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PORT ROYAL—ITS GRAVES.

BY W. ARTHUR CALNEK.

*(Stewart's Quarterly.)*

“Time mosses o'er a world of unknown graves.”

**T**HE Annapolis valley has but few, if any, rivals in the Dominion of Canada either in fertility of soil, soft beauty of natural scenery or historical interest. It was here the first European settlement was permanently made; Port Royal being older by several years than either Quebec or Boston. The valley extends in a north-east and south-west direction a distance of about sixty-five miles, and possesses an average breadth of from six to seven miles. A range of hills, known as the north mountain, runs along its north-western edge, separating it from the Bay of Fundy, and rising to a height of nearly five hundred feet, while a similar range of hills forms its south-eastern boundary, but exhibiting an entirely different geological formation; the former being composed of

volcanic trap reposing on the new red sandstone; the latter consisting of granite resting in many places on metamorphic slate. Through the centre of this valley runs the Annapolis river, one of the largest in the peninsula. The name given to it by the aborigines was *Taywapsk*, a Micmac word, meaning "opening out through rocks." The French first gave it the name *Lesquelle*, from a small fish—probably the smelt—with which its waters abounded. They afterwards called it the Rivière Dauphine in honour of the heir to the French throne. After the conquest by Nicholson in 1710, the English for a time called it the British river, but this name was soon changed to that it now bears. From the neck of land on which the old town of Port Royal was built, it rapidly widens until it expands into one of the finest basins imaginable, extending from Goat Island westwardly to the town of Digby, and filling nearly the entire space between the ranges of hills just noticed.

The view presented to DeMonts and Poutrincourt as they first sailed into this basin on that fine day in June, 1604, which witnessed the first visit of the white man to its shores, must have been one of unsurpassable beauty and loveliness. The mountain sides and intervalle slopes were clad with unbroken primeval wilderness; the songs of birds and the murmurous rippling of the waters on its shores alone disturbed the silence which seemed to have taken complete possession of the scene. In wonder the Indians,—if any were there at the time,—must have beheld the novel spectacle of the French ships moving majestically forward without the aid of the paddle or oar; and a feeling of awe must have thrilled their souls as they beheld the *white* faces of their future conquerors, who were so very soon to give them a new religion and a strange civilization. Carefully the ships felt their way up the basin, past Goat Island, to what, to their navigators, appeared to be the head of navigation, to the "cape" or

tongue of land, which, at this place, juts out as a spur from the southern hills, crowding the river well over towards the northern and more elevated range on the other side, and helping to form what has long been known as the "lower narrows." Here they landed and looked about them; dense forest occupied the district, and there was nothing to attract the observer but the almost magic beauty of the scenery to the westward; the mountain sides, extending in perspective as far as the eye could reach, were clad with the rich glory of the spring foliage, and the basin which sparkled in the gorgeous rays of the setting sun, or slept in the calm, mellow moonlight, were sufficient to excite the highest admiration. It was while gazing on this charming view, no doubt, that the gallant Poutrincourt decided to seek a grant of a portion of this lovely spot from his friend DeMonts for colonization purposes, but the time had not yet come. Several years were to pass away, and many vicissitudes to be experienced before a permanent lodgment should be made and Port Royal fully founded.

It is not our intention, however, in this article to trace the events which took place here during the hundred years which followed this first visit of the French, but rather to rescue, if possible, some few memoranda connected with them that otherwise, in the course of another generation, would possibly be forgotten forever, to gather up as it were a few fragments from the first British settlers in this Province.

The tourist who may visit Annapolis to-day will find the site of the old French fort as distinctly marked as it was two hundred years ago, owing to the fact that it was not changed by the British when they obtained possession of the place, but continued as the *locus* of the works which they needed for defence for so many years after the conquest. It was on this spot where Lescarbot first gave the American forest the voices of poetic song; here he sang the praises of the natural scenery

that surrounded him, and during the long winter nights and short days of the winter of 1606-7, by his unconquerable animal spirits and cheerful disposition, animated his countrymen in their isolated, and in some degree cheerless position, by catering to their amusements; and from hence, during the preceding summer, he had sailed through "the narrows" and explored the river as far as the tidal waters could carry his boat. He had noted with the eye of an artist, which he really was, the stately elms which then spread their pendant arms along the landward edge of the marshes and intervalles which lined its course, and the luxuriant growth of the *Acer Saccharinum* or sugar maple, the birch, the beech, the ash and oak trees which everywhere clothed the higher lands upon its banks had been admired by his delighted eyes. He had looked with pleasure upon the Moschelle, the Rosette, the Belleisle and Beaufré marshes, then open to the floodings of the spring tides and annual freshets, but now, and for two centuries past, dyked in from these influences, and made immensely productive by the hand of labour. It was here, too, that the first convert was made from the heathenism of the Micmacs to the doctrines of the Cross. Membertou, then nearly a centenarian, was a sachem of the tribes, much beloved and respected by those whose destinies it was his duty to rule over. He had been a successful warrior, and his fame as such extended from Labrador to Cape Cod. The old man proved a firm friend to the white settlers, and his grave was among the first dug in consecrated ground in Port Royal. The story of the old man's reluctance, on his death-bed, to be buried away from the tombs of his fathers, is confidently affirmed; it is also said his repugnance was only overcome by being told his example was necessary to confirm the tribes in the belief of their new faith, and as a proof of the sincerity of his own profession. No memorial marks his resting place, nor does tradition even point to its probable site.

" Yet here doth sleep the dust of him who reigned  
 So wisely o'er the tribe that gave him birth ;  
 Yea, Membertou the Great sleeps in thy earth,  
 Port Royal ; he whose many virtues gained  
 Respect and love, and both through life retained,  
 From noble Poutrincourt, whose name and worth  
 The French rule honour still in Acadie.  
 Oh, Sachem just, the Indian heart to thee  
 Gave homage such as kings but rarely gain ;—  
 What mean the watchfires for successive eves,  
 Upon the mountain sides and sloping plain ?  
 If not to prove how truly friendship grieves  
 When good men die, as diel great Membertou,  
 The greatest chief the warrior Micmacs knew ?" \*

Nearly one hundred years later, namely, on the 3rd October, 1705, the *heart* of M. de Brouillan, the last but one of the French governors of Acadie, was solemnly buried at a place then called "the Cape," and which forms now the southern extremity of the town. Brouillan had died at sea on the coast, and was buried in its waters, but his heart was, by his own request, taken from the body previously and carried to Port Royal for interment. This fact leads to the supposition that there was another place consecrated for the sepulture of the French inhabitants, and though its precise locality is not now positively known, yet it is not entirely impossible but a little research may lead to its discovery. If such a graveyard exists its origin will certainly be found to be long posterior to the date of the first settlement.

The site of the oldest existing burial place in Annapolis, and which there is evidence to prove was used before 1710, and probably from the date of the earliest permanent settlement is situated about 60 or 70 rods, in a southerly direction, from the Railway station, and has the following boundaries : North by the works and grounds of the old fort ; East by the

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\*TAYWOAPSK ; in a series of Sonnets, Historical and Descriptive, by the author.

chief street, called by the French Dauphine street ; South by the Court House grounds, and West by a strip of land between it and the river. The lands on the south side of it, and so far south as probably to include the house and grounds of the late Dwight Tobias, Esquire, and extending in width from the street before named, westwardly to the borders of the marsh along the Lesquelle river, formed a portion of the LaTour estates. We are enabled to identify this spot of "historical earth" from an original document still preserved among the archives of the Province. It is therein described as follows :—"Which plott of ground was sold to the said John Adams by Marguerette de Saint Etienne and Ann La Tour, bounded as follows, viz., on the N. E. side by the road leading to the Cape and running along by the said road from the church-yard to a garden formerly belonging to M. de ffalais, in the possession of Major Alexander Cosby, as lieutenant governor, and along the said garden by the road S. S. W. to the swamp or marsh, and from thence to the foot of Captain John Jephson's garden, along the said marsh N. W. to the glassee (glacis), and from thence along the S. E. side of the church yard N. and by E. to the aforesaid road."\* On this beautiful "plott" of ground now stand the dwellings of the Rev. T. J. Ritchie, Rector of Annapolis ; the resident Wesleyan Missionary ; of the late George S. Millidge, and of the late Dwight Tobias, together with the Wesleyan Chapel and the Court House. Some few other pieces of the LaTour estates can be yet identified, but the limits assigned to this article prevent us from referring more particularly to them.

Of the English speaking inhabitants of Nova Scotia there are four distinct classes whose descendants have remained in it.

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\*Extract grant dated Nov. 23rd, 1732, to Charles Vane, Esq.



1. Those who came in with Nicholson at the conquest of Port Royal in 1710, and from thence to 1748.
2. Those who settled Halifax, under Cornwallis, in 1748.
3. Those who came from the old colonies and took the lands comprising the French Settlements—from 1756 to 1763.
4. The Loyalists and Refugees of 1783.

Of the first above named class a few memorials remain to us. There are one or two of the Douglass family who appear to have resided in the old or lower town from about the year 1710 to 1740. In 1724 one Alexander Douglass brought certain charges against the Rev. Robert Cuthbert before the Council. In September of that year it is recorded, "The Board unanimously agreed, that whereas it appears that the Rev. Mr. Robert Cuthbert hath obstinately persisted in keeping company with Margaret Douglass, contrary to all reproofs and admonitions from Alexander Douglass, her husband, and contrary to his own promises and the good advice of His Honour the Lieut.-Governor. That he, the said Robert Cuthbert, should be kept in the garrison without port liberty; and that his scandalous affair, and the satisfaction demanded by the injured husband, be transmitted, in order to be determined at home; and that the Hon. Lieut.-Governor may write for another minister in his room."\*

Four years before this event Samuel Douglass, probably the father of Alexander, buried his first wife, and the monument erected to her memory seems to be the oldest now remaining at Annapolis, indeed it may be the oldest to be found in the Province. It reads thus:—

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\*Murdoch's History N. S., page 420, appendix.

Here lyes ye Body of  
 Bathia Douglass wife  
 to Samuel Douglass who  
 Departed this Life, Octo.  
 the 1st, 1729, in the 37th  
 Year of her Age.

