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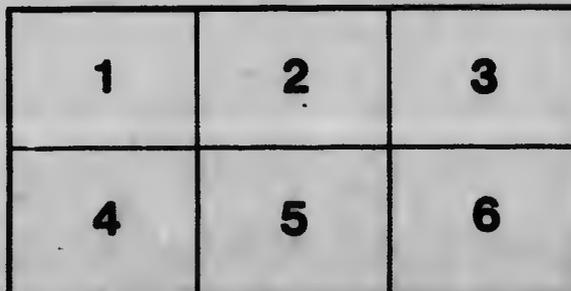
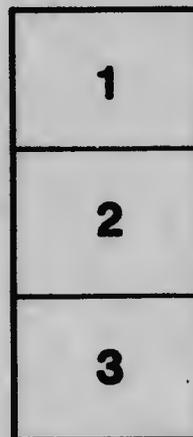
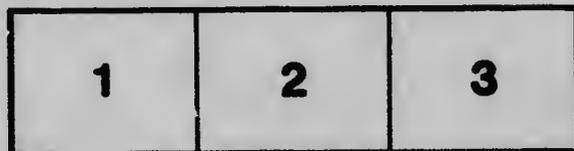
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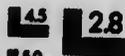
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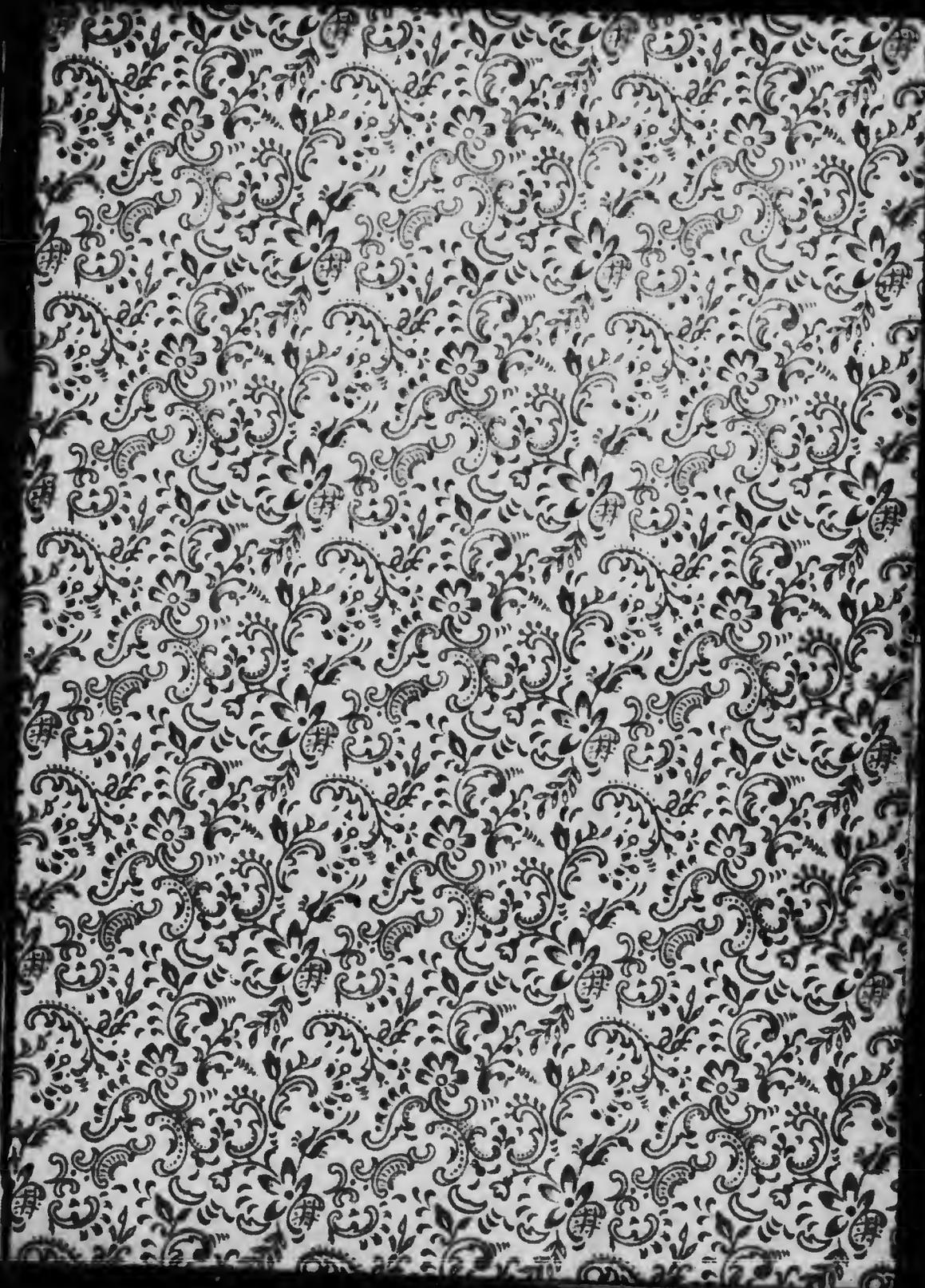
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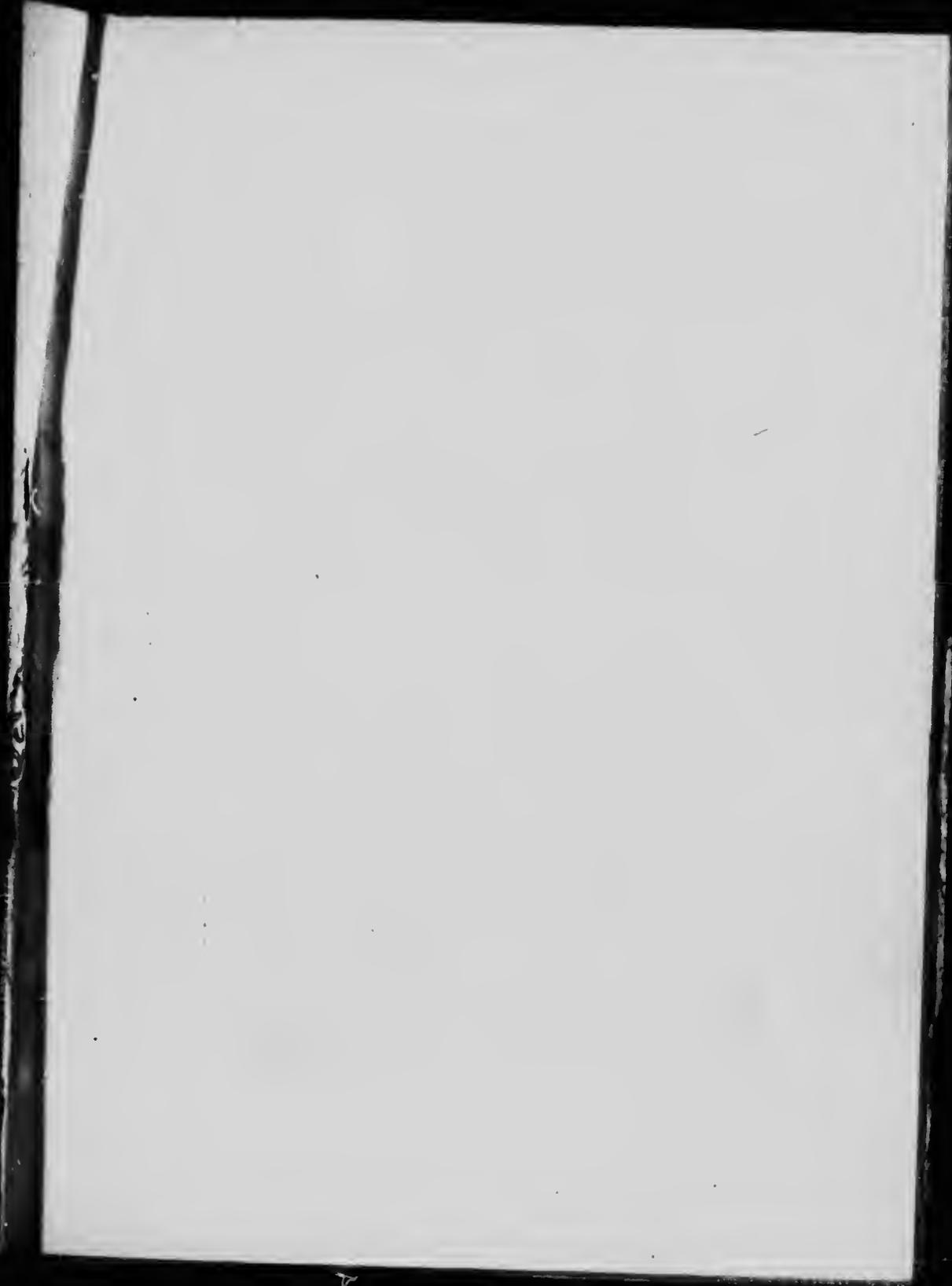
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QUEBEC IN 1800.
FROM DU BERGER'S MODEL IN WOODLICH MUSEUM.

Souvenir Historical Booklet

Then and Now

The Earliest Beginnings
of Canada

The Sillery Mission

BY

J. M. HARPER

TORONTO AND QUEBEC:

The Trade Publishing Company

T. J. MOORE & COMPANY

To
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES
ON
HIS REPEATED VISIT
TO QUEBEC
AT THE
TIME OF THE TERCENTENNIAL



PREFATORY NOTE.

This *petit livre* has in part already seen the light of day, the middle section of it having been issued as a memorial *brochure* at the time of the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Quebec in 1899, and subsequently published conjointly with the ballad of the "Montgomery Siege." His Royal Highness was graciously pleased to accept the dedication of the booklet on its first issue; and, in anticipation of another visit of the Prince to the ancient capital, it has been suggested by some of the author's friends to have it re-issued, along with the descriptive verse of "Then and Now" and the imitative elegy of "The Sillery Mission."

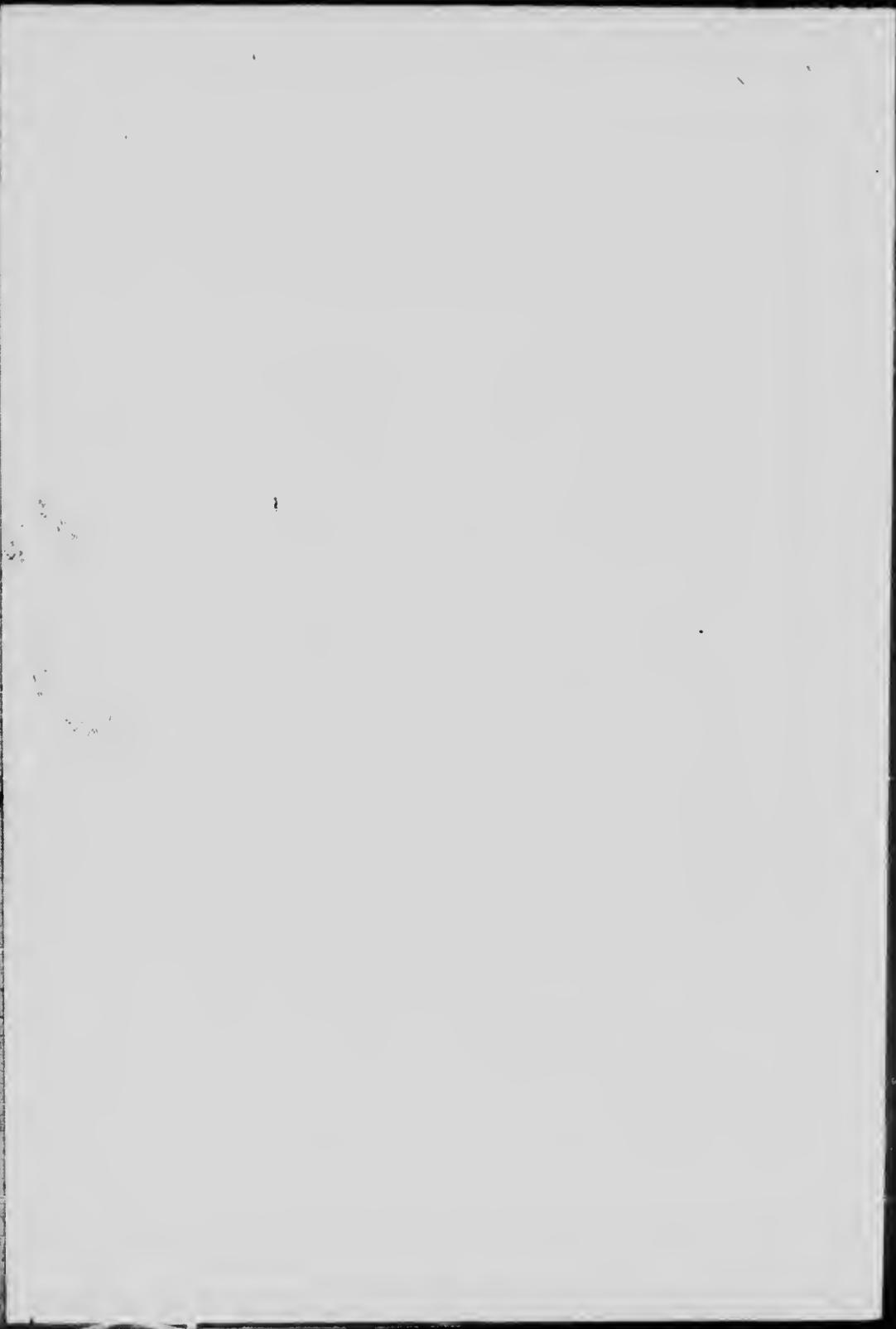


Then and Now





A BIT OF OLD QUEBEC.



INTRODUCTION.

The story of a city's growth becomes the story of every true citizen's own life; and the hamlet beginnings of Quebec at the base and on the brow of the hill which overlooks the Cul-de-Sac, when placed in comparison with the city's spreading limits of to-day, northward and westward, towards the St. Charles River and the Plains of Abraham, form a contrast which provokes a pardonable pride in the hearts of every one of its citizens, permanent or transient. It is a life's privilege to have lived in such a place. Nor has any town on the continent of America received so much attention from the historiographer and descriptive writer. Indeed, few visitors escape some kind of baptism from the literary spirit in presence of the picturesque marvels of its *natura loci* or after tracing its communal developments during the three centuries of its existence. The descriptive verse which follows had its origin at the time of the visit of the members of the British Association for the Advancement of Science to Quebec, during their annual conference of 1884, which happened to be held in Montreal; and it is now given to the public in an amplified form. It may be taken as an introduction to the prose of the

"Earliest Beginnings," which, as a series of narratives, are intended to bring home to the Canadian, in a literary form as concise as may be, the struggles of our explorers, colonizers, and pioneers with unkempt nature and a seeming adverse fate in the forest wilds of a new world.

In the case of Quebec, the present commercial activities and architectural adornment of the place stand as a striking apotheosis to the low estate of its first citizens, when their most valuable asset was the faith which Samuel de Champlain had in the future of their town. The monument erected by the citizens in honour of that pioneer of pioneers has its site where his home once stood, and from that site young and old may most readily fix in their minds the contrast between the old and the new of the locality, with the *sentier* leading from the *Habitation* to the Fort St. Louis as a base-line in the mind's eye for the things of the past, and the three great thoroughfares of the modernized city as the base-lines in fact of the amplifications of the present. The ancient landmarks have been pretty well worn away by the corrosion of the utilitarian spirit of the new citizenship; yet there is left enough of the old for the identification of what has been rubbed away, by means of the memorial *plaques* which have been placed *in situ* by the Tercentennial Committee, for the better knowing of the past of the town by citizen and visitor.

THEN AND NOW.

Rage the ocean, clouds bewray,
Surge the seas within the bay:
The filling silt, the churning crust
In time, at nature's bidding must
The flocking fields renew.
Tidal tempests rush and roar,
Fret the shallows round the shore,
Frown the forests green and hoar:
Men must up and men must do:
Their pains restore,
Amid the strife of what is life,
The old that cometh new.¹

What time the pomp of courts, a rival
light,
Obscured the fleur-de-lis and hardi-
hood,
Its pristine bloom, the gift of chivalry,
Was wafted here, a seeming ocean
waif:

The pioneer's welcome then was
 bitter-sweet,²
 As brought he hope and progress-seeds
 to plant
 Afield a wildering western continent.
 Yet now, the harvest near, the fruit of
 toils
 Enduring ripens ours, to celebrate
 A fate matured, a nation progress-
 sown.

And Champlain's city, proud of battle-
 ment
 And wall, deep-mouthed and fierce of
 brow, uplifts
 Her milder voice and seeks to doff her
 frown.
 Her citadel, with empire-flag for crest,
 Bespeaks the war-stained lore of cen-
 turies near,
 Writ golden on the fringe of nature's
 smile.
 Cape Diamond, erst Jacques Cartier's
 goal³
 And wonder, booms no shrinking
 welcome now:

The laughter of its volleying mirth re-
peals
A crescent-burst beyond St. Charles's
Plain;⁴
And, as it seeks retreat within the
glades,
The wimpling wavelets touch, historic-
tuned,
The chords that trill for us a tale of eld.

The hum of life and overgrowth hath
claim
Where woodland wonderment first
heard the din
Of herald-salvo from St. Malo's ships.⁵
And nearer scenes, within the mist of
days,
Give but a glimpse of bygone lingering
woe.
The explorer's task, a ripple of
romance,—
The pioneer's pains, a seeming luckless
toil,
Find echo still, though far away to
those
Who deem the instant hour their
ecstasy—

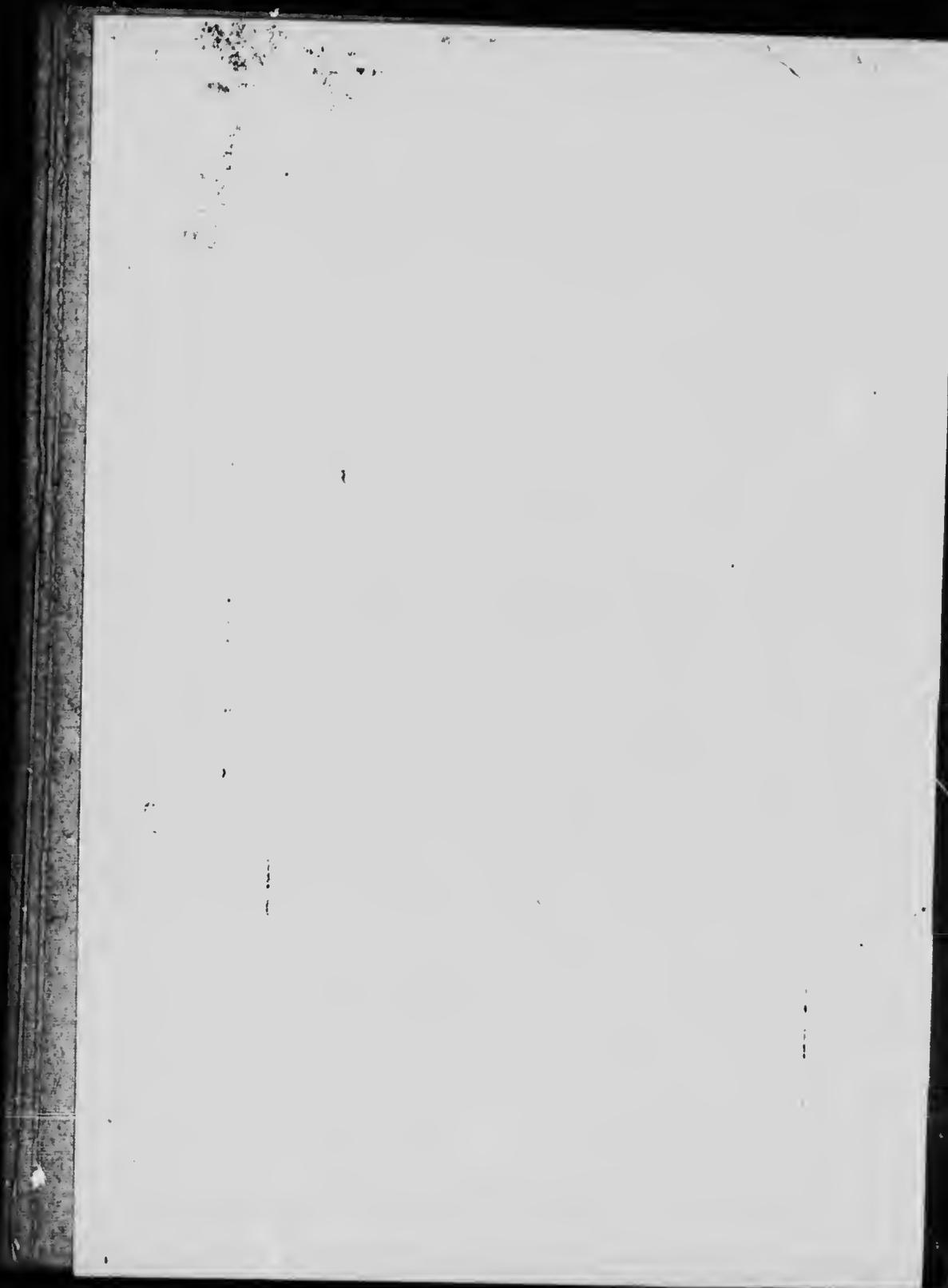
Find echo still a fame that hovers
round
Perchance to flush the cheer of
Champlain's soul⁶
That sees an empire-growth upon his
grave.⁷
'Twas his and theirs, despite the after-
arts
Of feudal-tempered rule, to sow a
fate
Florescent now: 'twas theirs to sow
their best;
And now, where crooned the nomad
o'er his ills,
In thousands men have sweet domestic
peace:
Beyond and near these bastion-bursts
of mirth,
The moiling millions, faithful to their
trust,
Begin to prize the patriot's recom-
pense,
And sing aloud the freedom-songs of
peace.

