



### Thanksgiving.

What time the latest flower hath bloomed,  
The latest bird has southward flown;  
When silence weaves o'er garnered sheaves  
Sweet idyls of our northern zone;  
When scattered children rest beside  
The hearth, and hold the mother's hand,  
Then rolls Thanksgiving's ample tide  
Of fervent praise across the land.

And though the autumn stillness broods  
When spring was glad with song and stir,  
Though the summer's grace leaves little trace  
On fields that smiled at sight of her,  
Still glows the sunset's altar fire  
With crimson flame and heart of gold,  
And faith uplifts with strong desire  
And deep content, the hymns of old.  
—Margaret E. Sangster.

### Little Trips Among the Eminent.

#### Men Notable in Canadian History.

##### Jacques Cartier.

[With acknowledgements to Parkman, Bourinot, Withrow and others.]

Jacques Cartier, "the real discoverer of Canada" (Withrow) was a native of St. Malo, that ancient town of the Western coast of France which, as Parkman tells us, "thrust out like a buttress into the sea, strange and grim of aspect, breathing war from its walls and battlements of ragged stone, a stronghold of privateers, the home of a race whose intractable and defiant independence neither time nor change has subdued, has been for centuries a nursery of hardy mariners." In the town-hall of the place his portrait may be seen to-day, the "bold, keen features bespeaking a spirit not apt to quail before the wrath of man or of the elements."

Who has not learned in childhood the poem which tells that "From the seaport of St. Malo on a smiling morn in May," Jacques Cartier sailed off to the westward to that strange land, smiling in summer yet so stern in winter that "the wind from Thule freezes the word upon the lip"? It appears, however, that it was upon the 20th of April, 1534, that the famous explorer set sail, with his two small vessels and a little company of 122 men, and filled with dreams of finding a passage westward to the fabulously rich lands of the far East,—the kingdom of Cathay.

In twenty days, without mishap, he reached Newfoundland, then passing the Magdalen Islands, which he described as "abounding in birds, flowers and berries," entered, on a hot day in July, the bay which he named, and which has ever since been called Baie de Chaleurs. Here, ostensibly, was a strait leading on towards Cathay, but sailing directly westward, land was again encountered, and, much disappointed, Cartier retraced his way and sailed northward, landed at Cape Gaspé and set up a cross bearing the lily shield of France.

At this point he found many Indians, a tribe, as it was learned later, that that had come down from Stadacona, and so friendly were these that one of the chiefs permitted his two sons to accompany the French. As it transpired these young braves were taken to France, and, communication being established, became of great use to Cartier, telling him of the great St. Lawrence river—no doubt the dreamed-of passage to India—of strange tribes inhabiting the interminable forests, and, less accurately, of the wonderful rich kingdom of Saguenay, in which were to be found precious stones for the picking up.

From Gaspé the two little vessels pushed on as far as Anticosti Island,

but, possibly because necessary provisions were running short, a council was held and it was decided to set sail for France.

At the court of Francis I. Cartier told his story and exhibited his two young braves, much to the delight of the king, who promised him three better vessels for his next voyage.

• • • • •

Early in the following year the vessels were made ready, and at last, on Whit Sunday, Cartier and his company reverently attended high mass in the Cathedral of St. Malo, and received the sacrament and the blessing of the bishop on the undertaking.

Winds, however, proved adverse, and the two little squadrons did not reach the mouth of the great river until the middle of July. Proceeding upward the vessels reached a small bay opposite Anticosti on the 10th of August, St. Lawrence's Day, and so it was named St. Lawrence's Bay, the name since extended to the river and to the great gulf at its mouth. The name "Canada" a Huron-Iroquois word meaning a collection of huts, he applied, by some misunderstanding to the country lying along the lower St. Lawrence.

From Anticosti Cartier pushed on up the river, the young Indians from Stadacona, whom he had taken from Gaspé, serving well as pilots. On the 1st of September the vessels passed the gloomy chasm whence issue, noiselessly, the waters of the Saguenay, and six days later arrived at the Isle of Orleans, which Cartier named the Isle of Bacchus because of the quantities of ripe grapes found on the wild grape vines there.

While here, from over the waters to the westward, came a fleet of canoes filled with dusky tribesmen,—Donnacona, the Algonquin chief from Stadacona and five hundred of his warriors—a visit of friendship and curiosity, for in those earliest days the red men were everywhere ready to welcome the white men from over the seas as demigods; they had not yet realized that these were but humans who, with inveterate purpose and insatiable desire of possession, were to drive the aborigines, step by step, to the corners of the earth, to vanquish forest and mountain alike, to harness the rapids and cover the waters with vessels and the wilderness lands with wheat fields and cattle pastures and thronging cities.

Twice ready to welcome the strangers because of the joy of meeting again the two young Indians who had been taken abroad, Donnacona invited Cartier to visit him at Stadacona, and accordingly the vessels pushed on once more, soon casting anchor at the mouth of the St. Charles, and in close view of the beetling cliffs whereon stands the citadel in the present city of Quebec.

At the earliest opportunity Cartier and a few of his men made the promised visit to the chief at the village which was found to be no better than a squalid hamlet of bark huts. "When, having satisfied their curiosity," says Parkman, "he and his party were rowing for the ships, a friendly interruption met them at the mouth of the St. Charles. An old chief harangued them from the bank, men, boys and children screeched welcome from the meadow, and a troop of hilarious squaws danced knee-deep in the water." Evidently the tide was in. Those who know the spot with its dormer-windowed houses crowding down to the water upon one hand, its trolley car rattling past towards the Montmorency and St. Anne de Beaupré, its little sailing vessels stranded far ashore at low tide, can imagine the scene with all its difference.