This inscription is cut upon a very hard slate stone, very like that found near Bear River, or Hillsburg, a few miles down the river, and from the fine state of preservation of the lettering it seems admirably adapted for mortuary records. The edges of the letters are almost as sharply defined as though cut but a dozen years ago instead of a century and a half. Most of the early tombstones found here are of the same material. The widowed Douglass again took upon himself the responsibility of wedlock, for twenty years after the death of Bathia we find that he buried a second wife by her side, and has recorded his appreciation of her by raising a monument to her memory with the following encomiastic record:—

Here lies the Body of  
 Rebecca Douglass  
 late wife of  
 Samuel Douglass  
 Who died April 18th 1740  
 in the 37th year of her Age,  
 Who was endowed with virtue and piety,  
 Both a good wife and a tender mother.

In 1732 her husband is styled—in a grant of a lot of land in the lower town—as a *gunner*.

At the time the Douglasses were inhabitants of Annapolis there lived there a family by the name of Oliver, as appears by the following inscription upon the stone which marks the last resting place of the dust of one of them:—

Here lyes ye  
 Body of M.  
 Anthony Oliver  
 aged 58 Years  
 Deed April ye 24th  
 1 7 3 4

It is said. I believe with truth, that some of his descendants yet survive, and reside in the township of Granville, a few miles west of the old Scotch Fort, whose site is yet fairly visible after the vicissitudes of nearly two and a half centuries, having been erected in 1621. It was in the vicinity of this fort that the oldest, and probably only, existing monumental records of the French occupation have been found. One of these bears the date 1606 (Haliburton), 1609 (Murdoch), and is, I think, to be found in the museum attached to King's College, Windsor; the other bears the single name "Lebel," with the date 1643, and is in the possession of Edward C. Coroling, Esq. I may add that a tradition exists to the effect that the first farm successfully cultivated was near this spot, if it did not include it. But this is a digression.

During the attack made upon Annapolis by Marin, in 1745, Murdoch informs us that Mascarene, who was commander at the time, ordered several dwellings, situated near the fort, to be pulled down. This was done by the advice of the Council; the buildings were accordingly appraised and demolished. One of these belonged to the "late Mr. Oliver," and we learn from his tombstone that he had then been dead eleven years. Another of the houses belonged to a Mr. Ross, and yet another to a Mr. Hutchinson, while one was the property of a member of the Council, Mr. Adams. These buildings were near the fort, and it was feared they would yield convenient shelter to the enemy from the fire of the besieged, and hence their demolition. Perhaps they dreaded the destruction of the fort in case Marin should order them to be burned, as they were dangerously near the works. Mr. Oliver was married, but whether his wife survived him or not I have not been able to ascertain. The tombstone which marks her grave, and which was erected beside his own, I found sunk so deeply into the earth as to hide the date of her decease.

With this very slight knowledge of the English residents, of what to them was still Port Royal, we have nearly all we can know of the *people*, as distinguished from those who were more immediately connected with the administration of public affairs, but we have enough given us to enable the thoughtful and imaginative mind to enter in some degree into the feelings, hopes, joys and sorrows which characterized their daily life. The disturbed condition of the country during the thirty years succeeding its final conquest, caused by the incessant intrigues of the French of Isle Royale, (Cape Breton,) many of whose inhabitants were emigrants from the Annapolis valley, and who considered themselves as still the rightful owners of large portions of its soil—to regain possession. The sometimes open hostilities of the Indians, and the covert, but well known enmity of the Acadians, who still lived in the vicinity, turned "the town" where these people resided into a sort of advanced trench, which any moment might be assailed by a besieging foe. The Adamases; and Winnietts; the Douglasses and Olivers; the Rosses and Hutchinsons; the Jenningses and Wetherbys; the Hansholes and Horlocks,—these were the names of the chief inhabitants of British origin not connected with the garrison, of whose thoughts, feelings and pursuits we know so little and desire to know so much.

To these may be added "Haw the tailor, " who was fined for selling liquor, and who, been highly incensed thereat, surrendered the patent by which he held a piece of land in the "upper town," and left the colony in disgust—probably for the colony's good.

Among these families, that of the Winniett's stood first, probably both in influence and antiquity. I might add in *position* also, if it were not that at this period one of the inhabitants (Mr. Adams), was a member of His Majesty's Council, an honour to which Mr. Winniett was not raised till

ment, constitutes an enormous debt against the States chargeable with this unadvised measure, which must long remain unsatisfied; or rather, an accumulation of guilt, which can be expiated no otherwise than by a voluntary sacrifice on the altar of justice of the power which has been the instrument of it.

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### SOME NOTES ON OLD MONTREAL.

*(A Paper read before a meeting of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Montreal.)*

BY EDWARD MURPHY, ESQ.



AGREEABLY to a promise made at the last meeting of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society, I beg to read a short paper on the necessity of a "Topographical History of Montreal," and crave your indulgence for its crude manner.

If time permits, I shall illustrate this paper by reading some extracts from notes which I have made from time to time, during many years past, on the streets of Old Montreal.

Although we may not have (and in point of fact have not) as much historic matter to draw from as Mr. LeMoine has had for his admirable work on the streets of Quebec, yet there is much of interest to be collected even here, indeed quite enough to make up a good-sized volume.

The general design of the work, in my opinion, should be a topographical history of the streets of Montreal, including such archæological and antiquarian matters as can be collected. The writer or compiler should lead his readers through the streets of the city and suburbs, noting as he goes along the present old buildings and the sites of older ones still, where such and such important or notable personages of the past lived, describing the buildings (few now remain) and giving at the same time the history and other matters of interest connected with the localities—

such as biographical notices, anecdotes and traditions that have been handed down of the persons who formerly figured in connection with the places described.

Without entering further into details as to what such a work should take up, I may remark here that as late as 1840 St. Paul, St. Francois Xavier, St. Sacramento, Notre Dame and others of our present business streets contained the private residences of many of our first citizens, where stores and warehouses only are now to be seen. Indeed, I may say that previous to 1837 not half-a-dozen of our merchants and professional men lived outside of the old city proper, viz., from McGill Street to Dalhousie Square, and back to Craig Street, which was its northern boundary. At that time, and even later, St. Louis Street and its "Seven Galleries,"\* a terrace of one story buildings, were the fashionable residences of the military of the day.

Very few of the present generation can have any idea of the great changes that have taken place since 1840. In St. Sacramento Street, on the site now occupied by the Merchants' Exchange, stood, a little off the street, with lilac trees growing in the parterre, the residence of Mr. St. George Dupré. He was one of the old noblesse, a very *distingué* looking little man.† The next house to Mr. Dupré's was the town residence of the de Lotbiniere family; this still stands, and is the present No. 17. It is the last of the old buildings standing in that street.

Hospital Street, forty years ago, had in it some respectable private residences. In a long building next to the North British Chambers, Maitland, Tylec & Co. had their stores, and Mr. Maitland lived over the warehouse. At the

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\*So called from a terrace of seven houses, each with a gallery in front.

†I remember him well, every fine morning in the summer season, taking his "constitutional airing" on horseback, either down St. Francois Xavier Street to the river or upon his way to the suburbs.

By 1776 the Continental currency amounted to nine millions and began to depreciate. The Congress passed harsh measures to sustain the credit of the bills, but to no purpose. Committees of safety undertook to punish tradesmen who refused to sell their goods for what was considered a fair price. All in vain. The issues continued to multiply and to depreciate, until in 1779 over 350 millions had been issued, the whole amount was worth not more than seven millions in coin. Coin had completely disappeared. The Congress knew not how to provide for the army, and began too late to call on the colonies for taxes. The French alliance saved the colonies from destruction, not so much by military aid as by enabling them to procure loans in Europe so as to continue the struggle. In the spring of 1780 the bills were worth only two cents on the dollar, and ceased to circulate. This was the darkest period of the war, the spring after the memorable winter at Valley Forge; but it was the darkness that precedes the dawn. Specie came into circulation gradually, as the bills disappeared, and in October 1781, Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown and the war was over.

It is evident that the Continental currency did not save the colonies, as General Butler pretends, but came near betraying them to their destruction. If it had preserved the republic, it would have been at a cost of private wrong, which nothing but the exigency of war could excuse. It is proposed now to try the same plan in time of profound peace. Let us see first, how the earlier experiment affected private interests.

Maine, during the period from 1775 to 1780, was a part of Massachusetts, and Parson Smith's diary, at Falmouth, is as good a contemporary record as can be found. Here are some extracts:—

1776.

Sept. 16.—I gave up the whole of my last year's salary to the parish, and accepted £75 for this year.

1778.

Oct. 30.—It is a melancholy time upon many accounts. Lawful money is reduced to be worth no more than old tenor. Creditors don't receive an eighth part of their old debts, nor ministers of their salaries.

1779.

Jan. 28.—Congress have called in fifteen millions of their dollars by way of tax this year; two millions is the part of our State.

April 1.—There is a grievous cry for bread in all the seaport towns, and there is but little meat and no fish yet.

April 7.—Indian meal is sold at 30 dollars a bushel.

April 27.—I hear wood is 52 dollars a cord in Boston, and flour at £50 per hundred, i.e., a barrel is more than my whole salary.

May 8.—Corn is now sold at 35 dollars a bushel, and coffee at 3 dollars a pound.

June 1.—Molasses is raised to 15 dollars, coffee 4, sugar 3.

June 10.—A man asked 74 dollars for a bushel of wheat meal.

June 11.—Green peas sold at Boston at 20 dollars a peck. Lamb at 20 dollars a quarter. Board 60 dollars a week.

June 17.—We bought three pounds of halibut for a dollar.

Aug. 23.—We bought a pound of tea at 19 dollars.

Nov. 15.—Parish meeting about salary. Voted to do nothing.

Nov. 22.—Capt. Sanford brought me 400 dollars, gathered by subscription.

Dec. 23.—Wool is 70 dollars a cord; coffee 8 dollars a pound.

1780.

March 24.—Young Mussey asks 500 dollars, i.e. above £1100, for a hat. Labourers 30 dollars a day.

Oct. 2.—The Tender Act repealed lately.

1781.

Aug. 18.—Wood is 2 dollars a cord; never so cheap.

Aug. 22.—There is only hard money passing, and little of that.

1782.

March 20.—Parish meeting; voted Mr. Deane and myself each an £100 for last year and this, with contributions.