These narrow streets their teeming
tales unfold⁸
Of primal times, when unkempt nature
thought
To keep her claim, the birthright of her
woods,—
Of feudal days, when outer strife pro-
longed
Arrayed its rivalry on battlefield⁹
Near by, to wrestle for the gains of
industry.
Where elm and maple erst embowered
the trail
Of stalking foe,¹⁰ these pavement
threads bewalled
Bespeak the zeal that dared the rock-
grained soil,
To ward a place whereon to build a
home,
Or consecrate its acres unto God.
Their very names commemorate the
faith
Of Christian calendar, or token else
The deeds of men that sanctify their
pride
Of what their land, matured a nation,
boasts.

A thousand rays—a light within our
light—
Reveal in them the silver-dust of
fame.
The glimpses of an outer beauty
shine,
Like hope around the corner of a
task,
To guide our footsteps lingering near
the scenes
Of triumph or defeat. In cul-de-sac
Or thoroughfare, the very stones re-
fect
Some mosaic of events: within them
flows
The tide of peaceful life, and yet the
ebb
Of other days still ripples in its
calm—
To sing of clanging arms or military
parade,
To chant the martial song of valiant
men
Impatient to possess, or moan a dirge
Of dire retreat that knocks at every
gate.



A BIT OF MODERNIZED QUEBEC.



And other echoes whisper civic strife,
Of law usurped by faction or
romance,—
Ambition's wiles or yet the rivalry of
love
Disturbing peace to gratify the hour.
Beneath the archways, frowning as in
war,¹¹
The footfalls of processions dead are
heard
Within the sounds of living feet. The
lanes
A requiem soft repeat or shouts of
joy,—
Till seeking respite from the subtle
sheen
That floats around the old cathedral's
walls—
Or lurks within some palace court, re-
built
A merchant's home, we find the freer
height
Of bastion-keep or battlement, and
there,
Enraptured with the scope of hill and
dale,
Behold St. Lawrence as a jewel set.

Sing the river, laugh the lake,
Dance the cataract, roar and break
The seething shingle into dust:
In time, its circling siftings must
 Old channels rectify.
Sleep the fortress, frown in vain,
Hum the hamlets o'er the plain,
Ring the chimes a sweet refrain.¹²
Men must droop and men must die;
 Their lives remain,
Amid the strife of what is life,
 The soul-drift of eternity.



NOTES ON "THEN AND NOW."

1. "The old that cometh new." The visit of the scientists referred to in the introduction was a memorable event for Canada. The meetings were held in Montréal, but side trips to the larger cities were arranged for. The side trip to Quebec was taken advantage of by such distinguished scientists as Lord Kelvin, Lord Rayleigh, Sir William Ball, Sir Oliver Lodge, and many others. Their reception in the ancient capital was worthy the hospitality of its citizens. The public dinner was given in the Academy of Music, and the main reception within the Governor-General's quarters in the Citadel. The writer of these pages had the honour of being the Secretary of the Citizens' Committee, and to him the visit of the scientists has always appeared a fitting commemoration of "the old that cometh new," since the Dufferin Improvements were then in a fair way of being completed.

2. "The pioneer's welcome then was bitter-sweet." The names *De la Roque* and *De la Roche* bear witness to the "bitter-sweet".

that gave welcome to the colonizing exploitations of two of Canada's earliest pioneers, in the abandonment of Charlestown Royal by Roberval and the shipwreck of the Marquis de la Roche on Sable Island. And few will say that Champlain's welcome was other than a "bitter-sweet" in his efforts to found a French colony on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

3. "Cape Diamond, erst Jacques Cartier's goal." Cape Diamond is the name given to the rock on which the Citadel is built, and in front of which the Dufferin Terrace extends, the lines of St. Genevieve and St. Denis streets being still designated by the general name of "the Cape." Champlain gave the rock the name of Mont du Gas, in honour of his patron, whose full name was Pierre du Gas, Sieur de Monts de Saintonge; but that appellation gave way to the present name of the rock at a very early period, the discovery of the translucent quartz crystals, found in its strata, making appropriate the title by which it has been known for three centuries. These "rough diamonds" are curios which are still to be procured at a trifling cost, from the youthful collectors who make a mart of them. It is sometimes maintained that the rock, which is over four hundred feet high, indirectly gave origin to the name which the city bears, some one of Jacques Cartier's men having raised his voice in surprise when his master's ship approached

it in the expression *Que becque!*—What a peak, what a cape! However, the origin of the name of the city is still more or less of a surmise. The term Quebec seems to have been a family name in France as far back as the fifteenth century, though enquiry has failed to establish the fact that any one of that name had connection with early American enterprises. The term, it is now generally conceded, is not of French but of Indian origin. Father Arnaud, a missionary among the aborigines, assures us that the phrase *Ke-pec* in Montagnais means "Come ashore or disembark," and that the expression was applied to the locality on account of its being the first two words uttered by the Indians as a welcome to Jacques Cartier and his crew. The words *Kelibeque* and *Kebec*, however, are now known to be Algonquin, meaning simply "a narrow way of the waters," and, when Champlain tells us in his narrative "We came to anchor at Quebec, which is a strait of the river of Canada," we can hardly turn our back on the conjecture that the city has its name from the nature of the place. The original name applied by the Indians to Cape Diamond signified White Cape, hence the French name *Cap Blanc* still clings to that section of the rock at the turn in Champlain Street, at the base of which stands the Church of Notre Dame de la Garde. The coves at the foot of the bluff, under the shadow of *Cap Blanc*, are included under the general name of

Diamond Harbour. These coves were once the scene of extensive ship-building operations. Even as early as 1750 the Government had its ship-yard here, and the incident is on record how the *Original*, one of the King's ships, broke its back while being launched and sank in the harbour.

4. "A crescent-burst beyond St. Charles's Plain." The *dimuendo* of the time gun, dying away beyond silence on the range of the surrounding heights of land, is heard every noon and evening from the Citadel.

"Send Burton," and he breathed again,

"To check them in retreat;

"To guard St. Charles's bridge and plain

"And make secure defeat."

Such was of the last of the messages which fell from the lips of the dying Wolfe. The said plain is the broad expanse between the city and the Laurentides. The lake from which the River St. Charles is fed goes by the same name, which had its origin in honour of Charles de Boues, a benefactor of the early missionaries, whose first establishment was at one of the bends of the stream, where Victoria Park has been laid out in later years. The river was called by the Indians Kabir-Koubal, or meandering water; by Jacques Cartier, the St. Croix; and by those who now live on its banks, Little River. A sail against the stream's "earlier creeping pace," from the Chateau d'Eau at Lorette up towards the lake, is no labour lost to the visitor, the

windings presenting changes of clearing and overhanging woodlands maturing at last into the delighting expanse of reflected sunshine from the waters of the lake and its rural setting of hill and dale.

5. "The herald-salvo from St. Malo's ships." In his quaint way, Sir James LeMoine, who had his office in the Custom House for so many years, says in one of his books: "On the 14th of September, 1535, under the heading of 'Shipping News, Port of Quebec,' history might jot down some startling items of marine intelligence, particularly the arrival from sea of three armed vessels, named respectively the *Hermine*, the *Petite Hermine*, and the *Emerillon*. One would imagine that their entrance in port must have awakened as much curiosity among the startled denizens of Stadacona, as did the anchoring in our harbour of the Great Eastern in 1861."

6. "The cheer of Champlain's soul." The Champlain Monument is a token of the renown of a true man. It was erected in 1898, by the citizens of Quebec, the ceremony of its dedication having been one of the most impressive sights ever beheld in the open places in the vicinity of the Place d'Armes. Over fifty thousand people thronged around the enclosure erected on the site of the old Chateau St. Louis. A memorial volume of the proceedings is extant from which may be read the full details of the ceremonies.

7. "An empire-growth upon his grave." The locality of Champlain's grave has been a vexed question among the antiquaries of Quebec. The writer has taken some part in the controversy; and, in reply to a copy of the paper entitled "Champlain's Tomb," which he sent to Dr. Francis Parkman, the celebrated historian said that the summary was not only very complete but convincing. The conclusion of the pamphlet is in these words: "While the workmen were engaged in removing the outer foundation wall of the old palace (that is on what is now known as Frontenac Park) they came upon a tomb which had evidently been, at the time of its construction, carefully built with solid masonry, and which, at the time the workmen exposed it, contained human remains. This tomb, in my opinion, was none other than the *sepulchre particulier* in which the remains of Samuel de Champlain were finally deposited in 1635, and over which the Chapelle de Champlain was subsequently erected as a mortuary chapel at the head of the little graveyard on Mountain Hill. The exact position of the tomb can easily be ascertained, since it lay near the southern corner of the present enclosed grounds of the Frontenac Park, within the present retaining wall, and right under the foundation line of the old Bishop's Palace."

8. "These narrow streets their teeming tales unfold." The streets of Quebec are as distinctly historic in the names they bear as

In the scenes they have witnessed. The historic references in the names have been confusingly hidden out of sight by the prefix "Saint," as for instance, Anne Street, which was named after Anne of Austria, Queen of Louis XIII; John Street, named after Jean Bourdon, the land surveyor and engineer; and Peter Street, named in honour of Pierre d'Argenson, one of the governors of New France.

9. "Arrayed its rivalry on battlefield." The city has been beleaguered five times, the actual sieges, however, being only four, namely that of Sir David Kirke, in 1629, against Champlain; that of Sir William Phips, in 1690, against Frontenac; that of Wolfe against Montcalm in 1759; and that of Montgomery and Arnold, in 1775, against Sir Guy Carleton. Only two of these were of European importance, the Battle of the Plains taking rank as the greatest event in Canadian history.

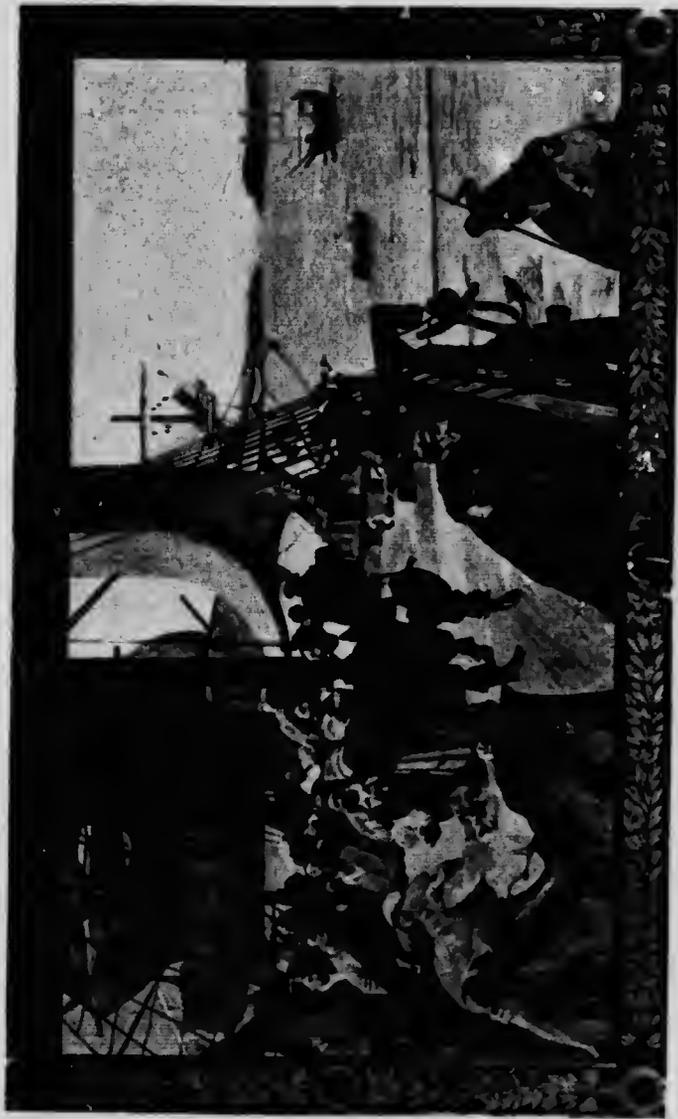
10. "The trail of stalking foe." The Indian settlement of Stadacona occupied the heights of upper town, extending from what is now St. Anne Street to the Glacis, and its site should in no way be confounded with that of the present suburban village of that name on the other side of the St. Charles.

11. "Beneath the archways frowning as in war." The old city gateways have all dis-

appeared, the last to be taken down having been the St. John's Gate, at the foot of D'Auteuil Street. The St. Louis Gate and the Kent Gate are modern structures, erected as an inauguration of the Dufferin improvements. The old gates, besides the structures above mentioned, included Palace Gate, crossing Palace Hill at the Hotel Dieu; Hope Gate, at the head of the steep thoroughfare leading from the Canoterie and St. Paul Street; and Prescott Gate, on Mountain Hill, whose site is indicated by a mark in the retaining wall of the Frontenac Park. The Chain Gate and Dalhousie Gate are at the entrance to the Citadel.

12. "Ring the chimes a sweet refrain." There are two sets of chimes of octave compass which make pleasant the holy-day mornings of Quebec, one of these being in the spire of the Anglican Cathedral and the other in the spire of St. Matthew's Church. From these the hallowing tones of a hymn tune are often to be heard before service. There is a chime of three heavy bells in the tower of the Basilica, and one of four bells in the belfry of the Church of St. Jean Baptiste.

The Earliest Beginnings
of Canada



THE ARRIVAL OF CHAMPLAIN IN THE "DON-DE-DIEU."
PHOTOGRAPHED BY MR. W. LEARNON FROM THE PAINTING BY BEAU.

THE EARLIEST BEGINNINGS OF CANADA.

Britain's claim to Canadian territory has been established by discovery as well as by conquest; and to **John Cabot**, the Venetian, sailing from Bristol under the auspices of the King of England, is due the honour of having set up on the shores of the western continent the standard of prior possession in behalf of England in 1497.

The success of Columbus had hardly been noised abroad among the nations, when this naturalized citizen of Venice found his way to England with his wife and three sons, to lay before Henry VII. his plans in connection with transatlantic discovery and exploration. He was skilled as a chart-maker, and had proved his enterprise as a merchant, as well as his hardihood as a navigator, during sundry voyages in the Orient. The

date of his arrival in England is not definitely known ; but it is on record that he was permitted to lay his proposals before the King in 1495, and that he succeeded in securing his commission a year later. One cannot but smile at the manner of his arguments before the king, as the envoy of the Duke of Milan has reported it:

“But Master John has set his mind on something greater, for he expects to go further on towards the East, where he thinks all the spices of the world, and also the precious stones, originate. He says that in former times he was at Mecca, whither spices are brought by caravans from distant countries. Those who brought these spices to market on being asked where they grew, answered that they did not know, but that other caravans came to their homes with such merchandise from distant countries, and these latter caravans again say that they are brought to them from other remote regions. And he argues thus,—that if the Orientals affirmed to the Southerners that these things come from a distance from them, and so from hand to hand, presupposing the rotundity of the

earth, it must be that the last ones get them at the north towards the west. And this he said in such a way, that, the king, who is wise and not very lavish, has put some faith in him, and is inclined to fit out some ships for his use."

The patent issued to Cabot gave him warrant to search out unknown lands in the north-western seas, to take formal possession of them in the name of England, to assume the responsibility of the cost of the expedition, and to pay one-fifth of the gain, should there be any, into the king's exchequer.

The story of Cabot's memorable voyage comes to us almost in his own words, and is a complete refutation of the historical narratives that have given the honour of discovering the continent of North America to his son Sebastian. In the early part of May, 1497, the expedition set out from Bristol with a company and crew of eighteen men in one small vessel. "Having passed the western limits of Hibernia," as Soncino, the aforesaid envoy, says, "Master John stood to the northward and began to steer westward, leaving after a few days the north star on his right hand; and

having wandered about considerably, he fell in at last with *terra firma*, where he planted the royal banner and took possession of the territory on behalf of the king."

It was not until after the 24th of June, when seven hundred leagues had been traversed, that land was first seen. The exact spot of landing cannot now be ascertained, though it must have been somewhere near the eastern extremity of Cape Breton Island, if a map said to have been drawn by Sebastian Cabot, who could hardly have been of the expedition unless as a stripling, is to be believed. There is no authentic evidence, beyond Sebastian's own statement, that he shared in the expedition of 1497, and there are grave reasons for suspecting that the son, who afterwards made such a distinguished name for himself in other undertakings, was little inclined to make too much of his father's renown, while vaunting his own.

After taking possession of the New Lands, as they were at first called, in the name of the King of England, the navigator made a voyage along the

coast line of the newly discovered territory, though there is no chart extant that indicates the direction he took. Soncino, who evidently had all he tells us about the expedition from John Cabot's own lips, says that Master John, as he calls him, had the description of the world in a chart, and also in a solid globe made by himself, from which he could show where he landed, and the lands toward the east which he had passed considerably beyond the *terra prima vista*. There is further evidence that it was the father and not the son who discovered what is now called Prince Edward Island, if that province and Cape Breton are to be identified as the two islands which the former is said to have seen on his starboard, as he turned his prow homewards from the extreme limits of his voyage, when his provisions began to run low.

On his return much was made of both discovery and discoverer. The merchants of Bristol readily put their faith in the Venetian, as did also the king. He had brought back with him no tangible evidences of abounding wealth. But he was able to report that the lands that

he had visited were temperate in climate and yet warm enough for the cultivation of silk, wooded with deep groves of what looked like Brazil wood, and having sea-waters alive with fish of every kind. "I have heard Master John and his comrades declare," says Soncino, "that there can be brought home from the New Lands so many fish that the kingdom will no longer have any need of Iceland, from which our greatest stores of stock-fish come." The king made a present of money to the navigator, and executed an agreement to pay him a pension chargeable to the seaport of Bristol; and we are told that under circumstances thus improved the explorer, with a vanity ill-concealed, at once assumed the bearing of a gentleman, dressing himself in silk, and accepting the courtesy of the title of admiral. With his globe and chart in hand, and making the most of his argument that the wealth of the east was of a surety to be found by sailing westward, a second expedition was favourably discussed and finally agreed upon. "His Majesty will fit out some ships in spring for the said Master John," says his

friend Soncino, "and will besides give him several convicts. They will go to the new country, to make a colony of it, and by means of trading with it, a greater storehouse of spices will be established in London than the one that now exists in Alexandria."

While the second expedition, consisting of six vessels and as many men as were willing to go, was on the way of being organized, its prospects were freely discussed in the public places of Bristol and London, where Cabot had been welcomed as the most renowned man of his day. The hopes of the nation were in a flutter over his discoveries. We are told that the chief men of the enterprise were of Bristol, great sailors, who felt at their ease about it as an investment, since the voyage was only one of fifteen days and the storms less frequent beyond Hibernia than in the narrower seas nearer home. The absurdity of some of the fluttering hopes did not escape the humorous Italian, who has told us so much that is pleasant reading about his friend Master John.

"I have talked with a Burgundian," he says, "a comrade of Master John,

who confirms everything he has told me, and wishes to return to the newly discovered country, because the Admiral (for so Master John already entitles himself), has given him an island. And he has given another island to a Genoese barber. Both of these gentlemen regard themselves as counts, while my Lord Admiral esteems himself nothing less than a Prince. I think that with this second expedition there will go several poor Italian monks who have all been promised bishoprics. Being a friend of the Admiral's, I am sure, if I wished to go thither, I should get an archbishopric."

The second expedition sailed early in May. 1498, and as the charter says, it was under the sole command of John Cabot, none of his sons' names being mentioned. One of the six vessels was forced to put back to Ireland in a disabled condition, but strange to say, the records here fail us, and when we next read of the expedition from reports published some time after, the son's name takes the place of the father's, while only one voyage, the voyage of 1497, is spoken of, with the events, which

could only have happened during the second expedition, attached. In a word, the name of John Cabot, except as the father of the distinguished Sebastian Cabot, is not mentioned in any of these later reports, as the discoverer of America. We hear the last of him when he set sail from Bristol in 1498.

The following may be taken as the record of the expedition of 1498, though it is culled from reports derived originally from conversations with the son:

"With a company of three hundred men, the little fleet steered its way in the direction of the north-west. In due course the navigators came to a coast running to the north, which they followed to a great distance, and where they found in the month of July large bodies of ice floating in the water, and almost continual daylight. Failing to find the passage sought, they turned their prows, and sought refreshment at Baccalaos (Cape Breton). Thence coasting southward, they ran to about the latitude of Gibraltar, still in search of a passage to the wealth of the east, when, their provisions failing, they were obliged to return to England.

“They landed in several places, saw natives dressed in skins of beasts and making use of copper implements. They found the fish in such great abundance that the progress of the ships was sometimes impeded. The bears, which were in great plenty, caught the fish for food, —plunging into the water, fastening their claws into them, and dragging them to shore.”

