

Technical Notes / Notes techniques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Physical features of this copy which may alter any of the images in the reproduction are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Certains défauts susceptibles de nuire à la qualité de la reproduction sont notés ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couvertures de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Coloured plates/
Planches en couleur

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Show through/
Transparence

Tight binding (may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin)/
Reliure serré (peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distortion le long de la marge intérieure)

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Additional comments/
Commentaires supplémentaires

Bibliographic Notes / Notes bibliographiques

Only edition available/
Seule édition disponible

Pagination incorrect/
Erreurs de pagination

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Pages missing/
Des pages manquent

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Maps missing/
Des cartes géographiques manquent

Plates missing/
Des planches manquent

Additional comments/
Commentaires supplémentaires

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text.
Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming.

The im
possib
of the
filming

The la
contai
or the
applie

The o
filmer
instit

Maps
in on
upper
botto
follow

Privately printed

G. Loh. Hoffmann Esq.
with the compliments of
J. E. Dawson

CHAMPLAIN.

[Written for the Montreal Pen and Pencil Club.]

A hundred years had rolled their changeful rounds
Since Spain's bold sailors, following in the track
Of him, the great revealer of the West,
Sailed far into the sunset. Summer seas
Of deepest azure, smiling islands clothed
With densest verdure, cheered their course. The vines,
Gay with strange flowers and twined from branch to branch,
Gave shelter from the scorching rays of noon.
A varied screen of brilliant hues concealed
The rigid outlines of the lofty peaks
From shore to summit, and their shadows sank
Far down into serene translucent depths
Of placid ocean, carrying hues of earth
To deck the coral walls and shell-strewn floors
Where sea-sprites dwelt. They sailed by long low shores,
Which smoked with fatness in the generous sun ;
And through the shady groves glanced graceful forms
Of kindly natives—gentle-mannered, frank.
With fearless steps and open child-like mien
They came to meet the strangers—soon to be
Their pitiless oppressors.

All the while,
Far to the North, the lonely ocean surged
'Gainst desolate shores, rock-bound—the summer haunt
Of screaming wild fowl, and the winter home
Of bears and wolves and foxes. Scanty tribes
Of Indians hunted for their hard-won food,
And gained a bare subsistence. Ocean raged
Incessant 'gainst that battlemented shore ;
And the winds wailed amid the forests black
Of Markland¹—moaning—weary with lament—
In utter loneliness ; for no Christian soul
As yet had dared to tarry in this wild,

¹ Markland : The name given by the Northmen to the country now known as Nova Scotia.

Nor tempt its savage sternness. Eastwards far—
 Half way to Europe—where the unquiet sea
 Heaves aye its bosom 'gainst the clinging mist
 Which weighs it down, amidst the twilight grey
 And dank, the frequent sail of fishing craft
 Or Basque or Breton loomed. There, æons long,
 Great fleets of bergs, freighted on Arctic shores,
 Sailing with rending shock of glaciers vast,
 Had dropped their stony burdens in the depth
 And shallowed up the black abysm, and made
 Fit home for finny tribes innumerable.
 Beyond this dim and melancholy veil
 Of mist, enshrouding all the Western Sea,
 But few had cared to pierce; for legends dread
 Haunted the rock-bound coast. The Demon's Isle
 Guarded the northern passage. In the thick air
 The shuddering sailors heard the shrieks and howls
 Of fiends malignant, high o'er roar of waves,
 Torturing the souls of men, whose battered bones
 Were beaten small in seethe and hiss of foam,
 Grinding for ever on the shelving rocks
 That skirt the dreary coast of Helluland.—²
 Nor there alone, for ghostly teachers told
 How, when the blessed saving Cross of Christ
 Swept over Europe, all the evil fiends
 In terror fled to the West; and still we see
 Ill-omen'd and distorted struggling shapes
 Of gnomes and goblins frozen into stone
 In forms fantastic on the western fronts
 Of high cathedrals. So the demons fled,
 And, sheltered by impenetrable mists,
 Over the whitening bones of drown'd men,
 On gloomy forest shore or rocky coast,
 Held hideous carnival.

