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AND
NUMISMATIC JOURNAL.

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CONTENTS.

	Page.
Amury Girod	70
Brant Monument, The	94
Canadian Temperance Medals	49
Cape Breton, The Island of	107
Carleton Island	38
Chicago	9
"Chief Waubuno" Criticised	13
Coin Notes	110
Continental Money	147
Curious Art Collection, A	93
Daniel Greysolon, Sieur du Luth	21
Dominion of Canada, The	168
Early Records of Nova Scotia	50
Editorial	48, 96, 136, 192
English Copper Coinage	23
English Mint, The	18
Father Marquette; The Pioneer Priest	43
Flying Camp of 1649, The	185
Forgotten Phenomenon, A	188
Henry Noell Humphreys	20
Heroine of the Beaver Dams, The	133
Hitherto Unrecorded Currency in Canada, A	167
How Finds are Sometimes Made	103
Keewaytin	85
Land of the Dakotas, The	66
Literary and Historic	36
Manx Scriptures, The	164
Martello Towers at Quebec, The	88
New Books	80
New English Postage Stamp, The	102
Notes on Jean Nicolet	157
Old and Modern Quebec	97
Old Kingston Advertisement, An	132

	Page.
Old Log-house, Toronto, The	48
Origin of the Ducat	184
Port Royal—Its Graves	137
Prologue --From "The Antiquary"	102
Rebellion Reminiscence, A	134
Sale of Rare Coins, London	10
Servian Coinage	23
Silver--130 Years Ago	24
Some Canadian and Other Historic Doubts	114
Some Notes on Old Montreal	152
Some Thoughts on Antiquity	1
Swiss Colonists in Manitoba, The	49
Tadousac and the Chapel of Ste. Croix	25
Tecumseh's Death	86
United States Mint, The	19
Ursulines, The	14





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VOL. VIII.

MONTREAL, JULY, 1879.

No. 1.

SOME THOUGHTS ON ANTIQUITY.

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

BY HENRY MOTT.



THINK it is Thomas Carlyle who said that "History is but a great storehouse of chronicled events, containing the thoughts and doings of men. It is the right-hand man of memory, assisting to call up what otherwise would be forgotten." But *Antiquity* may perhaps be claimed as being Pre-historic. It seems strange that on such a subject as "Antiquity" there could exist any doubt; but such is the controversial spirit of the present day, that on the threshold I might be asked the question, What do you mean by Antiquity? We call to mind those extraordinary verses of Horace Smith in his "Address to the Mummy":

" I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled,
For thou wert dead and buried, and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled ;
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run."

Again, in a poem by Ebenezer Elliott, we find a similar thought ; in addressing the Deity, he says :

" Ere the eagle flew, ere the worm crawl'd,
Or man, erect, before thee stood and smil'd,
Thou hadst existed an eternity
Of thoughtful ages."

Or, to come still nearer to my present aim, the American poet Brainard, in his lines addressed to the " Falls of Niagara," thus sings :

" The thoughts are strange which crowd into my brain,
While I look upward to thee. It would seem
As if God poured thee from his "hollow ban,"
And hung his bow upon thy awful front ;
And spoke in that loud voice, which seemed to him
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
'The sound of many waters,' and had bade thee
To chronicle the ages back,
And notch the centuries in the stern / rocks."

It seems, therefore, that the very name " Antiquity " is sufficient to set us thinking.

Nothing but the impression of a fern leaf on a piece of weather-worn sandstone, with its delicate tracings preserved entire ; nothing but this, and yet this fragile evidence is sufficient to corroborate the most astounding statements. It is sufficient to confirm the geologist in his most imaginative theories, and to cause his scientific heart to throb with delight. This simple plant transports us back hundreds, nay, thousands, of years, to those periods of which geologists say so much and know so little, when order was developing from chaos, and the coal was forming which now warms us. Is it

any wonder then that we resume our hasty examination of the rock and gloat in our imaginations over the former mission of this weed upon earth? Shift the circumstances but a little. Employ an expert sculptor. Let him tax his powers to the utmost that he may rival nature in perfection. A faultless impression of a similar fern is the result. We admire, we wonder, at the human ingenuity displayed. Time passes by and this object of our fancy is cast aside. It finds its way into the woods, where it becomes mingled with others of its kind. Years slip away; the rains have eroded the surface of the stone upon which the impression was made. It bears upon its face those distinctive features that Time's ravages alone can impress, those lineaments that lend this class of objects their peculiar charm. A strolling geologist, following the bent of his scientific inclinations, wanders in that direction. His eye, ever keen to detect such objects, alights upon this fern-impressed stone. He is enraptured, visions of Carboniferous, Sub-Carboniferous, and Devonian, flit hurriedly through his brain. The stone is seized and examined. His practised eye detects no flaw. The family *hymenophyllitis alatus* is enriched by the presence of an additional member, and the fortunate discoverer adds another to the many proofs which tend to substantiate his theories. To this person the two stones would suggest the same idea; the old and the new fossil are so much alike that they are confounded by him who knows not the recent origin of the one. Upon the minds of those, however, who are acquainted with the facts, quite a different impression would be produced. While we would admire the skill of the modern artist, our minds would revert with much greater pleasure to the object upon which Time had set its seal. We would be filled instantly with a feeling of reverence for the majesty and power of Nature's operations, and our thoughts would be transferred back far beyond mortal ken.

A Doric column rears its head amid a mass of rubbish. Owls have built their nests around it, and animals of prey nightly prowl in its precincts. Decay and death are indelibly stamped upon that weather-stained pillar. Simple as the scene might appear to the careless observer, it would be enough to "stir a fever" in the mind of the ardent poet, to send a feeling of mingled admiration and sadness through the heart of the antiquarian, and to elicit from the lips of the orator a host of utterances on the decay of Grecian greatness, Greece! that land where

"Burning Sappho lived and sung,"

and where the fine arts attained the zenith of their splendour.

And yet a Doric pillar of similar construction by a modern artist would excite in us no such ardent emotion. It would be gratifying for the present, and might arouse pleasant thoughts for the future, but they would be of an entirely different nature. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," but in this case the joy would not be retrogressive, as when we view old ruins, but progressive. It is this peculiar retrogressive view of objects of antiquity that lends to them their superior charms. The mind reverts back to things that were, with an ever-recurring delight. If one is of a morbid disposition, despondent in all things, to whom the present is torture and the future is full of direful forebodings, the past will be regarded with especial interest and delight. Everything in the past seems bright and cheerful; one of this disposition feels as if his past career was on beds of roses, and that his soul was stirred by none save the pleasurable emotions. Living in the past, is this one's only solace and comfort in life? How often we see this exemplified. The oldest inhabitant, with a sigh that comes up from the bottom of his heart, pines for the "good old days," those days when women were angels, and men were Chevaliers Bayard; those

bygone luxuries of weather and climate, when the horizon was cloudless, and rainy days came only when they were needed. Ah! we will never see those times again. Oh! unhappy generation of the present age, degenerate scions of a noble stock, not to you belong those "good old days!" If one is of a lively, cheerful disposition, active and stirring about the affairs of the present, with bright hopes and splendid plans for the future, how thankfully the objects of antiquity are viewed. How the heart of the observer swells with pride as he examines the primitive implements of his ancestors. With what wonder he contemplates their stupidity in not having foreseen that certain results must inevitably follow certain established premises. It seems inexplicable to him that science should have remained so long in its infancy, that commerce should have languished, and civilization advanced so slowly. Development is the order of the day with one of this nature. Fossil excellencies only incite him to improvement and advancement, in order to outstrip those that have gone before. He views relics, therefore, not with the æsthetic eye of an antiquarian, but from the practical stand-point of one who desires something better. Both parties experience pleasure in the inspection, but it is entirely antipodal in its nature. Thus we see, that to all of any feeling, a Virtuoso's collection cannot fail to be invested with a peculiar charm.

We see that every object of age is invested, as it were, with a halo, and produces a profound impression upon our minds. It appeals strongly to our sense of reverence and enhances our respect and devotion for old-time customs, rules of society and codes of law. It is this principle that causes us to cling with tenacity to objects round which cluster hallowed associations, and to exert our powers to preserve them from the destroying hand of man. With what pride the inhabitants of an old town point out to the inquisi-

tive traveller some neglected spot, a quaint mansion that was once the abode of the great and powerful, and whose halls, perhaps, re-echoed to the tread of many a royal dancer. How sacred the spot where martyrs have bled, suffered tortures and died, where heroes have sacrificed their lives in the struggle for independence.

The same actions and exploits at the present day would excite wonder and admiration, possibly envy; but when the grave closes over them their value seems to be increased tenfold. Hence it is that we are so prone to over-estimate the good qualities and deeds of those deceased. We dwell with prolix enthusiasm upon virtues to which they themselves would never have dared to lay claim, and pronounce eulogies that are painfully devoid of truth. Not that the deviation from the truth is intended, but it is a part of the human composition to speak well of the dead, though we are too much inclined to forget that it would be far better to say nothing, than to utter splendid fiction.