Such is all there is to tell of the discovery of Canada by John Cabot. How interested we all would be if another of Soncino's quaintly written letters were to turn up to inform us of the final fate of his friend Master John, and thus possibly provide an explanation of the remarkable reticence of Master John's distinguished son in regard to the issue of his father's last enterprises.

JOHN CABOT'S PREDECESSORS.

Christopher Columbus has a claim beyond all others as the discoverer of America ; for if, before his time, there were traditions afloat about the existence of a western continent, these traditions came to light as verified fact only through the enterprise of the great Genoese navigator. That his name should only be associated with portions of the continent he discovered is still a matter of historic regret, as it is of still more regret that no place of importance as yet, by its name, commemorates the discoveries made by Cabot. That Amerigo Vespucci, the Florentine, should have had the great honour of having a continent named after him arose from the fact that when his book, describing his voyages to the west, first appeared, the continent had been for fifteen years without a name, and as no one undertook to refute the false assertion that the Florentine, and not the Genoese or Venetian, had first set foot on the mainland, the New Lands came to be known as America. That Sebastian Cabot

should not have contradicted Amerigo's story is as much of a marvel as is his remissness in other matters pertaining to his father's renown.

The traditions which may or may not have reached the ears of Columbus, before he set sail in 1492, have now taken their place as authentic elements in the history of Canada. The story of Eric the Red is now recognized as the romantic opening chapter in the history of the era of discovery in the west. The story, as told by the author of this *brochure* in his *History of the Maritime Provinces of Canada*, is as follows :—

“While the nations bordering on the Mediterranean were growing rich, giving themselves up to a life of luxury and ease, the Northern tribes of Europe were eking out a scanty livelihood from the fisheries off their coasts, and from the produce of their comparatively barren soil. The contrast in the manner of living could not, in the nature of human progress, exist long among neighbouring races. The Northmen, desiring a share of the wealth of the South, turned their experience as sailors and fishermen to account, and became pirates.

“One of these pirates or sea-kings was Eric the Red, who, after amassing considerable wealth, attained to some distinction in his native country, Norway. His influence and wealth, however, did not save him from subsequent disgrace and punishment; for, on being found guilty of an

outrageous murder, committed for a purpose repugnant even to his neighbours, whose only morality was a rude form of chivalry, he was heavily fined, and banished from the land. This took place in the beginning of the tenth century.

"Eric, thus driven from his home, embarked his family and movable property in three ships, and set out for Iceland,—an island well known at this time to the Northmen, having been discovered by Gæ-dar, a Swedish navigator, in 853, and colonized by Ingolf, a Norwegian, eleven years afterwards. Here he found a rude republic in existence, and a hardy industrious people labouring to develop the rugged resources which Providence had placed within their reach. But this was not the place in which a man of Eric's self-will and cruel nature could flourish, for, after giving continued annoyance to the inhabitants and authorities of the island, he was outlawed a second time, and forced to flee for safety to some less civilized shore.

"Again the old viking set sail towards the west. The fishermen of Iceland, in their long voyages, had seen the high snow-bound mountains of a country near the setting sun; and this knowledge was Eric's only chart, guiding him to the land which he named Greenland, and which he colonized with emigrants from the island which had banished him. There for many years, he ruled as a king; there he died.

"Eric had three sons, whose names were

Lief, Thorwold and Thorstein. Chiefly by their industry and example, the colony of Greenland prospered; but in them the bold restlessness of their father appeared in an oft-repeated desire to set out on some daring expedition. Lief, on returning from Norway, where he had been converted to Christianity, and whence he brought out a number of missionaries, learned that during a voyage to Greenland, an Icelander, named Biorne, had been driven westward by adverse winds, and had there seen the shores of other lands, very different in natural features from those around Cape Farewell. He at once set out to verify Biorne's statement.

"Sailing towards the south-west, he soon descried the land mentioned by Biorne, and there disembarked with several of his crew, intending to investigate the character of the country thoroughly. But the periodic fogs, the scarcity of vegetation, and the sharp, biting blasts which blew among the numerous icebergs clinging to the shores, cooled the navigator's zeal, and sent him back to his ship, from the deck of which he named the country *Helluland*,—the land of naked rocks. This was evidently Newfoundland.

"Still intent on discovery, Lief sailed further south, and in a few days reached another land, flat in surface, sandy in soil, and covered with forests. This, which was probably Nova Scotia, he named *Markland*. Farther in the same direction, he cast

anchor off an island lying some distance from the mainland. With this discovery he was more satisfied than with the others ; for here he found the days and nights nearly equal, the climate mild and genial, and dew upon the grass, which tasted sweet like honey. Thence he proceeded across a tract of water, and arrived at a country intersected with rivers and numerous streams, where fodder for cattle was abundant, and the winter comparatively mild. Here he remained for many months to explore the interior, finding grapes and wild maize for a plentiful cargo on his return. He called the country *Vinland*, now Massachusetts, where both wild grapes and maize covered a large part of the country when it was first colonized by the Puritan fathers.

On Lief's return to Greenland, Thorwald, the second son of Eric, set out in the same ship, and arrived in safety at Vinland, where stood the huts which his father had erected. In one of his expeditions towards the country lying north of Vinland, he and his companions were attacked by the aborigines. Having been slain during one of these attacks, his followers buried him near Lief's huts, and returned to Greenland.

“Thorstein, the third son, then sailed with his wife and a number of colonists, thinking to settle permanently in the country of Vinland. There he died. His widow, on her return to Greenland, married a man named Thorfinne, and induced him to settle in the land discovered by her

brothers. Thorfinne wisely followed her advice, and became rich and prosperous.

"Other voyages took place after this, for we are told that Eric, Bishop of Greenland, departed for Vinland, in 1121, for the purpose of converting his countrymen, who had fallen away from the Christian faith."

Other traditions, more recent in their growth, support the claim that the country was visited by French sailors four years before the first voyage of Columbus, and that Columbus had heard not only of such a visit but was conversant with the story of Eric and his sons. Parkman also tells us that Columbus had learned from one asking to serve under him, in the expedition of 1492, that Cousin, a navigator of Dieppe, being at sea off the African coast, was forced westward by adverse winds and currents to within sight of an unknown shore, where he descried the mouth of a great river. There can be no doubt that the Breton and Basque fishermen were accustomed to make annual visits to Baccalaos, as the Cape Breton and Newfoundland fishing regions were called by them. There is reason to believe that the fisheries of the Banks of Newfoundland were known even prior to Cabot's time. They were at least frequented in 1577, by French and Spanish fishermen, as many as fifty vessels taking part in the trade in the years immediately preceding Cartier's visits. Early in the sixteenth century a sea captain of Honfleur and another of Dieppe had cruised round

the Gulf of St. Lawrence, while Baron de Lery tried to make a settlement on Sable Island in 1578, leaving cattle there which were afterwards of service in keeping the colonists, deserted by De la Roche, alive until relief came from France. All these traditions, however, do not detract from the renown of Columbus, Cabot and Cartier, a trio of heroic navigators to be remembered with pride by every child of Canada.

The Pre-Columbian Indians. The first of the great migrations into Canada ought to be identified with the general Mongolian migration into America from Asia by way of Behring Strait, though the discussion of the possibilities of its ever or never having occurred has no place here. When the French settlers took up the lands on or near the St. Lawrence or the great lakes, they found small communities of natives scattered all over the country. The manner of living of these tribes, seemingly isolated from one another was very much the same: the fur-bearing animals of the forest provided them with clothing and animal food, —maize, tobacco, and wild fruits being the principal vegetable products they could depend upon. These tribes had wider groupings into families or nations, of which the more important, found in what is now Canadian territory, were the Sioux, the Algonquins and the Hurons.

The Sioux had their northern home along the Assiniboine and Lake Winnipeg. They included the subsidiary tribes of the western

parts of Canadian territory, exclusive, moreover, of the aborigines of British Columbia, the Eskimos, and the Beothicks of Newfoundland. Preceding these were the "very ancient men" or mound-builders, whose way of living can only be surmised from the relics dug from their burial places. These consist for the most part of specimens of rude pottery, some primitive contrivances in copper, and a few stone implements evidently used in canoe-making and the pursuits of the chase.

The Algonquins were to be found along the northern shores of the River and Gulf of St. Lawrence, around the Bay of Fundy, the River Ottawa, and the western shores of Lake Huron. They included the following tribes: the Bersiamites, Montagnais, Attiamigues, Ottawas, Crees, Ojibaways, Chipewas, Abenakis, Millicetes, Micmacs, etc.

The Hurons occupied the peninsula bounded by the first three of the great lakes and included the Iroquois, the Eries, and the Neutral Nations. The Five Nations,—the Mohawks, the Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas,—were subsidiary cantons of the Iroquois, which as a distinct tribe was also divided up into eight clans, the clanship running through the five nations promiscuously, and confined in no way to the tribal limits.

JOHN CABOT'S SUCCESSORS.

Sebastian Cabot, the son of John Cabot, who may have accompanied his father on his first voyage of discovery, and whose name has been erroneously associated with the origin of the second expedition to America sanctioned by Henry VII., was born in Venice. The exact date of his birth is uncertain. The first we hear of him is when he accompanied his father to England at the time when the discovery of America by Columbus was producing its first excitement in Europe. After his father's death, he seems to have arranged with Sir Thomas Pert an expedition in search of a Northwest passage, and in which he is said to have discovered the entrance to Hudson's Bay. There are doubts, however, whether such an expedition ever took place. His subsequent career was a cosmopolitan one. At the instance of Charles V. of Spain, by whom he had been made grand pilot, he commanded an expedition to South America. On his return, he was condemned to banishment in Africa, though it cannot be said that the sentence was ever carried out. Then he

offered his services to his native place, but was unable to make good his promises. In 1546 he returned to England as promoter of a north-east route to China and improved commercial relationships between England and northern ports. Edward VI. granted him a pension for his services to his adopted country, and the bounty was continued by Queen Mary. He died in London, in the year 1557.

John Verazzano, whose birth in Florence is dated 1480, has been given historical rank as the most prominent of Cabot's successors, having spent a very busy life as traveller, corsair and explorer under the patronage of the French government. His first great achievement was the capture of a treasure-ship on its way from Mexico to Spain, laden with the spoils of Montezuma's wealth, and his safe delivery of it to the King of France. His subsequent explorations of the whole of the eastern coast line from Florida to Newfoundland would have given more colour to the claim which the French subsequently made to the possession of the whole of North America, had the Cabots not been there before him, and had the honesty of his allegations not been impugned. Few of the Florentine's undertakings were above reproach, and it is not strange that there has been a long continued controversy as to the genuineness of Verazzano's letter to the king describing his achievements in the west. One of his

last enterprises associated him with Admiral Philippe de Brion-Chabot, Cartier's friend, and some of the prominent merchants of St. Maio. In 1527 a company was formed in which Chabot was interested for the importation of spices from the east. Verazzano was appointed commander of the first expedition under terms which did not preclude him from giving hostile attention to any Spanish merchantmen that should happen to fall in his way. The enterprise was the corsair's last misfortune; for he was seized as he was passing near the coast of Spain and executed at the little village of Pico, in New Castile.

The romance of Verazzano's career has made a hero of him in certain quarters, and tradition has thrown the usual mist of uncertainty around the story of his life. If his own words are to be trusted, he was the first navigator to visit the shores of North Carolina, from thence, with varied experiences among the aborigines, passing along the shores of Virginia and Maryland, entering the Bays of New York and Narragansett, the surf-beaten rocks of Maine, and finally visiting the resorts of the Basque fishermen in Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. But as has been said, there are very grave doubts about the truth of this as the Smith-Murphy controversy has revealed. Indeed, Mr. Murphy declares that Verazzano's letter could not have been written by him, that there is no state record of the King of France ever having encouraged the Floren-

tine, that the description of the coast and some of the physical characteristics of the country he claimed to have visited and of the manners and customs of its inhabitants is false and evidently written by some one who had no personal experience of the scenes ; and, finally, that Verazzano, at the time of his pretended discovery, was actually engaged in a corsairial expedition sailing under the French flag in a different part of the ocean.

And whatever foundation there is for these allegations, the mystery of Cabot's taking off is repeated in the case of Verazzano. The record of his execution as a pirate comes from a Spanish source, while Ramusio, the supposed writer of his letter to the king, says that he was killed and eaten by savages in sight of his followers, though Parkman thinks that he was living in Rome at the time when Jacques Cartier was engaged with his explorations in the St. Lawrence.

JACQUES CARTIER.

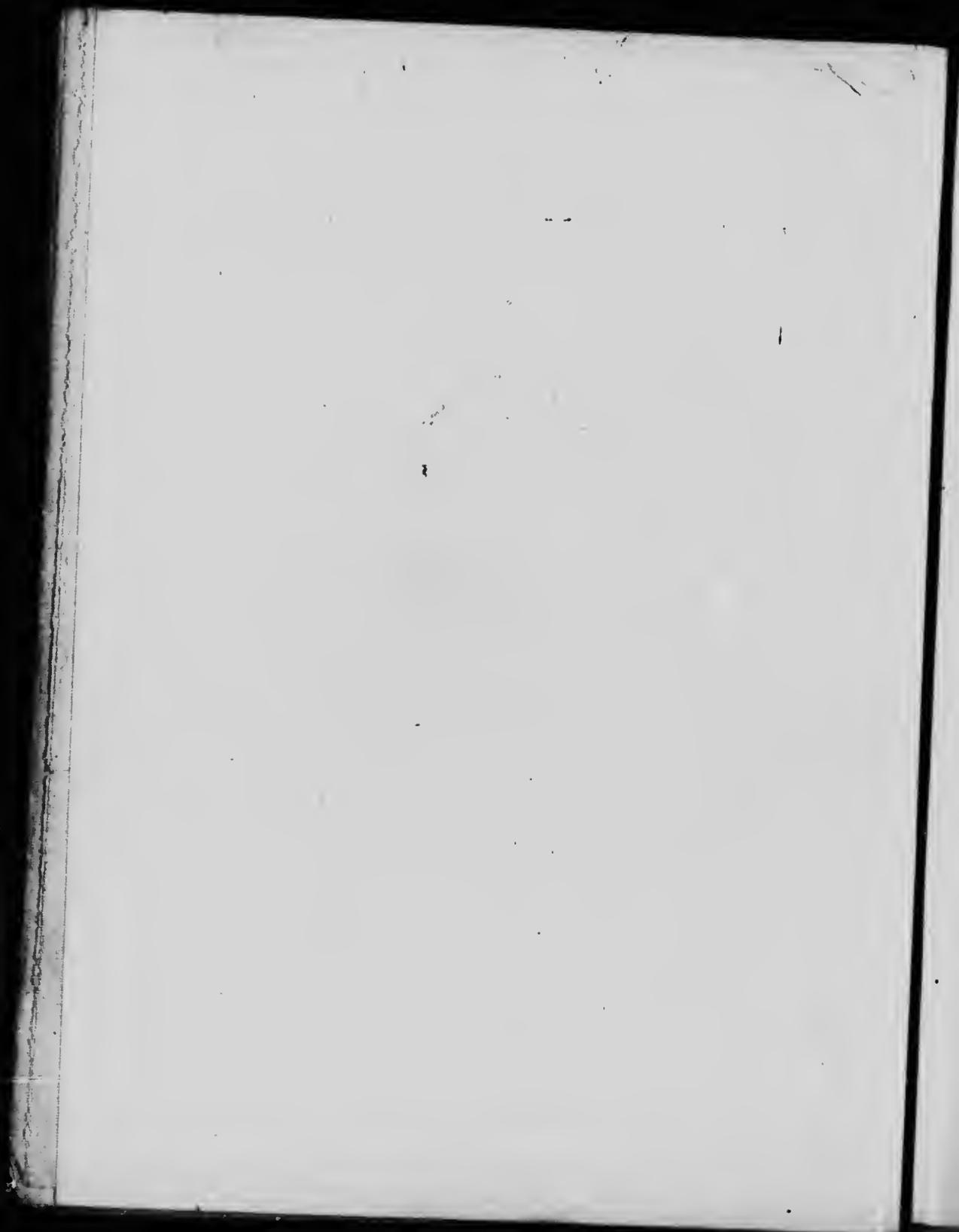
In the year 1888, on the fête-day of St. Jean Baptiste, a vast assemblage collected on the outskirts of the city of Quebec, at the head of the first winding of the St. Charles, to celebrate the unveiling of the Jacques Cartier Monument, which had just been erected near the scene of that intrepid sailor's first winter encampment in Canada. It was a day to be remembered. It was the festival of the patron saint of the French-Canadians, as it was also the anniversary of the discovery of the northern part of the American continent by Cabot. It was a day on which the marvellous growth of things in the great Canadian confederation was to be witnessed, not only in the stretching panorama of the prosperous city that

filled the eye to the southward, with its busy havens and factories below, and its towering civic, provincial and ecclesiastical edifices on the hillside beyond, but in the immense throng near by, as well as in the *personnel* of those who had been called upon to take a leading part in the imposing ceremonies ; for were there not a hundred thousand people present, presided over by the governor-general of a Canada stretching from ocean to ocean, by the first cardinal-archbishop who ever had ecclesiastical sway in the New World, by a Canadian-born lieutenant-governor, and other high dignitaries and officials of the new nation that had had its birth in 1867.

The spot on which the monument stands still indicates in its *natura loci* the reasons why the sailor of St. Malo chose it for his wintering station. Here the tideway is narrow, and the ebb, which always leaves a broad shore-line, showed him how far his little vessels, when anchored in the soft mud, would be safe from the ice dangers of a more open moorage; while the land position gave him isolation from the Stadacona encampments on the great plateau be-



THE ARRIVAL OF JACQUES CARTIER.



yond. Besides, with the little mud-stained Lairet on the one side, and the St. Charles in front, it was a site easily fortified, and this was surely a consideration of no little moment for a colony that had to lay its foundations amid the uncertainty of a land hitherto unexplored.

The leader of the band of colonists had been in Canada before, but it was only as an explorer and not as a colonizer that he had cruised around the shores of the open gulf. He had set sail on his first voyage in 1534 under the auspices of King Francis I. of France, having been selected, on the advice of Philippe de Brion-Chabot, the Admiral of France, as a navigator competent to face the dangers of the Atlantic, and brave enough to assert the claim of his royal master to some share of a continent which the Spaniards had come to regard as theirs and theirs only, though Columbus had never ventured further northward than the Bahamas. Sailing on the 20th day of April, and returning early in the following September, Cartier had only seen the summer aspect of the country.

There had been little or no hardship to encounter. In his time, Newfoundland was no *terra incognita* to Europeans, for after Cabot's memorable voyage in 1497, and Verrazano's expedition in 1524, the valuable fisheries on the great submarine plateaus near the shores of that island had been noised abroad, and more than one Breton fisherman through hope of gain had found his way there. Besides, the visits the skilful mariner had made to Ile St. Jean, Miramichi Bay, Chaleur Bay, and Gaspé Peninsula, were more or less the excursions of a yachtsman who never loses the reckoning of a sure way back again. But now there were heavier responsibilities to assume. The company he had brought out with him, in his three vessels, was one in which an element of nobility was to be found, for, with the forty or fifty possible settlers that had been induced to accompany him, several gentlemen of note, such as Charles de la Pomeraye, Claude de Pontbriand, and Phillippe Rougemont d'Ambroise, had joined in the colonizing venture, leaving behind them in France, when they sailed, the spirit of expectation in high

places, which it would be all but a disgrace to disappoint.

On the morning of the 16th of May, 1535, a special service was held in the Cathedral of St. Malo, in honour of the expedition which was to sail in three days' time. Officers and sailors were received by the bishop of the diocese, amid a pressing throng of the fellow-townsmen of the intrepid commander. He had spent forty years of his life, boy and man, amongst them. His grandfather had been a native and life resident of the place, as had also his father, and the day was remembered when the youthful sailor, Jacques Cartier himself, had led to the altar Catherine des Granches, the daughter of the constable of the town, M. Jacques des Granches, who is said to have been a man of means, and a citizen of considerable influence. As a skilful mariner and privateersman Cartier had in course of time acquired some property of his own in St. Malo, having a winter residence in the street which ran past the Hospital of St. Thomas, as well as the chateau out at Limoilou in the outskirts of the town, whose quaint archway and enclosures

had no doubt become, after the fame of his first voyage, as much an object of interest to the people living in and around St. Malo, as are its picture representations at the present moment to every Canadian. As a man of means, a skilful seaman, and a citizen of fearless integrity, he had gained the confidence of that high official, the Admiral of France, and even the ear of the king himself; and when the news spread through St. Malo that he had received his commission to make a second voyage across the ocean in search of a new realm for his royal master to govern, he and his companions had naturally become the heroes of the hour. And what a solemn service that must have been in the old Cathedral! Men bold enough to undertake the most dangerous experiment, with their own lives and the lives of others in their hand, and yet humbly submitting themselves to God as they piously besought Him to protect them from the dangers of the deep, and the uncertainties of a region yet to be discovered! At length, confession having been made, and a special mass celebrated, Cartier and his com-

panions left the sacred precincts, and with the blessing of the bishop upon them, gave themselves up to the final preparations for the sailing which took place on the 19th day of May, amid a crowd of anxious onlookers, waving their adieus.