With steadfast mind
 Into this hidden world sailed Champlain. Few before
 Had followed up St. Lawrence mighty flood.—
 Basque whalers, pressing hard their monstrous prey,
 Or traders to a savage rendezvous
 At Tadoussac, held for a few short weeks
 Of summer; else deserted all the year.
 No trader he—our sailor—loftier thoughts
 His bosom swelled: to trace the setting sun

² Helluland: The name given by the Northmen to Labrador.

Up his broad path of waters to his home
 In that far Western Ocean—restful—calm—
 Which laves the shores of rich Cathay, and breathes
 Spice-laden-odours towards the realms of Ind.
 Nor this alone;—to bear the Cross of Christ,
 Still conquering and to conquer all, until
 The demons, routed in their last retreat
 In the gloomy North, should hie them henceforth down
 To their own seats, nor harass mankind more.

A wide experience trained him for such task.
 In Henry's cause he earned a soldier's fame,
 When the white plume i' the thick of battle danced
 And bore the rising fortune of Nayarre
 Where conflict raged the fiercest. Peace ensured,
 The adventurous sailor blood which coursed
 In all his race resumed its sway, and urged
 Him on to bold emprise i' the Western Sea.
 His skill had steered his ever-prosperous barque
 Through all the mazes of the Spanish main
 And all its wealth of islands. He had trod,
 Before the Aztec glory died away,
 The streets of Cortez' city, and his pen
 And ready pencil made report of all
 The wonders marked by his observant eye.
 Northwards, his venturous skill had traced the coast
 Of Norembegue,³ and borne on rushing tides
 Had searched the Bay of Fundy to its depths,
 And noted Ouygoudy's⁴ wondrous stream
 Flow in and outwards with a double fall.
 Nor was he wanting in those gentler arts
 Which bind men each to other. Oft the woods
 Which overhang Port Royal's Basin⁵ rang
 With laughter of his joyous band, and rang
 The steep-escarp'd barrier to the North
 With echoes of their hunters' music. There—
 Where the resistless tides of Fundy pour
 Swift through a narrow cleft, and sudden fill
 To the brim the basin and the long-drawn vale

³ Norembegue : The name given in Champlain's time to the north-east coast of New England.

⁴ Ouygoudy : Indian name of the River St. John, recorded in Champlain's Voyages. It can be entered at half tide only. At low tide there is a fall outwards, and at high tide a fall from the sea inwards over a ledge of rock.

