

miles more to the east another sprightly village, *Pointeaux Trembles*, shoots up its glittering spire. In the full blaze of the setting sun, to the west of the dwelling, sits a small rustic bower with a flagstaff, crowning a bluff or point, known as *Pointe à Papineau*, it having been a favourite resort of the Nestor of our statesman, Hon. Louis Joseph Papineau, when formerly he made his annual visit to Pointe Platon House, in the days of the father of the present possessor.

In the course of our various rambles over mountains and in glens, many a gorgeous panorama has been disclosed to our dazzled gaze, in this our sweet land of Canada. Some spots we found exactly as they had left the mould of omnipotence; fresh in their perennial youth and majesty; the hand of man had neither altered nor defiled them; others showed in every lineament the impress of human ingenuity, cultivated taste, wealth and progress. The first, in their solitary grandeur, we liked to view, like altars, which the great Being had erected for his especial glory; we approached them occasionally, and with reverence. The others, associated with human joys and sorrows, pregnant with family memories, health producing, appeared to us as the natural abodes of men, far from the pestilential breath of the crowded city—these spots we never could tire of seeing—we felt the better from viewing them—from dwelling in their midst. Our visit to Pointe Platon House was too much mingled with the latter thoughts for us to be entirely silent on this score.

On a lovely September afternoon, a few hours before sun set, we stood musing on the spot consecrated by our great Parliamentary Orator, L. J. Papineau; at our feet the wide, murmuring waters, *coeruleum mare*, washing softly the foot of the cape, glorified by the oblique rays of the departing luminary—a sheet of molten gold. More than three centuries ago, a white pennoned bark was doubling possibly at this same hour, this same promontory. What then were the thoughts—the utterings of its historic crew? Were they pondering in their minds the mysterious meaning of the salutation which had greeted them: *A-ca-nada—There is nothing here?* Or were their youthful voices making the welkin ring with amorous ditties in honour of their beloved King and master, Francis I, the royal lover of the beautiful Diana of Poitiers? We looked in vain in our reverie for the *Emerillon* of other days: aught could we see except the black hull of a Montreal deal *bateau*, whose lusty sailors were shouting like stentors, as they purchased the anchor to take advantage of the flood tide:

Oh! Bob Ridly, Oh!
Oh! Bob Ridly, Oh!

Towards the land, our eye followed the successive *plateaux* which close in with the beach; here and there green meadows or fields shorn of their golden harvest; to the east, the model barn, which farmers from the neighbouring counties came to look at and wonder—the last *plateaux* fringed by lofty forest trees, as a back-ground to the scene—presently our eyes caught sight of a horseman cantering in the direction of the manor; it was the *seigneur*, whom his trusty black steed *Corbeau* was carrying homeward from his daily tour of inspection of the farm, where extensive subsoil drainage was being carried on. A few strides more and the Laird is welcomed home by *la Chatelaine* and all the “young hopefuls.” Had all the ancient Canadian seigniors lavished as much money on the promotion of agriculture, and for the benefit of the *censitaires*, few indeed would have been the *cerfs* hardy enough to ask the interference of the Legislature against feudal burthens. The Laird of Lotbinière, though young in years, has already represented his country in the