

to this day untranslated. The date on the ostensory tallies with the period when he was governor of Green Bay and all the Northwest. Such a present was in keeping with his devotional proclivities, his fondness for the missionaries, and his desire to make his favor for those apostles manifest to Indian converts.

The mission at De Pere—five miles above Green Bay—was the oldest west of Lake Michigan, except that at La Pointe. It was established sixteen years before the date of Perrot's present, that is in 1670. The first chapel was probably a bark wigwam, but in 1676 a fine church was erected through the efforts of Charles Albanel. The same year, Father Silvy reported as baptized at that station, thirty-six adults and one hundred and twenty-six children. But within a twelve-month after the benefaction of Perrot, the De Pere church was burned by pagan Indians. It is natural to suppose that at the first alarm, the ostensory was buried in the earth by its guardians, who sought to save it from sacrilegious hands, and who succeeded so well that they were never able to recover it themselves. The earth near De Pere was a sort of Pompeii, sealing up in secrecy and safety a witness who stood much nearer the cradle of our history than Pompeii to that of Italy.

In 1802, about one hundred and fifteen years after the De Pere chapel was burnt, workmen digging a foundation for a bark-house in Green Bay, about five miles distant, and near the river bank, dashed against a silver vessel which proved to be Perrot's present. This finding seems to have been made on the old Langlade-Grignon estate, and to have been taken in charge by Mrs. Grignon. It was used by traveling missionaries who were wont to celebrate divine service in the upper room of her house. After the first Catholic church had been built in 1823, it was used there. After the burning of that church in 1828, it was carried by Father Badin to St. Ann's, in Detroit. Discovered there in 1838 by Father Bonduel, the Green Bay priest, it was redeemed by him for twenty-six dollars, or *gulden*, and brought back to Green Bay.

A facsimile of the marvelous monstrosity has been taken by our Madison photographic artist, Mr. N. P. Jones, for preservation in the halls of the Historical Society. The original I restore to the