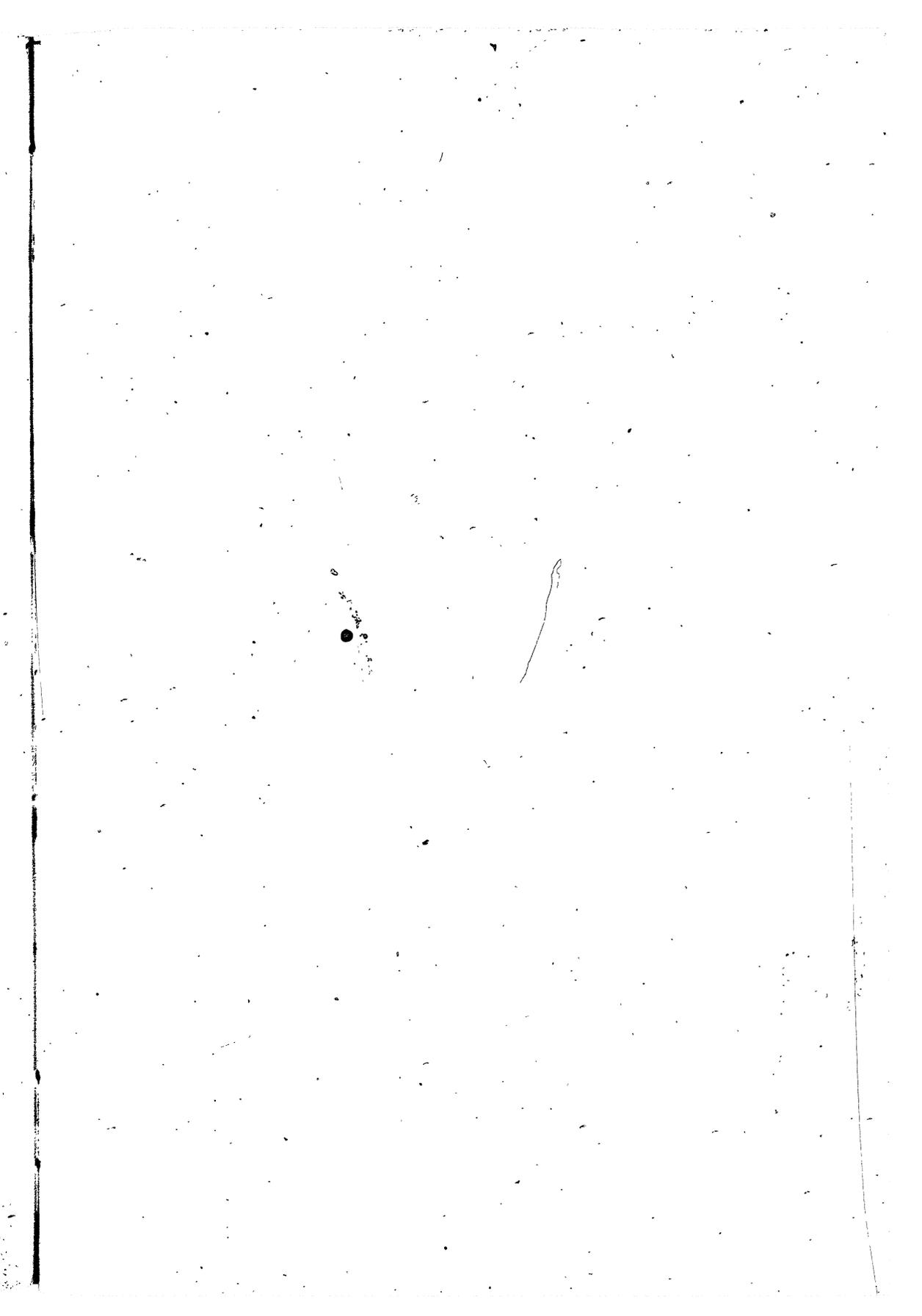
⁵ Port Royal : Now Annapolis, in Nova Scotia.

