

CLASSIC LIVING BOOK

OUR EMPIRE STORY

H. E. Marshall

COMPLETE AND UNABRIDGED

COLOR EDITION

Our Empire Story

H.E. MARSHALL



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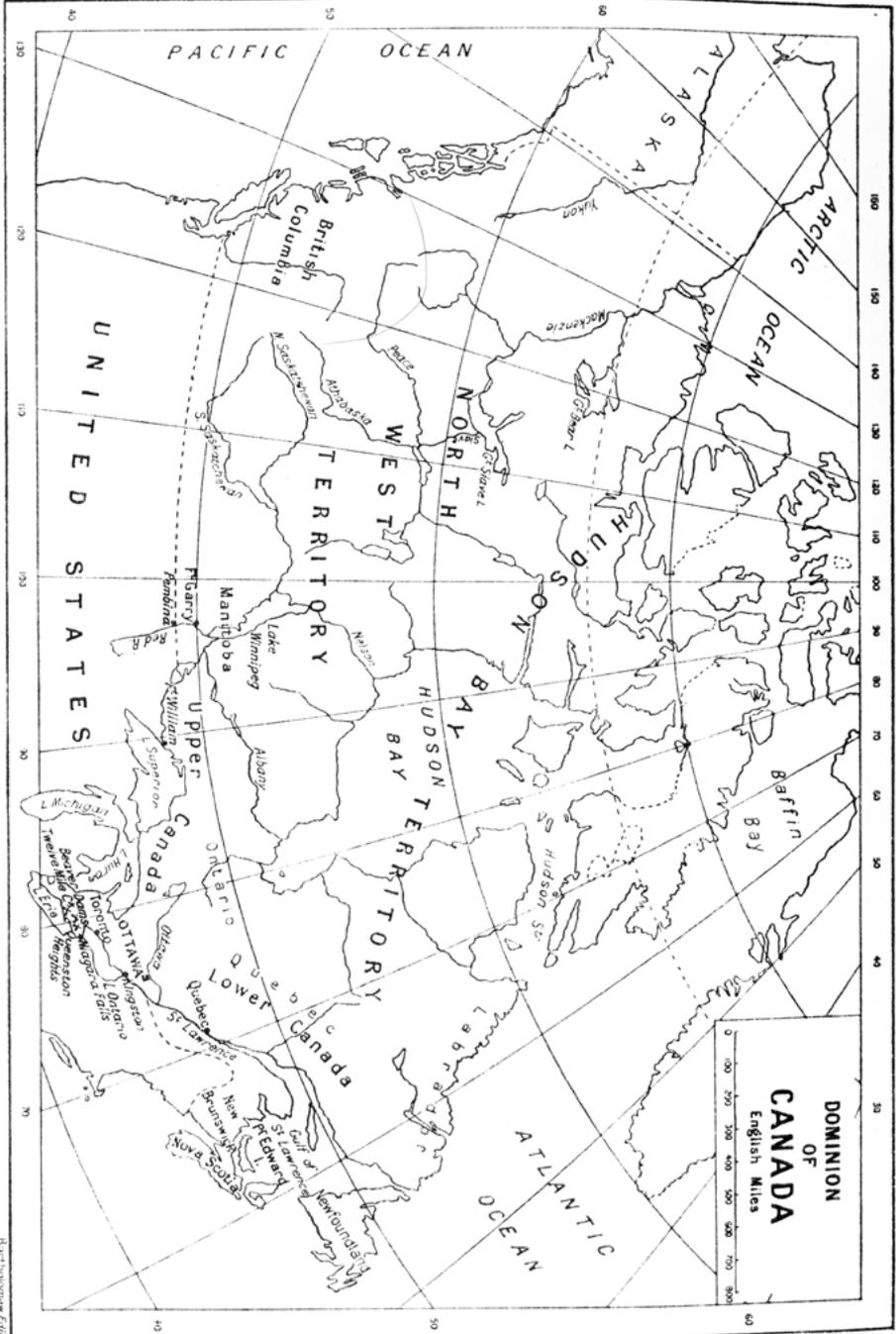
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CANADA

NOTE.—Except the verses from grey's elegy at the end of chapter 17 all the poetry in this part of the book is by Canadian authors.



CHAPTER 1

HOW LIEF THE SON OF ERIC THE RED SAILED INTO THE WEST

MANY hundred years ago, Lief, the son of Eric the Red, stood upon the shores of Norway. His hair was fair and long, and his eyes as blue as the sea upon which he looked. And as he watched the sea-horses tossing their foam-manes, his heart longed to be out upon the wild waves.

