

the dispersion of the Order, took possession of the vacant lot. Such was the melancholy end of the old Franciscan Monastery, on Garden Street, by fire, on the 6th September, 1796.

ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.

From the Pennsylvania Gazette, October 25, 1760. (Published by B. Franklin.)

What honours, Wolfe, should thy brave brows adorn?
 Shall fading wreaths, by other heroes worn?
 Not Breathing marble, nor enlivening brass,
 Though there thy manly form the eye may trace;
 Not columns stately rising from the plain,
 To tell the victories which thy arms did gain?
 Not generous praise, which tuneful bards convey,
 Which lasts when other monuments decay,
 Though many a British bard thy fall shall mourn,
 And sing melodious dirges o'er thy urn;
 No works of mortal hand, or mortal wit
 Thy virtues equal, or thy fame besit:
 Heaven saw, and straight prepared a nobler prize,
 And to receive it snatch'd thee to the skies.

CHAMPLAIN'S TOMB.



INGULARLY enough, as we all know, the last resting place of the venerable Founder of Quebec, has been a mystery for more than two hundred years. Samuel de Champlain, died at the Castle of St. Louis, in Quebec, on Christmas day, 1635. Though his remains were followed to their last abode by all the Quebecers of the day, and though Father Le Jeune pronounced his "Oraison Funebre," no written record has yet turned up to fix the spot of his sepulture, with certainty.