

ing cake off of the coals with her fingers. She thrust it in my face, and laughed. 'You were trying a charm against me,' she said, 'and I have found you out.' Then she looked at the mass of cinders in her hands. 'You have succeeded,' she cried; 'it is all burned. What have you done with him? Where is Will Darby?' Then she began to rave, and I saw she had lost her senses. I ran across the way to your grandmother, and we watched her through the front windows all that night. The storm continued, and she did not leave the school-house. Through the open door we could see her breaking up the chairs, and piling them on the fire for fuel. We could hear her singing and chattering to herself, until the morning broke, and the rain ceased, when she wandered down the road toward Durkee's tavern. Later we saw old Witch Hazel hurrying down the road. Your grandmother called to her, and asked her what was the matter. She answered that the lightning had struck the elm that stood in front of her house, and that it had fallen upon and killed a man who had taken shelter under it. Men came up from Durkee's and carried the dead man away. It was Will Darby.

"Dycie never recovered her senses. She went to live with her mother. At night passers-by would hear her screaming and singing, and her mother swearing at her. The old elm lies across their gateway now just as it fell. Old Witch Hazel died at last. I went to the grave. There wasn't anything that you could call a funeral; only a few neighbors gathered out of curiosity. After the sexton had filled in the earth, the old man, who was there from the poor-house, took Dycie by the hand and led her to the grave, and then he folded his arms and danced just as straight and as hard as he could tramp. Dycie did not dance. She only stood and stared till she caught sight of my face; then she ran to me, and said, as mysterious as though it was a great secret: 'Him that loved us and washed us.' Then she laughed in a silly way, and singing,

'The surest fetch
That you can make
To charm a witch
Is burnt hair cake,'

she staggered away to her home. They took her away at last, and she ended her days in the mad-house. No one has lived in the house since.

"I don't know as the charm had any-

thing to do with the lightning killing Will Darby. I only know that I'd give all the money Gershom left me to know that I hadn't a-ried it."

Aunt Wealthy ceased speaking; and that night, as I drove homeward along the banks of brawling Miller's River, and saw the moonlight stream through the vacant windows of the haunted house, I could almost fancy that the stricken elm at the gate was the crooked and malevolent form of the original Witch Hazel.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SPANISH AND FRENCH EXPLORERS.

IF we were engaged upon a philosophical history of the human mind, the career of maritime discovery in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries would have great interest for us, with respect to its influence upon men's habits of thought. In the long-run the effect of increased knowledge of the earth is to dispel mythological mystery and the kind of romance that goes with it, and to strengthen men's belief in the constancy of nature. As long as nothing was known of the lands beyond the equator, it was easy to people them with gnomes and griffins. There was no intrinsic improbability in the existence of a "land east of the sun and west of the moon," or any of the other regions subject to the Queen of the Fairies.

But now our knowledge of the earth's surface has become so nearly complete as to crowd out all thought of enchanted ground. Beyond the dark and perilous sea we no longer look for an El Dorado, since maps and gazetteers have taught us to expect nothing better than the beautiful but cruel, the romantic but humdrum, world with which daily experience has already made us sufficiently well acquainted. In this respect the present age, compared with the sixteenth century, is like mature manhood compared with youth. The bright visions have fled, and naught but the sober realities of life remain. The most ardent adventurer of our time has probably never indulged in such extravagant fancies as must have filled the mind of Father Hennepin when he used to hide "behind tavern doors while the sailors were telling of their voyages. The tobacco smoke," he says, "made me very sick at the stomach; but, notwithstanding, I listened attentively to all said about their adventures at sea and their travels in distant countries. I

could have passed whole days and nights in this way without eating."*

The first effect of the discovery of America was to arouse this spirit of romantic curiosity to fever heat. Before the newly found lands had been explored, there was no telling what they might not contain. Upon one point most of the early adventurers seem to have been tacitly agreed—that the new countries abounded in illimitable riches, which might be obtained without labor, or at any rate without any labor more prosaic than fighting. Their minds were in a condition like that of the heroes of the *Arabian Nights*, who, if they only wander far enough through the forest, are sure to come upon some gorgeous palace, of which, with the aid of some condescending jinnee, they may fairly hope to become masters. For the causes of this ready belief in the boundless riches of the New World we may perhaps look in part to the glowing accounts which Marco Polo and others had brought back from the remote kingdoms of China and Japan, which were supposed to be closely contiguous with the countries newly discovered by Columbus and Vespucci. But a deeper explanation lies in the personal characters of the first generation of explorers, and in the circumstances by which, through heredity as well as early education, these personal characters had been moulded.

