our precautions," said he, "we never know what device those rascals may adopt to entraps us. I fear, Madame, that you have had a long and very tiring journey."

Poor Adle, who had been famed for neatness even among housekeepers of the Rue St. Martin, hardly dared to look down at her own stained and tattered dress. Fatigue and danger
she had endured with a smiling face, but her patience almost gave way at the thought of facing strangers in that attire.

"My mother will be very glad to welcome you, and to see you every week," said he quickly, as though he had read her thoughts. "But you, sir, I have surely seen you before?"

"And I you," cried the guardman. "My name is Amory de Catine, one of the Regiment of Picardy. Surely you are Achille de Noe de Sainte Marie, whom I remember when you came with your father to the government barracks at Quebec."

"Yes, it is so," the young man answered, holding out his hand and smiling in a somewhat constrained fashion. "I do not wonder that you should hesitate, for when you saw me last I was in a very different dress to this."

De Catine did indeed remember him as one of the redcoats of the young noblemen who used to come up to the Capitol once a year where they inquired about the latest modes, chatted over the year-old gossip of Versailles, and for a few weeks at least lived a life which was in keeping with the traditions of their order. Very different was he now, with scabbard and musket under the shadow of the great oaks, his musket in his hands and his tomahawk at his belt.

"We have one life for the forest and one for the city," said he, "though indeed my good father will not have it so, and carries Versailles with him wherever he goes. You know him of old, Monsieur, and I need not explain my words. But it is time for our relief, and so we may guide you home."

Two men in the rude dress of Canadian consignees and squatters, but carrying their muskets in a fashion which told de Catine's trained senses that they were disciplined soldiers, had suddenly appeared upon the path. Young de Noe gave them a few curt injunctions, and then accompanied the refugees along the path.

"You may not know my friend here," said he, pointing to the other sentinel, "but I am quite sure that his name is not unfamiliar to you. This is Greypolon du Chât."
Both Amos and de Catinat looked with the deepest curiosity and interest at the famous leader of Conquese-de-Bois, a man whose whole life had been spent in pushing westward, ever westward, saying little, writing nothing, but always the first wherever there was danger to meet or difficulty to overcome. It was not religion and it was not hope of gain which led him away into those western wildernesses, but pure love of nature and of adventure, with so little ambition that he had never cared to describe his own travels, and none knew where he had been or where he had stopped. For years he would vanish from the settlements away into the vast plains of the Deserts, or into the huge wilderness of the north west, and then at last some day would walk back into Sault de Marie, or some other outpost of civilisation, a little blander, a little browner, and as taciturn as ever. Indians from the furthest corners of the Continent knew him as they knew their own sachem. He could raise tribes and bring a thousand painted cannibals to the help of the French, who spoke a tongue which none knew, and came from the shores of rivers which no one knew had existed. The most daring French explorers when, after a thousand dangers, they had reached some country which they believed to be new, were as likely as not to find the Shit sitting by his camp fire there, some new squaw by his side, and his pipe between his teeth. Or again, when in doubt and danger, with no help within a thousand miles, he might suddenly meet the silent man, with one or two tattered wanderers of his own kind, who would help him from his peril, and then vanish as unexpectedly as he came. Such was the man who now walked by their sides along the bank of the Richelieu, and both Amos and de Catinat knew that his presence there had a sinister meaning, and that the place which Quysolom du Shit had chosen was the place where the danger threatened.

"What do you think of these faces over yonder, Quysolom?" asked young de None.

The adventurer was stuffing his pipe with rank..."
Indian tobacco which he pared from a plug with a scalping knife. He glanced over at the two little plumes of smoke which stood straight up against the red evening sky.

"I don't like them," said he.
"They are Iroquois?"
"Yes,"
"Well, at least it proves that they are on the other side of the river."
"It proves that they are on this side."
"What!"
Du Shuit let his pipe from a tinder paper. "The Iroquois are on this side," said he. "They crossed to the north of us."
"And you never told us. How do you know that they crossed and why did you not tell us?"
"I did not know until I saw the fires over yonder."
"And how did they tell you?"
"Tut, an Indian papoose could have told," said Du Shuit impatiently. "Iroquois on the trail do nothing without an object. They have an object then in showing that smoke. If their war parties were over yonder there would be no object. Therefore their braves must have crossed the river. And they could not get over to the north without being seen from hence. They have got over on the south", said he
Amos nodded with intense appreciation. "That's it! said he, "That Injun ways. I'll lay that he is right."
"Then they may be in the woods round us. We may be in danger," said De None.
Du Shuit nodded and sucked at his pipe.
De Catmat cast a glance round him at the grand tree trunks, the fading foliage, the smooth sward underneath with the long evening shadows barred across it. How difficult it was to realize that behind all this beauty there lurked a danger so deadly and horrible that a man alone might well shrink from it, for less one who had the woman whom he loved walking within hand's touch of him. It was with a long
heart felt sigh of relief that he saw a line of stockade on the
midst of a large clearing in front of him, with the stone
manor house and the round mill chateau rising above it. In a
line from the stockade were a dozen little cottages with cedar-
shingled roofs turned up in the Norman fashion, in which dwelt
the habitants under the protection of the Seigneur's chateau—a strange
little graft of the feudal system in the heart of an American forest.
Above the main gate as they approached was a huge shield of wood
with a coat of arms painted upon it, a silver ground with a chevron
running between three ermine quills. As either one a small
brass cannon peeped through an embrasure. As they passed
through the guard inside closed it and placed the huge wooden
bars into position. A little crowd of men, women, and children,
were gathered round the door of the Chateau and a man appeared
to be seated on a high backed chair upon the threshold.

"You know my father," said the young man with a shrug of his shoulders. "He will have it that he has never left
this Norman Castle and that he is still the Seigneur de Now, the
greatest man within a day's ride of Rouen and of the richest blood
of Normandy. He is now taking his dues and his yearly oath
from his tenants, and he would not think it becoming, if the
Governor himself were to visit him, to pause in the middle of so
august a ceremony. But if it would interest you, you may step
two ways and wait until he has finished. You, Madame, I will
take at once to my mother, if you will be so kind as to follow me."

The sight was, to the Americans at least, a novel
one. A triple row of men, women, and children, were standing
round in a semicircle, the men rough and sunburned, the
women homely and clean, with white caps upon their heads, the
children open-mouthed and round-eyed, awed into an unusual
quiet by the reverent bearing of their elders. In the centre on his
high backed carved chair there sat an elderly man very stiff and
bent, with an exceedingly solemn face. He was a fine figure of a
man, tall and broad, with a large strong face, clean-shaven
and deeply lined, a huge break of a nose, and strong shaggy
eyebrows which arched right up to the great wig, which he wore full
and long as it had been worn in France in his youth. On his
wig was placed a white hat cocked jauntily on one side with a red
feather streaming round it, and he wore a coat of cinnamon-
 loopholed cloth with silver at the neck and pockets which was still
very handsome though it bore signs of having been frayed and
mended more than once. This with black velvet knee breeches and
high well-polished boots, made a costume such as de Catani had
never before seen in the wilds of Canada.

As they watched, a rude husbandman walked
forwards from the crowd, and kneeling down upon a square of
rugs square, placed his hands between those of the seigneur.

"Monseur de Sainte Marie, Monseur de Sainte
Marie, Monseur de Sainte Marie," said he three times. "I bring
you the faith and homage which I am bound to bring you on
account of my kinsman Herbert, which I hold as a man of faith
of your seigneury.

"Be true, my son. Be valiant and true!" said the
old nobleman solemnly, and then with a sudden change of tone
"What in the name of the devil has your daughter got there?"

A small girl had advanced from the crowd with
a large strip of barks buried in front of her on which were heaped a
pile of dead fish.

"Here your eleventh fish which I am bound by my
oaths to render to you," said the constable. "There are seventy three
in the heap; and I have caught eight hundred in the month;"

"Pooh!" cried the nobleman. "Do you think,
André Dubois, that I will disorder my health by eating those
seventy fish in this fashion? Do you think that I and my body
servants and my personal retainers and the other members of
my household have nothing to do but to eat your fish? A
slice of coloured whitefish may serve as a relish, but we are
not to be gorged on this fashion. In future you will pay your
tribute not more than five at a time. Where is the Major Domo?
The seigneur, remove the fish to our central storehouse, and be careful
that the smell does not penetrate to the blue tapestry chamber or to my lady's suite."

A man in very shabby black liverly, all stained and faded, stepped forward with a large tin platter and carried off the pile of white fish. Then as each of the tenants stepped forward to pay their old world homage they all left some share of their industry for his maintenance. With some it was a bundle of wheat, with some a barrel of potatoes, while others had brought skins of deer or of bearers. All these were carried off by the Mayor-Dome, until each had paid his tribute and the singular ceremony was brought to a conclusion. As the sequins rose, his son, who had returned, took de Catinat by the sleeve and led him through the throng.

"Father," said he, "this is Monseigneur de Catinat, whom you may remember some years ago at Quebec."

The sequins bowed with much condescension, and shook the guardsman by the hand.

"You are extremely welcome to my estates, both you and your body servants — "

"They are my friends, Monseigneur. This is Monseigneur Amos Grew and Captain Ephraim Savage. My wife is travelling with me, but your courteous son has kindly taken her to your lady."

"I am honoured — honoured! Indeed!" cried the old man with a bow and a flourish: "I remember you very well, sir, for it is not so common to meet men of quality in this country. I remember your father also, for he seemed with me at Roosvy, though he was in the foot, and I in the Red Dragoons of Guesot. Your arms are a Marlet in fies upon a field azure, and the name that I think of is the second daughter of your great grandfather married the niece of one of the La Nours of Andelys which is one of our cadet branches. Kinman, you are welcome!" He threw his arms suddenly round de Catinat and slapped him twice times on the back.

The young guardsman was only too delighted.
to find himself admitted to such an intimacy.

"I will not intrude long upon your hospitality," said he, "we are journeying down to Lake Champlain, and we hope in a day or two to be ready to go on."

"A suite of rooms shall be laid at your disposal as long as you will do me the honour to remain here. Don't refuse! It is not every day that I can open my gates to a man with good blood in his veins! Ah, sir, that is what I feel most in my exile, for who is there with whom I can talk as equal to equal? There is the governor, the intendant, perhaps, one or two gentlemen, three or four officers, but how many of the nobility? Scarcely one. They buy their tables over here as they buy their pelts, and it is better to have a camel load of beaver skins than a pedigree from Roland. But I forget my duties. You are weary and hungry, you and your friends. Come up with me to the tapestried saloon, and we shall see if my stewards can find anything for your refreshment." You play your part, if I remember right. Ah, my dear Montmorency, and I should be glad to lay a hand on you."

The manor house was high and strong, built of grey stone in a frame-work of oak and chestnut. The large unglazed door through which they entered was secured for musketry fire and led into a succession of cellars and store-houses in which the beets, carrots, potatoes, cabbages, cured meat, dried eel, and other winter supplies were placed. A winding stone staircase led them through a huge kitchen, stone-plastered and lofty, from which branched the rooms of the servants, or retainers as the old nobleman preferred to call them. Above this again was the principal suite, consisting of the dining hall with its huge fireplace and rude home-made furniture. Red rugs formed of bear or deer-skins were littered thickly over the brown-stained floor, and antlered heads bridled out from among the rows of muskets which were arranged along the wall. A broad rough beaver maple table ran down the centre of this apartment, and on this there was soon set a venison pie, a side of salted salmon, and a huge cranberry tart to which the hungry travellers did full justice. The Seigneur explained
that he had already suffered, but having allowed himself perilously to be persuaded into joining them, he ended by eating more than
Ephraim Savage, drinking more than Dutch, and finally by
swinging a very amorous little French charmeau with a tra-la-la
charmeau, the words of which, fortunately for the peace of the
company, were entirely unintelligible to the Bostonian.

"Madame is taking her rejection in my lady's bonderie," he
remarked, when the dishes had been removed; "you may
bring up a bottle of Fontiniae from bin thirteen, Scattered. Ah, you
will see, gentlemen, that arrow in the woods we have a little, a very
little, which is perhaps not altogether bad. And so you come
from Versailles, de Catnay? Ah, it was built since my day, but how
I remember the old life of the Court at St. Germaine, before Louis
Turned serious! Ah, what innocent happy days they were when
Madame de Neveille leads to bar the windows of the maids of
honour to keep out the king, and we all turned out eight deep onto
the grassplot for our morning duel! By Saint Denis, I have not
quite forgotten the trick of the waistcoat, and, old as I am, I should be
none the worse for a little breathing." He strutted in his stately fashion
over to where a rapier and dagger hung upon the wall, and began
to make passes at the door, darting in and out, waving off
imaginary blows with his poniards, and stamping his foot with
little cries of 
"Punto! severo! Stoccatà! dritta! mandrilla!" and
all the jargon of the fencing schools. Finally he rejoiced them,
breathing heavily, and with his wig away.

"That was our old exercise," said he, "I doubtless you
young bloods have improved upon it, and yet it was good enough
for the Spaniards at Poree and at one or two other places which
I could mention. But they still see life at the Court, I understand.
There are still love passages and blood letting of. How has Languin
prospered in his wooing of Mademoiselle de Montjeunier? Ah, it
proved that Madame de Clermont had bought a phial from La Vee
the poison woman two days before the coup disagreed so violently
with Monsieur? What did the Due de Buffon do when his
nephew ran away with the Duchess? Such were the two year old
questions which had not been answered yet upon the banks of the Richelieu river. Long into the hours of the night, when his comrades were already snoring under their blankets, de Calmar, blinking and yawning, was still engaged in trying to satisfy the curiosity of the old counties, and bringing him up to date in all the most minute gossip of the Versailles.
Two days were spent by the travellers at the
Seignory of Sainte Marie, and they would very willingly have
spent longer, for the quarters were comfortable and the welcome
warm, but already the reds of autumn were turning to brown, and
they knew how suddenly the ice and snow come in those Northern
lands, and how impossible it would be to finish their journey if
winter were once fairly upon them. The old nobleman had sent his
scouts by land and by water, but there were no signs of the disquiets
upon the eastern banks, so that it was clear that Du Sault had been
mistaken. Over on the other side, however, the high gray plumes of
smoke still streamed up above the trees as a sign that their
enemies were not very far off. All day from the manorhouse
windows and from the stockade they could see those danger
signals which reminded them that a terrible death lurked ever at
their elbow.

The refugees were rested now and refreshed, and
of one mind about pushing on.

"If the snow come, it will be a thousand times
more dangerous," said Amory, "for we shall leave a track then that
a four-years-old papoose could follow, from Macedonia to the
Studios."

"And why should we fear?" urged old Ephraim.
"Truly this is a valley of salt, even though it lead to the vale of
Himnos, but we shall be borne up against these sons of
Jerdaman. Steer a straight course, lad, and jam your helm,
for the Pilot will see you safe."

"And I am not frightened, Amory, and I am
quite rested now," said Adle. "We shall be as much more happy
when we are in the English Provinces, for even now how do we
know that that dreadful monk may not come to with orders to
drag us back to Quebec and Paris?"

It was indeed very possible that the
vindictive Recollet, when satisfied that they had not ascended
to Montreal, or remained at Three Rivers, might seek them on
the banke of the Richelieu. When de Catnait thought of how he
passed them in his great canoe that morning, his eager face
protruded, and his agile body swinging in time to the paddles,
he felt that the danger which his wife suggested was not only possible
but imminent. The Seigneur was his friend, but the Seigneur could
not disobey the governor's order. A deep hand, stretching all the
way from Versailles seemed to hang over them, even here in the
heart of the virgin forest, ready to snatch them up and carry them
back into degradation and misery. Better all the perils of the
woods than that!

But the Seigneur and his son, who knew nothing
of their pressing reasons for haste, were strenuous in urging de
Catnait the other way, and in this they were supported by the silent
Duchess, whose few muttered words were always more weighty than
the longest speech, for he never spoke save about that of which he
was a master.

"You have seen my little place," said the old
nobleman, with a wave of his bristled ring-covered hand. "It is
not what I should wish it, but such as it is it is most heartily yours
for the winter, if you and your compadres would honour me by
remaining. As to Madame, I doubt not that my own dame and
she will find plenty to amuse and occupy them, which reminds
me, de Catnait, that you have not yet been presented. She will, so
to your mistress and inform her that I request her to be so good
as to come to us in the Hall of the daís.