Such are a few of the feelings that antiquity inspires. The results to which they lead, viewed in many aspects, are of greater practical importance. What an impetus has been given to science by the exhumation of fossils, and the subterranean explorations of curious searches after hidden truth, that will rise again even though crushed beneath the earth. What light has been thrown upon subjects around which there settled an obscurity formerly deemed impenetrable. Old manuscripts have been revived that have entirely changed the aspect of present topics of dispute. Greatly it is to be deplored that the ruthless hand of the invader and the barbarian have deprived us of some of the most valuable products of the ancient mind, and have left us, therefore, problems impossible to solve. But some may say: What is the use of these investigations? Why should we, with all the scientific improvements of the present day, with all the

advantages of education, unearth the knowledge of the ancients? Why should we study those effete sciences and languages, when there are so many living objects, and active, stirring events that demand the exercise of our mental faculties?

These are the questions with which the practical men of the present day would ply those who are engaged in studying old languages and old customs. Present, immediate utility, a term that frequently means very little more than personal aggrandizement, is the largely prevailing and dominant idea that occupies the minds of our modern thinkers. This runs through all departments, and is seriously detrimental to enlarged scholarship. Why should not the *honestum*, in its broadest sense, and the *utile*, be properly distinguished and the appropriate value be assigned to each?

We grant that, to secure a man his bread and meat, to enable him to lead the life of a higher animal, and a half-educated one at that, the classics are unnecessary. But is this the aim of man? Are his aspirations chained down to the simple desire of pushing his way through the world without culture, without liberal ideas, and an ample range of vision? Does not the limitation of his investigations to one specific sphere of inquiry, *namely*, the present, tend to this mental contraction? Whatever is good is useful, and that it is good to associate with the great minds of past ages no one will deny, unless, perchance, it be some narrow-minded utilitarian who confines himself to one field of investigation. Will the mind, in its cravings, be satisfied merely with the things of to-day? It is true that, in the struggle for existence, these must necessarily constitute the major part of one's thoughts. But the desire to explore the hidden mysteries of the past, and to indulge in the wildest imaginings concerning the future, is irresistible. The narrow region of self must be deserted for a wider sphere of action. Even in this

contracted space a knowledge of the past is essential to a luminous understanding of the present and in order to form reasonable conjectures respecting the future. Even to be practically successful, we must form some acquaintance with things gone by. One cannot arrive at conclusions without premises. When we say practical, we do not refer to the lower avocations of life. The selling of a horse involves no previous knowledge of Greek and Latin, nor of the claims of the Aryan family of languages. But in the professions, some knowledge of the classics is an absolute necessity, if excellence in any of these departments is sought after. No doctor or scientist can make any progress in his profession without some knowledge of Latin and Greek. Thus we see how hampered are the investigations of the present unless they are supplemented by a previous knowledge of the past. And if the past is to be explored at all, there is no reason why it should not be investigated with all the care and diligence that the human mind is able to bestow upon so important a subject. Such a study, therefore, is not only entertaining and instructive, but is of great practical utility.

But this is not the only way in which this reverence for objects of antiquity, this desire to search into the past, should recommend itself to all of us. Is everything to be valued according to the practical utility it subserves? I think not. There are nobler emotions in the human breast than those which impel us to seek our own aggrandizement. The affections are often stirred by the tender recollections that some old relic arouses. Some antique, well-worn article, say a ring, is before us. What a flood of rushing memories pour upon us as we view the simple memento! What a tale it tells of a mother's broken heart and a family in mourning for the promising scion of the house! Useful! It is profane to regard it in that light, if we give the word its modern accepted meaning. But we would part with every-

thing sooner than with this heirloom that has caused our eyes to fill with tears, as we eagerly listened to the sad story connected with it.

Are these ennobling emotions, these tender thoughts which well up from the heart's depths, to be discarded because they will not sell? I hope that none will answer in the affirmative. Not that I am inclined to a pessimistic view of the present, for there are undoubted signs of progress in every direction; but there is a great tendency in some quarters to vandalism, and it is one that should be checked in its incipiency. The present world of investigation is enlarging so rapidly that it endangers seriously the search into the past, and young and precocious intellects are too intent upon making their own "foot-prints in the sands of time," to regard those made by the *Brontozoum giganteum*. They are too busy laying up their own stores, to pay any attention to past relics. This eventually tends to crush out of our natures one of its noblest characteristics, a reverence for antiquity, and to create within our minds a contempt for the labours of former great men, and *souvenirs* of the past, that should inspire us with the saddest thoughts.



CHICAGO.—The first white visitors to the site of Chicago were Joliet and Marquette, who arrived in August, 1673, from Canada. The first permanent settlement was made in 1804, during which year Fort Dearborn was built by the U. S. Government. It was abandoned in 1812, rebuilt in 1816, and finally demolished in 1856. In 1830, Chicago contained thirty houses with a mixed population numbering about 100. The town was organized in 1833, and incorporated as a city in 1837. The first frame building was erected in 1832, and the first ship entered the harbour June 11th, 1834. At the first official census taken in 1837, the population was found to be 4,170. In 1850, it had increased to nearly 30,

600; in 1860, to 112,000; in 1870, to 300,000; and in 1875 estimated at 500,000.



SALE OF RARE COINS—LONDON.



GENERAL Yorke Moore's collection of Early British, Anglo-Saxon, and post-Conquest coins was sold by Messrs. Sotheby, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday last, the sale being one of the most important of the kind that has occurred of late years, and the prices realized by the rarer examples being very high. Amongst the transcribed British coins:—Gold, Eppillus, extremely rare, *6l.* 5s.; silver, Eppillus, very rare, *8l.* 5s.; gold, Dubnovellaunus, fine and rare, *4l.*; copper, Cunobeline, youthful Janiform heads, rare, *40l.* 10s.; Kings of Kent—Cuthred, rare and well preserved, *7l.*; Baldred, of great rarity, *60l.*; Kings of Mercia—Offa, fine and rare, *7l.* 5s.; Coenwlf, rare, *7l.* 10s.; Æthelheard, Archbishop of Canterbury, under Coenwlf, fine and rare, *29l.* 10s.; Kings of Mercia—Ciolwlf (unpublished), of great rarity, *4l.* 4s.; Berhtulf, fine and rare, *7l.* 5s.; Berhtulf, another, different, *10l.*; Colwlf II., of the highest rarity, perhaps unique, and very fine, *81l.*; Kings of Northumberland—Anlaf, very rare, *4l.* 7s.; Eric, well preserved, rare, *14l.* 5s.; Sole Monarchs—Egbeorht (unpublished), fine and rare, *11l.*; Egbeorht, fine and rare, *4l.* 4s.; Ceolnoth, very fine and rare, *17l.* 10s.; Ælfred, fine silver, extremely rare, *8l.*; Ælfred, *27l.*; Eadweard I., *13l.* 15s.; Æthelstan, *23l.* 10s.; Harthacnut, *5l.*; gold angel of Richard III., fine and rare, *5l.* 7s. 6d.; Richard III., as before, but with rose and sun, *4l.* 16s.; Henry VIII., silver, testoon, *6l.* 6s.; gold, Henry VIII., sovereign, *6l.* 10s.; gold, Edward VI., sovereign, *8l.* 7s. 6d.; Edward VI., sovereign, *8l.*; Mary half-groat, *10l.* 10s.; gold, Mary, sovereign,

fine, 7*l.* 7*s.*; Philip and Mary shilling, sixpence, and half-groat, 13*l.* 5*s.*; Mary angel, rare, 4*l.*; Elizabeth portcullis crown, 6*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*; Elizabeth half-crown and shilling, both poor, 6*l.*; gold, Elizabeth, fine sovereign, 6*l.* 6*s.*; Elizabeth noble or rial, 17*l.*; Elizabeth, half-sovereign, crown, and half-crown, 4*l.* 16*s.* Silver—James I., crown, 10*l.*; James I., thirty-shilling piece, 10*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; James I., sovereign, 6*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; James I., noble or rial, extremely rare, fine, cracked, 6*l.* 5*s.*; James I., fifteen shilling-piece, 6*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; Charles I., pattern half-crown, 7*l.*; Charles I., Oxford pound, 1643, well preserved, 8*l.*; Charles I., Oxford half-pound, 5*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*; Charles I., celebrated Oxford crown, by Rawlins, extremely rare, but poor, 48*l.*; Charles I., Chester half-crown, rare, but of coarse work, 4*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* Gold—Charles I., Oxford treble sovereign, 8*l.*; a ditto, 9*l.* 9*s.*; Charles I., Briot's sovereign, 11*l.* Silver—Siege Coins, Carlisle three-shilling piece, very rare, 8*l.* 10*s.*; Carlisle shilling, 8*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; Carlisle shilling as before, 4*l.* 12*s.*; Colchester, octagon shilling, fine and rare, 11*l.*; Colchester, circular, 10*l.*; two Pontefract shillings, 5*l.* 5*s.*; Inchiquin crown, 5*s.*; Ormond crown, half-crown, and shilling, 5*l.* 15*s.*; Commonwealth, Blondeau's pattern, half-crown, 9*l.* 5*s.*; Cromwell crown, half-crown, and shilling, fine, 7*l.* 5*s.*; Cromwell pattern ninepence, fine and rare, 6*l.* 6*s.* Gold—Cromwell broad, very fine, 8*l.* 8*s.*; Cromwell half-broad, very rare, 16*l.*; Charles II., Simon's celebrated petition crown, from the Dimsdale, Thomas, Cuff, and Wigan Collections, so called from having the edge inscribed with petition from Simon to the King, 86*l.*; Charles II., the "Reddite" crown, from the same die as the preceding, the words "Reddite" quæ Caesaris, &c., 51*l.*; Charles II., pattern for a gold crown, in gold, 13*l.* 15*s.*; Charles II., Hammered twenty and five-shilling pieces, both well preserved, 5*l.* 10*s.*; Charles II., five-guinea piece, very fine, 8*l.* 12*s.*; gold, James II., five-guinea piece, 7*l.* 5*s.*; gold, William and Mary, five-