Donnacona had told Cartier of a greater town, many days up the river, news which hurried the decision of the Frenchman to remain in the country over winter. The proposed trip was, however, little to the liking of the Indians, who resolved to balk it. "One morning, as the ships still lay at anchor," we are told, "the French beheld three Indian devils descending in a canoe towards them, dressed in black and white dog-skins, with faces black as ink, and horns long as a man's arm. Thus arrayed, they drifted by, while the principal fiend, with fixed eyes, as of one piercing the secrets of futurity, uttered in a loud voice a long harangue. They then paddled for shore; and no sooner did they reach it than each fell flat like a dead man in the bottom of the canoe. Aid, however, was at hand, for Donnacona and his tribesmen, rushing pell-mell from the adjacent woods, raised the swooning masqueraders, and, with shrill clamors, bore them in their arms within the sheltering thickets. Here, for a full half-hour, the French could hear them haranguing in solemn conclave. Then the two young Indians whom Cartier had brought back from France came out of the bushes, enacting a pantomime of amazement and terror, clapping their hands, and calling on Christ and the Virgin; whereupon Cartier, shouting from the vessel, asked what was the matter. They replied that the god Coudouagny had sent to warn the French against all attempts to ascend the great river, since, should they persist, snows, tempests and drifting ice would requite their rashness with inevitable ruin. The French replied that Coudouagny was a fool; that he could not hurt those who believed in Christ; and that they might tell this to his three messengers."

Leaving the two larger vessels at the mouth of the St. Charles Cartier embarked once more with the smallest, a galleon, and two open boats, and was soon making on past Cape Diamond, in the glorious autumn weather, delighted with the broad reaches of river that opened ever before, and with the picturesqueness of the stately banks now glowing with the red and gold of September.

At Lake St. Peter the galleon grounded, but, nothing daunted, the voyagers pressed on in the open boats, and, on the 2nd of October, reached the shore below the far-famed town of Hochelaga, at a point whence could be seen rude clearings covered with ripened corn, and, in the distance the forest-clad top of the mountain which Cartier called Mont Royal, the name which has since descended to the city of Montreal.

Here "a thousand Indians thronged the shore, wild with delight, dancing, singing, crowding about the strangers and showering into the boats their gifts of fish and maize; and, as it grew dark, fires lighted up the night, while, far and near, the French could see the excited savages leaping and rejoicing by the blaze."

Upon the following day the town was visited, and was found to consist of a number of large, low communal houses, thatched with bark and grouped about a central square, the whole encircled by a palisaded wall consisting of a triple row of tree trunks, provided with inside galleries and heaps of stones ready for defence.

Arriving at the central square Cartier and his party stopped, while "the surrounding houses of bark disgorged their inmates,—swarms of children, and young women and old, their infants in their arms. They crowded about the visitors, crying for delight, touching their heads, feeling their faces, and holding up the screeching infants to be touched in turn. The marvellous visitors, strange in hue,

strange in attire, with moustached lip and bearded chin, with arquebuse, halberd, helmet and cuirass, seemed rather demigods than men."

To Cartier they brought their sick and maimed and blind to be healed, and, knowing naught better to be done, he read a portion of the Gospel, to which his audience listened raptly although understanding not a word, and then giving them presents, he withdrew.

• • • • •

On his return to Stadacona (Quebec) Cartier found that his men had occupied the time of his absence by building a palisaded fort on the bank of the St. Charles. Here the winter was spent, but many were the sufferings before spring. Insufficiently clothed or provisioned to meet the northern winter, illness soon made its appearance, and an outbreak of scurvy, which carried off twenty-five of the men, threatened to exterminate the little garrison. Probably more would have died so had it not been for a fortunate accident. When walking alone, one day, Cartier met an Indian who told him of a remedy "ameda," a sort of spruce tea which proved to be efficacious.

When the spring arrived Cartier prepared to return to France, but this time, unfortunately, committed an indiscretion which was to work him and his successors little good in future years. Anxious that the king should be impressed with the stories of the wonderful Saguenay country, he lured Donnacona and nine of his chief tribesmen on board, then set sail. Not one of the number ever came back. Unable, apparently, to withstand the climate and living-conditions of France, all died within a year or two.

#### CARTIER'S THIRD VOYAGE.

Once more was Cartier destined to visit the new world. In 1540 a French nobleman, the Sieur de Roberval, organized a colonizing expedition, choosing Cartier as his lieutenant, but fervor for the trip to Canada had, for the time, apparently, died out, and by royal permission the prisons were ransacked to obtain the necessary complement of men.

On the 23rd of May, 1541, the vessels set sail and in due time arrived at Stadacona, only to be met by bodies of Indians in canoes inquiring for Donnacona and the other kidnapped braves.

During the last sad winter at the little post the friendship of the Indians had cooled; now their tone became aggressive, hence it was not deemed safe to anchor in the mouth of the St. Charles.

Instead Cartier sailed on to Cap Rouge. It was now late in August, and while some of the men were set to work to hew out a recess in the forest, others were put to building a fort, and others to planting turnip seed.

Having seen the place reduced to some sort of order, Cartier went on with two boats to explore the rapids above Hochelaga, the same rapids to-day obviated by the Soulanges Canal, and whose power it is proposed to utilize for manufacturing plants. He returned late in the fall, only to find the men distrustful and homesick, and the Indians suspiciously holding aloof. Roberval, who had promised to follow immediately with the rest of the people for the colony, had not arrived.

Again fell the sullen winter, and with it illness and a deeper unrest. When spring came again with its wanderlust, its spirit of "go away from here," even Cartier was thoroughly discouraged. The colony was broken up and all set sail once more for France, Cartier bearing with him a few specimens containing mica flakes, which he supposed to be gold, and a few fragments of quartz-