De Catnait was too seasoned to be easily startled,
but he was somewhat taken aback when the lady to whom the old
nobleman always referred in terms of exaggerated respect, proved to
be a full blooded Indian squaw as the Hall of the Daís was to a
French barn. She was dressed, it was true, in a bodice of
scarlet taffeta with a black skirt, silver buckled shoes, and a
scented pomander ball dangling by a silver chain from her
pandale, but her face was of the colour of the back of the Scotch fis,
while her strong nose and harshly mouth, unlike the two plaits of
crown black hair which dangled down her back left no possible

doubt as to her origin.

"Allow me to present you, Monseigneur de Catignat," said the Seigneur de Sainte Marie solemnly, "to my wife, Monseigneur de Neve de Sainte Marie, Chahlesonne by right of marriage to this

seigneurie, and also to the Chateau d' Andelys in Normandy, and
to the estate of Varennes in Provence, while retaining in her own

right the hereditary dukedomship on the distaff side of the nation

of the Desclos. My angel, I have been endeavouring to persuade

our friends to remain with us at Sainte Marie instead of

journeying on to Lake Champlain,"

"Alas, leave your lady at Sainte Marie," said

de duchy to princess, speaking in excellent French, and
delighting with her of the hand of Adèle. We

will hold her safe for you until the ice softens, and the leaves

and the partridge berries come once more. I know my people,

ou, and I tell you that the woods are fall of murder, and that

it is not for nothing that the leaves are the colour of blood; for
death lurks behind every tree."

De Catignat was more moved by the impressive

manner of his hostess than by any of the other warnings

which he had received. Surely she, if anyone, must be able
to read the signs of the times;

"I know not what to do!" he cried in despair.

"I must go on, and yet how can I expose her to these perils. I

would remain the winter, but you must take my word for it, sir,

that it is not possible;"

"Du Chat, you know how things should be

ordered," said the Seigneur, "What would you advise me friend

to do, since he is so hot upon getting to the English Provinces

before the winter comes?"

The dark silent little prince thumped his breast

with his hand as he pondered over the question.

"There is but one way," said he at last, "though

even in it there is danger. The woods are safer than the rivers for the
reed is full of cached canoes. Twenty leagues from here is the black house of Poitou, and fifteen miles beyond that of Auvergne. We will go tomorrow to Poitou through the woods and see if all be safe. I will go with you and I give you my word that if the Inqueros are there Guépolon du Shaut will know it. The lady we shall leave here, and if we find that all is safe we shall come back for her. Then in the same fashion we shall advance to Auvergne, and there you must wait until you hear where their war parties are. So in my mind that I will not be very long before we know.”

“What! you would part us!” cried Addle aghast.

“Tis best, my sister,” said Onega, passing her arm caressingly round her. “You cannot know the danger, but we know it and we will not let our little sisters run into it. You will stay here to gladden us, while the great chief Du Shaut, and the French soldier, your husband, and the old warrior who seems so wary, and the other chief with limbs like the wild deer, go forward through the woods and see that all is well before you venture.”

And so it was at last agreed, and Addle, still protesting, was consigned to the care of the Lady of Sainte Marie while de Catinat swore that without a pause he would return from Poitou to fetch her. The old nobleman and his son would join have joined them in their adventure, but they had their own charge to watch and the lives of many in their keeping, while a small party were safer in the woods than a larger one would be. The Seigniots provided them with a letter for de Saintes, the Governor of the Poitou black house, and so in the early dawn the four of them crept like shadows from the stockade gate, amid the muttered good wishes of the guard within, and were lost in an instant among the shadows of the vast forest.

From Le Noue to Poitou was but one mile down the river, but by the woodland route where creeks were to be crossed and nek git lakes to be avoided, and swamps to be quickened among swamps where the wild rice grew higher than their heads, and the alder bushes lay in dense clumps before them, the distance
was more than doubled. They walked in single file, Du Dehat leading, with the swift silent head of some wild creature, his body bent forward, his gun ready in the bend of his arm, and his keen dark eyes shooting little glances to right and left, observing everything from the tiniest mark upon ground or tree trunk to the motion of every beast and bird of the brushwood. De Caterrat walked behind, then Ephraim Savage, and then Amos, all with their weapons ready and with every sense upon the alert. By midday they were more than half way and halted in a thickets for a scanty meal of bread and cheese, for Du Dehat would not permit them to light a fire.

"They have not come so far as this," he whispered, and yet I am sure that they have crossed the river. Also, Governor Du Barse did not know what he did when he stirred these men up, and this good dragoon whom the king has sent us now knows even less."

"I have seen them in peace," remarked Amos. "I have traded to Onondaga and to the Country of the Seneca. I know them as fine hunters and brave men."

"They are fine hunters, but the game that they hunt best are their fellow men. I have myself led their scalping parties, and I have fought against them, and I tell you that when a general comes out from France who hardly knows enough to get the sun behind him in a fight, he will find that there is little credit to be gained from them. They talk of burning their villages! It would be as wise to kick over the wasps' nest, and think that the wasps are rendered less harmful by that. You are from New England, Monseur?"

"My comrade is from New England. I am from New York."

"Ah, yes. I could see from your step and your eye that you the woods were at a home to you. The New England man goes on the waters and he slays the cod as often with more pleasure than the Cariboo. Perhaps that is why his face is so sad. I have been on the great water, owaa, and I remember
that my face was sad also. There is little wind, and so, I think
that we may light our pipes without danger. With a good breeze I
have known a burning pipe fetch up a scalping party from two
miles distance, but the laces stop scent, and the Iroquois moscos
are less keen than the Sioux and the Dakota. God help you,
monsieur, if you should ever have an Indian war. It is bad for
us, but it would be a thousand times worse for you."

"And why?"

"Because we have fought the Indians from the
past and we have them always in our mind when we build. You
see how along this river every house and every hamlet supports its
neighbour. But you, by Saint Anne of Beaupre, it made my
scalp tingle when I came on your frontier and saw the lonely
farm houses and little clearings out in the woods with no help for
twenty leagues around. An Indian war is a purgatory for
Canada, but it would be a hell for the English Provinces."

"We are good friends with the Indians," said Ames.

"We do not wish to conquer."

"Your people have a way of conquering although
they say that we do not wish to do it," remarked Dr. Shut. "Now
with us we bang our drums, and wave our flags, and make a
stir, but no very great thing has come of it yet. We have never had
but two great men in Canada yet. One was Monsieur de Salle
who was shot last year by his own men down the great river,
and the other, old Frontenac, will have to come back again if
New France is not to be turned into a desert by the five nations.
It would surprise me little if by this time two years the white and
gold flag only flew over the rock of Quebec. But I see that you
look at me impatiently, Monsieur de Catignat, and I know that
you count the hours until we are back at Sainte Marie again.
Forward then, and may the second part of our journey be as
peaceful as the first."

For an hour or more they picked their way through
the woods, following in the steps of the old French pioneers. It was
a lovely day with hardly a cloud in the heavens, and the sun
streaming down through the thick foliage covered the shaded
award with a golden delicate network of gold. Here and there
where the woods opened they came out into the pure sunlight, but
only to pass into thick glades beyond, where a single ray, here
and there, was all that could break its way through the vast
leaky covering. It would have been beautiful, these sudden
transitions from light to shade, but with the feeling of impending
danger, and of a horror ever lurking in these shadows, the
mind was tinged with awe rather than admiration. Slightly,
lightly, the four men yielded their steps among the great
tree trunks.

Suddenly Du Shah dropped upon his knees, and
stopped his car to the ground. He rose, shook his head, and
walked on with a grave face, casting quick little glances into
the shadows in every direction.

"Did you hear something?" whispered Amos.

Du Shah put his finger to his lips, and then in
an instant was drawn again upon his face with his ear fixed to
the ground. He sprang up with the face look of a man who had
heard what he expected to hear.

"Walk on," said he quickly, "and behave
exactly as you have done all day."

"What is it then?"

"Indians."

"In front of us?"

"No, behind us."

"What are they doing?"

"They are following us."

"How many of them?"

"Two, I think."

The two friends glanced back involuntarily
over their shoulders into the dense blackness of the forest. At one
point a single broad shaft of light slid down between two trees
and cast a golden blotch upon their tracks. Save for this one wired
spot all was sombre and silent.
"Do not look around," whispered Du Chat sharply, "Walk on as before."

"Are they enemies?"
"They are Inquios."
"And pursuing us?"
"No, we are now pursuing them."
"Shall we turn them?"
"No, they would vanish like shadows."
"How far off are they?"
"About two hundred paces, I think."
"They cannot see us then?"
"I think not, but I cannot be sure. They are following our trail I think."
"What shall we do then?"
"Let us make a circle and get behind them."

Turning sharply to the left he led them in a long curve through the woods, hurrying swiftly and yet silently through the darkest shadow of the trees. Then he turned again, and presently halted.

"This is our own track," said he.

"Aye, and two Redkins have passed over it," cried Amos, bending down, and pointing to marks which were entirely invisible to Ephraim Savage or de Catiñat.

"A full grown warrior and a lad on his first war path," said Du Chat. "They were moving fast, you see, for you can hardly see the heel marks of their moccasins. They walked one behind the other. Now let us follow them as they followed us, and see if we have better luck."

He sped swiftly along the trail with his musket cocked in his hand, the others following hard upon his heels, but there was no sound, and no sign of life from the shadowy woods in front of them. Suddenly Du Chat stopped and grounded his weapon.

"They are still behind us," he said.
"Still behind us?"
"Yes. This is the point where we branched off. They have hesitated a moment, as you can see by their footmarks, and then they have followed on."

"If we go round again and quicken our pace we may overtake them."

"No, they are on their guard now. They must know that it could only be on their account that we went back on our tracks. Lie here behind the fallen log and wait; we shall see if we can catch a glimpse of them."

A great rotten trunk all green with mould and blotched with pink and purple fungi lay to one side of where they stood. Behind it the Frenchman crouched, and his three companions followed his example, peering through the brushwood screen in front of them. Still the one broad sheet of sunshine poured down between the two pines, but all else was as dim and as silent as a vast cathedral with pillars of wood and roof of leaf. Not a branch that quaked, nor a twig that snapped; nor any sound at all save the sharp breaking of a fox somewhere in the heart of the forest. A thrill of excitement ran through the nerves of de Latinié. It was like one of those games of hide and seek in which the Court used to play, when Louis was in a sportive mood, among the oaks and yew hedges of Versailles. But the forfeit there was a carved fan, or a box of bonbons, and here it was death.

Ten minutes passed and there was no sign of any living thing behind them.

"They are over in yonder thicket," whispered Dubuth, nodding his head towards a dense clump of brushwood two hundred paces away.

"Have you seen them?"

"No."

"How do you know then?"

"I saw one come from his hole in the great white beach tree yonder. He scuttled back again as if something had scared him. From his hole he can see down into that brushwood."

"Do you think that they know that we are here?"
"They cannot see us. But they are suspicious. They fear a trap."

"Shall we rush for the brushwood?"

"They would pick two or us off, and be gone like shadows through the woods. No, we had best go on our way."

"But they will follow us."

"I hardly think that they will. We are four and they are only two, and they know now that we are on our guard, and that we can pick up a trail as quickly as they can themselves. Get behind those trunks where they cannot see us. So! Now stoop until you are past the belt of alder bushes. We must push on fast now, for where there are two Iroquois there are likely to be two hundred not very far off."

"Thank God that I did not bring Adelle!" cried de Catignat.

"Yes, monsieur, it is well for a man to make a comrade of his wife, but not on the borders of the Iroquois country, nor of any other Indian country either."

"You do not take your own wife with you when you travel then?" asked the soldier.

"Yes, but I do not let her travel from village to village. She remains in the wigwam."

"Then you leave her behind?"

"On the contrary she is always there to welcome me. By Saint Anne, I should be heavy-hearted if I came to any village between this and the Bluffs of the Illinois, and did not find my wife waiting to greet me."

"Then she must travel before you."

De Catignat laughed heartily, though without, however, smiting a sound.

"A fresh village, a fresh wife," said he. "But I never have more than one in each village for it is shame to eat for a Frenchman to set an evil example where the good fathers are spending their lives so freely in preaching virtue to them. Ah, here is the Ajauma creek, where the Indians set the strange nets. It's still seven miles..."
to Portou.

"We shall be there before night fall then?"

"I think that we had best wait for night fall before we make
our way in. Since the Droquiso scouts are out as far as this, it is
likely that they have thick rounds Portou, and we may find the last
step the worst unless we have a case, the more so if these two get in
front of us to warm the others." He paused a moment with slanting
head and side long ear. "By Saint Anne," he muttered, "we have
not shaken them off. They are still upon our trail."

"You hear them?"

"Yes, they are no great way from us. They will find
that they have followed us once too often this time. Now I will
show you a little bit of woodcraft which may be new to you.
Skip off your mocassins, Monsieur."

De Catinat pulled off his shoes as directed, and De
Squat did the same.

"Put them on as if they were gloves," said the pioneer,
and an instant later Ephraim Savage and Amos had their
companions shoes upon their hands.

"You can sling your muskets over your back. So!
Now down on all fours, bending yourselves double, with
your hands pressing hard upon the earth. That is excellent.
Two men can leave the trail of four. Now come with me, Monsieur."

He flitted from tree to tree on a line which was
parallel to, but a few yards distant from, that of their comrades.
Then suddenly he crouched down behind a tree and pulled de
Catinat down beside him.

"They must pass us in a few minutes," he whispered.

"Do not fire if you can help it." Something gleamed in De
Squat's hand, and his comrade, glancing down, saw that he
had drawn a keen little tomahawk from his belt. Again
the mad wild thrill ran through the blood of soldiers' blood, as
he peered through the tangled branches and waited for whatever
might come out of the dim silent aisles of Bee-holes.
And suddenly he saw something move. It flitted like a shadow from one trunk to the other so swiftly that the Catmat could not have told whether it were beast or human. And then again he saw it, and yet again, sometimes one shadow, sometimes two shadows, silent, furtive, like the loup garou of the with which his nurse had scared him in his childhood. Now for a few moments all was still once more, and then in the instant there bounded out from among the bushes the most terrible looking creature that ever walked the earth, an Iroquois chief upon the wartrail.

He was a tall powerful man, and his breast of scalp locks and eagle feathers made him look a giant in the dim light, for a good eight feet lay between his beaded mocassin, and the topmost plume of his head gear. One side of his face was painted in root, ochre, and vermillion to resemble a dog, and the other half as a fowl, so that the front view was indescribably grotesque and strange. A belt of wampum was braced round his loin-cloth, and a dozen scalp locks fluttered out as he moved from the fringe of his leggings. His head was sunk forward, his eyes gleamed with a sinister light, and his nostrils dilated and contracted like those of an excited animal. His gun was thrown forward, and he crept along with bended knees, peering, listening, pausing, hanging on, a breathing image of caution. Two spaces behind him walked a lad of fourteen, clad and armed in the same fashion, but without the painted face, and without the horrid dried trophies upon the leggings. It was his first campaign, and yet already his eyes shone and his moccasins twinkled with the same lust for murder which burned within his elder. So they advanced, silent, terrible, creeping out of the shadows of the wood as their race had come out of the shadows of history, with bodies of iron and eagle souls.

They were just abreast of the bush when something caught the eye of the younger warrior, some displaced turq or fluttering leaf, and he paused with suspicion in every feature. Another instant and he had warned his companion, but Dubuit
sprang out and buried his little hatchet in the skull of the older warrior. De Catimiat heard a dull crash, as when an axe splinters its way into a tree, and the man fell like a log, laughing horribly, and kicking and striking with his powerful limbs. The younger warrior sprang like a deer over his fallen comrade and dashed on into the wood, but an instant later there was a gunshot among the trees in front, followed by a faint wailing cry. 

"That is his death whoop," said Du Luth composedly. "It was a pity to fire, and yet it was better than letting him go."

As he spoke the two others came back, Ephraim ramming a fresh charge into his musket.

"What is the French for amidships, Amos?" he asked. "That's where I got him, the child of Belial, though he had galvanized passed me with all drawing before I could train my bedside upon him."

