

the intrepid St. Malo Mariner wintered there in 1540-'41,—a name which his fellow countryman, Roberval, changed eighteen months afterwards, in 1542, into *France Roy*, in honour of his sovereign, Frances I. How graphically too, are these same localities described in their narratives written more than three centuries ago! One can recognize, to this day, Cap Rouge and St. Augustin, by the luxuriant wild vines which line the shores, and the undulating green meadows and serpentine stream “which windeth to the north” of St. Augustin, without forgetting the forests of oaks and pines which line the top of Cap Rouge, where stands “Redclyffe,” the seat of Joseph B. Forsyth, Esq.

In a few minutes, we are abreast of the little point at St. Augustin, where sank the ill-starred steamer *Montreal* in June, 1858, a seething mass of flames, consigning to a watery grave some four hundred human beings, whose groans of anguish and despair, before taking the fatal plunge, the survivors will ever remember. Nor must we forget as we send past to salute St. Augustin, the parish which gave birth to the historian of Canada, F. X. Garneau. Further up a few miles, *Pointe aux Trembles* nestles close to the river's edge, reflecting its shining church spire far across the blue waters of the St. Lawrence. From this identical spot in April, 1760, an exciting spectacle might have been witnessed—the unequal contest of the French Frigate *L'Albatre*, commanded by Capt. de Vaublanc, against the English men-of-war sent to destroy and sink the French ships.

Next stands in bold relief at the entrance of the river Jacques Cartier, the bluff, whereon had been erected in 1759, a large, solid earthwork, or fort, now completely destroyed, in which Levi's jaded squadrons, after their hurried flight from the camp at Beauport, rested their wearied limbs, on the 14th of September of that eventful year—dispirited but unsubdued *braves*, longing to be led again against the traditional enemy, and scenting in the distance the splendid victory, which awaited them on the St. Foye heights, on the 23rd April following. A very few acres to the east of this Cape, and uncovering each tide, we noticed a well known land mark, *la roche à Jacques Cartier*, on which Bacqueville de la Potherie's boat was stranded in 1698, and whereon according to him and to Charlevoix, Jacques Cartier himself came nigh finding a watery grave, though other historians and Jacques Cartier's own narrative are silent as to this later circumstance.

On we sped on the bosom of the famed river, until the picturesque horse-shoe point, *Pointe Platon* was in view: loud sounds the steam whistle, and the *L'Etoile* hugs closely the wharf. Three hundred and thirty-four years ago, from this time day for day, another craft carrying the destinies of New France, *l'Emerillon*, Jacques Cartier, Commander, of 40 tons burthen, was spreading her canvass to the breeze opposite this same point, then known as *Archelacy*. Captain the Right Honourable Admiral Cartier, as a Cockney exquisite once styled him, tells us in his Diary (page 40) that he was here met by a *grand Seigneur du pays*, who by dint of “words, signs, and ceremonies” strived to inform him that the river higher up was dangerous on account of rocks and rapids.

It was our friend's good fortune and our own to be welcomed also by a *grand Seigneur du pays*, who neither by words, signs, nor ceremonies, cautioned us against attempting the rapids or rocks of the Richelieu, (as our voyage of discovery, unlike Jacques Cartier's, was not to extend further) but on the contrary made us welcome to his hospitable manor, and for the night and ensuing day there did we sojourn.