

(TRANSLATION.)

The 25th of the month of June, in the year 1687, after the betrothment and the publication of two bans of marriage, having obtained dispensation of the third of Monsieur de Bernieres, vicar-general of the Lord Bishop of Quebec, the first being published the 22d and the second the 24th of the present month, between Antoine de Lamothe, esquire, sieur de Cadillac of the village of Port Royal in Acadia, aged about 26 years, son of Mr. Jean de la Mothe, sieur of the place called Cadillac of Launay and Semontel, counsellor of the parliament of Toulouse, and of Madam Jeanne de Malenfant, his father and mother, of the one part; and of Marie Therese Guyon, daughter of the deceased Denis Guyon, a citizen of this place, and Elizabeth Boucher, her father and mother, of the other part, aged about 17 years, and not finding any hindrance, I, Francois Dupre, cure of this parish, have solemnly married and given the nuptial benediction in the presence of the subscribing witnesses, sieurs Barthelemi Desmarest, Michel Denys Guyon, Jacques Guyon, Denys le Maitre, who have signed with the husband and wife.

LAMOTHE LAUNAY.
MARIE THERESE GUYON.
JACQUES GUION.
MICHEL GUION.
DENIS LE MAITRE.

DEMAREST.

FRANCOIS DUPRE.

The above named priest, Francois Dupre, came to Canada May 23, 1673. In 1675 he was a missionary in the Quebec seminary; first cure of the parish of Champlain in 1684, and cure of the parish of Quebec from 1686 till 1707. In 1711 he was at Lorette, where he died and was buried under the altar June 29, 1720.

I could not ascertain the house on St. Pierre street in which Cadillac and his wife lived while in Quebec, but a further investigation of the titles to lots in the lower town may give me its location.

Outward bound from Quebec on an ocean steamer I passed through the River St. Lawrence, past the falls of Montmorency and down the gulf, hugging the southern shore, which is dotted with the little hamlets of fishermen, whose ancestors took up this occupation centuries ago and whose descendants will probably continue it for centuries to come. The scenery along

this coast is grand, and beyond the power of my pen to adequately describe.

After a few days' sail I reached Charlottetown, in Prince Edward Island, and now began to feel that I was in America, for here everyone speaks English, and French is apparently unknown. From Charlottetown a ride of a few hours on a great ferry steamer takes us to Pictou in Nova Scotia.

Pictou is a small place and can be fitly described as "over-ripe," for it has reached the zenith of its prosperity and is sinking to decay. From Pictou the railroad carried me south across the isthmus to Halifax. The country is beautiful, but as this portion was unknown to the French or uninhabited by them I did not take so great an interest in either Charlottetown, Pictou or Halifax.

After a short stay in Halifax I again took the train across the isthmus in a northwesterly direction to Annapolis Royal. This is the land of Evangeline. Longfellow has appropriately described this country:

This is the forest primeval, the murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green,
Indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of Eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.

I never saw a country, on the 1st of September, so green and pretty as this country is. In the states the verdure is burned and yellow from the hot days of July and August, but here the trees and shrubs and grass are as green and fresh as if the winter snows had but recently melted and the April showers had given fresh life and vigor to all nature.

On through Grand Pre and along the shores of the basin of Minas, where Evangeline and her lover lived, skirting the waters of the bay, through beautiful and quiet scenery, our train of some 20 cars, heavily laden with passengers, draws up at Annapolis, the end of its journey. A great excursion of country folks on the Intercolonial line were returning from a day spent in Halifax and the cars were