guinea piece, 10*l.*; George III., pattern crown, 1818, 10*l.*; George III., pattern five-guinea piece, 1777, by Yeo, in the finest state, 18*l.* 10*s.*; George III., pattern two-guinea piece, very rare, 10*l.*; gold, William IV., brilliant proof from the Crown die, extremely rare, 22*l.*; Victoria, pattern crown, 6*l.*; Victoria, mint set, in case, gold, five-pound, sovereign and half-sovereign; silver, crown to the groat, &c., very fine, 13*l.* 10*s.*; Cromwell, Dunbar medal, 8*l.* 5*s.* Scotch coins—Alexander II., penny, very rare, 15*l.*; two Alexander II., pennies, fine and rare, 12*l.* 5*s.*; James I., St. Andrew, fine and rare, 13*l.* 13*s.*; James I., lion and half-lion, 7*l.*; James III., unicorn and half-unicorn, fine, 6*l.* 6*s.*; James III., rider, fine and rare, 4*l.* 4*s.*; James IV., two-thirds rider, fine and very rare, 5*l.* 5*s.*; James V., bonnet piece, fine and rare, 6*l.* 6*s.*; Mary, lion, fine and rare, 5*l.* 10*s.*; Mary, half-lion, fine and rare, 5*l.* 10*s.*; Mary, regal, rare and well preserved, 9*l.* 5*s.*; James IV., twenty-pound piece, 20*l.*; Mary, penny, fine, and extremely rare, 9*l.*—Total of three days' sale over two thousand pounds.—*Daily News*, May 18, 1879.



"CHIEF WAUBUNO" CRITICISED.



SEE that the arch humbug, Chief Waubuno, *alias* John Wampum, has been paying his respects to the Governor-General, and presented an address purporting to be from the Moravian Indians of the Thames. Two of the signatures to the address are forgeries. The tomahawk he carried belonged about as much to Tecumseh as did those bones we heard so much of several years ago. The inscription on it says he was killed in 1812, but history informs us the battle of the Thames was fought in 1813. The arrow mentioned as coming from the North-west was whittled out of a stick in the township of Oxford. The address is a tissue of historical inaccuracies and falsehoods. None of

the tribes mentioned came to Canada at the solicitation of Sir William Johnson. In fact they did not come until ten or twelve years after the close of the revolutionary war, and they came from Ohio and not from Delaware. These are historical facts, and of course the whole of the fine spun, figurative and eloquent language about the "Waters of the lake," the "silver chain and Wampun belt," resolves itself into the veriest fraud. Then again, the address says: "While other Indian tribes enjoy a handsome annuity paid to them in money, your children, if they could not help themselves, would be entirely destitute." The fact is the Moravian or Delaware Indians of the Thames, numbering between 250 and 300 souls, receive annually somewhere about \$6,000, besides being free from taxation. Yet, in the face of this, Waubuno endeavours to excite the pity of his auditor and asks that presents of blankets be again given them. I am surprised that Deputy Superintendent Vankoughnet allowed himself to be made the medium through whom this old villain gained an audience of his Excellency. Did he come properly accredited with a letter from Mr. Watson, the agent? Or is this not necessary when the "Chief" wishes to air himself before Her Majesty's representative? If our esteemed Governor-General has many such "children," I would beg to remind him that the wise man said "Spare the rod and spoil the child," and the next time Waubuno pays him a visit to have the strongest man about the department apply the "cats" to the scamp and send him off with a sound admonition. I think it is high time this old fraud was set before the public in his true character. He is a Muncy and his real name is John Wampum. Some years ago he acted as interpreter for the Church of England at Muncytown, but on account of dishonesty lost the situation. After moving to Moravian-town, he some ten or twelve years ago became an active temperance advocate, visiting many lodges through the coun-

try, and collecting funds from the charitable for the erection of a temperance hall, or a church, or an organ, or whatever else suited the occasion. Every cent was used for his own private benefit, and not for the object for which it was solicited. He visited nearly every part of Ontario, and some six or seven years ago even went to England, always, in season and out of season, begging for some charitable object. He is not a chief, as he represents, and never was one, and carries no weight or influence with him among his people. The medals he wears are not his own, but borrowed ones. It is to be hoped that in the future neither Lord Lorne nor the public will allow themselves to be gulled by this inveterate old humbug. Yours truly,

TRUTH.



THE URSULINES.



PROPOS of the recent visit of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise to the Ursuline Convent, Quebec, we give an account of the founding of that ancient establishment:—

Mary Guyart, afterwards Mary of the Incarnation, is the first mentioned among the promoters of the Ursuline Convent of Quebec. This remarkable woman was born in 1599, and after a brief period of married life was left a widow with an infant son. Distinguished for her piety and devotedness, she determined, as soon as her son had passed the helplessness of infancy, to enter the Ursuline Monastery at Tours, in old France. The purpose was carried out after twelve years of waiting, her son being then confided to the care of her sister. A dream and other supernatural intimations induced her to believe that she was called to labour for the conversion of the French and Indian population of New France. This was in 1631, at Christmastide. The dream is related

as follows:--Through a dark and perilous way she groped hand in hand with a lady whose countenance was unknown to her. A venerable personage directed the travellers by a motion of the hand, and they entered a spacious court formed by the buildings of a monastery. The pavement was of white marble, intersected by lines of vermilion. Over all this place seemed to brood the spirit of stillness and peace. On one side was a chapel of purest alabaster, upon the summit of which, as upon a throne, was seated the Virgin with the Divine Infant. She was gazing upon a desolate country, covered with mountains and precipices. In the midst of these gloomy wastes the spires and gable end of a little church could be perceived, just visible above the fogs. The Virgin looked with sadness on the dismal scene before her, and as Mary of the Incarnation pressed forward close to her seat, the Sacred Mother of Mercy turned towards her with a smile of welcome, and gently bending down, kissed her forehead. Then she seemed to whisper some message to the Divine Infant that concerned the salvation of souls. Mary of the Incarnation had not heard the words, but she knew their import, and her heart burned more than ever for the conversion of pagan nations. A year later the mystery was removed by "interior call" to devote herself to found a monastery of her Order in Canada.

In another distant part of France, near the little town of Alencon, in Normandy, stood the castle of the Seigneur of Vaubougon, the ancestral home of Madeline De Chauvigny, better known by the name of Madame De La Peltrie. She too had been moved, says the history of the Ursulines, by the appeals of some of the Canadian missionaries. She encountered many difficulties, but at length became known to Mary of the Incarnation at Tours, who recognized in her the mysterious unknown lady of her dream. With these two is associated the youthful and accomplished Mary De La

Troche, of St. Bernard, who was of the noble blood of the De Savonnières, and afterwards Mother Cecile De La Croix, who joined them at Dieppe. After a three months' voyage across the Atlantic, the pious nuns landed on the Island of Orleans on the last day of July, 1639.

For the time they secured the use of a small building on the wharf at Quebec, which they facetiously named "The Louvre." It consisted of two rooms, the larger of which was only sixteen feet square, a garret and a cellar. In the spring of 1641 Madame De La Peltrie laid the foundation stone of the monastery on the advantageous site granted by the Governor in the name of the "Hundred Associates." The deed specified that the donation of six arpents of land within the limits of the city of Quebec was to enable the said Rev. Ursuline Mothers to build a convent where they may live according to the rules of their institute and devote themselves to the education of young girls, French and Indian.

The monastery was at last in readiness to receive inhabitants. It was a stately edifice for the times, built of dark coloured, roughly shaped, blocks of stone. It was three storeys in height, its length being 92 feet, and its width 28. This was in 1642. In December, 1650, this building was destroyed by fire, some of the inmates narrowly escaping with their lives. The nuns were not disheartened, however, for the snow had not yet fully disappeared from the ground when they were seen clearing away, with their own hands, the rubbish that covered the charred foundations, in preparation for the work of the masons. On the 18th of May, in presence of the Governor and a goodly company, another foundation stone was blessed by Rev. Father Lalemeter, and deposited with the usual ceremonies by Madame De La Peltrie. The following spring the monastery sustained a severe loss in the death of Mother St. Joseph Mary De La Troche. In 1652 the monastery, which forms a portion of

the present group of buildings, was completed. On the 22nd of June, 1686, an addition to the building was commenced, and in October of the same year a fire broke out which left only the walls standing, and it was not until three years later that it was completely restored. It is of course impossible to follow all the vicissitudes through which the Ursulines have passed since the establishment of the Order in Canada, nearly two and a half centuries ago.

