

ever they went they made allies of the red men; missionized them, hunted and intermarried with them, did everything but fight them. Then they turned southward to sweep the Dutch and English down the Hudson and off Manhattan Island, and ran against the Mohawks and were stopped. It is scarcely too much to say that if Champlain, blundering on before he knew Indian politics or power, had not shot the Mokawk chiefs on Lake Champlain, and thereby won for France the bitter hatred of the Five Nations, the whole destiny of the Continent had been changed and the current of American history would have flowed in other channels than it fills to-day. But however this may be, one thing is clear: that the old-time French, those great captains whether of king or Christ, never dreamed of allowing this Continent to be partitioned into two or three separate countries, thus doing violence to its geography and productive wholeness, including in its harvest circle every fruit, vegetable and cereal needed by man, but prayed, fought, bled, and suffered toil and torture to place it under one flag and power in the splendor of its integral vastness.

Changes came. The Pompadour ruled the court. Power in high places across the sea rotted into stench. Voltaire sneered like a caustic fool at a geographical Empire too vast, and a faith too high, for him to understand. Virtue went out of France. Vices came in. The Bigots of Old France came hither, and as the people of Quebec starved, they held orgies and drank the nation's blood in wassail. The eagle's eye, the eagle's strength of wing, the eagle's power to swoop and strike, left the French blood