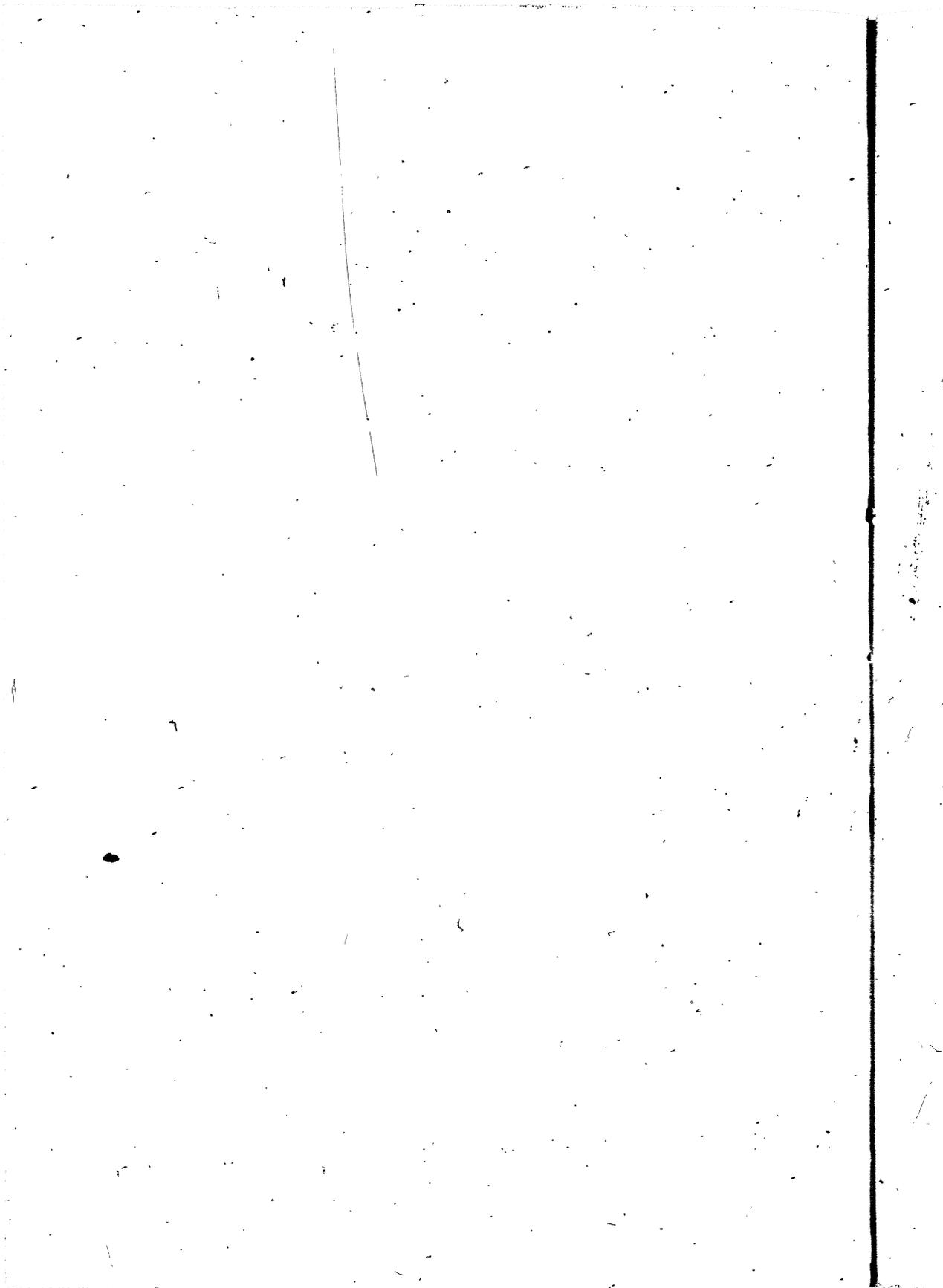
Far inland—there, with feasting, song, and tale
 They wore one winter out, till spring returned
 Too soon, to call them from their restful ease
 To the great task.

For now the hour had come,
 The birth-hour of a nation doomed to pass
 Through many wars and changes great, until,
 By God's mysterious providences blessed,
 The little seedling—planted now in faith,
 And through long weary years watered with tears
 And blood—deep-rooted, broad and strong, should spread
 A stately tree, its branches East and West
 From the stern surges of the Atlantic coast
 To that mysterious margin—dreamy bound,
 Of the great tranquil ocean, where lie hid
 The secrets of the sunset, and the sun
 Renews his strength to dawn on Eastern lands.

As through the curtain grey of ice and mist
 Brake Champlain, on his right emerged Cape Ray,
 Repellent with its walls of beetling cliffs,
 Their level summits clad with lingering snow,
 Brilliantly chill. To the left, clothed with black spruce,
 The frowning mountains of Cape Breton rose
 Steep from the ocean. Isle St. Paul lay close,
 Dense-wooded, scarce distinguished from the mass
 Of the larger mountains. ✓ Through this gateway grim
 He sailed into St. Lawrence' broadening gulf;
 Nor paused until the mighty buttressed peak
 Of Mount St. Anne, thrust through its robe of green
 And dyed with iron hues of ochrey red,
 Flamed in the sunrise. Percé Rock below,
 Like some Titanic ruin, lit by the sun,
 Whose rays streamed through the double arches, lay
 Its huge mass stretched along; its cloudy top
 Clamorous with sea fowl. On he sailed, and passed
 The coast of Honguedo,⁶ dark with pines,
 And high above the river flood, which washed
 Its craggy shores. Far north, the cruel teeth
 Of Manicougan's fateful reef just showed
 Through the long line of breakers. Short his stay
 At Tadoussac. With favouring wind and tide
 He stemmed the flowing current, till he reached

⁶ Honguedo: Name for Gaspé in the oldest maps.





