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CANADIANA.

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*FATHER MARQUETTE.**

By MR. JOHN TALON-LESPEANCE, F.R.S.C.

The subject of this evening's paper has been chosen for two reasons—first, because it is connected with almost the last act of the administration of the great Intendant, Talon, who did more for the internal economy of the colony than any other single man that ever ruled in New France; and secondly, because it treats of the discovery of the great river and valley that divides the North American continent, on the western bank of which, in 1763, just one hundred years after Marquette and Joliet glided down in their canoes before its site, Pierre Laclède Liguert, almost the last of the famous trappers, and the friend of Pontiac, established an Indian trading out post on the flank of a limestone bluff, planted on the top the lily-white flag of France, and with solemn invocation, called it St. Louis, a name which the fifth city of the Union and the Queen of the Mississippi Valley is still proud to bear, and of which your humble servant is no less proud to be a native.

Overlooking a branch of the River Oise, and clinging, like

*This paper was read before the Society for Historical Studies, Montreal, on the 21st Nov. and 19th Dec., 1888, in two parts.

a bird's nest, to the mountain side, in the department of Aisne, is the small garrison of Laon, renowned in mediæval warfare, and the scene of one of Napoleon's tactical feats, against overwhelming odds, in the extraordinary campaign of 1814. The first family of Laon were the Marquettes, who distinguished themselves chiefly in arms, Jacques Marquette, namesake of the great explorer and missionary, having stood by the ill-starred John of France, in 1360, and three of the same name serving under Lafayette and Rochambeau during the revolutionary wars, as allies of the continental army.

The subject of our sketch was born at the family seat in 1637, and having been brought up in virtue and learning under the eye of his mother, who was a kinswoman of John Baptist de la Salle, founder of the Christian Brothers, he resolved to enter the Society of Loyola, in 1654, his 17th year. For the ensuing twelve years he devoted himself to teaching the higher branches of letters, being himself accomplished in all the science and literature of his time, but he felt a calling for a mission in foreign lands, and, in 1666, starting for Canada, landed at Quebec. He was assigned at once to Three Rivers, where he spent two years in acquiring a thorough knowledge of the Algonquin. On the 21st April, 1668, he started with three companions for Montréal, where he joined a band of Split-Noses (*Nez Percés*) and Father Nicholas Louis, and the party went forward in canoes, along the old historic water-ways, used up to thirty years ago, by trapper and ranger, nun and missionary, up the Ottawa to French River, thence across Lake Huron to Sault St. Mary's, where there was a halt. At the Sault, Marquette was ordered to pitch his tent and open a mission for the Iroquois, at the foot of the rapid. He wrought there with fruit for about one year, when he was despatched to a station on the northern tongue of land in Lake Superior, still bearing the same name of Lapointe, and applied himself to the acquisition of the language of

the Illinois, to whom he had really been destined when he started on his journey, and of whom he subsequently became the apostle. From Lapointe he wrote a long and interesting letter to the Superior of the Missions at Quebec, describing the habits of his people, and not foreseeing that he would soon be obliged to follow a large portion of them to Mackinaw, where they were driven by the fate of a terrible Algonquin campaign. There he established the well-known Mission of St. Ignatius or Michilimackinac, building a log chapel, with roof of bark, that mirrored itself in the stormy lake. He remained at this point for two years, during which he expressed the wish to penetrate farther into the Illinois land, and, while evangelizing, explore the great river which the Indians told flowed into the great sea.

Finally, in 1672, news reached him from Quebec that his prayer was to be heard, and that on the recommendation of M. Talon, the commission of the Count de Frontenac he was to visit the tribes of the Mississippi River, near which dwell the Illinois (I am quoting his own words), along with a trapper named Joliet. Having spent the winter in drawing up maps, taking notes from the Indians, and preparing his itinerary with Joliet, who passed three months in his mission, they started in two canoes on the 17th May, 1673, and paddled from Mackinaw to Green Bay (Baie des Puans), whence they went up the Fox River, and by Portage, launched into the Wisconsin, down which they glided into the Mississippi. (Here a whole paper would be wanted to reproduce the eloquent, though simple, descriptions and reflections of Marquette in his Relation). Joliette called the great river the Buade, in honour of Frontenac, and Marquette christened it Conception, after the Virgin, and thus it stands on his map and in his Relation.

They continued their way, past the Illinois River, the Missouri, and the Ohio, as far as the mouth of the

Arkansas. Having satisfied themselves of the navigability of the great stream to the sea, and the missionary having noted the habits of the people, the flora, fauna and geographical aspects of the country, they turned their faces northward, on the 17th July, and going up the Illinois River, passed along the point of Chicagon, into Lake Michigan, and shortly after, in September, Father Marquette was at his mission at Machilimackinaw again. I may mention incidentally that Longfellow has taken the inspiration of two numbers of his *Hiawatha*, from Marquette's Relation—that of the Pictured Rocks, on the Mississippi, and that of the joyous meeting with the Illinois, beginning "Beautiful is the sun, O Strayers," and the welcome to the Black Robe. Joliet wintered with Marquette, and they drew up their reports. Joliet on his return, in the spring, was upset in the rapids above Montreal, losing all his papers; and although he gave Frontenac a summary of them from memory, which the latter sent to France, Frontenac had to fall back on the map and Relation of Father Marquette.

