TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE.

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

CHAPTER I.

CHAPTER 1.

The woods! O solemn are the boundless woods
Of the great western world when day declines;
And louder sounds the roll of distant floods,
More deep the rustling of the ancient pines,
When dimness gathers on the stilly air,
And mystery seems on every leaf to brood,
Awful it is for human heart to bear
The weight and burthen of the solitude.

Mrs Hemans.

White she is as Lily of June, And beauteous as the sliver moon, When out of si≙ht the clouds are driven, And she is left alone in heaven. I did not speak—I saw her face: Her face! It was enough for me! I turned about and heard her cry, "O misery! O misery!"

Wordsworth. In the earlier part of the last century, ough one of the primeval forests of the New World, northward of the region which the French colonists called the Eden which the French colonists called the Eden of Louisiana, a man was walking one evening with his gun on his shoulder, followed by two dogs of European breed, a spaniel and a bloodhound. The rays of the setting sun were gilding the Evast sea of flowers lying on his right beyond the limits of the wood through which he has a walking his very immeded every was making his way, impeded every moment by the cords of the slender liana and entangled garlands of Spanish moss. his movements, the vigour of his frame, his his movements, the vigotrol in stance, his keen eye and manly bearings, and above all the steady perseverance with which he pursued the path he had chosen, and forced his way through all obstacles, indicated a physical and moral temperament well fitted to cope with the many dif-ficulties inherent to the life of a settler in

the Neuvelle France.

Henri d'Auban had been a dweller in many lands-had lived in camps and in courts, and held intercourse with persons of every rank in most of the great cities of Europe. He was thirty-five years of age at the time this story opens, and had been in America about four years. Brittany was his native country; his parental home a small castle on the edge of a cliff overlooking one of the wildest shores of that rude coast. The sea-beach had been his playground; its weeds, its shells, its breaking waves, his toys; the boundless expanse of the ocean and its great ceaseexpanse of the occan and its great cease-less voice, the endless theme of his secret musings; and the pious legends of the Armorican race, the nursery tales he had heard from his mother's lips. Brittany, like Scotland, is "a meet nurse for a poetic child," and her bold peasantry have retained to this day very much of the religious spirit of their forefathers. Early in life Henri d'Auban Jost both his parents—the small-pox, the plague of that epoch in France, having carried them both off within a few days of each other. He saw them buried in the little other. He saw them buried in the little churchyard of Keir Anna, and was placed soon after by some of his relations at the college of Vannes, where he remained

several years. On leaving it he began life with many friends, much youthful ambition, and very little fortune. Through the interest of a great-uncle, who had been a distinguished officer in Marshal Turenne's army, he was appointed military attache to the French Embassy at Vienna, and served as volunteer in some of the Ausally made acquaintance with General Le-fort, the Czar of Muscovy's confidential friend and admirer. That able man was not long in discovering the more than ordinary abilities of the young Breton gentilhomme. By his advice, and through his interest, Henry d'Auban entered the Russian service, advanced rapidly from post to post, and was often favorably noticed by Peter the Great. He seemed as likely to attain a high position at that monarch's court as any foreigner in his service. His knowledge of military service. His knowledge of military science, and particularly of engineering, having attracted the sovereign's attention on several occasions when he had accompanied General Lefort on visits of military inspection, the command of a regiment and the title of Colonel were between the several ways him. But instance is ment and the title of Colonel were be-stowed upon him. But just as his pros-pects appeared most brilliant, and his favor with the Emporer was visibly in-creasing, he secretly left Russia and re-turned to France. Secrecy was a neces-sary condition of departure in the case of foreigners in the Czar's service. How-ever high in his favor, and indeed by reason of that favor they were no longer free agents—his most valued servants being only privileged serfs, bound to his by laws which could only be evaded by flight-permission was hardly ever obtained for a withdrawal, which was considered as a sort of treason.

