

"Pray what would they themselves do?"

"Retire, he says, into the wilderness, which is large enough for them; and besides, the game is going farther north."

"The boobies! Do they not know that it will be as bad for them if the English get possession, even nominally, of our dominion? But I am greatly worried over this. Had Marcelle refused to marry Beauharnais it would have saved us from this miserable failure and all harshness. Send for Marcelle. I will speak with her."

During Colonel Dumont's absence Frontenac reflected.

"I will recommend Beauharnais for his services so highly that the King will grant him whatever he wishes. If that will not please, then—but it must. Then the Bishop will complain of my want of discipline—Marcelle!"

"Yes, Your Excellency," said Marcelle, entering, tear-stained and disconsolate.

Frontenac paused and looked at her in deep distress.

"Why do you grieve so, Marcelle? You look as if the world had fled from you."

Frontenac spoke with gentleness and feeling. Marcelle did not reply, but looked steadily at the floor.

"Speak," said Frontenac. "You sent for Dilbot, did you not?"

"No, Your Excellency."

"But Colonel Dumont informs me that the coureurs are restless and tax me with being ungrateful. Have you not seen them?"