

Great had been the surprise ; nay, the alarm in the Indian village on the heights, Stadacona ; not less the anxiety of the Chief Donnacona and of his crafty nephew, Taignoagny, on contemplating the white sails and black hulls, and the " foreign devils," 110 all told, crowding on the decks of the unwelcomed craft. Still greater their terror when Cartier's big guns roared out a salute, which echo repeated from hill to dale along the St. Lawrence.

The occasion required the convocation of an Indian Council. Donnacona called together his braves ; an address and offerings were tendered by the great Chief, with 500 followers. This brought back a reply and presents for the Redskins.

Such, three hundred and sixty-five years ago, was the birth of European civilization at the harbor of Quebec.

Soon the sons of the forest had made up their minds, that the untoward event might be used to their advantage, and if the strangers could be induced to tarry long enough, a profitable traffic or barter might spring up.

Capt. Cartier, however, engrossed in discoveries, was bent on pushing further up the river, and openly asserted his intention of exploring the other Indian village—Hochelaga—one hundred and eighty miles west of his present location, and of which his Indian hosts had furnished him with an account.

The 18th of September—four days later, was the date fixed on for his departure, taking his two largest ships and anchoring them at the mouth of the Lairet stream, which enters the St. Charles River, one mile to the north-west, he resolved to face the perils of the unexplored ascent to Hochelaga—with his smallest vessel—the *Emérillon* only. Had a little bird whispered in the ear of the brave mariner that his resolve was wise, as the tortuous and narrow channel was not a safe place for big ships. His determination

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