For Bjarne the Traveller had come home. He had come from sailing far seas, and had brought back with him news of a strange, new land which lay far over the waves towards the setting of the sun. It was a land, he said, full of leafy woods and great tall trees such as had never been seen in Norway. Above a shore of white sand waved golden fields of corn. Beneath the summer breeze vast seas of shimmering grass bowed themselves, and all the air was scented with spice, and joyous with the song of birds.

"I will find this land," cried Lief Ericson, "I will find this land and call it mine."

All day long he paced the shore, thinking and longing, and when the shadows of evening fell he strode into his father's hall.

Eric the Red sat in his great chair, and Lief, his son, stood before him. The firelight gleamed upon the gold bands round his arms and was flashed back from his glittering armour. "Father," he cried, "give me a ship. I would sail beyond the seas to the goodly lands of which Bjarne the Traveller tells."

Then Eric the Red poured shining yellow gold into the hands of Lief, his son. "Go," he cried, "buy the ship of Bjarne and sail to the goodly lands of which he tells."

So Lief bought the ship of Bjarne the Traveller, and to him came four-and-thirty men, tall and strong and eager as he, to sail the seas to the new lands towards the setting sun.

Then Lief bent his knee before his father. "Come, you, O my father," he cried, "and be our leader."

But Eric the Red shook his head. "I am too old," he said. Yet his blue eyes looked wistfully out to sea. His old heart leaped at the thought that once again before he died he might feel his good ship bound beneath him, that once again it would answer to the helm under his hand as his horse to the rein.

"Nay, but come, my father," pleaded Lief, "you will bring good luck to our sailing."

"Ay, I will come," cried Eric the Red. Then rising, the old sea-king threw

off his robe of state. Once again, as in days gone by, he clad himself in armour of steel and gold, and mounting upon his horse he rode to the shore.

As Eric neared the ship the warriors set up a shout of welcome. But even as they did so his horse stumbled and fell. The king was thrown to the ground. In vain he tried to rise. He had hurt his foot so badly that he could neither stand nor walk.

“Go, my son,” said Eric sadly, “the gods will have it thus. It is not for me to discover new lands. You are young. Go, and bring me tidings of them.”

So Lief and his men mounted into his ship and sailed out toward the West. Three weeks they sailed. All around them the blue waves tossed and foamed but no land did they see. At last, one morning, a thin grey line far to the west appeared like a pencil-streak across the blue. Hurrah, land was near! On they sailed, the shore ever growing clearer and clearer. At length there rose before them great snow-covered mountains, and all the land between the sea and the hills was a vast plain of snow.

“It shall not be said that we found no land,” said Lief; “I will give this country a name.” So they called it Hellaland.

Then on again they sailed. Again they came to land. This time it was covered with trees, and the long, low sloping shore was of pure white sand. They called it Markland, which means Woodland. Again they sailed on, until at length they came to a place where a great river flowed into the sea. There they made up their minds to stay for the winter.

So they cast anchor and left the ship and put up their tents upon the shore. Then they built a house of wood in which to live. In the river they found fish in great plenty, and in the plains grew wild corn. So they suffered neither from cold nor hunger.

When the great house was finished, Lief spoke: “I will divide my men into two bands,” he said. “One band shall stay at home and guard the house. The other shall walk abroad and search through the land to discover what they may.”

So it was done. Sometimes Lief stayed with the men at home. Sometimes he went abroad with those who explored.

Thus the Northmen passed the winter, finding many wonderful things in this strange new land. And when spring came they sailed homeward to tell the people there of all the marvels they had seen and all that they had done. Then the people wondered greatly. And Lief they called Lief the Fortunate.

Afterwards many people sailed from Greenland and from Norway to the fair new lands in the west. This land we now call North America, and the parts of it which Lief discovered and called Hellaland and Markland we now call Labrador and Nova Scotia. So it was that five hundred years before Columbus lived, America was known to these wild sea-kings of the north.

CHAPTER 2

WESTWARD! WESTWARD! WESTWARD!

MANY hundreds of years passed. Amid strife and warfare the wild Northmen forgot about the strange country far in the West which their forefathers had discovered. They heard of it only in the old, half-forgotten tales which the minstrels sometimes sang. They thought of it only as a fairy country—a land of nowhere.

Then there came a time when all the earth was filled with unrest. The world, men said, was round, not flat, as the learned ones of old had taught. Then, if the world was round, India might be reached by sailing west as easily as by sailing east. So brave and daring men stepped into their ships and sailed away toward the setting sun. They steered out into wide, unknown waters in search of a new way to lands of gold and spice.

Columbus, the great sailor of Genoa, sailed into the west, and returned with many a strange story of the countries which he had seen and claimed for the King of Spain. Then there came to England a sailor of Venice, called John Cabot. If the King of Spain might find and claim new lands, he asked, why not the King of England too?