"Who was laughing?" asked Amos.

"It was he," said Du Luth, nodding towards the dying warrior, who lay with his head in a horrible puddle, and his grotesque features contorted into a fixed smile. "It's a custom they have when they get their death blow. I've known a Seneca chief laugh for six hours on end at the torture stake. Aw, he's gone!"

As he spoke the Indian gave a last spasm with his hands and feet, and lay rigid, grinning up at the slit of blue sky above him.

"He's a great chief," said Du Luth. "He Brown Moses of the Mohawkers, and the other is his second son. We have drawn first blood, but I do not think that it will be the last, for the Iroquois do not allow their war chiefs to die unavenged. He was a mighty fighter, as you may see by looking at his neck."

He wore a peculiar necklace which seemed to De Catimiat to consist of blackened bean pods set upon a string. As he stooped over it he saw to his horror that they were not bean pods, but blackened human fingers.

"They are all right forefingers," said Du Luth, "so everyone represents a life. There are forty two in all. Eighteen are of
men whom he has slain in battle, and the other twenty-four have been taken and tortured."

"How do you know that?"

"Because only eighteen have their nails on. If the prisoner of war is to be alive, he begins always by biting his nails off. You see that they are missing from four and twenty."

De Catinat shuddered. What demons were these amongst whom an evil fate had drifted him! And was it possible that his Adèle should fall into the hands of such fiends! No, no, surely the good God, for whose sake they had suffered so much, would not permit such an infamy! And yet an evil fate had come upon other women as tender as Adèle—upon other men as loving as he. What banquet was there in Canada which had not such stories in their record. A vague horror seized him as he stood there. We know more of the future than we are willing to admit, away down in those dim recesses of the soul where there is no reason, but only instincts and impressions. How some impending terror cast its cloud over him. The trees round with their great protruding limbs were like shadowy demons thrusting out their gaunt arms to seize him. The sweat burst from his forehead, and he leaned heavily upon his musket.

"By Saint Eulalie," said De Bethu, "for an old soldier you turn very pale, monsieur, at a little bloodshed."

"I am not well. I should be glad of a cup from your cognac bottle."

"Heu! di'o, comrade, and welcome! Well, I may as well have this fine scalp that we may have something to show for our walk." He held the Indian's head between his knees, and in an instant with a sweep of his knife had torn off the hideous dripping trophy.

"Let us go!" cried de Catinat, turning away in disgust.

"Yes, we shall go. But we may as well have this fine wampum belt marked with the totem of the bear. So! And the
gun too. Look at the 'London' painted upon the deck. Ah, Monsieur
Queen, Monsieur Queen, it is not hard to see where the enemies of
France get their names, eh?

So all at they turned away, Du Luth bearing his
guns, spurs, leaving the red glistening fleshy stretched under the silent trees.
As they passed on they caught a glimpse of the lad lying doubled up
among the bushes where he had fallen. The gunner walked very
swiftly until he came to a little stream which prattled down to the big
river. Here he stepped off his boots and leggings, and waded down
it with his companions for half a mile or so.

"They will follow our tracks when they find him," said he, "but this will throw them off, for it is only on running water
that any Inquisitor can find no trace. And now we shall lie in this
dump until night-fall, for we are little over a mile from Fort Bozon,
and it is dangerous to go forward for the ground becomes more
open."

And so they remained concealed among the
shadows whilst the shadows turned from short to long, and the white
drifting clouds above them were tinged with the pink of the setting
sun. Du Luth coiled himself in a ball with his pipe between his
tongue and dropped into a light sleep, picking up his caro and
形势 at the slightest sound from the woods around them. The two
Americans who had joined together for a long time, Ephraim telling some
long story about the cruise of the Brig Industry bound to Jamestown
for sugar and molasses, but at last the soothing hum of a gentle
breath through the branches lulled them off also, and they slept.
De Catimier alone remained awake, his nerves still in a tangle
from that strange sudden shadow which had fallen upon his soul.
What could it mean? Was surely that Adèle was in danger? He had
heard of such warnings, but had he not left her in safety behind
ramparts and stockades? By the next evening at latest he would
see her again. As he lay looking up through the tangle of coffee
leaves at the sky beyond, his mind drifted like the clouds above him
and he was back once more in the jutting window in the Rue St
Martin, sitting on the broad Sperco bancal, with its Spanish leather
covering, with the little gilt wool-bale creaking outside, and his arm
round Little Adelle, she who had compared herself to a frightened
mouse in an old house, and who had yet had courage to stay by
his side through all this wild journey. And then again he was back
at Versailles, once more he saw the brown eyes of the king, the
fair bold face of Madame de Montespan, the serene features of de
Maintenon—once more he rode on his midnight mission,
and was driven by the demon coachman, and sprang with
Amos upon the scaffold to rescue the most beautiful woman in
France. So dear it was and so vivid that it was with a start
that he came suddenly to himself and found that the night was
creeping on in the American forest, and that Burdall had
roused himself and was ready for a start.

"Have you been awake?" asked the pioneer.

"Yes,"

"Have you heard anything?"

"Nothing but the hooting of the owl."

"It seemed to me that in my sleep I heard a gunshot in
the distance."

"In your sleep?"

"Yes, I hear as well asleep as awake and remember
what I hear. But now you must follow me close, and we shall be
in the fort soon."

"You have wonderful ears, indeed," said de Catinat,
as they picked their way through the tangled brushwood. "How
would you hear that these men were following us today? I could
hear no sound when they were within hand-length of us."

"I did not hear them at first,"

"You saw them?"

"No, no that either."

"Then how could you know that they were there?"

"I heard a frightened Jay flutter among the trees
after we were past it. Then ten minutes later I heard the
same thing. I knew then that there was some one on our trail,
and I listened."
"Père, you are a woodman indeed!"

"I believe that these woods are swarming with squaws, although we have had the good fortune to miss them. So great a chief as Brown Moore would not start on the path with a small following nor for a small object. They must mean mischief upon the Richelieu. You are not sorry now that you did not bring Madame?"

"I thank God for it!"

"The woods will not be safe, I fear, until the partridge berries are out once more. You must stay at Sainte Marie until then, unless the Scipion can spare men to guard you."

"I had rather stay here for ever than expose my wife to such devils."

"Aye, devils they are, if ever devils walked upon earth. You unwise, Monsieur, when I took Brown Moore's scalp, but when you have seen as much of the Indians as I have done your heart will be as hard as mine. And now we are on the very borders of the Clearing, and the blockhouse lies girded among the clumps of maples. They do not keep very good watch, for I have been expecting during these last ten minutes to hear the 'Qui vive'. You did not come as near to Sainte Marie unchallenged, and yet de Lamois is as old a soldier as de la Noue. We can scarce see now, but yonder, near the river, is where he exercises his men."

"He does so now," said Amos. "I see a dozen of them drawn up in a line at their drill."

"No sentinels and all the men at drill!" cried Du Chât in contempt. "It seems as you say, however, for I can see them myself with their ranks open, and each as stiff and straight as a pine stump. One would think to see them stand so still that there was not an Indian nearer than Lorette. We shall go across to them, and by Saint Anne, I shall tell their Commander what I think of his arrangements."

Du Chât advanced from the bushes as he spoke, and the four men crossed the open ground in the direction of the
line of men who waited silently for them in the dim twilight. They were within fifty paces, and yet none of them had raised hand or voice to challenge their approach. There was something uncanny in the silence, and a change came over Dashtab's face as he peered in front of him. He leaned his head round and looked up the river.

"My God!" he screamed. "Look at the fort!"

They had cleared the clump of trees, and the outline of the blockhouse should have shown up in front of them. There was no sign of it. It was gone.
white ruffles and his clouded cane behind the line of paroled smoke-grimed men, tapping his snuff box, shooting out his little jets, and looking very much less concerned than he had done over his gauntlet.

"What do you think of it, Du Buitte?" he asked.

"I think very badly of it. We are losing men much too fast."

"Ah, my friend, what can you expect? When a thousand muskets are all turned upon a little place like this someone must suffer for it. Ah, my poor fellow, so you are done for too!"

The man nearest him had suddenly fallen with a crash, lying quite still with his face in a plaster of the sagamite which had been brought out by the women. Du Buitte glanced at him and then looked round again.

"He is in a line with no loophole, and it took him in the shoulder," said he. "Where did it come from then? Ah, by Saint Anne, look there!" He pointed upwards to a little mist of smoke which hung round the summit of a high oak.

"The rascal overlooks the stockade. But the trunk is hardly thick enough to shield him at that height. This poor fellow will not need his musket again, and I see that it is ready primed," he laid down his cane, turned back his ruffles, picked up the dead man's gun, and fired at the lurking warrior. Two leaves fluttered out from the tree and a grinning vermilion face appeared for an instant with a yell of devotion. Quick as a flash Du Buitte brought his musket to his shoulder and pulled the trigger. The man gave a tremendous spring and crashed down through the thick foliage. Some seventy or eighty feet below him a single great branch shot out and onto this he fell with a sound like a great stone dropping into a bog, and hung there doubled over it, swinging slowly from side to side like a red rag, his scalplocks streaming down between his feet. A shout of exultation rose from the Canadians at the sight which was drowned in the murderous yell of the savages.
"His limbs twitch. He is not dead," cried De Nerve.

"Let him die there," said the old pioneer callously, ramming a fresh charge into his gun. "Ah, there is the gray hat again. It comes ever when I am unloaded."

"I saw a plumed hat among the brushwood."

"He is the Hemish Bastard. I had rather have his scalp than those of his hundred best warriors."

"Is he so brave then?"

"Yes, he is brave enough. There is no denying it, for how else could he be an Iroquois war chief. But he is clever and cunning, and cruel—ah, my God, if all the stories told are true, his cruelty is past believing. I should fear that my tongue would wither if I did but name the things which this man has done. Ah, he is there again."

The gray hat with the plume had shown itself among the smoke. De Nerve and DeBulke both faced together, and the cap fluttered up into the air. At the same instant, the brushes parted, and a tall warrior sprang out in full view of the defenders. His face was that of an Indian, but a shade or two lighter, and a pointed black beard hung down over his hunting tunic. He threw out his hands with a gesture of disdain, stood for an instant, looking steadfastly at the foe, and then sprang back into cover amid a shower of bullets which chipped away the turf's all around him.

"Yes, he is brave enough," said De Bulke with an oath, "yourPenitente have had their axes in their hands more often than their muskets, I should judge from their shooting. But they seem to be drawing closer upon the cast face, and I think that they will make a rush there before long."

The fire had indeed grown very much fiercer upon the side which was defended by De Catinat, and it was plain that the main force of the Iroquois were gathered at that point. From every log, and trunk, and cleft, and bush came the spalled red flash, with the gray halo, and the bullets sang in a continuous stream through every loophole. Amos had whittled
a little hole for himself about a foot above the ground, and lay
upon his face loading and firing in his own quiet methodical
fashion. Beside him stood Ephraim Savage, his mouth set grimly,
his eyes flashing from under his down-drawn brows, and his whole
soul absorbed in the smiting of the Amalekites. His hat was gone, his
grizzled hair flying in the breeze, great splashes of powder mottled
his mahogany face, and a veil across his right cheek showed
where an Indian bullet had grazed him. De Catlinat was bearing
himself like an experienced soldier, walking up and down among
his men with short words of praise or of reproof, those few words
which swelled their hearts and made a glow to the heart
and a flush to the cheek. Seven of his men were down, but as
the attack grew fiercer upon his side it slackened upon the others
and the regiments with his son and Dubreuc brought ten men to
reinforce him. De Nouco was holding out his snuff-box to de
Catlinat when a shrill scream from behind them made them
both look round. Omega, the Indian wife, was wringing her
hands over the body of her son. A glance showed that the
bullet had pierced his heart and that he was dead.

For an instant the old Nobleman's whole face grew a shade paler, and the hand which held out the little
gold box shook like a branch in the wind. Then he thrust it
into his pocket again and mastered the opium which had con-


"The Sir Nouco always die upon the field of honour," he remarked; "I think that we should have some more men in
the angle by the gun."

And now it became clear why it was that the
Droquois had chosen the easiest path for their main attack. It was
there that the clump of cover lay midway between the edge of the
forest and the stockade. A storming party could creep as far as
that and gather there for their final rush. First one crouching
warrior, and then a second, and then a third darted across the
little belt of open space, and threw themselves down
among the bushes. The fourth was hit, and lay with his back
broken a few spaces out from the edge of the wood, but a stream of warriors continued to venture the passage, until thirty six had got across and the little patch of underwood was full of lurking savages. Amos Gun's time had come.

From where he lay he could see the white patch where he had cut the bank from the birch sapling, and he knew that immediately underneath it lay the powder bag. He sighted the mark, and then slowly lowered his barrel until he had got to the base of the little tree as nearly as he could guess it among the tangle of bullet bushes. The first shot produced no result, however, and the second was aimed a foot lower. The bullet penetrated the bag and there was an explosion which shook the manor house, and swayed the whole line of stout stockades as though they were cornstalks in a breeze. Up to the highest summits of the trees went the huge column of blue smoke, and after the first roar there was a deathly silence which was broken by the patter and thud of falling bodies. Then came a wild cheer from the defenders, and a furious answering whoop from the Indians, while the fire from the woods burst out with greater fury than ever.

But the blow had been a heavy one. Of the thirty six warriors, all picked for their value, only four regained the shelter of the woods, and those so torn and shattered that they were spent men. Already the Indians had lost heavily, and this fresh disaster made them reconsider their plan of attack, for the Iroquois were as wary as they were brave, and he was esteemed the best war-chief who was most chary of the lives of his followers. Their fire gradually slackened, and at last, save for a dropping shot here and there, it died away altogether.

"Is it possible that they are going to abandon the attack!" cried de Gatineau joyously, "Amos, I believe that you have saved us."

But the wily Du Sulte shook his head. "A wolf would as soon leave a half gnawed bone as an Iroquois such a paste as this."

"But they have lost heavily,"
"Aye, but not so heavily as ourselves in proportion to our numbers. They have fifty out of a thousand, and are twenty out of three score. No, no, they are holding a council, and we shall soon hear from them again. But it may be some hours first, and if you will take my advice you will have an hour's sleep, for you are not, as I can see by your eyes, as used to doing without it as I am, and there may be little rest for any of us this night."

De Catinaud was indeed weary to the last pitch of human endurance. Amos Green had already wrapped himself in two blankets and sunk to sleep under the shelter of the stockade. The soldiers rushed upstairs to say a few words of comfort to the trembling Addle, and then throwing himself down upon a couch he slept the dreamless sleep of an exhausted man. Whereat he was roused by a fresh shower of musket-shot fire from the woods, the sun was already low in the heavens, and the mellow light of evening tinged the bare walls of the room. He sprang from his couch, seized his musket, and rushed downstairs. The defenders were gathered at their loopholes once more, while De Luth, the seigneur, and Amos Green, were whispering eagerly together. He noticed as he passed that Omega still sat unmoving by the body of her son without having changed her position or since morning.

"What's it then? Are they coming on?" he asked.

"They are up to some devilry," said De Luth, peering out at the corner of the embrasure. "They are gathering thickly at the east.fringe, and yet the firing comes from the north."

"The wood in front of us is alive with them," said the seigneur to Amos. "They are as busy as beavers among the underwood."

"Perhaps they are going to attack from this side, and cover the attack by a fire from the flank."

"That is what I think," said the seigneur. "Bring the spare guns up here, and all the men except four for each side."