Colonel d'Auban's abandonment of the

Russian service excited the surprise of his friends. Some painful thoughts seemed to be connected with the resolution which had cut short his career. He disliked to be questioned on the subject, and evasive answers generally put a stop to such in-quiries. He had, however, reached an age when it is difficult to enter or, a nev career; when old associations on the one hand, and youthful competitors on th

omes earnestness.

At this turning moment one of the in-

prospects of wealth held out to settlers in prospects of wealth held out to settlers in the new France, had never known a parallel. This fever was at its height when one day the ex-favourite of the Czar happened to meet in the Luxembourg gardens an old school-fellow, who, the instant he recognized his comrade at Vannes, threw himself into his arms, and poured forth a torrent of joyful exclamations. This was the Vicomte de Harlay, a wealthy, good-natured, eccentric a wealthy, good-natured, eccentric Parisian, who had employed his time, hi

wit, and his means, since he had come of age, in committing follies, wasting money, and doing kindnesses. He had already managed to get rid of one large fortune; but fortune seemed to have a fancy for this spendthrift son of hers, and had recently bestowed upon him, through the death of a relative, a large estate, which he seemed bent upon running through with equal "My dear d'Auban! I am delighted

to see you! Are you come on a mission from the polar bears? or has the Czar from the polar bears? or has the Czar named you his Ambassador in Paris?"
"I have left the Russian service."
"You don't say so! Why people declared you were going to cut out Leford and Gordon. Have you made your fortune, dear friend?"
D'Auban smiled and shock his head.

A rolling stone gathers no moss."
"Do you wish to make your for-

me?
"I should have no objection."
"What are you doing, or wishing to

"I am looking out for some employment. A small diplomatic post was offered to me some time ago, but it would not have suited me at all. I wish I could get a consulship. I want hard work, and plenty of it. What an extraordinary being you must think me." "Have you anything else in view at present?" inquired De Harlay, too eagerly

ent on an idea of his own to notice his

friend's last observation.

"No. When a person has thrown himself out of the beaten track, and then not pursued the path he had struck out, it is no easy matter to retrace his steps.

Every road seems shut to him."

"But don't return to the beaten track

to the old road. Come with me to the new France. My cousin M. d'Artagnan, is commandant of the troops at New Orleans, and has unbounded influence with the governor, M. Pierrier, and with the Company. I will introduce you to him. I know he wants men like you to come out and redeem the character of the colony, which is overrun with scamps of every description."
"Amongst whom one might easily run the risk of being reckoned," said d'Auban,

laughing.
"Nonsense," cried his friend. "I am
"Nonsense," cried his friend. have turning emigrant myself, and have just obtained a magnificent concession in the neighborhood of Fort St. Louis and

the village of St. Francois."
"You! and what on earth can have

put such a fancy in your head?"
"My dear friend, I am weary of civilization—tired to death of Paris—worn ilization—tired to death of Pars—worn out with the importunities of my relations, who want me to marry. I cannot picture to myself anything more delightful than to turn one's back, for a few years, on the world, and oneself into a hermit, especially with so agreeable a carrier of M. la Calonel d'Aulen. a hermit, especially with so agreeable a companion as M. le Colonel d'Auban. But really, I am quite in earnest. What could you do better than emigrate? A man of your philosophical turn of mind man of your philosophical turn of mind the colon of the col to the French Embassy at Vienna, and served as voluvteer in some of the Austrian campaigns against the Turks. He visited also in the Ambassador's service several smaller courts of Germany, and was sent on a secret mission to Italy. On his way through Switzerland he accidentable way through Switzerland he accidentable make you. I have considerable intersults and the conversion of the New Yorld. The proposition of the Message was allowed as a view of the Message was allowed as a secret mission to Italy. On his way through Switzerland he accidentable make you. I have considerable intersults and the most your brother write that the conversion of the Message was allowed as a secret mission to Italy. est in the Rue Quincampoix. I was invited to little Mdlle. Law's ball the other day, and had the honor of dancing a minute with her. I shall write a placet to minute with ner. I shall write a placet to
the young lady, begging of her to obtain
from Monsieur son Pere a concession for
a friend of mine. It would be hard if
I could not help a friend to a fortune
when Laplace, my valet—you remember
him, don't you?—has made such good use
from with to the Paris Flabrate the of our visits to the Paris Eldorado that the rogue has set up his carriage. He was good enough when he met me trudg-ing along in the mud on a rainy day to offer me a lift. It is evident the world is tnrned upside down, on this side of the globe at least, and we may as well go and