So one fair May morning the little ship named the *Matthew* sailed out from Bristol harbour. Crowds of people came to see it as it spread its white wings and sped away and away into the unknown. Followed by the wishes and the prayers of many an anxious heart it glided on and on until it was but a speck in the distance, and the sailors turning their eyes backward, saw the land dwindle and fade to a thin grey streak and then vanish away. They were alone on the wide blue waters, steering they knew not whither.

To the West they sped, week by week. A month passed. Still there was no sign of land. Six weeks, seven weeks passed, still no land. Master John Cabot walked apart on the deck, his sailors looked askance at him. Would their faith hold out? he asked himself. How much longer would they sail thus into the unknown? These were days of danger and dread. For Master John well knew that the passion of man's heart and the madness of famine and despair, were more to be feared than the howl of the winds and the anger of the waves.

But at length one bright June morning there came a cry from the sailor on the outlook, "Land a-hoy." Master John Cabot was saved. He had reached at last the port of his golden hopes. They still sailed, the tide running gently and bearing them onward, and so on the 24th of June 1497 A.D., John Cabot landed on "New-found-land."

Where he landed he planted a cross with the arms of England carved

upon it. The flag of England fluttered out to the sound of an English cheer as the brave sailor claimed the land for Henry VII., King of England and France, and lord of Ireland.

Cabot called the country St. John's Land, because he first came there on St. John's Day. The exact spot is not known, but it is thought to have been either at Cape Breton or at some point on the coast of Labrador.

After staying a little time, Cabot and his men set sail again, and turned their vessel homeward. The country that they had found seemed fertile and fruitful. But it was not the land of gold and spice, of gems and silken riches which they had hoped to find. So they returned with empty hands, and but little guessing upon what a vast continent they had planted the flag of England. They returned, little knowing that the people of England would carry that flag across the continent to the sea beyond, and that in days to come state should be added to state till the great Dominion of Canada was formed.

But although Cabot returned with empty hands, the King of England received him kindly. He was, however, "a king wise but not lavish." Indeed, he liked but little to spend his gold. So as a reward he gave Cabot £10. It does not seem much, even when we remember that £10 then was worth as much as £120 now. Still, Cabot had a good time with it. He dressed himself in silk and grandeur, and walked about the streets, followed by crowds who came to stare and wonder at the man who had found "a new isle." Later, the king gave Cabot £20 a year. Not much more is known about his life, but it is thought that he, with his son Sebastian, sailed again—perhaps more than once—to the "Isle beyond the Seas."

CABOT

Over the hazy distance,
 Beyond the sunset's rim,
 For ever and for ever
 Those voices called to him,
 Westward! westward! westward!
 The sea sang in his head,
 At morn in the busy harbour,
 At nightfall in his bed—
 Westward! westward! westward!
 Over the line of breakers,
 Out of the distance dim,
 For ever the foam-white fingers
 Beckoning—beckoning him.

All honour to this grand old Pilot,
Whose flag is struck, whose sails are furled,
Whose ship is beached, whose voyage ended;
Who sleeps somewhere in sod unknown,
Without a slab, without a stone,
In that great Island, sea-impearled.
Yea, reverence with honour blended,
For this old seaman of the past,
Who braved the leagues of ocean hurled,
Who out of danger knowledge rended,
And built the bastions, sure and fast,
Of that great bridge-way grand and vast,
Of golden commerce round the world.

Yea, he is dead, this mighty seaman!
Four long centuries ago.
Beating westward, ever westward,
Beating out from old Bristowe,
Far he saw in visions lifted,
Down the golden sunset's glow,
Through the bars of twilight rifted,
All the glories that we know.
Yea, he is dead; but who shall say
That all the splendid deeds he wrought,
That all the lofty truths he taught
(If truth be knowledge nobly sought)
Are dead and vanished quite away?

Greater than shaft or storied fane
Than bronze and marble blent,
Greater than all the honours he could gain
From a nation's high intent,
He sleeps alone, in his great isle, unknown,
With the chalk-cliffs all around him for his
mighty graveyard stone,
And the league-long sounding roar
Of old ocean, for evermore
Beating, beating, about his rest,
For fane and monument.

WILFRED CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER 3

HOW A BRETON SAILOR CAME TO CANADA

YEARS passed on. England did little more than plant her flag in the New World, as the lands beyond the seas came to be called. Now and again indeed the English tried to found colonies. But the settlers sickened and died, and the attempts failed. Sir Humphrey Gilbert, half-brother of the famous Raleigh, was among the gallant captains who sailed the seas and claimed strange lands in the name of the great Queen Elizabeth. He landed upon the shores of New-found-land—the island which is still called by that name to-day. There he set up the royal arms of England, and, with solemn ceremony, taking a handful of soil in his hand. Sir Humphrey declared the land to be the possession of Elizabeth, Queen by the Grace of God.