Parson Smith was now 80 years old, and Mr. Deane had been employed as his colleague. Mr. Deane also kept a diary, by which it appears that the price of a pound of tea



in 1773 was a dollar. In 1779, when Parson Smith paid 29 dollars for the same luxury, it was really much cheaper, as a dollar in silver was then worth 29 dollars in currency. In May, 1781, Mr. Deane made a journey to Massachusetts. On his way up, he paid £4 16s. O. T. for ferrriage at Portsmouth; on his return he paid a pistareen in silver at the same place.

This confusion was the golden opportunity for speculators. Labourers received \$30 a day, but it took more than two days work to pay for a cord of wood or a bushel of corn meal. There are few families which have not kept some traditions of losses at that time. A lady in 1779, for example, complained through the public press, that her guardian, having invested her fortune six years before in real estate, had kept the land and paid her in legal-tender bills. Pelatiah Webster, in his Political Essays, published in 1791, says of the Continental currency:—

If it saved the State, it has also polluted the equity of our laws, turned them into engines of oppression and wrong, corrupted the justice of our public administration, destroyed the fortunes of thousands who had most confidence in it, enervated the trade, husbandry and manufactures of our country, and went far to destroy the morality of our people.

It is little wonder that the Federal constitution, framed in 1787, provided that no State shall "emit bills of credit, or make anything but gold or silver coin a tender in payment of debts." The men of that time had a wholesome distrust of legal-tender paper. Mr. Madison, commenting in the Federalist upon this provision of the constitution, says:—

The extension of the prohibiton to bills of credit, must give pleasure to every citizen, in proportion to his love of justice and his knowledge of the true springs of public prosperity. The loss which America has sustained since the peace, from the pestilent effects of paper money on the necessary confidence between man and man, on the necessary confidence in the public councils, on the industry and morals of the people, and on the character of republican govern-

ment, constitutes an enormous debt against the States chargeable with this unadvised measure, which must long remain unsatisfied; or rather, an accumulation of guilt, which can be expiated no otherwise than by a voluntary sacrifice on the altar of justice of the power which has been the instrument of it.

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present Nos. 10 and 12 in that street was located Workman's Academy—an institution which turned out a greater number of able and successful commercial men and bankers than any school of the day. I may name here, among many others, the late Benjamin Lyman, Hon. L. H. Holton, A. M. Delisle, Thos. Workman, Alfred Savage and others.

In St. Paul Street, forty years ago, most of the merchants lived over their stores or warehouses, and many of them boarded their clerks with their own families. Between thirty-five and forty years ago the late Hon. George Moffatt lived next door to the extensive warehouses of the firm; a portion of these buildings still remain, representing the present Nos. 310 to 316. The late John Carter, James Shuter and others also resided over their warehouses. The late John Torrance, up to about 1840, lived over his store, on the south-west corner of St. Paul and St. Nicholas Streets. William Lyman lived over his stores—present Nos. 452 and 454 St. Paul Street. And so on of others.

Notre Dame Street, at the time I write of (forty years ago) was, from McGill Street to Dalhousie Square, with the exception of a few shops opposite the Court House, all private dwellings.

A street or topographical history of Montreal—such as has been so well done for Quebec by J. M. LeMoine, Esq., and for Toronto by Dr. Scadding—is, I believe, a generally recognised want, and the writing of such a work should not be delayed. If put off much longer, it will be difficult, perhaps impossible, to write, as many of the old landmarks have passed away. House after house, church after church, public building after building have been pulled down to make way for the improvements which the increased business of the city demanded, thus obliterating the connection that a few years ago existed between the past and the present of our good city.

The general appearance of Montreal had changed but little during the half century previous to the Rebellion of 1837-38. Since that time, however, the changes have been very marked. About 1840 the city commenced to grow rapidly in population and commercial importance, necessitating the pulling down the buildings referred to and making the extensive improvements required to meet the increasing trade of the city.

Many of the present generation do not even know the sites of some of the most interesting of our old buildings, such as old Christ Church, old St. Andrew's Church, the "Old Market" place, old Jesuits' Church and grounds, site of old Jail; nor that the old French Church stood on the line of Notre Dame Street—the front facing Notre Dame Street west, and the back Notre Dame Street east—completely blocking the way, so that people had to pass round the Square in going from one part of the street to the other. The Hotel Dieu on St. Paul Street, the Grey Nunnery on Foundling Street, the Recollet Church on Notre Dame Street, and the old College on College Street, although but recently removed, are being forgotten, and another generation will in turn forget their sites.

The object of this paper is to call the attention of some one qualified for the task to the necessity of undertaking this work without delay and before the memory of, as well as the landmarks themselves, shall have entirely faded away. I am sure there are many in this city—indeed I know there are some in our own Society—well qualified to write such a history as I have suggested, which would in my opinion be well received, and, I have no doubt, be very popular and interesting. I think the public are ready for it.

Before closing, I may say that in my notes I have been careful in defining the sites of old public buildings and the private residences of some of the old noblesse and other

personages of note in the past. The positions of the various Points, such as *Pointe a Calliere*, *Point a Blondon*, &c.; localities known by certain names some years ago, but long since gone into disuse or changed, such as the Citadel Hill, &c., are carefully noted. Location of the watercourses that passed through the city—open streams in olden times—and the ornamental and other bridges that spanned them, now filled up and obliterated by the modern system of drainage, are described. Why old tanneries and breweries were built in certain locations? The style of architecture and appearance of buildings forty or fifty years ago,\* and some peculiarities of the manner of doing business at the time referred to. I have collected anecdotes of the past and have recorded some interesting matter, all of which I shall be happy to place at the disposal of anyone who will undertake the writing of a historic topography of the city of Montreal.

[MEM.—At the close of Mr. Murphy's paper, in accordance with his promise, he read copious extracts from his "Notes," which were full of pleasant memories and fully bore out the value of his suggestion that the publication of them would be of great interest. Mr. Murphy also exhibited several sketches of Old Montreal, illustrative of the style of old buildings, &c., &c.

The thanks of the members present closed the proceedings of the meeting.

We understand that the suggestion of publication was taken up by a leading member of the Society, and that a volume will be forthcoming at as early a date as possible; other interesting MSS. having been offered for the purpose.—ED. ANTIQUARIAN.]

\*The houses at the beginning of this century were generally of "rubble masonry" or of wood, one or two stories high—the former with iron shutters. Some houses on St. Paul Street were two or three stories high, of Ashlar masonry. The buildings in the old city proper were generally of stone.

## NOTES ON JEAN NICOLET.

BY BENJAMIN SULTÉ, OTTAWA.



AT what time was Nicolet appointed interpreter of the Company of New France, otherwise called the Hundred Associators or Partners?

Nicolet arrives in the country in 1618, being a nominee or protégé of Champlain. He goes immediately to Allumettes Island, on the Ottawa, in order to study the Indian language. In 1622 he is noted as having already a very extensive influence among the Algonquin Indians. And for a period of eight or nine years after 1622, says Father Le Jeune, a particular friend, he lived with the tribes of the Nipissing—that is from 1623 to 1631.

In 1627, the Company of New France is founded, fulfilling the views of Champlain, whose friendship towards his protégé, Nicolet, may have induced him to give him the rank of official interpreter, which he fully deserved. It is to be noted that Hertel, Godefroy, Marguerie, Marsolet, Brulé and Le Tardif, were, as well as Nicolet, all young men of thirty years, or thereabout, at this period—1627; and that they had had already a good many years of experience among the Indians. In speaking of them, our historians have always styled them interpreters, and so they really were. I may add that I believe I have always noticed the above named persons mentioned in the writings of this period as “interpreters.” We know, also, that Hertel, Brulé, Godefroy, Marguerie and Le Tardif were located or had charge of various localities of trade between Gaspé and Montreal, during the time that Nicolet was living among the tribes of the Upper Ottawa and the Nipissing region, and 1618–1629, leaving that country to himself, and partly to Marsolet, who resided there, I believe, for some period prior to 1629.

In my *Life of Nicolet*, I say that I am not certain that he did or did not return to Quebec before 1629. My impression is that he might have been there in 1628, to receive orders from Champlain on account of the new state of things inaugurated by the creation of the system of 1627—"The Hundred Associators"; but I see no reason why he should not have ranked from that time with the interpreters of New France. The *Relation* says that he remained with the Nipissing during the occupation of Quebec by the English—1629-32.

July 19th, 1629, Quebec is taken by Kertk; surrendered back to the French in July, 1632, when Emery De Caen took possession, and landed with the Jesuit Fathers.

In July, 1632, was the month, I might say the only month, during which the trade of the Great Lakes was performed on the St. Lawrence, mostly on the spot where Three Rivers stood afterwards. The flotilla of bark canoes used to spend from eight to ten days, and no more, in that place, very seldom reaching Quebec. Therefore, so soon as De Caen arrived in July, 1632, he was in a position to send orders to the most remote interpreter of the country, Nicolet, through the Indians returning home that very month. Generally it took five weeks for them to reach Georgian Bay.

It was in 1633, I firmly believe, that Nicolet was ordered to go down to Quebec, as I have thus explained. The *Relation* says positively, that on the French resuming possession of Quebec, he was called to the Colony. Champlain arrived from France on the 23d of May, in that year. In June, he caused a small fort to be built about forty miles above Quebec, to afford protection to the trading flotilla descending the St. Lawrence, and which was always much exposed to the attacks of the Iroquois, especially when having landed at Three Rivers to trade. It was thought



advisable to draw the trade nearer to Quebec, and thus the St. Croix fort was established in June, 1633. During the same month, and in the early part of it, one hundred and fifty Huron canoes arrived to trade. They must have left their country by the 1st of May, and travelled fast. No doubt that that "engressement," and the great number of them, can be explained by the news of the return of the French to Quebec in the preceding year. Nicolet must have been with them. In the meantime vessels arrived safely from France, loaded with provisions, people and supplies of various kinds. The promise of a bright period would seem to have dawned upon the Colony. No wonder that Champlain should have taken advantage of this happy state of affairs to develop his scheme of exploration in the far and unknown country, the door of which he had reached in a single day, and where Nicolet had resided for so many years. Even supposing that Nicolet did not go down to Quebec in 1633, he could have gone; and he certainly went there in the month of June, 1634, because he started from that place on the 2d of July with Father Brebeuf to proceed to the West.