It was here, on the 14th of September, 1759, the second day after Wolfe's memorable victory on the Plains of Abraham, that the gallant Montcalm was buried in the Church of the Ursulines. A member of the Order thus describes the event, as recorded in the "Histoire du Monastere":—

"At nine o'clock in the evening of that 14th of Sept., a funeral cortege issuing from the castle, winds its way through the dark and obstructed streets to the little Church of the Ursulines. With the heavy tread of the coffin-bearers keeps time the measured footsteps of the military escort, De Rame-say and the officers of the garrison following to their last resting place the lifeless remains of their illustrious commander-in-chief. No martial pomp was displayed around that humble bier, but the hero who had afforded at his dying hour the sublime spectacle of a Christian yielding up his soul to God in the most admirable sentiments of faith and resignation, was not laid in unconsecrated ground. No burial rite could be more solemn than that hurried evening service performed by torchlight under the dilapidated roof of a sacred asylum, where the soil had been first laid bare by one of the rude engines of war. The grave tones of the priests murmuring the *Libera me Domine* were responded to by the sighs and tears of consecrated virgins, henceforth the guardians of the precious deposit, which, but for inevitable fate, would have been reserved to honour some proud mausoleum. With gloomy forebodings and bitter thoughts De

Ramesay and his companions in arms withdrew in silence."

A few citizens had gathered in, and among the rest one led by the hand his little daughter, who, looking into the grave, saw and remembered, more than three-fourths of a century later, the rough wooden box, which was all the ruined city could afford to enclose the remains of her defender. Through all the vicissitudes that attended the struggles in which Quebec has played an important part, the monastery of the Ursulines has survived and prospered, and still furnishes materials for an interesting page in the annals of the time-honoured City.



THE ENGLISH MINT.



THE Annual Report for 1878 of the Deputy Master of the Mint has been published. In consequence of the continued depression of trade the demand for coin during the year was again below the average, and for the first time since 1870 the Mint was able itself to meet all demands for Imperial coin and to undertake the execution of the Colonial coinage required, without having recourse to contracts with private firms. The total number of pieces struck at the Mint was 24,491,230, as against 30,131,130 in 1877, and their value, real or nominal, £2,785,790 6s. 2½d. The total number of British coins struck during the year was 22,823,230, and their value as follows:—Gold, £2,132,245 10s.; silver, £614,426 11s. 10d.; bronze, £18,664 1s. 0½d.; making a total of £2,765,336 2s. 10½d. The coinage of gold, as will be seen from the above statement, but slightly exceeded £2,000,000, of which one-half consisted of half-sovereigns, notwithstanding that the number of sovereigns from the Sydney and Melbourne branches of the Mint received by the Bank of England during

the year was only £2,773,000, or less by nearly a million than the amount received in 1877. "It is clear, therefore," the report says, "that the smallness of the demand on the Mint for gold coin, which has now continued for three years, is due to the general contraction of trade rather than to any large and increasing supply of sovereigns coined in Australia."

Among the works executed by the Mint may be mentioned that of a bronze coinage for Cyprus. The total number of pieces struck was 650,000, of which 250,000 were piastres, 250,000 half-piastres, and 150,000 quarter-piastres. The coins bear the effigy of her Majesty, with the words, "Victoria, Queen."

Referring to expenditure, the Deputy Master says the Parliamentary vote for the expenses of the Mint for the year 1878-79 was £51,035, but the amount voted under the sub-head "Loss on worn silver coin withdrawn from circulation," £25,000, was soon after the beginning of the year found to be quite inadequate, owing to the unprecedentedly large quantities of worn coin sent in to the Mint for recoinage, and it became necessary in the month of July last to request their lordships to cause a supplementary vote for £30,000 to be submitted to Parliament to be accounted for under that sub-head.



U. S. COINAGE FOR THE YEAR.—The exhibit of the coins executed at the United States Mints for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1879, shows there were coined as follows: gold pieces, 2,759,421, valued at \$40,986,912; silver pieces, 27,228,400, valued at \$27,227,432.50; minor coinage, including five, three, and one cent pieces, 9,620,200, valued at \$97,798. Total pieces, 39,608,021, valued at \$68,312,142.50.

MR. HENRY NOEL HUMPHREYS.



IN the *London Times* of Saturday, June 14th, is briefly recorded the decease of the distinguished naturalist and archaeologist, Mr. Henry Noel Humphreys, which occurred at his residence in We thourne-square, Hyde Park, at an age not far short of 70. A son of the late Mr. James Humphreys, of Birmingham, he was born in the Midland metropolis in 1809 or the following year, and received his early education at King Edward's School, Birmingham. Having spent some time in artistic studies in Italy, he published his first work, consisting of illustrations of Mr. W. B. Cooke's scenery of Rome and its neighbourhood. His next work, which bears date 1833, entitled "British Butterflies and their Transformations," he published in partnership with Mr. J. O. Westwood. This was followed by a similar work on "British Moths," three years subsequently. Among his most important works of an archaeological character between this date and 1856 may be specified "Illustrations of Froissart's Chronicles," "The Parables of our Lord Illustrated," "The Coins of England," "Ancient Coins and Medals," "The Illuminated Books of the Mediæval Period," the "Coin Collector's Manual," the "Coinage of the British Empire," "Stories by an Archaeologist," and especially his *magna opera*, so to speak, "The Art of Illumination," and "The History of the Art of Writing from the Hieroglyphic Period down to the introduction of Alphabets." Mr. Humphreys has contributed to lighter literature at all events one dramatic novelette, called "Goethe in Strasbourg," and he was a frequent contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine* and to *Once a Week* in its palmy days, on subjects connected with his zoological and antiquarian researches.

DANIEL GREYSOLON, SIEUR DU LUTH.



ON July 2nd, of the present year, occurred the two-hundredth anniversary of the planting of the arms of France within the boundaries of Minnesota, by Daniel Greysolon, otherwise known as Sieur Du Luth, who bore the commission of Count Frontenac, the Governor of Canada. We are told that Du Luth was not by any means a saint, and that he frequently gave cause of offence to the Jesuit missionaries whose zeal in extending the dominion of the Cross made them his rivals in the field of North-western discovery, and to some extent also in the fur trade. He was a native of the city of Lyons; but, too poor to lead the life of a gentleman in France to which his tastes and birth inclined him, he sought a career in the new world, and his enterprising spirit naturally led him to embrace the only one outside the profession of arms which was then open to bold and adventurous Frenchmen, in the wilds of Canada. He became a roving gentleman of the wild woods—a knight of the fur trade—a great chief of *coureurs des bois*, and he joined illicit profit with plenty of fun by engaging in a contraband traffic in brandy, which the highest officials winked at for the excellent reason that they shared in the profits of the beavers exchanged for the inspiring *eau du vie*. Du Luth played an important part at the councils of the savages around the lakes of the West. They looked upon him as a representative of the great monarch across the sea, of the splendour of whose court they had heard marvellous tales, and he could talk to them in the dialects of almost all the tribes that then roamed through the forests of the West. Prompt in expedients, daring in execution, he acquired a great reputation with the authorities in Canada, who were quick in times of peril to summon him to their councils and to profit by his advice. The name of Du Luth

has been happily bestowed on the only port which Minnesota boasts on the shores of the lake where the adventurous Frenchman first landed on the soil of Minnesota.

The State of Minnesota is so young in years, and its political history as a member of the civilized communities of the continent so brief, that people are apt to forget how far back the annals stretch which reveal the first footprints of those pioneers of civilization, the fur-trader and the priest, upon its soil. "A few names of early French explorers, Hennepin, Du Luth, Le Sueur, and others, snatched from such old chronicles as have come down to us, and affixed to the localities associated with their travels or labours, are all the memorials that are left to us of the mighty power which, 200 years ago, threw its shadow over a large part of the continent. Strong in conquest, but feeble in colonization, almost the only permanent remains on this continent of that colossal power which then aimed to stretch its sceptre over the world are to be found in Lower Canada, where the French race and language still survive as a monument of the days when France disputed the flag of England on every sea, and contended with her to share the spoils of the New World. But the early traditions of French association with the fur trade have remained unbroken in a continuous chain of French voyageurs, traders, and hunters, or their half-breed descendants in the same occupation, from the days of Du Luth to our own time. French was the language of the fur trade in all this region for many years before its political history as a territory began. French voyageurs were the first settlers of St. Paul, and the French half-breeds of Manitoba and Pembina are the descendants of the Frenchmen who, under the auspices of the North-western Company of Montreal, carried on the fur trade 200 years ago, west of Lake Superior over the region now occupied by a thriving British colony."

ENGLISH COPPER COINAGE.



APENNY saved is, according to an old proverb, a penny gained. This, however, is not invariably the case; and those who are hoarding old copper coin will do well to take note of some observations made on the subject of too venerable pennies by the Deputy Master of the Mint in his report for the past year. Notwithstanding the decrial of the old copper coinage in 1869, and the decision of "My Lords" at the Treasury, of which due notice was given to persons who had been in the habit of collecting the old coin, that it could not be received at its full nominal value after the 30th of July, 1873, applications have continued to be made at the Mint even during the past year from tradesmen and others, living chiefly in the country districts, to be relieved of trifling amounts of copper coin remaining in their hands. Some of the applicants appeared to have collected pence of a particular reign or year under the mistaken impression that the coin possessed some special value; but it was necessary to reply to all such requests that copper coin had, under proclamation of the 13th of May, 1869, ceased to be a legal tender from the end of that year, and could not be received at its nominal value. Such applications afford additional evidence of the length of time required for the complete withdrawal of a large coinage which has been for many years in circulation.

