

of wild Micmacs, who inhabited its coasts and roamed its interior in search of the moose and caribou, paddled their canoes, and sang their songs of love, and war, and the chase; who offered sacrifices to their gods in the light of a thousand lodge fires. Then Columbus came. Five years after the daring Genoan had sighted the West Indian islands from English shores, John Cabot set forth, crossed the Atlantic, landed on the Markland coast, and, by virtue of his charter from King Henry VII., founded the claim of England to Markland and to the whole Continent Columbus never saw. But England's day for expansion was not yet. Cortereal, a slave-hunter, appeared on the Labrador coast in 1500, and there kidnapped a cargo of natives. Eighteen years later, a Frenchman, Baron de Léry, landed some of his followers and a few head of cattle on Sable Island, off the Markland coast. But although this attempt failed, some of the cattle thrived, and their descendants were found running wild on this bleak sandy island eighty years afterwards. After de Léry none came to colonise these northern lands until Jacques Cartier, the hardy St. Malo mariner, sailed with his men into the Gulf of St. Lawrence and up the river to Stadacona. On the heels of Cartier, from whom and other sailors they had tidings of the wealth of the New World fisheries, came a horde of English, Norman, Basque, and Breton fishermen, who plied their calling off the Markland coasts, and returned laden with cod in the autumn. Many of these landed and dried their fish on the shore, and during most of the sixteenth century that was all Europe knew of or dealt with Markland. True, under a charter granted by Elizabeth, Sir Humphrey Gilbert