

preparing for a long time, I wish it hadn't come uppermost now through such a slip of yours. But there, Paul, boy, don't mind me: I'll never say a word more to you on the subject from that hour that I see you accept your future in a manly spirit."

"I do accept it! I will!" said Paul, with the first show of energetic display that he had manifested since the series of late events.

"That's enough. And now Paul, boy, I shall be as ready as ever to knock down the man who says a really harsh and bad thing against you. Well, now to my story. Haven't you heard Sir Richard complain of the way in which the Coombes, of Derby, beat all the other silk manufacturers out of the field?"

"Indeed I have. He says he'd give a thousand pounds any day to the man who could bring him the knowledge how to deal with the silk as the Coombes deal with it."

"A thousand pounds! No doubt! Sir Richard would soon make fifty thousand by it. And I, Paul!—this was said in a whisper—"I would make ten times fifty thousand before I die, if I had the benefit of the same discovery."

"But I don't understand—" Paul was beginning to say, getting a little excited at the mere thought that he was to be concerned in such gigantic operations; but Humphrey stopped him.

"No; but you shall. Listen. The Coombes got this discovery in a most extraordinary way. One of them went to Italy; got into a silk factory,—in spite of the knowledge that it was death by the law of the country, for any one to do what he was doing—worked as an artisan, made drawings of every part of the machinery under a thousand difficulties—got home; and that's the story. Paul, the Coombes are making a rapid fortune through that bold and skilful stroke! Paul, are you man enough to undertake the same business against the Coombes?" Paul's eyes sparkled; his colour mounted, his limbs became restless; and he would soon have been dangerously relapsing, but for Humphrey's wise and tender nursing.

After an hour or two of pleasant pondering over this theme, Paul got permission to renew the talk.

"Will it be dangerous?"

"Very!"

"I'm glad of that," said Paul, with new animation.

"There now, didn't I tell you rightly? The world isn't quite exhausted yet; there's something yet to live for—a bit of soul-stirring, dangerous adventure!"

"But, Humphrey, be frank with me. Do you really think I am capable of this?"

"No man more so. It won't do to choose anybody who would look in the least like a plotter. Your young, bright, merry face—for it will soon recover itself when you see a path open before you—will disarm suspicion."

"And if I do what is wanted, and give you the benefit of the information, you are quite willing I should go with it first to Sir Richard, my master?"

"First? Well, yes! under existing circumstances, I can understand even a slight thing like that may be a comfort and an incentive. But, Paul, mind to be business-like, lad. Good men grow at times strangely selfish all of a sudden when prosperity comes. You musn't leave me dependent on Sir Richard's good offices, for I tell you, I want the information myself even more than he does. But when I get it, it is only a step with me. Fortunately, I already see my way to the whole course beyond, I mean to say this, Paul—there is a special difficulty I cannot yet get over, and I feel certain that that particular difficulty has been got over by the Coombes."

"Humphrey, will it do if I make a second set of drawings for you exactly like the first?"

"That's just the thing! Can you draw?"

"Yes, enough for that."

"You will want money. I am as poor as a rat—considering my necessities for progress—but what you actually need you shall have."

"What! So that I need take nothing from the mercer?"

"Exactly."

"I need not even tell him perhaps."

"As you please about that. But, Paul, about the money? That is a ticklish point."

"Yes. Don't be afraid. I wouldn't spend a sixpence of it in pleasure for all that might be promised me if I did. Pleasure! Merciful, Heaven! I have found what that means!"

"Well, now, Paul, keep yourself rigidly quiet and get well. Make notes—brief ones of every thought that occurs to you as to the best mode of action. Go over these incessantly—combine them, organise them into a plan, and then go on and prosper."

"Humphrey, I do think I shall accomplish this. I do think I shall."

