

Cartier River, so named in *his* honor. Here they landed, and tradition says, he lost one of his ships at this place, although his biographers make no mention of the occurrence. Perhaps the vessel was stranded, and therefore became useless. But whatever accident happened, it did not cool his enterprising spirit in the least, nor prevent him from ascending the river as high as the Isle of Fochelagu (the present city of Montreal), which was described to him as a delightful place by the savages he met along his route. At Lake St. Pierre, three leagues above Three Rivers, he failed to procure material to repair his ships, and was compelled to leave them there. However, he manned two shallops and embarked on them with the bravest of his volunteers, arriving safely at Fochelagu on the 2d of October. Here he found a village of savages at the foot of a mountain (the site of the City of Montreal is a little to the right of that old Indian village), who received him very kindly—and he completely gained their friendship by making them various little presents. He was enchanted by the situation of the island, and surprised and dazzled by the beauty of the scene that presented itself to his view. He called it, in the enthusiasm of the moment, Mont Royal—since corrupted into Montreal. He remained, however, but a few days, as the season was advancing, and on the 5th of October set out to rejoin