



Plan of remains of Fort St. Gabriel, Montreal, measured and drawn August, 1883

N.B. The heavy lines indicate the old buildings.



THE
CANADIAN ANTIQUARIAN

VOL. XII.

OCTOBER, 1885.

NO. 4.

FORT ST. GABRIEL.*



It seems to be characteristic of progress and development that the new should displace or replace the old; but that the old should be destroyed in the process is often, if not generally, unfortunate.

When in France, *La Revolution* "devoured her own children" it was probably just as well for the peace of those who followed; but when works of art, achievements of architecture, monuments rich in historic interest, or simple illustrations and souvenirs of the past, are destroyed, the community is left poorer in at least some important elements of true refinement. This is especially the case when the destruction proceeds from brutal "Philistinism" or hardly less brutal ignorance. In the case of architectural Vandalism the excuse offered is generally that of economic or commercial necessity, and this excuse is no doubt often a valid one in European communities, which are, or were generally conservative, and, in the case of urban populations, having little

* A paper read before the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society and illustrated by plans and measured drawings.

room to spare. What commercial necessity it is that is threatening the city walls and towers of Nuremburg, designed by Albert Durer, I have not been able to learn, but to some their destruction will seem a greater piece of Vandalism than it would be to destroy his etchings, which could at least be faithfully copied. The French have perhaps been the greatest sinners of modern times in this way, and this may perhaps be attributed to the spirit of *diablerie* let loose at the time of the 1st Revolution and never since quelled. In England the commercial or other necessity plea has often been advanced, but there too "Philistinism" and ignorance have a great deal to answer for. Among our neighbours to the South a spirit of rampant democracy, akin to that which sent the French chateaux "skyward in flame," has, until recently, made the destruction of everything out of date seem a service to the commonwealth.

We Canadians have to some extent caught the infection of a democratic contempt for the old and the merely vulgar admiration for the new—the "glare and glitter," which a certain writer has said is characteristic of American civilization. It is true that our Philistines and Vandals often advance the "necessity" plea too, a plea which nine times out of ten is absurd; if there is anything of which we have an abundance, it is room, for old and new communities, for old and new cities, for old and new art, for old and new culture, for old and new institutions, even for old and new ideas. The things which we chiefly lack are men and what men produce, and though men inevitably pass away, their best works remain, or would do so, if they were not purposely destroyed.

Fort St. Gabriel, though by no means one of our most important buildings, is or was a fairly good example of the permanence of really good work, however plain and unpretending, if only let alone. *Le Vieux Montreal* by Messrs. Beau-grand and Morin, gives the date of its erection as 1659, and speaks of it as being a wooden fort—in fact a mere stockade,

It formed one of a chain of outposts extending from the city to St. Annes, the others being Verdun, Cuillier, (King's Post Farm?) Lachine, Remy, Rolland, Gentilly, Point Claire, and Senneville or Boisbriant, though all of these were built later than 1659. St. Gabriel was established and maintained by the gentlemen of the Seminary, never being granted as a separate fief, hence it was known as the Domaine of St. Gabriel, and the stockade was built mainly for the purpose of protecting the large farm of 400 arpents. It derived its name from the patron saint of its founder, M. l'Abbé Gabriel de Queylus, who also built the year previous the Fort Ste. Marie, below the city, from which the "current" is named and which Faillon says was the stronger and more important of the two.

Perhaps it would be as well to quote Faillon's brief notice of its foundation, page 386, Vol. 2 as follows: "Mais un plus grand secours procuré aux travailleurs et au pays par les prêtres de St. Sulpice, dès leurs arrivée, fut l'établissement de deux maisons destinées à servir de logement et tout ensemble de défense aux hommes qu'ils employèrent à cultiver les terres situées tout autour. * * * Ces deux terres, Ste. Marie et St. Gabriel, situées aux deux extrémités de cette habitation (Villemarie) dit, M. Dollier, servirent beaucoup à son soutien, à cause du grand nombre d'hommes que ces messieurs avaient en l'un et l'autre de ces deux lieux qui étaient alors comme les frontières de Montreal.

Il est vrai qu'il leur en avait bien coûté, surtout les deux premières années, les hommes étaient alors très rares et les vivres à très haut prix, mais les années suivantes ils attirèrent de France quantité d'engagés."

At the time of the destruction of the main building, in the summer of 1883, I fortunately applied to the late secretary of the Seminary, Mr. Marler, for information on certain points, and he not only referred me to Faillon's work but very kindly furnished me with a number of details himself. From him

I learned that this place was never occupied by a regular garrison, its defence being entrusted entirely to the farm servants. It was not armed with artillery, nor was it ever subjected to a regular siege, though some of the servants were surprised and killed while at work in the fields. It is evident that the house removed in 1883 was the original building spoken of by Faillon as a "citadelle," but when the wooden stockade was replaced by the stone wall of the fort, part of which is still standing, does not seem quite certain, but the present remains are said to date from as far back as 1680.

The fort was situated according to Mr. Morin, about half way between Villenarie and the Eastern end of Lac a la Loutre, a long narrow and shallow lake about half as large again (on the old maps) as Ile St. Paul which we now know as Nun's Island. There was a small stream running from the lake to the river, the course of which is pretty closely followed by the Lachine canal. Perhaps I should mention that the lake called a la Loutre by Mr. Morin, is called Lac St. Pierre by Tessier. He describes the Domaine as extending from "l'embouchure de lac St. Pierre ou est le moulin appelé Le Moulin Brulé, jusque au glacis de Lavois ou est le moulin a eau, appelé Moulin de Lavalle, le tout appartenant aux Seigneurs."

The main building, marked (No. 1) on the plan, faced a little East of South-East, so that when St. Patrick St. was opened through, it cut off the Northern corner diagonally: its extreme length was 80 feet and excepting a sort of kitchen wing was 30 feet deep and the walls from the ground to the eaves about 15 feet. It had the high pitched roof and, massive chimnies so characteristic of our old houses. The walls were about two feet thick throughout, built of rubble stones and the mortar so hard that it was difficult to make any impression on it with pickaxes. The house consisted of three divisions; the kitchen, as we may call it, 14 feet. by 16,

inside, the walls and roof both being lower than those of the other part; the middle division, 19 feet by 26 inside measurement, with one window and door in front and one dormer window in the roof. The dormer windows were of that style so common in Germany, which look as if they might have been made by cutting long narrow strips in the roof in this way,  and raising the lower end just high enough to insert  the sash. The partition between the centre room and  the North-Western one was as thick and strong as the outer walls. The North-West room formed quite a respectable hall, 38 ft in length by 26 feet deep, and contained a huge fire-place suggestive not only of cold winters, but also of plentiful fuel and large logs. It had three windows and a door in front, and three windows in the roof. One would have thought that in a house built chiefly for defence that three outside doors would have been two too many, however the windows were well placed, being 6 or 8 feet from the ground, and the house stood on a low mound, probably artificial. The most noticeable feature of the house was the arch which supported the roof-tree and rafters : half way between the ends of the large hall two piers not large, only 2 feet square, but wonderfully strong and well built, ran up inside the front and rear walls like inner buttresses, till they met the roof, then inclined inwards till they met in the centre forming a sort of an arch something of the shape of a chicken's wish-bone. As far as I know there is no other example of this peculiarity of construction in the country. In the summer of 1883 when the so-called "Citadelle" was demolished, there still stood at the corner of St. Patrick and Montmorency Streets, a small fragment of wall (No.4) about 12 feet long which had formed part of one of the store-houses inside the fort, demolished 30 or 40 years ago; then a breach of about 20 feet where a railway track had been run through, then a long stretch of wall (No.5), about 145 feet in length up Montmorency St. towards the canal, and another

bit along the canal front of about 40 ft. connecting with the stone store-house marked No. 3; and the long narrow stone barn marked No.6. I have not been able to determine the exact size of the fort, but it probably occupied the block of land situated between Montmorency and Condé Streets, and St. Patrick St. and the Canal bank, as well as about half as much more on the S. E. side of St. Patrick Street, still remembered by some of the members of this society as "The Priests Garden." The same friends remember the arched main gateway, resembling that of Cartier's ancestral home at St. Malo. The wall on Montmorency Street averages 10 or 11 feet in height, and is about 30 inches thick at the ground, tapering up to about 24 inches at the top.

This of course is quite insignificant compared with Fort Ponchartrain, but approaches the dimensions of Boisbriant.

The only openings which I noticed in this part of the wall are doors and windows, the recent origin of which is very evident.

The store-house on the canal front is about 90 feet long with a depth of about 40 ft.

The walls are still about 12 feet in height, but were considerably higher, especially at the gables, but after a fire which occurred there 25 or 30 years ago, they were reduced to their present condition.