In October of 1674, Marquette opened and established the mission of the Illinois at Kaskaskia, a name which is still found in the maps. His health had been failing meantime and he had to be transported from Kaskaskia to Mackinaw, where he was anxious to lay down his burden, and rest on the borders of Lake Michigan. But he utterly broke down on the voyage. It was not to be. Death came on apace, and seeing the mouth of a river which bears his name, he pointed to a little hill as the place where they should bury him. There the faithful Indians raised a hut of birch bark and stretched the dying father beneath it. He made his own preparations for the end. Amid communings of spirit, the Latin prayers of the Church murmured aloud, words of exhortation to his companions, the good man passed to his reward, on Saturday, 18th May, 1675, at the early age of 38 years. Like Francis

Xavier, in the East Indies, China and Japan, he had spent nine years in the missionary work, and rendered his own name illustrious by a great discovery. He was buried on the rising ground near the little river, and a cross was raised above his grave. Later the Indians came to know it, and two years after his death, a number of them, returning from the hunt, took up the bones, put them in a bark box, and their canoes bore him over the lake to Mackinaw, the father thus accomplishing in death what he had been unable to compass before the end had come. As the funeral procession—reminding one of a similar pathetic scene described by Cooper and Schoolcraft—approached Mackinaw, other canoes came out to meet it, with two missionaries, and over the tranquil waters the *De Profundis* echoed for the repose of the departed soul. And then, as Dr. John Gilmary Shea puts it in eloquent speech, "The body was then borne to the church with cross, and prayer, and tapers burning like his zeal; and amid incense rising like his aspirations to heaven: in the church a pall had been arranged in the usual form for a coffin, and beneath it was placed the little box of bark, which was next, after a very solemn service, deposited in a little vault in the middle of the church where," says the chronicler, "he reposes as the Guardian Angel of our Ottawa Missions."

In 1877, excavations were made by responsible parties of the neighbourhood at the place where tradition had located the burial ground of Marquette—the mouth of the River of the Black Gown, as the Indians invariably call it to this day. There is a very long account of this given by Shea and others, which leads to the conclusion that some of the bones of the apostle of the Illinois were found in their covers of birch bark, and they were, in consequence, collected and laid in a holy place as relics.

II.

Thevenot's book annotated by Marcin. Rich's copy laid on the table.

III.

In his third volume of the Hist. U. S., Bancroft foretold long ago that the people of the West would raise a monument to Marquette. And this the State of Wisconsin is about to do in the former Hall of the House of Representatives, at Washington, where each State of the Union has the right of setting up two statues. Our Society must have the full proceedings of the Wisconsin Historical Society, which our secretary keeps for us. Transactions for 1885.

IV.

Original narrative in his own handwriting, with his map also autographical, belonging to the archives of St. Mary's Colleg., Montreal. Signature on back the same as that of registers at Boucherville. *Fac simile* presented to the Society by the President.

PART II.

In the first part of my paper I treated of the main events of Marquette's life—his early days; his call to New France; his missions among the Sioux and the Illinois of the Upper Lakes; his return to his flock; his illness and untimely death; the discovery of his remains, and the question of his statue, in the Capital at Washington, as the discoverer of Wisconsin.

This evening I will close the account with a summary of his own narrative, describing his descent of the Mississippi to the mouth of the Arkansas. Already in the "Relation of 1670" Marquette relates what his Illinois had told him of the great stream. He was then stationed full in the Illinois country, now the State of that name, near the actual site of the beautiful city of Peoria, and thus on a direct confluent of the Mississippi. He was also stationed at St. Esprit, on Lake Superior, which the Sioux sud-

denly destroyed, driving his Hurons to the Point St. Ignatius, the modern Mackilmackinack, or Mackinaw. It was there that the missionary spent the winter of 1672-3, and there, on the 8th December, the feast of the Virgin Immaculate, Louis Joliet entered his cabin with the welcome information that the father and himself were sent forward by Intendant Talon, under instructions received from France through the Count of Frontenac, to explore the great river that flowed into the Sea of Virginia, the Gulf of Mexico, or perhaps the Vermillion Sea and the Pacific Ocean. Marquette did not fail to notice the date of Joliet's arrival, and hence the name of Conception which he gave his discovery. During the remainder of the winter the two explorers gathered all the points they could obtain from the Indians, and made a map of the new land, with the rivers that flowed through it, the tribes and villages they would meet and see on their way, and the course of the great waterway itself.

When the snow and ice melted, and the tributary streams made navigable with the spring freshets, everything was ready for the voyage, the length of which, as the *Chronicle* tells us, neither of the travellers could foresee. The outfit was the traditional one still employed in our day of two birch-bark canoes, a supply of Indian corn or maize and dried meat. Five men were further engaged, and, after putting the expedition under the blessing of Heaven, the voyagers set out on the 17th May, 1673, "firmly resolved to do all and suffer all for so glorious an enterprise."

Their way is easily followed. They first skirted the shores of Lake Michigan and Green Bay, they went into Fox River, and followed it up to the water-shed dividing the lakes from the Mississippi. Crossing the water-shed they floated their canoes on the Wisconsin River, and sped down its swift waters for two hundred and ten miles—"seventy leagues"—until, on the 17th of June—one month from the day of departure—they shot into the channel of the Mississippi.

After a few sober reflections on this event, Marquette from this point sets down all that he saw and heard in concise speech, such as displays the trained writer. The aspects of the land on both banks, and the different animals that came upon their sight, are carefully noted. Two things chiefly struck him by their novelty—the great size of the fish and the great herds of buffalo. The observation is remarkable that, in our day, there are no fish to speak of in the Mississippi, and not in the last quarter of a century has a bison's foot bounded on its banks. For eight long days the travellers were plunged in solitude, wrapped in admiration of the wild beauties of nature, till, on the 25th June, they descried on the western bank the print of human feet, and a beaten trail which led into a beautiful prairie. Here the missionary ordered a halt in the hope that he was in sight of a pathway to an Indian dwelling, and the party landed. After walking six miles they came upon three villages, which, to Marquette's abounding joy, were found to be occupied by his beloved Illinois, whose country it had long been his aim to visit. Whether these Indians had heard of him from their brothers on the eastern side of the river does not appear, but they received him and his party with true hospitality. A banquet of no less than four courses was made ready, and the white men were fed on them as so many children. Then came the dance of universal tradition, kept to our own time, in which the calumet was waved on high, then smoked, after which it was given them as a talisman, for with it, as the Father writes, "you can march fearlessly among enemies who, even in the heat of battle, lay down their arms when it is shown."