The three little vessels,—the largest the *Grande Hermine*, only of a hundred tons burden, and the smallest, the *Emerillon*, a mere pinnace of forty tons,—had hardly lost sight of land when a severe storm scattered them; but so skilfully were they under control, so sure were their captains in their reckoning, that they all met again according to agreement, in the passage of White Sand Island, the Belleisle of to-day. Cautiously hugging the forbidding coastline of Labrador, even now so unlike in its character to its romantic name, they cast anchor for the moment in the estuary of what is known as the St. John's River of Saguenay, on the 10th of August. Cartier turning to his calendar, found that the 10th of August was the fête-day of St. Lawrence, and, at once calling the little haven the Bay of St. Lawrence, afterwards applied the

same name to the wider sea outside, as he sailed across it in a westward direction, past the great island of Anticosti, which for a similar pious reason he named Assumption.

While at Gaspé on his previous voyage, Cartier had entrapped two of the natives of that region. These he had taken to France with him, and while there they had been able to pick up sufficient French to make themselves intelligible. From them, however, Cartier seems to have kept the inner secret of his expedition, namely the finding of a passage to Asia, until he had passed Assumption, and when he at last broached the subject to them, they could only shake their heads and tell him of the great river they were entering, whose banks rapidly contracted, until, many miles up, the way was interrupted by shallows and rapids. And the report of the Indians was soon verified by the freshening of the water as they approached the mouth of the Saguenay, and beheld the wide-spreading shore flats laid bare by the ebbing of the tide. Thinking for the moment to explore the great tributary current,

the navigator turned aside and came in sight of several canoes out hunting seal, which, at first fleeing from his approach, halted and drew nearer, when the voices of the Indians on board the *Grande Hermine* hailed them. After being hospitably entertained by the tribes around Tadoussac, and possibly warned by them against going further up the gorge of the Saguenay, Cartier continued the ascent of the main river, and again came in sight of a number of canoes near an island covered with *coudriers* or hazel-nut trees. The savages in charge of the canoes, were, it seems, out on a whale hunt, and when congratulations had been interchanged the Frenchmen were invited to share in the sport. One of the marine animals taken, which Cartier himself describes as being as shapely in form as a greyhound, was no doubt the *Beluga Catadon*, or white whale, whose bones so often turn up in the post-pliocene clay of the St. Lawrence. On leaving the dusky whale-hunters, he was informed of the existence of a large Indian settlement called Stadacona situated further up the river, near Quebeio or

Quelibec, the narrow place of the waters; and he had not proceeded very far on his upward course, when he was met by the chief of the settlement in the person of Donnacona on his way down to meet the white-faced strangers in their strange-looking vessels. The chief, we are told, addressed them in a set oration, delivered in true native style with many gesticulations and rhetorical mannerisms.

It was now near the middle of September, and it behooved the explorers to keep their eyes open for a suitable place whereon they might build for themselves a station, at which they should test the rigours of a winter that bound all things up, as they were told, in snow and ice.

Taking the channel between a long island and the northern woodland, they anchored near the shore of the former, which Cartier called the Ile de Bacchus from the abundance of vines that were found growing on its slopes,—a name that has since been changed to the Island of Orleans. The newcomers were soon engaged in exploring the tidal line for a site, and at last entering

the curving mouth of the tributary of the St. Lawrence, they selected the memorable site on which, strange to say, the Jesuits ninety years afterwards established their first mission in Canada, and near which the modern village of Stadacona now stands. As was his pious custom, Cartier named the river the St. Croix,—the day on which he arrived in its channel, the 14th of September, being the fête for the salutation of the Holy Cross. The stream which is still spoken of as "the Little River," received the name of the St. Charles from the Jesuits in 1625, in honour of M. Charles de Boues, a benefactor of their order.

The old Stadacona over which Donnacona held sway was situated on the great rock plateau to the south along its northern edge near what is now known as the Ramparts; and on the day the French arrived, a friendly demonstration was made by its inhabitants as they crowded out to the tongue of land now known as Hare Point. Donnacona himself, however, kept aloof from the rejoicings, and the two natives, whom Cartier had taken to France, also

kept out of the way, as if repentant of their friendly relations with the French commander. Among the confidences between them and the chief, the explorer's purpose to sail further up the river, even as far as the great Hochelaga, had leaked out, and since such a voyage seems to have been looked upon by Donnacona as an indirect interference with his personal interests, he determined to throw every obstacle in the way of the venture. Even after a friendly compact had been struck between Cartier and Donnacona's own subjects, and the two natives who had sailed with the expedition from France had returned to the ships, and everything was ready on board the *Emerillon* to sail from Quebec, the old chief thought to deter Cartier by pretending to call to his assistance the demons which were supposed even by the French themselves to fill the forests around. Dressing up several of his tribe as devils from Hochelaga, representatives of the great spirit Cudraguy of the upper St. Lawrence, he brought them into the commander's presence. But the drama with its blood curdling

whoopings, and its threatening antics was only a drama with Cartier, and on the third day, leaving his two ships in the safe-keeping of a sufficient garrison, he set sail with fifty of his men past the towering rock of Quebec, variegated with all the deep-toned tints of early autumn.

Those who have sailed on the St. Lawrence for miles, must have noticed the many stretches of shore line that have remained unchanged since Cartier's time, save for the cutting of the heavier timber. As one passes these stretches, it needs but little effort of the imagination to picture the feelings of the mariner of St. Malo and his companions as they proceeded on their western course towards what seemed always to be in their minds, the great eastern continent of Cathay and its mythical limits. The maples were beginning to bespangle the woods with their crimson and gold, and the great oaks and birches and stately poplars were interlining the evergreen of the forest with a relieving streak of sepia. The majesty of the great stream must have been a continual source of marvel to the strangers, as

new vistas of water and woodland revealed themselves beyond every curving headland. Tacking by day, and anchoring by night, the little *Emerillon* fought its way bravely against the current, and half the distance between Stadacona and Hochelaga had been accomplished without mishap. But beyond the large treble-mouthed tributary, now known as the St. Maurice, the St. Lawrence widens out into one of its greater expansions, and before the channel was improved for vessels seeking an inner port beyond, the upper end of this expansion was interrupted by rapids impassable to a vessel of heavy draught. The *Emerillon* was only forty tons burden, but Cartier thought it best to leave her at anchorage near the shore of Lake Angouleme (St. Peter) and pursue his investigations in the two boats that had been towed from Quebec.

At length, after a thirteen days' voyage, the Frenchmen came in sight of the hill of Hochelaga. They landed at a creek which they called St. Mary's, three miles from the village itself, and news of their arrival instantly spreading, crowds of natives, bringing with them

supplies of food, and other tokens of good-will, came from all parts of the island to greet the pale-faced strangers. And the reception which Cartier received when once he was taken to the Indian capital, is as interesting to read as any story ever told.

Hochelaga was only one of many villages on the island, as Cartier very soon learned. It was however the largest of these, containing about fifteen hundred people, and being the residence of the most influential of the chiefs. What tribe the inhabitants were of there is now no means of definitely ascertaining, since every vestige of the settlement had disappeared when Champlain made his famous visit to the locality in 1611. At the time of Cartier's visit the place was certainly at the high tide of its prosperity—as prosperity goes among the Indian tribes. The village itself was situated on a fertile plain with tillage carried to the very foot of the rising ground behind it. The pathway leading from St. Mary's was well beaten and ran easy of access through the level fields, that still bore traces of having yielded rich harvests of

maize, and were bordered by groves of great oak trees as pleasant to look upon as any in France. On the way towards the village, the Frenchmen were met half-way by one of the chiefs, who, causing a fire to be lighted by the roadside, invited his guests to be seated around it, while listening to an elaborate harangue of welcome; and as a return Cartier presented the chief with a couple of axes and knives, not forgetting a crucifix which he hung round the swarthy heathen's neck and made him kiss.

Then came the final march to the village. The place was circular in plan with a triple palisade fence running all around it. There was but one entrance, a gateway guarded by moveable barriers, while at intervals on the inner side of the wall were erected platforms, near which were heaped mounds of stones and pebbles as ammunition against possible besiegers. In the centre was placed the public square or assembly ground, around which were grouped the dwellings or birch bark houses. The wigwam of nomadic life had, for the time, given way to the tenement of per-

manent abode, for Cartier, in describing one of the houses, says it was a building of about a hundred and fifty feet in length and forty-five in breadth, constructed of a wooden frame covered with great pieces of bark sewed together, and divided up into halls and chambers, for the accommodation of single families. Above these were arranged rooms for the harvests of grain and roots, while, within the groups of tenements, wide courtyards were enclosed and covered in, where groups of families did their cooking and lived in common during the day. It was the Age of Stone and community of property with the Hochelagans in 1534. Their weapons and industrial implements were made of the native rock, and, as Cartier further says, content to earn a living by farming and fishing, they made no account of the luxuries of this life, because they had no knowledge of them around their permanent home near the mountain.

There was a hurried crowding of the villagers from all parts when Cartier and his followers were conducted within the central square. The matrons

and maidens, with children in their arms, pressed forward to kiss the strangers, and, weeping for joy, besought them to touch the children by way of a blessing. Such men as these must be skilled medicine-men, the direct agents of Manitou perhaps, and forthwith the sick, the blind and the impotent were brought to the commander with the request that he would lay his hands upon them and heal them. And among these came old Agouhanna himself, the palsied "lord and king of the country," who, approaching the company of explorers on the shoulders of nine or ten of his subjects, took the porcupine-woven wreath of royalty from his head with trembling hands and placed it upon Cartier's brow, beseeching him to touch his shrunken limbs and make him whole. Manitou was surely come. God had descended from heaven. The age of St. Peter and St. Paul was repeating itself in the presence of the good Catholics of St. Malo. And what was the leader to do since the virtue of healing was no element of his piety? What could he do, but make the sign of the cross, recite a portion of the gospel of

St. John, and with service book in hand read the "Passion of Christ" from beginning to end? To the religious ceremony—the first Christian service ever held in Canada,—the natives attended with the stoicism of their race, and when it was ended made merry, like children, over the distribution of hatchets, knives and trinkets, and the flourish of trumpets that followed. It was a momentous day for Hochelaga, a momentous day for Canada. And when Cartier afterwards ascended Mount Royal and beheld the magnificent view of hill and plain, of river and island, that spread out before his gaze, there was in the interest it excited in him and his companions a prognostic of the time when Mount Royal would give its name to Montreal and preserve in that great metropolis the prestige which once pointed out Hochelaga as the largest and most important centre of population in the country.

When Cartier returned to Quebec, the nights were beginning to tell of the approach of winter. During his absence the men he had left behind had erected a rude fortification and sur-

mounted it with some of the pieces of artillery taken from the vessels. There was no immediate necessity for the action, for the residents of Stadacona were peaceable and friendly. They were present in numbers to receive the commander on his return, and friendly visits were interchanged until winter came, between the little settlement of the St. Croix and the encampment on the hill a mile away. Even in December, when the eastern blizzards and piercing north winds kept the thinly clad Frenchmen within their camp to huddle round the fire, the natives would push their way through the deep snow-drifts to give greeting to the prisoners within, or bring them presents of food. At length these visits suddenly ceased, and Cartier was not to know the cause until the plague of scurvy had run its course through the Indian encampment and had made a prey of his own little community. This painful disease, so often spoken of as the sailor's malady, is induced chiefly by prolonged privation from fresh vegetable and animal food. Emaciation, followed by loathsome skin discolourings and dysentery, ending

in death from exhaustion, is its usual course; and when Cartier saw his companions become its victims day by day "his heart was moved with compassion and his soul filled with sore distress."

More than once the navigator regretted that there was no priest among his band of pioneers. The natives of Hochelaga, as has been indicated, were ready to meet half-way any missionary enterprise in their behalf. They had virtually used the prayer of the Psalmist in Cartier's hearing, "Cause us to know thy way that we may walk therein." And just as religiously inclined had he found the natives of Stadacona. It would probably be difficult to get them to give up their practice of scouring the woods for the scalps of their enemies,—for these emblems of torturing victory were common enough around their dwellings. But they had earnestly desired to be baptized according to the Christian forms, and but for the insurmountable prejudices against a man, even of Cartier's orthodoxy, assuming the professional duties of the clerical office, the sympathetic mariner might have followed up his efforts as a lay preacher, by

organizing a mission amongst them. All he could do, however, was to promise them "a man of God" in his next expedition, and to continue to regret, on his own account, that no father of religion was near by to give consolation and absolution to his poor disease-stricken companions as they continued to die before his eyes.

The day without hope had come upon the expedition. Even the lengthening days of February had in them no breath of spring. Twenty-five of the pioneers had succumbed to their sufferings, and the living left behind had barely strength enough to scoop out the necessary graves for them in the snow wreaths without. At any moment the Indians might descend upon the wretched camp and make an end of it, as they had of the abandoned *Petite Hermine*. They had been seen hovering around as if to spy out the condition of affairs, and, to deceive them, Cartier had caused a great clamouring to be made within as if men too busy at work to give heed to anything without.

At length a special and united appeal was made directly to heaven. They

would brave the spying of the Indians, and make a procession to the slope over which the great cross now extends its arms in front of the monument. Placing the picture of the Virgin Mary in a shrine rudely constructed near a great tree, Cartier led his companions forth on the shortest of pilgrimages to salute the Mother of Heaven and to beseech her intercession. There was no priest to celebrate mass, as there was on the great day of commemoration in 1888, but while his emaciated and death-stricken followers knelt tremblingly in the snow in presence of the image, the commander read aloud the prayers for the sick and distressed, and extracts from the Psalms. It was a terrible ordeal for them all, and when young Philippe Rougemont died that night, it seemed for the moment as if even heaven had deserted them.

At last, one morning while walking by the river, Cartier, who had puzzled over the fell disease even to the point of holding an autopsy on poor Philippe Rougemont's body, was informed by an Indian that *ameda* was a sure cure for the disease which was threatening his

camp with extinction. And what this *ameda* was the elated explorer was not long in finding out and applying as a remedy to his sick comrades. The medicine was a simple decoction of the leaves of a variety of spruce, and, as Cartier mirthfully says, so marvellous were its curative effects that in six days the men had drunk "a tree as large as a French oak."

When 'the advent of spring had thawed the icicles from the palisades of the little fort, hope had come back to the pioneers, though it was a hope that led them to prepare for their return voyage to France. The marvellous tales they had heard from the natives of a land abounding in gold and precious stones that lay beyond Hochelaga, had no influence with men who had endured so much in one season. The colonization of the country was only for an expedition better equipped than theirs had been. Such an expedition might be arranged for next year. In the meantime the summer scents of *la belle France* was what they longed for, and the sooner the return voyage began the better.

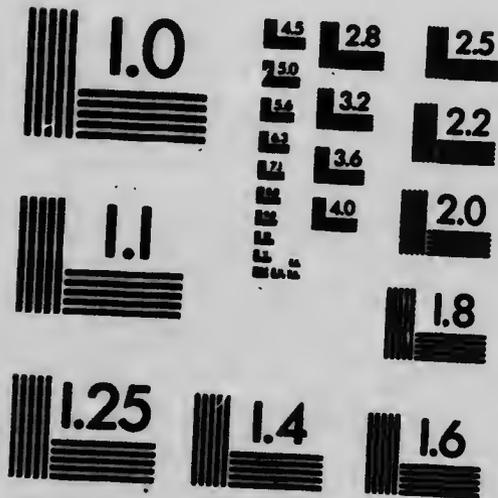
Even Cartier himself made no effort to delay the return to France. The rivers teemed with fish and the forest with fur-bearing animals, and here and there patches of fertility were to be seen in the meadows and around the Indian clearings; but all these sources of wealth would keep, and hence he encouraged his followers to have everything ready for the return voyage on the 6th of May. On Holy Rood Day he set up a cross, with some show of ceremony, and to it affixed the superscription, in Latin, "Francis I. reigns King of the French, by the grace of God."

The last incident of this memorable winter's sojourn in New France, throws an unfavorable light, it is thought, upon the integrity of the commander. Donnacona and his subjects had told him many marvellous stories about the wealth of the country far to the west, and Cartier, no doubt anxious that his royal master should hear these tales directly corroborated, determined to seize the old chief and carry him to France accompanied by one or two of his tribesmen. In pursuance of this object he caused the king of Stadacona to be seized and



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carried on board just as the vessels were weighing anchor, resisting the piteous importunities of the natives, as they crowded on the shore and offered ransom for their ruler. But when it is known that Donnacona himself assured his subjects, as they persevered in following up with their canoes the departing vessels as far as the *Ile aux Coudres*, that he was willing to go and would assuredly return to them, Cartier's conduct may be somewhat excused. Indeed, before the Frenchmen left with their captives, the tribesmen of Stadacona made peace with the commander, and, as a free gift, presented him with the ransom they had offered for their king, consisting of valuable bundles of beaver skins, a great wampum belt, and a red copper knife from the Saguenay.

Thus ended Cartier's second voyage. Though unpropitious weather detained him at the mouth of the river and in the gulf, he was able to visit Gaspé again, and greet the great cross he had set up the year before. He also visited Brion Island of the Magdalen group, and explored the southern coast of New-

foundland. Finally he left Cape Race on the 16th of June, and, after an uneventful voyage across the Atlantic, arrived at St. Malo on the first of July, 1536.

Cartier's First Voyage had taken place a year before the date of the above recorded expedition and ten years after John Verazzano, the Florentine navigator, had by his alleged transatlantic discoveries under the auspices of Francis I. given the French a seeming claim to the continent of America. During these ten years the wars in which France was engaged made the corsair's occupation a busy and remunerative one; and it was only when the Treaty of Cambrai brought about peace that the navigators of the period, with their occupation as privateersmen virtually gone, turned their attention to schemes of exploration beyond the seas, in the territory which had been called since Cabot's time the New Lands. As one of these sons of hardihood, Cartier had made friends with Philippe de Brion-Chabot, the Admiral of France and boon companion of the king, and, when the war came to an end, he had, through such a prominent courtier, sufficient influence at court to secure a commission to follow up Verazzano's explorations.

He received such a commission in 1533, and set sail on the 20th of April, 1534. The voyage across was a speedy one, since he

reached Cape Bonavista on the 10th of May. The command included two vessels of fifty tons each and a company of one hundred and sixty-two men. After a delay of ten days, the explorers sailed northwards to the Island of Birds, where they amused themselves by firing into the thick flocks of sea-fowl, and by watching a large bear as it fearlessly swam out to devour the victims. But sterner work was in store for them, when the ice baffled their attempts to enter the Straits of Belleisle, and drove them to take doubtful shelter in one of the small harbours of the Labrador coast, which Cartier, in honour of the most westerly seaport of France, named Port Brest. The fact that Port Brest was visited by a trading vessel from Rochelle, while Cartier's exploring parties were investigating the neighbouring shores, goes to show that the St. Malo navigator was as yet in no unknown land. Even from the days of Cabot, fishermen were to be found on the great fishing grounds of the Banks of Newfoundland, as may be read of, on another page.

With the aid of a map, the reader can follow with increasing interest the course pursued by Cartier after he had passed through the straits to the open gulf beyond. His exploring parties had located and named several of the small harbours on the Labrador coast, such as St. Anthony, St. Servans, and St. John River; but the reports brought back from these places

were all of the same kind : " The land was so forbidding in its appearance that it could hardly be other than the land allotted to Cain." The explorers reported that the country was not uninhabited, but the savages they had caught sight of were said to be so "wild and unruly, hailing from the mainland out of warmer regions," as to be altogether unworthy closer attention.

The first object of interest, after the explorers had sailed from Port Brest, past Point Rich and Cape Aiguille, was the Bird Rocks which lie to the north-east of the Magdalen group and whose steep whitened sea-walls, the home of the ganet and gull, continue to excite the attention of the passengers of our modern ocean steamships, as much as they did the followers of Cartier from the poops of their fifty-ton caravels. Not far from the Bird Rocks is Brion Island—a name given by Cartier in honour of his patron, which still indicates it—and this the navigator describes as a place "six miles long, and full of beautiful trees, meadows and flowers, though the shores are guarded by sea monsters with tusks as large as elephants." From Brion Island the explorers passed to another island "very high and pointed at one end," which cannot but be identified as the Prince Edward Island of to-day ; and the yachtsman who has lingered in sight of the sand-dunes and sheltering bays, in the safe waters of the north shore of that province, can bear witness to the terrorless nature of the scene.

It was not until the vessels had anchored in Miramichi Bay (Bay of Boats) that there seemed to be any danger. Here the native Micmacs came out in a great fleet of canoes, and crowded around the new comers so impedingly, that Cartier had to fire a cannon to keep them at a safe distance. On the 8th of July, the two little vessels entered the wide mouth of the Bay Chaleur, and when they had crossed to the other side, the explorers again made acquaintance with the aborigines, though these were less threatening in their attitude, and evidently belonged to a different tribe. But Chaleur Bay gave as little evidence of its being a possible channel through the land to the longed-for Cathay as had the Bay of Boats; and when anchorage had been found near the entrance to Gaspé Basin, the Mariner of St. Malo, being now, at least, where no European had ever been before, decided to take possession of the only prize within his reach. Cathay with its fabulous resources, or even the way to it, was little likely to be found during what there was left of the summer months, and it was time for the grateful commander to be doing something for his royal master. There was only one prize to be had, and rough and valueless as it seemed, there was nothing left for him but to take possession of it in the name of Francis I. of France.