The words were hardly out of his mouth when a shrill yell burst from the wood, and in an instant a cloud of warriors burst out and charged across the open, howling, spaming, and waving their guns on their mahowaxes in the air.
With their painted faces, smeared and striped with every vivid colour, their streaming scalpslocks, their warning arms, their open mouths, and their writhings and contortions, no more frenzied crew ever burst into a sleeper's night mare. Some of those in front bore canoes between them and as they reached the stockade they planted them against it and swarmed up them as if they had been scaling ladders. Others fired through the embrasures and loopholes, the muzzles of their muskets touching those of the defenders while others again sprang unaided on to the tops of the palisades and sprang fearlessly down upon the inner side. The Canadians, however, made such a resistance as might be expected from men who knew that no mercy awaited them. They fired whilst they had time to load, and then clubbing their muskets they smashed furiously at every red head which showed above the rails. The din within the stockade was infernal, the shouts and cries of the French, the whooping of the savages, and the terrified screaming of the frightened women blending into one dreadful uproar, above which could be heard the high shrill voice of the old seigneur imploring his resistance to stand fast. With his rapier in his hand, his hat lost, his wig away, and his dignity all thrown to the winds the old nobleman showed them that day how a soldier of Rocroy could carry himself, and with Du Luth, Amos, de Catrinat and Ephraim Savage, was ever in the forefront of the defence. So desperately did they fight, the sword and musket butt outreaching the tomahawk, that though at one time fifty Iroquois were over the palisades they had slain or driven back nearly all of them when a fresh wave burst suddenly over the south face which had been stripped of its defenders. Du Luth saw in an instant that the enclosure was lost and that only one thing could save the house.

"Hold them for an instant," he screamed, and rushing at the brass gun he struck his flint and steel and fired it straight into the thick of the savages. Then as they recoiled for an instant he struck a nail into the touch hole and
drove home with a blow from the butt of his gun. Pushing across the yard, he spiked the gun at the other corner, and was back at the door as the remnants of the garrison were hurled towards it by the rush of the assailants. They darted in, and, swinging the ponderous door into position, breaking the leg of the foremost warrior who had striven to follow them. Then for an instant they had time for breathing and for council.
But their cause was a very evil one. Had the guns been lost so that they might be turned upon the door, all further resistance would have been vain, but De Luth's presence of mind had saved them from that danger. The two guns upon the river face, and the canoes were safe, for they were commanded by the windows of the house. But their numbers were terribly reduced and those who were left were weary and wounded and spent. Twenty had gained the house but one had been shot through the body, and lay groaning in the hall, while a second had his shoulder left by a tomahawk and could no longer raise his musket. De Luth, De Noe and De Catarin were uninjured, but Graham Savage had a bullet hole in his forearm, and Amos was bleeding from a cut upon the face. Of the others hardly one was without injury, and yet they had no time to think of their hurts for the danger still pressed and they were lost unless they acted. A few shots from the barricaded windows sufficed to clear the enclosure, for it was all exposed to their fire, but on the other hand they had the shelter of the stockade now, and from the further side of it they kept up a fierce fire upon the windows. Half a dozen of the consignatrices returned the fusillade, while the leaders consulted as to what had best be done.

"We have twenty five women and fourteen children," said the Seigneur. "I am sure that you will agree with me, gentlemen, that your first duty is towards them. Some of you, like myself, have lost sons or brothers this day. Let us at least save our wives and sisters."

"No indiscreet canoes have passed up the river," said one of the Canadians. "If the women start in the darkness they can get away to Champlain the next day."

"By Saint Anne of Beaupré," exclaimed De Luth, "I think it would be well if you could get your men out of this also, for I cannot see how it is to be held until morning."

A murmur of assent broke from the other Canadians.
but the old nobleman shook his bearded head with decision.

"Tut! Tut! What nonsense is this!" he cried. "Are we to abandon the Manor house of Sainte Marie to the first gang of savages who choose to make an attack upon it? No, no, gentlemen, there are still nearly a score of us, and when the garrison suddenly learn that we are so pressed, which will be by tomorrow morning at the latest, they will certainly send us relief."

Du Luth shook his head mournfully.

"If you stand by the post I will not desert you," said he, "and yet it is a pity to sacrifice brave men for nothing."

"The canoes will hardly hold the women and children as it is," said Theuriet. "There are but three large and four small. There is not space for a single man."

"Then that decides it," said de Catonat. "But who are to row the women?"

"It is but a few leagues with the current in their favour, and there are none of our women who do not know how to handle a paddle."

The Iroquois were very quiet now, and an occasional dropping shot from the trees or the stockade was the only sign of their presence. Their lozoes had been heavy, and they were either engaged in collecting their dead, or in holding a council as to their next move. The twilight was gathering in, and the sun had already sunk beneath the tree tops. Leaving a sentry man at each window the leader went round to the back of the house where the canoes were lying upon the bank. There were no signs of the Enemy upon the river to the north of them.

"We are in luck," said Amos. "The clouds are gathering and there will be little light."

"No luck. Indeed, since the moon is only three days past the full," answered Du Luth. "I wonder that the Iroquois have not cut us off upon the water, but it is likely that their Canoes have gone south to bring up another war party. They may be back soon, and we had best not lose a moment."

"In an hour it might be dark enough to start."

"I think that there is rain in those clouds, and that will make it darker still."

The women and children were assembled and their places in each boat were assigned to them. The wives of the constables, rough, hardy women whose lives had been spent under the shadow of a constant danger, were for the most part quiet and collected, though a few of the younger ones whimpered a little. A woman is always braver when she has a child to draw her thoughts from herself, and each married woman had one now allotted to her as her own special charge until they should reach the fort. Onega, the Indian wife of the Seigneur, who was as wary and as experienced as the war sachem of her people, the command of the women was entrusted.

"It is not very far, Adèle," said de Caligny, as his wife clung to his arm, "you remember how we heard the angelic bells as we journeyed through the woods. That was Fort St. Louis; and it is but a league or two;"

"But I do not wish to leave you, Amory. We have been together in all our troubles. Oh, Amory, why should we be divided now?"

"My dear love, you will tell them at Orleans how things are with us, and they will bring us help."

"Let the others do that, and I will stay. I will not be useless, Amory. Onega has taught me to load a gun. I will not be afraid, indeed I will not, if you will only let me stay."

"You must not ask it, Adèle. It is impossible, child. I could not let you stay."

"But I feel so sure that it would be best."

The coarser reason of man has not yet learned to value those subtle instincts which guide a woman. De Caligny argued and exhorted until he had silenced if he had not convinced her.

"It is for my sake, dear. You do not know what a load it will be from my heart when I know that you are
safe. And you need not be afraid for me. We can easily hold the place until morning. Then the Iroquois people will come across, for I hear that they have plenty of canoes, and we shall all meet again."

Adele was silent, but her hands still tightened upon her arm. Her husband was still endeavouring to reassure her when a groan burst from the watcher in the window which overlooked the stream.

"There is a canoe on the river to the north of us," he cried.

The besieged looked at each other in dismay.

"The Iroquois had then cut off their retreat after all."

"How many warriors are in it?" asked the Séguier.

"I cannot see. The light is not very good, and it is in the shadow of the bank."

"Which way is it coming?"

"It is coming this way. Ah, it shoots out into the open now, and I can see it. May the good Lord be praised! A dozen candles shall burn in Quebec Cathedral if I live till next summer!"

"What is it then?" cried Séguier impatiently.

"It is not an Iroquois canoe. There is but one man in it. He is a Canadian."

"A Canadian!" cried Du Lutté, springing up to the window. "Who but a madman would venture into such a horrid nest alone. Ah, yes, I can see him now. He keeps well out from the bank, and to avoid their fire. Now he is in mid-stream and he turns towards us. By my faith, it is not the first time that the good father has handled a paddle."

"It is a Jesuit!" said one, craning his neck.

"They are even where there is most danger."

"Yes, I can see his brown capote," cried another. "It is a Papalleet friar!"

An instant later there was the sound of a
canoe grounding upon the pebbles, the door was unbarred, and a man stood in, attired in the long brown gown of the Franciscan. He cast a rapid glance around, and then, stepping up to de Catinat, laid his hand upon his shoulders.

"So, you have not escaped me!" said he, "We have caught the evil seed before it has had time to root."

"What do you mean, father!" asked the Seigneur.

"You have made some mistake. This is my good friend Amery de Catinat, of a noble French family."

"This is Amery de Catinat, the heretic and lusquenot," said the monk. "I have followed him up the St. Lawrence, and I have followed him up the Richelieu, and I would have followed him to the world's end if I could but bring him back with me."

"Tut, father, your zeal carries you too far," said the Seigneur. "Whether would you take my friend there?"

"He shall go back to France with his wife. There is no place in Canada for heretics."

"Du Salt burst out laughing. "By Saint Anne, father," said he, "if you could take us all back to France at present we should be very much your debtor."

"And you will remember," said Du Salt sternly, "that you are under my roof and that you are speaking of my guest."

But the friar was not to be abashed by the frown of the old nobleman.

"Look at this," said he, whipping a paper out of his bosom. "This signed by the Governor, and calls upon you under pain of the king's displeasure to return this man to Quebec. And, monsieur, when you left me upon the island that morning you little thought that I would return to Quebec for this, and then hunt you down so many hundreds of miles of river. But I have you now, and I shall never leave you until I see you on board of the ship which will carry you and your wife back to France."
* For all the bitter vindictiveness which shone in the monk's eyes, de Catinat could not but admire the energy and tenacity of the man.

"It seems to me, father, that you would have shown more as a soldier than as a follower of Christ," said he, "but, since you have followed us here, and since there is no getting away, we may settle this question at some later time."

But the two Americans were less inclined to take so peaceful a view. O'Brian Savage's beard bristled with anger, and he whispered something into Amos Quinn's ear.

"The Captain and I could easily get rid of him," said the young woodsman, drawing de Catinat aside. "If he will cross our paths, he must pay for it."

"No, no, not for the world, Amos! Let him alone. He does what he thinks to be his duty, though his faith is stronger than his charity, I think. But here comes the rain, and surely it is dark enough now to put the boat."

A great brown cloud had overspread the heavens, and the night had fallen so rapidly that they could hardly see the gleam of the river in front of them. The savages in the woods and behind the captured stockade were quiet, save for an occasional shot, but the yells and whoops from the rooftops of the encampment showed that they were being plundered by their captors. Suddenly a dull red glow began to show above one of the roofs.

"They have set it on fire," cried Du Sable. "The Canoes must go at once, for the river will soon be as light as day. In! In! There is not an instant to lose!"

There was no time to lose. Taking One, two, and three, and the young girl, de Catinat and O'Brian leaped into the smallest canoe which she shared with Omega, two children and an unmarried girl. The others rushed into their places, and in a few moments they had pushed off and had vanished into the drifting rain and the darkness. The great cloud had broken and the rain pattered heavily.
upon the roof, and splashed upon their faces as they strained their eyes after the vanishing boats.

"Thank God for this storm!" murmured Du Luth. "It will prevent the cottage from blazing up too quickly."

But he had forgotten that though the roof might be wet the interior was as dry as tinder. He had hardly spoken
before a great yellow tongue of flame licked out of one of the windows, and again and again until suddenly half of the roof fell in, and the cottage was blazing like a pitch-bucket. The flame leaped and fluttered in the pouring rain but, fed from below, they grew still higher and fiercer, flashing redly upon the great trees, and turning their trunks to burnished gold. Their light made the enclosure and the manor house as clear as day, and exposed the whole long stretch of the river. A fearful yell from the woods announced that the savages had seen the canoes, which were plainly visible from the windows not more than a quarter of a mile away.

"They are rushing through the woods. They are making for the water's edge," cried de Catinaix.

"They have some canoes down there," said Du Luth.

"But they must pass us!" cried the Seigneur of Sainte Marie. "Get down to the cannon and see if you cannot stop them."

They had hardly reached the guns when two large canoes filled with warriors shot out from among the reeds below the fort, and steering out into mid-stream began to paddle furiously after the fugitives.

"Fear, you are our best shot," cried La Noue. "Say for her as she passes the great pine-tree. Lambert, do you take the other gun. The lives of all whom you love may hang upon the shot!"

The men selected, two wrinkled old artillerymen glanced along their guns and waited for the canoes to come abreast of them. The fire still blazed higher and higher, and
the broad river lay like a sheet of dull metal with the two
dark lines, which marked the canoes, sweeping swiftly down
the centre. One was fifty yards in front of the other, but in
each the Indians were bending to their paddles and pulling
frantically, while their comrades from the wooded shores
whooped them on to fresh exertions. The fugitives had already
disappeared around the bend of the river.

As the first canoe came abreast of the lower of the
two guns, the Canadian made the sign of the cross over the
touch hole and fired. A cheer and then a groan went up
from the eager watchers. The discharge had struck the water
surface close to the canoe, and dashed such a shower of water over it
that for an instant it looked as if it had been sunk. The
next moment however the splash subsided and the canoe
shot away uninjured save that one of the rowers had dropped
his paddle while his head fell forward upon he broadside. The
second gunner sighted the same canoe as it came abreast of him,
but at the very instant when he stretched out his match to fire
a bullet came humming from the stockade and he fell
forward dead without a groan.

"This is work that I know something of, lad," said old Ephraim, springing suddenly forward. "But when I fire a gun I like to train it myself. Give me a broad wish, the bandspike and get her straight for the island. So! A little lower
for an even keel! How we have them!" He clapped down his
match and fired.

It was a beautiful shot. The whole charge took
the canoe about six feet behind the bow, and doubled her up
like an eggshell. Before the smoke had cleared she had
foundered, and the second canoe had paused to pick up
some of the wounded men. The others, as much at home
in the water as in the woods, were already striking out for the
shore.

"Quick! Quick!" cried the leignier, "load the
gun! We may get the second one yet!"
But it was not to be. Long before they could get it ready the Iroquois had picked up their wounded warriors, and were pulling madly upstream once more. As they shot away the fire died suddenly down in the burning cottages and the rain and the darkness closed in upon them once more.

"My God!" cried De Catinat furiously, "they will be taken. Let us abandon this place, take a boat and follow them. Come! Come! Not an instant is to be lost!"

"Monseigneur, you go too far in your very natural anxiety," said the Seigneur coldly, "I am not inclined to leave my post so easily!"

"Ah, what is it! Only wood and stone which can be built again. But to think of the women in the hands of these devils. Ah, I am going mad! Come! Come! For their sake come!" His face was deadly pale, and he waved with his clenched hands in the air.

"I do not think that they will be caught," said Dubuque, laying his hand soothingly upon his shoulder, "Do not fear. They had a long start and the women here can paddle as well as the men. Again the Iroquois canoes were overloaded at the start, and has the wounded men aboard as well now. Besides these oak canoes of the Mohawks are not as swift as the Algonquin birch-barks which we use. In any case it is impossible to follow for we have no boat."

"There is one lying there,"

"Ah, I will not hold a single man. It is that in which the friar came."

"Then I am going in that! My place is with Adelhe!" he flung open the door, rushed out, and was about to push end off the frail skiff, when someone seized past him, and with a blow from a hatchet store in the side of the boat.

"It's my boat," said the friar, throwing down the axe and folding his arms. "I can do what I like with it."

"You fiend! You have ruined us!"

"I have found you, and you shall not escape me."
and I tell you that if they want a king in hell they will find one all ready in his wigwam. By Saint Anne, I have a score to settle with him, and I may pay it before this business is over. Well these are the lights of Sainte Marie shining down below there. I can understand that sigh of relief, monsieur, for on my word after what we found at Poitou I was uneasy myself until I should see them."
Chapter XXXV
The tapping of death

Day was just breaking as the four comrades entered the gate of the stockade, but, early as it was, the constables and their families were all afoot, staring at the prodigious fire which raged to the south of them. De Catimat burst through the throng and rushed upstairs to Adèle, who had herself flown down to meet him, so that they met in each others arms half way up the great stone staircase with a burst of those little inarticulate cries which are the true language of love. Together, with his arm round her, they ascended to the great hall where old De Noire with his son were gazing out of the window at the wonderful spectacle.

"Ah, monsieur," said the old nobleman with his courtly bow, "I am indeed rejoiced to see you safe under my roof again, not only for your own sake, but for that of Madame's eyes, which, if she will permit an old man to say so, are much too quietly to speak by streaming them all day in the hope of seeing someone coming out of the forest. You have done forty miles, monsieur de Catimat, and are doubtless hungry and weary. When you are yourself again I must claim my revenge in jujquet, for the cards lay against me the other night."

But De Luth had entered at de Catimat's heels with his tidings of disaster.

"You will have another game to play, monsieur de Sainte Marie," said he, "There are six hundred Inquisitors in the woods and they are preparing to attack."

"Tut, tut, we cannot allow our arrangements to be altered by a handful of savages," said the seigneur, "I must apologise to you, my dear de Catimat, that you should be annoyed by such people while you are upon my estate. As regards the jujquet I cannot but think that your play from king and knave is more brilliant than safe. Now when I played jujquet last with de Lannes of Poitou — "

"De Lannes of Poitou is dead, and all his people," said De Luth, "The black house is a heap of smoking ashes."
The seignior raised his eyebrows and took a pinch of snuff, tapping the lid of his little round gold box.