Returning to their canoes, they coasted along a range of bluffs which Marquette calls Piaac, doubtless after the Indian name. They are well known to-day as the "Pictured Rocks," and have been the subject of much research on the part of Schoolcraft and other Indian specialists. The two

largest monsters were frightful to see and huge as calves, with horns on the head like deer, a fearful look, red eyes, bearded like a tiger, face somewhat like a man's, body covered with scales, and the tail so long that it goes around the body twice, going up over the head and down between the legs, and ending, at last, in a fish's tail. These figures are represented as very high, so that it must have been hard work to get up there to paint them, and yet we are told that "good painters in France would find it no easy thing to do as well." The colors employed were green, red and black, and the drawing was bold and not out of proportion. This curiosity, upon which the boldest Indian dare not gaze long, is accurately located by Marquette as a little above the mouth of the Missouri, seeing that he and his companions were still talking about the wonder, when they caught sight of the mighty river, which if, as it ought to be, it bore its name to the Gulf of Mexico, would make it longer than the present Mississippi, ahead of the Amazon, and thus the longest continuous river in the world.

From Marquette's Relation, it is evident that Marquette and Joliet passed the confluence of the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers at the time of the spring floods, when the banks are overflowed and the waters rush onward like torrents.

The travellers must also have witnessed the spectacle of the hue of the water from the mouth of the Missouri to the mouth of the Arkansas—a phenomenon that lasts till this day, where the Missouri or western side is yellow with the clay of disintegrated shores, and the eastern or Mississippi is as clear as crystal. We have the same spectacle at St. Anne's, where the Ottawa flows into the St. Lawrence, but the difference is not so perceptible.

Having escaped from the freshets of the Missouri, Father Marquette held on his course, which he describes briefly and neatly. He reached the mouth of the Ohio, or Onaboukigon, on which, he says, the Shawnees dwelt in thirty-

eight villages. From the point of junction, now the city of Cairo, the heart of what is facetiously called "Egypt," in the west, he floated down slowly, under the hot July sun of that climate, and stung to the quick by the mosquito, who still retains his spur and his droning and reigns the terror of summer nights. On a sudden the canoes were descried by a band of savages on the east bank, which would be that of the State of Kentucky, who were armed with guns, wore raiment of cloth, had hoes, hatchets and beads, and other articles of civilization which they must have received from the white man. Marquette did not hesitate to stop, and on displaying his calumet, which was at once recognized, he was requested to land and to partake of a feast, consisting of wild beef, bears' oil and white plums. They set out again the next morning and, after lazily advancing for several days, they reached a village of the Mitchigamea, some twenty-five or thirty miles from the Arkansas River. Here another troop of Indians awaited them on the bank, from the looks of whom they feared a hostile reception. The war-cry was raised; the young braves went prancing forth in battle array, and one of them threw his war-club, which fortunately fell short of its aim. Just then a body of old men appeared on the scene, and, at sight of the pipe of peace which Marquette brandished on high, they checked the onslaught and brought on peace.

This was crowned by the usual feast of welcome, after the Frenchmen had been invited to land, and they spent the night under the wigwams, not, adds the Father, "without a little uneasiness." Proceeding onward the next morning, they attained the village of the Akamsea, or of the Arkansas, facing the mouth of the river of that name on the western side, in the present State of Arkansas, but situate on the east side, in what is the State of Mississippi. Here again they were well received from the first; were treated to a feast that lasted all day, and at night the chief danced the calumet as a mark of perfect

peace, and then, to make assurance doubly sure, he presented one of these pipes to Marquette.

Here the explorers halted. They were told that they were only ten days from the sea, but that the lower parts of the river swarmed with bloodthirsty tribes, armed with guns, and that there would be danger of death in venturing among them. The travellers held a consultation, and resolved on retracing their steps, having satisfied themselves that they had really discovered the great river crossing a mighty continent, and that emptied its waters into the Gulf of Mexico. If they came to grief by going further, they would lose the fruits of their labour, their country would be deprived of the glory of their discovery. Hence on the 17th July, two months from the date of their departure, they turned their prows northward. When they reached the mouth of the Illinois, they determined to shorten their way, by ascending that, and indeed, without delay, they got to the Lake of the Illinois, now Lake Michigan. Coasting along the western shores, they attained the mission at the head of Green Bay, on the 30th September, after an immortal journey of over four months, and having travelled over 2,500 miles.

Here Marquette stopped to rest and recruit, while Joliet started for Quebec, before the winter set in, to give his report to Talon. Both had written their accounts. Unfortunately, when near Montreal, Joliet's canoe capsized and he lost all his papers; and although he made a short report from memory, the Government had to fall back on the Relation of Father Marquette, which they obtained the following spring. This is the account which you have just had summarized. The invaluable manuscript in the handwriting of the great missionary and explorer is in this city of Montreal, perfectly authenticated, and containing an authentic autograph. Both of these are in the archives of St. Mary's College. The map, a copy of which I have the pleasure of presenting to the Society, is a precious relic, of

which Lucien Carr, a college mate of mine, in his recent History of our native State, Missouri, says that it gives a very favourable idea of the extent and character of the knowledge which even at that early day, the French had acquired of the geography of all this region.

ONLY A CATALOGUE.*

BY MR. HENRY MOTT.

As a lover of good things poring over a *menu* will derive enjoyment from it, partly the result of imagination, partly of memory, so to one fond of books, a mere catalogue may become the source of no inconsiderable delight. The word itself, is very suggestive, put into the plural—*catalogues*—with the letters transposed, they will give us an anagram, *got as a clue*. But of course there are catalogues and catalogues. An auctioneer's mere recital of lots, embracing such lines as,

Rollin's History,
Blair's Sermons,
Culpeper's Herbal,
Pamela and nine others,

is not particularly stimulating to the literary appetite. It is when we get among lists of the rare and the curious, when at every page we encounter some quaint tome, or fabulously costly tractate, and especially when appetizing hints and toothsome morsels are given by the vendor, that a catalogue becomes a real delight.

To this order belongs, in a great degree, the recent Hart Catalogue, of old-time aspect, and black-lettery flavour, which ever and anon reaches us from a perusal. To open it is to enter, in fancy, a library, and a veritable whiff of Russia leather may be caught from its pages. It is like a supplementary Lowndes, and alike instructive and amusing.

*Read at a meeting of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Montreal.

Let us see, for example, what a cursory glance through its pages will yield us.

Among the illustrious names we have, of course, remarkable copies of Milton, Shakespeare and Spenser, and the *Immaculate Horace*, a very fine copy, in extra calf, by Riviere, printed by Robert Foulis, of Glasgow, in 1744, the sheets of which were hung up in the College of Glasgow, and a reward offered to any one who should discover an inaccuracy.

