

Into the lap of faith, flame all the days
With beacons of immortal deed, and move
Across the astonished years with such a stride
As would transmute this trackless continent.

'Tis as thou sayest, Tonti: had we here,
For reinforcement of our enterprise,
What France now fondly wastes on parasites
And breeders of decay, then would our souls
Great tasks essay beyond a hero's dream;
But now, since I must pay this debt of France,
I halt the affairs of half a hemisphere,
Hold back this starry opportunity,
And with my guides traverse a thousand leagues
Of stream and wild, to trade in fetid pelts
Before our eager feet shall win to walk
In high illustrious roads.

Duplicity

Slime-tracks our ways, shadows our purposes.
Thee only and the Gouverneur, I dare to trust.
True, thou art not of France; but hearts like thine
Are priceless whatsoever state they serve.
Tonti and Frontenac—two men all true—
Are quite enough to fill my ample cup
Of friendship to the brim and overflow.
Ah, how I wish we had even now, though late,
For all these skulking traitors, honest men,
Who, lacking vision, would give heed to mine.