

not say how many scalps he has taken, but how large is this river of blood. So terrible is he that nations no longer war with him, but fall prostrate when he looks. His word is the law of the world.

"You have a few sacks of corn, a hatchet or two, and call yourself rich. He possesses cities in number beyond the members of your tribe, a city for a man. His own palace is longer than from here to the top of the Sault, and the tallest trees would not reach its roof. He has a family in it more numerous than the people in one of your towns."

In such an atmosphere of rhetorical smoke, the swarthy savages grunted and wrapped themselves in amazement. The French had cast a die that foreboded they knew not what. One at least among them, in his forecast of the future, might have ventured a suspicion in accordance with the truth that not the race of Dablon and of Talon, but that of Eliot and Bradford, would yet possess these magnificent realms of the earth.

One thing was certainly apparent at the moment. The French could not long delay to try, at least, to make good the grandeur of their hopes. The rugged Frontenac had but just arrived at Quebec, and the burden was his. The story of the discovery of the Mississippi by Joliet and Marquette, it is not necessary to dwell upon further than to say that it made it sure how by the Wisconsin or the Illinois one could