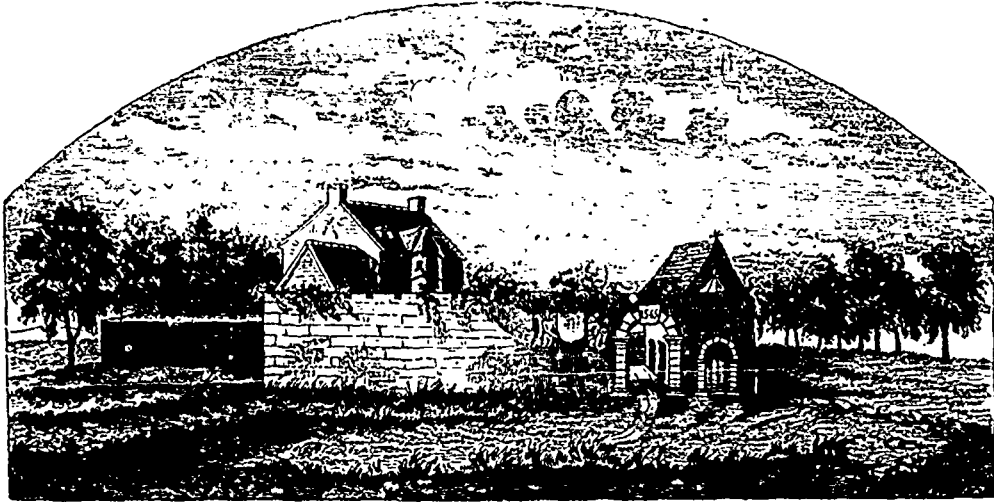


fining his course, he reached the harbor now known as Quebec on the 14th. Leaving on the 19th, in the smallest of his vessels, to discover the village of Hochelaga, on which site the city of Montreal is now partly built, he was arrested

in his progress by the shallowness of Lake St. Peter: and, leaving the ship there, proceeded in his boats to Hochelaga, at which he arrived on the 2nd October. He left on the 5th; and, descending the river, he reached St. Croix on

the 11th, and passed the winter there. His men suffered greatly from scurvy and other diseases, twenty-five of them having died before the spring. Departing on the 6th May, he anchored at St. Malo on the 16th July, 1536. The pas-



sage, homeward, was made by the southern entrance of the gulf of St. Lawrence, which he discovered on his route. He carried away with him ten Indians, including three chiefs, most of whom died in France.

In his third and last voyage, Cartier sailed from St. Malo on the 23rd May, 1541, and did not arrive at the harbor of St. Croix until the 3rd August. This expedition being rather an

attempt to colonize Canada than to make discoveries, it bears less interest to us, as connected with Cartier's history, than do the two former voyages. Having penetrated to Sault St. Louis, he left for France, where he landed on the 21st October, 1542. He was ennobled by Francis the First, and died, it is supposed, in 1554, aged 60 years.

Of the engravings which accompany this

notice, one is a portrait of the famous navigator; one represents the winter quarters of Jacques Cartier and his men on the river St. Charles, near Quebec; the other is his summer residence at the village of Limoilou, near St. Malo, now called Portes-Cartier. To his family name the great discoverer added the title of Seigneur of Limoilou.



SLAIN AT SADOWA.

The cannon were belching their last
O'er the fields where the routed were flying,
And shouting pursuers strode fast
Through the heaps of the dead and the dying

War's rage was beginning to wane;
The fierce cared no longer to strike;

And the good stooped to soften the pain
Of victors and vanquished alike.

A yellow-haired Austrian lad
Lay at length on a shot-furrowed bank,
He was comely and daintily clad
In the glittering dress of his rank.

Not so white, though, his coat as his cheek,
Nor so red the sash 'crossing his chest

As the horrible crimson streak
Of the blood that had welled from his breast.

His foes approached where he was laid,
To bear him in reach of their skill;
But he murmured, "Give others your aid;
By our Fatherland! let me lie still."

At dawn they came searching again,
To winnow the quick from the dead;