

## PIONEERS OF FRANCE IN THE NEW WORLD.\*

IN this volume, by Mr. Parkman, we have the first instalment of a very important contribution to the history of the North American Continent. The tastes of the author have led him to devote himself during a long series of years to the study, not only of the native tribes of North America, but to the earliest European colonization of this western world. The terse, animated, picturesque style which marked his earlier productions is still to be found in this his latest book. The sources of historic information from which he has drawn are various and widely scattered, embracing, we believe, everything heretofore published in relation to his subject, as well as documents in the Archives of France, and in possession of private collections in Canada and elsewhere. The research involved in the study for this volume must have demanded such patience and toil as only an enthusiastic devotion to his theme can make possible to the student. While they are strictly historical, and constantly sustained by adequate authorities, the narratives have all the charm of romance. The writer's love for his subject has led him to visit historic localities, and there compose the picture which he presents to his reader in striking outline and living words.

The present volume, pp. 420, is the first of a proposed series of historical narratives designed to illustrate the earliest European colonization of North America, and the conflict of the leading European Powers for the possession of this continent. The book opens with the "Huguenots in Florida; with a sketch of Huguenot Colonization in Brazil." This portion occupies nearly a third of the volume, and is replete with information of marked interest, presented in a style which gives fresh attraction to the reader at every successive page. The next division, occupying two-thirds of the book, is entitled "Samuel De Champlain and his Associates; with a view of earlier French Adventure in America, and the Legends of the Northern Coasts." Here we have the story of the first beginnings of our cities of Quebec and Montreal; the first ascent by Europeans of the River St. Lawrence and its chief tributaries.

We are strongly tempted to make extracts, but we must forbear, as we cannot but assume such immediate sale of the book as will at once bring it within the reach of our readers generally. We would fain forbear, indeed, and yet as our journal bears the imprint of Montreal, we are constrained to present our readers with Mr. Parkman's account of Jacques Cartier's arrival at Hochelaga on an October day, three hundred and thirty years ago. Causing his two larger vessels to be harboured within the mouth of the St. Charles River, Cartier took the smallest—a galleon of forty tons—and two open boats, and with sixty sailors and a few gentlemen, he set forth from Stadacona (Quebec) for Hochelaga (Montreal).

"Slowly gliding on their way, by walls of verdure, brightened in the autumnal sun, they saw forests festooned with grape-vines, and waters alive with wildfowl; they heard the song of the blackbird, the thrush, and, as they fondly thought, the nightingale. The galleon grounded; they left her, and, advancing with the boats, alone, on the second of October neared the goal of their hopes, the mysterious Hochelaga.

"Where now are seen the quays and store-houses of Montreal, a thousand Indians thronged the shore, wild with delight, dancing, singing, crowding about the strangers, and showering into the boats their gifts of fish and maize; and, as it grew dark, fires lighted up the night, while, far and near, the French could see the excited savages leaping and rejoicing by the blaze.

"At dawn of day, marshalled and accoutred, they set forth for Hochelaga. An Indian path led through the forest which covered the site of

Montreal. The morning air was chill and sharp, the leaves were changing hue, and beneath the oaks the ground was thickly strewn with acorns. They soon met an Indian chief with a party of tribesmen, or, as the old narrative has it, "one of the principal lords of the said city," attended with a numerous retinue. Greeting them after the concise courtesy of the forest, he led them to a fire kindled by the side of the path for their comfort and refreshment, seated them on the earth, and made them a long harangue, receiving in requital of his eloquence two hatchets, two knives, and a crucifix, the last of which he was invited to kiss. Thus done, they resumed their march, and presently issued forth upon open fields, covered far and near with the ripened maize, its leaves rustling, its yellow grains gleaming between the parting husks. Before them, wrapped in forests painted by the early frosts, rose the ridgy back of the Mountain of Montreal, and below, encompassed with its corn-fields, lay the Indian town. Nothing was visible but its encircling palisades. They were of trunks of trees, set in a triple row. The outer and inner ranges inclined till they met and crossed near the summit, while the upright row between them, aided by transverse braces, gave to the whole an abundant strength. Within were galleries for the defenders, rude ladders to mount them, and magazines of stones to throw down on the heads of assailants. It was a mode of fortification practised by all the tribes speaking dialects of the Iroquois.

"The voyagers entered the narrow portal. Within, they saw some fifty of those large oblong dwellings so familiar in after-years to the eyes of the Jesuit apostles in Iroquois and Huron forests. They were fifty yards or more in length, and twelve or fifteen wide, framed of sapling poles closely covered with sheets of bark, and each containing many fires and many families. In the midst of the town was an open area, or public square, a stone-throw in width. Here Cartier and his followers stopped, while the surrounding houses of bark disgorged their inmates,—swarms of children, and young women and old, their infants in their arms. They crowded about the visitors, crying for delight, touching their beards, feeling their faces, and holding up the screeching infants to be touched in turn. Strange in hue, strange in attire, with moustached lip and bearded chin, with arquebuse and glittering halberd, helmet, and cuirass,—were the marvellous strangers demigods or men?