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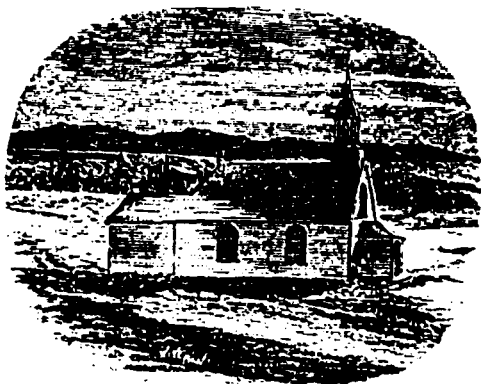
SERVIAN COINAGE—The Paris Mint has commenced the coinage of 14,800,000*fr.* in gold, silver, and bronze pieces for the Servian Government. This sum is divided into 10 millions francs in gold, 3 millions in silver, and the rest in copper. The die adopted is that of the Latin Union. Servia has no national money yet, and business has hitherto been transacted in the coins of the adjoining countries.

SILVER, ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY YEARS AGO.



REPORT of the recent meeting of the Maine Historical Society in the *Portland Press*, contains the following: "The third paper of the session, by Mr. Wm. Gould, was an account of Wm. Vaughan, of Piscataqua, Martinique, and Damariscotta. Vaughan was the projector of the Louisburg expedition of 1754, and a notable man in his day, having much to do with Government and mercantile affairs. The paper was a well-considered article, clearing up some doubtful points in colonial history, and bringing to memory once more others that had been nearly forgotten. The unwieldy bulk of silver currency was shown by the manner of reimbursement to the colonies for their outlay in the Louisburg expedition. After three years' delay the money was paid, amounting to £183,700. It was landed from a ship-of-war at Long Wharf, Boston, in the fall of 1749, in the form of 654,000 ounces or over 20 tons of silver, and 10 tons of copper coin. Silver then, and up to the middle of the present century, was the common standard and regulator of values, but it was required to be of honest weight. Although the amount of the payment was only \$800,000, it was contained in 215 chests, and probably it required 25 two-horse waggons to transport the silver alone from the ship to the Province House. Except £16,000, which belonged to New Hampshire, the people of Massachusetts appropriated this money, with a further sum from the Province Treasury, to redeem their depreciated paper currency at its market value."

The subscription lists for the Maisonneuve Monument, referred to in our last number, are progressing favourably; also, those for Champlain and De Salaberry. It will be creditable if all three works are worthily accomplished.



TADOUSAC AND THE CHAPEL OF STE. CROIX.



THE object of this paper is not to dwell on the grandeur and even sublimity of the wonderful Saguenay, which some travellers think is fit to rank with Styx and Acheron, and that Lethe must have been a purling brook compared with its wild, gloomy and savage character. The awful majesty of its mountainous and rocky shores, and its dark-grey cliffs of sienitic granite, in the crevices of which are rooted sombre-green firs from the pitch black water line to their lofty summits, fringing the blue sky, has been the theme of poets, and the admiration of all who are impressed with the austere beauties of nature, in her most wild and rugged aspect. To all lovers of the sublime it exercises a fascination which is irresistible. The contrast in its scenery and that of Lakes George, Champlain and Memphremagog, or the River Hudson from West Point to the Palisades, or the River St. Lawrence, through the Thousand Isles, is as great as that between *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*.

In the one landscape we may imagine Euphrosyne with her

Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles ;

and in the other Melancholy in her

Sable stole of cypress lawn,
All in a robe of darkest grain,—
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born
In Stygian cave forlorn.

After the *voyageur* has traversed the river in either of the well appointed and ably commanded steamers, the *Union*, or the *Saguenay*, or the *St. Lawrence*, and entered into communion with savage, unconquered nature, it would be well if he remained for even a week and enjoyed the quietude of Tadousac, which, according to Mr. J. C. Taché, "is placed like a nest in the midst of the granite rocks that surround the mouth of the Saguenay. It is a delicious place."

It cannot be called a town, or a village, or a hamlet ; it is not beautiful, yet there is to the writer an enchantment in the place ; it breathes a charm of ancient days, its very name takes us back to the cradle of the history of Canada, and to the beginning of its commerce with Europe, and more, to the very dawn of the Christian Religion and missionary enterprise on this continent. Jacques Cartier landed here in the beginning of September, 1535, about forty years after the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus, and the discovery of Newfoundland by John Cabot. In the mirror of the past we can see the intrepid mariner and his hardy companions planting the cross on the site of the little chapel of Ste. Croix de Tadousac, of which more anon. For its restoration, enlargement and decoration I shall presently plead.

Tadousac, in the Montagnais dialect, means mounds, *Mammons*. Some derive it from the Montagnais expression, *Shashuko*, which signifies *The Place of Lobsters* ; others say the meaning of the word Tadousac is the *The Mouth of a*

Sack; to some Indian Tribes it was known under the name of *Sadilege*.

At Tadousac Champlain found ships in 1610, and remarks that they had arrived as early as the 19th May; in 1622 it became a regular trading post, and in 1648 the Tadousac traffic yielded more than 40,000 *lires* in clear profit, and the commercial transactions, in amount, exceeded 250,000 *lires*; the weight of the furs being as much as 24,400 lbs.

The harbour of Tadousac is on the eastern side of the entrance to the Saguenay. It is a semicircular bay, with a sandy beach at its head, and rather more than half a mile wide and a third of a mile deep, and is so well sheltered in every direction that no sea of any consequence rises to prevent even a boat from entering the harbour. This bay or harbour played an important part in our early history as a stopping place for French and Basque vessels engaged in the fisheries, and we learn from Mr. J. M. LeMoine's *Chronicles of the St. Lawrence* that Chauvin had founded a fishing port at Tadousac as early as 1599, but whether the ships or "argosies with portly sail," which first brought to our shores Cartier, de Roberval, Champlain, and Kertk, made use of the bay, or the small picturesque, and we may say unique cove of *L'Anse à l'Eau*, the *Chronicles* do not tell. It is very probable the bay was used as the harbour, because we learn by Mère de l'Incarnation that the Tadousac Fort was burnt with the dwelling quarters and church in 1665. The fort must have been in existence prior to 1628, for in that year the English Admiral, William Kertk, took possession of it, and subsequently it was restored to the French in 1632. In 1636 Father Paul le Jeune, a Jesuit missionary, came to Tadousac to convert the Indians; in 1642 Father Jean Dequen entered upon the mission with great courage, and was received with welcome and demonstrations of joy by the Indians, who erected a cabane, part of which was dedicated to

the worship of God and served as a chapel. In 1644 Father Jacques Buteux reconstructed the cabane partly with bricks imported from France, and herein the Indians used to assemble for religious instruction. Madame la Peltrie, accompanied by two nuns from the Ursuline Order, came this year to Tadousac and became godmother to the Indians, many of whom were baptized and initiated into the Christian Church, and, doubtless, they embraced their new religion with zeal, for in 1646 they erected a grand cross with great joy, accompanied by a *feu de joie* from the arquebusades belonging to the fort. On the foundation of Religion, as on a rock, is ever built the permanent advancement of a country, its reputation and its happiness. And Canada may well thank those noble hearts, who, as pioneers in the wilderness, and struggling with all its difficulties and dangers, maintained with courage and devotion the faith and habits of their fathers. We cannot measure the controlling influence of the Religion then instilled into the minds of the Indians in the Province of Quebec, or the beneficial effects it has had upon the civilization of their descendants. A writer in 1855 says: "The traveller through the backwoods of Canada often recognizes the clergyman, not by the habiliments common to his calling, but by the weather beaten and mud bespattered look of one who travels far over the rough ways of the earth, to visit and to bring consolation to the poor and lonely." The same writer records having seen in Western Canada "the clergyman dripping with rain and bespattered with mud, having travelled thirty miles, and two more services to perform that day in the neighbouring district, and then having to retrace his way homewards another thirty miles." If such hardihood and devotion is worthy of praise, what must we say of the hardihood and devotion of those old Jesuit Fathers who were exposed in the winter at Tadousac to a degree of cold and its effects, which Milton, in his de-

scription of Satan and his compeers, after adverting to Styx, thus describes :—

Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies dark, and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
Of ancient pile : all else deep snow and ice.

What must we think of them? Ought not the present memorial of their work, the chapel of Ste. Croix de Tadousac, to be rehabilitated and embellished?—Ought it not to be held as sacred as a shrine? What suffering and misery, what sad and painful episodes there must have been in the lives of those devoted missionaries, the pioneers of the civilization and evangelization of the once benighted regions of the Saguenay! The writer of this appeal, for such it will be, is an Anglican, one who has for many years enjoyed the boating and yachting in the Lower St. Lawrence, and the fishing in the Saguenay, the Bergeron and the Esquemain. After having had a rough passage in one of the decked fishing boats belonging to the family Hovington, whose name is as familiar as household words to all frequenters of the Tadousac Hotel, he has felt a relief to go into the chapel of Ste. Croix and offer up his Hymn of Thanksgiving.

But to return to the history of the chapel:—In 1647 the Jesuits brought a bell for the chapel, said to be the gift of Louis XIV of France; it was not injured during the fire of 1665, and is now hanging in the belfry of the present little church or chapel of Ste. Croix. The Jesuit Fathers held the mission until the year 1782. Father J. B. de la Brosse was the last, and it was he who built the confessional which is now to be seen in the sacristy, which is a very undignified portion of the chapel, and is as devoid of architectural embellishment as one of the ordinary cabanes of the district.