So Newfoundland became a British possession, and thus claims to be the oldest of all our colonies.

Meanwhile Spain and Portugal were busy gathering wealth and glory in the New World. But the King of France thought that he too should have a share. He sent a message to the King of Spain asking him if it was true that he and the King of Portugal meant to divide all the world between them without allowing him a share as a brother. "I would fain see in father Adam's will where he made you the sole heirs to so vast an inheritance," he added. "Until I do see that, I shall seize as mine whatever my good ships may happen to find upon the ocean."

So the French King sent men to explore America. And all that they explored he called New France, taking little heed to the fact that the flag of England had already been planted there.

Many daring men sailed forth with the French King's orders, but Jacques Cartier, a Breton sailor, is perhaps the most famous. He made four voyages to the New World, and brought back many wonderful tales of the things he had seen there. He told how he had met with wild and savage folk with dark skins. They painted their bodies in strange fashions, and their only clothes were the skins of beasts. Their black hair was drawn up on the top of the head and tied there like a wisp of hay, and decorated with bright feathers sticking out in all directions.

These men were the Red Indians of North America. They are not really Indians at all. But when the first people found America they thought that they had reached India by sailing west, and they called the natives Indians. We have called them so ever since.

Cartier told too of great beasts like oxen which had two teeth like the tusks of elephants and which went in the sea. Strange fish he saw, "of

which it is not in the manner of man to have seen," some with the head of a greyhound and as white as snow, some that had the shape of horses and did go by day on land and by night in the sea.

Besides these tales of strange beasts and men, Cartier told of a fairy city of which he had heard. This city was called Norumbega. The Indians believed that somewhere beyond the rivers and the mountains it lay full of untold wealth and splendid with starry turrets and glittering gem-strewn streets. There the sun shone for ever golden, the air was sweet with the scent of richest spices through which rang, all day long, the song of birds. And when they heard of it, many left their homes and sailed away to seek this city of Delight. Cartier himself sailed many a league. He went where no white man had been before. But he never found the Golden City.

The wild people were not unfriendly. They looked in wonder at the strange men with pale faces who came to their country in winged boats. For although the Indians had canoes made of birch bark, in which they travelled up and down their rivers and great lakes, they had never before seen a boat with sails.

It was while Cartier was exploring that Canada received the name by which we know it.

"Cannata," said the Indians pointing to their village of huts.

Cartier thought that they meant that the country was called Cannata. So he called it Cannata or Canada. But the Indians had only meant to show the pale face their village, and the word in the Indian language really means a village.

Upon the shores of the Bay of Gaspé, where Cartier landed, he raised a great cross of thirty feet in height. To the cross-bar he nailed a shield on which were carved three *fleurs-de-lis*, the emblem of France. Above the shield, in large letters, were carved the words, "Long live the King of France." When the cross was planted in the ground Cartier and his men joined hands, and, kneeling round it in a circle, prayed. About them stood the astonished, wondering Indians. They were a little ill-pleased that these pale strangers should raise this unknown sign upon their land without leave. But they could not guess that in years to come, before the sign of the cross, before the foot of the white man, the red man should vanish away as snow before the sun.

Cartier was kind to the Indians. They grew to love him, and when, upon his second voyage, they heard that he meant to leave them and explore inland they were very sorry. Perhaps, too, they did not want any other Indians to have the beads and ribbons and pretty things which Cartier gave them in exchange for their furs. So they did all they could to prevent him from going. They even tried to frighten him. Three Indians dressed themselves as evil spirits. They painted their faces black, stuck great horns a yard long upon their heads, and covered themselves with black and white dogskins.

Then in a war canoe they came paddling down the river, howling dismally all the time. When they came in sight the other Indians began to shriek and howl too. They ran to Cartier and told him that these were spirits which had been sent by their god to warn him not to go up the river as he intended. "If you go, O Pale Face, fearful things will come upon you," they said. "Wind and storms, ice and snow, will bar your way. None will return alive. Our god will lead you into the spirit land."

But Cartier was not at all afraid. He laughed at the Indians. "Your god is powerless," he said. "My God is all powerful. He Himself has spoken to me, and He has promised to keep me safe through every danger."

So Cartier started on his journey and travelled up the river, now called the St. Lawrence, to an Indian village named Hochelaga. There he climbed a hill and looked around upon the fair country. As far as the eye could reach land rolled before him. Over dark forest and wild prairie, over lake and hill and valley swept his wondering gaze. He followed the grand and shining river, as it wound its way along, until it was lost in the dim distance. It was not indeed the fairy land of which he had heard, but it was very splendid. "It is Mount Royal," he said. And to-day it is still called Mount Royal, for that little Indian village has grown into the great city of Montreal.

