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allies and by the evidences of courage and statecraft in Frontenac which they had been quick to discover and appreciate during his preceding Government. In 1692 occurred one of those incidents which shed a ray of light athwart a gloomy record of bloodshed and barbarism. It was a bright summer day at the little Fort of Verchéres and its only occupants were Madeleine, the Seigneur's daugh er (a girl of fourteen years), two soldiers, two boys and some women. The time was supposed to be one of peace and the men were away at work in the fields. Suddenly a large party of Indians appeared on the scene. The gates were shut and the terrified inmates calmed by the little maiden. She at once took command, cannon were shotted and fired by her orders, and the tiny garrison placed so as to continue their use to best advantage. For a week the heroine of Verchéresas history justly terms her-held the place with increasing vigilance against repeated Iroquois attacks, and until the inmates were at last saved by the appearance of French soldiers.

The year after this, Frontenac led a not very successful expedition against the Mohawks and, in 1696, though now old and somewhat feeble, he was carried in an arm-chair through the vast wilderness of water and forest at the head of twenty-two hundred men to another attack on this redoubtable tribe. The Iroquois burned their towns and some were burned for them, while much food was destroyed and famine in the future made inevitable. But little else was done except the capture of some chiefs who were taken back as hostages. The Iroquois had now for nearly twenty years been in formal alliance with the English at New York, and under the protection of the English Government. Year by year, the naturally war-like spirit of all the tribes had been fanned by the European rivals until their merciless disposition and indifference to death had flamed up in the massacre of Lachine, on the one side, and that of Schenectady on the other. Yet they were cunning enough not to permit the absolute destruction