A fac-simile of William Caxton's first book, and a splendid copy of

The Destruction of Troy, printed on London Bridge in 1702, elegantly bound in green morocco, with tooled sides and gilt edges, by Zaehnsdorf.

Half a dozen dainty Elzevirs, and a royal folio copy of the *Nuremberg Chronicle* of 1493, in the original oak boards.

A copy of the rare Martin Luther's *Colloquia* of 1567.

A score of exquisite M.S.S. on vellum, especially the beautifully executed *Book of Hours* of Queen Marguerite de Navarre which brought \$825.

And some magnificent specimens of the bookbinders' art, from various cities.

The rare and interesting Strawberry Hill press was represented in a pretty red morocco 4to, bound by Riviere, 1758, and a copy of *Gray's Odes*, original calf, gilt, 1757.

But my object is rather to direct attention to the richness of the collection of *Canadiana* and *Americana*, which renders this catalogue so especially noteworthy for us. Of the early navigators we have:

Cartier.

The three small 8 vos. published at Paris in 1863-65-67, also the

"*Voyages de Découverte*," published at Quebec in 1843.

Champlain.

The Paris edition of Louis Sevestre, of 1632, and

Two copies of Le Mur's edition of the same date.

The two volumes, Paris reprint of 1830, and the three volumes, Quebec edition of 1870, by Abbé Laverdière. *Lescarbot*.

We had a good copy of the Paris edition of 1612, and Two copies of the Tross reprint, Paris 1866.

Sagard.

We find the original of *Le Grand Voyage de Pays des Hurons*, Paris, 1632.

Histoire du Canada et Voyages, Paris, 1636. A perfect copy, with the three leaves of music, and the Tross reprints of both works.

A perfect copy of the *History of Canada*, by Creuxius, published in Paris in 1664 was there, with the maps and all the illustrations.

Of *Hennepin*, we find no fewer than six lots in the catalogue, covering the rarest editions of 1697 and 1698.

La Hontan we have, five times repeated, comprising the editions of 1703-1704 and 1741.

The superb edition of *Ramusio* in three folio volumes in vellum, published at Geneva 1563-73.

But I must avoid being tedious with lengthened notices, and must confine myself to a mere mention of names.

About the period of the war which ended with the cession of Canada, I note

Knox's Historical Journal, 2 vols., 1796.

Burgoyne's State of the Expedition from Canada, published
in 1780,

whilst letters to Brigadier-Generals, etc., bristle almost on every page.

The war of 1812 too, was fully represented, having 22 entries, indeed it would be a shorter task to say what was wanting, than to record at any length that which was to be found in the catalogue. Subdivide the subject as you may, it is scarcely too much to say that every department was represented.

To come down nearer to our own time in history, and in materials for history, we have

Bibaud,
Bouchette,
Garneau and
Parkman and others.

In cities we have Montreal, Quebec and Toronto, with the earliest imprints.

In Education we have the first book printed in Montreal, and a host of early school books.

Early volumes of our newspapers were there, and many pamphlets which are scarce, or will most certainly become so.

Of Local Histories we have:

Hawkins' Picture of Quebec.
Hochelaga Depicta.
Toronto of Old.
Montreal Past and Present.
Quebec Past and Present.
The Eastern Townships, &c., &c.

The events of 1837 and 1838 were present in no less than 38 entries.

It would be difficult to give fully any list of the rare, scarce and curious books. I cannot do more than select a few at random :

The Case of Du Calvet, in French and English.
The Lower Canada Watchman.
Kalm's Travels, 3 vols.
Cartwright's Labrador.
Pichot's Cap Breton.
Cugnet's La Loi des Fiefs and Extraits des Registres.

Relating to Montreal we find :

The scarce first Directory of 1819.
Mesplet's earliest prints.

Motives for a subscription for the relief of the sufferers by the fire at Montreal, May 18, 1765, and Hochelaga Depicta, the two editions. Also, numerous early pamphlets.

Relating to Quebec :

Hawkins' Picture, three copies, and many other rare and otherwise desirable books and pamphlets.

The voluminous Baron Maseres, too, was there in six entries.

I must not omit a glance at the rich collection of maps, portraits and autographs, many of them excessively rare. I can but name a few of those which brought the highest prices.

Of Maps—

Map of Nouvelle France.....	\$15.00
Quebec and Montreal.....	11.00
Columbus Map.....	17.00
New York.....	14.00

Of Autographs that of

Joseph Addison brought.....	\$21.00
Benedict Arnold's Sister.....	45.25
Lord Bacon.....	26.00
Mrs. Browning, the poetess.....	17.00
Charles Dickens.....	15.00
King Edward VI.....	89.00
Queen Elizabeth.....	11.00
Frederick, the Elector of Saxony.....	23.50
Henry IV. of France.....	21.00
David Hume, the historian.....	20.00
Martin Luther.....	76.00
Cardinal Mazarin.....	16.00
Catherine de Medici.....	11.00
Lorenzo de Medici.....	10.00
Philip Melancthon.....	17.00
Lord Nelson.....	13.00
A Document signed by Champlain and his Wife...	120.00

Lemoine D'Iberville.....	27.00
Count de Frontenac.....	30.00
Sir Lewis Kirke.....	15.00
La Gallissonnière.....	5.50
Marquis de La Roche (2).....	\$57 and \$11
Jean Baptiste Ramezay, son of Claude.....	17.00
Sieur de Maisonneuve.....	30.00
Roberval.....	55.00
Vaudreuil.....	11.50
Marquise de Pompadour.....	65.00
Cardinal Richelieu.....	15.00
Alfred Tennyson.....	15.00
Voltaire.....	18.00
George Washington.....	24.00
John Wesley.....	11.00

Of Portraits—

General Amherst.....	\$6.00
General Monckton.....	5.00
General Wolfe (Mezzotint).....	11.00
Capt. Hervey Smyth's views.....	16.25
View of Louisburg.....	11.00
The East view of Montreal, by Canot, 1760.....	13.00

It may be safely said that it was the most interesting sale of *Canadiana* which has occurred, and therefore worthy of record.

