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CANADIANA.

A COLLECTION OF CANADIAN NOTES.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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REMINISCENCES OF COL. CLAUSE.

By MR. ERNEST CRUIKSHANKS.

V.

From Burlington Bay, the American fleet proceeded to York, then totally defenceless and occupied only by a few invalids from the regular regiments of De Rottenburg's army. A landing was accomplished there without resistance, the sick men were paroled, and for several days afterwards vessels continued to cruise along the Canadian coast, making descents wherever a cluster of buildings indicated the existence of a settlement. Columns of smoke rising from the burning houses which marked their progress, were observed all day long from the British lines drawn around Fort George on the 31st of July, and finally De Rottenburg gave orders for a general advance, probably in the hope of compelling his adversary to recall his fleet from its career of devastation. All the American pickets were easily driven in, the village of Niagara was occupied for several hours, and their position carefully reconnoitred from the steeple of the Presbyterian church, which overlooked every part of their works. The chief result of this prolonged reconnoissance was the discovery of a force

conjectured to exceed 3,000 effective men, too strongly entrenched to be attacked by the division under his command. That this was a very moderate estimate of the strength of Boyd's army is evident from an official return dated three days later, which states the total number of men under his command at 6,635, including, however, besides non-effectives, the detachment on shipboard and in garrison at Fort Niagara and Lewiston. The demonstration may have contributed to hasten the return of Chauncey's fleet, which again anchored in the mouth of the Niagara on the 3rd of August. The appearance of so many hostile vessels apparently enjoying undisputed possession of the lake, very naturally excited feelings of profound uneasiness and depression among the Indians, whose patience was even more sorely tried by the consequent delay in the distribution of their customary stock of supplies.

On the last day of July, Claus writes to Captain Fulton, aide-de-camp to Sir G. Prevost:—

“I have in some measure been able to keep the Indians together, but they are getting tired and impatient. They are dropping off, and in a few days, I fear, we shall not have many. Gen. De Rottenburg has directed me to purchase everything to be had within fifty miles, but that was not sufficient for fifty men. Tobacco in particular is an article we cannot get. An equipment for 500 men has been forwarded to Amherstburg. I urgently request that you will send on our supply of provisions.”

About the same time the following General Order seems to have been published, confirming the decision of a board on Indian claims which had assembled at St. Davids on the 20th of July.

“With a view to soften and restrain the Indian warriors in their conduct towards such Americans as may be made by them prisoners of war, His Excellency is pleased to approve of the following:—

“For every prisoner brought in alive, \$5 to be paid immediately by the commissary on the certificate of the General Officer commanding the division.

“To a chief for the loss of an eye or limb, or for a wound held equivalent to the loss of an eye or limb, \$100 per annum, payable in money or goods.

“To a warrior for the loss of an eye or limb, or for a wound held equivalent to the loss of an eye or limb, \$70 per annum payable in money or goods.

“To the widow of a chief, killed in action, a present of \$200.

“To the widow of a warrior, killed in action, a present of \$170.”

As indications were not wanting that an attack upon his position was contemplated, De Rottenburg directed the preparation of a grand war-feast and spared no effort to keep the Indians still remaining with him, in good humor. On the 5th of August, his anxiety was much relieved by the arrival of a messenger (Mr. Hagerman), sent by Sir James Yeo, to announce that he had sailed from Kingston several days before, but was becalmed between York and the Bay of Quinte.

Next day, Claus again appeals upon the familiar subject of Indian supplies in these terms :

“Cross Roads, 6th August, 1813.

“I have waited in vain for the Indian presents which usually come in June. It is absolutely necessary to have the following:—1,200 yds. of cotton, 1,000 yds. linen, 800 yds. stronds, 200 yds. broadcloth, 1,000 yds. ratteen, 200 lbs. vermilion, 1,000 lbs. tobacco, 1,344 lbs. ball, 400 butcher knives, 400 case knives.

“A list of these articles was given to Major Fulton to complete 500 men, but I have not heard anything of it.”

Another day elapsed and still nothing was seen of Yeo's squadron. On the 7th, De Rottenburg took advantage of

the pretext afforded him by the accidental death of an Indian warrior, to visit their camp and made a brief speech.

"Brothers!" he said, "I come among you to express my regret at the accident that happened to one of your people last night and to condole with you.

"I cannot pass unnoticed your patience. You have waited day after day in expectation of seeing our ships. Nothing but want of wind now keeps them away."

The quarrel between Norton and Claus resulted in the publication of a District General Order, the same day from which it became evident that the Mohawk chief had succeeded in gaining the general's ear.

"Head Quarters, St. Davids,

"7th August, 1813.

"It being desirable that every possible means should be resorted to to uphold and maintain the power and influence of the principal leaders of the Indian warriors, His Excellency, the Major General commanding, directs that the officers of the Indian Department who do not accompany the warriors in the field, but whose duties have been confined to the care and distribution of presents, shall no longer exercise their discretion in allotting articles as presents, but be guided in their distribution by such tokens or certificates of fidelity or bravery as are produced by them from the officers in charge of them who witnessed their gallant conduct before the enemy."

TECUMSEH.

By MABEL.

The oratory of the North American Indian has been the frequent theme of writers of fiction, such as Cooper, Murray, Mair, and others, who have garlanded their speeches with

flowers of rhetoric, and have—as the Indian certainly does—borrowed poetic images from storm and sunshine, river and lake, forest and prairie, as naturally as does the child of the rising sun, be he the patriarch Job or the shepherd David. Mankind are of one family, and probably the tribes of the Western prairies of North America, as Sir William Dawson remarks in his “Bible Lands,” lived and bore themselves much as the nomadic tribes of Arabia and Syria, who have had the titles of kings and peoples credited to them, but who were doubtless no more than congregations of families; descendants, adherents and adopted slaves, banded together under an independent chief, for mutual support and protection.

Our authentic records of Indian oratory are limited, but on referring to the journal of the late Colonel Mackay, when superintendent of Indian affairs in the western district of Canada (1815) and to the “Indian Treaties of Canada,” (Morris 1886), I do not find much more than the statements of chiefs claiming the fulfilment of treaty rights or bargaining, with tact, for the surrender of their territorial claims, but not worthy to be compared with the Biblical or Homeric records of the orators of the east.

