

and may thy journey be successful. Be the Master of the land and the Preserver of the country. May he who can do all things and who is all goodness, be ever with thee!’ That is what my tongue tells me, but this is what I have in my mind,—would to God that we were here in great numbers and that all our voices were united in one, loud and strong, which would make itself heard throughout the world, pronouncing these words: ‘Farewell, Preserver of the country, it is well and good that thou undertakest our defense. Go in happiness, and return with still greater joy, so that we may all cry out: “Our Captain has returned, the Preserver of the country has returned! It is through him that the women and children, and all the people, are still alive; for, without his protection, the enemy would have prevented us from Planting, Cultivating, and Harvesting our corn.”’ That is [45] what I would desire all the men of these countries to say to thee. But, although we have no more voice,—for sickness and our enemies have torn out our tongues,—nevertheless, we say to thee once more: ‘Farewell, Preserver of the country! May he who has made all things be the guide and conductor of thy ship.’” Such eloquence is not derived from the Rhetoric of Aristotle or of Cicero, but from a school more lovable and candid.

Monsieur the Governor having assured them of his pleasure at their good will, asked them what they intended to do during the Summer. “Thou shouldst not ask such a question. Thou art our Captain,—command; we have long been resolved to obey thee.” Such was the answer they gave him, and it shall close this Chapter.