The early history of Canada is full of interest, and the more it is read and studied, the more captivating it becomes—moreover, it is well to encourage the study of our country's history, as it cannot fail to make us better members of the commonwealth, and above all it is desirable to gather together and treasure all scarce and out-of-the-way material for building up that history.

I call to mind some verses by Austin Dobson, in which, whilst giving due praise to the charming specimens of the art of the binder, he nevertheless finds a good word for the less showy volumes on his library shelves:

MY BOOKS.

They dwell in the odour of camphor,
 They stand in a Sheraton shrine,
 They are warranted "early editions,"
 These worshipful tomes of mine.

In their creamy "Oxford vellum,"
 In their redolent "crushed Levant,"
 With their delicate watered linings,
 They are jewels of price, I grant.

Blind-tooled and morocco jointed,
 They have Zaehnsdorf's daintiest dress,
 They are graceful, attenuate, polished,
 But they gather the dust, no less.

For the row that I prize is yonder,
 Away on the unglazed shelves,
 The bulged and bruised octavos,
 The dear and dumpy twelves.

Montaigne with his sheepskin blistered,
 And Howell the worse for wear,
 And the worm-drilled Jesuit's Horace,
 And the little old cropped Molière.

And the Burton I bought for a florin,
 And the Rabelais foxed and flea'd,
 For the rest I never have opened,
 But those are the books I read.

Much has been written in praise of books, and I ask your attention to some verses on this theme by a Montreal poet, Mr. George Martin:—

In books I find companionship, they are
 My household gods, and naught shall wholly bar
 Their voices from me; from their precious pages
 I quaff the immortality of ages.
 They are the spirits of the dead, not dumb,
 From ancient tombs and monuments they come
 To hold communion with the living; they,
 While nations perish and the world grows gray,

Their regal power and pristine beauty keep,
 Despite the flames which they have travelled through,
 Unscathed they hold their sceptres, meek they bear
 These royal dignities ;—like light and air
 They enter, silver-shod, the humblest door,
 And breathe their benedictions on the poor.

Ye avatars, true saviours of the world,
 Round whom the hopes of wisest souls are curled,
 Be mine through life, in pain, or pleasure, mine !
 If near me still your pleasant faces shine
 The skies may lower—upon my thorny path
 The heavens may pour their cataracts of wrath,
 I need not falter, need not hold my breath,
 Nor tremble at the menaces of Death.”

As this is the last meeting of the Society before its adjournment for the season, permit me to put my thoughts into verse, and they would assume the following shape :—

Here, on this storied shore, within the sound
 Of great St. Lawrence, waters, have we met
 To spend a profitable hour, and muse
 Upon the past—two centuries ago—
 And while we contemplate the present scene,
 We, too, may give to Fancy latitude,
 In speculation on what here shall be,
 When centuries again have lapsed away.

And it is well at times to turn from cares
 That all engross us—mere dollars, din and dust,—
 To nature's calm retreats, and let our souls
 Be led by her sweet whisperings—the same
 For evermore, as yesterday, to-day.

Communing with the spirit of the Past,
 And conversant with annals of the Old,
 We dwell upon Time's workings, and take note
 That he, though ever restless, changeful, swift,
 Is like a rapid, overflowing stream,
 Bearing away our cherished fantasies,
 Yet leaving on the shore for us to see,
 The solid grains of fertilizing Truth.

Lo! this is consecrated ground we tread!
 The soil, the rocks, the very air we breathe
 Are full of memories of a vanished race,
 Who here had being, and who cherished life
 According to the light to them vouchsafed,—
 Called "nature's darkness" by the sons of light.
 Here Clio paused, and wrote a bloody page,
 Whose color darkens and whose interest grows,
 Dark'ning and deep'ning with the lapse of Time.

O Nature! let a son of thine bespeak
 For thy poor children grace of charity!
 Our eyes, to-day, feast on thy fairness,—see
 Thy panorama, mountain, flood and field,
 Spread out in beauty, with the noon of May
 Renewing verdure to these fruitful fields;
 While the broad bosom of our bounteous stream
 Mirrors thy beauties sweetly as of yore.
 Thy look impresses us; thy promptings say;
 This is your country! love it! well ye may.

The scene has changed! Another form
 Of eager, restless air, in place succeeds,
 Lacking the sachem's pose of dignity,
 It is his voice now speaks;—
 Behold me, Enterprise! sprung from the Plough,
 The axe, loom, anvil, and the Common School,
 I claim high ancestry in all; but first
 My filial pride acknowledges *the plough*.

I am the spirit that in early days
 Did build your barges, and contrive the ways,
 Obstructions conquering, that commerce might
 The waters of your rivers utilize,
 And bring the recompense that all derive
 From well-timed industry. I, too, am he,
 Who, tring of the locomotion slow,
 Laid down the iron rails these shores along,
 Brought forth the iron horse and harnessed him,
 To thunder through your valleys with his freights,
 And wake the echoes with his rousing shrieks.

I, too, am he who laid this mighty work
 At nature's own suggestion, and have turned
 The tireless energies of the mad tide
 To work for man and his aggrandizement.

Yonder you see beginnings; but the end
 Is in the future far; when I who speak
 And you who listen, long have passed away;—
 Yea, when the children of your children's child,
 As generations shall in turn succeed,
 Shall hither gather to renew this day,—
 Scarce this sweet spot shall find, this cool retreat,
 These verdant pines, this grassy shade they'll see,
 But blocks of brick and stone, and graded streets;—
 Nature displaced by crowned and regnant art,
 And Trade's confusion dinning in their ears.

Here, where the fisher stood and speared his prey,
 Here, where the Indian happy in the wild,
 Thanked the Great Spirit for this paradise,
 Shall stretch the broad highways from shore to shore,
 And din of traffic and its roar shall drown
 The thunder of the falling flood below.

That vision vanisheth! What *do* I see?
 Faces of friends, dear and familiar all,
 Welcome, all welcome to this peaceful haunt,
 To interchange those kind amenities
 That lighten life's sad burden, and inspire
 The soul to dwell on something else, beyond.

MONUMENT TO TECUMSEH.

By MR. DOUGLAS BRYMNER.