Having found in Major Richardson’s “War of 1812” (a rare and interesting narrative) an authentic account of one of the great Tecumseh speeches (p. 119), and being able to supply from memory an account of another, recounted to me by the late Benjamin Holmes, I give the latter, as best I may, since as Richardson remarks (p. 132) a short speech made by this chief on the eve of the battle of Moravian town “does not appear to have been put on record.”

The occasions on which these speeches were made, and the circumstances connected therewith, may be briefly stated by way of explanation and are culled from Richardson’s narrative, in which they are given in a detailed and precise manner.

In the gallant defence of western Canada by the Canadian volunteers under Brock and their Indian allies led by Tecumseh, assisted by a handful of British regulars and marines, the war, at first a defensive one, was carried into the United States territory, and although the victories at "Detroit" and the capture of that fort, of Queenstown, the "Raisin" and "Miami," had been coupled with the overthrow of the two American armies under Generals Hull and Winchester, nevertheless the death of Brock at Queenstown, the destruction of the fleet on Lake Erie commanded by the brave Barclay in 1813, the command of the Canadian forces by the incompetent Proctor and the overwhelming forces of the Americans under Harrison, to which the whole western district was laid open, ensured defeat as under a conspiracy of fate.

Proctor, then at Amherstburg, assuming, as appeared probable, but was not then certainly known, that the Canadian fleet had been captured, prepared to retire on Niagara and submitted this suggestion to his officers and allies at a council of war. Tecumseh was opposed to this course and advised that the enemy be attacked on landing. His speech before the council is thus given by Richardson (p. 119.)

"Father, he thundered, listen to your children. You see them now all before you. The war before this, our British father gave the hatchet to his red children, when our old chiefs were alive. They are now all dead. In that war our father was thrown on his back by the Americans, and our father took them by the hand without our knowledge, and we are afraid our father will do so at this time.

"Summer before last, when I came forward with my red brethren and was ready to take up the hatchet in favour of our British father, we were told not to be in a hurry—that he had not yet determined to fight the Americans.

"Listen. When war was declared, our father stood up and gave us the tomahawk and told us he was now ready

to strike the Americans—that he wanted our assistance; and he would certainly get us our lands back which the Americans had taken from us.

“ Listen. You told us at the same time to bring forward our families to this place. We did so, and you promised to take care of them, and that they should want for nothing, while the men would go to fight the enemy—that we need not trouble ourselves with the enemy’s garrisons that we knew nothing about them, and that our father would attend to that part of the business. You also told your red children that you would take good care of your garrison here which made our hearts glad.

“ Listen. When we last went to the Rapids, Queens-town, it is true we gave you little assistance. It is hard to fight people who live like ground hogs.

“ Father, listen. Our fleet has gone out; we know that they have fought; we have heard the great guns; but heard nothing of what has happened to our father with one arm.* Our ships have gone one way, and we are much astonished to see our father tying up everything and preparing to run away the other, without letting his red children know what his intentions are. You always told us to remain here and take care of our lands; it made our hearts glad to hear that was your wish.

“ Our great father the king is the head, and you represent him. You always told us you would never draw your foot off British ground; but now, father, we see you are drawing back, and we are sorry to see our father doing so without seeing the enemy. We must compare our father’s conduct to a fat animal that carries its tail upon its back, but when affrighted, drops it between its legs and runs off.

“ Listen, father. The Americans have not yet defeated us by land, neither are we sure that they have done so by water; we therefore wish to remain here and fight our

* Barclay, in command of the fleet.

enemy, should they make their appearance. If they defeat us, we will then retreat with our father.

“At the battle of the Rapids last war, the Americans certainly defeated us, and when we retreated to our father’s fort at that place the gates were shut against us. We were afraid that it would now be the case; but instead of that we now see the British father preparing to walk out of his garrison.

“Father, you have got the arms and ammunition which our great father sent for his red children. If you have any idea of going away, give them to us and you may go in welcome, for as our lives are in the hands of the Great Spirit, we are determined to defend our lands, and if it is His will, we wish to leave our bones upon them.”

After the council, Proctor decided, as a compromise, to retire on Moravian town and there to make a stand. A hasty retreat followed, the river Thames was crossed, and Harrison with about 3,500 men was at hand. An attack was certain on the following morning, when a second council of war was summoned at which all the officers, as well as the Indian chiefs, were present.

Tecumseh had been seated with the other chiefs on the ground around the camp-fire. He had been apparently an indifferent attendant on the discussion, until the General requested him to state his views, when he rose, surveyed the assembled officers and chiefs, the light of the camp-fire casting a ruddy glow over his swarthy features, and glistening in his dark eyes. Then striding across the camp he stood face to face with Proctor and thus addressed him:—

“Brother, have you not run far enough yet? Do I see before me a chief of our great father on the other side of the waters?

“He is a great chief, and knows his children. When they do one great deed he gives them this (laying a hand on one of Proctor’s brilliant epaulettes); when two

great deeds another (placing his other hand on the reverse epaulette.)

"But where did *you* get these? Brother, you are a chief of the great father. Be like Brock,

"Fight and live; or,

"Fight and die.

"Tecumseh, with his warriors, will not leave their children nor their lands.

"If you go, give us your guns that on to-morrow's sun we may use them."

"Tecumseh has said, and speaks no more. He fights, perhaps to die."

A scene followed, as the Indians, now excited by their chief's address, brandished their tomahawks and demonstrated their approval of Tecumseh's words. Proctor did not command the confidence of the British officers and men any more than that of the Indians, and the overthrow of the whole force on the following day is the best proof that they were correct in their judgment, as the British force opposed to Harrison's army was not marshalled, posted nor directed by their General, but was ignominiously abandoned by him in the middle of the fight to secure his personal safety. For this mismanagement Proctor was subsequently suspended.

Tecumseh, on the left, was opposed by Colonel Johnson. Tecumseh's rifle brought Johnson to the ground, severely wounded, but as Tecumseh rushed on him, tomahawk in hand, Johnson drew a pistol and killed him.

Holmes was not present at the battle, as he had been sent immediately after the council to destroy some bridges and stores, and thus prevent their being of use to the enemy.

