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OLD AND MODERN QUEBEC.

ITS STREETS—EDIFICES—MONUMENTS—CHRONICLES—
ANTIQUITIES, &c.

BY J. M. LE MOINE.



ON more occasions than one, it has been our pleasant office to escort literary friends round our street—our ramparts—our battlefields, occasionally, illustrious visitors: our accepted task, sometimes an arduous one, consisted in ministering to the craving for historical lore which invariably besets outsiders, once drawn within the magic circle of the associations evoked by the Gibraltar of British America.

It has occurred to us that a mode, as effectual as it seems pleasant, of imparting information would be a survey, minute and methodical, of the *local*, by us so oft travelled over, jotting down what each street offered worthy of note: in fine, to treat our valued friends to an antiquarian ramble round the "Old Curiosity Shop." What a field for investigation,

Has not each thoroughfare its distinguishing feature—its saintly, heathenish, courtly, national, heroic, or burlesque name? Its peculiar origin, traceable sometimes to a shadowy—a remote past? Sometimes to the utilitarian present. What curious vistas are unfolded in the birth of its edifices—public and private—bristling with the memories of their clerical, bellicose, agricultural or mercantile founders? How much mysterious glamour, is necessarily shed over them by the relentless march of time—by the vicissitudes inherent to human affairs? The edifices, did we say? Their rise—their struggles, their decay, mayhap their demolition by the modern iconoclast—have they no teachings? How many phases in the art of the builder or engineer, from the high-peaked Norman cottage to the ponderous, drowsy Mansard roof—from Champlain's picket fort to the modern citadel of Quebec?

The streets and by-ways of famous old-world cities have found chroniclers—in some instances, of rare ability: Timbs, Howitt, Augustus Sala, &c., why should not those of our own land obtain a passing notice?

Show us on American soil, a single city intersected by such quaint, tortuous, legend-loving streets as old Quebec? Name a town, retaining more unmistakable vestiges of its rude beginnings—of its pristine, narrow, Indian-haunted forest paths?

In fact, does not history meet you at every turn? Every nook, every lane, every square, nay even to the stones and rocks, have a story to tell—a living record—a tale to whisper of savage or civilized warfare—a memento to thrill the patriot—a legend of romance or of death—war, famine, fires, earthquakes, land and snow slides, riot, &c.?

Is it not to be apprehended that in time, the inmates of such a city, might become saturated with the overpowering atmosphere of this romantic past—fall a prey to an overween-

ing love of old memories—become indifferent, dead-like—to the feelings and requirements of the present? This does not naturally follow. We are, nevertheless, inclined to believe that outward objects may act powerfully on one's inner nature; that the haunts and homes of men, are not entirely foreign to the thoughts, pursuits, impulses, good or bad, of their inmates.

Active—cultured—bustling—progressive citizens, we would fain connect with streets and localities partaking of that character, just as we associate cheerful abodes with sunshine and repulsive dwellings with dank, perennial shadows.

One of our writers has graphically depicted, in French, the character of the high-ways and by-ways of his native city: to his truthful sketch, habited by us in an English garb, we shall allot a corner in these stray leaves:

THE STREETS OF QUEBEC.

*(A Translation.)**

“In a large city,” says M. Legendre, “each street has its peculiar feature. Such a street is sacred to commerce—a private residence in it would appear out of place. Such another is devoted to unpretending dwellings: the modest grocery shop of the corner looks conscious of being there on sufferance only. Here resides the well-to-do—the successful merchant; further, much further on, dwell the lowly—the poor. Between both points there exists a kind of neutral territory, uniting the habitations of both classes. Some of the inmates when making calls wear kid gloves, while others go visiting in their shirt sleeves. The same individual will even indulge in a cigar or light an ordinary clay pipe, according as his course is east or west. All this is so marked, so apparent, that it suffices to settle in your mind the street or

* From “Les Echos de Quebec, par N. Legendre.”

ward to which an individual belongs. The ways of each street vary. Here, in front of a well-polished door, stands a showy, emblazoned carriage, drawn by thoroughbreds; mark how subdued the tints of the livery are. There is, however, something *distingué* about it, and people hurrying past, assume a respectful bearing.

"In the next street, the carriage standing at the door is just as rich, but its panneling is more gaudy—more striking in colour are the horses; more glitter—more profusion about the silver harness mountings. Though the livery has more *éclat*, there seems to be less distance between the social status of the groom and his master.

"Walk on further—the private carriage has merged into the public conveyance; still further, and you will find but the plain *calèche*.

"Finally, every kind of vehicle having disappeared, the house-doors are left ajar; the inmates like to fraternize with the street. On fine summer evenings, the footpath gets strewn with chairs and benches, occupied by men, smoking—women, chatting *à fresco* unreveredly—laughing that loud laugh, which says, "I don't care who hears me." Passer-by exchange a remark, children play at foot-ball, while the house-dog exulting in the enjoyment of freedom, gambols in the very midst of the happy crowd. These are good streets. One travels over them cheerfully, and jolly. An atmosphere of rowdyism, theft, wantonness, hovers over some thoroughfares. Dread and disgust accompany him who careers over them. Their gates and doorways seem dark—full of pit-falls. Iron shutters, thick doors with deep gashes, indicate the turbulent nature of their inhabitants. Rude men on the sidepaths stare you out of countenance, or perform strange signs—a kind of occult telegraphy—which makes your flesh creep. To guard against an unseen foe, you take to the centre of the street—nasty and muddy though it be

—but there you fancy yourself safe from the blow of a skull-cracker, hurled by an unseen hand on watch under a gateway.

“The police make themselves conspicuous here by their absence; 'tis a fit spot for midnight murder and robbery—unprovoked, unpunished. Honest tradesmen may reside here, but not from choice; they are bound to ignore street rows; lending a helping hand to a victim would cause them to receive, on the morrow, a notice to quit.

“Be on your guard, if necessity brings you, after nightfall, to this unhallowed ground. Danger hovers over, under, round your footsteps. If an urchin plays a trick on you at a street corner, heed him not. Try and catch him, he will disappear to return with a reinforcement of roughs, prepared to avenge his pretended wrongs by violence to your person and injury to your purse.

Should a drunken man hit you as he passes, do not mind him, it may end in a scuffle out of which you will emerge, bruised and with rifled pockets.

“We dare not tell you yield to fear, but be prudent. Though prudence may be akin to fear, you never more required all your wits about you. It is very unlikely you will ever select this road again, though it be a short cut. Such are some of the dangerous streets in their main features. There are thoroughfares, on the other hand, to which fancy lends imaginary charms; the street in which you live, for instance. You think it better, more agreeable. Each object it contains becomes familiar, nay cherished by you—the houses, their doors, their gables. The very air seems more genial. A fellowship springs up between you and your threshold—your land. You get to believe they know you as you know them—softening influences—sweet emanations of ‘Home!’”

PROLOGUE:—FROM "THE ANTIQUARY."