The most noticeable features of this building are the heavy stone gateway buttresses, splayed outwards, projecting 7 feet from the walls, which measure 5 feet at the thickest part and slope to the height of the gate. At one corner is what looks like a loophole, though of primitive construction, and there is a similar one a few feet from it and another one near the South gate, but filled in at the outer end. If there were more originally, they have since been filled in.

Besides the above is the long low building, already referred to, the walls of which are not as thick as those already mentioned, measuring only 27 inches at the ground. The length

is about 137 feet, the breadth 25 feet; considerable parts of the North wall have been removed, but the other side is tolerably intact, showing a number of windows, and doors, splayed inwards, with cut-stone jambs.

The building adjoining this (No. 2) is, I should think, of a later date, the North and West sides are of stone; but the West was probably the East end of the other building. It looks as if it was originally, merely a wall connecting with the farm-house, and forming perhaps an inner line of defence.

There are certain resemblances between the remains of Fort St. Gabriel, and some others of our well known "antiques"; for instance, the North-West wall has the same rich reddish tinge so noticeable at Chateau Bigot, and on the old mills of Varennes and Boisbriant, and which is in such pleasing contrast to the cold grey of our ordinary lime-stone; then the mortar is of that hard flinty kind, dense as cement and slightly crystalline in appearance, which remains firm and hard even after the stones are picked out.

But after all it may be asked "cui bono?" what's the use? What is the use of wasting time and spoiling nice clean paper describing the battered remains of an insignificant outpost that was never the scene of any very exciting or heroic event?

Well there are several answers which may be given. In the first place all things are comparative, and when the martial Abbé founded Fort St. Gabriel it was by no means insignificant to the infant city of Villemarie, with its population of 472 souls all told. When we remember that it was not until 67 years later that the city walls were built, and remember the stormy times the colonists saw in that period, the idea is suggested that if it had not been for these outlying defences, the present "commercial metropolis" of Canada might have been snuffed out like a penny dip. Moreover, properly con-

sidered, all historical remains are souvenirs not only of the people directly connected with them, and their times and conditions of life, but of all the succeeding events and changes of their environment.

It is a remarkable fact and one that will be very much regretted, especially by future generations, that so little has been done in the way of depicting by brush or pencil the events, the men and women and the buildings and natural scenery of the early days of our country, though volumes upon volumes have been written. There is one thing of which we may be sure and that is that the fertile and blooming old *Domaine*, lying there between the little lake and the river, with its mills with its fort on the banks of the little stream, with its arched and buttressed gateways, its houses and barns with their high pitched roofs, was far more picturesque than any of its present dingy and smoky surroundings.

But there were other buildings which were certainly not insignificant either in their proportions or their history, and if this modest description and brief record should have the effect of stimulating abler pencils than mine to rescue them from oblivion, the "cui bono" question will be most satisfactorily answered.

ROSWELI. C. LYMAN

THE GLASTONBURY PENNY.

A Criticism.

BY R. W. McLACHLAN.



IN 1883, an article entitled "*A Baltimore Penny*," appeared in the September number of the "*Magazine of American History*". In it the author, after describing a modern English trade token, which he attributes to Lord Baltimore, states that it was struck for the colony which that nobleman attempted to plant in Newfoundland in 1626. The whole article display-

ed such an utter want of practical knowledge of numismatics, on the part of the author, that Mr. Appleton, the editor of the "*American Journal of Numismatics*," characterized it as an "illustration of the folly of any other than a professional undertaking to write on Numismatics."

Last January I described this coin in that journal; showing that it is one of the many trade tokens that were issued in England, during the years 1811-15, on account of the depression caused by the Napoleonic wars; and that it was struck for the town of Glastonbury. It was with some surprise then, that, on looking over the October number of the "*Magazine of American History*," I noticed that Mr. H. W. Richardson, had written another Numismatic article. In this article, after recounting in the most thrilling manner his search after a pedigree for his pet penny, or "Glastonbury Medal," as he now styles it, he seeks to atone for, or rather to gloss over, the glaring errors of the previous article. And, while still exhibiting ignorance of the subject, he grows highly sarcastic over Mr. Appleton's classification of him among the non-professionals. And because (Mr. Appleton,) one of the best American authorities on Numismatic questions; because Mr. Poole, the chief of the Medal room in the British Museum; because Mr. Webster, an English connoisseur, and others could not off hand furnish the requisite information, he at once jumps to the conclusion that he is as good an authority as they. That is, one who had previously only given the subject a passing thought, or who had gleaned such information as could be secured in a cursory glance through books, writing with as much confidence as those who had devoted their whole lifetime to the study, because they had confessed ignorance on an obscure and insignificant point.

But why, some no doubt will ask, could not these learned men readily clear up the mist that obscured the history of this simple token? The following among other reasons may serve as an answer,

1st. The science of Numismatics is as wide as geography, deep as history and broad as commerce ; in which subjects its students should be thoroughly grounded. And besides this the true Numismatician should know, aye and does to a great extent know, the history of civilization, the customs and manners, the literature and art of all nations and ages. He must also understand weights and measures and something of metallurgy.

2nd. There are many hundreds of thousands of different kinds and varieties of Coins which are classified under different groups, such as Greek, Roman, Mediæval, Oriental and Modern. And these groups may again be subdivided; any of which subdivisions, properly collected and described, may require the whole time of more than one professional.

3rd. This penny belongs to a subdivision which, while requiring less general knowledge than most of the others, necessitates a special knowledge of its own which relates to few if any disputed or dark points in history.

4th. Collectors who confine their attention to the provincial tradesmen's tokens of Great Britian, as this class is called, are the less prominent Numismaticians. Their work is consequently little known and their names seldom appear prominently before the general public.

From these facts it will doubtless be seen that the science is indeed extensive and that, while Mr. Appleton may be known as an authority on American, Mr. Poole * on oriental, and Mr. Webster on Greek and Roman Coins, neither can be supposed to hold the minor details of any but his own group within his grasp. And yet they all, from their general knowledge of the subject, could strike pretty near the truth as to age and place of mintage of most coins submitted to them for inspection.

* Mr. Poole has published seven or eight volumes of the catalogue of oriental coins in the British Museum. The coins of this series, so undecipherable to ordinary men, are therein accurately described and arranged,

It can thus be easily seen that if one of the less prominent Numismatians had been consulted—an unpretending collector of “provincial tokens”—he would have at once named the Coin produced a specimen from his carefully arranged cabinet and recounted, perhaps, such of its history as is still known. Mr. Batty, of Manchester, who pretends to no distinction as a Numismatist, has written on the subject, having described and classified the whole of this subdivision, of over fifteen thousand varieties, in a work entitled “*Batty's Descriptive Catalogue of the Copper Coinage of the British Empire.*”

But to illustrate the point by a subject which is to most people more familiar. From the manner in which Mr. Richardson rushes off into quotations on the slightest provocation, some of them rather pedantic or far fetched, he may be considered a literateur—an authority on books. Now should he be unable to name the author of a commonplace quotation from an obscure English pamphlet of the sixteenth century, would any one question his literary knowledge; while a collector of such literature—a man of no reputation could without difficulty give the requisite information. Would any one conclude that this pamphlet collector was as good an authority on books in general as he who could cite Homer and Horace by the page.

He attempts to palliate his mistakes by stating that the coin was only used as a text and that “the substance of the article was an historical sketch of Lord Baltimore's career and particularly of his attempt to plant a colony at Ferryland.” But, with him, this penny is more than a text, it is the title of the article; and in his own peculiar way he clusters the history of Lord Baltimore's colonization scheme around it. And in his conclusion deduces that:—“There can be no doubt that the Avalon penny with its quaint inscriptions was coined by this ingenious nobleman” (Lord Baltimore.) While the use of Coins as texts for historical

papers is highly to be commended, containing as they do within themselves snatches of history epitomized, and while the use of one of old Avalon, as a text for a history for the new, may be pardoned, wrong conclusions, drawn by one entirely ignorant of the subject, except by what has been culled in a cursory glance through books, cannot be condoned.

Again, in his second article, Mr. Richardson goes on to state :—"That Messrs Boulton and Watt had considered thoroughly the dangers to which a public Coinage is exposed. Their pennies had engrailed or indented edges to prevent clipping or filing. * * * * It is reasonably certain, therefore, that the piece was executed at Soho after, but probably not long after, the Coinage of 1797." Now how do these statements agree with facts? The Coinage of 1797 was not engrailed although that of 1799 was but consisted only of halfpence and farthings.

The engrailing or milling of copper coins was not intended as a safe guard against clipping or filing, as no profit that could be realized out of the operation would be sufficient to tempt any ones cupidity.