In 1747, during the bishopric of Monseigneur Dubriel de

Pontbriant, of Quebec, Father Coquart, Jesuit, blessed the ground on which the present chapel is built, and drove the first wedge. Monsr. Hocquart, Intendant of New France, granted all the planks, beams, shingles and nails necessary for the building. On the 16th of May, 1747, the foundation was laid, and it is recorded upon a piece of lead about $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch thick and $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches square (see fac-simile of the original). From it we learn that in the year 1747, the 16th of May, M. Cugent was farmer of the Establishment; F. Doré, Clerk or Agent; Michael Lavoye, builder, and Father P. Coquart, Jesuit, being in charge of the Mission, laid the foundation of the edifice. In 1749 Father Coquart received 260 livres (francs) for the chapel, which was covered over (roofed in) that year. On the feast of St. John the Baptist, 1750, the chapel was completed and valued at 3,000 livres (\$600) by Mr. Guillerim, one of the Council of Quebec and King's Commissioner.

The interior of the chapel is very rude, ill garnished, and altogether dilapidated; it evidences a sign of poverty amongst the inhabitants, which poverty is alas too true, and although the visitor does not see the goblin cheek, the wretched eye, nor hear the long lamentable groan or whining of distress, yet the poverty is observable in the cabanes of the "natives," who depend chiefly for their subsistence upon the visitors who frequent Tadousac in the summer months.

The chapel and the hotel occupy the front edge of a plateau on the summit of an escarped height facing the bay or harbour, which has a fine sandy beach. This beach is a safe play-ground for children, and, in calm weather, is free from surf and convenient for boating and bathing. It is also a safe resting place in a tempest for the sail boats of the fishermen, whose cabanes skirt the shores of the bay, and are within the sound of the chapel bell, which is very sonorous.

The chapel itself is very small and not large enough to ac-

commodate the people committed to the charge of the priest, Père Félix Gendron ; its dimensions being only 30 feet long by 25 feet wide, with a rudely constructed gallery in the west. In the so-called sanctuary there is a "gilded tabernacle," the gift of a Mrs. Conolly, wife of one of the "burgesses" of the Hudson's Bay Company. There is neither altar-piece nor altar-screen. The altar itself is poor in design, and devoid of apparel save some common wall paper of a floriated pattern, which material serves in the plain homely rectangular-shaped windows instead of mullions, tracery, and stained glass, with effigies of our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, the Apostles, and Evangelists. Within the altar rails are two oil paintings, date the 18th century ; they are meritorious pictures, and are, deservedly, objects of great attraction. The one on the right is called "The Guardian Angel." The principal figure is an angel reaching forth his helpful hand and conducting a child in the right way ; it is emblematic of the text in Psalm xvii. 5,— "Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not." The other, on the left, is the "Presentation of Mary in the Temple," and is signed Bauvais, 1747. Unfortunately, in consequence of the smallness of the windows, and the absence of light where there should be light, the good qualities of these paintings can neither be appreciated or studied. These paintings want to be not only cleaned and varnished, but to be relined, because the original canvasses are puckered and rotten, and partly detached from the stretchers. If not speedily put into the hands of an artist for restoration, these pictures will soon cease to exist, as the paint is, in some places, peeling itself from the canvas.

There are also three small paintings, not by any means equal to the others as works of art. One is the effigy of our Lord, another that of the Virgin Mary ; the former dates from the time when the Mission was under the charge of the Jesuits, and the third is one given by Father Duplessis to

Father Jean Baptiste Maurice, S. J., who died in 1746, and was the immediate predecessor of Father Coquart, who laid the foundation of the chapel, as already recorded. There are still preserved some chandeliers carved by the Jesuits; beyond these, the "Louis Quatorze Bell," and the paintings, there is nothing of special interest in the chapel, but there is, and always ought to be, an archaeological interest in the site where the Cross was first planted at the mouth of the Saguenay, and where the Indians (Montagnais) of the district were baptized and received the sign of the holy cross in token of their new birth, and their admission to the privileges of Christianity. I should like to see erected on the site a chapel rivalling in beauty any on this continent, nay even the famous La Sainte Chapelle, Paris, or the Chapel of St. Stephen, Westminster Palace.

Not deeming such a consummation probable or possible, let those who have any veneration for their country's history aid the restoration of the present chapel. Let the descendants of those who played so important a part in the stirring times of Champlain, De Pontgravé, Montmorency, Maisonneuve, Laval, De Frontenac, La Salle, De Longueuil, Vaudreuil, Beauharnois, Montcalm, and De Salaberry, help to rescue the Chapel of Ste. Croix from its present degraded condition. The western porch with the steps leading thereto are in a wretched plight, the building itself requires not only renovation, but enlargement and decoration. For this purpose subscription boxes are put up in the chapel and at the Tadousac Hotel, and it is to be hoped that no visitor to this place of rest and recreation will omit to drop his spare silver into them. Assuredly all Christian souls ought to feel, no matter to what denomination they belong, that this cradle, as it were, of the Gospel in Canada ought to be had in everlasting remembrance. I have given as much information as I could possibly collect from the resident priest, who de-

plores not only the condition of his chapel, but the very poor condition of the people committed to his charge. Relative to the history of the Mission—those desirous to obtain more information will find it in the "*Relations*," or in some of the works collected in the library of the Historical Society of Quebec, now presided over by Mr. J. M. LeMoine, who has contributed much to the chronicles of the St. Lawrence. Enough has been written, I hope, to stir up the wills of not only the Roman Catholic, but the Protestant churchmen of the Province of Quebec to make the Chapel of Ste. Croix worthy the name it bears. The source of the stream of evangelizing and christianizing the Indians of Canada, the Montaignais, Iroquois, Chippeways, Algonquins, &c., must be traced to Tadousac, whence it has flowed to places which the mighty waters of the River St. Lawrence, with its chain of lakes, have not reached. The benefit of having the descendants of those savage and warlike tribes peaceful and industrious is not to be measured by their lacrosse playing. The precepts of the Christian religion first taught their forefathers by those Jesuit missionaries have destroyed the turbulence of their passions and softened their manners. If Runnymede, where the "palladium of liberty" and the basis of the English laws and constitution was commenced in the Magna Charta, is considered a hallowed spot by Englishmen, so ought Tadousac to be so considered by Canadians for the introduction of a greater liberty, a charter, now written in a language understandable by the once unlettered and ignorant and implacable Indian.

Enough and enough. The enlargement and restoration of the Chapel Ste. Croix rests with the readers of this appeal. But there is another appeal which ought to be answered at once.

Adjoining the chapel is a "graveyard" grown over with thorns and thistles, wild raspberries and rank weeds, which overtop the rude wooden memorials sacred to the ashes of

those reposing within its precincts. The cost of clearing it and of the erection of a large cross, symbolic of the faith of all Christians, can be defrayed at the cost of about fifty dollars, which the descendants of those buried in "God's Acre" cannot through their poverty do.

Hoping and believing this appeal will not be in vain, I commend the restoration of the chapel, the clearing of the graveyard and the erection of the cross, to all whom it may concern, and simply sign myself

THOMAS D. KING.

July 30, 1879.

P. S.—Since the above was written, the author visited Tadousac and superintended the clearing of the graveyard and the erection of a large cross which is visible from the entrance of the Saguenay. The grave-yard has been divided by means of gravel walks into four parterres, and the ground sown with white and red clover. At the intersection of the walks, a Latin Cross, 18 feet high, with trefoil finials, and three steps at its base, was erected on Friday the 7th of August, and on the Sunday following, in the afternoon, it was blessed by Père Felix Gendron, in the presence of his congregation and many visitors. After the religious ceremony, Père Th. G. Rouleau delivered a very eloquent and impressive oration in the French language upon the symbolism of the Cross.

Upon clearing away the brambles and brushwood which encumbered the graveyard, nothing possessing archaeological interest was discovered. There were only two little unassuming head-stones, with brief inscriptions, and one iron cross with open fret work. The other monuments commemorative of the dead were merely wooden slabs and plain wooden crosses, painted black, the majority without any su-

perscription, and many of them rotten or dilapidated. All were as rude and simple as the people who inhabit the neighbourhood. These unlettered people, however, have not been guilty of erecting those "expressionless inanities" and "ambitious incongruities" which adorn our Mount Royal cemeteries, many of them travesties of monumental art, with tablets filled with pompous epitaphs. Death has not been parodied by them, nor its aspects made horrible by the introduction of scythe-bearing skeletons, deaths'-heads and cross-bones,—or by grinning skulls, sickly angels and cherubim,—or by trumpets, doom-bells, and sand-glasses.

The writer would have erected a copy of one of the ornamental floriated crosses of the early part of the 16th century, had the means been at his disposal, but as the subscriptions obtained in the alms-boxes at Fennel's Hotel and the chapel of Ste. Croix, during his stay at Tadousac, only amounted to about fifty dollars, he could do no more. He desires to return his thanks to those who so cheerfully and quickly responded to his appeal, thus enabling him to do the first portion of the work.

The second portion, viz. :—The enlargement and decoration of the chapel is yet to be done. And, as he thinks that following the almost universal practice of commemorating the dead by means of monuments is a laudable one, it would be fitting to do so in the case of Jacques Cartier, de Roberval, Champlain, Laval, and other early pioneers of our commerce and civilization. Again, he thinks that no more graceful memorial could be erected to their honour than the enlargement and decoration of the chapel of Ste. Croix, and he fervently hopes that *Canadians* of every creed and nationality will unite in jointly and severally contributing a sufficient sum to commence the work in the spring of 1880.

T. D. K.

LITERARY AND HISTORIC.