THE days decay as flower of grass,
 The years as silent waters flow ;
 All things that are depart, alas !
 As leaves the winnowing breezes strow ;
 And still while yet, full-orbed and slow,
 New suns the old horizon climb,
 Old Time must reap, as others sow :—
 We are the gleaners after Time !

We garner all the things that pass,
 We harbour all the winds may blow ;
 As misers we up-store, amass
 All gifts the hurrying Fates bestow ;
 Old chronicles of feast and show,
 Old waifs of by-gone rune and rhyme,
 Old jests that made old banquets glow :—
 We are the gleaners after Time !

We hoard old lore of lad and lass,
 Old flowers that in old gardens grow,
 Old records writ on tomb and brass,
 Old spoils of arrow-head and bow,
 Old wrecks of old worlds' overthrow,
 Old relics of Earth's primal slime,
 All drift that wanders to and fro :—
 We are the gleaners after Time !

AUSTIN DOBSON,



THE NEW ENGLISH POSTAGE STAMP contains a curious blunder. The coronet upon the Queen's head is wrong, heraldically speaking, as since the time of Henry V. *crosses patées* and *fleurs de lis* have alternated in the royal crown, not

crosses and nondescript ornaments. What makes the matter worse, the new stamp only perpetuates the error of the old one, an error frequently pointed out. Further, it is shown that instead of the nondescript coronet, Her Majesty's head should be surmounted with the royal crown, the circlet heightened with *crosses patées* and *fleurs de lis*, and also arched with jewelled bands, while at their intersection would rise the mound and cross, as may be seen on the florin and the coinage of India. As De Quincey says in his essay on Bentley, one would think that errors might be guarded against where the proof-sheets were of steel, but the fact remains that a much more serious blunder was perpetrated by English officials when a good many years ago they minted and sent out to Canada some millions (?) of halfpenny tokens marked *Un sous*—say "One cents."—*N. Y. World*.

HOW "FINDS" ARE SOMETIMES MADE.



WE were considerably moved at the following notice of a "find," which appeared recently in an Ontario paper, and had visions of some unique pieces to experiment on;—

"While Mr. Moore, a hotel proprietor of Madoc, was poking in the ore of Mitchell & Co's hematite beds, fourteen feet below the surface he discovered eight most peculiar coins imbedded in the iron ore. He got two loose and brought a lump of ore to the village, where he broke it up and found the other six. The form is something the size of a quarter dollar in circumference, and about one-sixth of an inch in thickness. To explain the characters on the coins would be almost impossible. Some of the characters represent females, a fish, crown, stars, spears, &c. They must be very old, as no one seems to have even heard of such coins ever being used

in Canada. Probably some Indian tribe years ago may have buried them there. In the same bed of ore, eighteen feet down, have been found deer's horns in different shapes."

We were naturally enough on the tiptoe of excitement until this mystery was cleared up, luckily the explanation is so complete as to render further inquiry unnecessary.

The following communication to the *Toronto Globe* tells the plain unvarnished tale:

Hearing and reading a good deal about Mr. Albert Moore's remarkable discovery of old coins in the Mitchell & Co. hematite mine, I made my way hither for the purpose of learning how much truth there was in the stories set afloat concerning them. After visiting the hotel and finding the proprietor absent, I asked to see the coins, but was informed that Mr. Moore had them in his pocket. I then asked to see the piece of ore out of which they had been broken, hoping to be able to make out the impressions they had left, but in this I was disappointed, the bar-tender informing me that the ore in which they had been found was so decomposed that it "went all to powder." Later on I was lucky enough to find Mr. Moore, who at once courteously acceded to my request to be allowed to see the coins about which so much had been said. They were eight in number, and quite unlike anything I had ever seen. Six were discs nearly circular in form, and showing an area somewhat larger than a ten cent piece, but over an eighth of an inch thick. Another was of similar thickness, but triangular in shape, and another was a sort of irregular oblong. The characters upon them were pretty well preserved, and of good workmanship, but of course I could make nothing of what seemed to be the lettering. Upon one was to be seen two human figures with a fish curled into a semi-circle between them. On another was a skeleton leaf or fern, while the crescent, large or small, was to be seen on nearly or quite all of them.

Upon one I noticed that, thick as it was, the stamping of the device upon its centre had concaved it considerably.

After looking them over for some time I asked Mr. Moore a question predicated upon the supposition that they had been found in the hematite mine.

"I didn't find them there," he answered promptly, "and I am very glad to be in a position to set the public right upon this point. That story about the hematite mine was just started as a practical joke on half-a-dozen fellows in the village. But, before I was aware of it, it found its way to the telegraph office and over the wires into the newspapers. I believe some one called to see me from the telegraph office, but I was out, and so he sent the story that by that time was current all over the village. I am very sorry that what was at first intended only as a practical joke upon a few of my friends should ever have taken so serious a shape."

Mr. Moore then proceeded to give me the particulars as to how he secured these rare coins, and how the story of his having found them in the hematite mine got abroad.

In the first place the coins were brought from the far interior of India by an old soldier forty-three years ago. Mr. Moore (who has a fine collection, containing besides this last acquisition some very rare old silver and copper coins) heard of these curiosities in the possession of the old soldier, and finally succeeded in purchasing them from him. Happening to pass the hematite mine with his prize in his pocket and accompanied by a friend, the two conceived the idea of penetrating "a sell on the boys," and to this end they rubbed the old coins with the soft red ore, and taking out two, they left the remaining six in a mass of the soft red earth or oxidized ore which they carried with them to the hotel. Of course everybody who happened to be about the bar when they entered was anxious to learn what constituted the latest discovery at the hematite mine, for the "red paint" on their

hands and boots told at once where they had been. Mr. Moore washed the oxide of iron off the two coins he held in his hand, and then in "panning out" the rest of the red dirt he brought to light six more. It can be easily understood that in a short time there were some pretty thoroughly surprised men standing around Moore's bar-room. Many a time pieces of buckhorn and other trifles had been picked up in this mine in such positions as would prove beyond doubt that the Indians had dug into it to a considerable depth (upwards of 14 feet in some places), but here were relics of an entirely different nature. Could it be true, then, that the Norsemen had visited this continent long before its discovery by Columbus? Could it be that these coins were relics, not merely of prehistoric man, but of a prehistoric civilization! Such were the questions that agitated the "sitters" around Moore's bar-room that evening.

Occasionally would come the question, always in the same formula—

"And do you mean to say that those coins are out of the hematite mine?"

And the answer, true to the ear though false to the sense, was always the same unvarying affirmative, which in this case did not mean that they had ever been in the hematite mine. The joke very soon went too far, however, and, as already stated, the story was given to the general public without Mr. Moore's knowledge or consent, and, it may be added, much to his annoyance. He prizes these old coins very highly, and justly considers that they of themselves possess plenty of interest for the antiquarian or collector of curiosities without being in any way bolstered up by theories founded on pure fiction.

Though not an expert in matters of this kind, I must admit that I do not think Mr. Moore is at all inclined to claim

too much for these curiosities. I certainly never saw any thing at all resembling them in any other collection.