Mr. Richardson thinks it remarkable "that it should now be unknown in Glastonbury, while two specemins are in the collection of the Boston Numismatic Society." But here again crops out the unprofessional. The Coin is common as are most of the English nineteenth century trade tokens. There is probably hardly any considerable collection of such tokens, which does contain a specimen of this Glastonbury coin. The inference to be drawn, from this deficiency of knowledge with regard to their own coinage, on the part of the inhabitants of that town, is that there are no collections of provincial tokens within its limits. The same ignorance might be found to be true with regard to other towns, where tokens have been issued. Take one that, from its proximity to his own place of residence, will make the point clearer to Mr. Richardson. In the year 1837, a trade token was struck

for a business firm in the town of Dover, N. H., and although a very common coin, I will venture to say that few if any of its citizens know anything about that coin, none, perhaps except its coin collectors.

From these errors, or rather egregious blunders, made by one who writes with all the assurance of a connoisseur, can we wonder that Mr. Appleton should express himself so strongly with regard to any but professionals writing on Numismatic subjects. The expression professional, as Mr. Appleton uses it in his criticism, is not intended to indicate a deeply learned Numismatist nor necessarily a coin expert, but simply a careful and studious collector. For by no amount of reading, by no amount of deep study, without the constant handling, comparing and arranging of coins themselves, can any man become a professional, and it is folly for any to otherwise attempt to write intelligently on the subject.

ONE PAGE OF MANITOBA'S ARCHÆOLOGY.

EXPLANATION OF NORTH WEST MOUNDS.

IXTEEN miles north of the City of Winnipeg, on the east bank of the Red River, are situated some tumuli of the Mound Builders. On the 29th of August last I made some extensive excavations in one, known as the McLeod Mound, on the property of Angus McLeod. With ten men as assistants, I decided to go on with the preliminary uncovering, as well as to complete the examination of two pits that had been sunk in the mound years before. During the day a number of articles were uncovered, which are now deposited in the Museum of the Society in Winnipeg.

Some days after this, I accompanied a party of friends

who drove down to inspect the mounds. On arriving there most of the number expressed a desire to do some digging, and I set them to work with a spade and grubbing-hoe.

McLeod, the owner of the land, having appeared, I asked him to accompany me to the river-bank, about 500 yards distant. In conversation he informed me that a beautifully wrought stone pipe, weighing a pound and a half, had been found in one of the fields, between the mound and the river, and that, years ago, the plow-share turned up many flint arrowheads, and several flint axe like implements. As usual in such cases the articles were found only to be thrown away or lost. Afterwards, in speaking to the finder of the pipe mentioned, I learned that it was finely carved, having the form of a bear on one side and a frog on the other. The old maps of the last century, show that a nation called the Bears, inhabited the country north of Rainy Lake. If this pipe was a totemic one, there may have been some connection between the owner and the Bear Nation.

We examined the fields as we passed through them, but nothing was found before we arrived at the river bank. Directly in front of the mounds, the river takes a sweep, and constructed as they are, on the highest point in that locality, a beautiful view may here be had from their summit, both up and down the stream. The land slopes gradually back from the river bank, which is not very abrupt. The beach is composed of gravel and boulders, washed from the drift, covering a limestone ridge, which here crosses the course of the river at right angles. During the great flood of 1852, when the country about Winnipeg was covered with water, this locality was high and dry. No doubt the mound builders had some experience of floods, and selected this elevated ground for the site of their mounds and camping place.

It was here, that the first settlers, three quarters of a century ago, found the best fishing grounds on the river.

Stories are yet told by their descendants of the moving masses of sturgeon and other fish that were seen below the "rapids," while it is at present the favourite resort of the people living in the neighbourhood who want a supply of fish.

We searched along the river bank, where the clay sub-soil had been washed down leaving a steep pitch or face of three or four feet in depth, and here I soon found traces of aboriginal work, in the form of a perfect little arrowhead, fashioned from rock crystal.

An examination of the gravel at the foot of the incline, revealed the presence of a large quantity of flint and other hard stone chippings, broken arrowheads, and a few points evidently rejected on account of flaws in the material, disclosed in the process of working them, together with some excellent specimens of finely finished arrowheads. Altogether I secured 183 arrowpoints in various stages of manufacture, and as many chips as I could carry in my pockets.

Prospecting up the incline from the water's edge, I soon discovered the level in the bank from which all these fragments had been washed. It was about two feet below the surface.

Taking this level as a starting point, I examined along the bank and soon noticed patches of reddish colored clay, ashes and charcoal. Digging into these exposed masses of ashes, I found charcoal, bones of the buffalo, deer and the beaver and, in a few places, pockets filled with fish scales, yellowed by age, so fragile that they fell into minute particles when touched. Fragments of pottery appeared everywhere, though none of large size. Judging from the curve and thickness of the rim pieces, some of the vessels must of been of one or two gallons capacity. During the afternoon I gathered rim and other fragments of pots, which show 37 distinct styles of marking or decoration, by indentation. The impressions were made by instruments having both smooth and serrated points of different sizes.

As a rule a number of lines run around the neck, either plain grooves or pie-crust pattern. Between these horizontal lines, running parallel to each other, are short connecting bars of the same character, inclining diagonally to the right or left in different samples. In some cases the connecting bar runs half way to the left, and then to the right until it meets the next line above. Some patterns have pits of different sizes indented between the horizontal lines. The tops of the rims are invariably indented in some style and in a number of specimens I find the pattern continued for an inch or so on the inside of the mouth of the vessel. The bodies of the pots are marked in many ways by lines, coarse and fine, running at all angles, by fine lines drawn from top to bottom in a very neat manner, and by small crescent shaped marks evidently made by the tip of a finger nail.

The earthenware in color averages from a light drab clay to dark brown or black. It is generally strong and firm, being composed of the clay found in the neighbourhood mixed with pulverized decomposed granite, the particles of mica glisten in nearly every fragment, and in thick coarse pieces a large proportion of the granite is found in grains of the size of duck shot. Several lumps of this granite were found in the bank with fragments of pottery and evidently was the material decomposed for admixture with the clay.

What strikes me as peculiar is the fact that most of the fragments bear traces of fire on the inside surface while the outside is clean and light colored. This being the case I am inclined to think that the pottery was baked by placing fire in the inside, though McLeod pointed out a hole in the bank that he declared had been used as an oven, the clay was baked quite hard, while the vicinity was literally strewn with fragments of pottery.

Some of the darker colored pieces appear to have come

from pots that had been much used, and some substance is encrusted on them, which might, under the microscope, tell a tale.

A small axe of limestone was found which had been carefully worked into shape. It is about four inches long and two and a half inches broad, with a thickness of half an inch. One cutting face is worked down to an edge and two nicks or cuts show where the cord or sinew tied it to the handle. It was either the plaything of a child or was used for killing fish, when taken from the water, as it was too soft a stone to use on wood.

Two small water-worn boulders picked up show the marks of scratches and pounding, one of an oval shape has one end completely worn away by pounding. From their shape and appearance I imagine they were tools for chipping flints. McLeod informed me that the Indians said that long ago they used such stones for that purpose.

I found three beads during the visit. Two are of shell (one crumbled into thin scales) each a half inch wide, and very thin, the hole in the centre small and bored from one side. They were evidently made from the common river mussel shells, which occur in abundance on the river-side in the neighborhood. The third bead is of slatey stone, about an inch in diameter, with a hole in the centre, one sixth of an inch wide. It appears to be water-worn and I am told that similar ones are sometimes picked up on the east shore of Lake Winnipeg.

A peculiar tube about five inches in length and a quarter of an inch in diameter was next discovered. It is of red colored porous earthenware with a hole running through it lengthwise as large as that found in an ordinary clay tobacco pipe. Unfortunately this broke into several pieces but the fractures are clean and bright colored and it bears no marks of having absorbed juice or other matter, I have no idea for what purpose the tube could have been used. It is too fragile for an orna-

ment or pipe stem, and certainly has not been used as either. It may have been part of the paraphernalia of a Medicine-man, for stone tubes larger and stronger, are common in the mounds. I took three from a mound near this place.

From the debris was taken a baked clay lump well rounded except at one place where it had evidently rested when baking. The groove running around it was likely intended to be used to tie it to a net or line as a sinker.

A curiously shaped piece of flint was found by McLeod, who at once pointed out its resemblance to the "sunfish" of the Red River. Viewed in one way it resembles a fish, and in another a bear. While it has evidently been most carefully chipped into its present form, I do not attach much importance to the resemblance mentioned, as it may be purely accidental.

The question arises, are these the remains of the Mound Builders who constructed the tumuli situated close by, or has this place been the camping and refuse ground of the Crees and Assiniboines, who held possession of the lower Red River Country when the French Adventurers under La Verendraye first made their appearance in it.