globe at least, and we may as well go and take a look at the revers de la medaille. Well, what do you say to my proposal!"
"That it is an exceedingly kind one, De Harlay. But I have no wish to speculate, or, I will own the truth, to be considered as an adventurer. That you, with you wealth and in your position. with you wealth, and in your position, should emigrate, can be considered at the worst but as an act of folly. It would be different with me."

"Well, I do not see why the new France is to be made over to the refuse of the old one. I see in your scruples, my dear friend, vestiges of that impracticability for which you were noted at College. But just think over the question. Nobody asks you to speculate. For a sum not worth speaking of you can obtain a grant of land in a desert, and it will depend on your own ability or activity whether it brings you wealth or not. There is nothing in this, I should think, that can offend the most scrupul-

ous delicacy."
"Can you allow me time to reflect?" Certainly. I do not sail for six wee's It is amusing in the meantime to hear the ladies lamenting over my departure, and shudering at the dangers I am to run in life. After six or seven years' absence from his country, he scarcely folt at home in France. His acquaintances thought him changed. The eager ambitious youth had become a quiet thoughtful man. But if the enthusiasm of his character was subdued, its energy was in no wise impaired. Youthful enthusiasm, in some natures, simply evaporates and leaves nothing behind it but frivolity; in others, it condenses and becomes earnestness. rel on the staircase for shares, that is when they are happy enough to get in, which is not always the case. Madame de la Fere significant circumstances which often in-fluence a person's whole destiny directed Colonel d'Auban's thoughts to the New to his door. Then she screemed with all World. In Europe, and especially in her might, hoping the divinity would appear. But the wily Scotchman was up to France, a perfect fever of excitement was raging on the subject of colonization. The rich territories on the banks of the Mississippi seemed a promised land to speculators of all classes and nations. The cagerness with which Law's system was hailed in Paris, and the avidity which cought to secure a share in the fabulous

The Vicomte de Harlay walked away, and d'Aub n paced for a long time the alley of the Luxembourg, revolving in his mind the ideas suggested by this conversation. "After so many doubts, so many projects which have ended in nothing, how singular it would be," he said to himself, "if a casual meeting with this scatterbrained friend of mine should end in determining the future course of my life." He had never thought of emigrating to the New World, but when he came to consider it there was much in the proposal which brained friend of mine should end in determining the future course of my life." He had never thought of emigrating to the New World, but when he came to consider it there was much in the proposal which harmonized with his inclination. The scope it afforded for enterprise and inclination of the scope it afforded for enterprise and inclination. harmonized with his inclination. The scope it afforded for enterprise and individual exertion was congenial to his temper of mind. Above all, it was something definite to look to, and only those who have experienced it know what a relief to some natures is the substitution of a definite prespect for a wearying un-

a definite prospect for a wearying un-certainty. In the evening of that day he called at one of the few houses at which he visited—that of M. d'Orgeville. He was dist-ntly related to this gentleman, who held a high position amongst what was called the parliamentary nobility. His wife received every night a chosen number of friends, men of learning and of letters, members of the haute magistrature, dig-nitaries of the Church, and women gifted with the talents for conversation, which the ladies of that epoch so often possessed, frequented the salon of the Hotel d'orgeville, and formed a society little inferior in agreeableness to the most celebrated

circles of that day.