As might be expected, Mr. Moore has been deluged with letters since the hematite story was made public, and to-day he expressed himself as very glad to be at last in a position to put an end to the farce and give to the public the whole truth concerning his rare coins.

W. H. W.

THE ISLAND OF CAPE BRETON.

BY REV. DAVID HICKEY.



CAPE Breton an Island! Wonderful!—Show it to me on the map. So it is, sure enough. My dear Sir, you always bring us good news. I must go and tell the King Cape Breton is an Island."

There are many in our Dominion whose ignorance respecting the interesting Island of Cape Breton, is almost as dense as was that of the stupid old Duke whose language is quoted above. Perhaps there is no portion of our great country so little understood and so greatly misunderstood as the island of Cape Breton. While no part of our country is so rich in romantic reminiscences, no part of it is so little thought of as this historic isle. It is for the purpose of removing prejudice and making this truly wonderful portion of our common country known as it should be, that I write. I have no selfish ends to serve, no crotchets to air, no hobbies to ride, no pet theories to ventilate. Unlike some distinguished travellers of the present day, my subject will occupy the foreground, the writer only appearing on the scene when it cannot be helped. Although my information has been gathered from different sources, it will be presented in

vinces, I was almost going to say in the whole Dominion. The population of the Island in 1871 was 75,483. It is represented in Parliament by five members, and in the Local House by eight.

COIN NOTES.

By ROBERT MORRIS, LL.D., of *La Grange, Kentucky, U.S.*



IN the French work *Voyages du Sr. A. De La Motraye* in Europe, Asia and Africa, published at the Hague in 1727, I find in Vol. i. p. 289, the following allusion to Diocletian's celebrated *Deleto Christianorum Nomine*. "It is certain that this Emperor (Diocletian) signified his zeal for paganism against Christianity in an extraordinary manner, and in memory of his cruelties struck many coins which are found here and there, (in the vicinity of Constantinople) with these legends:

DELETO CHRISTIANORUM NOMINE SUPPRESSA CHRISTIANORUM SUPERSTITIO (Pour avoir aboli jusqu'au nom et la superstition des Chrétiens.)

Where may we look for copies of this coin? Does any American collection contain it? I have never seen one.

The same author relates a fact connected with the death of a Pope which is novel:

"The third day after the decease of a pope, his body is placed on a bier with 60 coins of his coronation, 20 gold, 20 silver, 20 copper, these are confusedly mixed to denote that death levels all things. Then the bier is closed and lowered into the tomb with veneration and the accustomed ceremonies."

A writer in Harper's Magazine (No. 194, p 179,) describing the Public Library at Lisbon, Portugal, says "the collect-

ion of coins belonging to this library is very large and very valuable."

Frederick the Great, in the narrative of his "Seven Years' War" explaining how it was that he was able during so many campaigns to sustain a ruinous war against the chief monarchies of Europe, gives some instances of financiering, that were they attempted by civilized nations at the present day would set the world on fire. Amongst others the adulteration of the Prussian coin was a trick. "The subsidies of England," he says, "which were four millions, *were coined into eight*: the money that had been formed by diminishing its value one half offered seven millions. The different sums indicated amounted in the total to twenty-five millions of crowns per annum of *adulterated coin!* The currency of Prussia in 1763 must indeed have been a wretched mess of stuff!

A certain coin so extremely rare, that I have only seen an engraving of it, shows in a forcible manner how the Roman nation wrote its history. It is of copper, about the size of an old-fashioned cent, the Emperor Augustus, after his campaign against the Cantabrians and Asturians, was preparing for his return to Rome. He had entered his 10th Consulship. He had proposed to give 600 denarii (about \$15,) to every citizen, in evidence of his liberality, but a decree of the nation forbade such an act. Then a law was passed expressly freeing Augustus "from every law!" And upon his arrival, public vows and sacrifices for his health and safe return were ordered. Thus far the written history. Now the evidence of the monuments comes in. Coins were ordered to be stamped in commemoration of the event. Upon the front (the obverse) is the nude head of the Emperor and the inscription "AVGVSTO SPQR CAESARI, that is "the Roman Senate and People (order this in honor) to Augustus Caesar." The reverse side gives a fine drawing of a Roman

soldier helmeted holding an ensign in the right hand and the object entitled the *parazonium* in the other. The epigraph is PRO SALUTE REDITOM SACR VOT P SVSC. Filling out the abbreviated words and changing their order we have, *Vota Publica Suscepta Pro Salute Et Reditu Joci Optimo Maximo Sacra.* The reader will understand how much light such an object shed upon important matters of history.

Another instance to the same purport is seen on a coin struck by one of the cities of western Asia in honor of the Emperor Tiberius. A number of cities (12 or 13) having been destroyed simultaneously by an earthquake, the Emperor and Senate promptly relieved their immediate distresses and rebuilt the cities. In gratitude for this act of beneficence a coin was struck exhibiting the Emperor seated. In his right hand he holds out the *patera*, or sacred dish, used in the Roman worship of the gods. In his left hand is an upright spear, headless. The epigraph is CIVITATIBUS ASIAE RESTITUTIS, that is "the Cities of Asia being restored." Evil as the character of Tiberius was, he often cultivated the arts of charity and the graces. In his intercourse with men he was polite. He coveted the title of a well-mannered man. He pretended to accept the crown with the utmost reluctance, and professed great moderation. In his last years, however, he gave himself up to lust and debauchery, and it was then that the metallic monuments styled *Spirituals*, were struck by his orders the only specimens of obscene drawings ever given upon ancient coins. What they are can readily be understood by one who has seen the indescribable vastness of Pompeii.

The reader of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* remarks the exquisite propriety with which the great historian introduces references to the coins of various value. I find in his autobiography under 1764, this memorandum which points to the source of his accurate knowledge of the subject; "After

glancing my eye over Addison's agreeable dialogues (upon coins), I more seriously read the great work of Ezequiel Spanheim *de Prostantia et Usu Numismatum*, and applied with him the coins of the king, and emperors, the families and colonies, to the illustration of ancient history.

And thus was I armed for my Italian journey." In speaking of his immense preparation, for the *Decline and Fall* he uses the happy term "subsidiary rays of coins" as expressing the use he made of their testimony in establishing the old facts of history. The numismatic student only wishes he had given more of these "Subsidiary rays."