For the first half-century after Columbus the work of exploration and conquest in the New World was conducted principally by Spaniards. America had been discovered by a navigator in the service of the Spanish crown, and the bull of Pope Alexander VI. had granted to Spain the whole of both continents, from north to south, with the exception of Brazil. To colonize these vast regions and convert to Christianity their heathen inhabitants was the work which was to employ the surplus energies of the nation which had just succeeded in wresting from the infidel Moor the last inch of native Spanish territory. The Spaniard of the sixteenth century was what eight hundred years of terrible warfare for home and for religion had made him. During a period as long as that which in English history has now elapsed since the death of William the Conqueror, the Mussulman invaders had held sway in some part of the Spanish peninsula, yet they had never succeeded in entering into any sort of political union with the native

inhabitants. From first to last they behaved as invaders, and were treated as invaders, their career in this respect forming a curious and instructive parallel to that of the Turks in Eastern Europe. Entering Spain in 711, they soon conquered the entire peninsula. From this deluge about a century later the Christian kingdom of Leon began to emerge. By the middle of the eleventh century the Spaniards had regained half of their country, and the Mohammedans were placed upon the defensive. After the tremendous battle at Navas de Tolosa in 1212, the Moorish dominion became restricted to the single province of Granada, and finally Granada was subdued by Gonsalvo de Cordova in the same year in which Columbus discovered America. During all this long period, from 711 to 1492, it might almost be said that there was not a year when murderous warfare was not going on in some part of Spanish territory. The intervals of truce were few and far between, but guerrilla fighting went on without cessation. Hence industrial life among the Spaniards was almost completely destroyed. The people were transformed into banditti. The proper way of obtaining the necessaries of life was not to engage in industry, but to plunder the Mussulmans on a frontier raid. The Mussulmans, on the other hand, during the interval between the middle of the eighth and the middle of the eleventh century, being mostly secure from disturbance except along the northern frontier, had become an industrious and thriving people. In material civilization they far surpassed the rest of Europe, except perhaps Constantinople. As the frontier moved gradually southward with the advance of the Christians, this industrious Mohammedan population for the most part remained stationary, and becoming converted to Christianity, continued to cultivate the arts of life. These converts, who were known as Moriscoes, were always despised and persecuted by the Spaniards, and at last, in 1610, by a royal decree they were expelled *en masse* from the country. The effects of this measure upon Spain were similar to the effects upon France, seventy-five years later, of the expulsion of the Huguenots, but vastly greater. The expulsion of the Moriscoes meant the expulsion of nearly all the skilled labor of the country, and with this disastrous act began the social and financial ruin of Spain.

I have dwelt at some length upon these

* Parkman, *Disc. G. W.* 121.

circumstances, because they furnish us at once with the explanation of the peculiar character and aims of Spanish colonization in the New World. Both by inheritance and by training, as we have seen, the mediæval Spaniard was a romantic and glorified freebooter. He had not the slightest idea of peaceful industry, but it had become necessary to his comfortable and respectable existence for him to have somebody at his disposal to slay and plunder. Spinning and weaving and tilling the soil were for the unclean Moriscoes; it was the duty of a Christian Spaniard to appropriate the fruits of other people's labor. Hence it was quite a godsend for the Spaniard when, just as the last Moor had been overcome at Granada, "fresh fields and pastures new" were opened up for him beyond the Atlantic. Here all at once were untold multitudes of heathen to be conquered, converted, and plundered. Here were boundless possibilities of romantic adventure, in comparison with which the narrow annals of Castilian warfare might shrink into insignificance. In the history of Spanish discovery and conquest upon this continent we find this throughout to be the dominant purpose. To the attainment of such ignoble though picturesque objects we see devoted all the heroic energies of these brave and strenuous though misguided men. Sometimes in the lurid story the heroism and the picturesqueness are so great that the historian is fain to forget all the other aspects of the case, and sit in wondering admiration. The annals of mankind may be searched in vain for another such magnificent exploit of knight-errantry as the conquest of Mexico by Cortez. The expeditions of De Soto to the Mississippi, and of Gonzalo Pizarro down the Amazon, abound in examples of almost preternatural heroism and endurance of suffering. Yet when we consider only their immediate purpose, there is little which the historian can seriously commend in these wild attempts to discover an El Dorado where riches may be obtained without labor. The annals of New Spain, however incomparably brilliant, have until lately been fraught with little result that is of permanent value. The principle of Spanish colonization was, from an economic point of view, rotten to the core; and accordingly, in the struggle for the possession of the best part of the New World, Spain soon drops out of sight, being quite outdistanced in the race by France and

England. Nevertheless, so enormous was the sheer power of Spain at the time of the conquest—a concentrated power the like of which had not been seen in the world since the days of Trajan—that over all the southern portion of the New World she has left an enduring impression in language and laws. Though the original impulse from Spain, moreover, was not fruitful in great results, yet during the past century Spanish America has begun to enter upon a new life, under the influence of a new and healthy impulse from the United States. The whole of America to-day has come under the influence of the ideas which prevail in the English-speaking world, and from this new starting-point a great future may perhaps be in store for New Spain. But this shifting of the historic centre of influence from Spain to England shows only the more completely how thorough was the failure of mediæval Spain in the contest for the leadership of the American world.

But before we leave the Spaniards we have still to consider another feature of their character, which is to be largely attributed to their interminable warfare with Mohammedans. I refer to their unexampled bigotry. In the history of the Aryan race, the Spaniards are the bigots *par excellence*. It was in Spain that the Inquisition—most abominable and pernicious of human institutions—had its origin, and it was in Spain that men and women were burned at the stake for heresy so late in the world's history as 1781. Whatever may have been the Spanish character in ancient times, it is not difficult to see how eight centuries of warfare against invaders of an alien creed must have stamped it upon the mind of the nation that non-conformity in belief was an evil to be extirpated at whatever cost.