Now, as I have already said, he had every right to be regarded as an interpreter from at least 1622. He may have been placed as such on the pay list in 1627; but having, as I presume, rendered very little service to the Hundred Associators between 1628 and 1633, it is likely that his employ as interpreter in full pay only dated in reality from the summer of 1632. So soon as he reached Quebec with the Indians of his "Agency," either in 1633 or 1634, he was nothing else, I am sure, but an interpreter of the Company, paid by them, and receiving his orders from them, through Champlain, their representative.

Why not say, therefore, with the *Relation*, that he was an interpreter of the Hundred Associators when he was sent to

explore Wisconsin? That, in my estimation, would be quite correct.

That Nicolet was interpreter at Three Rivers is not stated; and he could not have been, because the fort at that place was not yet built, and the trade of 1632 and 1633 which took place partly at St. Croix, and partly at Quebec and Three Rivers, must have been attended by the various interpreters already mentioned in these notes, whilst nothing can explain how Champlain would have employed Nicolet at that period of his life on the St. Lawrence, after having prepared him with so great pains to carry on the business in the West.

It happened that when Father Brebeuf and Nicolet left Quebec for the West on the 2d of July, 1634, an expedition had sailed from there on the 1st of that month to go to Three Rivers to establish a fort. On the 4th, they were all arrived at that latter place; and the first pickets were planted under the eye of Nicolet, who immediately after renewed his journey to the West, in company with the Hurons who had been trading at Three Rivers that year; for they were determined not to go any farther in the direction of Quebec, and that is the reason why Champlain abandoned St. Croix and established Three Rivers. In 1635, trade was carried on with the Hurons at Three Rivers between the 15th and the 23d of July. Had Nicolet returned from Wisconsin with them? I calculate that the trip from Quebec to Wisconsin must have taken ten weeks each way, leaving thirty weeks of the year—from July, 1634 to July, 1635—for the transactions connected with the object of his voyage, which is plenty. Consequently, he had time to start in July, 1634, and return in July, 1635.

From that moment, or rather from the 9th of December, 1635, we find Nicolet residing at Three Rivers as interpreter—and so continued till the year of his death, 1642.

Jean Nicolet, it will be seen, arrived in the colony in 1618, and immediately went to reside on the Ottawa river and Lake Nipissing. The *Relations des Jesuites* say that he remained there until the country was restored to France by the English, in 1632. The first time we find Nicolet below Montreal is in July, 1634, when Father Brebeuf states that he travelled up with him to Allumettes Island, on the Ottawa. The party with which Brebeuf was, passed Three Rivers, half-way between Quebec and Montreal, on the 4th of July, 1634. From Allumettes Island, where Nicolet had landed, Brebeuf travelled to the Huron missions, on the shore of the Georgian Bay. These facts are taken from the *Relations*.

Now comes my supposition, which is entirely new to historians. Nicolet left Allumettes Island about September, 1634, and went to Wisconsin. He must have spent the winter there, in order to return to Canada with the trading parties the following summer. The Indians from the Great Lakes used to reach Three Rivers in July and August; never before nor after that period. They were there on the 20th of July, 1635.

On the 9th of December, 1635, I find Jean Nicolet, interpreter, at Three Rivers, as recorded in the register of the church; and again on the 21st, 27th and 29th of the same month. Again on the 7th and 9th of January; 20th of April; 30th of May; and the 28th of August, 1636.

Nicolet must have spent the winter of 1636-37 in Three Rivers, because we find him on the 16th of April, 1637, leaving that place to go to Quebec at the call of the Governor-General. Eleven days after he is present at a council at Quebec, in the interest of the establishment of an Indian settlement at Three Rivers. During the summer of that year he is mentioned in the *Relations* two or three times in connection with the defence of that village against the Iroquois.

At Quebec, 7th of October, 1637, Nicolet marries Marguerite Couillard. The marriage contract is dated in that city, 22d of October, 1637. On the following 18th of November, he is mentioned in the church register at Three Rivers, where he spent the whole winter of 1637-38. From that moment his wife is present at church nearly every month in Three Rivers up to 1642, the date of Nicolet's death, as the register shows. The register for 1638 only contains the first five months of that year. Nicolet's presence, during that period of five months, is mentioned only on the 19th of March. After that we find him again at the same place on the 9th of January, 1639. There is no probability that he went to Wisconsin and returned during that short period of less than ten months, of which the half was not fit for travelling back from that remote point to the St. Lawrence. Besides, we know that the spirit of discovery had died with Champlain on the 25th of December, 1635; and we may also believe that Nicolet, after his marriage, never again attempted those daring excursions among unknown nations that marked his early career. He is present at church in Three Rivers 9th of January, 4th of March, the 16th, 18th and 20th of July, and the 7th of December, 1639. On the 9th of October of the same year, he was present at Quebec to attend the marriage of the father and mother of Jolliet. Nicolet is at Three Rivers again on the 26th of January, 1640. He died two years after that date; and during all that time we trace him month by month in the parish register of Three Rivers.

In brief, Nicolet must have traveled to the Mississippi in the year 1634-5, from July to July, because that period is the only one during which we cannot find him on the shore of the St. Lawrence.

Nicolet had nothing to do with the Jesuits. Therefore, it is not possible that he travelled on discovery in connection

with those Fathers, who, at that time—1636, and afterwards—were the only persons taking an interest in Western discovery. Being an employé of the Hundred Partners, Nicolet remained at Three Rivers from 1635 to 1642; and we know that neither the Hundred Partners nor M. de Montmagny, the Governor-General, who came to succeed Champlain in June, 1636, troubled themselves about the Great Lakes, and the country beyond them. I cannot see any reason why Nicolet would have visited Wisconsin after the death of Champlain; after he had abandoned the life of the woods; after he had got married; after he had become an employé of the principal commercial company of Canada; when nobody seems to have wanted him to resume his old style of life; but, on the contrary, at a time when his presence at Three Rivers was so important both winter and summer.

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The following note is appended by Mr. L. C. Draper, Secretary to the Historical Society of Wisconsin:—

It seems proper to explain what called forth the foregoing paper on Jean Nicolet. The advent of this early and hardy explorer to Wisconsin is not noticed by our great historian, Bancroft, nor by our own Wisconsin historian, Gen. Wm. R. Smith. And even that careful antiquary, Dr. J. G. Shea, has not given him the credit of visiting our territory as early by some five years as he is justly entitled.

Father Le Jeune, in his letter of Sept. 10, 1640, published in the *Jesuit Relations*, states substantially that "Nicolet, who had penetrated farthest into those distant countries, avers that had he sailed three days more on a great river which flows from that lake [Green Bay], he would have found the sea"; hence, Mr. Shea infers, as this was written in 1640, that Nicolet's Wisconsin visit must have occurred not very long before, and thus, his *Discovery of the Mississippi*, 1852, places it "as early as 1639," and again "about 1639"; while in his *Indian Tribes of Wisconsin* (Wis. Hist. Colls., 1857, iii, 126), he says "in 1639," which he repeats in his edition of Charlevoix's *Novo France*, 1866, ii, 137, note.

Parkman, following Shea's earlier work, places this event, in his *France and England in North America*, 1869, as occurring "in or before the year

1639; " and in his *Jesuits in North America*, 1870, has it "as early as 1639." *Neill's Minnesota* adopts Shea's later date of 1639.

In 1876, Mr. Sulté, the author of the foregoing paper, published his excellent *Mélanges D'Histoire et de Littérature*, in which he devotes a chapter to Jean Nicolet, showing that he made his Wisconsin exploration in 1634-35. Mr. Sulté's attention was called to a possible later period as the time of Nicolet's visit; and this inquiry drew from him the subjoined paper, proving quite conclusively that he made his eventful journey to Wisconsin in 1634-35, and could not have made it at a later period.

The further question which Mr. Shea avers, and Parkman twice repeats, that Nicolet partly descended the Wisconsin, and which the Canadian historian, F. X. Garneau, in the *Journal de Québec*, of April 20, 1854, admits may have been so, if "the most liberal interpretation" be assumed. Mr. C. W. Butterfield controverts this point, with apparent success, in a monogram on *Nicolet's Discovery of Wisconsin*, which will soon be given to the public, and will deservedly attract the attention of all lovers of the truth of history.

That "Nicolet was a remarkable man," as Parkman asserts, is abundantly shown by the *Jesuits Relations*, Ferland's *Notes sur les Registres de Québec*, the works of Shea and Parkman, and the forthcoming volume of Mr. Butterfield.

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## THE MANX SCRIPTURES.



AT a recent meeting of the Society, Mr. C. S. Baker exhibited a copy of the Bible in the Manx tongue, accompanied by the following notice of this rather rare edition of the Scriptures in a now fast-disappearing language.

The first translation of the Holy Scriptures into the Manx language was entrusted to twenty-four persons, nearly all of whom were residents of the island, and, with only one exception, held clerical appointments. This was about the middle of last century. After passing through their hands, the final revision was entrusted to Drs. Kelly and Moore, the former of whom was at the time only eighteen years of age, but had displayed such critical knowledge of Manx, which was his native language, that the work was entrusted to him. He transcribed the whole work from Genesis to Revelation for the press, and in

conjunction with Dr. Moore corrected and revised the proof sheets. The feelings with which Dr. Moore regarded his work may be inferred from a clause in his will, in which he blesses God "for all the comforts of his existence, but above all that he had a capital hand and concern in the Manx Scriptures." He died in 1783, but not before he had seen the whole work completed. The first part of the Old Testament was printed in the year 1770, at Whitehaven, on the adjoining coast of the County of Cumberland. The preservation of the second part of the manuscript reminds us forcibly of a similar adventure that threatened the loss of Cæsar's Commentaries. While Drs. Moore and Kelly were proceeding to Whitehaven to superintend its printing, a storm arose and almost everything on board was lost except the manuscript, which they preserved by holding it above the water for the space of five hours. In 1772 the Old Testament was completed and published, to the great joy of Bishop Hildersley. This good man had frequently said, "I wish but to see the sacred volume finished, and should then die happy, die when I may." On the last sheets of the work being placed in his hands, he very emphatically sang the "*Nunc dimittis, Domine*" in the presence of his family. This was on Saturday, Nov. 28th 1772. On the following day he preached with more than usual fervour on the uncertainty of life, and on the Monday he was seized with an attack of apoplexy which deprived him of his intellectual faculties and proved fatal within the week.