The name of this wise and faithful Indian chief is well known and the proofs of his fidelity to the British cause in Canada clearly established. His valuable services at the beginning of the war of 1812 were proved by his conduct at the River Canards, when, in consequence of the skilful disposal of his warriors, he caused the flight of the

American invaders without any serious resistance on their part, and a few days after defeated, near Brownstown, with 70 warriors, a detachment of 200 Americans under Major Vanhorne, chasing them for seven miles and taking possession of the mail which they were escorting.

At the inglorious battle on the Thames, at which Tecumseh met his death, he made the first attack on the United States troops, and had he been properly supported there is little doubt the result of that day's action would have been very different. The death of Tecumseh, whilst wounded yet still seeking the hottest of the fire, discouraged his Indian followers. Shot through the head as he was leading on his men, Tecumseh died at the age of 44. It is unnecessary to describe the brutal treatment to which the body of this wise, brave and faithful chief was subjected. It is scarcely credible were it not supported by the most absolute proof.

About 1841 it was proposed to erect a monument to the memory of Tecumseh, and in Montreal a committee was appointed, consisting of the Hon. Messrs. Moffatt and McGill and T. B. Anderson. Mr. James Holmes, who appears to have acted as treasurer, says, after giving these names: "It has been chiefly through my agency, however, that the money has been raised, and on me, I am apprehensive, devolves all present and future exertion to effect the end in view." The letter, from which this is an extract, is dated 23rd March, 1848, and states that about seven years previously (1841) a sum of money had been raised and lodged in the Savings' Bank at interest, and at the date of the letter amounted to £200 (that is, \$800). "If," says Mr. Holmes, "this sum can be increased a trifle more, an obelisk, some forty feet in height, similar to that which honours the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm at Quebec, can be erected; and it is conceived such a memorial would do honour to the dead and to the Britons who erected it."

The site selected, and for which application was made,

was at the western or upper portion of the island of St. Helen's, a space of fifteen feet square being all that was wanted. Mr. Holmes further suggested to Major-General Gore, to whom the letter was addressed as commanding the Montreal district, that subscriptions might be obtained from the garrison, and, should the troops accede to this, that the inscription on the stone should be :

“Erected by the Citizens of Montreal and the Officers of H.M. 71st, 77th, and 23rd Regiments of Foot and Royal Artillery.” Lieut.-Colonel Denny, of the 71st regiment, warmly supported the proposal, and the Colonel (Holloway) commanding the Royal Engineers reported that whilst the site was precisely that which had been selected for defensive works, for which the island was expressly purchased, a space of only fifteen feet square being wanted, such an area might be appropriated without detriment to the works.

In April the question was submitted to the Inspector-General of Fortifications, and on the 12th May official sanction was given by the Board of Ordnance, the secretary having written to the Inspector-General of Fortifications (Sir John Burgoyne), who had referred the question to the Board “that the Master-General and Board of Ordnance are pleased to concur in granting the space of ground required.”

There, so far as I have yet discovered, the correspondence ceased. But it would be interesting to know what became of the money—whether it was otherwise disposed of, or if it still remains on deposit in the Savings' Bank. The names of the committee afford a sufficient guarantee that whatever use, if any was made of the money, nothing was done with it inconsistent with the strictest probity. It is, at least, certain that no monument was erected, and the question arises: “If not, why not?” Mr. Holmes was very determined that the work should be accomplished, for he closes his letter of 23rd March, 1848, to General Gore in these words :

"That the monument will be erected there can be no question. Even if I do not obtain another subscription it shall be put up; but if the means at command be larger, the monument will be more sightly and commanding."

"LE CHIEN D'OR."

BY MABEL.

This brilliant historical romance of Canadian life at the close of the French *régime*, by Kirby (Niagara), as well as that of "Les Bastonnais," by Lespérance (Montreal), of the attack on Quebec by the army of the U. S. Congress, 1775, both written in English, are not surpassed by the *littérateurs* of any other country or language. It will be noticed by those persons familiar with our history, that in these works it is puzzling to detect where fact ends and fiction begins. To such examples of literary art a Canadian may point with pride as evidence of the high rank of English Canadian literature when that of the French Canadian holds also so high a place.

The "Chien d'Or," as everyone knows who has been in Quebec, is a stone tablet now over the Post Office door at the top of Mountain Hill (the site of the Bourgeois Philibert's residence and warehouse), and represents a dog *couchant* gnawing a human thigh bone.

The inscription, roughly carved in old French letters and phraseology, is :

"Je suis vn chien qui ronge lo,
En le rongeant je prend mon repos,
Vn temps viendra qui nest pas veny,
Que je morderay qui mavra mordv."

Or literally translated into English thus :

"I am a dog gnawing a bone ;
Gnawing, I rest quietly
A time will come, but not yet come,
When I shall bite him who would have bitten me."

That this tablet was originally gilt (as now) is probable, as it has always been known in Quebec as the "Golden dog." This rendering has been adopted by Kirby.

The question is, did Philibert mean this effigy to represent—

"Le chien d'or," "Golden dog,"

or

"Le chien dort," "Sleeping dog"?

Probably both—the one the outward sign, the other the inward significance. The former for the public gaze, the other for the eye of his powerful and hereditary enemy, the Intendant Bigot.

What thus appeared as the "Golden dog" to the public had the significance to the Intendant of the "sleeping dog" as expressed in the Scotch proverb of "Let sleeping dogs lie," but with full force in the motto of the Bruce, "I bide my time."

The words "Je prend mon repos" favor this latter reading, and so Bigot evidently understood it and anticipated the awaking by the murder of Philibert.

In looking over the register of *Foi et Hommage* of Canada (see archives of Canada, 1884), it will be seen that in 1766, Péan (then a prisoner in the Bastille) and the celebrated Angélique, his wife, also in France at the time, sold four seigniories in the neighborhood of Quebec to Descheneaux, who prudently preferred the air of Canada to that of his native land, and had enough money saved of his ill-gotten gains to establish himself as a grand seigneur on the shores of the St. Lawrence. What became of Bigot after his imprisonment in the Bastille or whether he died there is uncertain. One story is that he was killed in the streets of Pondicherry by the son of Philibert. This much is certain, that he still lives in history as the pimp of Pompadour, the betrayer of French interests at Louisbourg, and the unrepentant sinner at Quebec.