In the sixteenth century the Spaniard was naturally the most implacable foe which Protestantism had to confront. He was also the most formidable. In every country the party opposed to freedom and progress was also, for the time being, the Spanish party, and carried on intrigues with Spain which were more or less fraught with danger to national independence. The old King Philip II.—more treacherous and ferocious than any tiger of the jungle—with Italy and Portugal under his feet, and with designs upon every crown in Europe—to-day slaughtering Morisco women in the mountains of Granada; to-morrow burning Protestants

by hundreds in the towns of Flanders; suggesting to the French court the atrocious massacre of St. Bartholomew; sending great fleets to inaugurate the same murderous work among our own liberty-loving ancestors—this terrible king, with his long monotonous career of perjury and assassination carried on in the name of the holy Christian religion, seems to me at once the most baleful and the most loathsome figure in the annals of mankind.

In those days it used to be said that wherever in Europe there turned up a really first-class job of murder, the King of Spain was sure to have been at the bottom of it. But no part of the earth was too remote for the wickedness of this monster; and his diabolical industry succeeded in casting a lurid glare over the first beginnings of the history of our own country. Every one knows that St. Augustine, in Florida, is the oldest town in the United States, and that it was founded by Spaniards in 1565; but it may not be so generally remembered that the founding of St. Augustine was marked with a deed of blood as abominable and as appalling as anything recorded in history. The first considerable scene in the annals of what are now the United States was the perfidious massacre of a Huguenot colony by Spanish bigots.

Fifty-eight years before the arrival of the English Puritans at Plymouth, a party of French Huguenots set sail from Havre, with similar intent of founding a colony in America, where they might worship God after their own manner without let or hinderance. Unlike the Puritans, however, these Huguenots had no matured plans for forming a community which might be self-supporting, but they looked for aid from the government, at least in so far as it was represented by the illustrious Coligny, Admiral of France. The expedition in reality was little else but a military colony inaugurated under the auspices of Coligny. It was conducted by Jean Ribaut, a hardy Huguenot of Dieppe, and on the 1st of May, 1562, they made the coast of Florida, and entered the St. John's River. Skirting northward along the coast, by way of preliminary exploration, they reached and named Port Royal in what is now South Carolina. Here they built a small fortress, and leaving thirty men in charge of it, Ribaut started back for France, hoping shortly

to return with more ships, men, and supplies. The thirty who were left were mostly common soldiers, with two or three noble gentlemen, and not one of them knew how to till the soil or do any regular work. So they lived on the hospitality of the friendly Indians, until the latter, who had at first esteemed them as children of the sun, began to despise them as sturdy beggars. Then when hunger began to pinch them, they mutinied, and slew their commander. At last, with the fury of despair, though there was not a carpenter among them, they resolved to build a ship and return to France. Cutting down forest trees, and working with Herculean effort, they succeeded in patching together some kind of a crazy vessel, and calked it with Spanish moss, and pieced their shirts and blankets together for sails, and so trusted themselves to the sea. The waves came within little of beating their feeble tub to pieces, their corn gave out, and they ate their own shoes. They began to cast lots for each other's lives, and one of the company had already been devoured by the rest, when, just as, after all this agony, the French coast rose before them, they were captured by an English cruiser, and carried off prisoners to London.

The return of Ribaut had been delayed by the breaking out of war at home between the Huguenots and the Guise party; but in 1563 the Truce of Amboise made things quiet for a while, and in the following year a new expedition set out for Florida, under the leadership of Ribaut's friend, René de Laudonnière, a pious and valiant knight, and a kinsman of Coligny. This company was much larger and better equipped than the former, but there was the same essential vice in its composition. There were plenty of soldiers and gentlemen unused to labor, and a few clever mechanics and tradesmen, but no tillers of the soil. In France, indeed, the rural population remained wedded to the old faith, and there were no Protestant yeomen as in England. The new expedition landed at the St. John's River, and built a fort near its mouth, which, in honor of Charles IX., was called Fort Caroline. This work off their hands, they devoted themselves to injudicious intrigues with the Indian potentates of the neighborhood, explored the country for gold, and sent home to France for more assistance. Then they began to be mutinous; and various futile plots were laid for the assassination

