

its echoes were dying away before the barracks and residences were built, or the magazine was reared, where it still stands, on Magazine Island. But the first occupants of the post were familiar with the sight of the American warships, the "Tigress," the "Scorpion," and others, which were brought into the harbor and anchored, and which to-day lie there submerged.

Penetanguishene, as an outpost of empire, in those early days welcomed and entertained many an illustrious visitor. Dukes of high lineage, noble barons, and doughty knights, some of whom bore names which had been famous for well-nigh a thousand years, were amongst them. The name, though, which will probably appeal most strongly to the popular imagination is that of Sir John Franklin, who, in 1823, tarried here on his journey to the northern regions. The silver tea-pot, which was daily placed upon his table, is still treasured in the town. It significantly recalls the career of the intrepid discoverer, as well as the sad fate which befell him some twenty years later—a fate whose pathos is well set forth by the lines of Tennyson engraved on the cenotaph which arrests the attention of the visitor to Westminster Abbey.

"Not here! the white North has thy bones;  
and thou,

Heroic sailor soul,  
Art passing on thy happier voyage now  
Towards no earthly pole."

In 1832, and at different dates thereafter, the British government sent out to Penetanguishene a number of discharged or pensioned soldiers, and established them upon "The