

L'Ile d' Orleans. There they received and conciliated the countless savages who came gliding in their swift and silent canoes from all the shores of the vast waterway to see what these strange white men, with their stranger white-winged and monstrous canoes, were doing on the little island which for the moment they had called the Isle of Bacchus.

Leaving this place after a somewhat difficult but friendly conference with Donnacona, the chief of these regions, Cartier's little squadron sailed further up the river and cast anchor at the mouth of the St. Charles and in view of the Indian village of Stadacona, as it nestled under the beetling crags which were to soon see above them the crowning ramparts of Quebec. Hence the ever-delighted explorers went on up the great river, and through the Lake St. Peter, until they reached the Indian town of Hochelaga where it rested under forest-crowned heights to which Cartier gave the name of Mount Royal. The expedition had been so far like some swiftly passing dream of pleasure. The sights and scenes of the noble river; the flushing, shifting gorgeousness of summer and autumnal colours in the vast primeval forests which lined its banks; the unbroken wildness and occasionally sombre splendour of cliff and crag and promontory; the panorama of passing savage life and the unstinted hospitality of admiring and worshipping natives at Orleans, at Stadacona and now at Hochelaga; were enough to surely warrant the adventurous settlers in looking forward with confidence to the future. They returned, after a few days, to Stadacona loaded down with gifts from the friendly natives—boats heaped with fish and ripened corn—and with memories of a respect tinged with reverence and a confidence in their honour and goodness which should never have been shattered.

But they had no real knowledge of what was coming to counterbalance the period of pleasantness now rapidly passing away. A glimpse at Acadie in days of summer loveliness, or of the shores of