The iron cage in which "La Corriveau" was exhibited at Cape Diamond, prior to her execution, was purchased, as is stated, by Barnum for the "circus" of the present day.

*THE MANUSCRIPTS OF THE MARQUIS DE
LÉVIS.*

The Government of the Province of Quebec recently issued the two first volumes of the collection of manuscripts of the Marquis de Lévis, comprising the journal of his campaigns in Canada from 1756 to 1760, and the first volume of the Letters.

It is not a little curious that these papers, of which there are eleven volumes in the collection, should have so long remained hidden and unknown, not only in view of the important bearing they must have upon the correctness of the history of the period they cover, but also because of the strong light they will cast upon the more private life of their distinguished author.

It is, however, not surprising that their discovery was due to Abbé H. R. Casgrain, one of the most diligent and painstaking investigators of every detail in the early history of this country. In 1888, Abbé Casgrain made the acquaintance of the Count Raimond de Nicolay—the introduction being due to the present Marquis de Montcalm and M. X. Marmier, of the French Academy—and, after some correspondence, the Count offered to have a carefully compared copy made of the documents in his possession, upon the express condition that they should be printed in their integrity, and be prefaced by a notice of the de Lévis family.

This little bit of biography is by no means the least interesting part of the work, for it leads us back to the days of the third Crusade, when in May, 1200, Philippe de Lévis accompanied Philippe-Augustus to the Holy Land, and while there, is mentioned as one of the sureties in the Treaty of Goulet. Then came the first Gui de Lévis, who founded an abbey and built a chapel, and after whom came a long and glorious line of soldiers, prelates and statesmen. Their connection with America dates back to 1655, when François-Christophe de Lévis was created Viceroy of that continent.

The companion of Montcalm was a descendant of the Lévis-Léran branch of the family, from which that of Ajac, to which he immediately belonged, was sprung. His father, Jean-Gaston, Baron d'Ajac, had two sons, of whom the eldest, Pierre, left only one daughter, who married the son of the Marquis of Montcalm. The second son, François, then called the Chevalier de Lévis, was born on the 23rd August, 1720. From 1735, he was named lieutenant in the regiment of the marine, he took part in the campaigns of the Rhine, and obtained the grade of captain on the 1st June, 1737. In 1741 and the following years, he made the campaigns of Austria, Bohemia and Germany. In 1747, he was made a staff officer of the army in Italy, colonel, and knight of St. Louis in 1748. In 1756, he was chosen by the Count d'Argenson to accompany the Marquis de Montcalm to Canada, with the rank of brigadier. Two years later he was appointed Brigadier-General.

The story of his sojourn in Canada is told in the manuscripts which are now in the course of publication, and it is understood that these include a vast amount of hitherto unpublished correspondence of Lévis, Montcalm, and the other French commanders, which will not be lacking in interest.

The Chevalier de Lévis returned to France in 1761, when he received the rank of lieutenant-general, and in 1762 he was in Germany with the Prince of Condé. When peace was declared, he became governor of the Province of Artois, and in 1771 he received the appointment of captain of the guards of the Count de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII. In 1776, he was invested with the orders of the King; became a marshal of France in 1783; an hereditary duke in 1784. Three years later, he died at Arras, on the 26th November, 1787, aged 67. He married, on the 23th February, 1762, Gabrielle-Augustine-Michel de Pharon, who perished on the scaffold of the revolution, on the 10th July, 1794.

The journal is evidently intended to cover the operations in America, as the Chevalier begins with a brief introductory passage upon the causes of the war, in which he lays the blame upon the missionaries, whom he charges with using the dispute about boundaries to disturb the harmony which existed on this continent. These missionaries had, he says, much greater importance in time of war than in peace, due to the influence they exercised over the savages, and it was not in their interest to play the part of peace-makers.

The volumes which are to follow will be awaited with interest. The volumes are similar in form to the series of manuscripts published a few years ago by the same Government.

FOR GOD AND FATHERLAND.

The following spirited and patriotic lines were first published in the "Monthly Review," a magazine edited by John Waudby, Esq., late editor of the Upper Canada Herald, and "devoted to the Civil Government of Canada." They appeared in the first number of this publication which was issued in Toronto, and are anonymous. Perhaps some of our readers may recollect the author's name?

THE UNITED PROVINCES.

"Westward the tide of empire rolls its way."

[BERKELEY.]

Blue skies and glorious forests! Life and light—
 The downward rushing of a thousand floods,
 The far-heard thunder of the torrent's might;
 The free winds wrestling with the giant woods:
 The fresh wild splendour of the spring-tide morn,
 Sunshine and youth their golden treasures flinging—
 The careless gladness of a heart unworn,
 And hope's clear voice to chainless freedom singing,—
 "From thy short annals dash one stormy page;
 Toward the veil'd future gaze,—there lies thy heritage!"

The West! the West!—high theme for minstrel's lyre,
 Whose heart is fresh—whose glance is ONWARD cast,
 Whom hope hath touch'd with her prophetic fire,
 Who leaves to colder harps to sing the past.
 The West! the West! where Empire's course is speeding
 To found broad realms—to rear her mightiest throne,
 Where worth and strength to earthly fame are leading,
 Where victory shall sound her boldest tone,
 Where unborn glories, with triumphant blaze,
 Shall dim the past's proud deeds, shall pale its flaunting rays.

Roll soft, blue waters of the "Thousand Isles"!
 Superior! calm thy ocean-giant's sweep!
 Flash up, fair Erie, in the warm sun's smiles:
 Gray Huron, wake thee from thy troubled sleep.
 Hark! from the green old woods hoarse voices come,
 The spirits of the solitudes are out:
 Up waves and winds! blue rush and sparkling foam,
 Ring thro' the startled West the mingled shout
 Of strength and gladness, the wild jubilee,
 In which ye speak your might, the anthem of the free!

Roll on, bright waves, along your swelling tide
 No ruined fane, no dark dismantled towers
 Gaze on your depths in melancholy pride,
 To mar the freshness of your forest bowers.
 Not yours the time-worn arch—the shattered dome,
 The mournful loveliness of slow decay:
 The splendour of the morning lights your home,
 The fresh magnificence of opening day:—
 Time o'er your land with baffled might has flown,
 No works of man to fall—fair nature bow'd alone.