Let us examine the evidence collected. The Mounds are situated on a clay ridge (which some people possessed of vivid imaginations make out to be a fortified embankment) about 500 yards back from this old camping ground which is as fine a location for camping as could be desired.

That the Builders were in the vicinity for a lengthened pace of time is shown by the number of interments in the mounds at different and irregular levels, and the great quantity of calcined bones and charcoal found mixed through the soil. Fish, without doubt, formed to a great extent their food and here it was to be had in plenty.

The line of "kitchen midden" is plainly traced in the river bank, about two feet below the surface of the surrounding level. It must have taken a very long time to deposit

two feet of soil, even if some of it had been washed down from the higher level, for there is a good depth of loam covered with a sod, capping the bank.

The markings on the pottery found in the riverbank are identical in many cases, with those taken from the mounds near by.

The shell beads are facsimilies of two taken by myself from the very bottom of the McLeod Mound.

There is the decayed trunk of a tree, (elm I think) considerably over two feet in diameter, still standing upright at the very edge of the riverbank. I dug well under the large roots of this tree into the solid earth, which was burnt hard, and took out several flints, fragments of pottery and one of the shell beads.

This tree has grown over the deposits since they were covered with soil.

Catlin informs us that the Assiniboines cooked their food by placing heated stones in skins filled with water until the water boiled. If they had ever used pottery it is not likely that they would have gone back to skin kettles, and these are the Indians, with the Crees, who inhabited Manitoba within historic times.

There seems to be every reason for deciding that this was the camp ground of the Mound Builders and theirs the remains now being washed out from the bank of the Red River.

Perhaps when trained and competent ethnologists explore and carefully examine these Mounds and camp grounds they may arrive at an approximate age for them.

The site is such an excellent one for hunters that most likely Indians have camped there, off and on, since the Mound Builders disappeared, and it will be difficult to decide as to which people belonged many of the articles found on or very near the surface of the ground. The carved stone pipe found in a field is an example, the position in which

it was found gives no clue to its former ownership.

Especially will it be difficult to distinguish between stone articles because they are nearly all rude, differing only in the degree of finish, a difference that might be the variation existing between the skill of two individuals of the same tribe working together.

CHAS. N. BELL. F.R.G.S

Winnipeg, Nov. 11th 1885.



AN OLD LANDMARK OF HALIFAX.



A FIRE broke out recently in Belvedere, "the Infants Home" Halifax. Happily, the fire occurred in the day time, otherwise the consequences might have been more serious. It is probably the oldest house in the city. Its frame was originally erected on the site of the provincial building in 1755, and was the residence of several successive governors till 1813, when, in order to make room for the Provincial Parliament House, it was removed to where it at present stands on Tower Road. An engraving of the town made about 1777, exhibits this building as of two stories, slightly elevated on a green bank with an open space in front, and sentry-boxes at the corners. It was in this building that Governors Lawrence, Wilmot and Parr died. The meetings of His Majesty's council were held there from 1755, or thereabouts, until 1813. Governor Wentworth there entertained Prince Edward, the Queen's father, 1800 and 1801 and Prince William Henry, King William IV., a few years before, and during the reign of Napoleon Bonaparte, the Duke of Orleans, afterwards King Louis Philippe of France found an asylum with Governor Wentworth for a short time on his way to or from the United States.

RED RIVER IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Continued from page 120.

Letters from Gov. Miles Macdonell, to his brother William, then residing at Boston Mass.

Albany, 30th November 1817.

Received at Boston 15th Dec 1817.

My Dear Brother,

I had the pleasure to receive two letters from you, Augt. 25th and 3rd April last, in the course of his summer at Red River. I left Fort William for the interior on the 15th Oct. last year, the ice stopped my progress by open water at Lac la Plui, from thence we made a campaign in the winter to Red River and once more took possession of it for the right owners; the enemies posts were taken one after an other, by surprise, before they could know that we were in the country; our success was complete in that quarter and without bloodshed, but not without suffering much fatigue and cold, as must be expected at that season. The Forts of Lac la Plui, Fort Daer, Fort Douglas and Bas de la Riviere Quinipique, (or Winnipeg) fell into our hands with many prisoners and papers of importance discovering their hostile intentions against this Lordship and people had the expedition been delayed till summer, they would have been fully prepared and would have cut us off on the Portages and narrow waters. A great deal of the property plundered from the Red River settlement and all the artillery &c. were recovered. Lord Selkirk passed the winter at Fort William and reached Red River in June. Two commissioners have been appointed by the Government to enquire specially into the disturbances in the interior, one of them reached Red River. All the prisoners we took are sent to Canada for trial, open hostilities have apparently ceased for the present and it is to be hoped the laws will have their due course. The settlers that were driven away last year returned this summer to Red River. The natives have given a regular conveyance of the soil to his Lordship

and the settlement is now once more going on for the third time. I left Red River 23rd July for Montreal and was arrested in passing Fort William by our adversaries, although I had a pasport from Commissioner Coltman, had to appear at Sandwich to answer the accusation, from thence I came down Lake Erie, and from Buffalo by land here, in preference of going down by Niagara and Kingston to Montreal. The main object of my arrest was to prevent my getting there so soon. Our conquest of last winter gave us the full command of the communication, no North-Wester could have gone in or out of the country, but the activity of our enemy got over that difficulty, they took care to have the first story told in their own favor in London and made interest to obtain a Royal Proclamation commanding the surrender of all places taken during the disturbances, to the original owners or builders of them, by which we will only retain of our conquest, Fort Douglas, the seat of the settlement, but the proclamation leaves the sight to be hereafter decided. This has given them a momentary cause of triumph, but must be ultimately in our favor when it shall be made appear they have carried their imposition even to the foot of the throne. I fear you will not be able to read this hasty scribble. I have just appeared here and must be off at four tomorrow morning for Montreal, which I am promised to be carried into in three days time. I have great expectations of being able to go to see you this winter, but cannot speak positively till I reach Montreal My son *Donald being a young lieutenant in his Regt. has been reduced on half pay and is waiting my arrival in Canada, My compliments to my friend William and to your wife and little family.

In great haste,

I remain, your ever affectionate brother,

MILES MACDONELL.

WM. J. MACDONELL.

*Donald was subsequently Sheriff of the Eastern District, and afterward for many years Warden of the Kingston Penitentiary. W. MACD.

Letter from Miles Macdonell to his Brother William, :—

Montreal, July 1818.

My Dear Brother,

You would perhaps have expected to have heard from me ere now, as you certainly had some right to do, but I am no more fond of writing, than some of my friends and can never prevail on myself to begin a letter until there is absolute necessity for it, or that it can no longer be put off, and now that I am about setting out for U. Canada, I may be away for a couple of months, it is highly proper that you should receive a short line from me. I shall not at present attempt to give you an account of legal proceedings between the N. W. Co. and us; suffice it to say that they have not been able to substantiate the slightest charge against any of us, while we have an infinite number of indictments for capital offences against the agents, partners, clerks, etc., of that iniquitous association, which I think are chiefly comprehended in a piece inserted in the Courant of — called the Grand Comet, which if you have not seen, I shall send you. The rascals abscond and cannot be found to be brought to trial. One conviction has taken place at Quebec, Charles de Reinhard, a N. W. clerk for the murder of Owen Keveny, but Arch. McLellan, a partner, equally guilty, has been acquitted; this took place in June. My affair is at an end, without coming to a trial, by a *votlle prosequi* being entered by order of the Governor so that you need no longer be uneasy for my fate. Lord Selkirk has gone to U. Canada, ten days ago, with a posse of evidence to attend the courts there; it is not expected that much will be done further than procuring some more bills of indictment against them, and getting rid of accusations against us. Warrants are to be sent immediately into the interior for the arrest of the felons, but it is very unsatisfactory that those already brought down have almost all

been admitted to bail and consequently disappeared. The colony on the Red River is however going on in a progressive state; two Catholic priests are going up this spring to remain permanently there, and many families from Lower Canada.

Although my visit to Boston was so very short, I am glad that I made it, to have seen your folks, with whom I am well pleased. In course of the autumn, should a private opportunity occur, I shall send you some pamphlets etc. respecting our affairs of Red River, for the information of our friends in your quarter.

I remain my dear William,

Your ever affectionate brother,

MILES MACDONELL.

N. B.—A number of references to family affairs are omitted. W. MACD.

Toronto, Oct. 20th, 1885.

A REMARKABLE BOOK.



IN London recently a remarkable book was sold for £980. It is a MS. of 257 folio leaves of vellum, written in the fifteenth century, and is a chronicle of the early history of Normandy.