of the virtuous Laudonnière. Worst of all in its consequences, buccaneering was resorted to. A gang of malcontents stole two of the pinnaces and set out for the coast of Cuba, where, after capturing a small Spanish vessel, they were obliged to go ashore for food. Seized and carried before the authorities at Havana, they sought to make things right for themselves by giving full information of the settlement at Fort Caroline, and this ill-omened news was not slow in finding its way to the ears of the King of Spain. The news reached Philip at a moment most opportune for his purposes. He had just appointed an *adelantado*, or governor-general, for his viceroyalty of Florida—Pedro Menendez de Avilès, a man after his own heart, an admirable soldier and matchless liar, with the courage of a mastiff and the ferocity of a wolf. This man Menendez was to be Governor of all North America, from the Mexican frontier to the Arctic Ocean, for such was the comprehensive meaning of Florida in those days. So little was as yet known of this great country beyond the mere coast-line, that Chesapeake Bay was supposed to afford a north-west passage to India. Menendez was empowered to investigate this and other such geographical questions as might concern the commercial advantage of Spain. But it was above all enjoined upon him to convert the Indians, and to burn as many of them as should prove contumacious. Such, in general, were the instructions of the new viceroy. But a more specific object now presented itself for immediate action; for just as Menendez was preparing to start, there came the news of the ill-fated colony of Laudonnière. These heretics were trespassers on the territory which Pope Alexander VI. had assigned to the Spanish crown, and both as trespassers and as heretics they must be exterminated. Rumor had added, too, that Ribaut was expected from France with a large armament, so that no time was to be lost. The force at Menendez's disposal was largely increased, and on the 29th of June, 1565, he set sail from Cadiz, with eleven ships and more than a thousand fighting men, hoping, if possible, to forestall the arrival of the French commander.

Meanwhile it had fared badly with the colony at Fort Caroline. Mutiny had been checked by the summary execution of three or four ringleaders, but famine had set in, and they had come to blows with the In-

dians. Events succeeded each other curiously. On the 3d of August, in the depth of their distress, Elizabeth's doughty sea-king, Sir John Hawkins, touched at the mouth of the St. John's, and gave them food and wine, and offered them a free passage to France in his own ships, and on Laudonnière's refusal, left with them a ship that they might make the voyage by themselves. On the 28th of August Ribaut at last arrived with seven ships and three hundred men and ample supplies. On the 4th of September, toward midnight, appeared the Spanish fleet!

The squadron of Menendez had undergone great hardships on the way, but unfortunately had escaped total wreck. Five of the vessels now arrived, but after exchanging defiance with the French, and spending the remainder of the night in idle skirmishing, Menendez concluded not to risk a direct attack, and crept off down the coast until he came to the site of St. Augustine. Some five hundred negroes had been brought on the fleet, and were at once set to work throwing up intrenchments. "Such," says Mr. Parkman, "was the birth of the oldest town of the United States, and such the introduction of slave labor upon their soil."

One of the French ships, hanging on their rear, had taken note of these proceedings, and hurried back to Fort Caroline with the information. Now ensued an anxious council of war. Three courses were open to the French. To remain where they were and hold the fort was perhaps the safest policy, but it would leave their ships exposed to the Spaniards. To push overland for St. Augustine was certainly the boldest, and therefore perhaps the wisest course, but it would equally expose the ships, and the route through the ill-explored forest was fraught with peril. It was finally decided to leave Laudonnière with a small force to garrison the fort, while Ribaut by a sudden naval attack should overwhelm the Spanish fleet, and then pounce upon the troops at St. Augustine before their intrenchments were completed. This plan seemed to combine caution with boldness, and probably nothing but the treachery of wind and weather prevented its success. On the 10th of September Ribaut set sail, and early next morning his whole fleet bore down upon the astonished and terrified Spaniards. But before they could come to action there sprang up a tremendous equinoctial gale,

which drove the French vessels out to sea, and raged so fiercely for several days as to render it morally certain that, wherever they might be, they could not have effected a return to their fort. It was now the turn of Menendez to take the offensive. He comprehended the plan of Ribaut, and saw how to foil it. Two or three days were spent before his followers could be wrought up to the requisite pitch of audacity. But on the morning of the 17th, the storm still raging with such fury that no man could be thought fool-hardy enough to encounter it, Menendez started forth, with five hundred men and a couple of Indian guides, to force his way through the well-nigh impenetrable forest. For thrice twenty-four hours they waded through swamps and forded swollen brooks, struggling with tall grass and fighting with hatchets the tangled wilderness of underbrush, until just before dawn of the 20th, drenched with rain, covered from head to foot with mud, torn with briars, fainting with hunger and weariness, but more than ever maddened with bigotry and hate, this wolfish company swept down the slope before Fort Caroline. The surprise was complete, and the defenses, which might barely have sufficed against an Indian assault, were of no avail to keep out these more determined foes. Resistance was short and feeble. Laudonnière and a few others escaped into the woods, whence, a few days later, they sought the shore, and were picked up by a friendly vessel and carried home to France. Of those who remained in the fort, men, women, and children, to the number of one hundred and forty-two, were butchered; about fifty women and children were spared, though Menendez afterward, in his letter to the king, reproached himself for this moment of clemency.