The second edition of the Manx Bible was published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge in 1775. The entire Bible was published in 4to., but separate copies of the New Testament were issued in 8vo. In 1810 a stereotyped edition of 2,000 copies of the New Testament in 12mo was published by the British and Foreign Bible

Society, and in 1815 an additional supply of 250 copies was struck off. The last edition, and the one to which the volume exhibited belonged, consisted of 5,000 copies of the Bible, which were issued by the same Society. As far back as 1825, the Bishop of Sodor and Man informed the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge that there was no longer any necessity for impressions of the Bible in the Manx language, and that the people were eager to be supplied with English copies. It is therefore probable that no further edition of the Bible in this language will ever appear.

The Manx translation of the Old Testament has been esteemed as nearer to the Hebrew than is the authorised English version, and is often of a paraphractical character. A remarkable variation between the English and Manx Bibles occurs in 1 Kings xvii. ch., 3-6 v., where the word "ravens" is rendered by "cummaltee Oreb"—the inhabitants of Oreb.

The Manx language, like the Welsh and Cornish, are dialects of the Erse or Gaelic, which derives no assistance from the languages of Greece and Rome, from which it differs in its structures and formation. Having its affixes and prefixes, it greatly resembles the Hebrew, especially in the inflexions of the nouns and verbs. This at least seems to be the opinion of philologists; but selecting the passage to which reference has been made, it is difficult to avoid a comparison between the Manx (v. 4) *eh gy-kione* and the Greek *egento* (and it came to pass). In some of the most remote and mountainous parts of the island an odd person here and there may yet be found who can speak the language, but it and Cornish may veritably be numbered among the dead languages, to which there seems little doubt the Welsh will be added within another century. This decadence of languages which, like the Erse and Greek, are powerful, copious and



beautiful in their expressions, is a most remarkable phenomenon. Is it attributable to the march of intellect or to the survival of the fittest, or is it simply the result of that ceaseless change that pervades all things ?

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### A HITHERTO UNRECORDED CURRENCY IN CANADA.

**W**RITING of the days succeeding the founding of Galt, Ont., in 1816, an author says: " Money was rarely seen. At certain seasons there was literally none in circulation. An English shilling was almost a curiosity. Battered brass buttons passed readily as coppers, and it is said that in a hard pinch they were occasionally cut off the coat for the purpose! An amusing illustration of the scarcity of money may be mentioned here. People were infatuated to get married in those days, just as they do now; but the operation was by no means so easy as at present. The clergy of the Church of England were the only ministers at one time who could marry; magistrates could do so, however, when there was no Episcopal clergyman within a radius of eighteen miles, and Squire Ellis, of Waterloo, and Squire Murray, who resided near St. George, for many years did a thriving business in the matrimonial line. But to our story. It was customary then, as now, for the bridegroom to hand the officiating clergyman or magistrate a small fee on the completion of the ceremony. However difficult it was to procure, at least one dollar was generally scraped together for this purpose. But even this could not always be obtained. Indeed, on one occasion, one of the clergymen of Galt (Rev. Dr. Boomer), after tying the marriage knot, was surprised when the bride stepped briskly up to his side and whispered in his ear that they had no money, but

would on the morrow send him the marriage fee in sausages ! He accepted the offer with the best grace possible, but could scarcely suppress his merriment at the unexpected and unusual character of the *douceur*."

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## THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

### THE BRAVE DAYS OF OLD.

BY PROFESSOR GRANT, KINGSTON.

*(Scribner's Monthly.)*



LOSE on three centuries and a half ago, Jacques Cartier, looking for the Indies, found the St. Lawrence. The Indian village of Stadaconé, hard by the beetling cliff of Quebec, and the palisaded town of Hochelaga nestling amid corn-fields under the shadow of the mountain which he named Mount Royal, gave him kindly welcome. These and the mighty river and unbroken forests primeval extending to unknown horizons, were fair to see under the glowing summer sun and the marvellous tints of autumn. But an apparently endless winter succeeded, and horrible scurvy wasted his men like a pestilence. Returning to France with tales of "black forests, deep snow, and thick ice," instead of schooners full of yellow gold and rosy pearls, he received from his patrons maledictions instead of thanks. Of this introductory chapter of Canadian history, little remains but the memory of the hardy mariner of St. Malo.

The first period of Canadian history begins with the first years of the seventeenth century, and ends with the death of Count Frontenac and the peace made with the Iroquois in the year 1700. Through all this time, Canada had to fight for life with the Iroquois, or Five Nations of the Mohawks, Onondagas, Cayugas, Onondagas and Senecas. The territory

of this formidable confederacy extended from Lake Champlain and the Mohawk River to the western extremity of Lake Erie. The great Canadian names of the period, Champlain, Maisonneuve, La Salle, and Count Frontenac, are but the brightest stars in a crowded firmament.

Between Jacques Cartier and Champlain's time comes in an episode that frequently takes hold of my imagination. The Marquis de la Roche undertook to colonize and christianize New France. To find gold and silver mines, and to spread the Gospel, were the twin motives that animated the French gentlemen who sailed from France to the New World in those brave days of old. The quality of De la Roche's colonists was bad enough, and the quantity not much better. In addition to his crew he had only some forty convicts. They sailed in a vessel so small that from the cords of the gunwale the men could wash their hands in the sea. Coasting to the south of Nova Scotia, he came to those long low ridges of sand, well called Sable Island, that had been the dread of Basque and Norman and Breton fishermen before Jacques Cartier's day, and that are the dread of mariners still. Here he landed his jail-birds, intending to return for them when he had selected a site for his colony. A furious storm drove him back to France, and thrown into prison by an enemy, he could neither organize another expedition nor get speech of the king. When the little craft that had borne them across the Atlantic slowly receded from the gaze of the convicts, suspicions may have crossed their minds. When the days passed into weeks, and weeks into months, without a sail appearing on the horizon, the suspicions deepened into conviction. Savagely they cursed their fate and each other, and the patron who had proved their betrayer. What were they to do? On this ocean-girt Sahara, nearly a hundred miles from the mainland, there was, at any rate, nothing to stir ambition or

excite passion ; no house to break into, no one to plunder, no society that had been their enemy, and against which instinct, necessity or revenge impelled them to wage war ; no guards to enforce work, no handcuffs, or strait and lonely cells. They were brothers in evil fate ; surely the sentiment of a common brotherhood would be born in them and restore them to manhood ! The island is a wilderness of sand, bowshaped, about thirty miles long, with a lake in the centre, on the shores of which grow a few shrubs and sickly plants. Neither tree, rock nor cave offered friendly shelter from the driving rain and wintry sleet. They gazed on long reaches of sand, broken only by sand ridges covered with rank grass, or whortleberry and cranberry bushes in the depressions ; along the indented shifting coast, the skeleton or broken mast of an ancient wreck ; or—after a gale of wind—human skeletons exposed to view ; and beyond, the wild waste of the Atlantic, imprisoning them more relentlessly than their old prison bars. Fortunately they were able to build rude barracks out of the remains of Spanish vessels which had been wrecked on their way to Cape Breton, and they found on the island cattle and sheep that had come from those same vessels. When the cattle and sheep failed, they lived on fish ; and when their clothes were worn out they clothed themselves with the pelts of seals. Without adequate protection from the cold ; surf-laden winds howling night and day ; impenetrable fogs hiding the sky ; the thunder of the sea striking the long line of land, and the vibration of the island under the tremendous pressure making them dread that they and their wretched sand-lots were to be swept into space ; and, to crown all, the fellowship of naught but the beast in themselves ! They quarreled and murdered one another, till only twelve were left. Seven miserable years passed, when one day a sail was seen making for the island, instead of giving it the usual

wide berth. The pilot—Chédotel—who had sailed with De la Roche was in charge. The Parliament of Rouen had sent him to ascertain their fate, and bring back those who had survived. With all haste they packed up the stock of furs they had accumulated; but their ill-luck did not desert them, Chédotel seized upon their furs as the price of their voyage. Arrived in France, the king—Henry IV.—desired to see them. They were presented to him, “covered with seal skins, with hair and beard of a length and disorder that made them resemble the pretended river gods, and so disfigured as to inspire horror. The king gave them fifty crowns apiece, and sent them home, released from all process of law.”\* Chédotel, too, was obliged to give back to them half their furs; and the curtain falls on the convicts, who form the first link of connection between French history on the St. Lawrence and in Nova Scotia.

The seventeenth century opens on Canada, not with the St. Lawrence, but with attempted settlements at the mouth of the river St. Croix, in New Brunswick, and at Port Royal, in Nova Scotia. The names of DeMonts, Poutrincourt, Champlain, Lescarbot, and others like them, men of gentle birth and insatiable enterprise, are linked with these unsuccessful attempts. We read sadly and sorrowfully of failure where our sympathies cry out for success; but what other results could there be with colonization schemes based on court favor and government monopoly, instead of patient industry, and with a rank and file swept from streets and jails, instead of material like that which founded and made New England?

Champlain did not linger long about the rugged shores of Acadie. It was from the St. Lawrence that France could best extend her sway in all directions over the New World.

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\*Charlevoix, vol. 1, 109. Champlain's Voyages, p. 42.

