

Making our way along the coast, we saw the said savages on the banks of a pond in low land¹, where they were making many fires and much smoke. We went thither, and found that there is a channel of the sea that enters into the said pond, and we placed our boats at one entrance of the said channel. The savages came in one of their boats and brought us pieces of seal already cooked, which they placed on pieces of wood, and withdrew, making signs to us that they gave them to us. We sent two men ashore with hatchets and knives, beads and other merchandise, at which they showed great joy. And then they came in a crowd in their boats to the shore where we were, with skins and whatever they had, to obtain our wares. They were in number—men, women and children—more than three hundred, of which a part of the women who did not come over danced and sang, being in the water up to their knees. The other women, who had crossed to the other coast where we were, came very friendly to us and rubbed our arms with their hands, and would lift the joined hands to heaven, making many signs of joy. And in such manner they reassured us, so that finally we traded hand to hand with them for all they possessed, which is but of small value. We saw that they are people whom it would be easy to convert; they go from place to place, living by capturing fish at the fishing season. Their country is in climate more temperate than Spain, and the most beautiful it is possible to see, and as level as a pond. There is no spot, however little, which, when without trees, does not bear wild wheat, which has an ear like rye, and the corn is like oats, and peas are as thick as if they had been sown and cultivated; and there are gooseberries white and red, strawberries and raspberries, red roses, and other herbs of pleasing and abundant odor; also there are many goodly meadows and good grass, and ponds with great plenty of salmon. I believe, more than ever, that the people will be easy to convert to our holy faith. They call a hatchet in their tongue *cochy*, and a knife *bacan*. We named the said bay the Bay of Heat (La Baye de Chaleur)².

Being certain there was no passage through this bay, we made sail, and left the harbor of Saint Martin on Sunday, twelfth of July, to go to discover beyond this bay, and we went to the eastward along the coast.

Here we must end Cartier's narrative. He visited Gaspé, crossed to Anticosti, visited the strait between that island and the Quebec coast, and thence returned through the Straits of Belleisle to France. The next year he returned to the gulf and ascended the St. Lawrence to Montreal, and wintered near Quebec. His narrative of this journey, too, is preserved, and is filled with interesting incidents. No other explorer, not even Champlain, did more for the exploration of Canada than did Jacques Cartier.

¹ Tracadiguash Point.

² Often printed incorrectly, as Baye des Chaleurs.