When Cartier returned to France after his first voyage to Canada, he took with him two Red Indians, sons of a great Indian chief. This he did so that they might learn French and be able, on their return, to translate for him all that was said.

Many times Cartier sailed to Canada. With him he brought men and women, so that they might settle in the land, and making their homes there, form a New France over the seas. But few people wanted to leave their comfortable homes and go to live in a far and unknown land. So, to get men enough, Cartier was obliged to take them out of the prisons. As might have been expected, people who had been put in prison for their evil deeds did not make good colonists. They met besides with many troubles. They suffered from sickness, cold and hunger. Many of them died, and at last those who were left sailed back again to France. And so Cartier's attempt at making a colony ended.

Awake, my country, the hour of dreams is done!
 Doubt not, nor dread the greatness of thy fate.
 Tho' faint souls fear the keen confronting sun,
 And fain would bid the morn of splendour wait;
 Tho' dreamers, rapt in starry visions, cry
 "Lo, yon thy future, yon thy faith, thy fame!"
 And stretch vain hands to stars, thy fame is nigh,
 Here in Canadian hearth, and home, and name,
 This name which yet shall grow

Till all the nations know
Us for a patriot people, heart and hand
Loyal to our native earth, our own Canadian land!

O strong hearts, guarding the birthright of our glory,
Worth your best blood the heritage that ye guard!
These mighty streams resplendent with our story,
These iron coasts by rage of seas unjarred,—
What fields of peace these bulwarks well secure!
What vales of plenty those calm floods supply!
Shall not our love this rough, sweet land make sure,
Her bounds preserve inviolate, though we die?
O strong hearts of the North,
Let flame your loyalty forth,
And put the craven and base to an open shame
Till earth shall know the Child of Nations by her name!

C. G. D. ROBERTS.

CHAPTER 4

THE STORY OF HENRY HUDSON

WHEN brave men first sailed across the broad Atlantic they had no thought of finding new lands. What they sought was a new way to the old and known land of India—a new way to the lands of spice and gold. When they reached America, many of those old sailors thought that they had reached India. But when the new land proved not to be India, they said, “These are but islands. Let us sail beyond them and still reach India.”

Not until many voyages had been made, not until the white-winged ships had been turned back again and again from the rocky shores of America, were men convinced at last that these were no islands, but a vast continent which barred the way. Then the vision of a new way to India took another shape. Then began the quest for a narrow inlet or passage round or through the great continent. By sailing north-westward it was hoped to find a way which, leading through snow and ice, should at last bring men beneath the glowing sun of India. And thus began the famous quest for the North-West Passage. So it was that Englishmen, instead of making use of the lands which Cabot had found and claimed, almost forgot that claim and gave their lives and spent their gold trying still to find the new way to the land of sunshine.

Among the many brave men who sailed the seas in search of this passage we remember Henry Hudson, because he gave his name to a great inland sea in the north of America, and to the strait leading to it.

Hudson sailed four times to the land of snow. He, too, like Cartier, met with Red Indians. On one voyage he gave them presents of hatchets, spades, and stockings. When he returned next time he was very much amused to find that the Indians had hung the spades and hatchets round their necks as ornaments, and had made tobacco-pouches of the stockings. Amid much laughter the Englishmen put handles on the spades and shafts to the hatchets, and showed the simple savages their proper use by digging the ground and cutting down trees.

One story told about Hudson is interesting, because it is very like a story found in English history. Perhaps Hudson had read that story when he was a little boy.

It is said that once Hudson and his men landed. As usual, the Indians came about them, wondering at the great winged canoes and the pale faces of the men who had come in them. Hudson managed to make himself understood by the savages, and after a time he told them that he wanted some land as he would like to live there. The red men did not wish to give

him any land. "Then give me as much as this bullock skin will enclose," said Hudson, throwing it down.

"Yes, you may have that," said the "Redskins grinning and laughing at the white man's jest.

Then Hudson and his men began to cut the skin round and round into a long rope no thicker than a child's finger, being careful always not to break the rope. When it was finished they spread it out in a great circle enclosing a large piece of land.

The Indians were very much astonished when they saw how clever the white men were. They did not know that it was in this same way that the Britons had been cheated by the Saxons, hundreds of years before.

On the 17th of April 1610 A.D., Hudson, in the good ship *Discovery*, sailed out from the Thames. He had started upon his last voyage from which he was never to return. Up to the north of Scotland steered the brave adventurers, then away to Greenland and the land of ice. When June came, and the birds were singing in the sunshine at home, these daring men were sailing a wintry sea where great ice-mountains floated.