Nothing can exceed the delicacy of the miniatures with which it has been embellished, from the first of them, which represents the arrival of Duke Rollo at Rouen, to the last, which represents the siege of Chalus, where Richard Cœur de Lion received his death wound from an arrow shot by Bertrand de Gourden. The series includes the death of Edward the Confessor and the coronation of Harold, the landing of William the Conqueror, the battle of Hastings, the carrying of Harold's body to Waltham Abbey, the funeral of William, and the coronation of Rufus by Archbishop Lanfranc—all executed in the highest style of Burgundian art, and with the minutest attention to every detail of architecture, costume and armour.

BATTLE OF SEVEN OAKS.

N the 19th of June, 1816, the sentinel in Fort Douglas discovered a company of armed horsemen advancing towards the Fort from the western plain. Governor Semple, then in command at Fort Douglas, collected a party of about thirty men armed with old muskets and fowling pieces, and went out to intercept the advancing foe, who seemed inclined to avoid Fort Douglas and were passing down towards Kildonan. The enemy, seeing Mr. Semple advancing, came to meet him and surrounded his party in the form of a half moon. A French Canadian named Boucher, a clerk in the service of the North-West company, approached the Governor's party and making sign with his hand he addressed the Governor in English, asking him "What do you want?" The Governor replied by asking, "What do you want yourself?" After some disputation between the clerk and the Governor the former said, "Miserable rogue, why have you destroyed our fort?" The Governor thereupon seized the bridle of Boucher's horse, saying, "Wretch, do you dare to speak so to me?" A scuffle followed, and shots were exchanged, Boucher managing to beat a hasty retreat to his party. Firing became general, and Governor Semple was among the first to fall with a broken thigh. Twenty-one out of the twenty-eight men who composed Semple's party were killed. In the course of the struggle the wounded governor, addressing the leader of the Northwest party, asked him if his name was not Grant. On being answered in the affirmative he said that his wound was not deadly and if brought to the fort he might survive. Mr. Grant seemed anxious to save the governor's life, but one of the half-breeds came along and shot the wounded governor through the head. The whole of the white settlers on the Red River who claimed allegiance to the Hudson's Bay Co. were then made prisoners, and after some delay

were transported to the north end of Lake Winnipeg, but the contending companies having settled their disputes by amalgamation the Selkirk settlers were permitted to return to their deserted homes.

A TRAGICAL INCIDENT. *

ON the morning of the 29th August 1661, Mr. LeMaistre, a young priest of St. Sulpice, went out to the St. Gabriel Farm where the Gentlemen of the Seminary had about fourteen or fifteen men employed. On his arrival he took them to a neighbouring field—about Seigneurs or Richmond Streets, near the Lachine Canal—and set them to work turning over wet wheat. The men dispersed in several directions, not caring much where they laid down their arms, and vigorously engaged in labour, not however, without some apprehension, as certain traces indicating danger had been discovered which made them feel that the Iroquois might not be far away.

Mr. LeMaistre informed of this was advised to keep on the lookout. In order to find out the ambuscade, should there be one, he made a diligent search, but having discovered nothing that could sustain the servants well founded apprehensions, he contented himself with walking up and down the field, on the border of the forest, reciting his breviary.

All at once the Onnontaguas, who had all this time been silently creeping up to the place, came suddenly out of the bush and ran towards the priest with the evident intention of taking him alive. There were from fifty to sixty Indians who thus precipitated themselves on the labourers, uttering at the same time, their formidable war whoop.

* This might well be added to the interesting paper contributed by Mr. Lyman, on Fort St. Gabriel which appears in this number.

Far from shirking the danger, the good missionary takes up a heavy cutlass, threatens the barbarians with it, keeps them at a respectful distance, and in the meantime, cries out to the men to keep up their courage and place themselves on the defence.

The Iroquois, seeing that Mr. LeMaistre was in their road and thus giving time to his men to pick up their arms, and despairing of their being able to take him alive, shot him down. Wounded to death, he still had, however, energy enough to run towards his men and command them to withdraw, after which he fell dead at their feet. They retired in good order and threw themselves into the farm, where they were quite out of danger; two of them however, were unable to escape the pursuit of the Iroquois; one was killed and the other taken prisoner.

Undisputed masters of the field of battle, the Onnontaguas turned all their rage upon the dead. They threw themselves upon the young missionary and cut off his head, which they wrapped up in his linen handkerchief and carried it away, and did the like thing to Gabriel Rie, killed at the same time.

In order to manifest their great joy at having killed a *Rebe Noire*, they uttered several times loud cries, and one of the party went so far as to strip the dead body of the priest and cover his own form with the *soutane*, in which costume he had the audacity to go and show himself in view of the first houses of Ville Marie, threatening and insulting its inhabitants.

This death cast a great gloom over the small Colony which attained its very height when his successor as *procureur* of the Seminary, Mr. Vignal, two months latter, was killed. He was not eaten up by the Iroquois on the small island, called *He à la Pierre*, opposite the city, where he had repaired with several inhabitants to draw stone for the erection of the Seminary buildings.

MEANDERINGS IN HISTORY.

Read before the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society,



ALTHOUGH, perhaps, strictly speaking I should have confined myself to the history of Canada, I, nevertheless, trust you will grant me what I will call "historian's license," to ramble a little at intervals,—not that I would admit that Canadian history does not offer a very wide field for research; on the contrary, I believe there is no country of its age which presents so many points of interest for the antiquarian and historical student as Canada. I believe there are no cities that are more completely steeped in historic associations than Quebec and Montreal. The objects of interest are concentrated within so small a space that a short walk in any direction enables the visitor to reach them from the centre of either of the cities mentioned. The very names of the streets suggestively perpetuate historical events.

Let us think (*en passant*) what the study of history ought to be, and what, alas! it is with the majority of people who ought to know better, and who yet would set themselves up as competent authorities. We may take a few illustrations at random:—The gross and culpable ignorance of English journalists upon Canadian geography and Canadian politics has been more than once remarked upon. If the ignorance were plain and conspicuous not much harm would be done, because every reader could correct the mistakes for himself. Unfortunately the British journalists who undertake to write upon Canada just know enough to mislead their readers. For a long time the leaders upon Canadian affairs in the *Times* were something more than ridiculous, and might have seriously influenced the placing of a Canadian loan upon the English market but for the fact that financiers take care to inform themselves of facts about

foreign nations more intimately than the gentlemen who think London is the world.

We have one English journal gravely talking of the bridge "*from Montreal to Port Hope, across the St. Lawrence*", and another suggests as a means of cutting down expenses, that "*instead of building the Welland Canal, the Niagara River should be dredged.*"

We can only wonder if the editors of those papers evolve geography and engineering out of their inner consciousness.

A French journal informs us that "*the great trouble in America is that the Fijians may take Canada.*" Such terrible mistakes as these are surely calculated to teach journalists modesty.

I read in a Boston newspaper the other day the following anecdote, touching one of their celebrities:—

"Whether or not," said a counsel in his pompous way, to a witness on the stand, 'You saw your son last Saturday?' 'I did,' answered the witness. 'Whether or not you know that you did?' continued the counsel. 'I do,' said the witness. 'How do you know you did?' persisted the lawyer. Witness, after a pause,—'Too much for me, better send for 'Joseph Cook.'

It may be worth while to see what sort of an authority Mr. Cook is on matters of history. The Rev. Joseph Cook is one of those men who astonishes his audiences with the wild vastness of his information. In a lecture he delivered at Troy, he told how, when Napoleon had invested Warsaw with his armies and reduced it to extremities, he telegraphed to Paris a despatch couched in the memorable words "*Order reigns at Warsaw.*"

It is really strange that a man like Mr. Cook, who is a graduate of Yale College and has travelled extensively in Europe, should be guilty of such an error as this. When we consider the magnitude of his knowledge of philosophy, and the Greek and Latin classics, not to speak of the musical glasses and Adam Smith, we are filled with chagrin to find him making such a mistake.

He should never deal with history, for this is a department of thought with which some people are familiar. He should not tell us that Napoleon telegraphed a despatch to Paris, because the telegraph was not known then in France, — though, possibly, ancient Greece was familiar with it. He should not speak of the investment of Warsaw by the French army under Napoleon, for here the merest tyro may trip him up.

I still think, (the Rev. Joseph Cook to the contrary notwithstanding,) that the Polish Rebellion of 1830 occurred simultaneously with the fall of the Bourbon dynasty in France, and after the insurrection of Warsaw was put down, Poland looked to France for support, and the National Guard, the press and the people demanded that prompt assistance should be given her, but the Government of Louis Philippe remained deaf to all appeals. Poland fell and the Government became more unpopular than ever when Sebastiani, who was Minister of Foreign Affairs, announced the termination of the struggle in the following words:—"*Des lettres que je reçois de Pologne m'annoncent que la tranquillité régné dans la Varsovie*" that is—"MY LETTERS FROM POLAND ANNOUNCE THAT ORDER REIGNS AT WARSAW." Furthermore, I have always been under the impression that Napoleon died at St. Helena on May 5, 1821.