"Due time allowed for this exuberance of feminine rapture, the warriors interposed, banished the women and children to a distance, and squatted on the ground around the French, row within row of swarthy forms and eager faces, "as if," says Cartier, "we were going to act a play." Then appeared a troop of women, each bringing a mat, with which they carpeted the bare earth for the behoof of their guests. The latter being seated, the chief of the nation was borne before them on a deer-skin by a number of his tribesmen, a bedridden old savage, paralyzed and helpless, squalid as the rest in his attire, and distinguished only by a red fillet, inwrought with dyed quills of the Canada porcupine, encircling his lank, black hair. They placed him on the ground at Cartier's feet and made signs of welcome for him, while he pointed feebly to his powerless limbs, and implored the healing touch from the hand of the French chief. Cartier complied, and received in acknowledgment the red fillet of his grateful patient. And now from surrounding dwellings appeared a woful throng, the sick, the lame, the blind, the maimed, the decrepit, brought or led forth and placed on the earth before the perplexed commander, "as if," he says, "a God had come down to cure them." His skill in medicine being far behind the emergency, he pronounced over his petitioners a portion of the Gospel of St. John, of infallible efficacy on such occasions, made the sign of the cross, and uttered a prayer, not for their bodies only, but for their miserable souls. Next he read the passion of the Saviour, to which, though comprehending not a word, his audience listened with grave attention. Then came a distribution of presents. The squaws and children were recalled, and, with the warriors, placed in separate groups.

Knives and hatchets were given to the men, beads to the women, and powder rings and images of the *Agnus Dei* hung among the troop of children, whence ensued a vigorous scramble in the square of Hochelaga. Now the French trumpeters pressed their trumpets to their lips, and blew a blast that filled the air with warlike din, and the hearts of the hearers with amazement and delight. Bidding their hosts farewell, the visitors formed their ranks and defiled through the gate once more, despite the efforts of a crowd of women, who, with clamorous hospitality, beset them with gifts of fish, beans, corn, and other viands of strangely uninviting aspect, which the Frenchmen courteously declined.

"A troop of Indians followed, and guided them to the top of the neighbouring mountain. Cartier called it *Mount Royal*, Montreal; and hence the name of the busy city which now holds the site of the vanished Hochelaga. Stadacona and Hochelaga, Quebec and Montreal, in the sixteenth century as in the nineteenth, were the centres of Canadian population.

"From the summit, that noble prospect met his eye which at this day is the delight of tourists, but strangely changed, since first of white men, the Breton voyager gazed upon it. Tower and dome and spire, congregated roofs, white sail and gliding steamer, animate its vast expanse with varied life. Cartier saw a different scene. East, west, and south, the mantling forest was over all, and the broad blue ribbon of the great river glistened amid a realm of verdure. Beyond, to the bounds of Mexico, stretched a leafy desert, and the vast hive of industry, the mighty battleground of later centuries, lay sunk in savage torpor, wrapped in illimitable woods."

MAGAZINES.—We have received the October number of "London Society" from Messrs Dawson Bros. The opening article discusses "The Medicinal Effects of Laziness" with an evident faith in its sovereign virtues when judiciously indulged in. "Matrimony Across the Water" points out several anomalies in French marriage laws, and is plentifully interspersed with anecdotes illustrative of the contrast between the marriage institution in France and Great Britain. "Witty Women and Pretty Women of the time of Horace Walpole," a very interesting paper, introduces the reader, to a number of the most distinguished ladies of the eighteenth century. Under the heading of "The Merchant Princes of England" we have a sketch of the history of the celebrated Couttses, Bankers of London and Edinburgh, ancestors of the wealthy and excellent Miss Burdett Coutts. There are also a number of light and well-written tales and sketches. The illustrations, a special feature of this magazine, are as usual of a high order.

THE Wallace monument at Stirling, which has reached the height of 155 feet, in the shape of a tower, has been stopped for want of funds; the plant and materials on the ground are to be sold to pay debts.

"Scote wha hae wi' Wallace bled,  
Scots o'er an the wide world spread,  
Bring your bowbies, every red,  
Build the glorious fane.  
Will ye grudge the boon ye gie?  
Will ye, wi' unwilling' ee,  
Your exalted duty see,  
Here revealed in vain?"

The only alteration that will be made in the new Atlantic telegraph cable will be the substitution of strands in the place of solid iron wires for the external covering. These strands will each consist of three wires, and each strand will be covered with manilla. It is thought that by this means all chance of the gutta-percha being pierced by the external wire will be prevented, as each wire singly would be too weak to be thrust into the interior of the cable.

Mr. J. D. Morrison, a dentist of Edinburgh, has patented an ingenious modification of forceps, which admits artificially cooled air through its points to the gum, so as to deaden sensation previously to the extraction of the tooth, and thus render the operation painless.

\* "Pioneers of France in the New World." By Francis Parkman, Author of "History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac," "Prairie and Rocky Mountain Life," &c. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; Montreal: Dawson Brothers.