



FRONTENAC

The SAVIOR *of*

CANADA.

by Cyrus Townsend Brady

illustrated by
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A FEW miles above the city of Montreal the St. Lawrence pours its mighty flood of water in mad turmoil over those jutting points of rock, the passage of which is the most exciting experience in the descent of the great river. Upon the banks of the stream, just above the rapids, where the low-lying land permits it to widen into a vast expanse of water known as Lac St. Louis, one Robert Cavelier, Sieur de La Salle, by permission of the Sulpicians, whose influence was paramount in Montreal, had built himself a manor and established there a village, which, in the year 1689, contained some four hundred inhabitants. To this place, with fanciful anticipation that the great river, if pursued far enough, would afford a convenient passage to China, the long-sought-for and mysterious East, had been given the name of La Chine. The name is still preserved in the whirling rapids.

On the night of the fourth of August, 1689, in the midst of a furious storm of rain and wind, hundreds of birch-bark canoes were launched upon Lac St. Louis, and silently paddling across the river, some fifteen hundred ferocious Iroquois landed upon the shore and, without a sound, surrounded the village. A failure to finish Fort Frontenac had left these children of the Long-house, as the savage confederates of the Five Nations were called, free to attack this unprotected and unsuspecting point. At a given

signal the blood-curdling war-whoop was raised, the doors of the houses were burst open, and the startled inhabitants were killed or captured before they realized what had happened. Many of them, awakened from sleep by the touch of a rude hand, opened their eyes to see a hideous painted face bending over them, and before their lips could form a cry a tomahawk would be sunk into their brains—a happy fate which those who were spared for the moment would fain have enjoyed.

This appalling incident was the result of the incapacity of the governors of New France, the culmination of years of treachery, duplicity, and oppression, and was the beginning of a series of frightful episodes which did not terminate until the power of the Five Nations was broken, some eight years after. The people of the land cried out for a man to extricate them from their awful situation, and King Louis XIV. sent them one in the person of old Frontenac.

Louis de Buade, Comte de Palluau et de Frontenac, sprang from an ancient and honorable Basque family, cradled in the shadow of the Pyrenees. His grandfather had been advanced to high station by Henry IV. His father had been maintained in the same degree of eminence by a continuance of the favor of that merry monarch. The melancholy Louis XIII. had consented to stand godfather for the baby born in the year 1620, who was to be the future governor, and he vouchsafed to him the signal honor of bearing the royal name. By his ardent, fiery Gascon nature, Frontenac was marked out for the profession of a soldier, and in 1635, at the age of fifteen, he entered the French

army as a gentleman volunteer under Maurice of Nassau, and rose by successive acts of hardihood and audacity to the rank of colonel of the Normandy regiment at twenty-three years of age. He took part in many of the sieges and battles in Flanders, and commanded his regiment with brilliant success in Italy, earning a reputation for desperate gallantry and headlong valor which made him the darling of the Court of Louis XIV.

He was wounded again and again, but nothing seems to have dampened his military ardor. Rapidly passing through the different grades, he was made a lieutenant-general in 1669 and sent by the great Turenne, the first soldier of his day in Europe, as his own choice to command the forces of Venice in a life-and-death struggle the Republic was then waging in Candia against the Turks. It was a most arduous and difficult position, but Frontenac accepted it gladly. From causes which he could not control, ultimate success did not attend his endeavors, but the price which he made the Turks pay before they conquered the island (their loss was reputed at one hundred and eighty thousand men), taken in conjunction with the insufficient means at his disposal, raised him to a very high place among the soldiers of the world.

Long before this campaign, in 1648, with his usual audacity, he had made a love match with one of the beauties of the Court, Anne de La Grange-Trianon, aged sixteen at the time, capturing that lady, as it were, by assault, and whisking her off to the church under the noses of her violently opposing guardians. The match was not a happy one, for if Frontenac was flint, Anne was steel, and they disagreed violently and quarreled from the beginning. They therefore lived apart, each, apparently, retaining the highest respect for the other.

It is more than surmised that the first appointment of the fiery, hot-tempered Frontenac to the governorship of Canada was largely the result of his wife's influence. Singular to state, she was not immoral, which is saying much for a woman so circumstanced in that court, and she appears to have remained faithful to her titular lord. She simply wished to be rid of him. Another cause, however, has been assigned for sending this brilliant soldier and courtier to New France, and perhaps with better reason. He is reputed to have promised to become a rival of the royal son in the affection of the famous Marquise de Montespan.

