

I must not be unjust in this matter, nor leave it to be understood that America alone produces sceptics. Mr. Roberts sent his photographs and some memoranda with which I had furnished him to the head of one of the departments of the British Museum, who returned for answer this remarkable piece of dogmatism: "In my opinion, the objects shown in the photographs have not the least scientific interest or importance, and nothing founded on them can be of the slightest value." The same gentleman favoured me with a note, cautioning me against the discovered objects. Mr. Roberts's reception by the authorities of the Smithsonian Institution was equally chilling. At the same time, so convinced is he of the genuineness and unique character of the remains taken from the mounds, that he wished to keep the secret of their discovery, and gave me nothing more than the general statement that they came from a part of Michigan which had not been explored by Professor Cyrus Thomas and his mound-visiting coadjutors of Washington. With this meagre information I should have been compelled to rest content, had not a second set of photographs arrived about the middle of March, this time not from Paris, but from Leamington, Ont. They were sent by a respected minister of that town, who was formerly one of my best students. It will hardly be violating the confidence of private correspondence to transcribe that part of his letter which relates to the photographs. In regard to these the writer says:

"The story of them is briefly this. A young man visiting in this section recently brought these pictures to me, thinking that possibly I might be able to decipher them. Of course I was unable to do so, and expressed the desire that he would leave them with me, and I would get your opinion about them. As far as I could learn from him, they were found, about six years ago, at a place called Wyman, near Mount Pleasant, Michigan. The circumstances connected with the discovery were as follows: A man was digging holes in the ground for the purpose of erecting a fence, and about three feet below the surface his spade struck a stone, which appeared to give forth a hollow sound. He dug around it, and unearthed a casket, which when opened he found to contain some tablets, with curious inscriptions engraved on them. The tablets when taken out of the ground were soft like clay, but when exposed to the sun became quite hard. Of course, when this discovery was made, the whole community was aroused, and they began to dig in several other places, and on one spot, which was mound-shaped, they found the largest casket, containing other tablets. This one was very much below the surface of a mound on which there grew a pine-tree over four hundred years old. The tablets were preserved, and a photographer from Mount Pleasant took views of them, copies of which I am sending you. This, in brief, is about all the information I could get about them. He—that is, the man who brought them to me—said the people living