"I always told him that his fort would be taken unless he cleared away those maple trees which grew up to the very walls. They are all dead, you say?"

"Every man,"

"And the fort burned?"

"Not a stick was left standing."

"Have you seen these rascals?"

"We saw the trail of a hundred and fifty. Then there were a hundred in canoes, and a war-party of four hundred passed us under the Flemish Bastard. Their camp is five miles down the river, and there cannot be less than six hundred."

"You were fortunate in catching them."

"Excellent! Excellent!" said the Seignior, clapping heartily with his dainty hands. "You have done very well indeed, Du Duth! You are, I presume, very tired?"

"I am not often tired. I am quite ready to do the journey again."

"Then perhaps you would pick a few men and go back into the woods to see what these villains are doing?"

"I shall be ready in five minutes."

"Perhaps you would like to go also, Achille?"

His son's dark eyes and Indian face lit up with a fierce joy.

"Yes, I shall go also," he answered.

"Very good; and we shall make all ready in your absence. Madame, you will excuse these little annoyances which mar the pleasure of your visit. Next time that you do me the honour to come here I trust that we shall have cleared all these vermin from my estate. We have our advantages. The were divided into parties now for the defence of each year's scarce
Richelieu is a better fish pond, and these forests are a finer deer
preserve than any of which the king can boast. Below the other
hand we have, as you see, our little troubles. You will excuse me
now, as there are one or two things which demands my attention.
As Catinat, you are a tried soldier and I should be glad of your
advice. Omega, give me my lace handkerchief and my cane of
clouded amber, and take care of Madame until her husband
and I return."

It was bright daylight now, and the square
enlosure within the stockade was filled with an anxious crowd
who had just learned the evil tidings. Most of the casualties
were old soldiers and trappers who had served in many Indian
wars, and whose swarthy faces and bold bearing told their own
story. They were sons of a race which with better fortune or with
worse lot burned more proudly than any other nation upon
earth, and as they stood in little groups discussing the situation
and examining their arms, a leader could have asked for no
more handy or more warlike following. The women, however,
pale and breathless were hurrying in from the outlying cottages,
dragging their children with them, and bearing on their
shoulders the more precious of their household goods. The
children, the hurry, the throwing down of bundles and the rushing
back for more, contrasted strangely with the quiet and the beauty
of the woods which encircled them, all bathed in the bright
morning sunlight. It was strange to look upon the fairy loneliness
of their many-tinted foliage, and to know that the spirit of murder
and cruelty was roaming unchained behind that lovely scene.

The scouting party under Du Chat and Achille
did not. No one had already left, and at the order of the seigneur the two
gates were now secured with huge bars of oak fitted into iron
staples on either side. The children were placed in the lower store
room with a few women to watch them, while the others were
told off to attend to the fire buckets, and to reload the muskets.
The men had been paraded, fifty two of them in all, and they
were divided into parties now for the defence of each quarter of the
stockade. On one side it had been built up to within a few yards of the river, which not only relieved them from the defence of that face, but enabled them to get fresh water by throwing a bucket at the end of a rope from the stockade. The boats and canoes of Saint Marie were drawn up on the bank just under the wall, and were precious now as offering a last means of escape should all else fail. The next fort, Saint Croix, was but a few leagues up the river, and the Nez Percé had already sent a swift messenger to them with news of the danger. They could not expect help from there, for the garrison was hardly large enough to hold their own walls, but at least it would be a point on which they might retreat should the worst come to the worst.

And that the worst might come, the wood was very evident to an experienced woodman as Amos Green. He had left Ephraim Savage now in a deep sleep upon the floor, and was now walking round the defences pasted with his pipe in his mouth, examining with a critical eye every detail in connection with them. The stockade was strong enough, nine foot high and closely built of oak stakes which were thick enough to turn a bullet. Half way up it was loop-holed in long narrow slits for the fire of the defenders. But on the other hand the trees grew up to within a hundred yards of it, and formed a screen for the attack, while the garrison was so scanty that it could not spare more than twenty men at the utmost for each face. Amos knew how daring and dashing were the Iroquois warriors, how cunning and crafty(401,935),(583,986), and how crafty and darkened as he thought of the young wife who had come so far in their safe keeping, and of the women and children whom he had seen crowding into the fort.

"Would it not be better if you could send them up the river?" he suggested to the Seigneur.

"I should very gladly do so, Monseigneur, and perhaps, if we are all alive we may manage it tonight if the weather should be cloudy. But I cannot spare the men to guard them, and I cannot send them without a guard when we
know that the queros cance are on the river, and their scouts are swarming on the banks."

"You are right. It would be madness."

"I have stationed you on that eastern face with your friends and with fifteen men. Monsieur de Catinat will you command the party?"

"Willingly."

"I will take the south face as it seems to be the point of danger. Du Duth can take the north and five men should be enough to watch the river side."

"Have we food and provender enough?"

"I have flour and salted soap enough to see this matter through. Poor fare, my dear sir, but I dare say you learned in Holland that a cup of ditch water after a brush may have a better smack than the blue sealed sherrinac which you helped me to finish the other night. As to powder, we have all our trading stores to draw upon."

"We have not time to clear any of these trees? asked the soldier.

"Impossible. They would make better cover down than up."

"But at least I might clear that patch of brushwood round the birch sapling which lies between the east face and the edge of the forest. It is good cover for their skirmishers."

"Yes, that should be fired without delay."

"May I think that I might do better?" said Amos.

"We might bait a trap for them there. Where is this powder of which you spoke?"

"Theunert, the Major-domo, is giving out powder in the main store-house."

"Very good," Amos vanished upstairs, and returned with a large linen bag in his hand. This be filled with powder, and then, slinging it over his shoulder, he carried it out to the clump of bushes and placed it at the base of the sapling, cutting a strip out of the bank immediately
above the spot. Then, with a few leafy branches and fallen leaves he covered the powder bag very carefully over so that it looked like a little hillock of earth. Having arranged all to his satisfaction he returned, clambering over the stockade, and dropping down upon the other side.

"I think that we are all ready for them now," said the Seigneur. "I would that the women and children were in a safe place, but—"

"We may send them down the river tonight if all goes well. Has anyone heard anything of Du Luth ?"

"Jean has the best ears of any of us, your excellency," said one man, "and from beside the brass cannon. He thought that he heard shots a few minutes ago."

"Then he has come into touch with them, éminence, take ten men and go to the withered oak to cover them if they are retreating, but do not go another yard on any pretext. I am too short-handed already. Perhaps, de Catimat, you wish to sleep?"

"No, I could not sleep."

"We can do no more down here. What do you say to a round or two of quiet? A little turn of the cards will help us to pass the time."

They ascended to the upper hall where Adele came and sat by her husband, while the swarthy Omené sat by the window looking keenly out into the forest. De Catimat had little thought to spare upon the cards, as his mind wandered to the dangers which threatened them and to the woman whose hand rested upon his own. The old nobleman, on the other hand, was engrossed by the play, and cursed under his breath, or chuckled, and grinned as the luck swayed one way or the other. Suddenly as they played there came two sharp raps from without.

"Some one is tapping," cried Adele.

"This death-dealing is tapping," said the Indian woman at the window.

"Aye, aye, 'twas the patter of two spent balls..."
against the woodwork. The wind is against our hearing the report. The cards are shuffled. It is my cut and your deal
the copit, I think was mine

"Then are rushing from the woods" cried Omega.

"Tut! It grows serious!" said the nobleman. "We can finish the game later. Remember that the deal lies with you. Let us see what it all means."

De Catinet had already rushed to the window. Du Shuit, young Achille de Nouzé, and eight of the covering party were running with their heads bent towards the stockade, the door of which had been opened to admit them. Here and there from behind the trees came little blue puffs of smoke, and one of the fugitives who wore white calico breeches began suddenly to hop instead of running and a red splotch showed upon the white cloth. Two others threw their arms round him and the three rushed in abreast, while the gate swung into its place behind them. An instant later the brass cannon at the corner gave a flash and a roar while the whole outline of the wood was traced in a rolling cloud, and the shower of bullets rapped up against the wooden wall like hail upon a casement.
Chapter XXXVII
The Taking of the Stockade.

Having left Adèle to the care of her Indian hostess, and warned her for her life to keep from the windows, De Catlinu seize his musket and rushed downstairs. As he passed, a bullet came piping through one of the narrow embrasures and starred itself in a little blotch of lead upon the opposite wall. The Seigneur had already descended and was conversing with De Shult beside the door.

"A thousand of them, you say!"

"Yes, we came on a fresh trail of a large war party, three hundred at the least. They are all Mohawks and Cayugas with a sprinkling of Onidas. We had a running fight for a few miles, and we have lost five men."

"All dead, I trust."

"I hope so, but we were hard pressed to keep from being cut off." Jean Rendamo is shot through the leg."

"I saw that he was hit."

"We had best have all ready to return to the house if they carry the stockade. We can scarce hope to hold it when they are twenty to one."

"All is ready."

"And with our cannon we can keep their canoes from passing, so we might send our women away tonight."

"I had intended to do so. Will you take charge of the north side. You might come across to me with ten of your men now, and I shall go back to you if they change their attack."

The firing came in one continuous rattling now from the edges of the wood, and the air was full of bullets, as though a swarm of invisible bees were humming in every direction. The assailants were all trained shots, men who lived by their guns, and whom a shaking hand or a dim eye meant poverty and hunger. Every slit and crack and loophole was marked, and a cap held above the
Chapter XXXVIII

The Dining Hall of Sainte Marie

What had occurred is easily explained. The watchers in the windows at the front found that it was more than flesh and blood could endure to remain waiting at their posts while the fate of their wives and children were being decided at the back. All was quiet at the stockade and the Indians appeared to be as absorbed as the Canadiens in what was passing upon the river. One by one therefore the men on guard had crept away and had assembled at the back to cheer the Seaman's shot and to groan as the remaining canoe sped down the river in the wake of the fugitives. But the savages had one at their head who was as full of wit and resource as Du Buit himself. The Hémon-Bastard had watched the house from behind the stockade as a dog watches a rat hole, and he had instantly discovered that the defenders had left their post. With a score of other warriors he raised a great treeless log from the edge of the forest, and crossing the open space unchallenged, he and his men rushed it against the door with such violence as to crack the bar across and tear the wood from the hinges. The first intimation which the survivors had of the attack was the crash of the door, and the screams of two of the negligent watchmen who had been seized and scalped in the Hall. The whole basement floor was in the hands of the Indians, and de Catimiat and his enemy the fear were cut off from the foot of the stairs.

Fortunately, however, the manor houses of Canada were built with the one idea of defence against Indians and even now there were hopes for the defenders. A wooden ladder which could be drawn up in case of need hung down from the upper windows to the ground upon the river side. De Catimiat rushed around to this, followed by the mob. He felt about the wall in the darkness. It was gone.

Then indeed his heart sank in despair. Where could he fly to? The boat was destroyed. The stockades lay
between him and the forest, and they were in the hands of the
Inquisiors. Their yells were ringing in his ears. They had not seen
him yet, but in a few minutes they must come upon him.
Suddenly he heard a voice from somewhere in the darkness
above him.

"Give me your gun, lad," it said, "I see the
loom of some of the heathen down by the wall."

"Ho! Ho! Ho! Amos," cried de Catinat. "Down with
the ladder or I am a dead man."

"Have a care. It may be a ruse," said the voice of
De Suttis.

"No, no, I'll answer for it," cried Amos, and an
instant later down came the ladder. De Catinat and the friar
rushed up it, and they hardly had their feet upon the rumps when
a swarm of warriors burst out from the door and poured
along the river bank. Two muskets flashed from above, something
plunged like a salmon in the water, and next instant the two
were among their comrades, and the ladder had been drawn
up once more.

But it was a very small band who now held the
last point to which they could retreat. Only nine of them
remained, the Seigneur, De Suttis, the two Americans, the
friar, De Catinat, the Major domo, and two of the
Canitaires. Wounded, parched, and powder-blackened, they were
still fired with the mad courage of desperate men, who knew
that death could come in no more terrible form than through
surrender. The stone staircase rose straight up from the kitchen
to the main hall, and the door which had been barricaded across
the lower part by two mattresses, commanded the whole flight.
Horse whisperings and the clucking of the cocking of guns from
below told that the Inquisitors were mustering for a rush.

"Put the lantern by the door," said De Suttis, "so
that it may throw the light upon the stair. There are only room
for three to fire, but you can all load and pass the guns. Monsieur
Green, will you kneel with me, and you Jean Duvall. I"
see but let another take his place at once. Now be ready, for they are coming!"

As he spoke there was a shrill whistle from below, and in an instant the stair was filled with rushing red figures and wrangling weapons. Bang! Bang! Bang! went the three guns, and then again and again Bang! Bang! Bang! The smoke was so thick in the low roofed room that they could hardly see to pass the muskets to the eager hands which grasped for them. But no inequity had reached the barricade, and there was no patter of their feet now upon the stair. Nothing but an angry snarling and an occasional moan from below. The marksmen were uninjured, but they ceased to fire and waited for the smoke to clear.

And when it cleared they saw how deadly their aim had been at these close quarters. Only nine shots had been fired, and seven Indians were littered up and down on the stone stair. Four of them lay motionless, but two tried to crawl slowly back to their friends. Du Suth and the seneca raised their muskets, and the two crippled men lay still.

"By Saint Anne!" said the old pioneer, as he remonstrated home another bullet, "If they have our scalps we have sold them at a good price. A hundred widows will be howling in their villages when they hear of this day's work.

"Aye, they will not forget their welcome at Sainte Marie," said the old gentleman, "I must again express my deep regret, my dear de Catlinat, that you and your wife should have been put to such inconvenience when you have been good enough to visit me. I trust that she and the others are safe at Chambly by this time.

"May God grant that they are! Oh, I shall never have an easy moment until I see her once more."

"If they are safe, we may expect help in the morning, Chambly the Commandant said. If we can hold out so long. Don't mention of Chambly is not a man to have a comrade at a pinch."
The yelling and shriekings had begun again, but there was a wilder madder ring in their shrillness, and they were mingled with snatches of song and bursts of laughter.

"He! He! the brandy casks which they have opened," cried Du Luth. "They were opened before, but they will be fiends out of hell now."

As he spoke there came another burst of whoops and higs above them a voice calling for money. With horror in their eyes the survivors glanced from one to the other. A heavy smell of burning rose from below, and still that dreadful voice shrieking and pleading. Then slowly it quarreled away and was silent for ever.

"Who was it?" whispered de Catrinat, his blood running cold in his veins.

"It was Jean Corbeil, I think."

"May God rest his soul! His troubles are over. Would that we were as peaceful as he! Ah, shoot him! Shoot!"

A man had suddenly sprung out at the foot of the stair and had swung his arm as though throwing something. It was the Hemish Bastard. A musket flashed, but the savage had sprung back again as rapidly as he appeared. Something splashed down amongst them and rolled across the floor in the lamplight.

"Down! Down! It's a bomb!" cried de Catrinat.

But it lay at Du Luth's feet, and he had seen it clearly. He took a cloth from the table and dropped it over it.

"It's not a bomb," said he quickly, "and it was Jean Corbeil who died."

For four hours sounds of riot, of dancing and of reveling rose up from the storehouse, and the smell of the open brandy casks filled the whole air. More than once the savages quarreled and fought among themselves, and it seemed as if they had forgotten their enemies above, but the besieged soon found that if they attempted to presume upon this they
were so closely watched as ever. The Major domo, Theunter, passing between the windows and a light was killed instantly by a bullet from the stockade, and both Amos and the old seigneur had narrow escapes until they blocked all the windows save that which overlooked the river. There was no danger from this one, and, as day was already breaking once more, one or other of the party was forever training their eyes down the stream in search of the expected succour.