Hark! from yon giant mount a war drum beats,
 A trumpet rings upon the morning air;
 A glorious flag the quivering sunlight greets,
 With blood-red cross and snow-white volumes fair:
 'Tis thine, St. GEORGE! that war-worn banner's fold,
 The victor o'er those lordly waves streams forth;
 Thine the bold notes—thine Island warriors hold
 The grave of Wolfe—the fortress of the north!
 And proud defiance from its crest is hurl'd,
 Where Britain's genius sits,—throned o'er the western world.

On speed the martial sounds, o'er wood and lake,
 From fortress rocks and garrison'd defiles;
 St. Helen's bids her sleeping echoes wake,
 Fort Henry wafts them through Ontario's isles;
 And banners flash and English music springs
 From camp and fort along that fatal wave,
 Where dread Niag'ra's giant thunder sings
 His everlasting requiem for the brave—
 And on, o'er Erie's sands, o'er soft St. Clair,
 The same free trumpet rings, the red cross flutters there!

Aye, 'tis a fair, a lordly heritage,
 For British heirs, by British valour won.
 A youth predestin'd for a glorious age,
 A spot for freedom's ark to rest upon.
 And there bright memories come floating down,
 Borne from the past on fame's least earthly chords.
 Warming the children with the sire's renown,
 Singing of crimson fields, of conquering swords,
 Trafalgar's wave—old Runnimede's fair sod,
 How patriots bled for home—how martyrs died for God.

Where lurks the parricide, whose impious hand
 Britannia's standard from its height would tear,
 And false to faith, truth, HEAVEN, AND FATHERLAND,
 Bow to some specious rag usurping there?
 Woe to the craven statesman's plotting brain;
 Shame on the perjured soldier's dastard crest,
 Who rends the "Ocean Empire's" proud domain,
 Who drives the lion from the glorious west,
 And leaves the children of the isles a prey
 To dark and hopeless strife, or worse than Vandal sway.

Land of the West! Before the minstrel's glance
 Bright visions float magnificent and free:
 Fair glories light the future's broad expanse,
 And hope, wild prophet, sings—they gleam for thee.
 Rise, eagle-winged and lion-hearted, rise,
 Youth, strength, and freedom, nerve your upward flight;
 Fix on the morning sun your quenchless eyes:
 Trust to your stainless name, your children's might:
 Thine be worth, genius, victory, splendour, praise,
 Meet for a clime like thine, where flag, like England's sways.

Onward, fair clime! The holy arch of peace
 Spans in its light thy green and smiling shore,
 And golden plenty sheds her rich increase,
 And hope and health their priceless treasures pour.
 Rest, calm and true: should darker days be known,
 Should foemen taint the freshness of thy sod,
 Thine is the rampart of earth's mightiest throne,—
 Thine the sure aid of freedom's watchful God.
 Speed on! No mortal gives this high command,—
 Stand by the patriot's creed,—“FOR GOD AND FATHERLAND!”
 TORONTO, December, 1840.

Notes.

OTTAWA.

Being under the impression that I had met with the name “Ottawa” as belonging to a town in the United States, I made some enquiry about it, and to my astonishment I found no less than ten, located as under:—

	<i>County.</i>	<i>State.</i>
Ottawa	La Salle.....	Illinois
Ottawa	Clarke	Iowa
Ottawa City.....	Poweshiek.....	Iowa
Ottawa.....	Franklin.....	Kansas
Ottawa Centre.....	Ottawa.....	Michigan
Ottawa Lake.....	Monroe.....	Michigan
Ottawa	La Sueur.....	Minnesota
Ottawa City.....	Ottawa.....	Ohio
Ottawa.....	Putnam.....	Ohio
Ottawa	Waukesha.....	Wisconsin

H. M.

Publications Received.

HISTORICAL AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY OF MANITOBA. We acknowledge, with thanks, the following *Transactions*:—“Continuation of Henry’s Journal covering adventures and experiences in the fur trade of the Red River, 1799-1801,” by Chas. N. Bell, F.R.G.S.—“Lord Selkirk’s Deed from the Hudson’s Bay Company,” by Jas. Taylor, Esq., Rec.-Secy.—“Land and Sea Birds nesting within the

Arctic circle in the Lower Mackenzie River District," by R. R. Macfarlane, Esq.—"Two Provisional Governments in Manitoba," by Rev. Professor Bryce, LL.D. The above comprise the papers read before the Society during the session of 1889, and are all full of interest. Henry's Journal is an exceptionally valuable manuscript in the Parliamentary Library, Ottawa, and probably forms the only known source of information for the history of the Red River country for the period from 1799 to 1809; and Mr. Bell deserves thanks from all students of Canadian History for its publication. Many interesting details are narrated especially in regard to the habits of the Indians of that district. Dr. Bryce's paper is an important addition to the literature of the Riel rebellion of 1869-70. We have also been favored with the Report of this Society for 1889, and must congratulate its members on the substantial progress therein shown. Manitoba can well be proud of her Historical¹ Society—one of the three in Canada who have the enterprise to regularly publish their Transactions. Every branch of its work shows vigour. The erection of a monument on the battlefield of Seven Oaks—the preservation of the remains of the historic gateway of old Fort Garry—the maintenance of a Natural History museum and a reference library (to say nothing of the free public library managed by the Society—all indicate the steady growth and usefulness of the institution. The financial statement is an unusually cheering one, the Historical branch alone showing an income of \$606 for 1889, and having \$373 in hand with which to commence the session of 1890.

THE CANADIAN CLUB OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY. We are in receipt of a copy of the prospectus of this organization, and are glad to learn of the formation of a club with such an excellent object. Its existence should have the effect of ably maintaining the distinctive nationality of Canadian students at Harvard, and we hope that it will be successful in every way. But notwithstanding the many literary and academical attractions which Harvard offers, and which are so fully stated in the pamphlet, it is to be hoped that the substantial advances made by McGill within the past year or two will have the effect of drawing to it a great number of students from the Maritime Provinces which have in past years furnished so many undergraduates to Harvard and other American colleges.