However that may be, for ten years, from 1672 to 1682, he had enjoyed a tempestuous and stormy career as governor of Canada. During this time he quarreled with everything and everybody, but in spite of his rancorous difficulties with the Jesuits and Bishop Laval and the Intendants Talon and Duchesneau, he showed such executive ability and general capacity as had been manifested by no previous governor since the days of Champlain. During his term of office he sent forth Joliet and Marquette to discover the Mississippi. It is interesting to note that when Joliet saw for the first time the mighty "Father of Waters" he called it the River de Buade, and although Marquette named it La Conception, de Buade it remained for some time. Frontenac was the patron and friend of that other heroic spirit, La Salle, who was assassinated in the swamps of Louisiana vainly endeavoring to found an empire.

The royal governor was so far in advance of his time as actually to constitute and summon in New France a sort of states-general, or parliament, for the government of the country—under himself, of course. This was much to the disgust of that most absolute of monarchs, Louis XIV., who hated parliaments and made himself the states-general of his kingdom, and the king severely rebuked Frontenac for his action and countermanded his parliament. It was a singular thing for the old noble to do, for he was by nature one of the most aristocratic of men.

The quarrels in Quebec became so fierce finally that Frontenac and the intendant were relieved and ordered home. The two succeeding administrations of La Barre and de Denonville culminated in the awful massacre at La Chine. Before the news reached France, Louis had decided to replace Frontenac on the great rock of Quebec, and after he heard the tidings he determined to maintain him there.

The French king was then in the zenith of his power. The peace of Nimwegen had left him the undisputed primacy in Europe. The years of extravagant excesses which followed, coupled with the tremendous strains involved by his previous campaigns, had, however, undermined his resources, and France was never so vulnerable as at this moment of her triumph. The desire of Louis to replace James II. upon the throne of England, and his inveterate hatred of William of Orange, caused war to break out again in 1688, and Frontenac was charged

with carrying it on in the New World. To him was allotted the task of exterminating the English colonists on the seaboard and bringing the whole continent of North America into the power of New France. To accomplish this magnificent result he was provided with his brains and his hands by Providence, and reinforced by the goodwill and the orders of the king, who was so busily occupied in other directions as to be able to spare him but little in the way of troops and supplies.

On the twelfth of October, 1689, the governor reached Quebec and found New France at the last gasp. Instead of conquering the English it was necessary to struggle for life. In his magnificent planning Louis had given no thought to the Iroquois, and even the news from La Chine scarcely enlightened him. The Indians, undoubtedly inspired by the English, had given evidence of their intentions toward Canada in the massacre, and it was rumored that preparations were already under way on the part of the English to follow up vigorously the inroads of their savage allies. With characteristic energy Frontenac endeavored to relieve the situation and rehabilitate the country. Striving by diplomacy and cajolery to propitiate the Indians for the time being, in spite of the awful blot left upon the colony by the unpunished foray, he sent three expeditions to strike the English border settlements, to restore French prestige in the savage mind, and to make at least a beginning towards overwhelming that thin line of humanity on the seaboard.

It was winter before the three expeditions got away under the command of different members of the Canadian noblesse, who showed themselves men of distinguished capacity and courage in all the campaigns on this continent. One party, commanded by de Mantet and three of the sons of the celebrated Le Moyne, of whom d'Iberville

was chief, comprised something over two hundred and fifty men, half of them French, the others Christianized Hurons. Having marched twenty-two days in mid-winter, suffering incredible hardships, on the fourth of February, 1690, they arrived near the little Dutch village of Schenectady, the northernmost settlement in New York. Albany had been their destination, but Schenectady lay nearer to them, and exhausted human nature could do no more.

The people of Schenectady had laughed at the warnings of Governor Leisler. That night ten militiamen, who garrisoned the town, had mounted snow sentinels at the



THE MASSACRE AT LA CHINE.

two gates of the stockade, which they left open, and under this secure wardship, had retired to their barracks. The unsuspecting inhabitants were all asleep. The French and Indians lay concealed until nightfall, and then in the midst of a furious snow-storm they softly entered the town, encircled the houses, made all preparations, and awakened the inhabitants with the usual war-cry. Some sixty were killed, including twenty-two women and children, and ninety persons were made prisoners. The killing was attended with frightful barbarities, perpetrated by the Indians, as usual. The town was looted and burned, and taking some thirty prisoners with them, having turned adrift the balance, the French, laden with plunder, retraced their steps to Canada with light hearts. A party of warriors from the Long-house overtook them, and in a fierce battle killed some eighteen of the expedition, but otherwise they got back safely with their prisoners and their plunder.