The endless variations of devices upon Greek and Roman coins is a source of continued surprise even to the expert in the science. In a bag full of specimens just now emptied on my table, I see enough forms to suggest the whole array of mythological images. Fingering them hastily, I note the following, and shall only stop when I reach the end of the sheet; a trophy between two captives and a branch of palm; a woman reclining upon a bed and having a wheat-measure upon her head, in her right hand a waggon-tongue (*temo*), her left hand raised toward her face; a serpent erect before a dish, behind it a caduceus and wheat-ear; two vases upon a table with two palm trees; Cybele seated between two lions, having a spear in her left hand; the legionary eagle between two military standards; the heads of Castor and Pollux joined with stars and laurels; a wolf suckling two boys; a colonist driving oxen joined with two military standards; an altar with fire burning upon it; Apollo, nude, sitting upon a corn-basket, in his left hand a bow, in his right an arrow; a thunderbolt; a triumphal arch; the goddess Juno standing erect, in her right hand a spear, at her feet a peacock; the astronomical sign of the Goat (*Capricornus*) with a globe under his fore feet and a cornucopia on his back; the god Hercules standing to the right; a helmetted

figure standing upon a ship, in his right hand a crown, a trophy in his left hand resting on his shoulder; a woman holding in her right hand a spear around which a serpent is entwined; the head of a bull; a lyre; a temple of six columns; the principal gate of a Roman camp; the god Apollo with a globe in his left hand his right pointing upward; image of Victory winged; &c., &c.



SOME CANADIAN AND OTHER HISTORIC DOUBTS.

*(Read at a Meeting of the Numismatic and Antiquarian
Society of Montreal.)*

BY HENRY MOFF.



THE sagacity of the French King's famous saying, "*Telle est l'Histoire,*" is being proved to us every day by the curious conflict of assertions touching past events, real or fictitious. Many public speakers and writers are apt to look more to the telling qualities of the anecdote they are relating than to the historical accuracy of the story. There is a class of historians who are for stripping from our memory all the epigrams and maxims that ages have created and youth so eagerly seized upon. Even grave Professors of Yale College may be numbered among these historians. It is not long ago since an onslaught was made on some of the most popular historical sayings and stories which have been handed down to us from time to time immemorial; and nowadays the schoolboy of not many years back is required to rid his mind of many pleasant fables. He must no longer cherish the story of Romulus and Remus, the incident of King Canute and the sea, the adventure of Alfred in the shepherd's hut, and the ap-

ple-hooting of William Tell. He must give up the episode of Columbus and the egg because it is claimed that the illustration was employed by another man long before the birth of the great discoverer. Nor is it at all improbable that the identity of Christopher Columbus himself will be destroyed because of Mark Twain's anecdote of the Genoa guide. They were standing beside a certain monument which the guide said was that of "the man who discovered America," and Mr. Clemens quite nonplussed the fellow by saying that he had just arrived from the country mentioned, and that was the first he had heard of such a discovery.

Richard III of England has been "whitewashed," so that we are almost induced to believe he was a perfect dove, and not by any means crookedbacked; and as to Cromwell and the Regicides, in the hands of the commentators, they are so dazzlingly white that we can scarcely look upon them.

William Penn, too, you may remember, was painted in such opposite colours by Macaulay and the late Hepworth Dixon, that we have some difficulty in deciding whether he was the gentle Quaker, who aforetime we were taught to regard as the author of the "unbroken treaty," or only a slight remove from a pirate and a buccaneer.

The story of Canute commanding the waves to roll back rests on the authority of Henry of Huntingdon, who wrote about a hundred years after the death of the Danish monarch.

Hume treats the popular legend of Fair Rosamond as fabulous. According to Lingard, instead of being poisoned by Queen Eleanor, she retired to the Convent of Godstow, and dying in the odour of sanctity, was buried with marks of veneration by the nuns.

Blondel, harp in hand, discovering his master's place of confinement, it is clearly a fancy picture; for the seizure and imprisonment of Richard were matters of European noto-

riety. What is alleged to have befallen him on his way home has found its appropriate place in "Ivanhoe;" and the adventures of monarchs in disguise, from Haroun Al-raschid, downwards, so frequently resemble each other, that we are compelled to suspect a common origin for the majority.

The statement of a Welsh writer of the 10th century, that Edward I. gathered together all the Welsh bards, and had them put to death, is implicitly adopted by Hume and made familiar by Gray:—

"Ruin seize thee, Ruthless King;
Confusion on thy banners wait."

It is glaringly improbable, and rests on no valid testimony of any sort.

Mrs. Aikin was, I believe, the first to deminish the credibility of the celebrated story that Cromwell, Hampden, and Arthur Hazlerig, despairing of the liberties of their country, had actually embarked for New England in 1638, when they were stopped by an Order in Council. The incident is not mentioned by the best authorities, including Clarendon; and there is no direct proof that either of the three belonged to the expedition, which, after a brief delay, was permitted to proceed with the entire freight of pilgrims.

Froissart relates in touching detail the patriotic self-devotion of Eustache de St. Pierre and his five companions, who, he says, delivered up the Keys of Calais to Edward III, bare-headed, with halts round their necks, and would have been hanged forthwith but for the intervention of the Queen. The story has been already doubted by Hume on the strength of another contemporary narrative, in which the King's generosity and humanity to the inhabitants are extolled; when, in 1835, it was named as the subject of a prize essay by an Antiquarian Society in the north of France, the prize was decreed to M. Clovis Bolard, a Calais man, who took part against St. Pierre. The controversy was revived

in 1854, in the *Südde*, by a writer, who referred to documents in the Tower as establishing that St. Pierre had been in connivance with the besiegers, and was actually rewarded with a pension by Edward.

The adoption of the garter for the name and symbol of the most distinguished order of Knighthood now existing still involved in doubt. The incident to which it is popularly attributed was first mentioned by Polydore Virgil, who wrote nearly 200 years after its alleged occurrence. See *Hayward's Biographical and critical Essays*.

From the same source is this extract:—

Rabelais has co-operated with Shakespeare in extending the belief that Clarence was drowned in a butt of Malmsey at his own special instance and request; and in a deservedly popular compilation, the precise manner of immersion is brought vividly before the mind's eye of the rising generation by a clever woodcut. Mr. Bayley, in his "*History of the Tower*" can suggest no better foundation for the story than the well-known fondness of Clarence for Malmsey.

"Whoever," says Walpole in his "*Historic Doubts*," "can believe that a butt of wine was the engine of his death, may believe that Richard III. helped him into it, and kept him down till he was suffocated."

Among the latest of the rough-handlings of the time-honoured beliefs of our youthful days, comes the startling question:—

"Was Joan of Arc burnt? In a letter to the *Times* newspaper, Mr. A. F. Viles says:—

It is commonly accepted as an historical fact that Joan of Arc was burnt at a stake in the market-place of Rouen, on the 31st of May, 1431. In view of the intended erection of a "national memorial" to this "martyr," a consideration of the following may be ill-timed.

The Abbé Lenglet, in his "*Histoire de Jeanne d'Arc*,"

says that La Pucelle made her appearance at Metz some time after her supposed execution, where she was received with due honours, "was acknowledged by her two brothers, Jean and Pierre d'Arc, and was married to a gentleman of the house of Amboise, in 1436." Her seemingly miraculous escape from "the jaws of a fiery death" is accounted for as follows:—The Bishop of Beauvais is accused by all parties of trick and treachery in the conduct of the trial. It was his known propensity to gain his ends by stratagem, craft, manoeuvre, fraud, and dexterity. He sought out and brought forward such testimony only as related to ecclesiastical offences and handed over the decision to the secular judges, whose clemency he invoked. Joan said to him publicly, "You promised to restore me to the Church and you deliver me to mine enemies." (Vilaret: "Histoire de France," vol. xv., p. 72.) The intention of the Bishop, then, must have been that the secular judges, for want of evidence, should see no offence against the State, as the clerical judges, notwithstanding the evidence, had declined to see any against the Church. A fatal sentence was, however, pronounced, and the fulfilment of it intrusted to the ecclesiastical authorities.

