

also create the "impression" that the gifted historian has laboriously worked his way through the inner recesses of the Public Record Office and of the State archives at Milan, Florence, Venice, Simancas, and the Vatican, where he certainly never set his foot.

But when a reader familiar with the subject takes the trouble to look into these useless books, he has an "impression" which is not always to the credit of their authors. For instance, in one lately published, out of forty-two documents, forty-one have been repeatedly printed, and all together in two or three modern publications which can be consulted in every important library. So that those Herculean labours would require, all told, about half a day's work, comfortably seated in an armchair in the British Museum!

Happily, there is a class of historians whose "impressions" may be said to be of a very different character. They are the outcome of long studies of the original sources, regardless of time-honoured legends and fabrications. And so far as the authentic history of the Cabots is concerned, these "impressions" have not proved thus far entirely fruitless.

Let me be permitted to ask, Where is the historian worthy of the name who now believes that the American continent was discovered in 1494, and not in 1497; that it was Sebastian Cabot who accomplished it, and not his father; nay, who would assert that he was even on board the ship; that the landfall was certainly Cape Breton Island, particularly since the recent publication of the "Mathematical Demonstration of the Fallacy"; that Sebastian was born in Bristol, and not in Venice; that he was a great navigator, cartographer,