Another expedition, under de Rouville, numbering fifty-two persons, surprised the settlement at Salmon Falls on the Piscataqua River, on the night of March 27th, and reenacted the butchery of Schenectady. As they were retracing their steps with fifty-four prisoners they fell in with the third French party, and early in June the combined force moved against the settlement on Casco Bay, called Fort Loyal, which is now Portland, Maine.

This place was garrisoned and was regularly besieged. After six days of gallant defence, the officer in command, Captain Sylvanus Davis, surrendered under promises of protection, which were basely forgotten, and the usual massacre ensued. All these predatory excursions had been most brutally and ruthlessly carried out to complete success by the infuriated French and their savage allies. The effect upon popular opinion, and especially on the Indians, was immediate and decided. There was some fight left in the French after all, it appeared.

Meanwhile, for the first time in many years, the savages from the northwest had been able to transport their furs and peltries to Montreal. Frontenac's vigorous policy had opened a way for them, and a constantly increasing stream of wealth and trade poured through the colonies. There was a great meeting of the chiefs and braves at Montreal in July, and it is gravely related that the spirited old governor-general actually seized a tomahawk and personally joined in the war-dance, by which an

alliance offensive and defensive was celebrated.

A curious picture is presented by this habitué of the court of the proudest, most punctilious, and best dressed of monarchs, abandoning himself to the wild Indian revels, whooping, yelling, brandishing his tomahawk with all the fervor of the most savage of his allies. But one of the secrets of his success lay in his intuitive knowledge of the Indian character and his ability to control the women. He was half Indian in spirit himself, this fierce old warrior, and his actions they could understand and appreciate. Even those who warred against him cherished for him an instinctive respect and went softly in his presence.

But the sturdy English colonists did not submit tamely to the inroads of Frontenac's partizans. The sluggish Dutch blood of New York was stirred by the dreadful news that came down the river, and a certain Captain John Schuyler raised a force to attack Montreal by land. Massachusetts came to his assistance. A party of several hundred colonists, under Winthrop and Schuyler, were assembled in the spring to march up to the attack by the familiar route along Lake Champlain, which was the inevitable war path of the different contending nationalities on this continent until the victory of MacDonough finally shut the gate.

Meanwhile, Massachusetts, bankrupt in treasury and exhausted in credit, boldly undertook an enterprise of even greater magnitude—no less than the capture of Quebec itself. Massachusetts bore the same relation to the provinces that South Carolina bore later on to the Southern States. She was always spoiling for a fight, and generally found people ready to accommodate her. Appealing to England for help, and, when her appeals were unnoticed, falling back upon her own limited and over-strained resources, she assembled some thirty-four vessels, only four of which were of respectable size, and the rest small and of trifling force. In these vessels were embarked two thousand, two hundred men under the command of Sir William Phips.

Phips was a plain, rough sailor, originally a ship-carpenter, grossly ignorant and obstinate, who had captured Port Royal in Nova Scotia without striking a blow. He was honest, according to his lights, and he was brave. Other qualifications for leadership he had none. Earlier in life he had located a sunken galleon in the West Indies and recovered from it the treasure it



ANNOUNCING THE ARRIVAL OF THE ENGLISH.

contained. He had put down a mutiny on the king's ship he commanded on that occasion by the force of his vigorous personality, and had been knighted for these exploits. He was chosen to the command of this expedition, and the soldiers, who were, of course, militiamen, were under the direction of John Walley, a Barnstable mechanic. He, too, was brave, but untrained, ignorant, and inexperienced.

The ships were scantily provisioned and inadequately provided with ammunition. A more capable commander would never have dreamed of attempting so stupendous a feat of arms with so feeble a force. Encouraged, however, by his easy success at Port Royal, Phips blithely set forth on his impossible expedition. His departure was much delayed, waiting for reënforcements from England

which never came, and it was not until October, near the closed season, that the fleet dropped anchor in the basin of Quebec.

The land expedition up Lake Champlain, badly conducted, having effected nothing whatever, decided to return. Before doing so, Schuyler pushed forward with an advance party and had a severe engagement with a larger force of French and Indians, in which the honors remained with the Dutch-Americans. But the mind of Frontenac was set at rest by the news of the prompt and final retreat of the party.