Immediately after the *auto-da-fé*, one of the executioners ran to two friars and said that he had never been so shocked at any execution and that the English had built up a scaffolding of plaster (*un échafaud de plâtre*) so lofty that he could not approach the culprit, which must have caused her sufferings to be long and horrid. (Pasquier: "Histoire d'Orléans," vol. vi.) Yet she escaped, and appeared, as above stated, at Metz some time afterwards.

The Parisians, indeed, long remained incredulous. They must otherwise have punished those ecclesiastics whose humanity, perhaps, conspired with the Bishop of Beauvais to withdraw her from real execution down a central chimney

of brick and mortar, or, as the executioner called it, "a scaffolding of plaster."

The King, too, who e intimacy with Joan before she fell into the hands of the English was well known, is stated to have recognised her, as her brothers had done, and received her with these words:—"Pucelle, m'amie, soyez la très bien revenue, au nom de Dieu!" She is then said to have knelt at his Majesty's feet and communicated to him the artifice by which she had escaped.

It would be not only curious, but interesting to know on what authority the above historians make these statements, as, could their truth be proved, the greatest stain upon England's victorious arms would be finally wiped away.

The Abbé Lenglet's "*Histoire de Jeanne d'Arc, vierge, héroïne, et martyre d'état, suscitée par la Providence pour rétablir la Monarchie Française,*" was published in 1753, in 12mo.; Vilaret's work about ten years afterwards, in continuation of the unfinished labours of De Velly.

May I ask whether these statements have ever been confuted?

During the past twenty years we have been compelled, though with sorrow, to play the skeptic with regard to some of the best-known historic phrases. A revered one of those lately demolished is the story told of the great German poet. It was long believed that Goethe, when dying, exclaimed: "Light, more light!" whereas what he did say was, according to our Yale Professor: "Bring the candle nearer." If we may believe the same reliable authority, the saying attributed to Louis XIV.—"The State! I am the State!"—was never uttered by him at all, but was said by Mazarin some twenty years before the King's time; and, for that matter, before the Cardinal, by Elizabeth of England. Nor was the late M. Thiers the author of the constitutional maxim, "The King reigns, but does not govern," for it was said by

John Zamoycki, a Pole, two hundred years before the time of the distinguished Frenchman. The last words of William Pitt have been variously rendered as, "Oh, my country! how I love my country!" and "Oh my country! how I leave my country!" The latter words are the best authenticated, and yet in the more obscure circles of political gossip in England there has been current a strange story that the real last words of the English statesman were, "I should like one of Bellamy's pork pies." A denial is made of the story that Nelson's last signal at Trafalgar was, "England expects every man to do his duty," and it is asserted that what he did signal the fleet was, "Have the men had their breakfasts?" The oddest story I can now call to mind about the last words of a commander before going into battle, is that related by a certain Gen. Bismark, who flourished several generations ago. He declared that at Benhela, just before the battle, the Duke of Marlborough was in his coach surrounded by his servants, who were making up his dirty linen. An aide-de-camp to Prince Eugene rode up to ask if the allied forces should begin the advance, whereupon his Grace replied, "Not till my washing is ready." It was Carlyle who deprived the French guards of the credit of saying, "Fire first, Messieurs the English"; and the saying, long attributed to Talleyrand, that "language was given to us to disguise our thoughts," was, it appears, first made by Voltaire. More than 150 years before General Lee talked of "dying in the last ditch," William of Orange wrote to the States General to say that it was the duty of every Dutchman to die, if necessary, in the last ditch to defend the country from the ambition of Louis XIV.

The very pretty story of our own General Wolfe at Quebec has a halo of doubt thrown about it.

When Wolfe was superintending the passage of his boats with muffled oars to the place he had selected for landing

his men, which, *I hope*, was at the spot we now call "Wolfe's Cove," he stood in the bow of one of the boats, gloomy and anxious, as we may well imagine a man of Wolfe's temperament would be, and that he repeated those elegantly polished lines from Gray's *Elegy*:—

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave;
Await alike the inevitable hour,
The path of glory leads but to the grave."

And then, it is said, pointing to the heights above, the hero added, "I would rather be the author of those lines, than victor on those heights to-morrow."

It is such a pretty picture that I blush for the iconoclastic hand which shatters it.

The counsel of a celebrated cynic was to the effect that we should believe nothing that we hear and only half of what we see, and there certainly are many reasons against implicit acceptance of the proverb that "seeing is believing." The worst of it is that history has such a woefully short memory, or that the fogs of error begin so soon to gather about active or spoken things, that we are often puzzled to find out the rights or wrongs of a matter that happened so late as the day before yesterday. "There's nothing new, and there's nothing true; and it don't much signify," said another cynical critic, but he was wrong, for literal accuracy in history is a matter always of the very highest importance. The great trouble is that a scrupulous attention to the minor details is unhappily either thought unworthy the pursuit or is beyond the capacity of most historians.

Canadian history, it seems, is full of similar doubts and queries, which we should, each of us, regard as a sacred duty to remove by careful study and research.

I assure you, I am very little disposed to put on airs and

assume a dictatorial role, but permit me, personally, to explain my share in a matter which should be regarded as of considerable importance; possibly, you are all aware that the late Mr. S. Jones Lyman suggested the offer of prizes for the highest number of correct answers to 100 Questions in Canadian History to be published in the *Canadian Spectator*. Mr. Lyman's death occurred after a very short illness before one-third of the questions had appeared, and his mantle descended upon my shoulders; at the time of his death Mr. Lyman had only the answers to six questions verified, and only about 50 to 60 questions in all prepared, the completion of the work fell to my share, especially the gratification of reading through over 750 pages of MSS. which were received, much of it highly instructive, and some of it stupid and irrelevant as it could well be.

Mr. Henry Miles, the winner of the first prize, exhibited an amount of patient research beyond all the other competitors, and the result of his labour, is before you in pamphlet shape. I do not intend to ask you to follow me through the mazes of the hundred replies, but I desire to call your attention to some few which are still obscure, and further to point to some mis-conceptions and erroneous theories which hang round some of them with a wonderful tenacity.

I have said that "a scrupulous attention to the minor details" is essential in the historian, indeed it is this patience which is the point of distinction between the historian and the mere gossip. As an illustration of my meaning, I would mention two strange errors which Mr. Lyman himself promulgated; errors into which, I submit, he could not have fallen, if he had taken the trouble to enquire into any authorities:—

1st. In a "*Guide to Montreal*" which he prepared, he stated that the "*Place D'Armes*" received its name from

General Montgomery, who drilled his soldiers there during the occupation of the city by the Americans in 1775.

