

him on his arrival in the country. The residence of this chief was at Stadacona, which occupied a portion of the space on which the "Ancient City," Quebec, now stands.

The discoveries hithertomade by Cartier, numerous and surprising as they were, so far from satisfying his ambition, served only to excite his desire for still greater achievements. As Stadacona did not bound his curiosity, neither did it limit his progress. Having learned that there existed a place of much greater importance at a considerable distance up the river, he determined to advance up the stream in search of it. Neither the lateness of the season, nor the representations of those about him, could divert him from his object, and he commenced his voyage in the *Hermillon* with two long boats, provisions and ammunition. The scenery on both banks of the river delighted him with its beauty, and the natives cheerfully supplied him with what they could procure to supply his necessities. The chief of the district of the Hochelai—now called the Richelieu—paid him a visit, and presented him with his son, a fine boy about seven years of age. At Lake St. Peter the party was obliged, by the shallowness of the water and their ignorance of the deeper channel, to leave the pinnacle and betake themselves to their boats. On the second of October, 1535, they effected a landing below the site of the present city of Montreal—at Hochelaga, where he erected a cross and took possession of the land for his master, the King of France. To this day the village is styled the Cross. Here he was met by more than a thousand of the natives who received him with every demonstration of joy and hospitality. Cartier returned their hospitality by distributing amongst them such small presents as the taste and the fancy of these simple children of nature taught them to value. The next day, having obtained the services of three of the natives as guides, Cartier, with a number of his own men, entered for the first time an Indian village—Hochelaga—the germ or nucleus of the present City of Montreal. After a short stay among the people, Cartier returned to his boats and proceeded down the river to winter at St. Croix.

We cannot close this short account of Cartier and his voyages without inserting here the beautiful poem on the great navigator, from the pen of the late Hon. T. D. McGee.

JACQUES CARTIER.

(A.D. 1534.)

I.

In the seaport of St. Malo 'twas a smiling morn in May,
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sail'd
away;

In the crowded old cathedral all the town were on their knees
For the safe return of kinsmen from the undiscover'd seas;
And every autumn blast that swept o'er pinnacle and pier,
Fill'd manly hearts with sorrow, and gentle hearts with fear.

II.

A year pass'd o'er St. Malo—again came round the day
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sail'd
away;

But no tidings from the absent had come the way they went,
And tearful were the vigils that many a maiden spent;
And manly hearts were fill'd with gloom, and gentle hearts with
fear,

When no tidings came from Cartier at the closing of the year.

III.

But the earth is as the future, it hath its hidden side;
And the captain of St. Malo was rejoicing in his pride
In the forests of the north—while his townsmen mourned his loss,
He was rearing on Mount Royal the *fleur-de-lys* and cross;
And when two months were over, and added to the year,
St. Malo hail'd him home again, cheer answering to cheer.

IV.

He told them of a region, hard, iron-bound, and cold,
Nor seas of pearl abounded, nor mines of shining gold;
Where the wind from Thulé freezes the word upon the lip,
And the ice in spring comes sailing athwart the early ship;
He told them of the frozen scene until they thrill'd with fear,
And piled fresh fuel on the hearth to make him better cheer.

V.

But when he changed the strain—he told how soon are cast
In early spring the fetters that hold the waters fast;
How the winter causeway broken is drifted out to sea,
And the rills and rivers sing with pride the anthem of the free;
How the magic wand of summer clad the landscape to his eyes,
Like the dry bones of the just when they wake in Paradise.

VI.

He told them of the Algonquin braves—the hunters of the wild,
Of how the Indian mother in the forest rocks her child;
Of how, poor souls, they fancy in every living thing
A spirit good or evil, that claims their worshipping;
Of how they brought their sick and maim'd for him to breathe
upon,
And of the wonders wrought for them through the Gospel of St.
John.

VII.

He told them of the river, whose mighty current gave
Its freshness for a hundred leagues to Ocean's briny wave;
He told them of the glorious scene presented to his sight,
What time he rear'd the cross and crown on Hochelaga's height,
And of the fortress cliff that keeps of Canada the key,
And they welcomed back Jacques Cartier from his perils o'er the
sea.

The present inhabitants of Montreal would find it as difficult to recognize its "local habitation" as its "name" from the following description of its ancient state. The way to the village was through large fields of Indian corn. Its outline was circu-