His calmness was speedily broken by the arrival of a courier at Montreal with the startling news that the English were coming up the river. Leaving Callieres, governor of Montreal, to bring up the garrison to Quebec, Frontenac made his way down the river with all speed. By his orders fortifications had been commenced on the landward side of the town. He had caused a palisade with a ditch and earth wall to be built from the St. Charles River to the St. Lawrence. This work was

not entirely completed when he arrived, but with his usual vigor he infused so much of his own spirit into the population that during the night they finished the palisade. Cannon were planted on the walls of the city and upon the plateau of Cape Diamond, to command the shipping in the basin, and two batteries were erected near the water's edge in front of the lower town. The country was scoured for the hardy Canadian militia, and the regular garrisons of the nearby posts on the river were concentrated in the town.

Early in the morning of October 16, 1690, Phips's fleet came slowly trailing past the Isle of Orleans and dropped anchor just out of gunshot of the city. Phips had not displayed his usual energy. He had lingered three weeks at Tadoussac, and had then proceeded leisurely up the river, touching at sev-

eral places, in most of which he met with a warm reception from Canadians and Indians, who, from the cover of the thick woods on the shore, inflicted great loss upon his men. The first sight of the city, and the natural strength of the position, apparent even to his dull mind, convinced him, possibly for the first time, that the task was not the easy one which his experience at Port Royal had led him confidently to expect.

Putting a bold face upon the matter, however, he sent an aide ashore under a flag of truce. The officer was blindfolded by the orders of Frontenac, and led by a roundabout road over barricade after barricade into the town. Then, still blindfolded, he was conducted to the great hall of the Château St. Louis, the residence of the governor, and the bandage was taken from his eyes. He found himself standing before a tall, thin old man of commanding presence, with a nose like an eagle's beak, who looked at him sternly out of a pair of fierce gray eyes, deep set under great tufted brows—a weather-beaten, age-lined face, which, better than the upright figure and the easy grace of movement, bespoke years of campaigning on the field. It was Frontenac.

He was surrounded by a brilliant group of the young noblesse of the colonies, attired in all the bravery which the French have ever managed to assume, however hard their circumstances or however desperate their situation. To him the rude young provincial officer presented an impudent summons from Phips to surrender. The letter was read aloud, and was received with bursts of indignation by the officers and men present. Frontenac, however, restrained their passion and dismissed the officer, refusing to give him any letter for his commander, saying that he could get his reply from the mouths of the cannon. He remarked incidentally, that a man of his station and reputation should not be approached in the rude and brusque manner in which Phips had addressed him.

In spite of Phips's bold demand, his situation was well nigh hopeless. But there were two or three things which he might have done that would have presented a faint possibility of success. He was advised to attack the landward side of the town, and was informed that there was a practicable path farther up the river, affording access to the plateau. It was the same path by which Wolfe made his famous ascent of the cliff seventy years later. Phips rejected this offer, and decided to land his men on

the side of the Charles River opposite Quebec, cross the river at a ford, and capture the town by storm, while he himself engaged the different batteries with his ships. While these preparations were going on, the garrison of the town was reinforced by the arrival of Callieres and his men from Montreal; that was the end of Phips's last hope, if he had known it, which, of course, he did not.

In pursuance of his foolhardy plan, after some delays, Walley and fifteen hundred men were debarked at Charlesbourg. They were met by a warm fire from parties of French on the Quebec side of the Charles River, who proceeded to annoy and harass them greatly, inflicting severe loss upon them. The New Englanders fought bravely, charging their concealed foes in the thickets again and again, but to no avail. Before Walley could properly make such disposition of his forces as his untutored mind suggested, Phips, with culpable impatience, moved over to attack the town with his ships. It was perfectly practicable for him to enter the Charles River and cover the passage of his troops by his ships; instead of which, he threw away the only remaining chance of success, and proceeded to bombard the upper and lower town and the rocky heights of Cape Diamond.

Frontenac was ready for him, and the ships and the town engaged in a hot fire for two days. No harm was done the city. The gunnery of the English was execrable. Their powder supply was finally exhausted, and they accomplished nothing beyond battering up the face of the rock. On the other hand, Frontenac dismasted the flagship, seriously damaged many other vessels, and finally drove the whole fleet out of action. Phips's flag, which floated over to the strand, was picked up by the French as a trophy.

Meanwhile smallpox broke out among the men on shore. When Phips heard this news, he practically gave up the fight. Although he blustered somewhat, the spirit was gone out of him. He had still to extricate Walley's troops from their now precarious situation. Manifesting at last some little evidence of military aptitude, he moved some of his vessels near the shore to protect Walley's wretched men, who had suffered greatly from rain, exposure, and sickness, and from parties of French skirmishers and Indian raiders, until the weather permitted him to reembark the party on the fleet.