It did not require much research to discover that it was so named in a map or plan forwarded by DeLery to France (dated August 10th, 1717) and designated in his report, as to the advantages offered by Montreal for the purpose of fortification as follows:—"I have marked a "*Place D'Armes*" in front of the parish church, where might be made afterwards a number of barracks, the houses which are in that part being of small value."

2nd. Mr. Lyman held a notion that Chambly derived its name from *Champ de Blé*, owing to its being situated in a prolific district, especially in the culture of that grain. This I do think must be held altogether visionary.

I fancy there are several of our generally accepted and cherished legends which will not bear the strictest investigation, for the sake of example, I may take the question—

"What is the origin of the legend of the "*Chien D'Or*" at Quebec?"

Notwithstanding all that we have read on this subject, the real origin, I believe, still remains in obscurity.

Again; From what is the name of the "*Sault de St. Louis*" given to the Lachine Rapids derived?

Notwithstanding the very circumstantial account of the drowning of the huntsman Louis given by Faillon, I am inclined to think that it is more probable that it received the name from Champlain in 1611, in honor of the King, Louis XIII., who had succeeded to the throne the year before, and from whom Champlain had received a commission to build storehouses for the fur trade, near the rapids.

With regard to the name "*Father Point*" I cannot quite satisfy myself that the story of Pière Nouvel furnishes the correct origin. The name must not be understood as being exclusively confined to the above mentioned Pointe, it seems

rather to be a general term applicable to other known *Pointes* on the shores of the St. Lawrence and the Lakes, where the French missionaries were accustomed to land from their canoes for the purposes of prayer, religious exercises, or temporary repose, on their tedious way up and down the river to distant scenes of labour.

I may add that one competitor claimed that it was named after Champlain, he having been called *the Father* of New France.

These, however, are debateable points compared with some other replies to the questions, to which I beg to call your attention: I fear they illustrate very exactly how history is made up, in the minds of the majority, and how it is regarded as a huge joke.

I have already recorded in the *Spectator*, (making allowance for mere clerical errors,) that some of the replies were the wildest which could possibly have been conceived; we were gravely told—

That Christopher Columbus discovered America in 1849.

That the Isle of Orleans derived its name from the Emperor Aurelian.

That the name of the town opposite Longueuil was Caughnawaga.

That Benjamin Franklin laid the first stone of the Rideau Canal in 1827.

And as a set-off, that—

Sir John Franklin attended the conference of the American Commissioners at the old Chateau Ramesay in 1775.

That amongst the notable events which had occurred at Ste. Anne's was the burning of the Houses of Parliament in 1849; the confusion of ideas evidently arising from the fact of our present St. Ann's market standing on the site of the old Houses of Parliament; and in reply to the question as to the legal title and status of a Canadian Bishop, two com-

petitors (who must have stolen each other's thunder) naively replied:—

"Has not got any, never had any, except what any man would have."

I have said that these have been already noticed, but as bad, or worse, yet remain to be told. In reply to the question—

"When was the first coin issued by the Canadian Government?"

I will not vex you with the complication of *disorders*, from the "*Gloriam Regni*" down to the "*Un Sou*" series; but one ingenious historian claimed it for the Wood Coinage of George I. of 1722-23, the object of the well-known Drapier letters of Dean Swift; these half-pennies, after their ignominious discomfiture in consequence of the Dean's bitter lampoons, having found their way in quantity to the New England settlements.

As to the leading question—

"*Who discovered America!*"

If I were to follow the replies through all their ramifications, from the Phœnicians downwards, the question would arise in your minds—

"Who did *not* discover it?"

Some other queries seemed especial stumbling-blocks.—*e.g.*, *The origin of the name of the Bay of Fundy*, every imaginable feature was suggested:

The *bottom* of the Bay, the *top* of the Bay—the tide—the current—the mud—the *everything*, in short, connected with it—until "What are the wild waves saying?" was a weak illustration of my poor overdosed patience in reference to the much-vexed question.

As it stands in numerical order, *Question No. 12*—"Name the two most heroic acts in Canadian History?" was a wide field for the *speculators*.

I stated that it was a matter of opinion and debateable, but the two most heroic acts—universally accepted and acknowledged—I thought in my own mind would be—

1st. The fight against the Iroquois under Dollard des Ormeaux in 1670.

2nd. The gallant fight under Mdlle. de Vercheres in 1690-92.

But, beside the above, each competitor apparently had his, or her, own special pet hero or heroine, and he or she, the competitor, was for the time special pleader for the claimant. I give a few of the names at random:

Lallemant, Brebunf, La Salle; Wolfe, Montcalm, and Brolet, (the three were special *petz.*); Mr. Secord, in connection with the battle of Beaver Dam; De Salaberry (with a better show of reason); nor must I omit the defence of Fort St. John in Acadia by Madame La Tour against Charnisey in 1643, in the absence of her husband,—down to some local hero, famous for saving some life or lives, from fire or drowning.

I may say here, once for all, wherever a question was a little loose, leaving the door open for a "splurge" or "hifalutin" it was seized upon with avidity.

I will now tell you a secret, and it is not without interest, showing how the engineer may be "hoist with his own petard":

Question No. 37. *When was a minister put in gaol, in Lower Canada for preaching a sermon and what official acts did he perform in gaol?*

During the Episcopate of Bishop Mountain, a marriage was solemnized by a Congregational minister, who being a *Dissenter* (and all marriages not performed by an Episcopalian were considered by his Lordship as illegal,) the marriage was declared null. In his anger, he preached a sermon against Bishop Mountain from the texts—

"Thou worm Jacob." (Isaiah 41, verse 14.)

"Every *mountain* sha'l be laid low," (Isaiah 40, v. 4, or, as it was said,

"Thy *mountain* shall become a *Molchill*."

A libel suit was brought against him, and it being decided in favor of the Bishop, he was imprisoned. Whilst in gaol he performed a marriage ceremony.

One competitor sent in *this answer*, which was the correct one, according to the intention of the propounder of the question—but the imprisonment of L'Abbé Fenelon in 1674, *also answered the question*, and the case of the Lutheran minister imprisoned by Louis Kirk, commandant at Quebec, during its brief occupation by the English, 1629-30, *very nearly answered it*, and so the pretty puns upon the Bishop's name were driven to the wall.

So with the questions as to the First Temperance Meeting, and the First Sunday School in Canada, earlier "*firsts*" than were originally contemplated turned up in the enquiry; thus, by degrees, the whole project grew beyond its limits.

I was inundated with correspondence, and out of the mass, one question at least remains unsettled, viz:—

"Whether Prince Edward, (afterwards Duke of Kent,) was received by Sir Guy Carleton in Quebec, when his regiment was quartered there?"

My own idea is that the word "officially" received, would assist to a solution, and admit the testimony which exists in favour of his having been "received."