(From Quebec Morning Chronicle)

I have been requested by El Conde de Premio Real to publish the following :—

QUEBEC, 2nd June, 1879.

Dear Sir.—The interest you have recently manifested by the publication of a volume on our archives, etc., makes me hope you will continue to help on the cause of Canadian History, by allowing your name to be associated to the solution of the following questions :—

The plan recently adopted in Montreal of inserting questions in some widely circulated journal, has been attended with beneficial results : prizes might here also be offered and awarded by a Committee composed of the President of the "Literary and Historical Society," and the President of "L'Institut Canadien" at Quebec.

1st Prize, \$10,

for whoever will solve the largest number out of the following ten questions :—

1st. In what part of Quebec was its founder, Samuel de Champlain, buried ?

2nd. In what spot did the Marquis of Montcalm expire, on the morning of the 14th September, 1759 ?

3rd. Give all the names of Jacques Cartier's followers in 1535, on his voyage to Quebec.

4th. Had he any clergymen with him ? If so give their names.

5th. What was the name of the Lutheran clergyman whom Captain Louis Kertk, Governor of Quebec, incarcerated in the Jesuits' residence at Quebec for fomenting a rebellion during the time the city was held by the British, 1629-32 ?

6th. Give the names of all the Lieutenant-Governor, of Quebec and of Gaspe, from 1762 to 1838.

7th. Give the names of all the French who remained in Quebec after Champlain's departure, 1629-1632

8th. Who was the first Lieut.-Governor of Gaspe?

9th. Where was the first model-farm in the Province of Quebec?

10th. What was the name and tonnage of the first Canada-built ship?

2nd Prize, \$5.

1st. Give all the origins of the word "Quebec."

2nd. Give all the origins of the word "Canada."

3rd. What were all the names of, and when were they given to, the Island of Anticosti?

4th. State proof, if any exists, of Bigot's treachery to the French Government during the siege of Quebec, in 1759.

5th. Of what origin was Donnacona, the chief who greeted Jacques Cartier in 1535.

Submitted by J. M. LEMOINE, Quebec.
 Ilmo. Sr. Conde de Premio-Real, S. C. G., Quebec.

The said prizes (\$10 and \$5) are offered as above, to be awarded on the 15th January, 1880; and not only may both prizes be gained by one and the same person, but in such case one grand prize of twenty dollars (\$20) instead of the above two of ten and five dollars will be awarded.

EL CONDE DE PREMIO-REAL.

Count Premio-Real, Spanish Consul-General for British North America, at Quebec, following the example set at Montreal, offers prizes for the solution of questions in Canadian History. Last week we welcomed the publication of his handsome volume on the early discoverers of Newfoundland and Canada; this day we have a second proof of his interest in literary matters, affecting the history of the country, his official home for the last five years. We accept this

as of good omen, in fact a pleasant way of hitting off the *manu* which the consular service may be subjected to in distant colonies. As to the questions themselves, we think them judiciously selected—some of them not too hard to dishearten the general enquirer; others, so knotty, for instance the resting place of Champlain, and spot where Montcalm expired, as to defy the ingenuity of our best antiquarians in the past. Can they all be solved on this side of the Atlantic? We shall see.—*Quebec Chronicle*.

CARLETON ISLAND.



THE papers of New York State have discussed the history of Carleton Island. Parkman has told of it, and so has Cape Vincent's local historian, but Canadian writers and records deal sparingly with its early career. Therefore when a party of Kingston excursionists recently explored its unshapely ruins, it is not to be wondered at that much enquiry was elicited, and that no one could clearly lift the veil of mystery surrounding the origin of the warlike embankment. A perusal, since undertaken, of several voluminous Canadian histories produced no reward. Fort Carleton has gone down to the grave in their sight unwept, unhonoured and unsung; were it not for that splendid epitome of the events of two centuries and in about Kingston and the Bay of Quinte, Dr. Canniff's "Settlement of Upper Canada," very little could now be written of it here. And still whether it was built by the French in 1673 or the English in 1778, will perhaps never be known, in the light of present records. So vague is the knowledge that we might speculate as we pleased on its history prior to 1750, ascribe the pile to Hottentots, Fenians or Zulus, and no one would dispute with us. It is not a little singular that while

Fort Frontenac has a historian for nearly every decade of the past 200 years, Fort Carleton, so near at hand, has been almost overlooked. Probably it was not as important as people in these later years esteem it to have been.

Carleton Island was known to the French most familiarly as the Island of Chevreux or Goat's Island. The English name was derived from Guy Carleton, "His Majesty's Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief, over his Majesty's Province of Quebec, afterwards Lord Dorchester." The Fort is supposed to have existed in the days of the Indians and afterwards to have been occupied by the French, because of its commanding position. But, to speak authentically, its establishment as a British military post began with the American revolution, as a more convenient point for transportation and operations on the harbour than Fort Frontenac. After the defeat of General Burgoyne at Saratoga in 1779, many refugees sought shelter here, as being more safe than the fortified villages of Oswego and Niagara. Communications were regularly kept up with Niagara and Montreal. As the refugees remained at the Island eating the government rations, the able-bodied men were enrolled for service till the end of the war in 1783. Occasionally, groups or families would pass over to Cataraqui or Frontenac, and settle on the land here, because of its advantages for cultivation, and this was the beginning of a systematic settlement of Kingston, which received a great impetus through the proclamation of peace. The Island was at that time occupied by the 84th Regiment of Highlanders, levied in the Carolinas, and adopted into the Line. Though the Island came within the borders of N. Y. State it continued in the hands of the British till 1812, when the seizure of a sergent's guard there by the Americans called attention to it, and led to demand for transfer to the United States.

For many years after the war of the rebellion, there was

much discussion as to whether Kingston or Carleton Island should be the station for the King's ships of war. Collins, the surveyor, who reported on the matter to Lord Dorchester, condemned Kingston port as too open to the lake and with poor anchorage, therefore he gave the preference to Carleton. Kingston he also condemned for its vulnerability to an attack from the land in rear. But on the point of defence Lord Dorchester decided against him, and it having been ascertained that the Island belonged to the United States Kingston became the seat of military strength and headquarters of a wide district. The dockyard was built and forts erected. Anyone looking at the peaceful group of farm houses and crumbling ruins of the fort at Carleton Island can scarcely conceive that it gave Kingston so close a rivalry in the race for settlement.

The first settler of Marysburg, Colonel Henry Young, came from Carleton Island in 1783, by canoe, with his family. One of the earliest settlers on the bay, John Ferguson, was Barrack Master and Commissary at the fort in 1778, under transfer from Cataraqui. Sergeant-Major Clark was clerk and ordnance storekeeper from 1776 till 1790. His descendants live at Dalhousie.

During the rebellion the British Government built a few vessels on the island to carry provisions to Oswego and Niagara. The "Ontario," a war vessel of 22 guns, was built here; she was afterwards lost with all on board in a storm between Niagara and Oswego, while transporting a detachment of the King's Own Regiment under Col. Burton.

Carleton Island was an important trading post during the military occupation. A bartering trade was carried on between there and the townships about Kingston, but gradually the business was transferred over to Kingston. Mr. Macaulay, like Richard Cartwright, was one of the refugees settling on the island, and began business there, supplying the

garrison. In 1794 he removed to Kingston, where his sons, the Rev. Wm. and Hon. John Macaulay, were born. He brought with him on a raft his log dwelling house, and placed it where it now stands (Dunlop's grocery) on the corner of Ontario and Princess streets.

A map of the Province of New York in 1779 places the island correctly. It is there called *Isle a la Biche*. The St. Lawrence is named the river *Cadarakoui*. Wolfe Island is styled "*Le Grande Isle*," and Howe Island is recorded as "*Isle Cauchois*."

Among the N. Y. State land grants in 1791 was one to Alex. Macomb, recorded in the printed "*Documentary History of New York*." He was granted 3,000,000 acres in the north of the State, then quite wild, but Carleton or Buck's Island was excepted as being an Indian reserve, to remain in charge of the State but to revert to Macomb's heirs if the State ever sold it. The State did sell to Colonel Hance some years ago, and if there are heirs, now is their opportunity to put in that favourite paper, a government claim, for indemnity.

Rev. John Taylor, in his copious notes of a mission through the Mohawk and Black River country in 1802, speaks of the many oid forts encountered at Redfield, Sandy Creek, Carleton Island, and other places, evidently of ancient date from the character of the remains of fire-places, walls and entrenchments. The fortifications generally had five gateways and five sides. The trees in the trenches and around were even then of large dimensions. Pipes of a European mould had often been found there. These forts, the writer muses, must have been made by civilized people, as iron implements had been dug up in the ruins, a class of work unknown to the natives. Further, the natives never built forts so regular as these, and some of them from their rock cutting were stupendous for untaught savages to effect

without powder, which they could not have possessed. Mr. Taylor adds: "who built these works, when, and for what purpose, must remain inexplicable enigmas. Why have we no histories of such a nation as must have inhabited this part of the world? Were these the works of the ante-diluvians, or is it the land of Nazareth to which Esdras says the ten tribes travelled? Or is it the Vineland of the emigrant Swedes, who returned to their native country but once? Or are they the works of Spaniards in searching for gold, or was this land inhabited by the emigrant Mexican, after the Spanish conquest? That the works were not French or English is beyond a doubt." The celebrated Chief, Joseph Brant, writing in 1803, speaks of the abandoned works as the evident military defences of a people long since extinct. A tradition, he said, prevailed among the Indians, having been handed down, that in an age long gone by there came white men from a foreign country establishing trading houses. A friendly intercourse was maintained with the Indians, and their wives and countrymen flocked out to join them. This aroused the jealousy of Indians, who feared that the country would be taken from them. A secret council of chiefs from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi was held, and they resolved on a massacre on a certain night. The fidelity of the Chiefs prevailed, and the fatal determination was kept, and not a soul on that long lake and river border was left to tell the tale. John Morton, the intelligent Mohawk Chief, gave a different version of the tradition, and told of a long war between this mysterious people and the Five Nations, who finally extirpated them. Joseph Brant, it seems, judged the utensils dug up at these forts to be French, and made a search of the records in Paris to learn something of the early emigrants to the new world. All that he could find was that in 1520 several ships sailed from L'Orient to North America, freighted with traders, their

families and goods, to found a colony. Since nothing more was heard of them Captain Brant gave credit to the old tradition. The Indians have always held that these eastern lands were cleared and held before they came into their possession.