This was accomplished, but Holmes was followed, and as he swam the river on his horse, the Americans managed to shoot the horse and then putting after Holmes in a boat captured him before he could reach the opposite shore.

The little army, of not more than 300 men all told (including a squad of twenty dragoons and a few marines), surrendered as prisoners of war and were transported across Lake Erie and marched to Chillicothe. Here their miseries began, as some soldiers, captured in the attack on Queens-town, were found to be deserters from the British service, and having been transported to England, were there confined and were to be tried as deserters.

This led to reprisals and counter reprisals, with threats of execution of prisoners on both sides, and the result was that the Canadian defenders of their homes, who surrendered as "prisoners of war," were treated as malefactors, confined in dungeons, manacled, and shamefully abused, until finally they were carried to the State penitentiary in Kentucky, where Holmes had preceded them.

Holmes did not complain of ill-treatment. He admitted, however, that he felt uncomfortable about the neck, but survived to tell the tale, as the threats of reprisals by the Americans weakened so soon as the reverses of Napoleon I dashed to the ground the hopes on which the Americans had previously counted of taking advantage of the mother state and conquering Canada as they had previously tried in 1775.

On Tecumseh's personal appearance it is admitted that he was a noble type of the Indian warrior, tall, athletic and graceful, with large black eyes, swarthy complexion, and as he appeared ordinarily in time of peace, with his closely fitting fringed deer-skin coat and leggins, and in time of war with the addition of a single white feather in his black hair knotted on the top of his head, rifle in hand and tomahawk and knife in the military sash given him by General Brock, he was looked on by his followers as their "distinguished" leader, and by his enemies as the dreaded Shawnee warrior Tecumseh.

Richardson states that his body was disgracefully mutilated by the American soldiers *after* his death. His warriors eventually carried off the body and buried it—where—was never known.

Tecumseh sleeps, where, none can say,
 Nor sky nor earth, as on that day,
 His warriors hid their loved chief's face,
 That thus the glory of their race
 Should soar above a common grave,
 And live in memory as their "brave."
 "Unseen by human eye"—
 Such was his parting sight.

NOTE.—The Lieutenant Holmes above referred to was in command of the Canadian cavalry (a force of twenty men) and Richardson speaks of him as a brave, dashing soldier. He became, as is well known, in after years a leader in Canadian politics, and as the Manager of the Bank of Montreal, the greatest financial autocrat that ever held sway in Canada. I tell the story as narrated to me by him, and thus endeavour to supply the blank referred to by Richardson.

A MONTREALER'S REMINISCENCES.

The late Henry Driscoll, Q. C., noted as a wit, as well as a lawyer, and who died in Montreal about twenty years ago, bequeathed to me some of his literary miscellanea, for which I may strive to find a publisher, after I have had time to weld them together.

In looking over these papers recently, I met with an article written by him, which appeared in print, about forty years ago, in a country paper.

After leaving Trinity College, Dublin, he entered the army, and, if I remember rightly, was a short time under Wellington in the Peninsula. He was permitted to resign, in consequence of a *fracas* with a superior officer, and then came to Montreal, where he studied and practised law up to his decease.

I remember his telling me the substance of the following story, after one of his Lectures on Law. It may be new to

the bulk of your readers, and it seems to me to be of sufficient interest to ask for its admission into your pages.

JOHN POPHAM.

MONTREAL, 6th October, 1890.

I was, during many years, familiarly acquainted with ex-town-major Hughes, of Montreal, who died in 1826, aged 86. Although so old, while I knew him, his memory was singularly retentive, and he had abundance of anecdotes to relate of things which are now ancient. He came here with General (afterwards Lord) Amherst's army in 1760, and accompanied General Burgoyne's in its disastrous march to Saratoga. In person, he exhibited the remains of a very fine man, being fully six feet high, very symmetrical, and an admirable combination and strength activity. I may cite, as an instance of the latter, that, at 60 years of age, for a bet, he vaulted over four horses, placed side by side, on the Champ de Mars, in Montreal; by which feat, by the bye, he ruptured himself. When young, he fought a duel diagonally across a blanket, on the ice before Kingston, U. C., with an officer, whose name I have forgotten, but think that it was Pearce or Pearson, who he described (as, indeed, the event seems sufficiently to indicate), as a very resolute man. Neither was hurt, which is generally the case when men fight so near, the imminence of the danger, and the expectation of immediate death, depriving them of self-possession, and causing them to fire in an alarmed hurry. Another time, during a prolonged competition, he caught up in his arms, the adjutant of a regiment (I think it was the 24th), stationed at Montreal, and flung him out of a window; fortunately, the season was winter, the snow very deep and soft, and the adjutant very drunk indeed, otherwise he never afterwards would have vociferated "eyes right."

The very night of the day when, Montreal having capitulated, a detachment of the besieging army marched in

and took possession, Hughes, who, being a red-hot Irishman, could never keep quiet, performed a feat which caused no small sensation at the time, and excited much displeasure and anxiety in General Amherst himself. Leaguings with another dare-devil, the very man with whom he had fought the duel on the ice, and, each provided with a strong rope, they stole, after dark, to the Recollet Church, the two niches in front of which were ornamented with two small wooden painted statues representing Recollets, and, fixing the ropes round the neck of one, hauled with all their might until it fell to the ground, then, repeating, with like success, the process on the other, they each shouldered one, ran swiftly and cautiously away to the camp (which was at "The Priest's Farm"), drank a hasty glass of grog, buried their statues in the earth, under their beds, and slunk guiltily under their blankets. Next morning there was a terrible commotion; the inhabitants of Montreal, and especially the French Garrison, were seen assembled in groups, particularly before the Church, looking indignant and angrily gesticulating. Had not the captors been so numerically superior, and had not the garrison laid down their arms, it is impossible to say what might have been the consequence; for Roman Catholics then, as now, were laudably impatient of any slight to their religion. French troops have been always chivalrously sensitive to affront, and the Canadians themselves, become warlike by repeated conflicts with the British colonists of the now United States and their Iroquois allies, were perhaps still more formidable. After the effervescence had subsided a little, there issued forth from the angry mass a deputation consisting of the heads of the clergy, who repaired to the quarters of General Amherst, and, upon their application, were admitted to his presence. After the usual salutations and courtesies, they mildly represented that the population and military of the city were greatly exasperated at the outrage which had been committed, considering it to be at once a sacrilege and an insult to their religion. The General, expressing

