

TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE.

BY LADY GEORGINA FULLERTON.

CHAPTER I.

The woods! O solemn are the boundless woods...

White she is as Lily of June, And beauteous as the moon...

In the earlier part of the last century, through one of the primeval forests of the New World...

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...

On leaving it he began life with many friends, much youthful ambition, and very little fortune...

Colonel d'Auban's advancement of the Russian service excited the surprise of his friends...

At this turning moment one of the insignificant circumstances which often influence a person's whole destiny directed Colonel d'Auban's thoughts to the New World...

prospects of wealth held out to settlers in the new France, had never known a parallel...

"My dear d'Auban! I am delighted to see you! Are you come on a mission from the polar bears? or has the Czar named you his Ambassador in Paris?"

"You don't say so! Why people declared you were going to cut out Lefort and Gordon! Have you made your fortune, dear friend?"

"I should have no objection," said he, "to see you. I am in search of employment. A small diplomatic post was offered to me some time ago, but it would not have suited me at all."

"Have you anything else in view at present?" inquired De Harlay, who eagerly bent 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."

"But don't return to the beaten track to the old road," said M. de Mesme, "my cousin M. d'Artagnan, a 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."

"You! and what on earth can have put such a fancy in your head?" "My dear friend, I am weary of civilization—tired of death of Paris—worn out and redeemed the character of the colony, which is overrun with swamps of every description."

"What I have not yet heard of is a concessionist a planter, an habitant who is not a mere speculator or a needy adventurer. I appeal to you, M. de Mesme. Does not your brother write that the conversion of the Indians would be comparatively easy did not the colonists, by their selfish grasping conduct and the scandal of their immoral lives, throw the greatest obstacles in the way of the missionaries?"

"Can you allow me time to reflect?" "Certainly. I do not sail for six weeks. It is amusing in the meantime to hear the ladies lamenting over my departure, and shuddering at the dangers I am to run in those wild regions, where, poor dears, they are dying to go themselves, and I fancy some of them believe that golden apples hang on the trees, and might be had for the trouble of gathering them, if only the bon Monsieur Love would let them into the ringes up to his house!"

The Vicomte de Harlay walked away, and d'Auban paced for a long time the alley of the Luxembourg...

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 strangely with our own thoughts...

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

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"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."

"It is the Pere Maret that Monsieur is speaking of?" asked d'Auban of Madame d'Orgeville.

"Yes, he is his brother, and the missionary, a priest at St. Francois des Illinois. M. Maret is Monsieur's brother-in-law. M. de Mesme'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?"

"The excellence of the climate, the beauty of the scenery, the easy navigation of the river, on the shores of which the white men made no manifestations of hostility, 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."

solation to us, than that they should settle in our neighbourhood; but if they are to resemble those who, unfortunately, have of late years been pouring into Louisiana—adventurers, libertines, and scoffers—our peaceful and edifying Indian communities would be speedily ruined.

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.

"I know him very well, and wished much to know where he had been sent," said M. de Mesme.

"I am afraid she is right," said M. d'Orgeville with a sigh; "though I would faintly think so."

"At any rate, you will not be in a hurry to come to a conclusion on this important 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. Francois.

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THE CANADIAN CONFEDERATION. WITH CERTAIN CONSIDERATIONS AS TO THE INFLUENCE OF CATHOLICITY ON ITS ORIGIN, GROWTH, AND DEVELOPMENT.

Written for the Record.

FROM THE DISCOVERIES OF CARTIER TO THE DEATH OF CHAMPLAIN, A.D. 1534-1635.

Though Cabot had in 1497 sighted the shores and skirted the coasts of the eastern provinces, and the hardy seamen of Brittany for nearly a quarter of a century fished in the waters of Terra Nova, the real honors of discovery belong to Jacques Cartier, brave, skillful and adventurous navigator of St. Malo, who landed on the coast of Gaspe in 1534.

When Columbus pleaded for royal patronage to further his schemes, the Spanish treasury was depleted, its armies poorly 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 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.

"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. de Mesme."

"Oh, that is quite a different affair. What I call a practical man in Europe is one who heads 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."

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gence, like a hero dying in the halo of his own victory, seeking rest and shelter where the deep blue mist that veils the Laurentian 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 serene 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, combined more of the lovely, picturesque and fascinating than perhaps even these weather-beaten adventurers had ever before witnessed. They fell in from time to time with parties of the Aborigines who, great as must have been their surprise, evinced no symptoms of hostility.

At Hochelaga, Cartier found a village of about fifty large wooden buildings, roofed with saw bark. He was well received by 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. In token of gratitude, Cartier suspended on the neck of the chief a crucifix, symbolic of the new and tender yoke which Catholic France had resolved to place on the shoulders of the red men.

Cartier's visit to Hochelaga impressed him favorably, and he was so struck with the 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.

There was, however, one man, Sieur de Roberval, upon whom Cartier's representations as to the advantages presented by the valley of the St. Lawrence, for full colonization, effected an impression so exceedingly favorable, that in 1540 he fitted out, at his own expense, an expedition to further that praiseworthy object. Named himself lieutenant-general and commander of the new expedition, Sieur de Roberval retained the chief and ten other natives, Cartier set sail with the opening of spring from Stadacona.

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

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 Aborigines 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. 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 things of a better success, 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, and the Aborigines becoming rather unfriendly, Cartier hastened in spring to leave the country.

At St. John's, 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 persuasion with Cartier to cause him to return to Stadacona, but the latter quietly shipped anchor at night and proceeded on his journey homeward.

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