Slowly the light crept up the eastern sky, a little line of pearl, then a band of pink, broadening, stretching, spreading, until it shot its warm colour across the heavens, tinged the edges of the drifting clouds. Over the woodlands lay a thin gray vapour, the tops of the high oaks putting out like dim islands from the sea of haze. Gradually as the light increased the mist dissolved, off into little ragged wisps which thinned and drifted away, until at last, as the sun pushed its glowing edge over the eastern forests, it gleamed upon the reds and oranges and purples of the fading leaves, and upon the broad blue river which curled away to the northward. De Calma, as he stood at the window looking out could smell the healthy resinous scent of the trees, mingled with the damp heavy odour of the wet earth, until suddenly his eyes fell upon a dark spot upon the river to the north of them.

"There is a canoe coming down!" he cried.

In an instant they had all rushed to the opening, but De Luth sprang after them, and pulled them angrily towards the door.

"Do you wish to die before your time!" he cried.

"Aye, aye!" said Captain Ephraim, who understood the gesture if not the words. "We must have a watch on deck. Amos, lad, lie here with me and be ready if they show."

The two Americans and the old pioneer held the barricade while the eyes of all the others were turned upon the approaching boat. A groan broke suddenly from the only surviving centaurs.
"It's an Iroquois canoe!" he cried.

"Impossible!"

"Also, your excellency, it is so, and it is the same one which passed us last night."

"Ah! then the women have escaped them."

"I trust so. But alas, seigneur, I fear that there are more in the canoe now than when we thought they passed us."

The little group of survivors waited in breathless anxiety while the canoe sped swiftly up the river, with a line of foam on either side of her, and a long forked swirl in the waters behind. They could see that she appeared to be very crowded, but they remembered that the wounded of the other boat were aboard of her. On she came and on until as she came abreast of the fort she swung round, and the rowers raised their paddles and burst into a shrill yell of derision. The stern of the canoe was turned towards them now, and they saw that two women were seated in it. Even at that distance there was no mistaking the sweet pale face, or the dark queenly one beside it. These were the women the one was Onega and the other was Adèle.
Chapter XXXIX

The Two Swimmers

de la

Charles de None, Seigneur de Sainte Marie, was a hard and self-contained man, but a groan and a bitter curse burst from him when he saw his Indian wife in the hands of her kinmen, from whom she could hope for little mercy. Yet even now his old-fashioned courtesy to his guest had made him turn to de Catinaud with some words of sympathy when there was a clatter of wood, something darkened the light of the window, and the young soldier was gone. Without a word he had lowered the ladder and was clambering down it with frantic haste. Then as his feet touched the ground he signalled to his comrades to draw it out again and dashing into the river he swam towards the canoe. Without arms and without a plan he had but the one thought that his place was by the side of his wife in this, the hour of her danger. Fate should bring him what it brought her, and he swore to himself as he clothed a way with his strong arms, that whether it were life or death they should still share it together.

But there was another whose view of duty led him from safety into the face of danger. All night the Indians, Acadian forever had watched de Catinaud as a miser watches his treasure, filled with the one thought that this heretic might be the one little spark which might spread and spread until it shone the chosen vineyard of the Church. Now when he saw him rush so suddenly down the ladder, every idea fear was banished from his mind save the one overpowering one that he was about to lose his precious charge. He too clambered down the ladder at the very heels of his prisoner, and rushed into the stream not ten paces behind him.

And so the watchers at the window saw the strangest of sights. There, in midstream, lay the canoe, with a ring of dark warriors clustering on the stern, and the two women crouching in the midst of them. Swimming madly
towards them was de Capitan, blandly rising to the shoulders with the strength of two strokes, and behind him again was the tautened head of the pair, with his brown capote and long trailing ground floating upon the surface of the water behind him. But in his zeal he had thought too little of his own powers. He was a good swimmer but he was weighed and hampered by his unwieldy clothes. Slower and slower grew his stroke, and lower and lower his head, until at last with a great shriek of "In manus tuas, Domine!" he threw up his hands, and vanished in the swirl of the river. A minute later they saw him, hark, with screaming to him to return, saw de Capitan pulled aboard the Shoquoio canoe, which was instantly turned, and continued its course up the river.

"My God!" cried Amos hoarsely, "They have taken him. He is lost!"

"I have seen some strange things in these forty years, but never the like of that!" said Du-Suith.

The Seigneur took a little pinch of snuff from his gold box, and flicked the wandering grains from his shirt-front, with his dainty lace handkerchief.

"Monseur de Capitan has acted like a gentleman of France," said he. "If I could swim now as I did thirty years ago, I should be by his side."

Du-Suith glanced round him and shook his head. "We are only six now," said he. "I fear that they are up to some deviltry because they are so very still."

"They are leaving the house!" cried the eunuch, who was peeping through one of the side windows. "What can it mean! Holy virgin, is it possible that we are saved! See how they throng through the trees. They are making for the canoe. Now they are wearing their arms and pointing!"

"There is the gray head of that mongrel devil amongst them," said the Captain. "I would try a shot upon him were it not a waste of powder and lead."
"I have but the mark as long a range," said Amos, pushing his long brown gun between through a chink in the barricade which they had thrown across the lower half of the window. "I would give my next year's trade to bring him down."

"It is forty paces further than my musket would carry," remarked De Suth, "but I have seen the English shoot a great way with those long guns."

Amos took a steady aim, resting his gun upon the window sill, and fired. A shout of delight burst from the little knot of warriors. The Hennish Bastard had fallen. But he was on his feet again in an instant and shook his hand defiantly at the window.

"Curse it!" cried Amos bitterly in English, "I have hit him with a spent ball. As well strike him with a pebble."

"Nay, curse not, Amos, lad; but try him again with another pinch of powder if your gun will stand it."

The woodsman thrust in a full charge, and chose a well-rounded bullet from his bag, but when he looked again both the Bastard and his warriors had disappeared on the river the single Iroquois canoe which held the captives was speeding south as swiftly as twenty paddles could drive it, but save this one dark streak upon the blue stream, not a sign was to be seen of their enemies. They had vanished in an instant as if they had been an evil dream. There was the bullet-spotted stockade, the litter of dead bodies inside it, the burned and roofless cottages, but the silent woods lay gleaming in the morning sunshine as quiet and peaceful as if no hell-burst of friends had ever broken out from them.

"By my faith, I believe that they have gone!" cried the Seigneur.

"Take care that it is not a ruse," said De Suth, "Why should they fly before six men when they have conquered sixty!"
But the可以把 had looked out of the other window, and in an instant he was down upon his knees with his hands in the air, and the his powder blackened face turned upwards, gathering out prayers and thanksgivings. His five comrades rushed across the room and burst into a shriek of joy. The upper reach of the river was covered with a flotilla of canoes from which the sun struck quiver flashes as it shone upon the musket barrels and trappings of the crew. Already they could see the white coats of the regulars, the brown tunics of the couriers, and the gay colours of the Hurons and Algonquins.

On they swept, dotting the whole breadth of the river, and growing larger every instant, while far away on the southern bend the Diagquis canoe was a mere moving dot which had shot away to the further side and lost itself presently under the shadow of the trees. Another minute and the survivors were out upon the banks, waving their caps in the air while the guns of the fleet of their rescuers were already prating upon the pebbles. In the stern of the very foremost canoe sat a wizened little man with a large brown wig, and a pike headed rapier laid across his knees. He sprang out as the boat touched bottom, splashing through the shallow water with his high leather boots, and rushing up to the seigneur, he flung himself into his arms.

"My dear Charles," he cried, "You have held your house like a hero. What, only six of you! Tut, tut, this has been a bloody business!"

"I knew that you would not desert a comrade, de Chambly. We have saved the house, but our losses have been terrible. My son is dead. My wife is in that Diagquis canoe in front of you."

The commandant pressed his friend's hand in silent sympathy.

"The others arrived all safe," he said at last, "only that one was taken on account of the breaking of a paddle. There was a French lady in it, I understand, as well as Madame."
"Yes, and they have taken her husband as well."

"Ah, poor souls! Well, if you are strong enough to join us, you and your friends, we shall follow after them without the least of an instant. Some of my men will remain to guard the house, and you can have their canoe. Jump in then, and forwards, for life and death may hang upon our speed!"
The Iroquois had not treated de Catlinat harshly when they dragged him from the water into their canoe. So incomprehensible was it to them why any man should voluntarily leave a place of safety in order to put himself in their power, that they could only prod it down to madness, a malady which insinuates awe and respect among the Indians. They did not even tie his hands, but for why should he attempt to escape when he had come of his own free will. Two warriors passed their hands over him, to be sure that he was unarmed, and he was then thrust down between the two women while the canoe dented in toward the bank to tell the others that the Chippewy garrison was coming up the stream. Then it steered out again, and made its way swiftly up the centre of the river. Adele was deadly pale and her hand, as her husband laid his upon it, was as cold as marble.

"My darling," he whispered, "tell me that all is well with you — that you are unhurt!"

"Oh, Amory, why did you come? Why did you come, Amory? Oh, I think I could have borne anything, but if they hurt you I could not bear that."

"How could I stay behind when I knew that you were in their hands. I should have gone mad!"

"Ah, I was my one consolation to think that you were safe."

"No, no, we have gone through so much together that we cannot part now. What's death, Adele? Why should we be afraid of it?"

"I am not afraid of it."

"And I am not afraid of it. Things will come about as God wills it, and what he wills must in the end be the best. If we live, then we have this memory in common. If we die, then we go hand-in-hand into another life. Courage, my own, all will be well with us."
"Tell me, monsieur," said Oneqa, "is my Lord still living?"

"Yes, he is alive and well."

"This good. He is a great chief, and I have never been sorry, not even now, that I have wedded with one who was not of my own people. But ah, my son! Who shall give my son back to me! He was like the young sapling, so straight and so strong! Who could run with him, or leap with him, or swim so that our shoes again with him! By this time tomorrow we shall all be dead, and my heart is glad for I shall see my boy once more."

The Iroquois paddlers had bent to their work; and, until a good ten miles lay between Sainte Marie. Then they rowed the canoe into a little creek upon the own side of the river, and sprang out of her, dragging the prisoners after them. The canoe was carried on the shoulders of eight men, some distance into the wood where they concealed it between two fallen trees, heaping a litter of branches over it to screen it from view. Then after a short council, they took started through the forest, walking in single file, with their three prisoners in the middle. There were fifteen warriors in all, eight in front and seven behind, all armed with muskets and as swift-footed as deer, so that escape was out of the question. They could but follow on, and wait in patience for whatever might befall them.

All day they pursued their dreary march, picking their way through vast maraques, skirting the borders of blue woodland lakes where the gray stork flapped heavily up from the reeds at their approach, or plunging into dark bogs of woodland where it was always twilight, and where the falling of the wild chestnuts, and the chatter of the squirrels, a hundred feet above their heads were the only sounds which broke the silence. Oneqa had the endurance of the Indians themselves, but Adele in spite of her former journeys, was footsore and weary before evening. It was a relief to de Catiniat therefore when the red glow of a
great fire beat suddenly through the tree trunks and they came
upon an Indian camp in which were assembled the greater
part of the forces, which had been driven from Sainte Marie.
Here, too, were a number of the squaws who had come from
the Mohawks and Cayuga villages in order to be nearer to the
warriors. wigwams had been erected all round in a circle,
and before each of them were the fire with kettle slung upon
a tripod of sticks after which the evening meal was being
cooked. In the centre of all was a very fierce fire which
had been made of brushwood placed in a circle, so as to
leave a clear space of twelve feet in the middle. A pole
stood up in the centre of this clearing, and something all
mottled with red and black was tied up against it. de Catinae
stepped swiftly in front of Adéle that she might not see the
dreadful thing, but he was too late. She shuddered, and drew
a quick breath between her pale lips, but no sound escaped her.

"They have begun already, then," said Omea
composedly. "Well, it will be our turn next, and we shall
show them that we know how to die."

"They have not illused us yet," said de
Catinae. "Perhaps they will keep us for ransom or exchange."

The Indian woman shook her head, "Do
not deceive yourself by any such hope," said she. "When
they are as gentle as they have been with you I do not see a sign
that you are reserved for the torture. Your wife will be
married to one of their chiefs, but you and I must die, for
you are a warrior, and I am too old for a squaw."

Married to an Iroquois! Those dreadful
words shot a pang through both their hearts which no
thought of death could have done. de Catinae's head dropped
forward upon his chest and he staggered and would have
fallen had Adéle not caught him by the arm.

"Do not fear, dear Among," she whispered
"Other things may happen but not that, for I do swear to you
that I shall not survive you. No, it may
be sin or it may not, but if death will not come to me I will go to it.

De Catimot looked down at the gentle face which had set him into the hard lines of an immutable resolve. He knew that it would be as she had said, and that some what might that last outrage would not befall them. Could he ever have believed that the time would come when it would send a thrill of joy through his heart to know that his wife would die?

As they entered the Iroquois village the squaws and warriors had rushed towards them, and they passed through a double line of hideous faces which jeered and gibed and howled at them as they passed. Their escort led them through this rabble and conducted them to a hut which stood apart. A huddle of pictures. It was empty save for some willow fishing nets hanging at the side, and a heap of pumpkins stored in the corner.

"The chiefs will come and will decide upon what is to be done with us," How said Omega. "Here they are coming now, and you will soon see that I am right, for I know the ways of my own people."

An instant later an old war chief, accompanied by two younger braves and by the bearded half-British Iroquois who had led the attack upon the manor house, strolled over and stood in the doorway, looking in at the prisoners and shooting little guttural sentences at each other. The Bastard was smoking a stone pipe, and yet it was he who talked the most, arguing apparently with one of the younger savages who seemed to come round at last to his opinion. Finally the old chief said a few short stern words, and the matter appeared to be settled.

"And you, you beldame," said the Bastard in French to the Iroquois woman. "You will have a lesson this night which will teach you to fight against your own people."

"You half bred mongrel," replied the fearless old woman, "you should take that hat from your head
when you speak to one in whose veins runs the best blood of the Onondagas. You a warrior, you who, with a thousand at your back, could not make your way into a little house with a few poor husbandmen within it? It is no wonder that your father's people have cast you out. Go back and work at the beads or play at the game of plum stones, for some day in the woods you might meet with a man, and so bring disgrace upon the nation which has taken you in."

The evil face of the Bastard grew livid as he listened to the scornful words which were hurled at him by the captive. He strade across to her and, taking her hand, he thrust the forefinger into the burning bowl of his pipe. She made no effort to remove it, but sat with a perfectly contorted face for a minute or more, looking out through the open door at the evening sunlight, and the little groups of chattering Indians. He had watched her keenly in the hope of hearing a cry, or seeing some spasm of agony upon her face, but at last with a curse he dashed down her hand and strade from the hut. She thrust her charred finger into her bosom and laughed.

"He is a good-for-naught," she said, "He does not even know how to torture. Now I could have got a cry out of him. I am sure of it. But you—monosieur, you are very white?"

"It was the sight of such a hellish deed. Ah, if we were but set face to face, I with my sword, he with what weapon he choose, by God, he should pay for it with his heart's blood."

The Indian woman seemed surprised. "It is strange to me," she said, "that you should think of what befalls me when you are yourselves under the same shadow. But our fate will be as I said."

"Ah!"

"You and I are to die at the stake. She is to be given to the dog who has left us."
"Addie! Addie! What shall I do!" He tore his hair in his helpless despair and distraction.

"No, no, fear not, Amory, for my heart will not fail you. What is the pang of death if it binds us together?"

The younger chief pleaded for you, saying that the Ninepipes Manitous had stricken you with madness, as could be seen by your swimming to their canoes, and that a blight would fall upon the nation if you were led to the Stake. But this Beast said that love came often like madness among the Palefaces, and that it was that alone which had driven you. Then it was agreed that you should die and that she should go to his wigwam, since he had led the war-party. As for me their hearts were bitter against me, and I also am to die by the gun splinters.

De Santa breathed a prayer that he might meet his fate like a soldier and a gentleman.

"When is it to be?" he asked.

"Now, At once. They have gone to make all ready. But you have time yet for I am to go first."

"Amory, Amory, could we not die together now?" said Addie, throwing her arms around her husband. "If he can, do surely a sin which we will be forgiven us. Let us go, dear. Let us leave these dreadful people and this cruel world and turn where we shall find peace."

The Indian woman's eyes flashed with satisfaction.

