

whitened the Gulf; their only companions were the Indians, who stood in quiet contemplation of the strange proceedings of these white invaders of their forest homes, who shouting, *Vive le Roi*, and singing the grand hymns of their Liturgy, raised crosses and columns in token of the sovereignty of the Grand Monarch at Versailles. Of all that vast domain, stretching from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains, from the Rio Grande to the remotest springs of Missouri, France no longer retains a single rood; the only evidences of her former supremacy are seen in the name of Louisiana, and in the remnant of people who, like the Acadian French, still cling to their language, their religion, and many of their old customs. From this momentous discovery, La Salle himself reaped no benefit; but in this respect he fared no worse than other explorers, even greater than he was,—for history has minutely described how he fell at the hands of the assassin amid the rank grass that covers the banks of the great river whose mysterious course he had unravelled. Among the many notable adventurers of whose exploits history tells us, no one surpasses him in courage and practical action. The story of his life, as it is told in the eloquent pages of the historian Parkman, surpasses in all the elements of interest the best conceived romance. “Never”—I quote from that historian—“under the impenetrable heart of paladin or crusader, beat a heart of more intrepid metal than within the stoic panoply that armed the breast of La Salle. To estimate aright the marvels of his patient fortitude, one must follow him on his track through the vast scene of his interminable journeyings, those thousands of weary miles of forest, marsh, and river, where, again and again, in the bitterness of baffled striving, the untiring pilgrim pushed onwards towards the goal which he was never to attain. America owes him an enduring memory; in this masculine figure cast in iron, she sees the heroic pioneer who guided her to the possession of her richest heritage.”

Or review the career of Henri de Tonty of the Iron Hand, and what material exists for a romance as attractive as Quentin

Durward! In his early youth he became a soldier, and won for himself a high reputation in the Sicilian wars; next, we find him the associate of La Salle in his perilous adventures among the forests and rivers of the West, until he reached the Gulf of Mexico; entrusted with the defence of Fort St. Louis, perched above the Illinois like a feudal keep above the Rhine, he faithfully fulfilled his duty; and even when he learned the news of the death of the man he had loved so well and served so truly, he would have perfected the work which that astute and courageous master mind had planned; and if he failed to relieve the little colony which La Salle had left on the dreary shores of that lonely Texan Bay, or to form new settlements by the mouth of the Mississippi, it was not through a want of capacity or courageous resolution, but because there seemed to be an adverse destiny opposed to the plans of all the bold men who had been the associates of the illustrious discoverer of Louisiana.

Among the early inhabitants of Acadia was one very extraordinary specimen of the class of which we are speaking. One of the captains of the celebrated De Carignan Regiment—distinguished for its services in Hungary in the war with the Turks—which came to New France during 1665, was the Baron de St. Castin, a Bernese by birth. When the regiment was disbanded and its men received favorable terms to induce them to settle in Canada, he established himself on the Richelieu; but he soon tired of his inactive life, and leaving his Canadian home settled at Pentagoët (Penobscot) amid the forests. Here he fraternized with the Abenakis and led the life of a robber chieftain, and his name was long a terror to the New England colonists. He married the daughter of an Indian chief, and so influential was he that, at his summons, all the tribes on the frontier between Acadia and New England would lift the hatchet and proceed on the war-path. His life at Pentagoët, for years, was very active and adventurous, as the annals of New England show. In 1781, happily for the British Colonists, he succeeded to a fortune in France, and thenceforth disappeared from American history. His son