"But mind, I won't deceive you; the danger is great. There is no law for you to fear as in Italy, but the Coombes have made their own law. I have been near enough to them to know that no man's life would last out their discovery of him as an interloper. They have got among



them, no doubt purposely, some of the greatest brutes the neighbourhood can supply; and these men have been carefully trained, and stimulated by the hope of large rewards, to watch for just such adventurers as you must be. I would have done it myself, but for the certainty of detection—so many know me as a dabbler in the art. Well, Paul, that's the state of the case—a very big lion in the path! Dare you go on?"

(To be continued.)

JACQUES CARTIER.

JACQUES CARTIER, the discoverer of Canada, was born at St. Malo, on the 31st December, 1494. St. Malo is a seaport of some importance now, as it was in the fifteenth century; it is the capital of the department of Ille et Villaine, near the mouth of the river Rance, in the British Channel. It is one of the historical towns of France, and boasts of many other

celebrated men. It is justly proud of being the native place of Cartier and Châteaubriand. The great French navigator was a member of an illustrious brotherhood, and takes rank with Columbus, Vasco de Gama, Cortez, Magellan, Raleigh, Drake, and other explorers of India and the American continent. Most of them were not merely intrepid and venturesome seamen, but highly cultivated men, deeply read in the knowledge of the times in which they lived. Christopher Columbus is, at once, the greatest and the truest type of the class—a scholar, a statesman, and a hero; and Jacques Cartier was worthy of his renowned predecessor in the discovery of the New World. He, too, was a hero in the true sense of the word; a plain, simple man, but of the genuine heroic mould. It is not easy to conceive the difficulties that the first explorers of America had to contend against, in view of the existing facilities of navigation. With ships often of small size, which would now be scarcely considered seaworthy, they had to grope their way in unknown seas, the dangers of which were exaggerated by superstition and fable, to which even the wisest gave some belief in these days. The descriptions of Columbus, Cortez, and Cartier are alike colored with romance, and which, but for their evident faith in the truth of what they related, might deserve a harsher name.

Francis the First of France was ambitious to acquire a portion of the fair lands of which Spain and Portugal became possessed in America and India, after the discoveries of Columbus and Vasco de Gama. Referring to the Papal bull granting half the globe to the Spanish and Portuguese crowns, he asked by what clause of Adam's will he was debarred from a share in the newly-found countries, and he resolved to enforce his equal right to them. Cartier, like the natives of St. Malo, generally, was bred in early life to the sea, and had made several voyages to Newfoundland, when he was selected by the King to go in search of unknown lands in North America. With that object in view, two vessels of 60 tons, and each manned by 61 men, were placed under his command. With these he sailed from St. Malo on the 20th April, 1534, and reached the east coast of Newfoundland on the 10th of May; steering northward, he entered the Strait of Belle-Isle, and coasted along the shores of Labrador; but changing his course to the south, he discovered the Magdalen Islands, and explored the Bay des Chaleurs and Gaspé Bay, of which he took formal possession for the crown of France. He gathered some information respecting the interior of the country from the Indians, two of whom he carried home with him. Impeded by strong currents to the north of Anticosti, and dreading the approach of winter, he departed for France, and arrived at St. Malo on the fifth of September.

The King was so well pleased with Cartier's account of his discoveries, that he placed under his command three ships for a new expedition. With these he again left St. Malo on 19th May, 1535, after receiving the benediction of the church. The vessels consisted of *La Grande Hermine*, of 120 tons, *La Petite Hermine*, of 60 tons, and a smaller one, the *Emerillon*, designed to explore creeks and rivers, which the others could not enter, owing to their greater size and draft of water. Contrary winds prevailing, the passage out was long and difficult, and it was the 26th July before the squadron, which had separated, assembled in the Strait of Belle-Isle. Detained there for some time by bad weather, the ships proceeded westward on the 7th August, and on the 10th entered "a large and beautiful bay," which Cartier named St. Lawrence—at present St. John—on the Labrador coast. After approaching Anticosti, which he called the Isle of the Assumption, he came to the mouth of the Saguenay, but which he did not explore. Con-