Does it not often happen, unaccountably often, that when the mind is full of a particular subject, what we read or what we hear tallies so strangely with what has occupied us, that it seems as if a mysterious occupied us, that it seems as if a mysterious answer were given to our secret thoughts? When d'Auban took his place that evening in the circle which surrounded the mistress of the house, he almost started with surrorise at hearing M. de Mesme, a distinguished lawyer and scholar, say:

"I maintain that only two sorts of persons go to America, at least to Louisiana—adventures and missionaries you would not find in the whole colony a man that is not either an official, a priest, a

man that is not either an official, a priest,

"A sweeping assertion, indeed," observed Madame d'Orgeville. "Can no one here bring forward an instance to the con-"The Vicomte de Harlay has turned

concessionist, and is about to sail for New Orleans. In which of the four classes he has mentioned would M. de Mesme include has mentioned would M. de sheem included him?" This was said by a young man who was sitting next to d'Auban.
"Exceptions prove the rule. M. de Harlay's eccentricities are so well known that they baffle all calculation."

"For my part," said M. d'Orgeville, "I cannot understand why men of character and ability do not take more interest in these new colonies, and that the objects of a settler in that distant part of the world should not be considered worthy the attention of persons who have at heart not only the making of money, but

also the advancement of civilization."
"Ch lization" ejaculated M. de Wesme,
with a sarcastic smile. "What a glorious
idea the natives must conceive of our

civilization from the specimens we send them from France!"

"Surely," exclaimed young Blance-menil, d'Auban's neighbour, "M. Per-meritrier, M. d'Artagnan, the Pere Sacel

"Officials, soldiers, pries's, every one of them," retorted M. de Mesme. "What I have not yet heard of is a conthe Indians would be compared did not the colonists, by their selfish grasp-ing conduct and the scandal of their im ing conduct and the scandal of their immoral lives, throw the greatest obstacles in the way of the missionaries? Did he not add that a few honest intelligent lay-

men would prove most useful auxiliaries in evangelizing the natives?"
"Your memory is faithful, M. de Mesme, I cannot deny that you quote correctly my brother's words. But his letters do not quite bear out your sweeping condemnation of the French settlers. If I remember rightly, he speaks in the highest terms of M. Koli and M. de Bruis-

"Is it the Pere Maretthat Monsieur is speaking of?" asked d'Auban of Madame

d'Orgeville.
"Yes, he is his brother, and the misionary priest at St. Francois des Illinois. M. Maret is Monsigneur le Prince de Conde's private secretary. Let me introduce you to him. Perhaps you may have seen his brother at St. Petersburg before the expulsion of the Jesuits?"

"I knew him very well, and wished much to know where he had been sent." "It may then, perhaps, interest you, sir, to read the last letter I have received from my brother; it contains no family secrets, M. Maret said with a smile

Maret said with a smile The letter was dated from the Illinois It did not give a very attractive picture of the country where d'Auban had already travelled in imagination since the morning It made it evident that Europe sent out the scum of her population to people the New World; and that if good was to be done in these remote regions, it must be by an unusual amount of patience, courage

and perseverance.

But what would have disheartened some men proved to d'Auban a stimulus. There were, he preceived, two sides to the uestion of emigration; the material one profit—the higher one well worthy of e attention of a Christian. It seemed to him a singular coincidence that, on the same day on which it had been proposed to him to emigrate to America, a letter hould be put into his hands, written from that country by a man for whom he n profound respect and attachment. He found in it the following passage:
"The excellence of the climate, the

beauty of the scenery, the easy navigation of the river, on the shores of which our mission is situated, and which flows a little below it into the Mississippi, the extreme fertility of the soil, the ease with which European animals thrive here, make this village quite a favoured spot, and one peculiarly adapted for the pur-poses of French colonization. But whether such establishments would be an advantage to our mission, is extremely doubtful. If these emission If these emigrants were like some few I have known, men of religious principles and moral lives, nothing would be better for our Indians, or a greater con-