"You have spoken well, White Lily," said she, "Why should you wait until it is their pleasure to pluck you. See, already the glare of their fire beats upon the bickstumps, and you can hear the howlings of those who thirst for your blood. If you die by your own hands, they will be robbed of their spectacle and their chief will have lost his bride. So you will be the victors in the end, and they the vanquished. You have said rightly, White Lily. There lies the only path for you."

"But how to take it?"

Omega glanced keenly at the two warriors who stood as sentinels at the door of the hut. They had turned away.
absorbed in the terrible preparations which were going on. Then
she rummaged deeply within the folds of her loose gown and
pulled out a small pistol with two brass barrels and double
trigger in the form of winged dragons. It was only a toy to look
at, all carved and scrolled and graven with the choicest work
of the Paris gildsmen. For its beauty the Seigneur had bought it
at his last visit to Quebec, and yet it might be useful, too, and it
was loaded in both barrels.

"I meant to use it on myself," said she, as
she slipped into the band of de Cateniat. "But now I am minded
to show them that I can die as an Onondaga should die, and
that I am worthy to have the blood of their chiefs in my veins.
Take it, for I swear that I will not use it myself, unless I be to
fire both bullets into that Bacland's heart."

A flush of joy shot over de Cateniat as his
fingers closed round the pistol. Here was indeed a key to
unlock the gates of peace. Adle laid her cheek against his
shoulder and laughed with pleasure.

"You will forgive me, dear," he whispered,
"Forgive you! I bless you, and love you
with my whole heart and soul. Clasp me close, darling, and
say one prayer before you do it."

They had sunk on their knees together when
three warriors entered the hut and said a few abrupt words to their
countrywoman. She rose with a smile.

"They are waiting for me," said she, "You
shall see, White Lily, and you also, monsieur, how well I know
whats due to my position. Farewell, and remember Omega!" She
smiled again, and walked from the hut amidst the warriors
with the quick form step of a queen who sweeps to a throne.

"Now, Amony!" whispered Adle, closing her
eyes, and nestling still closer to him.

He raised the pistol and then, with a quick
sudden intaking of the breath, she dropped it and knelt with flaming
eyes, looking up at a tree which faced the open door of the hut.
"It was a buck tree, exceedingly old and gnarled, with
do back branches down in stripes and do whole trunks spotted with
moss and mould. Some ten feet above the ground the main
trunk divided into two, and in the fork thus formed a hand had
suddenly appeared, a white hand, which shot frantically from
side to side in passionate dissatisfaction. The next instant, as the
two captives still stared in amazement, the hand disappeared
behind the trunk again and a face appeared in its place,
which still shot from side to side as absolutely as its forearm.
It was impossible to mistake that mahogany-streaked cheek,
the huge bustling eyebrows, or the little glinting eyes. It was
Captain Ephraim Savage of Boston!"

and soon as they stared and wondered a sudden
shout whistled burst out from the depths of the forest, and in a
moment every bush and thicket and patch of bushwood were
spouting fire and smoke, while the snarl of the musketery
rang round the whole glade and the storm of bullets whizzed and
scattered among the yelling savages. The Iroquois sentinels had
been drawn in by their blood-thirsty craving to see the prisoners
die, and now the Canadians were upon them and they were
hemmed in by a ring of fire. First one way and then
another they rushed, to be met always by the same blast of death,
until finding at last some gap in the attack they streamed
through, like sheep through a broken fence, and rushed madly
away through the forest with the bullets of their pursuers still
ringing about their ears, until the whistle sounded again to recall
the woodsmen from the chase.

But there was one savage who had found
work to do before he fled. The Iroquois Bastard had preferred
his vengeance to his safety. Rushing at Onego he buried
his tomahawks in his brain, and then, spilling his war-cry,
he wavered the bloodstained weapon above his head, and
rushed into the hut where the prisoners still knelt. De
Catinat saw him coming, and a mad joy glistened in his eyes.
He rose to meet him, and as he rushed in he fired both barrels
of his pistol into his face. An instant later a swarm of
Canadians had rushed over the widening body, the capti
tives felt warm friendly hands which grasped their own, and
looking upon the smiling well-known faces of Amos Green,
Savage, and Du Burt, they knew that peace had come to them
all at last.

And so the Refugees came to the end of the toils
of their journey, for all that winter was spent by them in
peace at Point du Chapeau, and in the spring, the Iroquois having
carried the war into the Upper St. Lawrence, the travellers
were able to descend into the English provinces, and so to
make their way down the Hudson to New York where a
warm welcome awaited them from the family of Amos
Green. The friendship between the two men was now so
cemented together by common memories and common
danger that they soon became partners in fur trading, and
the name of the Frenchman came at last to be as familiar in
the mountains of Maine, and on the slopes of the
Alleghanies as it had once been in the salons and corridors
of Versailles. In time de Catlin built a house on Staten
Island, where many of his fellow refugees had settled, and
much of what he won from his fur trading was spent in the
endeavour to help his struggling Huguenot brothers. Amos
Green had married a Dutch maiden of Schenectady, and as
Adle and she became inseparable friends, the marriage
served to draw closer the ties of love which held the two
families together.

As to Captain Ephraim Savage, he returned
safely to his beloved Boston, where he fulfilled his ambition by
building himself a fair brick house upon the rising
ground in the northern part of the city, whence he could
look down both upon the river and the bay. There he
lived, much respected by his townsfolk, who made him
selectman and alderman, and gave him the command of
Sir William Phipps made his attack upon Quebec, and found that the old Lion Frontenac was not to be driven from his lair. So, honoured by all, the old seaman lived to an age which carried him deep into the next century, when he could already see with his dim eyes something of the growing greatness of his country.

The manor house of Seigneur de Sainte-Marie was soon restored to its former prosperity, but Seigneur was from the day that he lost his wife and son a changed man. He grew leaner, sinner, less human, forever heading parties which made their way into the Iroquois woods, and which out-rivalled the savages themselves in the terrible nature of their deeds. A day came at last when he sailed out upon one of these expeditions, from which neither he nor any of his men ever returned. Many a terrible secret is hid by those silent woods, and the fate of Charles de None, Seigneur de Sainte-Marie, is among them.

The End.
Note on the Huguenots and their dispersion

Towards the latter quarter of the 17th Century
there was hardly an important industry was in France
which was not controlled by the Huguenots, so that,
numerous as they were, their importance was out of all
proportion to their numbers. The cloth trade of the
north and the south coast, the manufacture of serges
and light stuffs in Languedoc, the linen trade of
Normandy and Brittany, the silk and velvets industry
of Tours and Lyons, the glass of Normandy, the
glass of Auvergne and Angoumois, the jewelry of the
Isle of France, the ten yards of Toulouse, the wine and
wine works of the Sedanais — all these were largely
owned and managed by Huguenots. The numerous
Saint days of the Catholic Calendar handicapped their
rivals, and it was computed that the Protestant
worked 310 days in the year to his fellow countryman's
260.

A very large number of the Huguenot
refugees were brought back, and the garrisons
and galleys of France were crowded with them. 100,000
settled in Holland and Holland, 250,000 in Switzer-
land, 75,000 in Germany, and 50,000 in England.
Some made their way even to the distant Cape of Good
Hope where they remained in the Pearl District.

In war as in industry they excelled were a
source of strength to the Crowns which received
them. Frenchmen drilled the Russian armies of
Peter the Great, a Huguenot Count became
commander of the chief in Denmark, and Schomberg
led the army of Brandenburg, and afterwards that
of England.

In England three Huguenot regiments
were formed for the service of William. The exiles
established themselves as silk workers in Spitalfields, cotton spinners at Bideford, tapestry weavers at Exeter, woollen carders at Taunton, kersey makers at Norwich, weavers at Canterbury, hatter makers at Wands worth, sailcloth makers at Ipswich, calico workers in Calico in Bromley, glass in Sussex, paper at Lavenlodge, Camberie at Edinburgh.

Early Protestant Refugees had taken refuge in America twenty years before the revocation where they formed a colony at Staten Island. A body came to Boston in 1634, and were given 11000 acres at Oxford, by order of the General Court of Massachusetts. In New York and Long Island colonies sprang up, and later in Virginia (the Monacan Settlement), in Maryland, and in South Carolina (French Santee and Orange Quarter).

Note on the future of Louis, Madame de Maintenon, and Madame de Montespan.

It has been left to our own Century to clear the fair fame of Madame de Maintenon of all reproaches, and to show her as what she was a pure woman and a devoted wife. She has received little justice from the memoir writers of the 17th Century, most of whom, the Duc de St-Simon for example, and the Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria, had their own private reasons for disliking her. An admirable epitome of her character and influence will be found in De Bollingren's Historical Studies. She made Louis an admirable wife, waited upon him assiduously for thirty years of married life, influenced him constantly towards good - save only in the one instance of the Huguenots, and finally died very shortly after
her husband.

Madame de Montespan lived in great magnificence after the triumph of her rival, and spent freely the vast sums which the king's generosity had furnished her with. Eventually having exhausted all that the world could offer, she took to hair-shirts and nail-studded girdles in the hope of securing a good position in the next. Her horror of death was excessive. In thunder-storms she sat with a little child in her lap in the hope that its innocence might shield her from the lightning. She slept always with her room ablaze with taper, and with several women watching always by the side of her couch. When at last the inevitable arrived she left her body for the family tomb, her heart in the convent of La Hèche, and her entrails to the Priory of Menouix near Bourbon. These latter were thrust into a box and given to a peasant to convey to the Priory. Curiosity induced him to look into the box upon the way, and, seeing the contents, he supposed himself to be the victim of a practical joke, and emptied them out into a ditch. A swineherd was passing at the moment, with his yags, and so it happened that, in the words of Mrs. Julia Pardo5, "in a few minutes the most filthy animals in creation had devoured portions of the remains of one of the laziest women who ever lived the earth."

Louis after a reign

Louis after a reign of more than fifty years which comprised the most brilliant epoch of French History died at last in 1715 amidst the saddest surroundings. One by one those whom he loved had preceded him to the grave, his brother, his son, the two sons of his son, their wives, and finally his favourite great-grandson, until he, the old dying monarch with his ronge and his resepence, was left with only a
So unexpected was the blow that even Du Shuit, hardened from his childhood to every shock and danger, stood shaken and dismayed. Then with an oath he ran at the top of his speed towards the line of figures, his companions following at his heels.

As they drew nearer they could see through the dust that it was not indeed a line, but indeed a silent and motionless officer stood out some twenty paces in front of his silent and motionless men. Further they could see that he wore a very high and angular head dress. They were still rushing forward, all with trepidation, when to their horror this head dress began to lengthen and broaden, and a great bird flapped heavily up and dropped down again on the nearest tree trunk. Then they knew that their worst fears were true and that it was the garrison of Poutou which stood before them.

They were lashed to low posts with willow switch, some twenty of them, naked all, and twisted and screwed into every strange shape which an agonized body could assume. In front where the nobleman had perched was the grey head commander — at first with two cinders thrust into his sockets and his flesh hanging from him like a beggar's rags. Behind was the line of men, each with his legs charred off to the knees, and his body so haggled and scorched and burst that the willow branches alone seemed to hold it together. For a moment the four comrades stared in silent horror at the dreadful group. Then each acted as his nature bade him. De Catinat staggered up against a tree trunk, and leaned his head upon his arm. Du Shuit fell down upon his knees and said something to Heaven, with his two clenched hands shaking up at the darkening sky. Ghirimay Savage examined the priming of his gun with a tightened lip and a glowing eye, while Amos Green, without a word, began to cast round in circles in search of a trail.

But Du Shuit was on his feet again in a moment, and running up and down like a sleuth hound, noting a hundred
things which even Amos would have overlooked. He counted round
the bodies again and again. Then he ran a little way towards the
dge of the woods, and then came back to the charred ruins of the
blockhouse, from some of which a little reek of smoke was still
rising:

"There is no sign of the women and children," said he.
"My God! There were women and children?"

"They are keeping the children to burn at their leisure
in their villages. The women they may torture or may adopt as the
humour takes them. But what does the old man want?"

"I want you to ask him, Amos," said the seaman.
"Why are you spewing and tacking here when we should be
running on all sail to stand after them?"

DuSable smiled and shook his head. "Your friend
is a brave man," said he, "if he thinks that with four men we can
follow a hundred and fifty."

"Tell him, Amos, that the Lord will bear us up," said
the other excitedly. "Say that He will be with us against the
children of Iroquois, and we will cut them off utterly, and they
shall be destroyed. What does the French for 'slay and spare not'? I
had as soon go about with my jaw braced up, as with folk who
cannot understand a plain language."

But DuSable waved aside the seaman's suggestions.
"We must have a care now," said he, "or we shall lose our
own scalps, and be the cause of those at Sainte Marie losing
theirs as well."

"Sainte Marie!" cried de Catina. "Is there then
danger at Sainte Marie?"

"Ay, they are in the wolf's mouth now. This
business was done last night. The place was stormed by a war-
party of a hundred and fifty men. This morning they left
and went north upon foot. They have been cached among the
woods all day between Portou and Sainte Marie."

"Then we have come through them!"

"Yes, we have come through them. They would keep
their camp today and send out scouts. Brown Moose and his son were among them and struck our trail. Tonight—"

"Tonight they will attack Sainte Marie!"

"This possible. And yet, with so small a party I should scarce have thought that they would have dared. Well, we can but hasten back as quickly as we can, and give them warning of what is hanging over them."

And so they turned for their weary backward journey, though their minds were too full to spare a thought upon the leagues which lay behind them or those which were before. Old Ephraim, less accustomed to walking than his younger comrades, was already limping and footsore but, for all his age, he was as tough as hickory and full of endurance. Du Sault took the lead again and they turned their faces once more towards the north.

The moon was shining brightly in the sky, but it was little aid to the travellers in the depths of the forest. Where it had been shadowy in the daytime it was now so absolutely dark that de Catinat could not see the tree trunks against which he brushed. Here and there they came upon an open glade bathed in the moonshine, or perhaps a thin shaft of silver light broke through between the branches, and cast a great white patch upon the ground, but Du Sault preferred to avoid these more open spaces, and to skirt the glades rather than to cross them. The breeze had freshened a little and the whole air was filled with the rustle and rattle of the leaves. Save for this dull never-receding sound all would have been silent had not the owl hooted sometimes from among the tree tops, and the night jar whirled above their heads.

Dark as it was Du Sault walked as swiftly as during the sunlight, and never hesitated about the track. His comrades could see, however, that he was taking them a different way to that which they had gone in the morning, for twice they caught a sight of the glimmer of the broad river upon their left, while before they had only seen the streams which flowed into it. On the second occasion he pointed to where, on the further side, of the
they could see dark shadows flitting over the water.

"Inquisis canoes," he whispered. "There are ten of them with eight men in each. They are another party and they are also going north."

"How do you know that Deem they are another party?"

"Because Deem we have crossed the trail of the first within the hour."

De Catimat was filled with amazement at this marvellous man who could hear in his sleep, and could detect a trail when the very tree-trunks were invisible to ordinary eyes. De Catimat called a little to watch the canoes, and then turned his back to the river, and plunged back into the woods once more. They had gone a mile or two when suddenly he came to a dead stop, snuffing at the air like a hound on a scent.

"I smell burning wood," said he. "There is a fire within a mile of us in that direction."

"I smell it too," said Amos. "Let us creep up that way and see their camp."

"Be careful then," whispered Du Chat. "for your lives may hang from a cracking twig."

They advanced very slowly and cautiously until suddenly the red glare of a leaping fire twinkled between the distant trunks. Still slipping scarce through the brushwood they worked round until they had found a point from which they could see the flames without a risk of being seen.

A great pile of dry logs crackled and spluttered in the centre of a small clearing. The ruddy flames roared upwards, and the smoke spread out above it until it looked like a strange tree with gray foliage and trunk of fire. But no living being was in sight and the huge fire roared and swayed in absolute solitude in the midst of the silent woodlands. Neater they crept and nearer but there was no movement save the rush of the flames, and no sound but the snapping of the sticks.

"Shall we go up to it?" whispered De Catimat.

The wary old pioneer shook his head. "It may be
"A trap," said he.

"Or an abandoned camp?"

"No, it has not been lit more than an hour."

"Besides, it's far too great for a camp fire," said Amos.

"What do you make of it?" asked Du Shant.

"A signal."