In the course of the enquiries, it is not a little remarkable how certain questions, not only proved especial stumbling blocks (as I have said) but how the interest in the competitors' minds gathered round certain questions. I would instance a few—

1st. I might say that no question brought out more information than No. 88—

"Whence does the plant called "Soldier's Cup" derive its common and botanical names, and how many varieties are there found in Canada?"

Mr. Miles refers to this in his Appendix p. 102; and furnishes still another name, that of "*Father's Cup*," given to this strange plant in a catalogue of the Plants of Vermont.

The *worst* questions were stated thus—

"Name the *first*" or "What was the *first*" "this or that" —there claimed to be so many *firsts* that one grew dazed in the pursuit of the *veritable first*.

Of this character were—

No. 45 *What was the 1st steam vessel with steam power which ascended the rapids below Montreal?*

The "*Hercules*" (a tow boat) was the first vessel that with steam-power, and without other aid, ascended the St. Mary's current, with the ship *Margaret* in ballast in tow, during the season of navigation 1824.

The "*Accommodation*" was the first steamer on the river between Montreal and Quebec—she made her 1st trip from Montreal, November 3rd, 1809. The "*Swiftsure*" followed in 1811, and the "*Car of Commerce*" came later, but these early steamers landed their passengers and freight at the Molson's Wharf at the foot of the current, and these which first ascended the current did so with the aid of oxen or horses.

No. 52.—*What upper deck steamer first descended the Lachine Rapids and who commanded her?*

The steamer "*Ontario*," Capt. Hilliard, was the first upper-deck steamer to descend the Lachine Rapids, August 19th, 1840. Her name was afterwards changed to the "*Lord Sydenham*."

I may add, that this honour was claimed for eight other steamers,—one, by-the-bye, as early as May 30th, 1817.

"*The Frontenac*," but this did not appear to be authentic.

No. 55 *Which is the oldest incorporated town in Ontario?*

This produced a voluminous controversy, no less than 17 towns having been claimed as the *oldest*.

I think that *Toronto*, incorporated in 1834 is correctly given, although it is claimed for *Hamilton* in 1833, but I have not been able to verify this.

It was claimed for *Cornwall* which was certainly not incorporated until May 30, 1849, and on my writing to the local historian, he replied that his claim was based on the evidence of our esteemed friend, "the oldest inhabitant."

66. *When and where was the first clock factory established in Canada?*

This was a terrible poser while it lasted, but I think we "fixed it up" without prejudice.

It is said that in Montreal, at Cote des Neiges, Mr. Twiss and a man named Dwight made a number of clocks in 18—, also about 1818 a man named Cheney had a factory here, and made a considerable number, some of which are still in existence—but these cannot be accepted as clock factories.

I am promised further information by one who took part in the *modus operandi*—the works were smuggled in from the States via La Tortue and Laprairie; and brought into Montreal in haycarts, they were put into the cases at Cote des Neiges and peddled through the country *à la Sam Slick*.*

But I fear I am growing tedious—there are 2 or 3 more of the questions I desired to glance at, but I must pass them over. I *should* say that the question with reference to the game of Lacrosse elicited the greatest amount of public at-

* These statements received a very singular confirmation, Mr. Edward Murphy bearing testimony to a knowledge of Mr. Twiss, as far back as 1830—and Mr. T. D. King produced one of the clocks for exhibition to those present, its wooden wheels an universally primitive character, attracted much attention.

tion. I received a letter from our old friend and fellow-citizen, Colonel Dyde, and others, and I must not omit that our esteemed friends Mr. Murphy and Mr. Horn furnished some valuable information on this subject.

Of course, our old acquaintance "the *first* steamer which crossed the Atlantic," turned up in full force, but I hope that we have laid that ghost for all time to come, by having decided once more in favour of the "*Royal William*."

The *first* petroleum well in Canada also promised fair to engulf us, but I think we got through unharmed.

The Evelling of the Citadel Hill at Dalhousie Square was another puzzle, but a friend "interviewed" Mr. Dorwin, and the old man (a nonogenarian) clearly remembers the facts, and told of how he shot a snipe in what is now "St. Louis Street, during the progress of the work in 1819.

Another *Verata questio* was the freezing of the mercury in the bulb of the thermometer--some *Solons* declared emphatically it was impossible and they would not believe it. I have only to say this, that the record I published in THE ANTIQUARIAN in 1874, was an exact transcript from the diary of the late Mr. Andrews, my wife's father, who, like George Washington, could not tell a lie.

One question more and I shall have finished.

51. *Who invented green tint for bank-notes, and why was that colour used?*

Mr. Miles's answer is terse enough, and one would scarcely have imagined that any dispute could have arisen about it; without doubt the honour must be accorded to Dr. Sterry Hunt; but said one—

"The colour was discovered by accident through the wife of a paper manufacturer spilling some ink on the paper when it was under chemical operations."

Said another—

"It was invented by an Armenian sent to America from

Turkey by missionaries; the chemical ingredients are a great secret, and the colour is used on account of being hard to copy."

In the course of my examination of the disputed question, I beg again to remind you that I was plagued by a volume of correspondence, which it was quite out of my power to reply to, especially as it could only have led to further controversy; and, if this should reach the ears of any one who was seemingly slighted, I desire to apologize, and to disclaim any intentional discourtesy.

I have felt at times disheartened at the confusion of ideas and statements, and have been inclined to dismiss some disputed point with the words of *Petsy Prig*, in *Martin Chuzzlewick*, in her well-known quarrel with her partner *Mrs. Gamp*, with reference to the supposititious *Mrs. Harris*:—

"Drat *Mrs. Harris*, I don't believe that there ain't no such person."
But, on the other hand, in the words of *Falstaff*, "honour pricked me on," to the end of the work I had accepted.

The most enduring work of *Lamartine* will probably be his "*Histoire de Girondins*," a very interesting book, if not quite an authentic history. It is said that *Dumas Père* said to *Lamartine*, after reading it,—

"Vous avez élevé l'histoire à la hauteur du roman," which seems to me so clever a criticism and a witticism that I repeat it once more, although it is so well-known.

In conclusion, I may say with *Cowper*,—

"Chatham's language is my mother-tongue,

And *Wolfe's* great mind, compatriot with my own."

Nevertheless, Englishman as I am, proud of *General Wolfe* as I am, I have risen from the task I have but unworthily traced with a higher love and greater respect than ever for the names of *Champlain*, *Lasalle*, *Maisonneuve*, and *Montcalm*, and all the brave men, aye, and brave women too.

who founded "Nouvelle France," who braved the howling wilderness and those "arpents of snow," as the irreverent Voltaire christened it, and laid the lines four-square to the world of our great inheritance.

They planted the cross in the trackless wilds, and pushed forward, with indomitable courage, the civilization of which we, of this age, are reaping the fruits in the shape of peace and prosperity; nor must I forget those pioneers of our later civilization, of whom I would record as representative names, the family of the Molsons, the Hon. Peter McGill, and Hon. John Young,—these honourable names point to an enduring future, if we only make a proper use of our opportunities:

" 'Tis not in our stars, but in our-elves,
That we are underlings."