than themselves, set at nought the principles of the Gospel, and, in spite of all the missionaries might say or do, the effect would be fatal. From such an evil as that I

pray that we may be preserved."
When the visitors had taken their leave when the visitors had taken their leave that night, and d'Auban remained alone with his friends, he opened his mind to them, and asked their advice. M. d'Orgeville hesitated. His wife, a shrewd little woman, who understood character more readily than her excellent husband, fixed her dark penetrating eyes on Colonel her dark penetrating eyes on Colonel d'Auban, and said: "My dear friend, my opinion is that you will do well to go to the New World. I say it with regret, for we New World. I say it with regret, for we shall miss you very much. If, indeed, you have accepted the heiress I proposed to you, and advanced your interests by means of our connections, it might have been different; but a man who at thirty years of age refuses to marry an heiress foolish enough to be in love with him, because, forsooth, he is not in love with her—who does not accept a place offered to him because it would happen to break another man's heart not to get it, and who will not make himself agreeable to the Regent's friends because he thinks them, Regent's friends because he thinks them, and because they are, a set of despicable scoundrels—my dear Colonel, such a man has no business here. He had better pack up his trunks and go off to the New World, or to any world but this. Tenderness of heart, unswerving principles, the temper of Lafontaine's oak, which breaks and does not bend, do not answer in a country where every one is scrambling up the slippery ascent to fortune, holding on by another's coat."

other's coat."
"And yet," answered d'Auban, "there and yet," answered d'Auban, "there are men in France whose noble truthfulness and unshaken integrity none venture to call in question;" and as he spoke he glanced at M. d'Orgeville.

"True," quickly answered his wife, laying her hands on her husband's embridgered coat-sleeve. "that remember

broidered coat-sleeve; "but remember this, such men have not their fortunes to make. They are at the top of the ladder, not at the bottom, and that makes all the difference. It is always better to look matters in the face. Here you have—some people say wantonly—I am pursuaded for some good reason - but anyhow you have turned your back upon fortune you nave turned your back upon fortune in a most affronting manner, and the fickle goddess is not likely, I am afraid, to give you in a hurry another opportunity of in sulting her. I really think you would be wrong to refuse M. de Harlay's proposal. You see, my dear friend, you are not a prac-

"Well, I will not urge you to define that word," said d'Auban, with a smile; "but if your accusation is just, how can ou believe that I shall triumph over the difficulties of a settler's life?"

"Oh, that is quite a different affair. What I call a practical man in Europe is one who bends before the blast, and slips through the meshes of a net. In the desert, and among savages, the temper of the oak may find its use, and stern self-

reliance its element,"

"I am afraid she is right," said M. d'Orgeville, with a sigh; "though I would fain not think so."

"At any rate, you will not be in a hurry question, and if you do emigrate, all I can

say is, that you will be a glorious instance of the sort of settler M. de Mesme does not believe in.'