That wondrous Strait, where close th' opposing hills
 To build the stately portal of the West.
 There! at the foot of that stupendous rock,
 Which towers above a basin sheltered round
 By mountains slowly stooping from their heights,
 In terraces of verdure to the deep
 And ever-tranquil water.—In that charmed spot
 Of solemn beauty was the cradle placed
 Of our Canadian Empire. Grand the site
 And great the founder! Mark his forehead calm—
 His serious eyes, but prone to gleam with mirth
 As fit to gaze on danger—resolute mouth,
 Adorned with trim moustache and courtly beard,
 Showing a man as skilled and apt to tread
 The gallant Bearnais' court as the slant deck,
 Slippery with foam and ice, when northern storm
 Swoops on the treacherous Gulf, and through the dark
 Aloft the demons hurtle through the air
 With hiss and shriek. The frozen cordage sticks
 In the icy block, and struck by the impetuous seas,
 The frail barque shudders to her lowest keel.
 One little light, alone, in all that world
 Of blackness, gleams to light the magic card
 That points the course; and there his quiet eyes
 Are fixed. But, in his heart, whether at sea
 Or at the court or in the savage camp,
 The light of duty ever shone supreme,
 Nor swerved his steady course or here or there.
 And such a site whereon to plant the tree
 Of rising empire! Holds this varied world
 No peer to its majestic beauty. Look!
 Those solemn hills, which close the distance dim
 Of the far horizon, how their contours, clothed
 With summer foliage, smile as they slope down,
 Bathed in the sunlight, to the rippling flood
 Which laps their bases; and the azure vault
 Mirrors its brightness with the changing hues
 Of blue and purple in the dimpling waves.—
 An amphitheatre, whose circles vast
 Rise upwards from the central basin, reared
 For high assembly of the earlier gods,
 And Zeus' high seat might rest upon the Cape
 And dominate the concourse. All the scene
 Was clad in summer's livery. Blue in the sky
 And water; on the hills a living green
 Sheening to yellow in the twinkling birch

And glooming in the pines—all glowing tints
Of the upper rainbow, for the autumn hues
Of crimson, gold and scarlet were not yet.

Time fails ; nor is it now my task to tell
The labours and the anxious toil and want
Which threatened year by year to crush Quebec—
For so in Indian speech was called the Strait
Where mountains curb St. Lawrence waters in
Before the basin widens, and the name
Was given to the city. Champlain's care
Urged on the work, and his far-seeing eyes
Prepared for every danger. Still he strove
To learn the secrets of that glorious land
Of woods and waters, on whose threshold stood
His infant city ; now, by questionings close
Of friendly natives ; then, devoid of fear,
In bark canoe, with Indian guides, he dared
To trace Ottawa's⁷ rapid current, up
Almost to Lake Temiscamangue, its source ;
Then, mounting to Nipissing's weary lake,
Swiftly he sped the rapid river down,
And reached that bay of wizard beauty, where
The frequent islets seem to float, so like,
In calms, the upper and the nether blue ;
Thence he explored Muskoka's rocky glens,
Threaded by crystal streamlets and adorned
With lakes of gleaming silver. West and south—
Still onward—to a lovely garden land,
Fair even in winter. On its farther verge
A bold escarpment overlooks a plain.—
And, on long summer days, the gladdened eye
Dwells on a scene of beauty stretched below
Still richer. Like a billowy sea of smiling green
The woodlands wave below, and, far off, sweep
To distant shores of mighty land-locked seas—
The bourne to which the spirits of the dead
Addressed of yore their journey lone ; nor reached
But after weary travel. Thence he turned
And dwelt a winter 'mong the guileful tribes
Of Hurons. Joining in their distant wars,
He traversed all the centre of our land

⁷ Ottawa : These Indian words were generally accented upon the penultimate syllable, as Toronto. In Niagara we throw back the Indian accent which pronounced Niagara.