It may even be that when Mr. Cook speaks of evolution he has but the very vaguest idea of his subject. When he rips up the carpet that Darwin has laid down as a grass for the world, it may be that he doesn't know what he is about. I venture to throw out the suggestion that people who believe in the Rev. Joseph Cook, ought to think before they trust him in philosophy, because we see that in the case of "*Order reigns at Warsaw*," he was so thoroughly abroad.

We may find another example nearer home, one of our Canadian writers, Mr. Edmund Collins, has recently penned

a sketch of our "parliamentary capital" and after tracing its rise and progress, he favours us with this choice bit of history:—

"In 1849 a Tory mob in Montreal did itself the credit of burning down the "parliament buildings, stoning the Governor General, and poking sticks "through a portrait of the Queen. The representatives never returned to "the riotous city, but chose Quebec in its stead. In 1858 the legislature "had grown sick of the continuous packing, moving and unpacking, and "decided to ask Her Majesty to become arbitrator in the matter, and name "a city for the permanent residence of parliament. The Queen took a map "of the wild colonies, and called one or two of her trusty councillors to her "side. The Duke of Wellington put his pointer upon a little black dot "marked 'Bytown,' and said :—"That is a suitable place, your Majesty, "it stands on the borders of both provinces, and it is a place of little im- "portance in the English province.' Her Majesty accepted the advice, and "signified her choice to the Canadian government. Not a little excitement "was manifested when it became known that the place chosen for the Capital "was a certain modest village town, perched on high bluffs and intervening "valleys. between the spray and roar of headlong waterfalls. This decision "brought the 'arctic lumber village' into prominence; and a gentleman with "a very bitter and therefore somewhat unreliable tongue, in latter years, "when referring to its selection, said 'It was to become the cemetery of "political morality for this country.' Of course the city has never con- "sidered that it received any honour in being chosen; but quite the contrary "it's very insignificance was its passport to distinction. As Mr. Oxley has "happily said, it was the dark horse in the contest for the capitalship,"

Whilst we are willing to admit the sagacity of the "Iron Duke." I must take exception to Mr. Collins's statement, for the simple reason that the Duke died in September 1852;— I saw the "lying in state" at Chelsea Hospital, and also the funeral procession on its way to St. Paul's Cathedral, so that this Ottawa story must be taken *cum grano salis*.

Moreover, I may add that the name of Bytown was changed to Ottawa in 1854, (to date from January 1st 1855,) consequently Mr. Collins' history is somewhat "mixed."

Further I will cite the well-known Arch-Bohemian George Augustus Sala, who has twice honoured Montreal with his presence, and who, in the magazine "Temple Bar" some years since, in a running fire of ignorant slang, described Notre Dame Street, and *proh pudor!* talked of the statue

of Jacques Cartier, the old St. Malo mariner, opposite the Court House.!!!

There is an old German proverb which occurs to me; done into English, it takes this shape:—

“Ages ago! when earth was born,
 TRUTH crept into a hunting horn;
 The hunter came, the horn was blown,
 But where TRUTH went to, never was known.”

If I have among my readers any member of the newspaper profession, I need offer but little excuse for giving a short extract from an address by the Rev. Mr. Talmage, (another history-monger by the bye!) on the tax upon the faith of newspaper men:—

“One of the greatest trials of the newspaper profession, is that its members
 “are compelled to see more of the shams of the world than any other pro-
 “fession. Through every newspaper office, day after day, go all the weak-
 “nesses of the world; all the vanities that want to get puffed; all the reven-
 “ges that want to be reaped; all the mistakes that want to be corrected;
 “all the dull speakers who want to be thought eloquent; all the meanness
 “that wants to get its wares noticed gratis in the editorial column, in order
 “to save the expense of the advertisement columns; all the men who want
 “to be set right, who were never right; all the crack-brained philosophers
 “with stories as long as their hair, and as gloomy as their finger-nails; all
 “the bores who come to stay five minutes, but who talk five hours. Through
 “the editor’s and reporters’ rooms all the follies and shams of the world are
 “seen day after day; and the temptation is to believe in neither God nor
 “man. It is no surprise to me that in this profession there are some skepti-
 “cal men; I only wonder that journalists believe anything.”

Much attention has been given to the nomenclature of cities, towns, streets and localities generally. It is very interesting to trace the origin of names, in some cases much fun has been made of the manner in which old country and classical names re-appear on this continent.

The state of New York is full of examples. In the early part of the century the worthy Surveyor-General Simeon DeWitt, shook his classical pepper-pot over central New York, and left its innocent villages smarting with such names as

“David, Marcellus, Ilion, Rome, Carthage, Ithaca, Troy, Utica, Syracuse,
 “Manlius, Pompey,

and other famous names of men and cities ; all over the continent this same mistake has been made.

We are not quite free from this weakness in Canada, we have our

"Athens, Marathon, Cæsarea and Troy."

Instead of retaining Indian names of localities or giving them names commemorative of events associated with the places, or derived from some striking physical features or remarkable characters connected with them : English, Scotch, Irish, Dutch, Latin, Greek, &c, names which one can never dis sever from their old country associations, and which there is not the slightest reason for applying here, are repeated *usque ad nauseam*.

Perhaps the neatest thing in recent names in the United States may be found in Arizona. We find an ambitious new settlement rejoicing in the name of "TOTAL WRECK," one of its principal towns is christened "TOMBSTONE," whilst it has a newspaper called the "EPITAPH."

We will pass over the vanity of early settlers in certain localities christening their places with such dissonant names as "Smith's Falls, Jones' Mills, Campbell's Cross, Egansville, Snowdonville etc., etc."

Let us take however, a score of examples of *outré* titles of towns in the Dominion. As a memento of a veritable man of letters, we have "*Cadmus*," as representing literature we find "Homer, Milton, Shakespeare, Byron, Dickens, and Tennyson."

Naturally enough, the names of our Governors-General have furnished a plentiful supply : *z. g.*

"Kempt, Durham, Colborne, Sydenham, Cathcart, Elgin, Head, Lisgar, "Monck, Dufferin and Lorne,"—

who appears to have been so popular that we have the name four times repeated, and once amplified into Lorneville. Our present Governor must have been thus honoured before he came amongst us, for we find a village near Kingston, bearing the name of Lansdowne.

Of heroes of the hour, we have

"Havelock, Raglan and Wolseley."

As representing the political world are

"Bright, Cobden, Gladstone, three times repeated, and Beaconsfield."

We have also

"Garfield, Hanlan and Renforth."

As might have been expected the Crimean War furnished a host of examples, we have

"Four Almas, two Inkermans, two Sebastopols, Balaclava, Kars, Kertch and Odessa. There are Wellingtons and Waterloos past counting, with a profusion of Londons, Glasgows, and Manchesters."

The province of Nova Scotia is not one whit better off in this respect than are other parts of the Dominion. The names are not creditable to the ingenuity or taste of our forefathers, they discarded the charming "ACADIA" for the rather tame "NOVA SCOTIA," although we must confess that this last has become so familiar to us that we could now scarcely wish the old name back.

Amongst the counties we have, and what state or province has not?

"Queen's and King's."

Scarcely a name on the whole list that is not commonplace. They have much more meaning however, than most of our provincial names. In fact for many of them there is a justification, although some might have been changed with advantage. The towns, with hardly an exception, have old country names, many of them substitutes for delightful Indian ones. As an instance Weymouth, has been given to what should have been Sissiboo. Many others will occur to any one at a glance.

There is another class of names which are a discredit to the province. They display such paucity of invention and absence of taste or imagination. How many Salmon Rivers have we? There are a good many rivers in Nova Scotia, and I think I am within the mark, when I assert that there are not half so many different names for them. About every twelve miles a Salmon River is found. St. Mary or St. Mary's Bay, is given to bays and rivers again and again.

Another very common style is to call a place by the number of miles it is distant from some other place. This might have been of a little service perhaps, in days of stage coaches, but has no excuse now. Examples of this method of giving names are too familiar to require mention.

We have some charming names in the list, we have Clam Harbor, Spry Bay, Oyster Pond, Herring Cove, Salmon Rivers, (as I have said) without number, Slad Bay, Blind Bay, Devil's Island and others equally elegant.

Surely these names do not do justice to the places to which they are applied, they must repel strangers and do injury; their very sound makes one elevate the nose. No one wishes to come near places bearing such malodorous names. If a little industry were bestowed on an endeavour to revive some of the old and almost forgotten names, we should have many worthy of the beauties of the land.