The day on which the ceremony took place was the 24th of July. A large white cross, thirty feet high, with a shield at-

tached, was erected in presence of the ships' crews and the assembled natives. The escutcheon had engraved upon it the fleur-de-lis (the blossom emblem of France) and the words "Vive le Roi de France." When the cross was firmly placed, the Frenchmen knelt around it, and with an "Ave" from the lips of their leader, laid claim to the territory near and beyond, in the name of their king and country. The ceremony was so simple and unmistakable in its significance, that the natives knew enough of it to protest against the taking of their country from them. Even the old chief, accompanied by his two sons, seconded the protest in person on board of Cartier's vessel. We are not told how Cartier replied to the protest, but his followers set themselves to appease the father by decorating the sons with white shirts, coloured jerseys, and red caps, flinging around their necks glittering brass chains and amusing them in sundry other ways. The effect produced seemed to please alike the old corsair of St. Malo, and the Souriquois chief. Indeed the boys were so taken with their new friends that they elected to remain with them for the night while their fathers went on shore, and when Cartier set sail next morning two specimens of "native flesh and blood" were safe on their way to France as presents for His Most Gracious Majesty the King.

That is all that came of Cartier's first voyage. The route to the Orient by the

west had not been discovered ; nor did the navigator find out till afterwards how near he had been to the mouth of the great river it was his to navigate in the subsequent year, and in connection with which his name has come to be immortalized in the history of Canada.

Cartier's Third Voyage is the prelude to Roberval's attempt at colonization at Cap Rouge in 1542. Five years had gone by since Cartier's return from his second voyage. As a cause for this, some have blamed the St. Malo navigator for having circulated a poor report of the country, yet unappeased cupidity on the part of king and courtiers had perhaps more to do with the neglect than anything else. The way to the east had not been found by way of the west, and no treasures of gold and precious stones had made up for the mishap.

The king, however, was at last roused to listen again to his master pilot and his patrons. On the 15th of January, 1540, Jean François de la Roche, Sieur de Roberval, a nobleman of Picardy, was created Viceroy and Lieutenant-General of Canada, Hochelaga, Saguenay, Newfoundland, Belleisle, Labrador and Baccalaos. These names are significant. Cartier had evidently not lost heart, and the news soon reached St. Malo that he had been appointed captain-general and master pilot of the expedition to follow. For this expedition five vessels were soon on the stocks at St. Malo, built with

the approval of king and viceroy and under the eye of the captain-general. The object of the voyage is expressly given in the words of the report, namely, that "they might discover more than was done in some voyages, and attain if possible to a knowledge of the country of the Saguenay, whereof the people brought by Cartier, as is declared, mentioned to the king that there were great riches and very good lands."

Only three of the ships would be ready, it seems, to sail early in May and the king, impatient at the delay—for in the light of the Pope's Bull which granted all America to the Spaniards, there had been some international trouble over the matter—ordered Roberval to send Cartier forward at once. Cartier thereupon set sail on May 23rd, 1541. His intention was to visit Stadacona and the St. Croix again for purposes of settlement as well as exploration. But the delays of his departure pursued him. Storms beset every mile of his way across the ocean, and over three months had passed before he could make the turn of the channel past the Island of Bacchus, or hold his first reception with the natives as they crowded round his ships to hear of their chief Donnacona and the others. Cartier had to tell them that Donnacona was dead, but, to appease with a subterfuge, he led them to infer that the others were doing well and living luxuriously in France, whereas all of them had died except one little girl. Agona, the new chief, pretend-

ing to believe all that Cartier told them, took the leather crown or Indian fillet from his own head and placed it on the head of the captain-general, adorning at the same time his wrists with bracelets. There were some acclamations of joy during the ceremony, but reciprocal distrust found its way alike into the heart of savages and Frenchmen, and, in view of such, there was nothing strange in Cartier's selecting another site for a wintering encampment further up the river, away from Stadacona.

Sailing up the St. Lawrence one still sees, nine miles¹ from Quebec, a strange-looking gap in the river's northern bank. Through the gap there is an entrance to the valley of the St. Charles so well defined that many believe that the St. Lawrence must have passed that way in prehistoric times. Be this as it may, the north-eastern embankment presents almost as prepossessing a site for a city as Cape Diamond itself, and no doubt Cartier saw its suitability as such when he sailed up the river away from his former allies. With a fort above and a fort below, there was ample safety for his encampment, until Roberval should appear upon the scene and the buildings for the proposed capital were fairly under way.

For the first day or two there was very little done. The tropical heat of August was not favourable to hard work, and the pioneers gave themselves up to little exploration parties in search of what was in everyone's mind, the riches of the East.

The irregular quartz crystals found in the surface deposits of the cliff and the yellow scales of pyrites found in the slaty formations fostered in them the notion that such a search would not be in vain. Even Cartier was of the same opinion. And when the forts had been completed, the captain-general left the encampment in charge of Viscomte de Beaupré, master of one of the vessels, as he went off on a visit up the river to Hochelaga.

The news of Cartier's third arrival in the country had already been carried to Hochelaga, but when the explorer reached the place with the intention of surmounting the rapids above, under the guidance of his friends of Mount Royal, he found that they had been put on their guard against him. He was even told that their chief had gone to Quebec to plot against him with the chief of Stadacona. Under such circumstances he could only think of returning to Cap Rouge. To place a hostile tribe between him and his capital would be suicidal. Before turning his back on Mount Royal, however, he is said to have surmounted the Lachine Rapids by careful portaging, and to have reached the mouth of the Ottawa.

Meanwhile, what of Roberval? Had he arrived at Charlesbourg Royal, as the encampment at Cap Rouge had been named? Before Cartier left for Hochelaga he had sent two of his captains back to France, and these had been met by Roberval in

Newfoundland on his way out. No message of his superior officer's arrival, however, could have yet reached Cartier's ears. The blustering winds of October were beginning to sweep across the vast expanses of the mighty river he had discovered and with which he was now becoming familiar, as he traversed it on his return, to meet his associate. What was to be the outcome of his present enterprise? Would Charlesbourg Royal meet the same fate as the settlement at St. Croix? Was there to be discontent or co-operation? Was Roberval a man of whom to be jealous? Would he be waiting at Cap Rouge to give him welcome?

There are two sides to the story of the quarrel between Roberval and Cartier. Whether they passed the winter of 1541 at Cap Rouge in the same encampment or not, it is impossible to say. They were certainly both in Canada during that winter, the date of Roberval's departure from France attested by the official record proving this; and there could therefore have been no meeting of the two at St. John's, Newfoundland,—the one coming from France, and the other sailing for France. Roberval set sail from Honfleur on the 22nd of August, 1541, and not, as Hakluyt says, from Rochelle on the 14th of April, 1642. In a word, Cartier and Roberval arrived in Canada the same year, and the story of their quarrel as told by Parkman and others is one of those myths which history finds it so difficult to miss repeating.

The facts, as attested by lately discovered documents, are these. Cartier set sail on the 23rd of May, 1541. In the month of July following, the king complained to parliament of Roberval's delay in following up his master pilot. On the 18th of August Roberval sent a message from Honfleur that he would sail from that port for America in four days, and the official record proves that he kept his word. Thus it is clearly proved that Roberval did not delay a whole year in joining the proposed colony in New France, but arrived at Quebec in the autumn of 1541, sending from that place two of his vessels back to France, as Cartier had done a month or so earlier. Whether he was at Cap Rouge when Cartier returned from his visit up the river or not cannot now be known. There is no evidence, however, that the lieutenant-general and captain-general had an open rupture, and the fact that the king subsequently extended his favor to Cartier, is almost conclusive that the failure of Roberval's scheme of colonization was not to be traced to Cartier's jealousy, but to the discontent and disaffection of the colonists. If there had been any foundation for the story, Cartier would hardly have been the man selected to go out on a fourth voyage to Canada to bring Roberval home in 1543.

The fate of Charlesbourg Royal as located by Cartier is mixed up with the fate of France Royale, the name given to Roberval's settlement. Parkman takes for granted

that the two places are one and the same, and locating them both at Cap Rouge thus describes Roberval's regime with a free pen :—

“Roberval held his course up the St. Lawrence, and dropped anchor before the heights of Cap Rouge. His company landed; there were bivouacs along the strand, a hubbub of pick and spade, axe, saw and hammer; and soon in the wilderness up rose a goodly structure, half barrack, half castle, with two towers, two spacious halls, a kitchen, chambers, store-rooms, workshops, cellars, garrets, a well, an oven and two water-mills. It stood on that bold acclivity where Cartier had before entrenched himself, the St. Lawrence in front, and, on the right, the river of Cap Rouge. Here all the colony housed under the same roof, like one of the experimental communities of recent days,—officers, soldiers, nobles, artisans, labourers, and convicts, with the women and children, in whom lay the future of New France.

“Experience and forecast had alike been wanting. There were storehouses, but no stores; mills, but no grist; an ample oven, and a woeful dearth of bread. It was only when two of the ships had sailed for France that they took account of their provision and discovered its lamentable shortcoming. Winter and famine followed. They bought fish from the Indians, dug roots and boiled them in whale oil. Disease broke out, and, before spring, killed one third of the col-

ony. The rest would have quarrelled, murdered, and otherwise aggravated their inevitable woes, but disorder was dangerous under the iron rule of the inexorable Roberval. Michel Gaillon was detected in a petty theft, and forthwith hanged. Jean de Nantes, for a mere venial offence, was kept in irons. The quarrels of men, the scolding of women, were alike requited at the whipping-post, 'by which means,' quaintly says the narrative, 'they lived in peace.' Thevet, while calling himself the intimate friend of the viceroy, gives to his history a darker colouring. Forced to unceasing labour, and chafed by arbitrary rules, some of the soldiers fell under his displeasure, and six of them, formerly his favourites, were hanged in one day. Others were banished to an island, and there held in fetters; while for various light offences several, both men and women, were shot. Even the Indians were moved to pity, and wept at the sight of their woes.

"And here, midway, our guide deserts us; the ancient narrative is broken, and the latter part is lost, leaving us to divine as best we may, the future of the ill-starred colony. That it did not long survive is certain. It is said that the king, in great need of Roberval, sent Cartier to bring him home. It is said, too, that in after years, the viceroy essayed to repossess himself of his transatlantic domain and lost his life in his attempt. Thevet, on the other hand, with ample means of learning

the truth affirms that Roberval was slain at night, near the Church of the Innocents, in the heart of Paris."

The last we hear of Jacques Cartier is when he and Roberval were summoned to appear before the king, after Cartier had brought the latter back from Canada. He continued to live in St. Malo until the day of his death, which probably occurred in 1555.

Cartier's Successors.—Some two miles above the port of Dartmouth in England, as Anthony Froude the historian tells us, there has stood for centuries the manor-house of Greenway, on a projecting angle of land which runs out into the river at the head of one of its most beautiful reaches. The water runs deep all the way to it from the sea and the largest vessels may ride with safety within a stone's throw of the windows. Here it was, that three little boys, who were afterwards to have their names known as navigators were wont to play as sailors,—in the summer evenings doubtless rowing down with the tide to the port to marvel at the quaint figure-heads and carved prows of the ships which thronged it, or climbing on board, and listening with beating hearts to the mariners' tales of the lands beyond the sunset. These three lads were no other than Humphrey Gilbert, his brother Adrian, and his half-brother Walter Raleigh, and it is just possible that at times, they were joined in

their boyish expeditions by a sailor lad of the adjoining parish of Sandwich, John Davis by name. Of Humphrey Gilbert and John Davis, the early history of our country, even in epitome, has always something of interest to say.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert was born in 1539. From the famous school of Eton he passed to Oxford, with the intention of finally taking up the profession of the law; but changing his mind, he entered the army and won renown in suppressing the Irish rebellion of 1570, was appointed governor of Munster, and had bestowed upon him the honour of knighthood.

But it is not in his soldiering that we read the romance of his life. His fate seems to have been solved when he put pen to paper and gave to the world a treatise on the *New Passage to Cathay*, a subject which was engrossing the world's attention in his day. Nothing had come of Cartier's voyages save a definite knowledge that there was a continent to explore. The fishermen continued to ply their vocation at the approaches to the gulf which he had explored, and the harbour of St. John's was beginning to be known as one of their places of rendezvous coming and going. But there was surely something more than this to come of the New Lands. If there was not to be found in them any surprising wealth of silver and gold and precious stones, there was at least a pathway, to discover through them, to places where one could not fail to

find these natural treasures. And when Sir Humphrey appeared before Queen Elizabeth, as John Cabot had appeared before her grandfather, the outcome of his representations was very much the same; he was armed with a royal warrant to take possession of any uncolonized lands in North America upon payment of one-fifth of all the gold and silver found in them.

There was a heroism in Sir Humphrey Gilbert's standard of living strikingly exemplified in his memorial to the queen which closes with these words:—"Never mislike with me for taking in hand any laudable and honest enterprise, for, if through pleasure or idleness we purchase shame, pleasure vanisheth, but the shame abideth for ever. Give me leave, therefore, without offence, always to live and die in this mind; that he is not worthy to live at all that for fear or danger of death, shunneth his country's service and his own honour, seeing that death is inevitable and the fame of virtue immortal; wherefore in this behalf I despise either changing or fearing (*mutare vel timere sperno*)."

And we know that these were no empty words but the creed of a brave man, who, while battling with the storms of the Atlantic, within an hour or two of the sinking of his vessel, could encourage his men by assuring them that they were as near heaven by sea as by land.

As in the case of Cabot, we have the record of Gilbert's most memorable voyage

from one who knew him personally. The first two voyages he undertook, with Walter Raleigh as an associate, came to nought. In the third a fleet of five ships sailed from the port of Dartmouth, not without the foreboding on the part of the queen that she would never see its commander again. As a last favour she sent a jewel to him and asked Raleigh to have his picture taken for her before he set sail.

As Mr. Froude tells us, quoting from the Dartmouth merchant who accompanied Sir Humphrey, the fleet consisted of the *Raleigh*, the *Delight*, the *Golden Hind*, the *Swallow*, and the *Squirrel*, the first being a bark of two hundred tons and the latter a frigate of ten tons. "We were in all," says Mr. Froude's eye-witness, "two hundred and sixty men, among whom were of every faculty good choice. Besides, for the solace of our own people and the allurements of the savages, we were provided with music in good variety, not omitting the least toys, as morris-dancers, hobby horses, and May-like conceits to delight the savage people."

The expedition reached Newfoundland without accident. St. John's was taken possession of and a colony left there; and Sir Humphrey then set out exploring along the coast to the south, he himself doing all the work in his little ten-ton cutter, since the service was too dangerous for the larger vessels to venture on. One of these had remained at St. John's. He was now accompanied by the *Delight* and the *Golden Hind*,

and these two keeping as near to the shore as they dared, he spent what remained of the summer examining every creek and bay, marking the soundings, taking the bearings of the possible harbours, and risking his life, as he was obliged to do in such a service. In thus leading, as it were, the forlorn hope in the conquest of the New World. How dangerous it was we shall presently see. It was towards the end of August. "The weather was fine and pleasant, yet not without token of a coming storm, and most of the evening had been spent in the *Delight*, like the swan that singeth before her death, in the sounding of drums, trumpets, and fifes, with the winding of cornets and haut-boys, and in the end of the jollity with the battle and ringing of doleful knells."

Two days after came the storm. The *Delight* struck upon a bank, and went down in sight of the other vessels, which were unable to render her any help. Sir Humphrey's papers, among other things, were all lost in her, at the time considered by him an irreparable misfortune. But it was little matter; he was never to need them.

The *Golden Hinae* and the *Squirrel* were now left alone of the five ships. The provisions were running short and the summer was closing. Both crews were on short allowance; and yet it was not without difficulty that the commander was prevailed upon to be satisfied with what he had done, and to set sail for England.

The return voyage was inaugurated with

an omen which the leader made less of than his followers. It was the age in which the new was ever being looked upon as something uncanny, and we must not lose sight of the fact when we read that when the explorers had changed their course on their way back to England, there passed along between them and the land "a very lion, to their seeming, in shape, hair, and colour; not swimming after the manner of a beast by moving his feet, but rather sliding upon the water, with his whole body, except his legs, in sight, neither yet diving under and rising again as is the manner of whales and porpoises, but confidently showing himself without hiding, in face of open gestures from those on board. Thus did the monster pass along turning his head to and fro, yawning and gaping wide, with ugly demonstrations of long teeth and glaring eyes, and as if to bid farewell to those on board, ran right against the *Hinde*, sending forth a horrible voice with roaring and bellowing like a lion." In the minds of many of the crew, this was nothing short of a visitant from the nether world giving them a send-off presaging misfortune. Sir Humphrey, however, counselled them to look upon it as a good omen, though the after event did not bear out his interpretation.

Had Sir Humphrey kept to the largest of his vessels all would have been well with him personally, but in spite of the importunities of captain, master, and friends, he kept to the *Squirrel*, declaring that he would

not forsake the little company with whom he had passed so many storms and perils. On the 2nd of September, after many days at sea, he went on board the *Golden Hinde*, "to make merry with us," as the narrator puts it. He greatly deplored the loss of his books and papers, but he was full of confidence from what he had seen, and talked with eagerness and warmth of the new expedition for the following spring. There were some of his companions who believed that Sir Humphrey was keeping to himself some secret discovery he had made, and they tried hard to extract it from him. They could, however, make nothing of his odd, ironical answers, and their sorrow at the catastrophe which followed was sadly blended with disappointment that such a secret should have perished.

When they were more than half way to England, a storm like unto the tempest which beset St. Paul at Melita, came down upon Sir Humphrey and his ships. Tossed about on his cockle shell of a frigate, he would sometimes pass near the *Golden Hinde* and shout greeting across the stormy waters.

"On Monday, the 9th of September, in the afternoon, the frigate was near cast away oppressed by the waves, but at that time recovered, and giving forth signs of joy, Sir Humphrey, sitting abaft with a book in his hand, cried out to us in the *Hinde* as often as we approached him: 'Be of good cheer, boys, we are as near to heaven by sea as by

land.' This he did not fail to reiterate, well beseeming a soldier resolute in Jesus Christ, as can be testified of him. The same Monday night, about twelve of the clock, or not long after, the frigate being ahead of the *Golden Hind*, the lights of the former suddenly disappeared, and our watch cried out that the General was cast away."

Thus was the sowing made, without any immediate seeming of a coming harvest. As Froude says, such was Sir Humphrey Gilbert, still in the prime of his life when the Atlantic swallowed him. Like the gleam of a landscape lit suddenly for a moment by the lightning, these few scenes flash down to us across the centuries, but what a life must that have been of which this was the conclusion.

The Arctic Regions have a history of their own, drawn from the records of the various expeditions in search of a North-west passage, and extending from the days of Frobisher and Gilbert to the final success of McLure and McClintock. An old map has led to the surmise that Sebastian Cabot sailed as far north as Cumberland Island or Melville Peninsula; but Sir Martin Frobisher may with certainty be looked upon as the first of the long line of Arctic explorers, leaving, as he has done, a geographical memorial of his visit in the name of one of the entrances to Hudson Bay from Davis' Strait. For fifteen years he laboured to find a patron, and when he at last succeeded

in forming a company, he was able to count among the subscribers, Queen Elizabeth, who invested four thousand pounds, Lord Burleigh, the Earl of Warwick, the Earl of Leicester, Sir Philip Sydney, Sir Thomas Gresham, Sir Francis Walsingham and others scarcely less conspicuous in that generation. The first expedition consisted of two small vessels. On the 28th of July, 1576, Frobisher reached that part of what is now called Baffin Land, which still bears the name he gave to it of *Meta Incognita*. Taking possession of this region, in the name of England, he gave orders to his company, if by any possible means they could get ashore, to bring him whatever they could find, "living or dead, stock or stone in token of Christian possession." Some of the men returned to him with flowers, some with grass, and one brought a piece of black stone "like unto sea coal," and with this as a specimen of the mineral wealth of the country, and with a captured native as a specimen of its inhabitants he returned to England.

This piece of mineral finally saved his credit. Presenting it to one of his associates, that gentleman's wife accidentally threw it into the fire where it remained some time when it was taken out and quenched in vinegar. It then appeared of a bright golden colour, and on being submitted to an assayer in London was said to be rich in gold.

No sooner was the news of this spread in

the right quarter than there arose an eagerness to send out a second expedition. The gold fever has never been difficult to stir up, and Frobisher was twice sent back to make further explorations under the auspices of gold-seekers, and with more than a hundred men to work the prospective mines. On the second voyage he secured about two hundred tons of ore, and on the third over thirteen hundred tons, but it was finally proved to be of little value, and the interest in Frobisher's enterprise soon died out. It is said that a house of stone and lime was erected at one of the summer rendezvous in which were deposited some articles that might afterwards lead to its identification.

Subsequent to this, Frobisher was associated with Sir Francis Drake in his voyage to the West Indies. In 1588 he was knighted for services against the Spanish Armada. In 1594 he was sent to France to aid Henry IV., and while attacking that monarch's enemies at Croyzon near Brest, he received his death wound, of which he finally expired at Plymouth in the autumn of 1594, though he was able to bring back in safety the fleet under his command.