With a wild swarm of painted warriors fierce,
 Flocking, in light canoes, like wild fowl set
 On autumn journey to the south. He passed
 Up Severn's stream and o'er Toronto's⁸ lake,
 Whose mirrored shadows, opalescent, glowed
 With tremulous colour as the paddles dipped
 And turned, disturbing all the magic scenes
 Of sylvan beauty in its depths profound.
 Still southwards down the rushing Trent he urged
 His frail canoe; at times through level lakes,
 Shooting, at times, down rapids. Quick the eye
 And firm the wrist to hold the steady course
 On the smooth current's crest. But where the stream,
 With glassy torrent, glides unruffled down
 And backwards swirls in foam against the rocks,
 Then, landing on the narrow rugged trail,
 O'er boulders wet and slippery with spray,
 And stooping 'neath the brushwood overhead,
 He, with his savage guides, their burdens bore
 Down the portage's weary steep, until
 The quiet water called them to embark.
 At length he reached a place 'twixt verdurous banks—
 The loveliest which Ontario's waters hold,
 Where Quinte's matchless bay unruffled smiles.

So passed his busy life : unselfish toil
 His chief enjoyment. Many things he learned
 By frequent journeys with his savage friends,
 And in campaigns against their Indian foes.
 He first explored the lake which bears his name.
 First, to his eyes the deep pellucid mere
 Of Horicon revealed its beauty. Much
 He learned from Indian hunters. All the North
 He mapped with rare precision. Known to him
 Was that great inland ocean whither flow
 The cheerless streams of drear Estotiland;⁹
 Where Mistassini trails his sinuous coils
 Of waters, circling deserts bare and frore,
 And yields again unto the chilling night
 The steely glitter of a million stars.
 Meantime, by often voyaging to France,
 He urged his infant country's pressing needs,

⁸ Toronto's Lake : The name of Lake Toronto is given in the old French maps to Lake Simcoe.

⁹ Estotiland : The old name given to the interior of Labrador which drains into Hudson Bay.

And so his work grew strong. He ever loved
 The Ocean, and upon her rocking breast
 She bore him always safely; never harm
 Befel him there. He loved our country most,
 And when God called him, there he laid his head
 In peace upon her bosom. And his work
 Still prospered—till there came an evil time
 When bigot counsels sapped the strength of France,
 And drove to exile many a faithful heart
 And stalwart arm; and faith grew faint, and fraud
 And peculation smirched the lily flag,
 And avarice and greed stalked through the land.
 Then died the love of duty. In its place
 Arose the point of honour. Poor exchange!
 For honour is self-centred—duty lives
 From man to God. So all the West was lost
 To France. But Champlain's work survives; for still,
 Though from Cape Diamond's lofty peak no more
 Floats the White Flag, his dear-loved mother tongue
 Still flourishes, pervading all the land
 He travelled; and his faith still lives—devout,
 Yet tolerant here, as in the happy days
 Before the fatal revocation knelled
 The waning power of France; and still survive
 The laws and customs of the France he knew.

Sans peur et sans reproche—thou, blest of God!
 Thy name still dwells unsullied. Never spot
 Of greed, or cowardice, or lust, or hate
 Stained thy white scutcheon. Swiftly sped thy soul
 Up the dread circles, where the healing flames
 Purge out the lingering dross and make man pure
 To bear the garments of the searching light
 In courts of heavenly glory. Worthy, thou,
 To be a nation's founder! and may we
 Be not unworthy of thee! May thy faith
 In our Dominion's fortunes, and thy truth
 And love of duty guide us on our course.
 So shall our country flourish—thine as ours—
 So long—no longer.

S. E. DAWSON.

MONTREAL, Dec. 13, 1890.