Having done this successfully, on the 21st



FRONTENAC DISMISSING PHIPS'S AIDE-DE-CAMP.

of October, after wasting two aimless days, he turned tail and, followed by his disorganized and shattered ships, went helter-skelter down the river. Stopping below Isle Orleans to careen his scattered ships and repair damages, he finally reached Boston with but few of his vessels in company, and while many of them finally arrived at different ports, a number of the vessels were lost with all on board. As the result of this disastrous expedition, the credit of impoverished Massachusetts was lower and her treasury a little more empty than before. The prestige of Frontenac was greatly enhanced by this gallant defence, and his most Christian Majesty at Versailles even went so far as to strike a medal in honor of the event, which, like all the medals he struck, bore his own royal face.

During the remainder of Frontenac's term of office in Canada, neither party being able to muster an army formidable enough to undertake a conquest on a large scale, the French, English, and Indians confronted each other with an implacable hatred, which found no outlet save in predatory excursions and forays. A trail of blood and terror extended over all the frontier. The torch and scalping knife were busy in every direction. Success inclined sometimes to one side and sometimes to the other; but, on the whole, the balance of advantage was with the French.

In 1691, Peter Schuyler, ancestor of General Philip Schuyler of Revolutionary fame, had an encounter with Valrenne near Chambly, on the Richelieu River, which Frontenac

characterizes as the hottest fight which had yet taken place in Canada. The honors appear to have been equally distributed in the barren but desperate engagement. By Frontenac's orders, and inspired by the Jesuit priests, from 1691 to 1695 the Abenakis broke up the English settlements on the coast of Maine by repeated raids of the same terrible character. Indeed the Christianized Indians were quite as ferocious as their heathen brethren. In the end the French were entirely successful, and the English were pushed down to the seaboard settlements and compelled to stand on the defensive. But little could be done for the support of the English colonists in this war by the Home Government, which, at the time, had troubles of its own on its hands. The Iroquois, too, suffered severely, and after the defeats of the English they never took the field in force as they had done at La Chine.

In 1696, an expedition comprising three ships, under command of the famous d'Iberville, captured the fort at Pemaquid. After this adventure d'Iberville sailed for Newfoundland, captured St. John's, and ravaged the island. The next year, among other attacks which Frontenac planned was one upon the English trading posts on Hudson's Bay. To drive the English from this section, which he considered particularly his own, had been a favorite project of the king. Therefore, by Frontenac's orders, in 1697, d'Iberville turned the prows of his little squadron of five ships to the northward, and skirted along

the coast of Labrador. Picking his way through the ice which came floating down from the frozen north, finally, in August, he entered that gloomy gray inland sea named after the unfortunate Henry Hudson.

At the entrance of the bay the supply ship was caught in the ice-pack and lost. A few days later a violent storm arose which separated d'Iberville from his three remaining ships. As he sailed down the bay in his frigate, the "Pelican," forty-four guns, one morning, the lookouts sighted three large vessels coming toward them. Supposing that they were his missing ships, he immediately headed for them; but to his great surprise he presently discovered that they were three large English vessels, the "Hampshire," a man-of-war of fifty-two guns, in bad condition, and two armed merchantmen, the "Daring," of thirty-six guns, and the "Hudson's Bay," of thirty-two. The three ships greatly outclassed his own single frigate, but with the usual dauntless gallantry of his race d'Iberville immediately engaged them.

It was about nine o'clock in the morning. The battle that ensued was an exceeding hot one. During the combat, by his brilliant seamanship, however, d'Iberville so manœvered his frigate that he succeeded in raking his opponents in succession. About one o'clock he managed to take such an advantageous position off the quarter of the dismasted "Hampshire" that she literally sank under his furious broadsides with all on board. He then closed with the "Hudson's Bay," which presently struck her flag in a sinking condition, upon which the "Daring" fled and was seen no more. The "Pelican" was too much cut up to pursue.

Flushed with victory, d'Iberville stood on down toward Fort Nelson, which it was necessary to capture. Another fierce gale blew up, and his ship ran ashore and was wrecked. She had been badly shattered in hull, masts, and rigging, and was in no condition to weather the storm. By herculean efforts he succeeded in landing his men and prisoners and saving his arms and ammunition. The "Hudson's Bay" was also lost. Undaunted by this misfortune, he marched overland to the fort and invested it. Fortunately, however, his missing ships arrived at this time. The fort was vigorously bombarded, and after three days surrendered, the garrison receiving honorable terms. The French spent the winter there, and when the spring came they returned to Quebec, having utterly broken up the English trade.