The fate of Sir Humphrey Gilbert did not deter others from following in his track in search of the sea channel in the north which had foiled Frobisher's efforts. The sailor lad, who had possibly joined in the games of boyhood with the Gilberts and Raleigh in the neighbourhood of Dartmouth, had no doubt been influenced by Sir

Humphrey's book, when he made up his mind to set sail for western Greenland. John Davis has left his name to the spacious coast-water that lies between Greenland and Baffin Land. Sailing from Dartmouth and entering by the route taken by Frobisher, he examined the "Land of Desolation," as he called the western coast of Greenland, and discovered a bay to which he gave the name of his early playmate, calling it Gilbert Sound. On his return he published a pamphlet in which he set forth the grounds of his belief that a North-west Passage existed. He made in all three voyages to the Arctic regions. He died at sea near the coast of Malacca in 1605.

Henry Hudson is another of the many intrepid sailors who have left their names as legacies to the Arctic regions. He had made a name for himself as a navigator years before he took charge of an expedition to the Arctic coast-waters. In 1608, he made a voyage to Nova Zembla, discovering the island of Jan Mayen so well known to the readers of the literature of Arctic explorations. Sailing afterwards under the auspices of the Dutch India Company he discovered Hudson River and explored it as far as Albany. In 1610, he undertook, under English auspices, to follow up the discoveries of Frobisher and Davis, exploring Hudson Strait, and discovering Hudson Bay. The last scene of his life is a pathetic one.

Three months had been spent in exploring the great inland sea which will always bear

the name of the intrepid navigator. The grip of winter seized his ships early in November, and held them firm until the following June, when, strange to say, with the prospect of relief before the crew, a mutiny arose. The explorer failed to subdue the malcontents, who won over the majority to their way of thinking, and, finally forcing Hudson with his son, and six others, into a shell of a boat, left them to perish in the great unexplored waters of the north. Nothing was ever heard of them again, though the scandal of their desertion was made public, when the mutineers, after encountering great perils and privations, again set foot in England in 1611.

William Baffin, another of the brave mariners who made their fame amid the icebergs of the Far North, gave his name to the great Arctic coast-water whose entrance is Davis Strait. Sailing further north than any of his predecessors, he affixed the names of the promoters of his enterprise, and of some of his personal friends to Zmita Sound, Wolstenholme Sound, Cape Dudley Diggs, Hakluyt Island, Lancaster Sound, Jones Sound, and Cary Islands.

Following Baffin came a long list of navigators, whose names are still read of in the pages of our geographies, such as Fox, James, Middleton, Mackenzie and Barrow, not to mention Parry and Franklin whose expeditions formed the prelude to the actual discovery of the North-west Passage by Captain McLure. The search for Sir John

Franklin, with the romantic interest that surrounded it for years, led to McClintock's rescue of McLure, and the exploration of seven thousand miles of coast-line along the northern limits of Canada, which the Canadian government will no doubt in time follow up.

Captain James Cook, the celebrated navigator, whose life story is a romance in itself, has given his name to Canadian history in more ways than one. Born of humble parentage in 1728, he was brought up in the Yorkshire village of Marton, England. After some years of experience as an ordinary seaman, he joined the navy in his twenty-seventh year, and had climbed up to being the master of a sloop at the siege of Quebec in 1759 under General Wolfe. After his fame had been established as the first circumnavigator of the globe, he was engaged by the British Government to make sundry explorations, and among them one to Behring Sea, to solve if possible the mystery of a North-west Passage from the Pacific side. The mysteries of the Arctic regions have always had, and still have, an attraction for the fame seeker, and Captain Cook was willing enough to accept the commission of discovery, which gave him charge of two vessels, the *Resolution* and *Discovery*, and included instructions to examine the coast-line from the forty-fifth parallel to the limits of the north.

As early as 1592, the waters between what

is now called Vancouver Island and the mainland of Canada had been examined by a Spanish sailor in the employ of the viceroy of Mexico,—a visit which, though long considered apocryphal, has given the sailor's name, Juan de Fuca, to the strait between the United States and British Columbia. In 1748, Behring, the Danish navigator, under the auspices of Russia had worked his way from the strait which bears his name along the Pacific coast as far south as Mount St. Elias, the highest mountain peak in Canada; while Queen Charlotte Islands, Nootka Sound, and the mouth of the Columbia River had been located by Juan Perez, the Spaniard, and others.

To the expedition of Captain Cook may be traced the beginnings of trade in this remote region which is said to have had the elements of its earliest population from the Mongolian tribes of Asia. The weather was so unpropitious for exploration purposes during his visit, that he was unable to identify the country around Nootka Sound as forming part of a large island. Indeed he went so far as to discredit the existence of the Straits of Juan de Fuca, and Queen Charlotte Sound, having no chance to hug the shore very closely as he passed northwards to Behring Strait.

It was on this the third of his greater voyages that Captain Cook was cruelly put to death on the Sandwich Islands, which he had touched at on his way home from the Arctic circle. While in the north, his asso-

ciates had collected costly stores of furs from the natives; and when, on their return from the south seas, after the death of their master, they spread reports of the great wealth that was to be had from sea and land in the regions they had visited, there arose great eagerness on the part of the fur merchants of London to open up a trade in the Northern Pacific. Captain Cook's posthumous report was given to the world in 1784,—a year ripe with expectations also for Eastern Canada in the Loyalist migration, and Nootka Sound soon became a mooring place for trading fleets from all parts of the world. And here it is in what has been called the "Nootka affair" that we may find the very beginnings of the political history of the great western maritime province of Canada.

Among the traders who found their way to Nootka was one Captain Meares, a British subject, who had made successive voyages to China and the East Indies. When he arrived at Nootka in 1788, he set up a trading establishment, erecting a storehouse and fortifying its approaches. The land on which he placed his trading house he had purchased with due formality from the native chief of the district, and the idea possibly never came into his head that there could be any dispute about his property not being on British soil. About a year after he had left Nootka, however, Don Estevan Martinez, the commander of a Spanish exploring expedition, arrived one day in the

harbour, and seized everything in the name of his country, confiscating the vessels, and taking into custody their crews. Such conduct was an outrage on the feelings of every true-hearted Briton when the news reached England, and a demand was at once made, at the instance of parliament, that Spain should give immediate satisfaction, by releasing the property confiscated and by paying an indemnity to the captive seamen. The demand brought Spain to see the right of the question. She paid nearly a quarter of a million of dollars in arranging matters; and Britain, to close the dispute for all time, sent **Captain George Vancouver** out to arrange the final steps towards restitution, and to make a survey of the whole territory.

Vancouver's enterprise has been trebly commemorated in the west, by his name being attached to the island he explored, to the town on the Columbia in Washington Territory, and to the growing emporium in the New Westminster District, British Columbia. The survey which was placed in his charge led to a close examination of the whole coast line from the mouth of the Columbia northwards; and, when it came to be completed, the idea that there was a sea-way somewhere leading from the Pacific to Hudson Bay was given its *quietus*. Further than this, however, and the meting out of justice to the traders of Nootka, the visit of Vancouver led directly to no permanent settlement of the country. Indeed, when we look for the earliest stages of

colonial development in the west, we must follow the movements of the North-west Company and its rival and successor, the Hudson's Bay Company.

Sir Alexander Mackenzie, whose name is attached to the largest river basin in Canada, was the first to make his way to the western coast across Canadian territory. He was a native of Inverness, Scotland, and while yet a lad entered the service of the North-west Company. He spent eight years of his life as employee of that great fur trading organization at their station on Lake Athabaska, where he conceived the idea of exploring the regions north and east of that remote inland water. To prepare himself for the work, he returned to his native land, spending a full year in studying astronomy and navigation, and supplying himself with canoes and companions. Previous to this he had followed the great river that bears his name to the tideway of the Arctic Ocean, and when he set out from Fort Chippewyan on the 10th of October, 1792, with his twelve associates and four canoes to find a way overland to the Pacific Ocean, he had an experience to associate his name with, which few men of his time had. By June of the following year he was no further than the southernmost source of the Peace River. Portaging the height of land between this and what he thought at the time to be the Columbia, his canoes were launched in the waters of what is now known as the Fraser

River. From this he passed westward across the country and reached the Pacific on the 20th of July. Returning to Britain in 1801, he immediately set himself to prepare an account of his voyaging, which he eventually completed in a quarto volume of five or six hundred pages entitled *Voyages from Montreal through the Continent of North America to the Frozen and Pacific Oceans*. He received the honour of knighthood in 1802, and died at Dalhousie, Scotland, in 1820.

Marquis de La Roche.—The search for a North-west passage to the wealth of the east had finally no first place in the minds of those who sought to visit the shores of the New World. There was a wealth to share in, nearer than the east. The fisheries of Newfoundland and Cape Breton Island were in themselves a tangible inducement to the European merchant in his early efforts to colonize our country, and from the rich return which these fisheries gave may be traced the locating of permanent abodes along the sea-board.

Before the sixteenth century was far into its fourth quarter there were to be seen annually around St. John's, Baccalaos and Canso, a fleet of nearly four hundred vessels engaged in the fishing business, and it was no unusual thing to meet sailor-fishermen who had been "across the water" thirty or forty times. Nor were these sailor-fishermen long in finding out from the native tribes that a more lucrative trade than the

curing of codfish, was at the merchant's door; and, when opportunity arose, they were often able to show specimens of the rich furs and walrus tusks that had been bestowed upon them by their dusky friends for a handful of glass beads or an almost valueless piece of ironware.

Such stories were not long in travelling. Before long, as Parkman affirms, the western seaport merchants and adventurers began to turn their eyes towards America, not like the Spaniards, seeking treasures of silver and gold, but the more modest gains of codfish and train oil, beaver skins and marine ivory. And the enterprises of these merchant-adventurers make in many ways as interesting reading as the most romantic of tales, as is to be exemplified in the story of the French nobleman whose name stands at the head of this paragraph, in the story which Francis Parkman has made so familiar through his marvellous word painting.

Lord Selkirk and the Red River Settlement.—Thomas Douglas, fifth Earl of Selkirk, was born in Scotland in the year 1771. Early in the nineteenth century he turned his attention to British America as a suitable place of settlement for emigrants from the Highlands of Scotland, and made a careful study of all the conditions relating to the new world. As early as 1802 he asked for a grant of land in the region of the Red River, for the purpose of founding

a colony ; but as the territory he asked for was situated within the limits ceded by its charter to the Hudson's Bay Company, the Imperial authorities refused his request. He was however told that he might find in Prince Edward Island or in what is now the province of Ontario a tract that might suit his purpose as well. In 1803 he accordingly arranged for the carrying of three ship-loads of immigrants to Prince Edward Island, who settled in that part of the island at present known as Queen's County. In the course of the next few years he brought out about 4,000 settlers from Scotland. The results of these efforts not seeming to be satisfactory to him, he afterwards attempted to open up certain sections of Upper Canada, and founded the Baldoon Settlement in Kent county. These attempts were not attended with success. Lord Selkirk, during his visits to the country, became familiar with the workings of the great fur-trading companies, the Hudson's Bay Company and the North-west Company, learning not only of the rivalry which existed between them, but becoming acquainted with the men who formed them and gaining an insight into the value and importance of the peltry trade. Never losing sight, however, of the idea of colonization, he seemed more than ever to regard the valley of the Red River as a most suitable place to establish the settlement he had in view. Finding that he could not get a grant of land in that region direct from the government, he

thought it might be possible to arrive at the desired end by acquiring a controlling interest in the Hudson's Bay Company. He accordingly put forth another effort, and in 1811 a tract comprising 116,000 square miles was ceded to him for the purpose of establishing a colony. This was not accomplished without a great deal of opposition, inspired by the North-west Company and its friends.

As soon as the grant was an assured fact, Selkirk immediately set to work to turn the tide of emigration from the Scottish Highlands in the direction of the region over which he had just obtained control. An expedition was soon under way, accompanied by Captain Miles Macdonell who held a commission from Lord Selkirk and the Hudson's Bay Company as first governor of the newly founded colony. This expedition left Stornoway on the 26th of July, 1811, but did not arrive at York Factory until the 24th of September. As the season was too far advanced to think of traversing the seven hundred miles necessary to reach their destination, the winter was passed in the vicinity of York Factory. This occasioned much suffering and privation to the poor settlers. The following summer the Red River valley was reached, where the intending colonists were harassed in many ways by the agents of the North-west Company. At the approach of winter, refuge was sought at Pembina, where there was a Hudson's Bay post; and in the following

spring the undaunted settlers returned to their prospective homes and set about their task of cultivating the soil. At this time they established Fort Douglas as a centre. The next winter was likewise spent at Pembina, the population having, during the preceding spring, been increased by a second migration consisting for the most part of Irish peasants, who after a winter of untold privation also reached the Red River.

It was at this time that the persistent attacks of the North-west Company on the young colony began. This corporation and its supporters had always looked upon Selkirk's colonizing schemes as not altogether disinterested, and seemed to regard them as an attempt to interfere with their trade. These attacks, and the quarrels they led to, seriously hindered the growth of the settlement, especially as inducements were offered to the new colonists to abandon their homes. The strife went so far as to lead to the killing of Governor Semple of the Hudson's Bay Company in a hand to hand battle which took place during the summer of 1816. In the meantime attempts were being made to combine the two rival companies; though Lord Selkirk's offers in this direction were at first rejected.

Hearing of the attacks made upon his colony by the agents of the North-west Company, Selkirk, being in Canada, began a counter movement against their forts and posts, and, with a hurriedly enlisted force, seized Fort William and the posts at Fond

du Lac, Michipicoten and Rainy Lake, with their stores consisting largely of valuable furs. Pushing on to the Red River, his little army re-took Fort Douglas, which had been occupied by the North-west Company, and the colonists were again established in the homesteads they had abandoned.

Thereupon ensued a number of actions at law, in which Lord Selkirk was anything but successful. The governor-general sent to the scene of the trouble two commissioners to carry out the instructions of the Imperial authorities. While respecting the warrant of these commissioners, Lord Selkirk spent much time in arranging matters in such a way as to establish the colony more securely. The spiritual needs of the settlers and the education of their children having at length been provided for, the noble colonizer left for England and did not again visit the Red River. The relations between the two companies remained in an unsatisfactory condition so long as Selkirk retained control of the Hudson's Bay Company's affairs. During all this time the settlers were compelled to endure hardships of every description, and for seven or eight years they must have been brought many times well nigh to despair. All credit is due to their steadfastness of purpose.

After Lord Selkirk's death, which occurred on the 8th of April, 1820, the rival companies joined forces, the whole fur trade of the great north-west being carried on in the name of the Hudson's Bay Company.

From these beginnings sprang the present province of Manitoba, which was admitted into the Canadian confederation in 1870. Previous to this, in 1869, the rights of the Hudson's Bay monopoly had been purchased, and the region known as Rupert's Land and the North-West Territory formally transferred to the Dominion Government.

The Hudson's Bay Company.—In studying the history of Canada's development, the Hudson's Bay Company must of necessity attract attention. Founded in 1670, under the patronage of King Charles II. for the benefit of Prince Rupert, cousin to the king, and a few of his intimate friends, it had given to it powers and rights in the New World, which were almost unlimited. Its charter gave it control of what was called Rupert's Land, including the whole extent of country drained by the tributary streams of Hudson Bay and Hudson Strait. This meant a monopoly of all the trade at the time possible in this territory, although for over one hundred years the company did not carry its operations inland to any extent. It then came into competition with the North-west Company of Montreal, a competition which ended only with the joining of the two companies in 1821. By virtue of the powers granted to the two corporations, the new concern had entire control of all the country from Davis Strait to Mount St. Elias, and from the Arctic Ocean to the Californias.

Twenty years later, however, their dominion was lessened as a result of the giving up of Oregon and other great tracts to the United States. This gradual restriction was also hastened by the organization and development which led to the birth of the Dominion of Canada.

The deed which brought the Hudson's Bay Company into existence made its jurisdiction complete over the territory granted to it, with the power to engage in war with non-Christian peoples. The letters-patent also fixed the constitution of the company. The administration of its affairs is carried on by a governor and committee in England, assisted by a governor and council in Canada, and every shareholder has a vote for every share of stock he owns. The local officers in charge of the trading posts are called factors. The profits are divided among the owners and the various officers according to a fixed scale. Although engaged in a very general business, the company's chief source of revenue has always been the fur trade. At the same time it is interesting to note that a very great impetus was given to its commerce by the recent discoveries of gold in the Yukon district.

Founding of Halifax.—In view of the importance of Chebucto Bay as a strategic point for the protection of British interests in America, the Board of Trade and Plantations, in 1749, at the request of the New England colonists, sent out about 3,000

immigrants under the care of the Hon. Edward Cornwallis (afterwards Lord Cornwallis), first governor of Nova Scotia, to form the nucleus of their colonization plans. The majority of these settlers, who arrived at their new homes towards the end of June, were retired army men and their families. As soon as the settlement was an assured fact, it received the name it still bears, in honour of the Earl of Halifax, president of the Board under whose auspices the movement had been inaugurated. The population increased steadily, being added to by the arrival of Irish and German immigrants. Halifax from the first was one of the principal military and naval stations on the Atlantic seaboard, and it is so still. Here, three years after the forming of the little colony, was published the first Canadian newspaper, the *Halifax Gazette*. As an indication of the value, from the very beginning, of Halifax as a basis for military operations, there is the fact that it was the rendezvous of the force which captured Louisbourg in 1758, and that it was used by Wolfe in the following year as the remote base for his operations against the French in Canada.

Founding of St. John.—On the 24th day of June—an anniversary famous in Canada—in the year 1604, Champlain and DeMonts visited the inlet now known as St. John harbour; but it was nearly sixty years later before any attempt at permanent set-

tlement was made in this vicinity. About this time Charles de la Tour founded the fort named after him, on the east side of the harbour, and carried on an extensive trade with the Indians for a number of years. Becoming embroiled, however, with his rival, D'Aulnay Charnisay, of Port Royal, the latter attacked Fort La Tour in 1643. La Tour escaped to New England and returned with a force sufficient to compel the besieger to retire, but in 1645, during the absence of La Tour, Charnisay made another attack on his enemy's stronghold. The gallant manner in which the heroic wife, Madame La Tour, defended her husband's property, has been celebrated by poet and historian. The fort only succumbed to treachery from within, and the entire garrison was hanged before the eyes of the noble woman who had done so much to secure its safety. Charnisay, after destroying Fort La Tour, built another on the other side of the harbour. Upon his death, however, in 1650, La Tour, whose wife had died of a broken heart, after the capture of the fort, married his former enemy's widow and again assumed control of affairs. Although about the year 1762 a settlement was founded by a small body of men from New England, the actual founding of St. John dates from 1783, when 10,000 United Empire Loyalists arrived. The settlement, which arose from this migration, was called Parr Town, but shortly afterwards received the name by which the city is now known.

Early Settlement of Prince Edward Island.—Although there is reason to believe that the island was discovered by Cabot in 1497, and it is certain that it was visited by Cartier in the early part of the sixteenth century, no attempt was made to colonize its fertile lands for nearly two hundred years. Under the name of *Ile St. Jean*, it was included by the French as part of Acadia, and in 1663 was granted to a captain of the French navy, Sieur Doublet, who, in engaging in the fisheries, built a number of huts for his fishermen. The first permanent settlers, however, were Acadians who came over from the mainland in 1713, at the time of the cession of Nova Scotia to the English. The subsequent expulsion of the Acadians from Nova Scotia added considerably to the population. The island was ruled by the governor of Port la Jolie, which was built opposite the site of Charlottetown, the present capital of the province. When Port la Jolie was captured by the force sent out under Lord Rollo, the island passed into the hands of the English and was later formally ceded in 1763, when it was annexed for purposes of government to Nova Scotia, together with Cape Breton. Various schemes were proposed for the peopling of the island, which at the time of the cession had a population of not more than one hundred and fifty; but it was not until 1767 that any definite steps in this direction were taken by the authorities, when the whole land surface was divided

into sixty-seven lots or townships of twenty thousand acres each. These townships were apportioned by lot to about one hundred grantees, upon the condition that a certain number of suitable settlers should without delay be placed on the land apportioned to each. Very little effort was put forth by the grantees to fulfil the conditions imposed, and it was only when this system of tenure was modified by legislation, that the colonization of the island advanced in anything like a satisfactory manner. Immigrants began to arrive in increasing numbers, and, as has already been mentioned, the Earl of Selkirk brought out about eight hundred Highlanders, who before long became prosperous farmers. In 1770 the Island of St. John was made a separate province, and in 1800 its name was changed to Prince Edward Island, in honour of the Duke of Kent, grandfather of King Edward VII. Six years after the four Canadian provinces had formed a confederation, the province entered the union. Charlottetown, the capital, is of historic interest in connection with the birth of the Dominion, as being the place where was held the conference which first gave a definite form to the idea of a Canadian federation.