his deep regret at the occurrence, declared that he felt certain that the mischief had not been due to any such feeling or intention, and assured them that he would use his utmost endeavours to discover and punish the guilty. With this assurance they declared themselves satisfied, the salutations and courtesies were repeated, and the reverend deputation withdrew. They had scarcely retired when the Marquis de Vaudreuil, the French General, with his *état-major*, arrived, and was admitted. As was to be expected from his profession and position, he spoke with much warmth at what he took to be a premeditated insult, declared his opinion that it had been intended as an affront to the French garrison especially, whom the want of arms alone prevented from resenting it, and sternly required the guilty to be brought to justice; otherwise (looking significantly at the British General), he would be compelled to consider the insult as abetted, and to act accordingly. A sudden color mounted to the cheeks of the British General at this hint, for he was a tall, athletic, red-haired man, and almost invariably spunky; but, subduing his emotion, he courteously answered that the army under his command esteemed too highly their French *co-militaires* to entertain for a moment the intention of offering the least slight to them,—that, no doubt, the deed had been done in a tipsy frolic by some one or more of those wild spirits which no camp is without, and that he should take all possible pains to discover and punish the offender or offenders. These polite assurances calmed the Marquis; for, though the French are, perhaps, the fiercest nation on the earth when they imagine that insult is offered to them, they are, at the same time, the most placable when a reasonable excuse or sufficient apology is offered. Displeasure, therefore, passed quickly from his countenance,—he replied in a like tone of courtesy, and even partaking of refreshments offered, he made a bow such as the nobles of the “ancient regime” alone could make, and with his suite, who had bowed almost as gracefully as himself, left the house. After the

jingle of spurs and clang of sabres had so far subsided as to indicate that the visitors were out of earshot, Amherst, turning to his aide de-camp on duty for the day, exclaimed in a strain and manner very unlike that which he had just used :—

Amherst—Did you ever hear of such a rumpus? May Old Nick seize whoever did that trick! Only to think of the abduction of the two little Recollets from the midst of a fire-eating French army, and a bigoted French population! (Bursts out laughing.) Well! if I could only find out the fellow or fellows who did it, I would make them smart, though, after all, upon my soul, if it were not for the row it has kicked up, I could almost have made one of the party myself. (Laughs again.) But I must do something, or these fiery Franks will be riddling or spitting us all. Who could it have been?

Aide-de Camp—(Demurely)—I cannot form the slightest idea, General. I should think it impossible to discover. The little Recollets, if found, might lead to the detection of the guilty party; but, ere this they have served, or, possibly at this very moment, are serving, in the shape of chips, to boil a camp-kettle. The soldiers would never “peach”; and, although there are in all bodies some sneaks of officers who would be disposed to do so, they dare not, for fear of being put in Coventry and despised by their comrades.

Amherst—Very true; but we must do something, “and that quickly.” Surely there must be some clue to guide us. (Slapping his thigh.) By Jove! I think I have it! Who was that fellow who fights so many duels, is such a favorite with the women, and perpetrates so many practical jokes? I mean the fellow that was so strongly suspected of making the cavalry horses break loose by throwing a bundle of squibs among them, and of tying old drunken Maggy’s arms and clothes above her head, the other night, and after hanging a lantern round her waist, of sounding the alarm bugle, that the whole camp might see the sight? (Bursts

out laughing.) Was not his name Lewis, Lieutenant Lewis?

Aide-de-Camp—No, General; it was Hughes—Lieutenant Hughes of the 24th.

Amherst—So it was! Go tell the scamp to come here immediately. Yet no! tell him to come here after dark; it will be better.

[*Exit Aide-de-Camp.*]

Amherst—(Solus)—I almost wish that, if it is he, I may not find him out. If he is first in mischief, he is first in attack, and in any daring that humanity requires. He led the assault at Prasquile and Benango, and, at the risk of his life, saved the life of a poor fellow in that accursed Long Sault, that swallowed up most of the 14th, when we were coming down. However, if I must, I must. These Irish fellows can never keep quiet, but are constantly getting themselves and me into some scrape or other. (Throws himself discontentedly on a sofa.)

This soliloquy was overheard by the aide-de-camp, who, being a crony of Hughes, listened, in order to bring him all the information possible. When the General ceased speaking, the aide set off for the camp, and, faithfully reporting to Hughes all that had passed, told him that he must wait on the General after dark. Hughes accordingly presented himself at that time, and stood before the General, affecting as much modesty as he could, when the following dialogue took place:—

Amherst—Mr. Hughes, do you know who it was who, by tearing down and carrying away those two statues from the niches in front of the Recollet Church, has caused such a commotion among the French troops and the Roman Catholic population of this city?

Hughes—(Affecting surprise)—No, General; how should I know?

Amherst—(Severely)—Sir, I sent for you, not to ask me questions, but to answer mine. I strongly suspect that you know more than you choose to tell.

Hughes—(With an air of ingenuous candour)—No, indeed, General; I trust that my conduct has always been such as to exempt me from suspicion of being in any way implicated in that (with an austere look) most indiscreet action, to say the least of it.

Amherst—The d—l it has! Who set all the cavalry horses capering, the other night, by throwing a bundle of squibs among them? Who performed (trying to suppress a smile) that decorous feat of the old woman and the lantern?

Hughes—(Gravely)—Some very ill conducted individual, General. Both acts were bad, but the affair of the lantern was a burning shame. (The aide de-camp laughs outright, the General puts his hand to his mouth and chuckles.)

Amherst—(Goodhumoredly)—Come! come! Master Hughes, let there be an end to this. (Smiling.) Of course you had nothing to do with it, but it is possible that you may find some clue to whoever has had. Go to the camp, assemble all the scamps of your acquaintance (as Molière says), and let them know that if the statues are replaced to-night, the operation shall not be watched, nor further enquiry be made; but, if not, I shall show no mercy to the delinquents.

Hughes—(Solemnly)—They would deserve none, General. I shall do my best, General, but cannot promise to succeed. No doubt the guilty party has taken its precautions.