It was a glorious exploit and well worthy the genius of the colonizer of Louisiana. "He had triumphed over the storms, the icebergs, and the English." Yet the brilliant adventure is scarcely referred to in history.

New France was now exceedingly prosperous. The fur trade, upon which it depended, had recommenced, and there remained no enemy to be dealt with except the Iroquois. The spirit of this wonderful confederation of savage tribes was as high as ever, but their power had greatly diminished.

In the year 1696 the governor general determined finally to break their opposition. By great exertions he assembled at Fort Frontenac, on Lake Ontario, the largest army which had ever set forth upon a land expedition in Canada. In a vast fleet of bateaux and canoes some twenty-two hundred men, under the leadership of the indomitable old count himself, then seventy-six years of age, crossed the lake and entered the Oswego River. Transporting their boats by portage around the falls and overland, they embarked on Lake Onondaga, and presently reached the land of the Long-house.

As the army debarked upon the shore they saw in the distance dense columns of smoke, and as they advanced in martial array through the forest, with drums beating and trumpets sounding, they found that the Onondagas had burned up their town and fled rather than risk a battle. Frontenac sent his men to complete the destruction of the crops in the fields and the villages nearby, which they did with merciless severity. They made captive several fugitives who had failed to make good their escape, and these they put to death with an exquisite refinement of torture which would not have shamed an Iroquois. Then having marched through the country in a high-handed manner, and demonstrated their power in such a way that even the unthinking Indian realized it, they returned to Fort Frontenac, and the Indians soon after sued for peace. Perhaps they were further moved to this design by the signing of the treaty of Ryswyck, September 20, 1697, which brought about peace between England and the French, and deprived the Iroquois of their strongest ally.

The news of the peace also nipped in the bud some brilliant schemes of the aged count, which he was preparing to put into operation, in spite of the fact that he was not only an old but a broken man. He had become, in fact, so worn out by his strenuous

life, that in the last campaign against the Iroquois it had been necessary to carry him about in a chair. The eagle spirit with which he had fought through so many battles had at last worn away the bars of the cage and was about to take its flight. His end was peaceful. The Intendant Champigny, with whom he had been continually at odds, forgot their differences, and did his best to cheer the declining hours of the lonely old governor. He kept up his haughty spirit to the last, hurling defiance at Lord Bellamont, the Royal Governor of New York, in a spirited correspondence, until the end of all his struggles came quietly and peacefully on the afternoon of the 28th of November, 1698. It is interesting to note that he bequeathed his property to the wife of his youth, who still survived him. I wonder if she remembered the romance of her girlhood?

Frontenac left the colony at the very height of its fortunes; not before, nor after, was it in the enjoyment of such prosperity. Though in the idea of absolutism in rule which it represented was enshrined the inevitable cause of its downfall, when opposed to the idea of independence exhibited by its English rival, yet Frontenac endued it with such vitality, that through him it lasted for sixty years longer, until it died with Montcalm.

Frontenac had all the vices of his age. He was high-tempered, passionate, haughty, and unyielding. Conciliation was an element entirely foreign to his character. He

quarreled always, everywhere, and with every one. He contended for his personal prerogatives with as much zeal as he fought for his king. He cannot be held guiltless of inaugurating the ruthless reprisals which devastated the border. It is not on record that he took any steps to prevent the calamities and mitigate the horrors attendant upon the raids which he planned, and which were carried out by his partizans, wood rangers, and Indians. He was a good hater and an unsparing combatant, but his faults were more than counterbalanced by his good qualities and his virtues.

He was loyal to his friends, generous in his appreciation of the merit and achievements of those beneath him. Petty jealousy of his officers had no place in his large mind. He was a man of splendid executive ability, unwearied persistence, and the highest courage, a trained and brilliant soldier of wide experience, and a devoted servant of his king and his country. Between Champlain and Montcalm he stands the most splendid representative of the power of France in America. He succeeded where others failed, and few men have impressed upon the keen judgment of the red men—who, with all their faults, were seldom deceived in their estimate of a man and a soldier—such evidence of power and capacity and courage as did this grim soldier from the battlefields of the Old World, this gay courtier from the parks of Versailles, who finished his course, like the eagle in his aery, on the gray old rock of Cape Diamond.

