

passage—sailors and traders. By 1680 some ten thousand souls had become rooted in the country, who comprised the bulk of the ancestors of the French-Canadian people, since there was little subsequent immigration. They were a simple, hardy, merry, sociable folk, absolutely illiterate, highly superstitious, very poor in artificial luxuries, but living comfortably on the riches of wild nature. They cleared the forests around the log huts, journeyed far on the wide St. Lawrence and the great rivers, lived ever in peril of savage foes, sang, danced, trapped, traded, obeyed the curé implicitly in two thirds of their lives, and in the other third some simple rustic squire not much better equipped in any way than themselves. Naturally they believed in the sole efficacy of the Catholic religion and the proud superiority of the French race, and held that *Gesta Dei per Francos*.

After this time there was little immigration, but they grew and multiplied at the amazing rate common to all colonial populations of America. For seventy years (from 1690 to 1760) they were engaged in more or less warfare with the heretical British colonies, and had plenty of small successes, Indian fashion, and, under Count Frontenac at the beginning and the Marquis of Montcalm towards the end, several glorious victories.

In 1759–60 Quebec and Montreal fell, and this little band who had fought so long and well for France passed under George III.

They represented a lost cause; but it was no common cause—it was a vast dream of empire and a heroic record of struggle and exploration. In