The United Empire Loyalists.—In speaking of the early settlement of Canada, mention must of necessity be made of the brave men and women who, at the time of the secession of the United States from their

British connection, chose rather to seek new homes for themselves than change their allegiance. The United Empire Loyalists, as they liked to be called and as they are known in history, were an important element in the moulding of Canada into the prosperous country it now is. At the close of the War of Independence, these sturdy settlers were deprived of their property, and even their lives were in some instances threatened; and in view of this state of affairs, the British authorities came to their aid, by voting more than three million pounds sterling and furnishing ships to convey them and their families to Canada. At the same time arrangements were made to provide homes for them in the Maritime Provinces and in the fertile sections of what is now called the province of Ontario. Numbers of them also found their way to the Eastern Townships of Lower Canada. In this way the country secured as an addition to its growing population many excellent settlers, whose descendants continue to be notable for their patriotism and loyalty to the Crown. Among the first of the Loyalists to cross the boundary line were those who, in 1778 and the following year, arrived at Machiche, on the shores of Lake St. Peter, at Chambly, St. John's, Point Claire and Beauce, and in the neighbourhood of Sorel. Others, in 1784, established themselves at Cataraqui, in Upper Canada, and from there settled the region along the Bay of Quinté, while many, selecting the lands

to the north of Lake Ontario, afterwards founded as a centre the settlement which is now the city of Toronto. The island of Cape Breton also received over six hundred families, while those who left their farms in the New England states in 1783, were taken to the richer sections of Nova Scotia, settling eventually in the valley of the St. John river, at Shelburne and in Prince Edward Island. The new comers and their immediate descendants received grants of land from the government, and those in need were assisted in other ways. Their numbers increased rapidly, so that within ten years from the exodus, over 41,500 Loyalists had found peaceful homes in the land of their adoption. An Imperial order in council of November 9th, 1789, provided that "all Loyalists who had joined the cause of Great Britain before the treaty of separation of 1783, together with their children of both sexes, have the distinction of using the letters U.E. after their names, thus preserving the memory of their devotion to a United Empire."

Sir William Alexander received from James I. a grant of the territory between the Bay of Fundy and the River St. Lawrence in 1614,—a concession which was confirmed by Charles I., who at the same time instituted the order of Baronets of Nova Scotia, to give eclat to the proposed settlement of the country. Sir William died in 1640.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTES.

The government of the Province of Ontario, in arranging for the decoration of the Legislative Buildings at Toronto, has decided to embellish the entrance hall and stairway with paintings illustrative of the history and development of Canada. Among the proposed subjects of these works of art are the following, which are of interest in connection with the early beginnings of the country.

Indians.—The early navigators so called the aborigines of the West Indies, under the delusion that they had reached the shores of Asia, but the name was afterwards applied to the natives of America in general. As a race the American Indian appears to be peculiar to this continent, having characteristics which are not found in the other groups of the human family. The Indian population of New France, including Acadia, in 1665 was estimated at about 17,500. There are now, according to the latest returns, nearly 100,000 in Canada. These are for the most part confined to the "reserves," and are looked upon as wards of the government, being under the direct

care and supervision of the Department of Indian Affairs at Ottawa.

Northmen is the name given to the early inhabitants of northern Europe, but more particularly to the ancient Scandinavians. An account of their visits to the New World has already been given.

Cabot and the Discovery of Cape Breton have been spoken of in preceding pages of this booklet.

Cartier at Quebec.—The exploits of Cartier and his brave followers at Stadacona have also been described.

Maisonneuve and the Founding of Montreal.—The present metropolis of Canada was nothing but a trading post up to the year 1642, on the 18th of May of which year the town of *Ville Marie de Montréal* was formally founded by Paul de Chomedey, Sieur de Maisonneuve, acting for the *Compagnie de Montréal*. The object of its establishment was religious rather than commercial, it being regarded as the foundation stone of a "Kingdom of God" which was to be instituted in New France, and *Ville Marie* was to be a centre for the Christianizing of America. In 1663, by free gift from the Company of Montreal, the Seminary of St. Sulpice became the owner of the island on which the city stands, and since that time has continued to possess the

seigniorial rights. Maisonneuve's memory is preserved by a monument in the Place d'Armes, as well as in the name of a prosperous suburban town lying to the east of the metropolis.

Franklin on the Arctic Ocean.—Sir John Franklin was born in Lincolnshire, England, in 1786. He was a mariner from his earliest years, and saw service in the engagements of Copenhagen, Trafalgar and New Orleans. His fame, however, is more intimately connected with exploration in northern latitudes, he having commanded expeditions to the Arctic regions in 1818, 1819 and 1825. He received the honour of knighthood in 1829, and was for a time governor of Tasmania. His last visit to the frozen north was in 1845, when he set out with two vessels, the *Erebus* and *Terror*. The unfortunate explorer was never seen again, though numerous expeditions were sent out to search for him. Many traces of the party were found, and, in 1859, McClintock discovered at Point Victory documents which seemed to show beyond a doubt that Franklin died near Lancaster Sound in June, 1847. Franklin's name is perpetuated in various ways on the maps of the North Polar regions, as in Franklin Bay and Franklin Channel.

Founding of Port Royal.—When De Monts and Champlain visited the beautiful bay now known as Annapolis Basin, in 1604,

one of their companions, the Baron de Poutrincourt, being much impressed with the appearance of the surrounding country, decided to found a settlement on the shores of the inlet. Having secured a grant of land, he established a post and called it Port Royal. In 1605, those who survived the fate of the settlement at St. Croix removed to Port Royal, and in the following year the arrival of a number of colonists from France further increased the population. The site was, however, abandoned in 1607, owing to the king having recalled the privileges he had granted to De Monts; but three years later Poutrincourt re-established the settlement. In 1613 Captain Argall led a force from Virginia against it and destroyed what had become a flourishing colony, an act which was inspired by the Jesuits, whose enmity Poutrincourt had incurred. For a long period Port Royal was the bone of contention between the powers striving for supremacy in the New World, and to this no doubt may be ascribed the fact that it ceased to have any importance save as a basis of warlike operations. The place was finally occupied by the English in 1710, when it received the name it now bears, Annapolis.

Discovery of the Saskatchewan Valley by Verandrye.—Pierre Gautier de Varennes de la Verandrye was a native of Canada, being born at Three Rivers in November, 1685. After serving in the French army, he

later devoted himself to exploring the far west of his native country. In 1732 he crossed the Lake of the Woods, and the following year descended the Winnipeg river, building a fort on the lake of that name. He even penetrated as far west as the Rockies, and in 1749 ascended the Saskatchewan river, establishing Fort Dauphin at what is now called The Forks. Verandrye died at Quebec in December, 1749.

McKenzie's Discovery of the Pacific has been referred to in speaking of the work done by that daring explorer.

Hennepin at Niagara Falls.—Louis Hennepin, known in history as Father Hennepin, a Franciscan missionary, was born in Flanders in 1640, and came to Canada in 1675. After his arrival he became greatly interested in the exploration of the unknown regions of what he describes as *un très grand pays*. To him is given the credit of discovering the famous cataract on Niagara river, in 1678, and he was later associated with LaSalle in his expeditions to the great lakes and the Mississippi river. His works dealing with his discoveries are of great interest to students of history. He died in the year 1706 at Utrecht.

Founding of Fort Frontenac.—This fort was established by Count Frontenac, governor of New France, in 1683, at the point

where the St. Lawrence river issues from Lake Ontario, and LaSalle was placed in charge of it. Not long after it was built, the Iroquois destroyed it, but it was restored by Frontenac in 1695. On the occupation of that section of the country by the United Empire Loyalists, the name of the settlement at the fort was changed to Kingston.

Launch of the "Griffon."—The name of René Robert Cavalier de LaSalle is connected rather with the early history of the United States than with that of Canada, although he was associated with Frontenac in his efforts to strengthen and develop New France. Having visited the great lakes and established Fort Niagara, he built a vessel intended for the navigation of these waters. The craft, which has been spoken of as the first built in Upper Canada, was launched in the waters of Lake Erie in 1679, and was called the "Griffon." The vessel was most unfortunate, however. On her first voyage she sailed through lakes Erie and Huron and reached Lake Michigan, but in returning was wrecked before she reached the Niagara river, to the loss of her valuable cargo of furs.

The North-west Company at Fort William.—This great fur-trading enterprise has been referred to in connection with the Hudson's Bay Company. Fort William, from a mere trading post, has become a flourishing town and is now

largely engaged in the handling of grain, being admirably situated on the western shore of Lake Superior.

Founding of Fort Rouille.—This was a small trading post established on the northern shore of Lake Ontario by the French, in 1749, during the administration of de La Galissonière. It afterwards became known as York, and eventually received the name of Toronto, which it now bears.

French Settlement on the Detroit River.
—The site of the present city of Detroit was first visited by the French in 1610, although the first permanent settlement was not made until 1701, when Fort Ponchartrain was established, with Sieur de la Motte Cadillac as governor. In 1763 it came under British dominion, and afterwards under that of the United States, in 1787.

Highland Settlement at Glengarry.—What is now the county of Glengarry, in the province of Ontario, was first settled by United Empire Loyalists, whose migrations are spoken of elsewhere. Those who sought refuge from oppression on the virgin soil of the most easterly corner of Upper Canada, on the shores of Lake St. Francis, were for the most part natives of the Highlands of Scotland, and not long after their establishment on their Glengarry homesteads, their numbers were added to by the arrival of a body of Scotch immigrants who came out

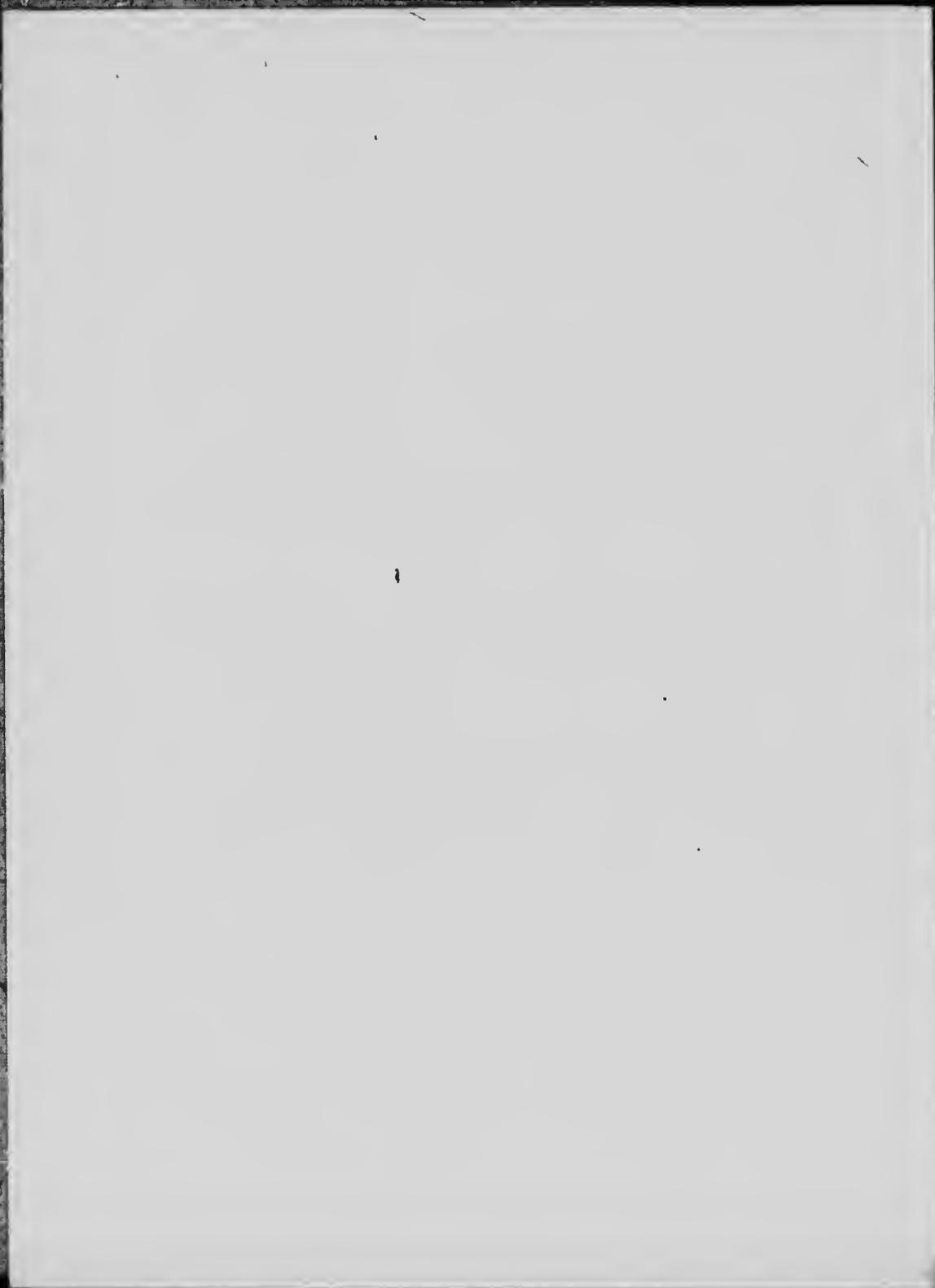
104 EARLIEST BEGINNINGS OF CANADA.

under the care of Bishop Macdonnell. Among the early settlers of the county were many military men, and Glengarry has produced a race of soldiers, whose deeds of valour, during the war of 1812, and later, in the troublous times of 1837-38, have ever been the pride of their compatriots.

The Sillery Mission

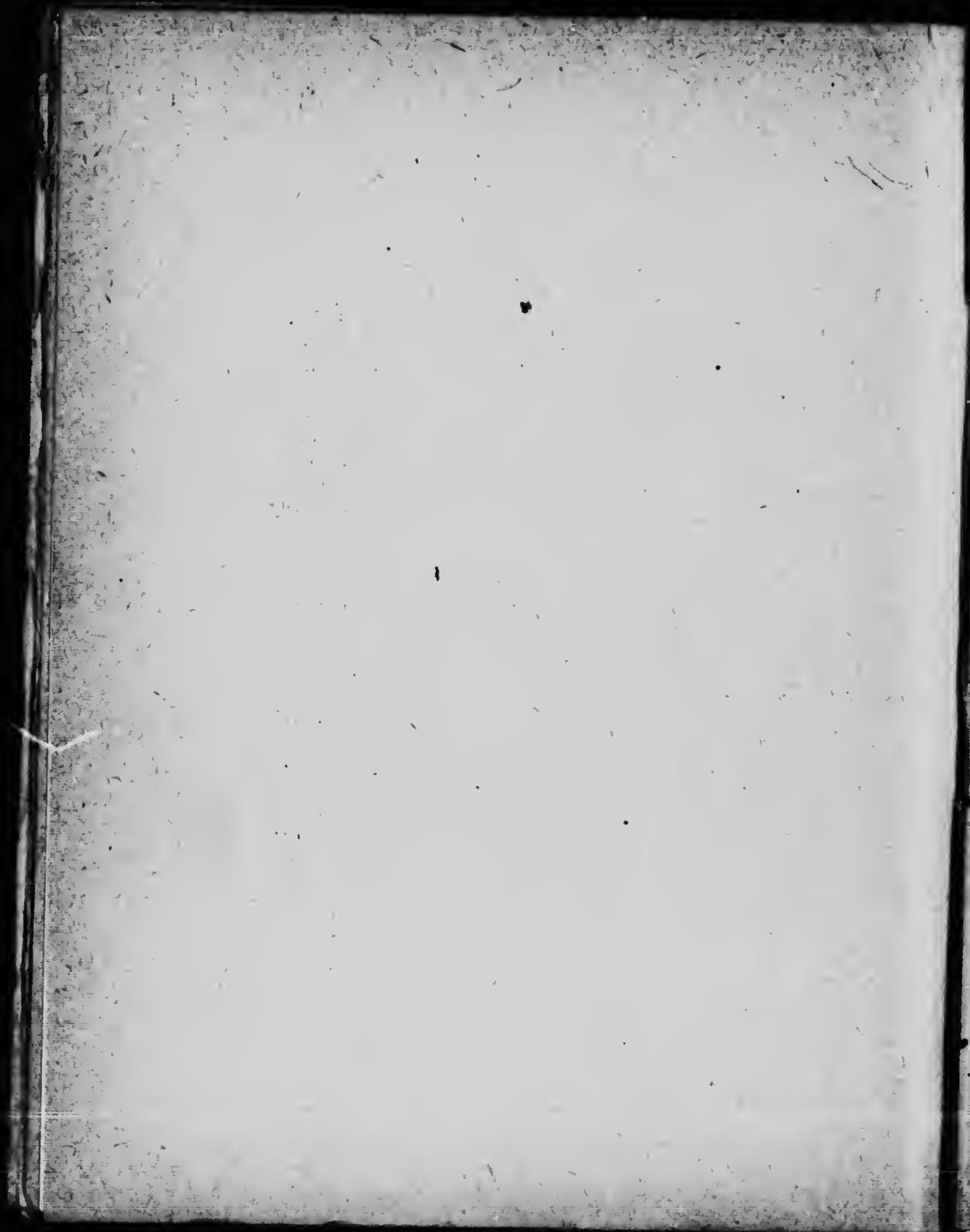


SILLERY COVE AND ITS MONUMENT.



INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

The broadest river may trace its origin to the tiniest silver thread of a brooklet, and the greater movements in life, that tend to purify the social intercourse of men in a community, may also find their origin in very humble undertakings. The following elegy has for its object the setting forth, in a succinct form, the story of the ethical characteristics of the native tribes in Canada from the earliest efforts on the part of its European pioneers to Christianize them. The verses, in imitation of the masterpiece of the poet Gray, venture to represent the very earliest of mind-worlds, seen and analyzed as it may be, in the life experiences of the savage. The world of matter may be differently interpreted, in savage life or civilized, as giving motive to the purpose of living; and the heroism of the old gospel-pioneers, in standing by their interpretations of life against fearful odds, when the country was at its beginnings, is a lesson which no Canadian should miss learning, if he would understand aright one of the most important elements in his country's growth.



THE SILLERY MISSION.¹

The vesper-signal echoes through the
glades,²
As, cross in hand, the father wends
his way,
To lead his flock beyond the wigwam
shades,
Within God's house to sanctify the
day.³

The swarthy hunters, interrupting
cares
Of after-chase, slow follow down the
hill;
Their helpmates meek,⁴ subdued in
camp affairs,
Seek welcome respite, at their
master's will.

The spirit of prayer they feebly comprehend,⁵
Sincereless-trained to compass life's
defence;
Yet priestcraft oft, the perverse will to
bend,
Accepts the form of prayer for
penitence.

The pious tones of him who reads their
fate,
His offerings doled with undeceived
regard,⁶
Incentive teach what children learn
elate,
That duty reverent-done invites
reward.

And were they not but children of the
womb
Of prehistoric twilight, mystery-
bound,
When Gospel-dawn, truth-tinted, lit
life's gloom,
To guide the soul its nearer depths
to sound?

The birth-right of the teeming woods
was theirs,⁷
And all that unprogressive art e'er
gained;⁸
Theirs was the craft the higher ken
impairs,⁹
When instinct's edge is dulled by
routine trained.

Their faith, inconstant, as the chance
of war,
Had for its only stay life's flitting
joys:
Their paradise, some hunting ground
afar,
Was but the sheen that through the
glade deploys.

Their moral code, the imprint of their
fate
Writ on tradition's page, did self
exalt:
Their virtue was revenge, their valor
hate,¹⁰
Their highest hope a mere pursuit at
fault.

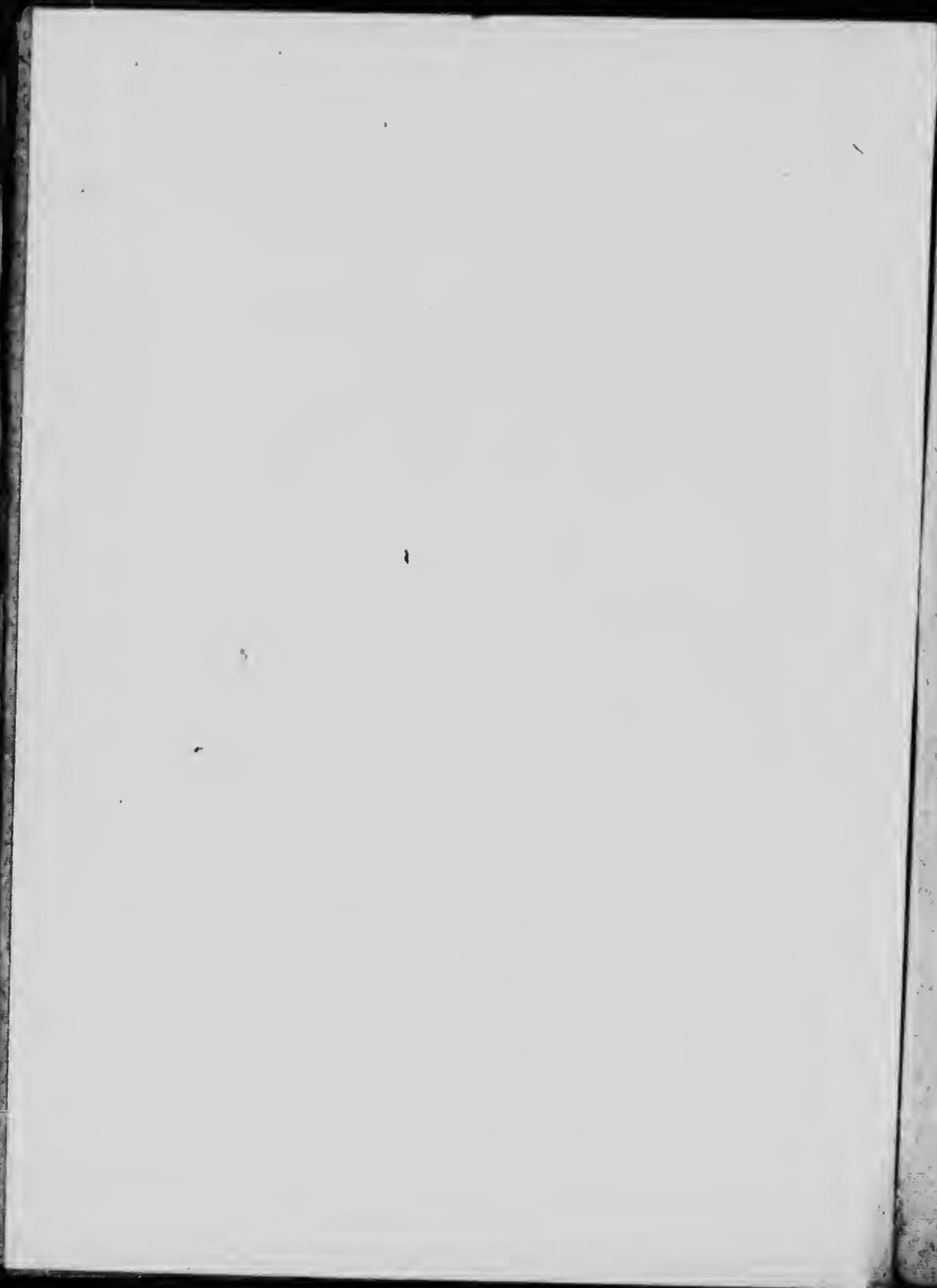
And was their mien not index sad of
 hearts,
 Fate-steeped in ill, dejected not
 subdued,—
 Their souls but dens where passion's
 rudest arts
 And covert plans found refuge to
 denude?