Amherst—Now, there I differ with you entirely, Mr. Hughes; I have a presentiment, closely allied to certainty, that I shall see the little Recollets at their posts, or, rather, in their niches, by sunrise to-morrow.

Hughes—(Shaking his head dubiously)—I hope so, General, but I am far from sanguine.

Amherst—(Archly)—I am, Mr. Hughes; so drink off this glass of claret and be off! (Hughes drinks off the bumper, looks wistfully at the decanters, sighs, bows with an air of lamb-like innocence, and walks timidly away.)

Amherst—(To the aide-de-camp)—Did you ever see such a farce? I'd bet my commission that he was the deviser and principal executor of that mad prank. His affectation of innocence convinced me; it sat too ill upon his countenance to be real. But, suppose the statues to be replaced, what shall I say to the French about the punishment of the offenders? If I say that they cannot be discovered, I shall be suspected of screening them.

Aide-de-Camp—(Puzzled)—Really, General, I do not know. Ah! (Brightening up.) There are two men to be flogged to-morrow—each condemned to receive 500 lashes. We can spread the report that it is for the statue business, the French will be content, and the affair will blow over.

Amherst—No! a falsehood never leads to good. I shall tell the Marquis that I was unable to detect the delinquents, but that the unpleasant consequences of the trick becoming known, the perpetrators replaced the statues.

To return to Hughes. Glad to get out of the scrape so easily, he hastily ran to the camp, and conferred with his confederate. Under favor of the darkness, the statues were disinterred, and replaced that night. Next morning, the whole population thronged to see them, the French again became all cordiality, and Hughes a great favorite with the General, who, whenever he wanted to discover the perpetrators of any act inconsistent with discipline, used to send for him and say, with an arch smile: "Go, now, Hughes, and be as lucky as you were in the affair of the little Recollets."

The old gentleman related to me this affair in his eighty-fifth year; not at once, but at several times, while he was sipping his wine, and I was sitting by, listening to him. When he came to certain parts of it he used to chuckle joyously, rub his hands and crack his knuckles, exclaiming. "Those were pleasant times!" but, immediately after, with a sigh and a saddened look, adding: "Ah! non sum qualis eram!" Then, drawing himself up, as if he was

conscious of a creditable candour, he would observe, with an air of dignified seriousness: "I must acknowledge that I was somewhat wild in those days." I think, and so probably will think my readers (if I have any), that he might, without danger of exaggeration, have made his confession "somewhat" stronger.

But I am old and tired, and must stop and rest. Perhaps, if this be published, I may fish up some more of "my reminiscences."

THE GLENGARRY MILITIA OF 1812.

The following copy of the Roll of the 1st Regiment of the Glengarry Militia has been kindly furnished by Mr. William McLennan, N.P., of Montreal, whose grandfather is the Sergeant John McLennan of the roll. Appointed Quartermaster in June, 1814; he was in active service as Captain in 1838-9, and retired with the rank of Major in 1848. The return is in the handwriting of the Captain, afterwards Colonel D. McDonell of Greenfield. The regiment was probably quartered at Lancaster, when this return was made, in the barracks, which stood near the old church.

*Roll of Captain Duncan McDonell's Flank Company, 1st Regiment
Glengarry Militia.*

Lancaster, Nov. 10, 1812.

Captain

Duncan McDonell.

Lieutenant

Donald McDermid.

Ensign

John Kennedy.

Sergeants

James Cummins.

Donald Cameron.

John McLennan.

Corporals

Alexander Chisholm.

William McKenzie.

Donald Kane.

Drummer

Reuben Ainsworth.

Privates

- | | |
|----------------------|-----------------------|
| Donald McArthur. | Andrew Munro. |
| Francois Astla. | Hugh Muloy. |
| Niel Bethune. | Jacob Oddle. |
| John McBean. | 35 Murdoch McPherson. |
| 5 James Campbell. | John McPherson (1st). |
| Hugh Chisholm. | John McPherson (2nd). |
| William Dunn. | James Pearson. |
| William McDonell. | Thomas Ross (1st). |
| John Dingwall. | 40 Thomas Ross (2nd). |
| 10 Allan McDonell. | Thomas Ross (3rd). |
| Donald McDonnell. | Hermon Lee. |
| Alex. McDougall. | David Snyder. |
| Archibald McDougall. | Jeremiah Lee. |
| Samuel Falkner. | 45 Jacob Snyder. |
| 15 Ralph Falkner. | Simon Snyder. |
| Francis Falkner. | Alexander Urquhart. |
| Donald Ferguson. | Thomas Young. |
| John Ferguson (1st). | James Young. |
| John Ferguson (2nd). | 50 David Young. |
| 20 James Ferguson. | James Williams. |
| Angus Grant. | John Wolf. |
| John McIntyre. | Moses Williams. |
| Duncan Grant. | John McDonell. |
| Duncan McGregor. | 55 Philip Munro. |
| 25 Neil McIntosh. | Angus McDonell. |
| Niel McLennan. | James McPherson. |
| Michael Leclare. | Robert Nichol. |
| Alexander McLennan. | Isaiah Dern. |
| Angus McLauchlin. | 60 William Smith. |
| 30 Malcolm McLaren. | 61 Donald McDonell. |
| John Muloy. | |

Fortnight's return of Captain Duncan McDonell's Flank Company, 1st Regiment Glengarry Militia.

Lancaster, 10th Nov., 1812.

DETAIL.	Sergeants.	Corporals.	Drummers.	Privates.
Present for duty.....	3	3	1	36
Sick in quarters.....	5
Sick absent.....	12
On furlough.....	2
Attached to the gunboat.....	6
Total.....	3	3	1	61

Officers present: { DUNCAN McDONELL, *Captain.*
DONALD McDERMID, *Lieutenant.*
JOHN KENNEDY, *Ensign.*

THE TORONTO LANDING.

By REV. DR. SCADDING, Toronto.

*A paper read before the Society of York Pioneers (Co. York, Ontario),
November 4th, 1890.*

During the great Industrial Exhibition at Toronto in 1890, many persons made their way to the Exhibition Grounds on the airy decks of the fine spacious ferry-boats *May Flower* and *Primrose* and were in this way for the first time conducted to the magnificent wharf or jetty, recently built at the expense of the city, at the foot of Dufferin Street, running out some seven hundred feet into the waters of the Bay. In adopting this mode of approach to the Exhibition Park, the citizen or stranger had the advantage of obtaining an interesting view as he passed along of what we may call the historic portion of the city front.