While these things were taking place on the land, the ships of Jean Ribaut were hopelessly buffeted by the waves. One after another they were all wrecked somewhere below Matanzas Inlet, a dozen miles south of St. Augustine. Most of the crews and troops were saved, and, collecting in two bodies, began to work their way toward Fort Caroline. On the 28th of September the first body, some two hundred in number, had halted at Matanzas Inlet, which they had no obvious means of crossing, when they encountered Menendez, who, with a scouting party of sixty or seventy, was on the look-out for them. The two

parties were on opposite sides of the broad river, or arm of the sea, and the Spaniard so disposed his force among the bushes that it was impossible for the enemy to estimate their real number. A boat was then sent out, and three or four French officers were decoyed across the river under promise of safety. They now learned that their fort was destroyed, and their wives and comrades murdered, and they were requested, in courteous terms, to lay down their arms and intrust themselves to the clemency of Menendez. Hard as it was, there seemed to be nothing else to do; starvation was the only alternative, and after some parley it was decided to surrender. The arms were first sent across the river, and then the prisoners were brought over, ten at a time, each party being escorted by twenty Spaniards. As each party of ten arrived, they were led behind a sand-hill some distance from the bank, and their hands were tied behind their backs. The whole day was consumed in these proceedings, and at sunset, when the whole company of Huguenots had been thus delivered defenseless into the hands of their enemy, they were all murdered in cold blood. Not one was left alive to tell the tale.

A day or two later, Ribaut himself, with three hundred and fifty men, his entire remaining force, arrived at the inlet, and found Menendez duly ambushed to receive him. The same odious scene was re-enacted. The Frenchmen were informed of the ruin of their fort, but were treated with extreme courtesy, regaled with bread and wine, and coaxed to surrender. This time there was a difference of opinion. Some two hundred declared that they would rather be devoured by the Indians than trust to the clemency of a Spaniard, and they marched off into the forest. The remaining hundred and fifty, with Ribaut, were ferried across in small detachments, disarmed and bound, as had been done to their comrades, and when all had been collected together, all but five were put to death. That is to say, five were spared, but besides these, one sailor who was not quite killed contrived to crawl away, and after many strange adventures made his way back to France to tell the horrid tale. From this sailor and from one of the five who were spared we get the French account of the affair. The Spanish account we have from Menendez himself, who writes about the massacre to the

king as coolly as if he were writing about the slaughter of cattle. The two accounts substantially agree, except as regards the promise of safety by which the Frenchmen were induced to surrender. Menendez represents himself as having resorted to a pious fraud in using an equivocal form of words, but the Frenchmen declare that he promised most explicitly to spare them, and even swore it upon the cross. When we consider that the form used, whatever it may have been, was such as to prevail upon the bold and wary Ribaut to surrender, the latter account seems far the more probable. In either case we have an act of atrocious perfidy such as even the annals of Spain can but seldom have surpassed.

This terrible blow was the end of the Huguenot colony in Florida. Of the remnant of Ribaut's force which did not surrender some disappeared among the Indians, and many, no doubt, perished. Many were captured by Menendez, and these he spared, being now satiated with slaughter, and having been roundly blamed for his cruelty by several of his less bloodthirsty followers. From his murder-loving master, however, Menendez received warm approval for his ferocity, relieved by a slight hint of disapprobation for his scant and tardy humanity. "Tell him," said Philip, "that as to those he has killed he has done well, and as to those he has saved, they shall be sent to the galleys."

This massacre of Frenchmen by Spaniards was perpetrated in a season of peace between the two governments. It was a direct insult to France, inasmuch as the Huguenot expeditions had been undertaken with the royal commission. But Charles IX. stood in awe of Philip, and would not call him to account, though the honor of France was at stake, and the relatives of the murdered men called loudly for vengeance. Redress was not far off, however; but it came in a most unexpected way, and at the hands of a private gentleman.

Dominique de Gourgues was a Gascon of noble birth, who had won high distinction in the Italian wars and in various naval enterprises. Whether he was Catholic or Protestant has never been determined; but he was a patriotic Frenchman, and had no mind to see his countrymen butchered with impunity by Spaniards. If no one else would take up the quarrel, he at least would not rest until the affair

was set right. So he sold his family estate, and borrowed money besides, and fitted out three small vessels, and enlisted some two hundred men. From the king's lieutenant, the famous Blaise de Montluc, he obtained a commission to kidnap negroes, and in August, 1567, he set sail for Africa. After more or less cruising about during the autumn and winter, he crossed the Atlantic to the coast of Cuba, and there revealed his purpose to his astonished followers. To incite them to avenge their murdered countrymen required but little persuasion. With eager enthusiasm they turned their prows toward Florida, and early one morning in March, 1568, they came to anchor some forty miles north of the St. John's River. The Indians were overjoyed at their arrival. At first these savages had regarded Menendez with great admiration for his consummate craftiness and the thorough-going way in which he disposed of his enemies. But their admiration changed to vindictive hatred as soon as the craft and cruelty of the Spaniards were directed against themselves. Of the three great peoples who have competed for the mastery of North America, the French seem best to have understood the art of humoring and cajoling the Indian so as to retain his good-will. The English settlers usually treated the natives with cold dislike, and had as little to do with them as possible; except where self-defense required it, they seldom went out of their way to injure them. The Spaniards, on the other hand, whether by way of saving the Indian's soul, or in order to coerce him to labor, or, as too often happened, out of mere wanton mischief, usually contrived to inflict upon him unendurable torment and woe. One of the most dreadful books that ever has been written is that in which Las Casas describes the treatment of the natives of the West Indies by their Spanish conquerors.

