

that the nobility of Russia paid great prices for the best skins. There was also at Fort Niagara a quantity of native gold, which had been passed from some of the more remote posts, all of which was waiting transmission to Montreal and Quebec, and which La Flèche decided to send forward at once, under the charge of Grichard, together with an account of the recent disaster to the French force at Great Meadows.

La Flèche took an early opportunity of making his intentions known to Grichard, who had his own reasons for greatly wishing to return to Montreal, and who proceeded with great alacrity to accomplish the necessary arrangements for the journey, which would have to be performed by boat. The valuables which were to form the small cargo were carefully made up and enumerated. The boat was overhauled, and the sails and oars put in good order for the journey. A quantity of provisions was laid in, and on the 27th day of May everything was in readiness. The following day, however, being Saturday, the good curé, Father Cosson, objected to the journey being begun until after the Sabbath, and, as in such matters the curé's authority was indisputable, Grichard was forced to remain until Monday morning, very much to his vexation, and to the diminution of the number of his *aves*. However, Monday, the last day of May, now arrived, and the little vessel with her valuable freight and light-hearted company got fairly started on her lengthy journey of nearly five hundred miles.

Besides Grichard, who was in command of "La Belle Marie," there were twelve men, quite as many as could well be spared from the post—more indeed than La Flèche liked to see going away; but none too many if much rowing should require to be done, or if it should be necessary to protect the treasure.

Keeping well inland, and heaving to at night, nearly a fortnight had passed before the post at Oswego was reached; and, stopping there a day or two to rest, our party did not reach the St. Lawrence until about

three weeks after leaving Niagara river. They were greatly delighted when they found they were entering the St. Lawrence, and, making but a very brief stay at Frontenac, hurried on their course, which now came to be perceptibly accelerated by the current of the stream. The Thousand Islands, which were, a good many years later, to become famous by the skill and intrepidity of Flora Macdonald, had nevertheless their great beauty of scenery to interest and delight our travellers, as they have interested and delighted many thousands of travellers since.

The air was vocal with boat-songs, reverberated by the rocks which in some places rose abruptly out of the water—so that their simple refrain of

"Je croyais Jeanneton,  
Aussi douce que belle,"

seemed often to be answered from the miniature islands which the current and their own exertions at the oars carried them swiftly by. At length they emerged from this delightful archipelago, and, continuing their course down the river, passed the Galops, and the two or three patches of broken water which intervene between the Thousand Islands and the large island now known as Croil's.

The day was drawing to a close as the "Marie," passing the head of this island, swept round with the current, which at this point soon opens up a very pretty view of the river for some distance below—or rather that part of it which flows to the north of the island—until in the distance is seen the confluence of the divided stream, which is again broken just below by two large islands, the larger of which is now called Wagner's. At this point of the river the current increases in velocity, which culminates about a mile further down in the well-known Long Sault Rapids—the roughest and longest of the rapids of the St. Lawrence.

The stream here runs with wonderful swiftness, and the breakers are appalling; at one place, in the middle of the river, foaming and plunging suddenly from the smooth, swiftly-gliding water into an angry