First, he had a glimpse of the old garrison, now disused, from a bastion of which for so many years floated the flag of England, where also for a long series of years, the firing of a cannon at noon every day gave the time of the surrounding neighbourhood, and within the precincts of which was situated the magazine whose explosion in 1813 caused such devastation in the ranks of an invading force.

Then next he saw the group of white stone buildings known as the new barracks, though in fact now some forty years old, in actual use as quarters for a detachment of our incorporated militia, situated on the spot pointed out by the eminent military engineer, Captain Gotha Mann, in 1788, as being best adapted for a fort to protect a town and settlement when there should be any such object hereabout to protect; a judgment of his, however, which appears not to have been adopted by the authorities at the time. And then, immediately after, he had a striking view of the monument which, since the year 1888, has marked the exact site of the Indian trading post, known as Fort Toronto from 1749 and onwards, the remains of which were so noticeable in 1788, that Captain Mann describes them by the term

"Ruins," on his map of this region, which ruins he delineates on a small scale a short distance to the west of the spot which he designates as eligible, in his judgment, for a protecting fort. Finally, the visitor disembarks at the foot of a noble street, which, though opened up and utilized only of late, has acquired much importance as an approach to the Exhibition Grounds, and is invested also with a peculiar interest as being one of the side lines laid out in the old original survey of Augustus Jones between every fifth two-hundred acre lot in the range extending from the York and Scarboro' town line to the Humber.

It is in regard to the romance, so to speak, connected with the new landing place at the foot of the street just referred to, that I desire to put on record one or two observations.

This landing place represents, more nearly than any other along our city front, the original landing place at the foot of the cliff, immediately under the palisades of the old French trading post, where from time to time, small fleets of bark canoes and other frail craft were to be seen putting in from the east, west and south for purposes of traffic more than a hundred years ago.

It so happens that the surveyor Augustus Jones makes a note in his field book, that he ran this particular line between lots 30-31, two chains to the west of the old French Fort, so that the new landing place is situated just that small distance from the landing on the beach below the trading post.

This fact will certainly become a matter of increased interest in the future, when the landing place at the foot of Dufferin street shall have become a customary stopping place, as it is expected one day to be, for steamers from Niagara and Hamilton, not only at exhibition time, but at other periods also throughout the year. The jetty or wharf at the foot of Dufferin street has the fine peculiarity also of being in a direct line with that street; while in the case of

every other street traversing Toronto from north to south to the water's edge, the street ends in a "slip," or narrow compartment of water with wharfage accommodation on the right and left, while in this case the street is as we have seen continued out uninterruptedly on a broad roomy jetty, some seven hundred feet in length.

The landing place at the old French trading post was aforesaid *par excellence* "the Toronto landing," and the space in its immediate neighbourhood seems to have been spoken of in a general way as Toronto, when as yet no town plot of that or any other name had been then laid out. When for example the Official Gazette at Niagara-across-the-lake announced in its columns that His Excellency the Lieut.-Governor had just embarked in His Majesty's schooner, *The Missisaga* for Toronto, it was to this particular spot that reference was made, and here probably he and his suite would be put ashore from the Government vessel in some canoe or light boat, sent out from the strand below the fort. It is also likely that His Excellency's famous canvas house (noted by Bouchette, p. 89, vol. 1, of his "British Dominion") was in the first instance set up somewhere near the edge of the cliff at this spot. Around the trading post at Toronto we know, from the journal of Major Robert Roger's, 1760, p. 206, there was a large cleared space which would be convenient for such a purpose; and from this point the enterprising Governor would conduct his explorations eastward to the site of the proposed town, afterwards surveyed and laid out under his inspection by Augustus Jones. At a subsequent period the migratory house may have been removed to where the garrison was afterwards established at the junction of the Garrison Creek with the Bay.

It will be of use to allude to an expression in connection with the landing here. Charlevoix designates it on his map by the term *Teiaigon*. (See Charlevoix's "Histoire de la Nouvelle France." Quarto. Paris 1744, page 276. The map

is by Bellin.) In regard to this Teiaiagon some ambiguity has arisen, another Teiaiagon having been said to exist some way eastward on the shore of the lake, nearly where the town of Port Hope now stands. This is asserted in D. W. Smith's First Gazetteer of Upper Canada, page 143, who uses, indeed, an orthography slightly different, but the same term is evidently intended.

The explanation seems to be this: that every important landing along the coast of the lake would be named by the Missisagas or Otchipew, Teiaiagon, the meaning of the term being, as I am assured by well-informed authority (the late Mr. Allen Macdonell, of Toronto), a landing where a trail or portage commences, leading to some other important water route.

The Teiaiagon at Port Hope would be the terminus on Lake Ontario of the portage to the chain of back lakes leading to Lake Huron, and the Teiaiagon at Toronto was the southern terminus of the portage via the valleys of the Humber and Holland rivers to Lake Simcoe, and beyond also to the waters of Lake Huron.

As I have often before pointed out (it will be no harm to repeat the circumstance) in Charlevoix's map at the period when the landing here is designated Teiaiagon, the lake to the north which we call Lake Simcoe is designated Lake Toronto.

The word Toronto, as is known from the testimony of a long tradition, signifies a place of meeting, or populous region, the reference being to the territory between this lake and Lake Huron thickly peopled with the Huron or Wyandot tribes.

In the dictionary of Gabriel Sagard, a Recollet missionary who labored at an early period among the Hurons, the word Toronto occurs as also Otoronto. As applied to an inanimate thing, both words denoted a great quantity of it, as applied to men they each denoted a great number of them.

The word *Toronto*, often heard in connection with the idea of large numbers, would be readily transformed by the French into a local name for the populous region inhabited by the Hurons or Wyandots, and be applied also as such to the small lake situated in the midst of that region.