The nomenclature of our streets in Montreal would prove an interesting study and might well form a subject for a separate paper.

History has to deal with few things more curious than the way in which odd names come to be associated with national parties or movements. Every political crisis gives rise to certain words, minted for, or adopted to, the occasion, and the origin of them becomes in time, matter of curious speculation. Party spirit is fertile in nicknames and terms of contempt, and while many of them die out and are forgotten, others stick to those to whom they are applied, and in process of time lose the "sting" which was in the original application, and so pass into general use as a mere matter of convenience.

Almost all our party designations were originally applied contemptuously. This we know; but in some cases this is nearly all we know. Historians find, for example, that at a certain period the terms "Tory" and "Whig" were in general use. Now, these are very peculiar terms, and it is natural

to enquire—When and under what circumstances did they originate? Well there is little definite information to be got on the point, and what is to be obtained is unsatisfactory. Antiquarians tell us that "Tory meant originally, an Irish robber" and "the Tories were noted for their ferocity and murders." Turning to "Whig," we find it described as "a term originally applied to the fanatical conventiclers of Scotland;" and Halliwell enables us to conjecture why the term was used, since he describes it as a Lincolnshire word for sour whey—and the whey-faced conventicler was sour enough in all conscience. Here, then, we have the words in their original meanings, but that seems to have nothing whatever to do with their political meaning. How came they, then, to be adopted as the designations of the two great parties in the British House of Commons? The question is more easily asked than answered. The historians give all sorts of accounts, pointing to various occasions and different epochs, and clearly knowing very little about it.

In the main, we may take it that the Jacobites were the Tories, and the Hanoverians the Whigs, in the old, old time, when England was distracted by the squabbles for the supremacy of the rival Houses. It is not difficult to comprehend how the country party came, through some incident of the time, to compare the Court party to the Polish robbers in Ireland, and the others, with recollections of the Cromwellian period still in their minds, would be likely to retort with something offensive, which would convey the idea of the reverse of what was courtly and generous; though why the term "Whig" was selected is a mystery. Hume tells us—but the statement is very doubtful—that the terms were first used in connection with the Meal-tub-Plot—one of those sham conspiracies, which people were so fond of getting up and creating an excitement over in what may be called the age of plots. This sham plot was hatched by

one Dangerfield, who secreted a bundie of forged letters, which appeared to comprise a plot against the Duke of York, afterwards James II, in a meal-tub in the house of a woman with whom he lived, and then sent the Custom House officers to the house to search for smuggled goods. When this infamous business was brought before Parliament, two Parties sprang up in connection with it. The one utterly discredited the whole thing, and these were called *Tories*—it is hard to see why; while the others who believed in the plot were called *Whigs*, with as little apparent reason.

However, whether Hume is right or wrong, it is certain that for two centuries, or thereabout, the Tories and the Whigs have divided public opinion pretty much between them, though not always on precisely the same grounds. Once the terms were defined as meaning—Tories, those who would curb the power of the people; Whigs,—those who would control the power of the Crown—which is hardly a sufficiently exact or capacious definition to embrace what the terms now imply.

Supplementing these parties, we have the Radicals; and here for once we are able to see precisely in what manner the term arose. It was first applied as a party name in 1818, to Henry Hunt, Major Cartwright, and others of the same views, who were fond of talking of "a radical reform" in the representation of the country as distinct from a mere redistribution of seats, or enfranchisement of towns of growing importance, and a disfranchisement of places utterly unworthy to exercise political rights.

Unquestionably, the happiest nickname of modern parliamentary times is the term "*Adullamites*" applied by John Bright to Robt. Lowe and Mr. Horsman and their small band of followers who kicked over the traces on the occasion of a proposed Reform Bill.

Messrs. Lowe and Horsman had both attacked Mr. Bright

pretty fiercely, and one passage from the exquisitely pungent and sarcastic rejoinder will live as long as there continues to exist an interest in Parliamentary polemics:—

“The right hon. gentleman below me (Mr. Horsman) who said a little against the Government, and something against the Bill, made an attack upon so humble an individual as myself. He was one of the first of the new party who gave expression to his great grief. He had retired into what may be called the political *Cave of Adullam*,⁹ into which he invited every one in distress, and every one who is discontented, and called them around him. The right hon. gentleman has long been anxious to form a party in this House, and there is scarcely a member at this end of the House who is able to address the House with affect, or to take part in the debates, that he has not tried to bring over to his party and cabal. He has succeeded in hooking the right hon. gentleman, the member for Calne (Mr. Lowe.) I know it was an opinion entertained many years ago by a member of the Treasury bench, that two men could make a party; and a party formed of two men so amiable, and so discreet we may hope to see in Parliament perfectly harmonious, and distinguished by a mutual and unbroken trust. But there is one great difficulty which it is impossible to ignore; as in the Scotch terrier, that is so covered with hair *you could not tell which was the head and which was the tail.*”

Mr. Bright's humour is not sardonic as was Mr. Disraeli's, but it resembles it inasmuch as its manifestations have chiefly been in the direction of hitting off some person or party by a single phrase, in Mr. Bright's case containing a parallel or a comparison drawn from a source familiar to the least educated mind. Two at least of his happiest strokes of this sort have their inspiration from the Bible. Had Mr. Lowe wanted to say something damaging about Mr. Bright he would, in all probability, have looked through his Homer or his Horace for an illustration. When Mr. Bright desired,

during the debate, to cover with ridicule the clique of which Mr. Lowe was the head, he bethought him of David's escape from Achish, King of Gath, and the character of the people who subsequently foregathered with him in the Cave of Adullam, and a new name was added to the political vocabulary.

When, pending a general election, he had occasion to complain of the determined dissatisfaction of the Conservatives, he again turned to the classical book of the people, and on the morrow all England was laughing at the party who, "*if they had been in the wilderness, would have complained of the Ten Commandments as a harassing piece of legislation.*"

Here is plain sailing; but we get into the fog again when we come to some other of the terms now quite familiar to us as indicating parties—not political parties—unknown to our forefathers.

Why, for instance, are the followers of John Wesley called "Methodists? It is said that the term was suggested by the Latin appellation "*Methodista*," given to a College of Physicians in ancient Rome in consequence of the strict regimen under which they placed their patients; but this is going a long way off to account for something, the origin of which probably lies much nearer home.

So again with Teetotallers. Did it originally imply persons who drank nothing stronger than tea, or *Tea-totalers*? or is there any truth in the story of the stammering man who tried to say that he was a "*Te-te-total abstainer*," and was so laughed at, that the wits applied the term to the party.

Why, it may be asked, should this subject engage our attention? Partly because it is interesting in itself—partly from the fact that one or two new terms have sprung into use of late in connection with politics, the origin of which is likely to exercise the ingenuity of posterity. Only the close student of English parliamentary history will be able

to make anything of the "*Obstructives*." Probably it is only a passing phrase of politics, and the name will in all probability die out with the thing itself—unless, as is very likely it survives to express something quite differing from it, just as Whig and Tory have ceased to mean anything in relation to the Stuarts, and have come to have a distinct modern political significance.

And next we come to the "*Jingoes*." Will posterity know anything about them? And if so, what meaning will be attached to the name? Imagine a grubber in records of the past, a century hence, anxious to ascertain what the term meant, and to what party in the State it applied. He would with difficulty gather that it, in some way, originated in a popular song in which occurred the words;

"We don't want to fight,
But by Jingo if we do."

What was the subtle meaning of "St. Jingo," which made the name of that Saint a party cry?

Heretofore St. George has been the patron saint of England, and his name has been used as a war-cry. Why in 1877-78 did that of St. Jingo supplant it? That would be the puzzle. Turning to his books he would find that St. Jingo is said to be a corruption of Saint Gengulph, who, if I recollect rightly was hewn to pieces and displayed his saintly power thereupon in a miraculous fashion, inasmuch as when his limbs were off, they would not die like ordinary limbs severed from the trunk, but leaped and hopped about in a frisky and animated style, thereby striking terror into those entrusted with the Saint's execution. Hence, as I take it, the popular phrase "By the living Jingo!"

Old Dryasdust will then proceed to enquire when this phrase first came into use, and will find that it was at least in use as far back as Queen Anne's time. If he has the good fortune to possess Mr. Rand's "Tangled Talk"—a delightful book that will live—he will find there a note to

this effect: "I will let the phrase remain for the sake of saying a word for Robert Southey. He has been accused of irreverence for using somewhere, the expression "By the living Jingo!" It deserves to be remarked that at all events he did not invent it, as he is supposed to have done. It is in the "Vicar of Wakefield" where it occurs as one of the flowers of speech of Lady Carolina Wilhelmina Skeggs." All this is pretty clear, but how does it account for the name of the Saint becoming the name of a political party? We know, of course, well enough. We are aware of the excitement the song created, and of the resentment some part of the community feel to the sentiments it expresses.