In 1608 Champlain founded Quebec, not far from the village of Stadaconé, where Jacques Cartier had spent a miserable winter sixty-seven years before. The site of Champlain's town is the market-place of the present Lower Town of Quebec. Above it rose the fort and the Upper Town, one of the strongest natural fortresses in the world. Well guarded gates defended the approaches from the Lower Town, the St. Charles, the suburbs, and the open country in the rear. From Champlain's time, here has been the centre of French life and influence in America. Till Montcalm fell gloriously, a long line of French governors ruled proudly from the old castled rock. Then the lilies of France gave way to the Cross of St. George, which has waved ever since over a people French in blood and sentiment, but who in every hour of need prove their loyalty to the British throne, and their attachment to institutions under which they first learned the lessons of liberty. Admirably situated for trade and commerce, strong as a fortification, surpassingly beautiful in situation, the centre of almost everything that is romantic in the history of New France, Quebec was also fortunate in its founder. While he lived, Champlain was the head, heart and hand of the infant colony. No name more deserving of honour is enrolled in Canada's book of gold—not so much for what he did, as for what he was. Leaving out Jacques Cartier's name, he was the first of that race of intrepid explorers, lay and clerical, voyageurs and nobles, who searched out the farthest recesses of the forest wilderness, and gave French names to mountains and lakes, rivers, portages and forts, from Louisburg to the shadows of the Rocky Mountains, and from Hudson's Bay and Lake Athabasca to Louisiana. Fervid piety rather than love of adventure is the explanation of his life. "The saving of a soul," he would often say, "is worth more than the conquest of an

empire." Patriotism and religion determined his policy, and amid infinite labours and explorations his policy was single. With that as his pole star he forced his way up the Ottawa to the mouth of the Mattawan; thence westerly to Lake Nipissing, and down French River to the mighty Lake Huron. Pursuing his course southward, along the eastern shores of the Georgian Bay, he came to the rich and populous country of the Hurons, around lake Simcoe, now one vast wheat field in the heart of the great Province of Ontario. His policy was to unite the Indians of the Saguenay, of the Ottawa, of the Georgian Bay, and of Lake Erie into one great confederacy, under French leadership. Those tribes were to be converted by Franciscans and Jesuits, who would thus win a new field for Mother Church in compensation for that which had been lost in the Old World. The same policy would ensure the prosperity of Quebec. The Indians would bring their valuable peltries to the place where, under the Governor's own eye, they could exchange them for French goods. The growth of the colony would be stimulated, dividends would be paid to the Company that had established it, and the loyalty of the Indians and their respect for the missionaries who represented France in their far-away villages would be increased, when, at each annual visit to Quebec, they beheld the state of the Governor, partook of his hospitality, and heard the thunder of his cannon. The policy seemed feasible enough. The tribes of the East and West and North willingly acknowledged the supremacy, and accepted the protection of Champlain. Admiration of the French, a keen desire to exchange their furs for the marvellous things the French alone could give, and a common dread of the Iroquois actuated them. To bind them as his allies, Champlain deliberately made himself the enemy of the Iroquois. This was the one fatal defect of his policy. He should have conciliated those

formidable warriors at any cost. A policy of conciliation must have succeeded. Had he sent among them his grey robes and black robes, the Recollet Friars and Jesuit Fathers; backed these with presents that would have been irresistible at one-tenth the cost of war; gradually established a few forts along the Richelieu and the Hudson—New York could have been secured as a winter port. This gained, the great game would have been gained for New France at the first move. The Pilgrim Fathers would have landed in 1620 at New Plymouth, but they would have been limited to rocky New England. English advance to the West would have been blocked, and the Atlantic colonies of the future cut in twain. It is strange that a man like Champlain, who had felt the dangers and loss resulting from being locked out from the ocean half the year, should have wasted his time on explorations to the north of the St. Lawrence instead of pressing to the open south. The Iroquois alone barred the way. With these on his side he could have anticipated the feeble Dutch colony that, in 1613, settled on Manhattan Island, or could have swept them off. Probably he underestimated the strength of the Iroquois, and imagined that when he had consolidated the Northern and Western tribes, these would not resist him long. He could not foresee that the Dutch were to establish themselves at Albany, and by supplying the Iroquois with fire-arms make them a terror to Frenchmen as well as to Hurons; or that along those rocky inlets and pine-covered Atlantic shores that had appeared to him so unpromising, a great commonwealth would grow,—slowly at first, but resistlessly as fate. Certainly it is not for us to mourn Champlain's mistake. After all, it is difficult to imagine that any one head could have changed the destinies of America. Mighty forces soon came into play, which swallowed up the wisdom and the folly, the success and



failure of the wisest and strongest. We know that what Champlain undertook to do he did with grand self-forgetfulness, and two and a half centuries after his death Quebec continues to honour his memory.

Struggling against difficulty and misfortune, sustained by motives and hopes that baser souls never know, Champlain's picture is hung up in the national heart. Everything was against his determination to make Quebec prosperous. Boundless and fair as seems the view from Cape Diamond, the extent of good soil was limited; for the rugged Laurentides press down almost to the river's brink. What the soil yielded in summer never fed the colony in winter. In spite of Champlain's example, few of the colonists devoted themselves to tillage. They had come out, not to farm, but to trade, to hunt, and to make money which they intended to carry back to France and spend there. The existence of Quebec depended on the fur trade; that depended on peace being kept with the Iroquois; and the Iroquois had been challenged to do their worst. The city was thus little better than one of the Hudson's Bay Company's forts of the present day in the North-West, except that there was about it more of military and ecclesiastical state. It was perpetually in peril of starvation. Every winter scurvy decimated the wretched inhabitants. Again and again Champlain saw that it was on the verge of extinction; but he would not let it die. Honour to that patient courage undismayed by long continued toil, that unselfishness, that religious continence and purity of life, that long made his name an inspiration to the infant colony!

Champlain's successor was De Montmagny. In his time the Island of Montreal was settled. Religion had much to do with the foundation and early history of Quebec. It had everything to do with the foundation of Villemarie de

Montreal. The new settlement was conceived in the brain of Jean Jacques Olier, the founder of the Seminary of St. Sulpice. The picture in his brain was not the splendid city of to-day, with its massive quays, palatial warehouses, widening and far-extending streets; but a religious community, full of heavenly zeal to propagate the true faith all through the illimitable wildernesses that extended along the banks of the two mighty rivers whose currents met at and embraced the beautiful island. Of course, when the immense commercial value of the position began to be understood, insinuations were thrown out that the founders had been animated by mundane rather than purely religious motives. So talked the agents and friends of the Company of One Hundred Associates to whom Louis XIII. had made over all the territory of New France, with its capital, Quebec. They saw that Montreal would prove a serious rival to Quebec. From that day to this the two cities have been jealous of each other. The founders of Montreal indignantly repudiated the insinuations of the Company and its agents. They had forsaken France for Canadian winters, the privations of emigrants, and anticipated tortures, not at the call of ambition nor with hope of gain, but for the greater glory of God. They had contributed freely all their worldly goods as well as themselves to the enterprise, and had bound themselves to seek no return for the money expended. Men of gentle birth, ladies who had been accustomed all their lives before to delicate nurture and the refinements of the most refined society on earth, braved the Atlantic in filthy, infected little ships, made their home in the thick of the gloomy forest, and wore their lives out in ministering, nursing and teaching. From the first, Montreal consisted of three religious communities, in honour of the Holy Family—a seminary of priests consecrated to Jesus, a hospital attended by nuns conse-

crated to Joseph, and a school consecrated to the Virgin. Everything else in the settlement,—the farming, milling, trading, the military guard,—existed for these; for these enshrined the heart and purpose of the new colony. Who of us is sufficiently pure in heart to pronounce righteous judgment on the members of the Society of Notre Dame de Montreal? Motives cross and blend in each of us so strangely that we cannot tell which is dominant at any moment. Dross may have mingled with the gold in the hearts of Olier, Marguerite Bourgeoys, Jeanne Mance, and the other founders of Montreal, but fine gold was undoubtedly there, and it is the gold we value. Especially are we attracted to the first governor, Paul de Chomedey, Sieur de Maisonneuve. Like Champlain, devout as a saint, pure in life amid surrounding license and manifold temptations, loving adventure, yet always maintaining a steadfast purpose, adding to the innate bravery of the French gentleman a caution that could cope with Indian craft, Maisonneuve's character always inspires respect. Manly strength and straightforward piety never fail him. When his father opposed his embarking in the seemingly mad enterprise, he answered: "Every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive a hundred-fold," with an air so matter-of-fact that the worldly-minded old gentleman really believed his son was going to make a good thing out of it, and ceased further opposition. When he arrived at Quebec, and the Governor and Council represented to him the folly and impracticability of founding a settlement so far away from any possible succour, and offered him the Island of Orleans instead, he answered: "It is my duty and my honour to found a colony at Montreal, and I would go if every tree were an Iroquois!" As we trace the history of the early struggles of Montreal

for existence, we know not whether the prize of valour should be awarded to nuns or priests, to the Governor, the soldiers, or the labourers. Soldiers lived like priests, and priests out-did the soldiers in fearlessness. Every man carried his life in his hand, and heaven seemed so near that he counted life of little worth. All through the glowing summer there was no respite from watching. During the day the labourers took their guns to the fields and worked, with anxious glances at the surrounding forest. During the night the Iroquois lay in wait behind the nearest tree or among the blackened stumps, or in the very shadow of the fort or windmill. Woe to the heedless who ventured outside! Happy he who got away maimed and bleeding from an enemy who tortured his prisoners with ingenuity, mercilessly prolonging life that agony might be prolonged! Only when winter had robbed the mountain of its glorious autumn crown, and the St. Lawrence was bound fast under crystal gyves as strong as steel, could the settlers venture beyond the fort or palisaded hospital, or their little row of houses then, as now, called St. Paul Street. And not always even then, for the Iroquois defied the winter itself, and lurked for weeks in the deep, dry snow, ready to attack should the slightest carelessness invite them. I never hear men grudge the Sulpitians their property in Montreal without thinking of how it was acquired, and suggesting to the grumblers that property likely to be equally valuable two or three centuries hence, if not sooner, can now be secured on the Saskatchewan or the Peace river. To the Sulpitians we owe the foundation of the city. They won it from the forest and the savage by years of unrequited toil and continuous expenditure of blood and tears. The infant colony was in the jaws of wolves. On it always broke the first and fiercest surges of attack. Every year some unfortunates were snatched away to a horrible death, and none

knew whose turn would come next. These were conditions of existence to nurture heroism or despair. No one despaired. Many a story of the time has been preserved for us by the industrious Abbe Faillon. One, sympathetically told by Parkman, is well worth the reading.\* In 1660 a young officer, Adam Daulac by name, resolved that instead of waiting for the Iroquois to attack Montreal, he would go up the river, wait at some point they must needs pass, and attack them as they descended. Sixteen others joined him, the oldest thirty-one years of age. You can find their names, ages, occupation, property, and all about them, in the old records of Montreal. Maisonneuve, like a true knight, gave them leave to go on their quest. They made their wills, confessed, received the sacraments, and went forth with joy, like ancient Paladins, or like those early Christians who rushed on martyrdom. At the foot of Long Sault they found a little palisade, "scarcely better than a cattle-pen," and they determined to make this their fort and their grave. Attacked by two hundred Indians, they held their own for a week; and when seven hundred hewed a breach in the palisades, the Frenchmen—sword in one hand and knife in the other—threw themselves into the thickest of the swarm and fought like madmen till every man of them was shot or stricken down. Thus died the glorious band, like the Spartans at Thermopylæ, obeying the law of honour. The price of the victory made the Iroquois relinquish all thought of attacking Montreal that year. Full of fight as they were, they had had enough of it, and the colony was saved by the devotion of a handful of its children.