After the Huron tribes had been extirpated by the invading Iroquois about 1649, the term continued for a time in use, although no longer applicable, and at length altogether disappeared from the maps of the region, but strangely and happily it survived as a designation for the landing place on Lake Ontario, where traders and others had been wont to disembark for the purpose of making the portage to the populous region to the north. The letter at the end, giving to the last syllable a French nasal sound, has been dropped; as in Oswego, for Ochoueguen.

The term Teiaagon was no longer heard, being displaced by the new appellation Toronto now so familiar to us all.

Our technical use of the word "landing place," has been derived from the old voyageur days of Canada, and it corresponds exactly in its significance with the Indian term Teiaagon, signifying a place where you disembark to perform a necessary portage of greater or less length. "Dickenson's Landing" used to be a familiar expression amongst us as perhaps we shall remember. It was where the traveller left the bateaux in order to go round by land past the Long Sault. The Queenston landing frequently styled, as we shall remember, by way of eminence, "*The Landing*" was where you disembarked to make the portage round the Falls of Niagara. Prince Arthur's Landing at the head of Lake Superior, originated, I believe, in the fact that it was where the Prince disembarked for the land journey to western waters.

Curiously, the expression "Holland Landing," continues to this day to be familiar to travellers on Yonge street, and the passengers by the cars of the Northern railway. It is an interesting reminder of the time when "Toront.

landing" had its full force of meaning as denoting the southern ending of the portage, of which Holland Landing was the northern beginning; for it was just here where voyageurs from the waters of Lake Huron and Lake Simcoe after passing a few miles up the Holland river disembarked to make the portage southward by the valley of the Humber to the Toronto landing.

To render the discussion a little less incomplete, two or three observations are subjoined which may be regarded as "foot notes," intended to throw light on points here and there touched on in the text.

Note 1. After the disappearance from the maps of the expression Lake Toronto, as a designation for the lake which we know now as Lake Simcoe, several other names for that sheet of water appear in French and English documents. The most important of these would seem to be the French expression Lac-aux-Claies, that is, Hurdle Lake, apparently with allusion to some arrangement for spearing fish at the narrows of the lake. This name is given in D. W. Smith's First Gazetteer. English teachers and land surveyors corrupted the French expression Lac-aux-Claies into Lac-le-Clie, or Lac-la-Clie, a word having no meaning. In Captain Gotha Mann's map the old trail of the portage starting from Lake Ontario, is designated as "Part of the road towards Lake la Clie."

The primitive land surveyor Augustus Jones, also makes a note in his field book, when in the course of his operations in these parts he comes out upon the trail leading to Lake la Clie. D. W. Smith likewise notices the variation. It is of interest to subjoin that the route in the present High Park, Toronto, marked "Indian road," is a portion of the track referred to.

Other names apparently of Indian origin were likewise applied to Lake Simcoe, such as Sinion or Sheniong, said by some to mean Silver Lake. D. W. Smith has also noted

these names. Another native term, uncouth enough, for this lake, supplied by the same authority, was Ouentironk, Latinized, by Creuxius in the map given by Bressani, into *Lacus Ouentaronicus*, an effort probably to express the Otorontan of Sagard, *Beaucoup de gens*, etc.

Note 2. I have elsewhere recorded the fact that many years ago I had cognisance of a manuscript map of Western Canada at Woford in Devon, bearing date about 1792, in which Toronto was marked, described as follows: "Toronto, an Indian village now deserted." I have no doubt that the "Indian village now deserted," really meant the remains of the Indian trading post known as Fort Toronto. In Gotha Mann's time these remains were sufficiently extensive to induce him to describe them as "Ruins" on his map, and he was able to delineate distinctly on a small scale five buildings within the enclosure of the palisade.

These remains may have afforded a partial shelter from time to time for wandering bands of Indians, and here probably were accommodated the ten Missisaga families of whom Commodore Bouchette speaks, page 89, vol. 1, of his "British Dominions in North America" as constituting the sole inhabitants of Toronto when, at the command of the Government, he commenced the survey of the harbor.

The remains of the old French Fort at Toronto were numerous and sufficiently conspicuous down to the year 1879, when a cairn was erected at the expense of the corporation, bearing a suitable inscription to mark the spot.

The necessities of the Public Industrial Exhibition, instituted about that period, required that the ground hereabout should be levelled down and sodded, causing the entire obliteration of the surface marks, which had to that date been so visible, of the foundations of the wooden buildings of the fort and of the palisade which surrounded it.

The remains of the cairn, with its inscription, are now to be seen on the east side of the base of the monument, which has since been erected to mark the same spot.

In 1889 the cemetery or small burying plot appertaining to the fort was discovered during excavation for the purpose of forming an artificial pond of water some yards to the north of the monument, just beyond the line of the palisade inclosure. A row of skeletons arranged in order was found.

One body had apparently been irregularly deposited at a shallower depth than the rest. I like to think that this may have been the body of a French soldier who, we are told, had been missing after having been sent from Niagara with despatches, and met with foul play on the journey. The body may have been found in the woods and hurriedly deposited there. (See p. 14 of my "History of the old French Fort, Toronto.")

Note 3. The mode of spelling the word Toronto on the oldest French maps and in the earliest reports of the Intendants to Paris, Bigot and others, as also in the letters of LaSalle and LaHontan, is exactly that which is in use amongst us now, but towards 1759, may be observed now and then some slight variations in the orthography of the word, evidently arising from an attempt to express by ear the sounds contained in the syllables of the word, *e* and *a* appearing as substitutes for the one or other of the three *o*'s of the fine Indian term.

In the English period after 1760, a want of certainty about these *o*'s also occasionally appears in documents. Thus Gotha Mann unfortunately spelt Toronto with an *e* in the middle syllable in his famous map of 1788, but it is to be observed that in the written report to the Government which accompanied the map, the mode of spelling is Toronto, showing that he had obtained more accurate information. At a later period, a notion seems to have prevailed among some English writers that the word was Italian, connected in some way with the familiar "Tarento," possibly used as a proper name by some French engineer. This, of course, was all very absurd, proving the entire ignorance of the writers in regard to the early history of the spot. It

should be observed, too, that Lossing, in his pictorial "History of the War of 1812," published in New York in 1869, indulges in several speculations with regard to the name Toronto, equally without historical foundation. In the wood-cut which Lossing gives (p. 593,) of the site of the old French Fort, Toronto, it is amusing to notice that he is sketching the neighbouring rifle butts under the impression that these are bastions of the old French Fort, while at the same moment the rough protuberances of soil and turf on which he is seated, really were portions of the remains of which he was in quest.

