

landed in Newfoundland and took possession of all land six hundred miles in every direction from St. Johns, comprising therefore what is to-day Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and part of Labrador. But his flagship, the *Squirrel*, sank with all on board in Nova Scotian waters, and nothing more came of Gilbert's colonising scheme.

Two years ere the century closed, the French again awoke to the possibilities of North American settlement; and the Marquis de la Roche sailed forth for Markland with a cargo of convicts for colonists, for volunteers were chary of accompanying him. La Roche steered westward until he came to that long crescent of sand which the opposite currents off the Markland coast had formed, whose treacherous shallows were just hidden by the waves as if designed to lure ships to their destruction. It was the same Sable Island upon which de Léry had landed eighty years before. Fearing the aborigines on the mainland, La Roche disembarked his convicts while he went to reconnoitre. Awaiting the Marquis's return, the convicts roamed the island, and came upon herds of wild cattle, whose ancestors had come out from France with de Léry: they tramped by the solitary lagoon of fresh water, through the dark grasses, startling the flocks of wild duck, but never a shelter they saw. And they drew themselves together at dusk, and dug holes in the mud and sand, and waited for the ships to come and take them away, even back to the gaols and galleys of France. There are few more tragic incidents in New Scotland story than this, one of the earliest. For the Marquis de la Roche had been driven back across the Atlantic by an autumn hurricane, and the