A few weeks after this conversation had taken place, M. de Harlay and Henri d'Auban were watching the receding coasts of France from the deck of the Jean Bart, and four or five years later the latter was crossing the forest, on the way back to the Mission of St. Francis, after a visit to an Indian village, the chiefs of which had smoked the pipe of peace with their French neighbours. He had learnt the language, and successfully cultivated the acquain tance of many of the native tribes and wa at the head of a flourishing plantation Madame d'Orgeville had proved right. The peculiarities of character which had stood in the way of a poor gentilhomme seeking to better his fortunes in France seeking to better his fortunes in Francisco fovoured the successful issue of his trans-atlantic undertakings. M. de Harlay had fulfilled his promise by obtaining from the Company a grant of land for his friend adjacent to his own concession, and he had worked it to good purpose. His small fortune was employed in the purchase of stock, of instruments of labour, and, it must be owned, of negroes at New Orleans. But it was a happy day for the poor creatures in the slave-market of that city, when they became the property of a man whose principles and disposition dif-fered so widely from those of the gene-rality of colonists. He engaged also as labourers Christian Indians of the Mission, and a few ruined emigrants, too happy to find employment in a country where, from want of capital or ability, their own speculations had failed. It was no easy task to govern a number of men of various races and characters, to watch over their health, to stimulate their activity, to maintain peace amongst them, and, above all, to improve their morals. The Indians needed be confirmed in their recently acquired faith, the negroes to be instructed, and the Europeans, with some few exceptions, recalled to the practice of it. He laboured indefatigably, and on the whole successfully, for these ends. His courage in en-during privations, his generosity, perhaps even more his strict justice, his kindness to the sick and suffering, endeared him to his dependants. He seemed formed for comnd. His outward person was in keeping with his moral qualities. He hunted, fished, and rode better than any other man n the Mission or the tribe. In physic l strength and stature he surpas all. This secured the respect of those unable to appreciate mental superiority.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Wit loses its respect with the good, when seen in company with malice; and to smile at the jest that plants a thorn in another's breast, is to become a principal in the mischief.— Sheridan

Written for the Record. THE CANADIAN CONFEDERATION. WITH CERTAIN CONSIDERATIONS AS TO THE INFLUENCE OF CATHOLICITY ON ITS ORIGIN, GROWTH AND

DEVELOPMENT. FROM THE DISCOVERIES OF CAR-TIER TO THE DEATH OF CHAM-PLAIN, A.D. 1534-1635.

PLAIN, A.D. 1634—1635.

Though Cabot had in 1497 sighted the shores and skirted the coasts of our eastern provinces, and the hardy seamen of Brittainy for nearly a quarter of a century fished in the waters of Terra Nova, the real honors of discovery belong to Jacques Cartier, a brave, skilful and adventurous navigator of St. Malo, who landed Jacques Cartier, a brave, skilful and adventurous navigator of St. Malo, who landed on the coast of Gaspe in 1534. The peace of Cambrai, proclaimed in 1524, gave the French nation an opportunity to direct its attention to projects of discovery and exploration. The brilliant success of the Spanish expeditions to the new world served as a powerful incentive to energy served as a powerful incentive to energetic action on the part of the French king. In 1521, Cortez had completed the subjugation of the Mexican Empire, while in 1531 Pizzaro added another imperial jewel to the diadem of the Spanish monarch. The rise of the Spanish nation within a period of forty years, from a few scattered and struggling principalities to the first place amongst civilized peoples, had not only surprised France, but amazed the whole Christian world.

When Columbus pleaded for patronage to further his scheme, the Spanish treasury was depleted, its armies oorly equipped, and its fleets inefficient In one generation this was all reversed, and at the time we speak of, with coffers well-filled from the golden stores of Mexico and Peru, with soldiers equipped as Europe had never before seen soldiers as Europe had never before seen soldiers equipped, with seamen whose daring knew no bounds but those of ocean, Spain presented a spectacle calculated to excite emulation in the breast of its great rival France. To Spanish power and affluence, so largely promoted by the acquisition of American possessions, Philippe de Chabot, Governor of Brittainy and Normandy, and Grand Admiral of France, frequently, earnestly and at length successfully turned his royal master's attention to determine him to an expedisuccessfully turned his royal masters attention, to determine him to an expedition for the establishment of French dominion in the new world. To this worthy counsellor is also doubtless due the honor of directing the expedition for which royal assent was so readily obtained to those north-eastern regions of America, whose coastline was not unknown, as we have just noticed, to the seafaring populations of Normandy and Brittainy. On the 20th of April, 1534, Jacques (artier, to whom command of the expedition was assigned, set sail from St. Malo, a scaport of Brittany, with two small vessels and 122 men. On the 10th of May he reached the coast of Newfoundland, and through the Straits of Belle Isle entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence. After taking close and accurate observation of the bleak and desolate shores of Labrador, he followed the eastern seaboard of Newfoundland to its termination at Cape Ray, visited the Magdalen islands and in the burning days of July, found himself in the Bay to which he gave the significative appella-tion of Baie de Chaleurs. On the 24th of tion of Bale de Chaleurs. On the 24th of July, he made a landing on the Gaspesian coast, took possession of the country in the name of the King of Fronce, and in attestation of the religious character of his expedition, planted a large wooden cross. Cartier, accompanied by two of the natives, then returned to France. Though unattended by any brilliant achievement in a military sense, this first accordingly was characterized by such himself lieutenant-general and comobtain so much valuable information concerning the countries on the mainland, that he was again in the following year despatched to the new world in command of an expedition of their vessels wellmanned and liberally provisioned.
To implore the divine blessing
on an expedition destined in the