During the two years and a half that had elapsed since the massacre of St. Augustine the Indians had found ample cause to regret their change of neighbors. On the arrival of Gourgues they hailed him as a deliverer, and flocked to his standard in such numbers that he at once undertook to surround and overwhelm the Spanish garrison, although it consisted of at least four hundred men. The march was conducted with great secrecy and celerity. The Spaniards, not dreaming that there could be any Frenchmen within three thousand miles of

Florida, had grown careless about their watch, and were completely surprised. At mid-day, just as they had finished their dinner, the French and Indians came swarming upon them from all points of the compass. A wild panic ensued, the works were all carried, and the defenders slaughtered. Of the whole Spanish force, it is said, not a man escaped the sword, save some fifteen or twenty, whom Gourgues reserved for a more ignominious fate, and to point a moral, as it were, to this most extraordinary tale. At the capture of Fort Caroline, Menendez had hanged several of his prisoners to trees near by, and nailed above them a board with the inscription, "Not as to Frenchmen, but as to Lutherans." Gourgues now led the fifteen or twenty survivors to these same trees, and after reading them a severe lecture, hanged them all, and nailed above them the inscription, "Not as to Spaniards, but as to traitors and murderers." The fort was then totally demolished, so that not a beam or a stone was left in place. And so, having done his work with exemplary thoroughness, the terrible Gourgues immediately set sail for France.

In the matter of repartee we must admit that Gourgues was quite successful. The retort would have had still more point if Menendez himself had been one of the hanged. But, unfortunately for the requirements of poetic justice, the principal traitor and murderer was then in Spain, whence he returned a couple of years later, to rebuild his fort and go on converting the Indians.

With the romantic exploit of Gourgues, the story of the Huguenots in Florida comes to an end. The story no doubt has its historic importance, over and above its romantic interest. Unpromising as was the beginning of the Florida colony, it was no more unpromising than the earliest attempts to settle Canada and Louisiana. In the brief glimpses that we get of Ribaut we can plainly discern the outlines of a heroic character worthy of a Champlain or a Lasalle—a character which would have persevered until some great result had been accomplished. And had it not been for the untoward accidents which delivered him helpless into the hands of the Spaniards, it is not at all unlikely that the beginning of the seventeenth century might have seen France acquire a firm foothold to the south of Virginia as well as to the north of New England. Menendez him-

self paid some such kind of tribute to the capacity of his antagonist, when he wrote to Philip that by killing Ribaut he conceived himself to have dealt a heavier blow to France than if he had defeated an army. It is useless to inquire too curiously as to what might have happened; but we can see how this violent overthrow of the French in the South removed what might have been one additional obstacle in the way of the English, when France and England came to struggle for the mastery of the New World.

Neither France nor England paid much respect to the papal decree which assigned the whole of North America to Spain, but each nation laid claim to this country by right of priority in discovery, and each in practice took as much as it could lay hands upon. The question of absolute priority would be a very difficult one to settle, for while the voyage of John Cabot in 1497 might be cited in behalf of the English claim, there is reason to believe that both Basque and Breton fishermen had found their way to the cod banks of Newfoundland a year or two earlier. During the sixteenth century the French showed on the whole more activity than their neighbors in exploring the North American coasts. In 1524, Verrazzano, a Florentine navigator in the service of Francis I., explored the entire coast from North Carolina to Nova Scotia; but the staggering blows inflicted on the French arms by Spain in the Italian campaigns of this and the following year prevented the further prosecution of the enterprise. Ten years later, in 1534, Jacques Cartier began a series of voyages for the purpose of discovering a northwest passage to India. By this time the discoveries of Magellan had begun to make it clear that America was not exactly Asia, but no idea had been formed of the vast breadth of this continent, and wherever a great opening appeared, such as Chesapeake Bay or the mouth of the St. Lawrence, it was at first supposed to afford an opportunity of reaching the Pacific Ocean and the Asiatic coast. The voyages of Cartier resulted in the exploration of the St. Lawrence as far as the site of Montreal, and in the attempt to found a colony. But this attempt was defeated by famine and scurvy in 1542. The energies of France were soon absorbed in her religious wars, and, with the exception of the Florida enterprise whose tragic history we have above surveyed, nothing

more is heard of French colonization in America until this frightful period of anarchy had been brought to a close by the overthrow of the Leaguers and the accession of Henri IV. Meanwhile England had entered the lists. In 1576, Frobisher entered the Arctic Ocean in search of a northwest passage; in 1579, Drake sailed up the Pacific as far as the coast of Oregon; in 1585, Raleigh began the exploration of North Carolina and Virginia. The first child of English parents born on the soil of the United States was Virginia Dare, born on Roanoke Island August 18, 1587. Just twenty years after this the history of English America fairly begins with the settlement of Jamestown in 1607. During the first decade of the seventeenth century several English voyagers visited the coasts of Massachusetts and Maine. The expeditions of Champlain, on the other hand, began in 1603, and Quebec was founded in 1608. So that, although the French were a little earlier in the field, yet if we look at the dates when the work of colonization began in earnest, we may say that the origins of New France and New England were contemporaneous.