These ice-mountains were a terrible danger, for suddenly one would overturn and plunge into the sea. Had the little ship been near, it would have been crushed beneath the falling mass and sunk in the icy waters. So the sailors tried to steer away from them. But ever thicker and faster they gathered around the ship.

With despair in his heart but keeping a brave face Hudson sailed on. But still thicker and thicker the cruel, white ice-mountains gathered. They were like a pack of hungry wolves eager to crush the frail little vessel between their angry jaws. At last the ship was so shut in that it could move no more.

Then there were murmurs loud and angry among the crew. Hudson came to them. In his heart he never expected to see home again. Still he kept a brave face and tried to encourage his men. He brought his map and showed them that they had sailed further into the land of ice and snow than any Englishman had done before. Was that not something of which to be proud?

"Now will ye go on or will ye turn back?" he asked.

"Would that we were at home, ay, anywhere if only out of this ice," they replied.

"Why has the master brought us to die like dogs in this Far North?"

"Had I a hundred pounds I would give ninety of them to be at home."

"But nay," said the carpenter, "had I a hundred pounds I would not give ten in such a cause. Rather would I keep my money, and by God's grace would bring myself and it safe home."

And so there was much useless talk and many angry words. But at length, leaving their grumbling, the men set to work to save the ship from the ice, and after much labour and time they cleared the ice-blocks and

steered again into the open sea.

Then once more they sailed onward escaping many dangers, enduring many hardships. Sometimes they saw land, sometimes there was only the sea around them. They suffered from cold and hunger too. In the ship at starting there was only food enough for six months. Now eight months had passed, it was November, and they were far from home. Their hands and feet were frost-bitten. Many of them fell ill and could work no more.

Hudson did all he could. He took great care of the food which was left, and he offered rewards to any of the men who should kill beast, bird, or fish. For they could not hope to live to see home again unless that they found much wild game to help out their scanty store of food. At one time they caught many sea-fowl. At another they could only find moss and such poor plants as grew upon the snowy land. So the winter passed and spring came and their store of food grew less and less.

They were fierce, unruly men, those daring sailors, and now they greeted their master with dark and sullen looks. They were starving, and they believed that he had stores of food which he kept hidden from them. So to quiet them Hudson served out a fortnight's bread at one time. But this made matters no better. They were so hungry that they could not make it last. The terrible gnawing pain was such that one man ate his whole fortnight's allowance in a day.

Louder grew the murmurs, darker the looks with which the master was greeted. Men met and whispered together in dim corners. They would no longer wait, they would no longer suffer, and at last their wicked plans were made. As Hudson stepped on deck early one June morning, two men seized him, while a third pinned his arms behind. In a few minutes he was bound and helpless.

"Men," he cried, "what is this? What do you mean?"

"You will soon see," they replied, "when you get into the boat."

Then looking over the side Hudson saw the ship's boat ready launched. He understood. These cruel men meant to turn him adrift on the icy waters.

But all were not against the master. One man who had a sword fought fiercely. But several of the mutineers threw themselves upon him and soon he too was bound. Another, the carpenter, had been kept prisoner below. Now he broke free and rushed on deck.

"Men," he cried, taking his stand beside the captain, "what are you doing? Do you all want to be hanged when you get home?"

"I care not," answered one; "of the two I would rather hang at home than starve abroad."

"Come, let be, you shall stay in the ship," said another.

"I will not stay unless you force me," boldly replied the carpenter as he faced the sullen, angry men. "I will rather take my fortune with my master."

"Go, then," they said, "we will not hinder you."



“THESE CRUEL MEN MEANT TO TURN HUDSON ADRIFT ON THE ICY WATERS.”

Then the sick and the lame were dragged out of their cabins and thrust into the boat along with Hudson and his son who was but a boy of about sixteen. Only one of the sick they did not send away. He crawled to the cabin door, and there, on his knees, he prayed the mutineers to repent of what they were doing. "For the love of God," he cried, "do it not"

"Keep quiet," they answered, "get into your cabin. No one is harming you."

At last, nine wretched men were packed into the little boat. Then the ship moved out of the ice dragging it behind. As they sailed slowly along, Hudson and the other poor fellows were not without hope that the mutineers would relent and take them aboard again. But there was no chance of that. Even while Hudson was still upon the ship, some of the sailors had begun to break open the chests and rifle the stores. Now all law and order was at an end. They seized upon the food like hungry wolves. They sacked the ship as if it had been the fortress of an enemy. There was no thought of taking aboard again the master who had held them in check.

As they steered clear of the ice, a sailor leaned over the ship's side. He cut the rope which bound the little boat to the stern. Then they shook out their sails and fled as if from an enemy. Soon they vanished from sight, and the little boat was but a speck upon the cold grey waters.