No country can show a more interesting or more honourable early history than Canada; be it ours to guard it and hand it down to our successors, untarnished, realizing that—

"In all things we are sprung from earth's best blood, have titles manifold."



AN OLD KINGSTON ADVERTISEMENT.



IN a work entitled "Ten Thousand Wonderful Things," published by Routledge, London, we read as follows:

"The following is an early specimen of that system of poetical advertising which in recent times has become so common. It is always interesting to note the origin of customs with which we subsequently become familiar:

Notice to the public, and especially to emigrants, who intend to settle on lands. The subscriber offers for sale, several thousand Acres of land, situated in well settled front townships, in lots to suit purchasers.

Particulars about Location,
 May be known by application,
 For quality of soil, and so forth,
 Buyers to see, on Nag must go forth,
 This much I'll tell ye plainly,
 Of big trees ye'll see mainly,
 'Bout Butter Nut and Beach,
 A whole week I could preach ;
 But what the plague's the use of that ?
 The lands are high, low, round, and flat,
 There's rocks and stumps, no doubt enough,
 And bogs and swamps, just *quantum suff*
 To breed the finest of Musquitoes ;
 As in the sea are bred Bonitos,
 No lack of fever or of ague ;
 And many other things to plague you,
 In short they're just like other people's,
 Sans houses, pigsties, barns, or steeples,
 What most it imports you to know,
 'S the terms on which I'll let 'em go.
 So now I offer to the Buyer,
 A credit to his own desire,
 For butter, bacon, bread, and cheese,
 Lean bullocks, calves, or ducks and geese,
 Corn, Tates, flour, barley, rye,
 Or any thing but Pumpkin Pie,
 In three, four years, Aye, five or six,
 If that won't do, why let him fix,
 But when once fix'd if payment's slack,
 As sure as Fate, I'll take 'em back.

‘THOMAS DALTON,

‘Kingston Brewery (Canada), Nov. 2, 1821.’”

The Mr. Dalton referred to was the grandfather of Mr. William B. Dalton, of the firm of Muckleston & Co. The brewery was situated to the east of Morton's Distillery.

A REBELLION REMINISCENCE.

HOW WM. LYON MACKENZIE ESCAPED.



THE name of Nelson Gorham, of Newmarket," said the Secretary, Mr. Alex. Hamilton, when he was applying a list of names elected at the meeting of the York Pioneers held recently in Toronto "reminds me of the account which the late Wm. Lyon Mackenzie gave me of his escape from the Queen's dominion during the rebellion of 1837. When Mr. Mackenzie fled from Montgomery's tavern after a slight engagement at Gallow Hill, he rode north on Yonge street until he reached Newmarket. At Mr. Gorham's house he found shelter. During the night the ladies of Mr. Gorham's household made the distinguished rebel a suit of home-spun clothes, and when the morning came Mr. Gorham gave him the best horse in the stable and sent him on his way thoroughly disguised. He made a detour and struck into the lake shore road considerably west of Toronto. When passing through the highland near the head of the lake, he was accosted one morning by an Irishman whom he met in the road, who accused him of having stolen the horse he was riding. Mr. Mackenzie denied the accusation, saying that he was traveling for pleasure. But the style of his attire excited the suspicion of the wayfarer and he refused to let the fugitive go. At last the latter said: "I am William Lyon Mackenzie, the leader of the rebellion, and am trying to escape." "I don't believe a word of it," said the man. "How am I to know that what you say is true?" Then the promoter of the lost cause exposed a certain part of his under garments, upon which his name had been inscribed in indelible ink. "There is a large reward offered for my head," said he. "Do you wish to profit by it?" "Do you think," said his captor, "that I would have it said of me that I profited by any man's blood. The only thing that troubles me is that I don't know

what to do with you. — But rather than take you before the magistrate, I'll let you go." Mackenzie then made his way towards the frontier as rapidly as possible. — Between Hamilton and St. David he was pursued by McGrath's troopers, but found refuge in the house of a friend, an Irishman and an Orangeman, as the man was who topped him on the lake shore. Between Erie and Stamford, at a Mr. McFee's, he secured a boat and was rowed across the river by Mr. McFee, for which action the latter was compelled to quit the country.



THE HEROINE OF THE BEAVER DAMS.

WE are indebted to Mrs. Isaac Cockburn, a granddaughter of the late Mrs. Laura Secord who warned the British outpost at Beaver Dams, on the 23rd of June, 1813, of the advance of the American forces from Queenston, for the following interesting additional particulars: Mrs. Secord was born in Boston, U. S. — At an early age she came to Canada with her father and family, going to Ingersoll, which place he settled, and was named after him. — She married Mr. James Secord, one of a numerous family, all U. E. Loyalists, and settled at Queenston, where he held the position of Surrogate Judge for the District of Niagara. — Here she remained quietly until rumour reached her that Lieutenant Fitzgibbon and his little band were to be surprised. — Her patriotic spirit was fired with the desire to acquaint them with their danger. But she was only a woman, and the distance long and tedious and through a dense wood. — Still she could not rest, and gaining her husband's consent, resolved to make the attempt at all events. She was a woman of a light and delicate frame, and as her patriotic mission had to be performed in the heat and glare of the summer sun, fears were entertained that from exhaustion she would sink by the way. — But her steps did not falter nor her courage give way until she reached the Indian encampment, when by the light of the fires she

could see reflected the dusky forms of the savages, hideous in their war paint and feather. She halted, and as they spied her they all arose and gave a piercing war-whoop, at the same time quickly advancing towards her and demanding, "Woman! What woman want here!" For one moment her courage failed her; but quickly summoning up all her presence of mind, so that they could not detect the least show of nervousness, she said, quite calmly, "I have great news for your chief; I must see him at once." They looked very suspiciously at her; so, to give her words truth, she asked that one of the chiefs might go with her. This, after some parleying, she got them to do, when they found that she indeed had great news to tell. But she paid dearly for it, being nearly exhausted. To her I think can safely be imputed the turning of the tide of the war. Shortly after this Mr. Secord received the appointment of Collector of Customs at Chippewa, to which place they removed, and where Mrs. Secord died about twelve years ago, at the ripe old age of ninety-eight years, respected and beloved by all—indeed, they went so far as to hang the church with black—something very seldom done for any of the laity. She had a special presentation to the Prince of Wales when he was in Canada, and the circumstance just related was told to him. She has one surviving brother, James Ingeroll, of Woodstock, formerly a bank manager, but now registrar of the County of Oxford. She lies in the little churchyard at Lundy's Lane beside her husband.

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EDITORIAL.



THE Meetings of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society have been held monthly, and many subjects of interest discussed, but the want of a fit place for the holding of the Meetings of the Society, and for the proper exhibition of the cabinet, is urgently felt. The Society is under obligation to Mr. Thos. D. King, for the accommodation he has furnished for the members in his house. It is hoped that some "local habitation" may yet present itself.