Samuel de Champlain, founder of Quebec and Montreal, discoverer of the beautiful lake which bears his name, and of the great lakes Ontario and Huron, for thirty-two years the mainstay and dependence of Canadian colonization, and foremost among the pioneers of New France, was a hero to whom any people might delight to do reverence. On the long honor-roll of French chivalry there are few names that shine with a brighter or purer lustre. In his character there was much that reminds one of the highest type of mediæval knight—of a Godfrey or a St. Louis; yet combined with this was that keen scientific curiosity which in our own day animates a Baker or a Livingstone. His piety and probity were equal to his courage and endurance, and these qualities were united with a tact which made him the idol of Indians and white men alike.

Champlain was not merely the founder of the Canadian colony, but he impressed upon it most of the principal features of its policy, internal and external. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that these features were determined by the position of the colony and the circumstances of French society; it is none the less true that they assumed a permanent character dur-

ing Champlain's lifetime and in accordance with his views. That curious combination of mercantile with missionary enterprise, the black-robed Jesuit and the trader in beaver-skins perpetually jostling each other; the attempt to reproduce, in this uncongenial soil, the institutions of a feudalism already doomed in the Old World; the policy of fraternization with the Indians, and participation in their never-ending intertribal quarrels; and the tendency toward territorial aggrandizement on a great scale, carried on by means of far-reaching exploration and subtle alliances, with the systematic establishment of well-selected military posts—all these peculiarities, which give to early Canadian history such rare and fascinating interest, were distinctly brought out between the time when Quebec was founded and the death of Champlain on the Christmas of 1635.

Second only to Champlain among the heroes of Canadian history stands Robert Cavelier de la Salle—a man of iron if ever there was one—a man austere and cold in manner, and endowed with such indomitable pluck and perseverance as have never been surpassed in this world. He did more than any other man to extend the dominion of France in the New World. As Champlain had founded the colony of Canada and opened the way to the great lakes, so La Salle completed the discovery of the Mississippi, and added to the French possessions the vast province of Louisiana. In 1541 De Soto had discovered the Mississippi River, and ascended it perhaps as far as New Madrid, but the Spaniards had never carried on further exploration in this quarter, and De Soto's achievements lapsed nearly or quite into oblivion. The approaches of the French were made from the north. In 1639 Jean Nicolle reached the Wisconsin, and heard of a great water beyond, which was no doubt the Mississippi, but which he, of course, took to be the Pacific Ocean, or whatever water might afford a passage to China. In the following years the Jesuit missionaries penetrated as far as Lake Superior, and settlements were founded at Saut Ste. Marie and at Michilimackinac, in the extreme north of Michigan. In 1669 La Salle made his first journey to the west, hoping to find a northwest passage to China, but very little is known about this expedition, except that the Ohio River was discovered, and perhaps also the Illinois. La Salle's feudal domain of St.

Sulpice, some eight miles from Montreal, bears to day the name of La Chine, or China, which is said to have been applied to it in derision of this fruitless expedition. In 1673 the priest Marquette and the fur-trader Joliet actually reached the Mississippi by way of the Wisconsin, and sailed down the great river as far as the mouth of the Arkansas; and now the life-work of La Salle began in earnest. He formed a grand project for exploring the Mississippi to its mouth, and determining whether it flowed into the Gulf of California or the Gulf of Mexico. The advance of Spain on the side of Mexico was to be checked forever, the English were to be confined to the east of the Alleghanies, and such military posts were to be established as would effectually confirm the authority of Louis XIV. throughout the centre of this continent. La Salle had but little ready money, and was surrounded by rivals and enemies; but he had a powerful friend in Count Frontenac, the Viceroy of Canada, a man of heroic mould like himself, though of smaller calibre and coarser fibre. At length, after surmounting innumerable difficulties, a vessel was built and launched on the Niagara River, a small party of thirty or forty men were gathered together, and La Salle, having just recovered from a treacherous dose of poison, embarked on his great enterprise. His departure was clouded by the news that his impatient creditors had laid hands upon his Canadian estates; but, nothing daunted, he pushed on through lakes Erie and Huron, and after many disasters reached the southern extremity of Lake Michigan. The vessel was now sent back, with half the party, to Niagara, carrying furs to appease the creditors and purchase additional supplies for the remainder of the journey, while La Salle with his diminished company pushed on to the Illinois, where a fort was built, and appropriately named Fort Crèvecoeur, or, as we might translate it, the "fort of the breaking heart." Here, amid perils of famine, mutiny, and Indian attack, and exposed to death from the wintry cold, they waited until it became evident to all that their vessel must have perished. She never was heard from again, and most likely had foundered on her perilous voyage. To add to the trouble, La Salle was again poisoned; but his iron constitution, aided by some lucky antidote, again carried him safely through the ordeal, and

about the first of March, 1680, he started on foot for Montreal. Leaving Fort Crèvecoeur and its tiny garrison under command of his faithful lieutenant, Tonty, he set out with four Frenchmen and one Mohegan guide, who for his bravery regarded him as something superhuman; and these six men fought their way eastward through the trackless wilderness, now floundering through the melting snow, now bivouacking with their clothes stiffened with frost, now stopping to make a bark canoe, now crossing streams on the floating ice-cakes like the runaway slave-girl in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*: in such desperate plight as this they made their way for a thousand miles across Michigan and western Canada to Niagara, and so on to Montreal. I say "they made their way," but it was only La Salle who reached Montreal. The others, even to the Indian, gave out on reaching Lake Ontario, and La Salle had to ferry them as invalids in a bark canoe across to Niagara, whence he continued his journey with three fresh men. Thus the college-bred man, the gentleman who had been reared in luxury, surpassed in endurance the savage and the hunters inured to the forest, because his lofty thoughts conspired with his hardy frame to carry out the behests of his unconquerable will.