That little boat was never seen again. What became of brave Hudson and his son, of the gallant carpenter who stood by him, and of all the poor sick men thus cast adrift upon the icy waters, will never be known. Let us hope that death came to them quickly, that the blue waves upon which Hudson had loved to sail were kind to him, and that soon he found a grave beneath them. Where he lies we cannot tell, but the great bay and strait which bear his name are a fitting monument for so gallant a sailor.

Of the mutineers few reached home. Some were killed in a fight with savages. Others died from hunger and cold. The sufferings of those who remained were terrible. They had at length little to eat but candles. One of them, who lived to come home and who told the tale afterwards, said that the bones of a fowl fried in candle-grease and eaten with vinegar made a very good dish.

At length the wretched men became so weak that they could no longer work the sails. Only one had strength to steer. They were but gaunt skeletons, haggard and pale, when their ship drifted to the coast of Ireland, and they at last reached home.

As soon as they arrived in England they were all put in prison. But they were soon set free again. Perhaps the sufferings through which they had passed had been punishment enough even for their ill deeds.

Our fathers died for England at the outposts of the world;
Our mothers toiled for England where the settlers' smoke upcurled;
By packet, steam, and rail,
By portage, trek, and trail,
They bore a thing called Honour in hearts that did not quail,
Till the twelve great winds of heaven saw the scarlet sign unfurled.

And little did they leave us of fame or land or gold;
Yet they gave us great possessions in a heritage untold;
For they said, "Ye shall be clean,
Nor ever false or mean,
For God and for your country and the honour of your queen,
Till ye meet the death that waits you with your plighted faith unsold.

"We have fought the long great battle of the liberty of man,
And only ask a goodly death uncraven in the van;
We have journeyed travel-worn
Through envy and through scorn,
And the faith that was within us we have stubbornly upborne,
For we saw the perfect structure behind the rough-hewn plan.

"We have toiled by land and river, we have laboured on the sea;
If our blindness made us blunder, our courage made us free.
We suffered or we throve,
We delved and fought and strove;
But born to the ideals of order, law, and love,
To our birthright we were loyal, and loyal shall ye be!"

O England, little mother by the sleepless northern tide,
Having bred so many nations to devotion, trust, and pride,
Very tenderly we turn
With willing hearts that yearn
Still to fence you and defend you, let the sons of men discern
Wherein our right and title, might and majesty, reside.

—BLISS CARMAN

CHAPTER 5

THE FATHER OF NEW FRANCE

WHILE Englishmen were seeking the North-West Passage, Frenchmen were working to found New France, for after Cartier, other men tried to found colonies in the lands beyond the seas. Each failed as Cartier had failed. But at last there came a man who was so determined and so brave that he succeeded in doing what others had not been able to do. This man was Samuel de Champlain, often called the Father of New France.

After the discovery of Newfoundland, sailors had been quick to find out what a splendid place it was for fishing. So men from all countries came to fish in the waters there. Others came to trade with the Indians for furs. But they all came and went again. None thought of making their home in that far-off land.

At length a Frenchman, seeing what a lot of money might be made out of furs, asked the King of France to allow him alone to have the fur trade. This is called a monopoly. Monopoly comes from two Greek words, monos, alone, and polein, to sell. So if you yet a monopoly of anything it means that you are the only person who is allowed to sell that thing to others.

The King of France said this Frenchman might have a monopoly of furs if he would found a colony in New France. To this he agreed, and set sail with some friends. All the other fur merchants of France were, however, very angry, because they knew that if only one man was allowed to buy furs from the Indians and sell them to the French, he would become very rich and they poor.

But the colony, which was now founded, did not succeed any better than those before it had done. It was not until Champlain and some other adventurers came to help that things went better. Champlain was a soldier-sailor. He was brave, and wise, and kind too— just the very best sort of man to treat with savages and found a colony.

Champlain did not at first go as a leader, but only to help two gentlemen called Poutrincourt and De Monts. Soon, however, it became plain that he was the real leader, and later he was made Governor of New France.

Champlain and his friends landed first in Acadie. That is the part of the Dominion of Canada which we now call Nova Scotia. On an island at the mouth of the river St. Croix they built their fort, and prepared to spend the winter. But they soon found that they had chosen a very bad place. It was cold and barren. There was neither wood for fires nor fresh water to drink. So after passing a winter of pain and trouble, during which many died, they went over to the mainland, and there built their fort anew. There

the city of Annapolis now stands. Then the colonists called it Port Royal.

The new colony had a hard struggle. The second winter was almost as bad as the first. The settlers had eaten all the food which they had brought with them from France, and as the ships which they expected with more did not arrive, they began to starve. Then Champlain made up his mind to take all his people home to France. For he knew that it would be impossible to live through another winter without help. Two brave men offered to remain behind to take care of the fort until the others returned, and a friendly old Indian chief promised too to stay near.