The glory of Daulac pales before the steady light that enshrines the figures of the Jesuit missionaries to the Indians of Canada. Eyes and heart alternately glow and

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\*"The Old Régime in Canada," Chapter III.

fill as we read the endless "Relations" of their faith and failures, their heaped-up measure of miseries, their bootless wisdom, their heroic martyrdoms. We forget our traditional antipathy to the name of Jesuit. The satire of Pascal, the memories of the Inquisition, and the political history of the order, are all forgotten. We dislike to have our sympathy checked by reminders that in Canada, as everywhere else, they were the consistent, formidable foes of liberty; that their love of power not only embroiled them continually with the civil authorities, but made them jealous of the Recollets and Sulpitians, unwilling that any save their own order—or, as we say, sect—should share in the dangers and glory of converting the infidels of New France. How can we—sitting at home in ease—we who have entered into their labours, criticise men before whose spiritual white heat every mountain melted away; who carried the cross in advance of the most adventurous *courcurs de bois*, or guides; who taught agriculture to the Indians on the Georgian Bay before a dozen farms had been cleared on the St. Lawrence; drove or carried cattle through unbroken forest round the countless rapids and cataracts of the Ottawa and French River, that they might wean the Hurons from nomadic habits and make of them a nation; who shrank from no hardship and no indignity if by any means they might save some of the miserable savages who heaped indignities upon them; who instituted hospitals and convents wherever they went, always (in the spirit of their Master) caring most for the weak, the decrepit, the aged; and submitted themselves, without thinking of escape, to unutterable tortures rather than lose an opportunity of administering the last sacraments to those who had fallen under the hatchets of the Iroquois! Few Protestants have any idea of the extraordinary missionary activity of the church of Rome in the seventeenth century. Few

Englishmen know to what an extent French society was inspired then by religious fervor. Few Canadians have any knowledge of the spiritual inheritance of which they are the heirs. It would be well for all of us to read Parkman's "Jesuits in North America," if we cannot get hold of the original "Relations"; for the story looked at even from a Protestant and Republican standpoint is one to do us all good, revealing as it does the spiritual bonds that link into oneness of faith Protestant and Roman Catholic, and teaching that beneath the long black robe of the dreaded Jesuit is to be found not so much that disingenuousness and those schemes of worldly ambition usually associated with the name, but a passionate devotion to the Saviour, love for the souls of men, and the fixed steadfastness of the martyr's spirit that remains unshaken when heart and flesh faint and fail. The extent of the Jesuit missions in Canada is surprising, in a century, too, when the Protestant churches scarcely gave a thought to the great world work that now so largely engages their sympathies. In the Huron country alone, the mission consisted of eighteen priests, four lay brothers, and twenty-three men serving without pay, called *donnés*, or given men, as distinct from *engagés*, or hired men; besides nineteen hired labourers, soldiers, and boys. On the towns of the Mission of St. Ignace—the majority of whose inhabitants had accepted Christianity, fell the heavy hand of Iroquois invasion in the spring of 1649. Here the two Jesuit missionaries Brébeuf and Lalemant were stationed. Their converts implored them to fly, but they refused. It was theirs to remain at their post, the one to give baptism at the last moment to whomsoever sought it, the other to give absolution to the dying. Sixteen years before, Champlain had introduced Brébeuf and two others to the Hurons who had come down to trade. "These are our fathers," he said. "We love them more than we love ourselves. The

whole French nation honours them. They have left their friends and their country to show you the way to heaven. If you love the French as you say you love them, then love and honour these, our fathers." Brébeuf at this time was forty years old. The enthusiasm of youth had passed into a deep, overmastering spiritual passion that fused all the forces of his being and directed them to the one great end. An iron constitution—the ready servant of a strong, fervid will—enabled him to do and endure anything. He might easily have won worldly distinctions, but his sole ambition was to be a good soldier of Jesus Christ. For fifteen years he had been the "*decus et tutamen*" of the Huron Mission. His zeal had never flagged; and now, after seeing success coming to crown his labors, he was doomed to behold the destruction of the Mission and of the Huron Nation. Lalemant, the nephew of the Superior at Quebec, was the counterpart of Brébeuf. Elijah sought and found his complement in Elisha. Bold St. Peter attached to himself the timid John Mark. Stormful Luther met his mild Melancthon. Not more unlike, physically or temperamentally, were Brébeuf and Lalemant. They had toiled together in life, one in fervor and aim; and in death they were not divided. Space is wanting for details concerning the missionary work of the various Roman Catholic orders in Canada. Nothing discouraged them; no defeat made them despair of eventual success. As brethren in Christ, we rejoice in their superb faith, though we may sometimes smile at the naïve form in which it found expression. The Recollet friar, Joseph le Carou, the first priest who visited the Huron country, thus sustains his sinking courage: "When one sees so many infidels needing nothing but a drop of water to make them children of God, he feels an inexpressible ardor to labor for their conversion and sacrifice to it his repose and his life." Zuinglius himself



might pardon the bold Sacramentarianism from such lips. The prophetic words of the Father Superior of the Jesuits in 1647 stir the heart of the Christian—by whatsoever name known among men—like the blast of a trumpet: "We shall die; we shall be captured, burned, butchered. Be it so. Those who die in their beds do not always die the best death. I see none of our company cast down." And truly, in spite of failures, these men did a great work. Seeds of divine truth they sowed broadcast over the wilderness. Gradually they tempered the ferocity of the Indian character, and mitigated the horrors of Indian war. They induced the remnants of many tribes to settle under the shadow of their missions protected by forts. Portions even of the terrible Iroquois settled in Canada, and the Church has, on the whole, no children more obedient, and Queen Victoria certainly no subjects more loyal. Their superiority to other Indians is as plainly marked to-day as it was two centuries ago. No better voyageurs exist. In travelling among the Canadian lakes and Lacustrine rivers, get Iroquois to man your canoes, and you are all right. No other crew, white or red, can be compared to them. Never intruding on their employers, because conscious of their own dignity; prompt to do what is needed without fuss or chatter; ready to talk when you wish it, but not offended should you keep silence for weeks; never grumbling; strong, cleanly, weather-wise, and experienced in all the mysteries of wood-craft and canoeing, they are splendid fellows to have with you.

Other orders as well as the Jesuits established missions at various points, and the christianized Indians from these did good service in the wars of the next period. The Sulpicians established one in Montreal on the slope of the mountain, near the present Seminary. Two stone towers, part of the defences of this Mission, still exist, and were

recently pointed out to me by one of the priests as the oldest remains of former days now standing in Montreal. Recently, Protestant churches in Canada have sent missionaries to the Indians, but the church of Rome bore the burden and heat of the day, and still occupies the post of honour. Her missions are co-extensive with the Dominion. I have seen them in New Brunswick, where the Restigouche mingles its waters with the Bay Chaleur; on the great Manitoulin, where the remains of the Huron Nation sought refuge; and under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains, where gentle ladies who had travelled across the great loneliness lovingly ministered to Cree and Blackfoot children orphaned by war and the small-pox. Words are too weak to acknowledge the devotion to God's will and the self-sacrifice for man that the histories of such missionaries record. They have laid the country under a large debt of gratitude. The one thing that Canada cannot be too thankful for is that she has no Indian wars. For this unspeakable blessing, how much do we owe to the teaching, sacrifices, and long-continued labours of self-exiled men and women whose names are written, not in the columns of newspapers, but in the Book of Life?

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#### ORIGIN OF THE DUCAT.



HE origin of *ducats* is referred to one Longinus, governor of Italy, who, revolting against the Emperor Justin the younger, made himself Duke of Ravenna and called himself *Exarcha*, i.e., without lord or ruler; and to show his independence, struck pieces of money of very pure gold, in his own name and with his own stamp, which were called *ducati* (ducats).

## THE FLYING CAMP OF 1649.

BY BENJAMIN SULTÉ, OTTAWA.



ONTREAL. Antiquarians have lately discussed the following historical point: What is the first militia force to be found in the records of Canada?

I may venture to answer that as early as 1642 there were no less than seventy soldiers at Three Rivers, whose duty was not only to defend that place against the Iroquois, but to patrol on Lake St. Peter also. The same year only fifteen soldiers were quartered at Quebec—a much less exposed station than Three Rivers.

In the year 1644 some troops were sent to Canada by Anne d'Autriche, Régente de France. Twenty-two of these soldiers accompanied the Hurons, the missionaries and a few Frenchmen who went to the Georgian Bay that summer.

M. Ferland says that the garrison of Montreal numbered thirty men in 1647; but he evidently means the thirty men placed under the orders of Jean Bourdon for reconnaissance purposes on Lake St. Peter.

Up to now I have only found mention of "soldiers"—apparently regular troops.

About 1647, M. de Montmagny had under consideration a project for organizing an active militia force composed of men who kept a constant lookout at the places where the Iroquois were in the habit of making attacks to plunder and murder the settlers. The resources at his disposal did not permit the Governor to bring this plan into operation.

I find that in 1648 soldiers are mentioned as being garrisoned at Three Rivers. It is stated that in the same year no less than five hundred soldiers were scattered from

Newfoundland to the south shores of the great lakes. That figure seems to me a very large one.

In the spring of 1649 a *Camp Volant* was organized under the command of Charles J. d'Ailleboust des Musseaux, nephew of the new Governor-General, M. d'Ailleboust. It numbered forty men, and its duty consisted in patrolling on the St. Lawrence between Montreal and Three Rivers. At Quebec, ten or twelve soldiers only remained.

On the 6th June, 1651, the Governor-General, being at Three Rivers, appointed Pierre Boucher\* as captain of the militia at that place, and Nicholas Rivard† captain at Cap de la Magdelaine. The instructions given to Boucher are very interesting. He was ordered to divide the borough into four sections, to drill his men, to have target practice and instruction in cleaning and preserving their arms, and to have a guard constantly on the look-out, &c.

Thus we have soldiers from 1642; volunteers from 1649, and sedentary militia from 1651, if not before.