At Niagara La Salle learned that a ship from France, freighted for him with a cargo worth more than twenty thousand livres, had been wrecked in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and nothing had been saved.

In spite of this dreadful blow he contrived to get together supplies and reinforcements at Montreal, and had returned to Fort Frontenac, at the lower end of Lake Ontario, when still more woful tidings were received. Here, toward the end of July, a message came from the fortress so well named Crèvecoeur. The garrison had mutinied and destroyed the fort, and made their way back through Michigan. Recruiting their ranks with other worthless freebooters, they had plundered the station at Niagara, and were now cruising about Lake Ontario in canoes, hoping to kill La Salle for fear he should punish their misdeeds. It was these wretches themselves, however, that fell into the pit they had dug. The indignant commander instantly pursued them on the lake with a fleet of canoes, overtook, defeated, and captured them, and sent them in chains to be dealt with by the viceroy. After this

prompt chastisement, he proceeded again to the Illinois to reconstruct his fort, and rescue, if possible, his lieutenant Tonty and the few faithful followers who had survived the mutiny. This little party, abandoned in the wilderness, had found shelter among the Illinois Indians; but during the summer of 1680 the great village or town of the Illinois was destroyed by the Iroquois, and the hard-pressed Frenchmen retreated up the western shore of Lake Michigan to Green Bay. On arriving at the Illinois, therefore, La Salle found nothing but the terrible traces of fire and massacre and cannibal orgies; but he spent the following winter to good purpose in securing the friendship of the western Indians, and in making an alliance with them against the Iroquois. Then, in May, 1681, he set out again for Canada, to look after his creditors and obtain new resources; on the way home, at the outlet of Lake Michigan, he met his friend Tonty, and together they paddled their canoes a thousand miles, and came to Fort Frontenac.

So, after all this hardship and disaster, the work was to be begun anew; and the enemies of the great explorer were exulting in what they imagined must be his despair. But that was a word of which La Salle knew not the meaning, and now his fortunes began to change. In Mr. Parkman's words, "Fate at length seemed tired of the conflict with so stubborn an adversary." At this third venture everything went smoothly. The little fleet passed up the great lakes, from the outlet of Ontario to the head of Michigan, and gained the Chicago River. Crossing the narrow portage, they descended the Illinois and the Mississippi till they came out upon the Gulf of Mexico; and on the 9th of April, 1682, the fleurs-de-lis were planted at the mouth of the great river, and all the country drained by its tributaries, from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains, was formally declared to be the property of the King of France, and named after him Louisiana.

Returning up the river after his triumph, La Salle founded a station or small colony on the Illinois, which he called St. Louis, and leaving Tonty in command, kept on to Canada, and crossed to France for means to circumvent his enemies, and complete his far-reaching schemes. A colony was to be founded at the mouth of the Mississippi, and military stations were to

connect this with the French settlement in Canada. At the French court La Salle was treated like a hero, and a fine expedition was soon fitted out, but everything was ruined by jealousy and ill-will between La Salle and the naval commander, Beaujeu. The fleet sailed beyond the mouth of the Mississippi, the colony was thrown upon the coast of Texas, some of the vessels were wrecked, and Beaujeu—though apparently without sinister design—sailed away with the rest, and two years of terrible suffering followed. At last, in March, 1687, La Salle started to find the Mississippi, hoping to ascend it to Tonty's fort on the Illinois, and obtain relief for his followers. But he had scarcely set out on this desperate enterprise when two or three mutinous wretches of his party laid an ambush for him in the forest, and shot him dead.

Thus, at the early age of forty-three, perished this extraordinary man, with his life-work but half accomplished. Yet his labors had done much toward building up the imposing dominion with which New France confronted New England in the following century; and vast as were his schemes when compared with his resources, they were conceived with statesman-like sagacity, and but for circumstances lying deeper in the structure of French and English society than any statesman could have been expected to fathom, they might ultimately and by other hands have been gloriously realized. As it was, the colony of Louisiana was planted by Iberville some twelve years after La Salle's death; but two generations more had not passed away before the Mississippi Valley was partitioned between England and Spain. Could La Salle have looked forward to the victory of Wolfe and its immediate consequences, could he have beheld the realm of New France for which he had toiled so bravely given over forever to Englishmen and Protestants, the blow would, I doubt not, have been harder than any he had actually been called upon to endure. Yet could still wider forecast of the future have been vouchsafed him, he might have seen that what he had failed to achieve for France had been achieved for America and for mankind. America will in the future revere him as one of the chief among her early heroes, and mankind will not refuse him that meed of praise which is accorded to those that endure to the end.