So good-byes were said; the little ship sailed out of the bay, and the two brave men prepared to spend the long autumn and winter alone between the forest and the sea, far from any white man, and with only savages near.

But about nine days after Champlain had sailed, the old chief saw a white sail far out to sea. The two Frenchmen were at dinner and did not notice it. The old chief stood for a little time watching the white sail as it came nearer and nearer. Then, in great excitement, he ran shouting to the fort, "Why do you sit here?" he cried, bursting in upon the two men. "Why do you sit here and amuse yourselves eating, when a great ship with white wings is coming up the river?"

In much astonishment and some dread the two men sprang up. One seized his gun and ran to the shore. The other ran to the cannon of the fort. Both were ready to fight as best they might should the strangers prove to be enemies. Eagerly they watched as the ship came on. Was it friend or was it foe, they asked themselves. At last it was quite near. At last they could see the white flag of France, with its golden fleur-de-lis, floating from the mast. With fingers which trembled with joy, the man at the cannon put a match to the muzzle, and a roar of welcome awoke the echoes of the bay.

Right glad were the newcomers to hear it, for they had been anxiously watching the fort which seemed so silent and deserted, and with thunder of guns and blare of trumpets they joyously replied.

Soon the little fort was full of busy life again, and Champlain, who had not gone far on his journey, hearing that help had come, turned back to join his friends again.

Among the colonists who came in this ship was a lawyer from Paris, called Marc Lescarbot. He was very merry and gay. Always in good spirits himself, he kept others in good spirits too. After the newcomers had settled down, Champlain and some of the men sailed away to explore the country, leaving the others to take care of the fort. They worked hard, felling trees and digging the ground, cutting paths through the forest, and planting barley, wheat, and rye. But when work was done there was plenty of fun, for Lescarbot kept them merry. Among other things he prepared a play with which to greet the travellers when they came back.

Champlain returned somewhat weary and disheartened. He had not

succeeded in exploring much further than before. The Indians had proved unfriendly, and several of his men had been killed by them. So with the coming of winter he turned back to Port Royal. They arrived there one gloomy November afternoon. But those who had been left behind were watching for them. As Champlain and his men drew near they saw that the whole fort was a blaze of lights.

Over the gateway hung the arms and motto of the King of France, wreathed with laurels. On either side hung those of De Monts and Poutrincourt, two of the leaders. The gate, as the travellers came near to it, opened, and out came no less a person than old Neptune, sitting upon a chariot drawn by Tritons. His hair and beard were long, a blue veil floated about him, and in his hand he held his trident, and so with music and poetry he welcomed the travellers from the sea.

After Neptune came a canoe, in which were four savages, each with a gift in his hand. These they presented, each in turn making a speech in poetry. Poutrincourt, who entered into the game at once, listened to Lord Neptune, his Tritons and savages with drawn sword in hand. Then after he had made a speech of thanks, the Tritons and savages burst into song, and the returned travellers passed beneath the wreathed gateway to the sound of trumpets and the roar of cannon.

Lescarbot wrote a history of New France in which he tells about all this. He gives there the poetry which was said and sung, not because it is very good poetry, he says, but because it shows that in that unknown country, far from friends and home, they were not sad.

Thus the long, cold winter began, but Lescarbot had many devices for making the dark, dreary days pass merrily. He formed all the chief men of the colony into an order which he called the Order of Good Times. Each member was Grand Master of the order for one day. It was his duty to see to the meals during that day. Each Grand Master tried to manage better than the one before. He would hunt and fish and invent all sorts of dainties, so it came about that there was always enough to eat, and plenty of change, and as a result there was not so much sickness nor so many deaths as there had been during the winters before.

The officers of the Order of Good Times did everything with great ceremony. When dinner-time came the Grand Master marched into the hall wearing his fine chain of office round his neck, a napkin over his shoulder, and a staff in his hand. He was followed by the Brethren, each carrying a dish which he placed upon the table. Then they all sat down to dine. At supper there was much the same ceremony. Then when it was over and the great wood fire burned and roared up the chimney, its flames dancing and flickering and making strange shadows upon the wall, songs were sung and stories were told. And in the circle which gathered round the glowing hearth, many a time a dark-skinned chieftain, gay in paint and feathers,

might be seen sitting side by side with the French gentlemen-adventurers, who listened with delight to the quaint tales he told. Then the wine cup and the pipe went round, and when the last pipe was smoked, the last bowl empty, the Grand Master of the day, his duties done, would give up his chain of office to the Brother who should succeed him. And so with laughter and with song the dark days passed and spring came once more.

With spring came bad news. The monopoly had been withdrawn. The colony must be given up. Sad at heart, the colonists left their new home, which they had worked so hard to found, and went back to France.