

The following original poem characteristic of the time and place, although partaking somewhat of the doggerel, was furnished us by the late Samuel Fraser of Midland just previous to his death and afterwards published in the "Free Press." We have no means of arriving at the date of its composition or the name of the author. One authority says it was written in 1840 by a luckless "subaltern" who was then stationed here. Mr. Fraser could not recall the date, but asserted it was earlier than that. It was evidently written previous to 1829, possibly as early as 1821. Michael Macdonnell, the uncle referred to, was engaged with the Hudson Bay Co. till the amalgamation of the fur Co's at the latter date. On his return from a visit to his native land he re-entered the fur trade under the new regime but returned with the Drummond Islanders, and by 1829 was settled on his allotment of land in Tay. During one of these periods, either before 1821 or in the interval between that date and 1829, he occupied one of the three fur posts on Penetanguishene Bay, probably the old building at the foot of Broad Street, where he was the recipient of copies of the "Gazette" from his friend, in which the poem appeared. Another version of this effusion, minus the last two stanzas, which may have been added later, was published in 1903 (Transaction No. 4) by the Women's Historical Society of Toronto. The poem, with its quaint phrasing, is, we think, worth re-producing for its old associations and historic memories of the fleeting fame of the garrison days. The "Tommy Bare" in the fifth stanza is military slang for a kind of pudding served without sauce.

"In my boyish days a military friend of my uncle's, who was at that time stationed at Penetanguishene, used to send him the United Service Gazette, in one of which appeared the following lines, which I had at the time pleausurably copied; but in time the manuscript was mislaid. But in looking up some old papers the other day they, for all that was associated with them, appeared to my delighted vision. Doubtless your readers will admire them for their originality, as well as for the sake of old Penetanguishene.—Samuel Fraser."

To ye who, tired of war's alarms
In garrison or camp,
Are sighing for the many charms
Of march, route, or a tramp;
Or who on board batteau or ship
Delight to vent your spleen,
I hereby recommend a trip
To Penetanguishene.

Oh! 'tis the place for youthful sprigs
Whose epaulettes grow dim
With city wear; whose rose oil'd wigs

Want combing into trim;
Whose elbows are a little out,—
Such things have been,—
They will be bettered by a bout
At Penetanguishene.

'Tis here you learn true jollity,
And scorn the march of mind;
And live in fond equality
With beasts of every kind.
The Indian with his scalping knife
Diversifies the scene.