

irregular, fill many a page of old Canadian history. Whether with the gallant brothers Le Moyne, defending Quebec against Sir William Phipps, or striking terror into New York and New England by swift forays such as Hertel de Rouville led; or with Du Lhut and Durantaye, breaking loose from the strait-jacket in which Royal Intendants imprisoned the colony, and abandoning themselves to the savage freedom of western fort and forest life; or under D'Iberville, most celebrated of the seven sons of Charles Le Moyne, sweeping the English flag from Newfoundland and Hudson's Bay or colonizing Louisiana; or with Jumonville and his brother on the Ohio, defeating Washington and Braddock; or vainly conquering at Fort William Henry and Carillon and Montmorency and Ste. Foye,—the picture is always full of life and colour. Whatever else may fail, valour and devotion to the King never fail. We find the dare-devil courage joined with the gaiety of heart and ready accommodation to circumstances that make the Frenchman popular, alike with friendly savages and civilized foemen, in all parts of the world. Canadian experiences developed in the old French stock new qualities, good and bad, the good predominating. Versed in all kinds of woodcraft, handling an axe as a modern tourist handles a tooth-pick, managing a canoe like Indians, inured to the climate, supplying themselves on the march with food from forest or river and cooking it in the most approved style, fearing neither frost nor ice, depth of snow nor depth of muskeg, independent of roads,—such men needed only a leader who understood them to go anywhere into the untrodden depths of the New World, and to do anything that man could do. Such a leader they found in Louis de Buade, Comte de Palléau et de Frontenac. Buade Street recalls his name, and there is little else in the old city that does, though Quebec loved him well in his day. Talon had done all that man could do to develop the infant colony by means of a national policy that stimulated industry, and an immigration policy, wise and vigorous enough, as far as his appeals to the King and Colbert went, for the nineteenth century. Another man was needed to enable the thin line of colonists to make head against the formidable Iroquois, backed as they were by the Dutch and English of New York, and against the citizen sailors and soldiers of New England; to direct their energies to the Great West; to make them feel that the power of France was with them, no matter how far they wandered from Quebec; and to inspire them with the thought that the whole unbounded continent was theirs by right. Such a man was Frontenac. Of his quarrels with intendants and clergy it would be a waste of time to speak. To defend him from the accusations made against his honour is unnecessary. How could quarrels be avoided where three officials lived, each having some reason to believe, in accordance with the profound state-craft of the Old Régime, that he was the supreme ruler! Frontenac was titular head, and he would be the real head. Neither bishops nor intendants should rule in his day, and they did not, and could not. They could worry him and even secure