A document dated Three Rivers, August 5th, 1652, states that the purchaser of a certain lot of land that day was "Guillaume Guillemot, Escuyer, Sieur Duplessis Kerbodot, Capitaine du *Camp Volant*, gouverneur du fort et habitation des Trois-Rivières, nommé par M. de Lauzon." This would show that M. de Lauzon on taking the reins of administration in the autumn of 1651, put his relative Duplessis in the position occupied formerly (since 1649) by d'Ailleboust des Musseaux.

As Duplessis Kerbodot was killed on the 19th August 1652, near Three Rivers, together with about fifteen Frenchmen—of whom three are noted down as being soldiers—the *Camp Volant* became disorganized during the following

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\*Hon. Pierre Boucher de Boucherville is his direct descendant.

†Ancestor of the present Mayor of Montreal.

winter, and de Lauzon showed himself anxious to reform it on an effective plan. So, early in the summer of 1653, he caused fifty men to be enrolled for that purpose. On the 2nd July this force left Sillery under the command of Eustache Lambert to go up the river as far as Montreal if necessary in order to prevent the Iroquois from attacking the settlers and the annual trading canoes from Upper Canada.

For the period embraced in the seven subsequent years I find no trace of the "Flying Camp." It must have been neglected by Dargenson and Davaugour. In fact a body of regular troops was required to check the Iroquois and not mere militia, whose men could not attend to their farm and other business and at the same time keep beating the country nearly all the year round. Therefore, in 1660 Father Le Jeune went to Paris to obtain troops, which the colony was much in need of. In 1661 Pierre Boucher embarked for France with the same view. In 1662 Louis XIV. ordered one hundred men for Canada, and three hundred men for the next year. The first of these troops reached Quebec on the 27th October, 1662, less thirty men who had been left at Newfoundland on the way. In the following year a body of militiamen was organized at Montreal.

On the 19th June, 1665, the first four companies of Carignan arrived at Quebec; four others on the 30th, with Tracy (vice-roi), and more again at a later period. As the Carignan regiment was proceeding from Quebec towards the Richelieu or Iroquois River, in the summer of 1665, they were met at Three Rivers by a company of Canadian Volunteers under M. de Repentigny. Our historians, after mentioning this fact, remark that "this is the first appearance of the Canadian Militia on the pages of history." Not quite correct, as we now see.

## A FORGOTTEN PHENOMENON.

HOW NIAGARA FALLS RAN DRY, MARCH 31st, 1848. THE FACTS SUBSTANTIATED IN A LETTER FROM RT. REV. DR. FULLER, BISHOP OF NIAGARA.



HE Right Rev. Bishop Fuller writes from Hamilton, Ont., to the *Chicago Tribune* as follows:—

In the month of March last I delivered, in the city of Hamilton, Ontario, a lecture entitled "Upper Canada as it was fifty years ago, and Ontario as it now is"; and in the course of my lecture I spoke of the great difficulty of constructing the International Bridge between Buffalo and the Canada side opposite to that city on account of the great current of water running at times down the Niagara river, where the waters are driven by strong westerly winds down Lake Erie, whereas the quantity of water running down the river is very much diminished when the winds drive up Lake Erie. I then remarked: "This fact caused an event thirty-two years ago this month of which, probably very few of you have ever heard. I refer to the time when the Falls of Niagara were dry for a whole day! That day was the 31st of March, 1848. I did not witness it myself, but I was told of it the next day by my late brother-in-law, Thos. C. Street, Esq., M. P. Happening to go out to his place the next day, he told me that his miller (for he has a grist mill on the rapids above the Falls) knocked at his bedroom door about five o'clock in the morning of that day and told him to get up, as there was no water in the mill-race, and no water in the great river outside of the race. He said that he was startled at the intelligence, and hurried out as soon as he could dress himself, and then saw the river, on the edge of which he

had been born thirty-four years before, dry. After a hurried breakfast, he and his youngest daughter (then unmarried) went down about three-quarters of a mile to the precipice itself, over which there was so little water running that, having provided himself with a strong pole, they started from the Table Rock, and walked near the edge of the precipice about one-third of the way toward Goat Island, on the American shore, and having stuck this pole in a crevice of the rock, and Miss Street having tied her pocket handkerchief firmly on the top of the pole, they returned. He said that he then turned his view towards the river below the Falls, and saw the water so shallow that immense jagged rocks stood up in such a frightful manner that he shuddered when he thought of his having frequently passed over them in the little Maid of the Mist (as I often had done).

"He then returned home, and drove from the Canada shore some one-half mile above the Falls toward Goat Island. When he told me this he reproached himself very much for not having sent for me, about eight miles distant, but he said that although he had several times intended doing so, he each time concluded not to do it, lest, before we could reach the wonderful scene, the waters should have returned to their old course. Of course everybody was speaking of the wonderful event when I was out there the next day, and I have heard others who witnessed it speak of it since that time."

So far can I testify to the evidence of the fact at the time of its occurrence.

Mr. Street's theory was this: That the winds had been blowing down Lake Erie, which is only thirty feet deep, and rushing a great deal of the water from it over the Falls, and suddenly changing, blew this little water (comparatively speaking) up to the western portion of the lake; and that

at this juncture the ice on Lake Erie, which had been broken up by these high winds, got jammed in the river between Buffalo and the Canada side, and formed a dam which kept back the waters of Lake Erie a whole day.

Before delivering my lecture I wrote to the Hon. L. F. Allen, of Buffalo, a well-known gentleman of that city, giving Mr. Street's statement and asking him if he recollected anything about the occurrence, and I have before me as I write this his reply, which is as follows:—

BUFFALO, March 11th, 1880.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—Your favor of the 9th inst. received. The fact relating to the low water mentioned by Mr. Street as having occurred at Niagara Falls, I well recollect, although I have no precise data as to the month or year in which it occurred. It was so remarkable as to be noticed in Buffalo newspapers. Nor do I recollect whether the subsidence of the river-waters was caused by a dam of ice at the outlet of Lake Erie, or by a strong east wind, which sometimes, by blowing the water up the lake, makes very low water in the river for many hours. I knew Mr. Street personally very well, and should have entire credence in any statement he should make of his own knowledge. That Mr. Street could have driven his horse for several hundred feet into the bare bed of the river on the Canada side, I have no doubt. I have lived in Buffalo fifty-three years, have witnessed so many fluctuations in the levels of the lake and river that I have perfect confidence in the late Mr. Street's account of the fact you name. He was a gentleman of such accurate statement that no one knowing him could doubt any one that he should seriously make.

Most truly and respectfully yours,

L. F. ALLEN.

Since the delivery of my lecture in March last, a short synopsis of it was published in our local papers. Amongst other things given in my lecture, this fact of Niagara Falls having been dry for a whole day was mentioned; and, shortly afterwards, a slip from a paper was handed to me in my son's office in this city, in which was stated the fact that I had made such a statement in a recently delivered lecture, and the editor stated that "some rumours had been afloat at times regarding the matter," but he looked upon it as "rather a fishy story." When this was read to me



in my son's office, a man by the name of John B. Smythe happened to be in the office at the time. On hearing the slip read from the paper he said, "There is nothing fishy about the story, for I witnessed the thing myself." He promised to give me a proof of the fact, taken before a notary public (as our laws forbid taking oath in such cases, but allow a person to make a statutory declaration). Unfortunately, however, he has been ill, and has not been able to attend to it. However, I am enabled to send you two "declarations," one from an aged gentleman, Mr. Harry Bond, of Chippewa, and the other from a leading gentleman in the place, a justice of the peace and a notary public, and a person doing an extensive business as a tanner. Mr. Bond's declaration is as follows:—

*"County of Welland, to wit:* I, Henry Bond, of the village of Chippewa, in the county of Welland, do solemnly declare that I remember the occurrence of there having been a day during which so little water was running in the Niagara River that but a small stream was flowing over the falls of Niagara during that day. It happened on or about the 31st day of March, A.D. 1848; and I remember riding on horseback from below the flouring mills and cloth factory of the late Thomas C. Street, Esq., out into the bed of the river, and so on down outside Cedar Island to Table Rock. Farther up the Niagara River, at the village of Chippewa, where the Welland River empties into the Niagara, there was so little water running that the Welland was nearly dry, only a very little stream running in the centre. I recollect a number of old gun-barrels having been found in the bed of the Welland River, at this junction with the Niagara River, supposed to have been thrown into the river during the war of 1812.

"HENRY BOND."

"And I make this declaration conscientiously believing the same to be true, and by virtue of the Act passed in the thirty-seventh year of Her Majesty's reign, intituled 'An Act for the suppression of voluntary extra-judicial oaths.' Declared before me, at Chippewa, in the county of Welland, this 17th day of May, A.D. 1880.

"J. F. MACKLAN, Notary Public."

The second declaration is as follows:—

*"County of Welland, to wit:* I, James Francis Macklan, of the village of Chippewa, in the county of Welland, Province of Ontario, Notary Public and

Justice of the Peace, do solemnly declare that about the 31st day of March, A.D. 1848, the waters of the Niagara River were so low that comparatively but little was flowing over the Falls for a whole day. I well remember a flag which was fixed upon a short staff and planted far out from Table Rock, and very near the brink of the precipice, which appeared to be over one-third of the way across the river between Table Rock and Goat Island. This flag was placed there by the late Thomas C. Street, Esq., he having walked out to that spot from the Table Rock upon the bed of the river where the water had previously rushed down in great force. 'The phenomenon of the Falls of Niagara running dry,' as was the term used in speaking of the occurrence, caused great excitement in the neighbourhood at the time.

"J. F. MACKLAN,

"Notary Public and Justice of the Peace for the County of Welland.

"CHIPPewa, May 17th, 1880."

I trust that the above letter and declarations will be sufficient to prove to you that my statement regarding "the Falls of Niagara having been dry" on the 31st day of March, A. D. 1848, is not "a fishy story." I have taken all this trouble about this matter because I consider that this important fact should be better known than it is.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

T. B. FULLER, D.D., D.C.L.

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#### EDITORIAL.

The present number will complete the Eighth Volume of *The Antiquarian*. We have to apologize for many delays and shortcomings, which have arisen from causes beyond our control.

We are pleased to record that our esteemed friend Major A. H. Latour has been elected a corresponding member of the Historical Societies of Virginia and Philadelphia.

The monthly meetings of the Society have been held regularly, and the interest of the members in the work of the Society well sustained. It is a matter of regret, however, that no fixed place of abode has yet been found.

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:O:

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