

the St. Lawrence, which the Indians called "the Great River of Hochelaga."

Donnacona and His People. An Indian village, Stadacona, stood at the foot of the rock now crowned by the buildings of Quebec. Its chief, Donnacona, was friendly; but when Cartier wished to go higher up the river some of the Indians pretended to be bad spirits, thinking to frighten him from his purpose. But Cartier laughed at them, and pushed on. Soon he reached another Indian town, defended by a tall fence, called a palisade, and surrounded by fields of ripe corn. Behind it rose a great hill, which he named "Mont Royale." The Indians had never seen white people before, and Cartier said they watched him as if he "had been going to act a play." And he really did some very strange things. He touched and prayed over the sick, who had gathered round, and read aloud some portions of the Gospels in French, which, of course, the Indians could not understand. But, to their delight, after the reading there was a great giving of presents and blowing of trumpets. The Frenchmen now returned to Stadacona, where they spent a miserable winter. They lived in constant dread of the Indians, whose friendship they had lost, and many fell sick and died. When spring came Cartier deceitfully beguiled Donnacona and nine other Indians on board his ship, and sailed away to France, where the poor savages soon died.

Roberval. Five years later Cartier agreed to help a nobleman, the Sieur de Roberval, to found a colony in Canada. Cartier went on first, but again he and his men suffered much during the winter; and, when spring opened, they set sail for France. On the way they met Roberval. He ordered them to return to Canada, but they escaped in the night, and though Roberval went on, he soon had to come back. For many years after