Did not ambition, cunning, and desire,
 In them a license undefined espouse?
 Was not their glory but dishonour's
 hire,
 Howe'er the good or ill their ire did
 rouse?

Such is the picture often drawn of life
 When man seems but the slave of
 fate's behest—
 When soul-growth, stunted by pro-
 tracted strife
 Of birth-throes fierce, is retrogres-
 sive pressed.



THE SILLERY MISSION HOUSE.



THE SILLERY MISSION.

9

Yet prudish progress, that, with
virtues torn,
Peeps from its shreds, its keenness
to enhance,
Is oft the pride, whose unreflecting
scorn
Detects a vice unvirtued by its
glance.

Are hate and envy dead, by progress
crushed,
Or but disguised by etiquette's
vener?
Are enmities and passion's outbursts
hushed
By culture's sweetest smile or
Christian fear?

These nomads' toils a fickle harvest
bore,
With bounty's feast forboding
hunger's stint;
And misery's dreams of progress
seldom soar
Beyond the bounds of penury's
restraint.

Yet in the soul, though swathed in
dismal light,
There gleams a cheer around some
germ of good,—
A germ whose leaflets nurtured seek
their height
In hope, the seeding crown of
rectitude.

And when we feel the summer's
rippling thrill
Bestir the heart where glebe and
river meet,
As, in the woodland, Sillery warblers
trill¹¹
Their songs of peace our happiness
to greet.

We dare believe such sweet environ-
ment
Would often ray the gloom that
weird controlled
The being, thrall'd by nature's
chastisement,
And purify its heart like filtering
gold.

And nature's charms, we know, though
overcast,
These children of the woods did oft
admire,
As round tradition's lore they stood
aghast
Within the glare of winter's wigwam
fire.

With them each woodland valley had
its god:
Each headlong cataract was deified:
The lake bestormed the awfulness
forbode
Of spirit rage that on its waves did
ride.

The whispering brake, the laughing
daffodil,
The mad-cap poplar and the mourn-
ful pine,
The mountain's fir-clad strength, the
brooklet's rill,
The gods of myth creation did en-
shrine,

The store-house orb of day, whose
spilling gold
Bathed eve's horizon fringed with
forest light;
The bride of heaven, with silvery veil
unrolled
In triumph drawn beneath the arch
of night;

The stars, whose merry rays were joy
in dance,
But further joyed at heaven's
surrounding gloom;
All bodied myths, whose fitting
charms enhance
The stable laws that through them
quaintly loom.

And is't not ever thus? Does not the
myth
Of sensuous birth still gild the hopes
and fears
Of human kind, as pressed by passion-
faith
Beyond its ken, faith-images it rears?

In good and ill their weak perception
saw
Antagonistic force with godhead
crowned;
Of right and wrong, not yet defined by
law,
Their tyrant king was self not yet
dethroned.

Of God, the One, they knew no
attribute
Save that of awe-inspiring Manitou,¹²
To whom their faith could unimpaired
impute
Whatever might their aims with
right endow.

Upon a knoll of Beauvoir's fair
demesne,¹³
May still be traced, o'ergrown, their
place of rest,
Where through the grove is heard the
meek refrain
Of zephyr-song with tremor dismal
pressed.

Its rustling breath the solemn problem
blows—

Is being but the friction-darkness
rife,

That scintillates a spark or two, and
shows

To man the crowding shadows in his
life?

Was life to them the narrow span of
time,

The limit of their care-worn years
on earth—

A few heart-throbs in woe-begotten
rhyme,

That had no song of longed-for after-
birth?

Or did some glare of sensuous joy
reveal

To them a destiny beyond secured,
As theirs it led a further strength to
feel,

When Christian faith their feebleness
faith matured?

Here sleep the chiefs¹⁴ whose brows
erst wore the crown
Of merit, gained as counsel's honour-
star;
Here lies ambition's glory, still our
own,
By hero-worship hailed, still stained
by war.

Here prowess sleeps that shed its
tribal fame,
To guard the glades against the lurk-
ing foe—
To lead the winding trail in search of
game,
Or ward off winter's wrath befoamed
with snow.

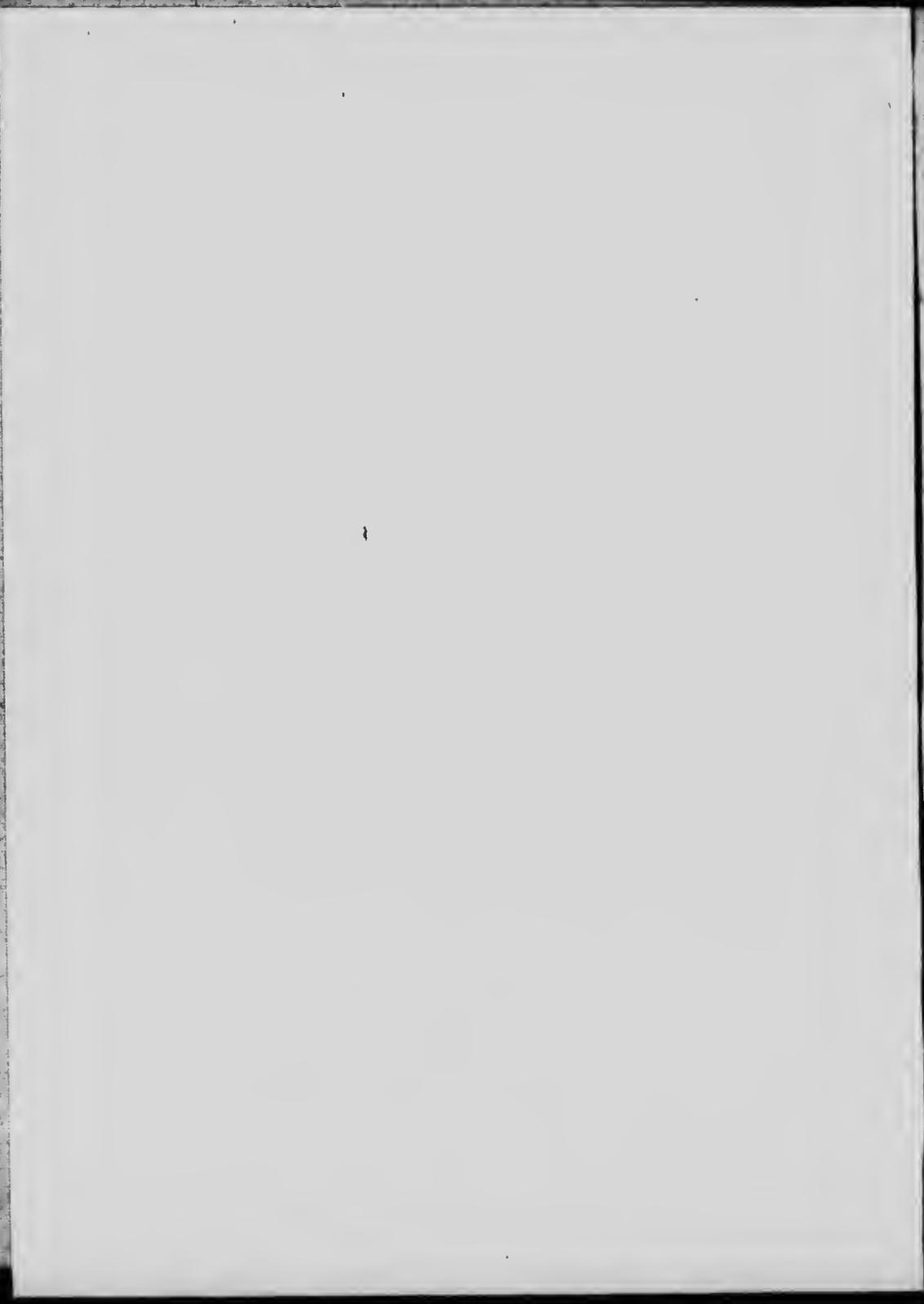
Perchance parental patience here may
rest,¹⁵
Near other virtues that have lost
their bloom;
The care of kin, domestic fealty's test,
May boast its solemn niche within
the gloom.

Now all is peace¹⁶; and, round the
gentle shore,
Historia's silken veil is graceful
drawn,
As honour we the faith that found the
door
To gospel light and fair refinement's
dawn.





THE SITE OF THE INDIAN GRAVEYARD.



NOTES ON "THE SILLERY MISSION."

1. "The Sillery Mission." This mission was established up near what is now known as Sillery Cove, in 1637, through the liberality of the Commander de Sillery, who, after acquiring a considerable fortune in the diplomatic service of France, was induced to enter holy orders, and to devote all the energies of his mind and wealth to the propagation of the Catholic faith among the aborigines of New France. Father Le Jeune had charge of the workmen who were sent out from France at the expense of the soldier-priest to erect the mission buildings; and, in 1639, a permanent bequest was invested for the support of the mission by the Commander, amounting to twenty thousand *livres*. The Mission House still stands, with a monument erected to the memory of its pioneers in a graveyard enclosure opposite to it.

2. "The vesper-signal echoes through the glades." In 1643, as we learn from the *Relations des Jesuits*, the Sillery Settlement was composed of thirty-five or forty Indian

families, who lived within it all the year round. Other nomadic savages occasionally tarried at the settlement, to procure food and even to receive religious instruction from the priests. "Catechism is taught," as the record tells us, "to the children, and the smartest of them receive slight presents to encourage them. Every evening Father De Quen calls at every hut and summons the inmates to evening prayers at the chapel. . . . When the reverend father visits them each evening, during the prevalence of snow storms, he picks his way in the forest, lantern in hand, but sometimes losing his footing, he rolls down the hill."

3. "Within God's house to sanctify the day." The Mission House, wherein service was held, remains, as has been said, in part, opposite what is known as the Sillery Monument; it is now occupied as an office by a company of lumber merchants. The Sillery Cove is one of the many pleasant objective points on the outskirts of Quebec which the visitor seldom misses seeing. It is reached by driving out along Champlain Street around the curve of Wolfe's Cove and past the promontory on which the Sillery Church is a conspicuous landmark. The monument erected in the enclosure opposite the Mission House, and on the site of the original Church of St. Michel, which was built in 1637, bears the name of Father Masse, the earliest of the missionaries.

4. "Their helpmates meek." Among the Hurons, the women folk were, in theory, as Mr. Andrew Archer has summarized in his History of Canada, the fountain of all authority; and yet when they entered the marriage state, their life became a course of perpetual drudgery. The squaw was the slave of her husband. She performed all the hard work, tilling the soil and bringing in fire-wood. When the harvest was ripe, the warriors condescended to bestir themselves, and aided the women in gathering it in.

5. "The spirit of prayer they feebly comprehend." In the *Relations* it is recorded that one Sunday morning, the Sillery Indians being all at Mass, a beaver skin was stolen from one of the wigwams. A council of the chiefs having been called, it was decided by them that the robbery had been committed by a Frenchman. Though there was but slender warrant for the decision, it was deemed justification enough for several of the young men of the encampment to rush out and seize two Frenchmen, then accidentally passing through the settlement, though in no wise connected with the theft, as was discovered afterwards. The impetuous young savages were for instantly stripping their captives in order to compel the governor at Quebec to repair the loss of the peltry. One of them, more prudent than the others, suggested that the matter should be referred

to the missionary, informing the worthy priest, when he was taking the question *ad arizandum*, that it was the Indian custom to lay hold of the first individual they met belonging to the family or tribe of a suspected criminal, strip him of his wearing apparel, and retain it until the said family or tribe repaired the wrong. The missionary succeeded, by enunciating in their hearing the Christian principles of forbearance, in releasing the denuded suspects. The real thief, who was no Frenchman, became alarmed at this, and, making open confession, restored the stolen beaver skin.

6. "His offerings doled with undecieved regard." The priest had often to draw from the mission funds to meet the necessities of his dusky parishioners, with little hope of a grateful return, even after a successful hunting expedition. The lessons he taught were hard to learn, as the following picture, taken from Parkman's works, indicates:

"As the successful warriors approached the little mission settlement of Sillery, immediately above Quebec (with their prisoners), they raised their song of triumph, and beat time with their paddles on the edges of their canoes; while, from eleven poles raised aloft, eleven fresh scalps fluttered in the wind. The Father Jesuit and all his flock were gathered on the strand to welcome them. The Indians fired three guns, and screeched in jubilation; one, Jean Baptiste, a Christian chief of

Sillery, made a speech from the shore; Pisharet repeated it, standing upright in his canoe; and, to crown the occasion, a squad of soldiers, marching in haste from Quebec, fired a salute of musketry, to the boundless delight of the Indians. Much to the surprise of the two captives, there was no running of the gauntlet, no gnawing off of finger-nails, or cutting off of fingers; but the scalps were hung, like little flags, over the entrance of the lodges, and all Sillery betook itself to feasting and rejoicing. One old woman, indeed, came to the Jesuit with a pathetic appeal: 'Oh, my father, let me caress these prisoners a little; they have killed, burned, and eaten my father, my husband, and my children!' But the missionary answered with a lecture on the duty of forgiveness."

7. "The birth-right of the teeming woods was theirs." Being averse to regular mechanical labour, the males of the Indian tribe spent much of their time in war, in hunting, and in fishing. During the more inclement months of the year, they clad themselves in the skins of animals taken in the chase, rendered soft and pliable by a peculiar process of tanning all their own. In summer, the warriors frequently dispensed with clothing of any kind save the hip-cloth, rubbing their bodies with a medicated oil to ward off mosquitoes and other noxious insects. Their faces were often tattooed with the figures of beasts,

birds, and plants; and while on the war-path they usually made a uniform of their own skin, painted themselves in such a way as they thought would best strike terror into their enemies, or keep out of sight their own fear.

8. "And all that unprogressive art e'er gained." The conical-shaped dwellings or wigwams of the Indians, their canoes made from the bark of the birch tree and of logs hollowed out by fire, their fish spears, hooks, and lines, their war implements—the tomahawk, scalping knife, bow and arrow—all gave evidence of no inconsiderable ingenuity; while some articles of their contrivance, as moccassins and snowshoes, have come down to us Canadians of the present time for winter use. The art of dying in brilliant colours was known to them; and this, with a taste for basket and ornamental porcupine work is still to be met with among their descendants. Their only money was "wampum," consisting of strings of shells and trinkets.

9. "Theirs was the craft the higher ken impairs." The innate cunning of the savage is one of the ethical phenomena over which the educationist has to marvel, with all his modern appliances for improving a race out of its perverse instincts. Can it be possible that the utilitarian, who would have our schools places where mental and moral training should be placed at a discount, and

little taught save what would enable our children to make a living at the workman's bench or the clerk's desk, has failed to note the effects produced by the Indian's mode of bringing up his offspring merely to make a livelihood?

10. "Their virtue was revenge, their valour hate." The tortures to which many of the early missionaries were subjected by the Indians have given the American historian many a harrowing tale to tell. Not far from Sillery, Father Poncet and one of his parishioners were once seized by a band of Iroquois and carried off to the interior. Every kind of indignity was heaped upon the two white men by the men, women, and children of the Iroquois camp. The priest was deprived of one of his fingers. Both of the captives were bound to a tree and had burning charcoal applied to various parts of their bodies. For the greater part of three months they were kept under surveillance, until being placed in the keeping of an old squaw, they were allowed by her to escape to Quebec.

11. "As in the woodland Sillery warblers trill." This sylvan region, as Sir James LeMoine, the author of *Birds in Canada*, says, is one most congenial to the tastes of the naturalist. "It echoes in spring with the ever varying minstrelsy of the robin, the veery, the song-sparrow, the red-start, the hermit-thrush, the red-eyed flycatcher,

and other choristers, while the golden-winged woodpecker or rain-fowl heralds at dawn the coming rain of the morrow, and some crows, rendered saucy by protection, strut through the sprouting corn, in their sable cassocks, like worldly clergymen computing their tithes. On one of the walks of the Grange, once trodden over by the prince of American naturalists, the great Audubon, was conferred the name of Audubon Avenue by his Sillery disciple."

12. "Awe-inspiring Manitou." It is difficult to get at the fundamental elements of the Indian's religious faith. Manitou seems to have been a term used by the tribes of the Algonquin stock to denote any object of religious reverence or dread, a divinity, an evil spirit, or fetich. *Gitche Manitou* was the qualified term used to denote the Great Manitou or Supreme Being of their conception. The writer, in his *History of the Maritime Provinces*, has summarized the religion of the Indian tribes as a combination of superstitious fears, forms, and propitiatory observances. Their heaven, a kind of glorified hunting-ground, was an eternal abode of continuous sensual bliss, probably akin in theory to the Valhalla of the ancient Saxons. Their belief in the impending wrath of an over-ruling Manitou filled them with all manner of superstitious subjective forms, surrounding them on earth with the goblins, ghosts, and forest sub-deities. Their reverence for the dead was a strong

element in their worship, while the selection of a burial-ground and the interment of the bodies of their chiefs were the occasions of prolonged ceremonies. They undertook nothing of importance without first consulting their omens; and to propitiate the Great Spirit, who held in his hand the destiny of war, they generally sacrificed a dog or wolf or some other animal of the forest, before they set out against their enemies. When the country was colonized, these savage tribes, with but few exceptions, readily became converts to the Roman Catholic faith; and they ever afterwards showed the greatest attachment to the French, by whom they had been taught the rudiments of the Christian civilization.

13. "Upon a knoll of Beauvoir's fair demesne." On the heights behind the Sillery Mission House is the manor-house of Beauvoir, with its glebe extending from the line of the St. Louis Road, down to the highway that runs along the shore-line of the St. Lawrence. A little to the west of the house, just beyond the lawn and its woodland enclosure, are to be seen the traces of the old burying-ground of the Sillery Hurons. The Indians of La Jeune Lorette are the descendants of these Sillery aborigines. In 1643 there were but four houses in the Sillery Settlement that were built in the European fashion, with the Hurons located near them and an encamp-

ment of Montagnais on the opposite side of the river. The houses accommodated the chiefs only, their followers residing in bark huts near by. The fishing having ended at the beginning of November, they removed their provisions to the chief's houses, and settled down to idleness, receiving instruction from the priests or giving welcome to some friendly tribe seeking hospitality. "On my return to Sillery," says Father Vimont, in his description of the place in his time, "twelve or thirteen old Indians, with some women and children left behind, followed me to the Hospital, where we had to provide for them until the return at Easter of the hunting party."

14. "Here sleep the chiefs." The councils were presided over by the chiefs, surrounded by the sachems or councillors—all old men who had gained laurels on the war path. The chief was chosen for life. The design of a projected campaign or expedition, or the ratification of a treaty, was the most important feature of the council's deliberations; if the latter, there was an exchange of wampum with those who sued for friendship and an interchange of the calumet of peace. The communal affairs of the tribe were generally regulated in open parliament of all warriors belonging to the tribe.

15. "Perchance parental patience here may rest." The Indian mothers nursed their

children with the tenderest of care. Through infancy and youth both parents bestowed the affection of civilized life on their offspring, the young successful warriors and hunters being the favourites of the family and the extolled heroes of the whole tribe.

16. "Now all is peace." The pleasant homes of Sillery have been faithfully described by Sir James LeMoine, whose home at Spencer Grange is one of them. The delightful drive along the St. Louis Road gives one a personal knowledge of the suburban parish of Sillery, in which are to be seen the well-kept cities of the dead, the cemeteries of St. Patrick and Mount Hermon, not far from the burial place where sleep the Huron chiefs of old. The following words of Francis Parkman are corroborative of the main argument of the elegy of the Sillery Mission:

"The conjunction of greatness and littleness, meanness and pride, is older than the days of the patriarchs; and such antiquated phenomena displayed under a new form in the unreflecting undisciplined mind of the savage, calls for no special wonder, but should rather be classed with the other enigmas of the human breast."

