

But for those two evil eyes in his head,
They press'd him out of Paris.

III.

'Twas long ago in the earlies,
And he thought to take a chance
For fortune in the fur-trade,
So he sail'd away from France,
In a crooked ship, with a crooked deck,
That sprang a leak and went to wreck
Five hundred miles from our Québec,
At the mouth of our Saint Lawrence.
How then he fared I do not know,
'Twas long ago, but this is so,
That up the river, paddling slow,
Half-starv'd, at length he reach'd Québec,
And told his tale of dismal wreck,—
His name was Jacques Valbeau.
Now in those days in our Québec
Nigh all the folk were pious,
And when they saw his one black eye,
With the blue one on the bias,
They cross'd themselves, and wish'd the rogue
Had drown'd 'tween there and Paris.
Yet money is made in the fur-trade,
When others hunt the fur,
And some thought best that they should test
This lank adventurer ;
And so they offer'd to subscribe