

Presently there comes a stranger to our village, a pale brother, who, in exchange for a few beaver skins, will give us treasures of the white man's wampum—drudgery is now to be forgotten, the pleasures of the chase furnishing the profit most convertible, to satisfy the wants and whims of life. The temptation is great and the red man, once the prudent husbander of forest life, soon becomes the exterminator—his wampum is lost in the flood of the white man's inexhaustible supply, the beavers have long since disappeared from the meadows, and we witness today the closing scenes in the drama as the Indian quietly floats beyond the horizon, the warm rays of the setting sun giving him welcome to the happy hunting grounds of his mystic fancy.

So our antiquarians and numismatists recognize the position which may be claimed for these early documents, this first Canadian coinage, the Indian Wampum?

HORACE T. MARTIN.

THE BEAVER CLUB, AT MONTREAL.

1785-1824.



AMONG the denizens of progressive and modern Mount Royal there are doubtless yet to be found some rare survivors of the times when the rich sturdy and hospitable old *Nor-Westers*, to use the words of Washington Irving, "*held a lordly sway over the wintry boundless forests of the Canadas, almost equal to that of the East India Company over the voluptuous climes and magnificent realms of the Orient.*"

These were the palmy days when the *Lords of the lakes and forests*, with their strong social instincts, founded the famous *Beaver Club*, where for nearly forty years, during the winter months, a sumptuous fortnightly banquet gathered in their spacious hall, the bulk of wealth, commercial enterprise and intelligence of Montreal, together with any distin-