"Yes. I dare say that you are right. This light is not a safe neighbour, so we shall edge away from it and then make a straight line for Sainte Marie."

The flames were soon but a twinkling point behind them, and at last vanished behind the trees. Du Shant pushed on rapidly until they came to the edge of a moon lit clearing. He was about to skirt this, as he had done others, when suddenly he caught De Catimat by the shoulder and pushed him down behind a clump of sumac, while Amos did the same with Ephraim Savage.

A man was walking down the other side of the open space. He had just emerged and was crossing it diagonally, making in the direction of the river. His body was bent double but as he came out from the shadow of the trees they could see that he was an Indian brave in full war paint, with leggings, buckskin, and moccasins. Clove at his heels came a second, and then a third and a fourth, on and on until it seemed as if the wood were full of men, and that the line would never come to an end. They flitted past like shadows in the moonlight, in absolute silence, all crouching and running in the same swift stealthy fashion. Last of all came a man in the plumed tunic of a hunter with a cap and feather upon his head. He passed across like the others, and they vanished into the shadows as silently as they had appeared. It was five minutes before Du Shant thought it safe to rise from their shelter.

"By Saint Anne," he whispered, "Did you count them?"

"Three hundred and ninety six," said Amos.

"I made it four hundred and two."

"And you thought—that there were only a hundred and
fifty of them!" cried de Catonat.

"Ah, you do not understand. This is a fresh band. The others who took the blackhouse must be over there, for their trail lies between us and the river."

"They could not be the same," said Amos, "for there was not a fresh scalp among them."

Du Luth gave the young hunter a glance of approval. "On my word," said he, "I did not know that your woodsmen are as good as they seem to be. You have eyes, monsieur, and it may please you some day to remember that Greyolon Du Luth told you so."

Amos felt a flush of pride at these words from a man whose name was honoured wherever trader or trapper smoked round a campfire. He was about to make some answer when a dreadful cry broke suddenly out of the woods, a horrible shriek, as from some one who was gauged to the very last pitch of human misery. Again and again as they stood with blanched cheeks in the darkness they heard that awful cry swelling up from the night, and ringing drearily through the forest.

"They are torturing the women," said Du Luth.

"Their camp lies over there."

"Can we do nothing to aid them?" cried Amos.

"Aye, aye, lad," said the Captain in English, "We can't pass distress signals without going out of our course. Let us put about and run down yonder."

"In that camp," said Du Luth slowly, "there are now nearly six hundred warriors. We are four. What you say has no sense. Unless we warn them at Sainte Marie, these devils will lay some trap for them. Their parties are assembling by land and by water and there may be a thousand before daybreak. Our duty is to push on and give our warning."

"He speaks the truth," said Amos to Ephraim.

"Nay, but you must not go alone!" He seized the stout old seaman
by the arm and held him by main force to prevent him from breaking off through the woods.

"There is one thing which we can do to spoil their nightly amusement," said Duluth. "The woods are as dry as tinder and there has been no drop of rain for a long three months."

"Yes?"

"And the wind blows straight for their camp, with the river on the other side of it."

"We should fire the woods!"

"We cannot do better."

In an instant Duluth had scraped together a little bundle of dry twigs, and had heaped them up against a withered beach tree which was as dry as tinder. A spark of flint and steel was enough to start a little smoulder of flame, which lengthened and spread until it was leaping along the white strips of hanging bark. A quarter of a mile further on Duluth did the same again, and once more beyond that, until at three different points the forest was in a blaze. As they hurried onwards they could hear the dull roaring of the flames behind them, and almost as they neared Sainte Marie, they could see, looking back, the long rolling wave of fire travelling over westward towards the Rebelleau, and flashing up into great sprouts of flame as it licked up a clump of trees as if they were a bundle of faggots. Duluth chuckled in his silent way as he looked back at the long orange plume in the sky.

"They will need to swim for it, some of them," said he. "They have not canoes to take them all off. Ah, if I had but two hundred of my coureurs-de-bois on the river at the further side of them not one would have got away."

"They had one who was dressed like a white man," remarked Amos.

"Age, and the most deadly of the lot. His father was a Dutch trader, his mother an Iroquois, and he goes by the name of the Flemish Bastard. Ah, I know him well"
her sallow cheeks became painfully harsh and artificial. Her own
natural beauty however still lingered in that last refuge of beauty, the
eyes, which were large, dark, and sympathetic. Her mouth too was
small and amiable, and her most frequent expression was a smile,
which seldom broadened into a laugh as she had her own reasons for
preferring that her teeth should not be seen. As her bearing it was so
dignified that if this little West Indian had come straight from the laws
of chivalry, it could not have been improved upon. Her walk, her
dance, the sweep of her dress, the wave of her hand — they had all the
graceful mixture of self-assurance and condescension, the sweetness of a
woman and the condescension of a Queen. I watched her with admiration
as she leaned forward picking little pieces of aromatic aloes wood out of
the basket and throwing them onto the fire.

"Napoleon likes the smell of burning aloes," said she
"There was never anyone who had such a nose as he for he can detect
things which are quite hidden from me."

"The Emperor has an excellent nose for many things," said Talleyrand, "and the state contractors have found that out to their cost."

"Oh, this dreadful when he comes to examine accounts —
dreadful, Monsieur de Talleyrand! Nothing escapes him. He will make
me allowances. Everything must be exact. But who is this young
gentleman, Monsieur de Talleyrand? I do not think that he has been
presented to me."

The Minister explained in a few words that I had been
received into the Emperor's personal service, and Josephine congratulated
me upon it with the most kindly sympathy.

"It eases my mind so to know that he has brave and
loyal men around me. Ever since that dreadful affair of the
infernal machine, I have always been uneasy if he is away from me. He
is really safe in time of war for it is only then that he is away from
the assassins who hate him. And now I understand that a new
Jacobin plot has only just been discovered."

"This is the same Monsieur de Saval who was there
when the two conspirators was taken," said Talleyrand.

The Empress overwhelmed me with questions, hardly
"But this dreadful man Toussac has not been taken yet" she cried, 
"Have I not heard that a young lady is endeavouring to do what has 
 baffled the secret police, and that the freedom of her lover is to be the 
 reward of her success."

"She is my cousin, your Imperial Majesty. Mademoiselle 
Silville Bernac is her name."

"You have only been in France a few days, Monseigneur de 
Laval" said Josephine, smiling, "but it seems to me that all the affairs 
of the Empire are already revolving round you. You must bring this 
gleeful cousin of yours — the Emperor said that she was pretty — to Court 
with you and present her to me. Madame de Remusat, you will take 
a note of the name."

The Emperor had stooped again to the basket of alaço wood 
which stood beside the fireplace. Suddenly I saw her bare hand at 
something, and then with a little cry of surprise she stooped and lifted 
an object from the carpet. It was the Emperor's soft flat hat with the little 
turquoise cockade. Josephine sprang up and looked from the hat in her 
hand to the imperceptible face of the minister.

"How is this, Monseigneur de Talleyrand" she cried — and the 
dark eyes began to shine with anger and suspicion "You said to me that 
the Emperor was out and here is his hat!"

"Pardon me, your Imperial Majesty, I did not say that he was not 
what did you say then?"

"I said that he left the room a short time before."

"You are endeavouring to conceal something from me " she 
cried, with the quick instinct of a woman.

"I assure you that I tell you all I know" 
The Empresses eyes started from face to face.

"Marshall Berthier" she cried "I insist upon your telling 
me this instant where the Emperor is and what he is doing."

The slow-witted soldiers stammered and twisted his cocked 
hat about.

"I know no more than Monseigneur de Talleyrand does" said he 
"The Emperor left no one time ago"
By which door?

Poor Berthier was more confounded than ever.

"Really, Your Imperial Majesty, I cannot undertake to say by which door it was that the Emperor quitted the apartment."

Tocquin's eyes flashed round at me and my heart shrank within me as I thought that she was about to ask me that same dreadful question. But I had just time to breathe one prayer to the good Saint Ignatius, who has always been gracious to our family, and the danger passed.

"Come, Madame de Remisault," said she, "if those gentlemen will not tell us we shall very soon find out for ourselves."

She swept with great dignity towards the curtained door, followed at the distance of a few paces by her waiting lady, whose frightened face and lagging unwilling steps showed that she perfectly appreciated the situation. Indeed the Emperor's open infidelities and the public scenes to which they gave rise were so notorious that even in Ashford they had reached our ears. Napoleon's self-confidence and his contempt of the world had the effect of making him careless as to what was thought or said of him while Tocquin, when she was carried away by jealousy for all the dignity and restraint which usually marked her conduct; so between them they gave some embarrassing moments to those who were about them. Tallyrand turned away with his fingers over his lips, while Berthier in an agony of apprehension continued to double up and to twist the coiled hat which he held between his hands. Only Constant, the faithful valet, ventured to intervene between his mistress and the fatal door.

"If your Majesty will resume your seat I shall inform the Emperor that you are here," said he, with two deprecating hands outstretched.

"Ah, then he is there!" she cried indignantly. "I see it all! I understand it all! But I will expose him — I will expose him with his quipedit! Let me past, Constant! How dare you stand in my way?"

"Allow me to announce you, Your Majesty."

"I shall announce myself." With swift undulations of her beautiful figure she darted past the perturbing valet, lifted the curtain, threw open the door, and vanished into the next room.

She had seemed a creature full of force and of spirit as, with a flash which broke through the paint upon her cheeks, and with eyes which
gleamed with the just anger of an outraged wife she forced her way into her husband's presence. But she was a woman of change and impulse, full of little squints of courage and corresponding reactions into cowardice. She had hardly vanished from our sight when there was a harsh roar, like an angry beast, and next instant Josephine came flying into the room again with the Emperor, inarticulate with passion, scaring all at her heels. So frightened was she that she began to run towards the fireplace, upon which Madame de Remusat, who had no wish to form a rear-guard upon such an occasion, began running also, and at the two of them, like a pair of startled hens, came swishing and flapping back to the seats which they had left. There they covered whilst the Emperor with a convulsed face and a torrent of camp-fire oaths stamped and raged about the room.

"You, Constant, you!" he shouted. "Is this the way in which you serve me? Have you no sense then - no discretion? Am I never to have any privacy? Must I calmly submit to be spied upon by women? Is everyone else to have liberty, and I only to have none. And you, Josephine, this finishes it all. I had hesitation before but now I have none. This brings everything to an end between us."

We would all, I am sure, have given a good deal to slip from the room - at least I am sure that my embarrassment far exceeded my interest - but the Emperor from his lofty standpoint cared as little about our presence as if we had been no many articles of furniture. In fact it was one of this strange man's peculiarities that it was just those delicate and personal scenes which privacy is usually associated that he preferred to have in public, for he knew that his reproaches had an additional sting when they fell upon others ears besides those of his victim. From his wife to his groom there was not one of those who were about him who did not dread of being held up to ridicule and infamy before a smiling crowd, whose amusement was only tempered by the reflection that each of them might be the next to endure the same exposure.

As to Josephine she had taken refuge in a woman's last resource, and was sobbing bitterly with her graceful neck stooping towards her knees, and her two hands over her face. Madame de Remusat
was weeping also, and in every pause of his hoarse scolding — for his voice was very hoarse and raucous when he was angry — there came the soft lauging and clicking of those cobs. Sometimes his fierce taunts would bring some reply from the Empress, some gentle reproof to him for his gallantries, but each remonstrance only excited him to a fresh outburst of intemperance. In one out of his outbursts he threw a snuff box down with a crash upon the floor as a spoiled child would hurl down its toys.

"Morality!" he cried. "Morality was not made for me and I was not made for morality. I am a man apart, and I accept nobody's conditions. I tell you always, Josephine, that these are the foolish phrases of mediocre people who wish to petter the great. They do not apply to me. I will never consent to frame my conduct by the mediocre arrangements of society."

"Have you no feeling then?" sobbed the Empress.

"A great man is not made for feeling. He has to decide what he shall do, and then to do it without interference from anyone. It is your place, Josephine, to submit to all my fancies and you should think it quite natural that I should allow myself some latitude."

It was a favorite device of the Emperor's when he was in the wrong upon one point to turn the conversation round so as to get upon some other one on which he was in the right. Having worked off the first explosion of passion he now assumed the offensive, for in argument as in war his instinct was always to attack.

"I have been looking over Le Normand's accounts," Josephine said "Are you aware how many dresses you have had last year? You have had a hundred and forty — no less — and many of them cost as much as twenty-five thousand livres. I am told that you have six hundred dresses in your wardrobe, many of which have hardly ever been used. Madame de Remusat knows that what I say is true. She cannot deny it."

"You like me to dress well, Napoleon."

"I will not have such monstrous extravagance. I would have two regiments of Cuirassiers, or a fleet of frigates, with the money
which you squander upon _degenerate_ polish silks and furs. It might
turn the fortunes of a campaign. Then, again, Josephine, who gave
you permission to order that paradise of diamonds and sapphires
from Berlietour? The bill has been sent to me and I have refused to
pay for it. If he applies again I shall have him marched 6 furlongs
between a file of grenadiers, and your milliners shall accompany
him there."

The Emperor's fits of anger although tempestuous were
never very prolonged. The curious convulsive wriggle of one of his
arms which always showed when he was excited gradually
died away, and after looking for some time at the papers of De
Meneval - who had written away like an automaton during all
this uproar - he came across to the fire with a smile upon his lips
and a tear from which the shadow had departed.

"You have no excuse for extravagance, Josephine,"
said he, laying his hand upon her shoulder. "Diamonds and
fine dresses are very necessary to an ugly woman in order to
make her attractive; but you cannot need them for such a purpose.
You had no fine dresses when first I saw you in the Rue
Mouffetard and yet there was no woman in the world who ever attracted me
so. Why will you vex me, Josephine, and make me say
things which seem unkind? Drive back, little one, to Pont-des
Braqes and see that you do not catch cold."

"You will come to the Salon, Napoleon," asked the
Empress, whose bitter recent remonstrance seemed to vanish in an
instant at the first kindly touch from his hand. She still held
her hand her chief before her eyes, but it was chiefly, I think, to
conceal the effect which her tears had had upon her cheeks.

"Yes, yes, I will come. Our carriages will follow
you. See the ladies into the Berline, Constant. Have you
ordered the embarkation of the troops, Berthier? Come here,
Talleyrand, and I wish to describe my views about the future of
Spain and of Portugal. Monseigneur de Laval, you may escort the
Emperor to Pont des Braqes, where I shall see you at the
reception."
Port des Baguie is but a small village, and this sudden arrival of
the Court, which was to remain for some weeks, had crammed it with visitors.
It would have been very much simpler to have come to Boulogne, where there
were more suitable buildings and better accommodation, but Napoleon had
named Port des Baguie, so Port des Baguie it had to be. The word
impossible was not permitted amongst those who had to carry out his wishes.
So an army of cooks and porters settled upon the little place, and then
these arrived the dignitaries of the new Empire, and then the ladies of the
Court and then their admirers from the Camp. The Empress had a chateau
for her accommodation. The rest quartered themselves in cottages or where
they best might, and waited anxiously for the moment which was to take
them back to Versailles or Fontainebleau.

The Empress had graciously offered me a seat in her Berline,
and all the way to the village, entirely forgetful apparently of the scene
through which she had passed, she chatted away, asking me a thousand
personal questions about me and my affaires, for a kindly curiosity in
the doings of everyone around her was one of her most marked
characteristics. Especially was she interested in Eugénie and as the subject
was one upon which I was equally interested in talking it ended in a
rhapsody upon my part, amid little sympathetic ejaculations from
the Empress and titterings from Madame de Rémusat.

"But you must certainly bring her over to the Court!" cried
the kindly woman. "Such a paragon of beauty and of virtue must not be
allowed to waste herself in Ashford, this English village. Have you spoken
about her to the Emperor?"

"I found that he knew all about her, your Majesty."

"He knows all about everything. Oh, what a man he is! You
heard him about those diamonds and sapphires. Lafayette gave me his word
that no one should know of it but ourselves, and that I should pay at my leisure,
and yet you see that the Empress knew. But what did he say, Monsieur de Serval?"

"He said that my marriage should be his affair."

Josephine shook her head and groaned.

"But this is serious, Monsieur de Serval. He is capable of