Old Mr. John Ross, whom some of us may remember, had directed Mr. Lossing accurately enough to the desired locality, but being an invalid, he had not accompanied the artist thither. Had he done so, the ridiculous mistake would have been avoided.

Lossing mentions the Trees-in-the-water interpretation of the word Toronto; some sound resembling the Huron word Toronto, has suggested the notion that such was the meaning of the term Toronto, and the trees in question were explained to be those that used formerly to be seen opposite on the island. The name Toronto did not originate in this locality at all; it took its origin from the populous place of meeting of the Wyandot bands, situated far to the north between what we now call the Lakes Huron and Simcoe, so that the Trees-in-the-water theory must have been an afterthought and is historically without foundation.

Note 4. It will be well, perhaps, to remind the modern visitor to the site of the primitive Toronto landing and to its successor at the foot of Dufferin street, that some changes have taken place along the shore of the bay here through the action of the waters of the lake.

In 1749, when the trading post was built, the cliff without doubt ran out some yards beyond its present limit, and a slight projection from the shore gave shelter to canoes and small craft drawn up in front of the palisades. The broad sheets of flat rock visible here when the waters are

calm give indications of some slight projection from the cliff. Within the memory of living men a beach of considerable breadth was to be seen along the whole of the shore of the Bay of Toronto, giving room for a road occasionally travelled.

The authorities who have charge of the Exhibition Park, checked to some extent the encroachments of the lake, and an untiring vigilance will be required to prevent serious injury in the future.

Notes.

CANADIANS IN THE BASTILLE.

Mr. Philéas Gagnon, of Quebec, who is well known to collectors of Canadian books, contributes an article to a recent number of *L'Union Libérale*, in which he calls attention to several interesting documents, and shows that some of the prisoners in the famous Chateau of the Bastille were men whose names appear in the early records of this country. It is well known that when the Bastille was taken, a number of documents were, in the first place, thrown out into the court-yard, and afterwards scattered to all parts of the world, as they had fallen into the hands of collectors, before the Government of the day realized the importance of preserving them. A large part of this collection was secured by a member of the Russian Diplomatic Corps, and now enriches the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg.

Mr. Gagnon tells his readers that one of his correspondents in Paris recently offered him a bundle of these documents, and was good enough to send them out for his inspection. Amongst them he found several orders relating to prisoners whose names were already familiar to him, and it is these which form the subject of his article.

The first is an order signed "de Sartine," who was chief of police in 1764, in which year it bears date, and is addressed to the Count de Jumilhac, who was then Governor

of the Bastille. It is an order to allow Madame Péan and Madame de Linot to visit the Sieur Péan whenever they choose to do so. This document is endorsed with the dates of the various visits, from which it appears that these ladies visited the Sieur Péan 58 times between the 3rd March and the 29th June.

Another document, dated the 9th April, 1764, is a request to allow a notary to visit this same prisoner, who wishes to give a power of attorney to his brother-in-law, Mr. de Meloizes, who is about leaving for Canada, to realize upon the goods of the Sieur Péan there.

This Sieur Péan, whose name in full was Michel Jean Hughes, was a knight of the Order of St. Louis, and ex-captain and adjutant of marines in Canada, and was an accomplice of the notorious Bigot.

It is said that Péan's position in this ring resulted from Bigot's admiration for his wife, who is said to have been a beautiful woman who knew how to use her charms to promote her interests. Péan was imprisoned in the Bastille on the 13th November, 1761, by an order signed "Louis," and countersigned "Choiseul."

Another of the Bigot party who shared the fate of Péan was Jean Cadet, who, during the last three years of the French domination in this country, was Commissary-General. He was of humble origin, but became immensely rich, and the author of his *Memoirs*, which were published by the Historical Society of Quebec, remarks that he lived in the same style as the Chevalier de Levis, and kept up the retinue of a General. In the proceedings which were taken against him on his return to France, he was condemned to be banished for nine years, to pay 300 *livres* fine, and to return six millions, which, as a matter of fact, he never did, although it is said that his defence cost him 300,000 *livres*. Amongst his associates in this trial were Pénisseau, la Barthe, Duverger, Maurin, Corperon, Bigot, Péan, Le Mercier, Varin, Jonquaire, de Boishebert, Martel, de Villers, Fayolle, Barbel and Vaudreuil.

The other documents relate chiefly to the same matter, and are all dated in 1764.

It is curious to note that nearly every member of this famous ring was arrested on the 13th November, 1761, as soon as he set foot in France after their return from Canada, and at the end of a voyage which had been so rough and dangerous that they had despaired of ever reaching their native land.

The trial commenced in December of the same year. Cadet at first protested his innocence, but finally made a full and complete confession. It was argued by Bigot's advocate in answer to the charge that he had carried on business in Canada contrary to the edicts of 1669 and 1701, that these edicts were invalid by reason of non-registration by the Superior Council in New France. Of twenty-one persons who were accused in this famous trial, ten only were found guilty.

Mr. Gagnon acknowledges his indebtedness to Mr. Benjamin Sulte for the information that Francois Marie Perot who was Governor of Montreal in 1672, had also been a prisoner in the Bastille for three months in the autumn of 1674. This was intended as a punishment for having resisted the orders of Frontenac in connection with the arrest of de Carion.

In a note which appears on page 679 of the fifth volume of "Margry Memoirs and Documents, etc., Paris, 1887," it is stated that the 31st July, 1718, is the date at which Lamothe-Cadillac left the Bastille. Mr. Gagnon has not been able to find any other mention of the imprisonment of this person and asks for information.

It is curious to note the divergence of opinion as to the treatment of the prisoners in this famous Chateau. According to some the table was sumptuous and the prisoners had the free use of an attendant. On the other hand, some of the prisoners appear to have taken a very different view of it, and it is not unnatural to suppose that the treatment varied not a little.

The article from which the above is drawn is one of a series which Mr. Gagnon has contributed to this newspaper in relation to the early history of Canada. These articles have done not a little to stimulate the interest in historical research, which is certainly increasing.