We know, further, that by a happy thought, a letter on the subject in the London Times was headed "*The Jingoes.*" It was a short, unimportant letter by Geo. Jacob Holyoake, but the phrase struck. From that day the ultra-war party, the loud and clamorous partisans of bloodshed were "*Jingoes.*" It was well understood, if not very explicit, and it remains to be seen whether it will die out, or pass into history.

I am inclined, however, to award the medal for party names, to our neighbours over the border, the two great lines of demarcation viz: *Democrat* and *Republican* are as obscure to understand, and as difficult to trace to their source as the English terms *Whig* and *Tory*, whilst it would require a "jury of matrons" to pronounce upon the names of some of the parties who have "bolted" from time to time (I believe that is the correct word) such as "*Leco focos,*" "*Barnburners,*" "*Hard-heads,*" "*Soft Shells,*" "*Know-nothings,*" and that delightfully euphonious *soubriquet* "*The Mug-swumps,*" which I think was the offspring of the last Presidential election.

On this subject of party names I will only further remark that it is only in times of great excitement that such names have any vitality in them. If we look through his-

tory, we shall find that at the time of the Commonwealth in England, when political feeling was at its strongest, nicknames and party terms of contempt were plentiful as blackberries. It is not indeed a good sign of the times, indicating, as it always does, animosities and unrest. And as it has been said with truth "Happy is the country that has no history," so that epoch is to be congratulated in which there originates no party names.

It was the sentiment of Dogberry—often erroneously attributed to Mrs. Malaprop—that "*comparisons are odorous.*"

It need hardly be said that some people never think. There are people who lack the power of controlling and compelling thought and performing mental operations. One of the consequences is that in their loose, disjointed way they are always finding points of resemblance where none exist, or seeing likenesses in the absolutely unlike. Tell them one thing, and it reminds them of another wholly unlike it; show them an object, and they at once demand whether you do not think it bears a striking resemblance to something entirely different.

So you cannot mention anything which does not recall its parallel. These are the people who, when shown a baby are struck with the likeness to mamma, its greater likeness to papa, and a still more astonishing resemblance to the Duke of Wellington, Mrs. Fry, Frederick the Great, and a general round of historic personages. Tell them an anecdote and they hasten to remark, "*That reminds me*" of another which would bear a striking resemblance to it were it not that it is quite unlike in incident, and has another point. Show them a building, and they are struck with its identity with Notre Dame or St. Peters' at Rome, were it not that those structures are bigger, older, and of a different style of architecture.

Any attempt to institute a comparison between Earl Chatham and Lord Beaconsfield will be found to result in

the fact of both being Peers, with a Parliamentary training, and exercising a powerful influence in shaping the legislative events of their day. The attempt to make out that Hannibal and Wellington were both of a piece in mental and physical calibre, can only be an effort in special pleading, based on the broad ground that both carried swords and won battles.

While the *abuse* of comparison is thus productive of irritation and evil, it need hardly be added that the *use* of the faculty is valuable. "Comparison large" is a good item in a phrenological statement of one's mental claims. It is the basis of sound judgment of men and things, and a good factor in artistic capability.

All we have to do is to guard against false analogies and fallacious parallels, which enter so largely into our literary culture and social intercourse. There are true and there are false standards of comparison which may be applied in history, in politics, in art, in literature, and in life. It is most essential to form a habit of setting up the true standard, and thus avoiding the ridiculous spectacle which old Polonius presents to us when, at a hint from his Prince, he is equally ready to detect in a cloud, a resemblance to a camel, a weasel, or a whale.

It is not surprising that there should be a good deal of scepticism regarding the statements of historians on the subject of events which occurred a century or two ago when we find so much misconception prevalent regarding those that have taken place within the memory of persons now living, and the truth or falsehood of which could be established by reference to documents easily accessible :

It is not very long ago since the *London Times* said.

"Speaking generally, no child of any class, high or low, from the child of the duke to the child of the labourer, could name the day on which any great event in history occurred; even though duly crammed with the year. Such ignorance is not a thing to be proud of, especially as it goes much further, and a very large part of the history of our country is a blank to most English minds."

In Canada, not a controversy could be named, that would not rouse a controversy. As there were two opinions aforesaid, so would there be now.

Sir Robert Walpole, during his last illness, desiring a friend to read to him, was asked to select the book. "*Anything but History,*" he answered, "*that must be false.*" The dying statesman, who for more than 20 years, as Prime Minister of England, had been making history, knew full well whereof he spoke. His criticism was somewhat novel then, but the century since its utterance has made the sneer a maxim. A hundred years ago, and to the common kind all history was alike, the legends of Livy or the marvels of Herodotus, the gossip of Suetonius or the campaigns of Cæsar,—all were sacred—to question them was well nigh heresy. But to day is the age of the iconoclasts. Under their blows our idols are crumbling to powder. They dig up the musty records from which history has been made, they search into the lives of the historians to find out who they were, and they seek further, to find out why they wrote. True science is exact, for it is founded on laws which are immutable; true poetry is immortal, for its breath is inspiration; but history is like the work of the photographer, it depends for its accuracy upon the material, the workman, the focus and the atmosphere. No wonder that the scholar rises from his task to say with Walpole, "*It must be false.*"

This restless, inquisitive 19th century presses its enquiries everywhere, into the heavens above, into the earth beneath, and into the waters under the earth; but its record will contain no more instructive and fascinating chapter than that which describes its re-arrangement of the annals of the past. We have seen a host of great scholars, led by the audacious Niebuhr, reconstructing Roman history; we have seen another army sifting the grains of truth from the fairy tales of the early Greek historians; whilst, still later, an indefatigable explorer has exhumed the wall of ancient Troy, and

shown the world that the immortal Homer was no writer of romance.

But it is not ancient history alone that our scholars are re-writing: Men now living have seen the "Wizard of the North," change the whole face of Scotland by the magic of his matchless pen ; until Scott waved his wand, it was but the

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood."

but under his spell it has become, for old and young alike, the land of heroic daring, and romantic deeds.

What Sir Walter Scott did for Scotland, Prescott and Irving have done for Spain, Macaulay has accomplished for the England of the Puritans, and Motley has done for the heroes who founded the great Dutch Republic, planted the Colony of New York, and laid the corner stone of the Empire State.

And, what is of more interest to us, *Francis Parkman* has done for *Nouvelle France*.

I would like to add a few words of encouragement in our work, we set out with advantages which must not be overlooked. About us every foot of soil is historic ground. Here has ever been the bona-fide seat of empire in Canada. Within the past few years the Government has awakened to the necessity of garnering and rescuing from oblivion the fleeting memorials of the past, which to the future historian will be priceless treasures. Of this I need not speak further, as, doubtless, our indefatigable and courteous archivist, Mr. Brymner is personally known to you all. But we have another duty, to my mind, even more important than that of gathering materials for history. It is that of making the rising generation appreciate the grandeur of the past. Almost servile in following European systems of education, our youths can give the names of the Roman Emperors, can trace the dynasties of France, or tell you how constitutional government arose in England, but the growth of liberty at

home, or the genesis of our written constitutions, is to them as much of a sealed book as to a graduate of Oxford or Berlin. This should not be, and a society like this can materially help to correct the evil. We owe this duty not alone to the scholar, but to every citizen of the State.

"*History*," says Bacon, "*makes men wise*," but it does much more, it makes them patriotic. The Greeks fought more bravely as they thought of Thermopylæ and Marathon. We shall live more nobly as we think of our heroic ancestors, who by a contest extending over nearly two centuries, laid broad and deep the foundations of our freedom:—

"They shaped our destiny, we but carve their names."

The right side has prevailed more frequently than most men think. Many wars, almost all modern wars, have ended as a good and wise man would wish, in the victory of the good cause. The war for American Independence created the United States. In the conflict of Europe with the French Republic, Europe was driven back, while the perpetual aggressions of Napoleon I brought about the overthrow of the French Empire.

In the Crimean War, in the Italian War of 1859, in the American Civil War, in the Austro-Prussian War of 1866, and others, victory has gone with right, the good cause triumphed.

It is often said that the losing side has inspired the best songs. Witness the Jacobite ditties and the Irish melodies. I do not gainsay the excellence of these strains, I do not grudge misfortune its poetical and musical consolation, but I am certain that the best songs owe their inspiration to the well-won triumphs of right. The song of Miriam and the song of Deborah are not the consolations of a vanquished cause;

"*Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled*" is not the wailing of a beaten host; "*Rule Britannia*" is not the dirge of a defunct nation.

The greatest of all songs is yet to be sung, when Wrong is utterly overthrown, when Right is altogether triumphant.