

to remark, that he received his first commission from King Henry VII., jointly with his father, John Cabot, and discovered the Labrador coast in his twenty-first year (A.D. 1497). The ardent passion attributed to him in the ballad, would not be inconsistent with his age, in either his first or second expeditions.

Page 389, (118). "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."

So great was the veneration for the white men, that the chief of the town (Hochelaga, now Montreal), and many of the maimed, sick, and infirm, came to Jacques Cartier, entreating him, by expressive signs, to cure their ills. The pious Frenchman disclaimed any supernatural power, but he read aloud part of the Gospel of St. John, made the sign of the Cross over the sufferers, and presented them with chaplets and holy symbols; he then prayed earnestly that the poor savages might be freed from the night of ignorance and infidelity. The Indians regarded these acts and words with deep gratitude and respectful admiration.—Warburton's *Canada*, Vol. I., p. 66.

Page 391, (119). "*Verses in Honor of Margaret Bourgeoys.*"

The saintly foundress of the great Canadian order, "The Congregation of Our Lady," established by her in the little village of Hochelaga, the site of the present city of Montreal, toward the middle of the seventeenth century. These verses were written for a convent-fête, at Villa Maria, the principal house of the Order, near Montreal. They were recited, on that occasion, by the daughter of Mr. McGee, then a pupil of the house.

Page 393, (120). "*Our Ladye of the Snow.*"

The original church of Notre Dame des Neiges stood upon what is now the "Priests' Farm," on the southern slope of the Mountain of Montreal. It was originally surrounded by the habitations of the converted Indians and their instructors, of the "Mountain Mission." The wall of defence and two towers still remain, in good preservation, fronting on Sherbrooke Street, Montreal. The present chapel of the same name stands in the village of Cote des Neiges, behind the Mountain.

Page 399, (121). "Such fate as Heindrich Hudson found, in the labyrinths of snow."

The incident on which this ballad is founded is related in Bancroft's *History of the Colonization of America*, Vol. II. The name of the faithful sailor, who preferred certain death to abandoning his captain in his last extremity, was Philip Staate—a Hollander, no doubt.