minds of its promoters, as well to subject new dominions to the church as to acquire territorial possessions for the French crown, Cartier, before setting sail, proceeded in solemn procession with men to the Cathedral of St. Malo. It was in May, 1535, that he left that historic port. Adverse winds dispersed his squadron and retarded his progress. It was not till August, on the festival day of St. Lawrence the martyr, that he entered the mouth of the great river upon which he bestowed the name of that saint. Acthe bestowed the name of that saint. Acting on the information of his guides, the natives whom he h d taken from Gaspe to France the previous year, he proceeded up the majestic stream till he reached the Island of Orleans. He was now nearly opposite the Indian village of Stadacona, to which he dispatched his guides, now tolerably conversant with the French tongue, to act as interlocutors. The savages were so terrified at the sight of the vessels, and of the European seamen, that on the approach of the guides they fled in terror. Perceiving, however, that the white men made no manifestations of hostility, and recognizing in the interlocuhostility, and recognizing in the interlocutors men of their own race, they soon recovered themselves and made every demonstration of friendship, bringing to the ships in proof of their hospitality liberal supplies of fish, maize, and fruit. On the foliowing day the chief of the country paid a visit to the European vessels and was cordially received by It was now Autumn, and Cartier, eager to visit Hochelaga, where he learned there was another important aboriginal village, determined to winter in Canada. He

determined to therefore moored the largest of his ves in the river named by him St. Croix, but which afterwards received the appellation it now bears, that of St. Charles, and with the "Hermerillon," a vessel of forty tons, left on September 19th for Hochelaga. He was compelled by the shallow-ness of the water to leave his vessel in Lake St. Peter, and perform the rest of the journey in two sm ll boats. The weather was delightful beyond descrip-The American autumn never, per displayed its manifold beauty suavity so mellowing, in profusion se lavish, in wealth so gorgeous. The gome warmth of the bright sunshing The glad. some warmth of the day, the cloudless glory of the night, so lovely in their serenity, but above all the ineffable splendor of the autumnal sunset —the great "orb of day," after empurpling the horizon with a last glorious efful-

gence, like a hero dying in the halo of his own victory, seeking rest and shelter where the deep blue mist that veils the Lamentian hills seems to mingle with the very skies above and the waters beneath, charmed and enraptured the European seamen. But this was not all. The noble river whose current they ascended, by day, reflecting the gladdening beams of a monarch prodigal of favors in the waning of his power, by night resting in tranquil security under the protecting mantle of the serenest of skies, and the forest on either side, so grand, vast, and seemingly interminable, with its shades of green, its tints of red, and its wealth of purple, com bined uore of the lovely, picturesque and fascinating than perhaps even these weather-beaten adventurers had ever be-fore witnessed. They fell in from time to time with parties of the Aborigines who, great as must have been their sur-prise, evinced no symptoms of hostility. It may here indeed the remarked that whatever the weakness of the early French adventurers in Canada - their intercourse with the Aborigines was marked by a spirit of such fair-dealing, good-fellowship,

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Like th

spirit of such fair-dealing, good-fellowship, and Christian forbearance, as gave no just ground of complaint to the natives.