To romance a little, and perhaps not so widely, either, we may add that it is a legend of the Welsh that Prince Madog or Madoc went to sea with ten ships and three hundred men in the twelfth century and discovered land to the west. He made several voyages to and from the unknown land but finally was lost to the knowledge of his countrymen. If there be any connection between these voyagers and pioneers and the builders of these old forts and mounds, then their disappearance will be satisfactorily accounted for by the Indian traditions we have quoted. But romance and tradition aside, the ancient character of the ruins of Carleton Island and their vague history will always, no doubt, give them a speculative interest in the people of that section of the country. That the site may never again be drawn from its present peaceful occupation is a thought echoed, we trust, on both sides of St. Lawrence.



FATHER MARQUETTE, THE PIONEER PRIEST.

IN the spring of 1878 the remains of Father James Marquette were found at Point St. Ignace, not far from Mackinac, with its white cliffs and rocky shore. This discovery awakening the long-slumbering interest in the Jesuit explorer, resulted in the organization of the Marquette Monument Association, which was the offspring of an united effort on the part of Roman Catholics and Protestants alike, who vied with each other in honouring the memory of the man who claimed all this vast territory for the cross and the king.

Marquette began his career near where Superior, Huron, and Michigan meet and mingle, coming hither in the year 1667. He travelled from Quebec, by the way of Ottawa, and found the trails "blazed out" for him by the priests who had carried the cross and preached the gospel to the North-Western nations. He made a place for himself at the Sault, where he lived and laboured for a couple of years. But even the Sault was too much of an in-mission station for him, and so he went to the remote La Pointe, away up near the head of Lake Superior,

"The saung, big sea water"

of the Ojibways. The following year he returned to the Sault.

The war clouds were by this time gathering, and serious dangers threatened the border. The Dakotas, with a desire for more territory, that has always had a tinge of old Rome about it, had shelved the calumet and whetted the scalping-knife, and Huron and Ottawa fled before them as from a plague. The Hurons, to the number of several hundred, assembled at Point St. Ignace, and Marquette went among them at that trying time.

It is believed the P're arrived at that place in 1671, as it is known that he was then there. He taught these lords of the lakes for some time, and later this band were joined by parties of Ottawas, of whom, in 1675, there were said to have been fully 1,500. Naturally, from the mission and the location of the Indians there, Point St. Ignace became a place of some considerable importance to the hardy traders who made the woody shores resound with their boat songs, and who paddled their own canoes, with their furry fortunes, to Quebec, over the better-known streams and lakes to the eastward. St. Ignace was quite a business point for these adventurous people, who were wont to store their goods there. It was from that mission Marquette radiated when

He made those memorable expeditions which culminated in the discovery by him of the Father of Waters. In the year 1673 he organized his little company. He took with him just five Frenchmen as companions and two Indians as guides. With these men he penetrated to the Mississippi, and floated down the stream in a canoe between the "broad plains of Illinois and Iowa, all garlanded with majestic forests and checkered with illimitable prairies and island groves." On his return north he was conducted by some Illinois Indians from the river that still bears their name to where Chicago now stands, and near it he preached for a time the Gospel to the Miami. In the autumn he journeyed northward once more to Green Bay, where he was stationed about a year. It is held by some authorities that he returned to Point St. Ignace, but others believe he never again saw that place alive. His explorations were resumed in 1674, and his canoe was for the last time turned southward. He was ordered to visit the Illinois Indians, and from Green Bay he started down along the western shore of Lake Michigan to Chicago, performing the journey in his canoe. He reached what is now the Garden City on Dec. 4, 1674. It was the dead of a severe winter; the streams were frozen over, and the cold was intense, so he waited until the snows had disappeared before going further. In March he recommenced his travels, and visited the Indians, who were then living where the city of Rockford is now located. He laboured with the bands there for a season, but the hardships he had endured and the severities of the past winter began to tell upon him. His precarious health reminded him that his days were numbered; but, with that heroism which marked the great Livingstone, he was unwilling to give up the vast work which he felt was apparently just opening. He set out on his final journey, hoping at first to reach Point St. Ignace before death overtook him.

To quote from an old Illinois historian: "Marquette entered the little river in the State of Michigan called by his name (on his way to St. Ignace), and erected on its banks a rude altar, said mass after the rites of the Catholic Church, and being left alone at his own request, he kneeled down by its side, and offering up to the Mightiest solemn thanks and applications, fell asleep to wake no more. The light breeze from the lake sighed his requiem, and the Algonquin nation became his mourners."

There in that wild, lone place, on the banks of the Père Marquette River the body of the Jesuit explorer would have remained had it not been for some of the Indians who belonged to the old mission in the Straits. It appears that some of those Indians were out in hunting parties one spring, a year or two after, in Lower Michigan, and while there made a pilgrimage to the grave where Marquette was buried. The place was easily found, and it was suggested that the remains be taken to the old mission in the Straits of Mackinac. When the red man had smoked and talked about the subject, the remains were taken up, the bones disjoined and dried, and placed in a birch-bark box, which was put in a canoe, and in which it was transported to the mission at St. Ignace. The Ottawas conveyed their precious burden to the Straits, and on the way thither were joined by some friendly Iroquois, who united to form the fleet of canoes which escorted all that was mortal of Père Marquette to the mission. The body lay in the old chapel for a day; then it was interred under the altar in the same birch-bark box in which it had been brought from Père Marquette River by the Indians.

Once more the rapid changes of the then changing North-West came over the region, and with the new state of things there were altered mission stations and trading posts and frontier forts. The old mission at St. Ignace was abandoned

in the year 1705, and the chapel was destroyed by fire. The priests who used to live among the lake Indians retired to Canada, and the place where the chapel once stood became overgrown, and was lost for a time.

The mission was re-established after an interval of some years, but it was not till about forty-nine years ago when a missionary was placed in charge of the field and made his residence there. The border life, with its shifting scenes and many vicissitudes, soon lost all interest in everything but the name of Marquette, and regarded the discovery of his grave as a forlorn hope, the project of a visionary, an impossibility in the very nature of the case. But while the matter rested, it was by no means dead. It remained for one of Marquette's successors to make the interesting discovery. The man, whose name will be ever interwoven in the narrative of the finding of the body of the Père, was Father Jacker—pronounced as though it were spelled Yacker. This little man is a German, and a secular member of the Jesuit order. He is an accomplished linguist as well as something of an antiquarian. During his residence of half a dozen years at the mission he has given careful attention to the writings of the Jesuits, the reports of the traders, and the traditions of the lake Indians who still linger about the Straits. When he had satisfied himself as to the truth of the tale that Marquette had been buried in a birch-bark box under the old chapel, he began the labour of locating the foundations of the ancient house of worship. The chapel, or what remained of it, was found at last. The site had become overrun with vines and brush, and, moreover, the land was held by a tenacious old person, who at first declined to permit any excavations to be made.

He was finally persuaded that it would be a graceful act to allow the investigation, and the altar-place was selected and holes were dug. After the workmen had gone down

several feet they came upon a birch-bark box, which corresponded with the tales which history and tradition had related as the kind of casket that held Marquette's bones. The fragments were carefully collected, and, after a minute examination, were pronounced by competent authorities to be the remains of a human being. Then they were given a handsome receptacle, and placed within the chapel, the successor of the old one, and situated about half a mile from it.

This is the story, and the claim is about complete. There can hardly be any reasonable doubt that this is Marquette's body. It has rested for 200 years, with no shaft over it, and no inscription above it to tell that here lies the distinguished explorer-priest.

The Old Log-House, erected in 1794 by Governor Simcoe on the south side of the Kingston road, a short distance beyond the Don, was yesterday conveyed from its original site to the Exhibition Grounds. The building was taken to pieces and conveyed to its new site on four waggons, which passed along King-street shortly after mid-day. On the leading waggon was the York Pioneers' flag, while the Union Jack floated from that in the rear.—*Toronto Globe, July 22.*

EDITORIAL.

WE regret that in presenting the first number of a new volume we have to apologize for a longer delay than has ever happened in our issue since the commencement of *THE ANTIQUARIAN*. It has arisen from an accident which rendered it necessary for us to cancel several pages after it was in type, and other circumstances which we could not control. We hope such a mishap may never befall us again.

We have to thank our friends for their patience with us, and repeat our hopes of more faithful performance in the future.