At Hochelaga, Cartier tound a village of about fifty large wooden buildings, roofed with sewn bark. He was well received by the natives. Conducted, by order of the chief, to a large open space in the centre of the village, he had the pleasure of hearing from the latter the warmest expressions of amity and good will. est expressions of amity and good will In token of gratitude, Cartier on the neck of the chief a cruicifix, symbolic of the new and tender yoke which Catholic France had resolved to place on the shoulders of the red men. The European navigator then ascended the mountain at whose feet the Indian village nestled and gave it the name of the Royal Mount. What more fitting appellation could he have bestowed on that noble hill towering above the confluence of the greatest rivers of Canada, rearing high its head over the tallest denizens of the forest in the environs, and almost claiming bondage from the fated fragment of struggling humanity at its base. Its title to royal distinction has been confirmed by every succeeding generation, and now the caily tribute of the commerce and industry of so many states and provinces to the beautiful city nurtured into greatness under its protection, attests the universal acknowledgment of that title.

Cartier's visit to Hochelaga impressed him favorably with the country—and though first impressions are often easily removed, the cold and suffering of the winter which set in soon after his return to Quebec did not alter his good opinion of the great country he had decided upon adding to the domain of the French king.

The winter was exceedingly severe; and disease of a violent character carried off no fewer than twenty-six of the Europeans. Accordingly, at the approach of spring the survivors clamored for an early return to France. Taking with him Donnaconna, the chief, and ten other natives, Cartier set sail with the opening

of spring from Stadacona.

On his arrival in France he found the On his arrival in France he found the country disturbed by foreign complications and districted by internal dissensions. Thus preoccupied, French statesmen were for a time unmindful of his presence and inattentive to his representations.

achievement in a military sense, this first expedition was characterized by such cautious observation as enabled Cartier to mander of the new expedition, Sieur de

mander of the new expedition, Sieur de Roberval relinqui hed the honors of com-mand to Cartier, whose previous experi-ence, sagacity, and trustworthiness quali-fied him for the post.

The expedition, consisting of five vessels, reached Stadaconain safety. The natives, expecting to see those of their brethren whom Cartier had in 1536 taken to France, were greviously disappointed to learn that nearly all had died and that none were to

return.

It was not by any means cruel wantonness, or a desire to gratify a vain curiosity at home, but the praiseworthy design of familiarizing the Aborignes with the French people, their language and customs, with the view of promoting the cause and interests of colonization that prompted Cartier, in the first instance, to take the Aborigines with him. However disappointed, the natives remembered his past kindness and liberality too well to make any serious manifestation of hostility. Some misunderstanding did indeed occur in the following spring, but nothing of a character to bring the two races into actual conflict.

Cartier, on his arrival, erected at Cape Rouge a fort to which he gave the name of Charlesbourg. He revisited Hochelaga and attempted, but unsuccessfully, to ascend the rapids above that village. Returning to Quebec to find no tilings of de Roberval, whom he had expected with a body of colonists, he decided to winter in Canada, but sent two of his vessels to France to report his success and represent his urgent need of supplies. The winter was so cold, cheerless, and uncomfortable, friendly, Cartier hastened in spring to leave the country.

At St. John, Newfoundland, he fell in with de Roberval, who, by a strange coincidence, had left France about the same time that Cartier departed from Canada. De Roberval had on board his three ships no fewer than two hundred colonists of both sexes. He employed every persua-sion with Cartier to cause him to return to Stadacona, but the latter quietly shipped anchor at night and proceeded on

his journey homeward.

TO BE CONTINUED.

These two things, contradictory as they may seem, must go together,—manly de-pendence and manly independence, manly reliance and manly self-reliance.—Words-

No lie you can speak or act, but it will come, after a longer or shorter circulation, like a bill drawn on Nature's reality, and be presented there for payment, — with the answer, No effects.—Carlyle.

It is faith in something, and enthusiasm for something that makes a life worth looking at,—0. W. Holmes,