

THE HOSTESS' DAUGHTER.

There crossed three students over the Rhine,
And turned them in at Frau Wirthin's sign,
That hung near by the water;
"Frau Wirthin, have you good beer and wine?
And where have you your pretty daughter?"
The hostess answered with a tear,
"My beer and wine are fresh and clear,
My daughter lies upon the bier."

Then silently the way she led,
Unto the chamber of the dead;
And there they saw the lovely maid
Cold in her sinner's coffin laid.
The first, the pall from her face
And looked on her with mournful gaze;
"Ah! didst yet live, thou lovely flower,
I sure would love thee from this hour!"

The second folded up the pall,
Then turned aside and wept withal;
"Ah! lost thou thus upon the bier,
Whom I have loved for many a year!
Softly the third turned back the veil
And kissed her on the mouth so pale;
"I loved thee always, I love to-day
And will love thee still for aye."

Montreal. FRANK OAKS ROSE.

THE Cities and Towns of Canada ILLUSTRATED.

VI.

PRESCOTT, Ont., No. 4.

(Continued.)

COL. SIMMS, U.S. CONSUL—ANCESTRAL ANECDOTES—A ROMANTIC MEETING—THE NEW ST. MARK'S CHURCH—THE GRENVILLE BREWERY—THE FIRE BRIGADE.

Before I arrived at Prescott I encountered a good many who assured me that I would find precious little to illustrate and write about in the old Windmill town, and when I did arrive I met those who smiled incredulously as I intimated the nature of my mission. "We haven't got much worth talking about," said they, "there's the Town Hall and Market, but there isn't much else to picture." I knew that elsewhere the prevailing opinion was that Prescott was a sort of bankrupt town, made up of a good many old stone houses, a few modern stores and residences with a ruined windmill and an ancient fort thrown in. By this time, I presume, it will have been very generally acknowledged that Prescott has been unjustly estimated. I am inclined to think that very few Prescott people imagined that their town could furnish material for such a display as the NEWS has presented week after week, and I fancy everyone will be astonished to learn that the end is not yet. I have still in store a group of views equal, if not superior, to any that have already appeared. When all have been published, I imagine no one will have the hardihood to speak of Prescott as "behind the times."

THE UNITED STATES CONSULATE.

Since 1869 the Great Republic has been represented at Prescott by Col. Clifford Stanley Simms, a gentleman who has so discharged the important duties entrusted to his hands as to reflect credit upon his nationality and win the warm esteem of those with whom he has sojourned. Col. Simms was born in 1839, educated for the Bar and admitted to practice at Philadelphia in 1860. He did not, however, follow up his profession, but accepted the post of Assistant Paymaster, U.S. Navy, in 1862; in 1864 he held the office of Judge Advocate-General of Arkansas, with rank of Colonel. In 1867 he was one of the delegates to the Constitutional Convention of Arkansas, and the year after was elected a member of both houses of the Legislature and chose the popular branch. During his term he was one of the Committee appointed to prepare a digest of the Statutes, and was also Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means. Subsequently he was appointed Brigadier-General in the Militia, and in 1869 was sent to Prescott as U.S. Consul. The Prescott Consular district extends half-way to Montreal and Kingston, and until recently embraced Ottawa. The Consular office is in the Post Office block. I had an interesting chat with Col. Simms respecting his ancestors, who appear to have been soldiers by birth. He showed me several commissions, given to his grandfather, signed by George Washington. The seal on one of these, dated 1779, appointing the recipient a Major in the Revolutionary army, is surrounded with silk embroidery, enclosing a ring of thirteen stars evidently representing the thirteen colonies. Attached is a piece of paper on which the newly-begged Major has written as follows: "The above piece of ingenuity is the performance of the amiable Miss Polly Rutgers, of Newark." To satisfy the curiosity of my fair readers, I may add that the gallant Major and the patriotic Polly did not become man and wife—the soldier having capitulated elsewhere. A distant relative of Col. Simms was a Major in the British army during the Revolutionary war, and was among those sent to punish the rebellious colonists. On one of the battle-fields this individual found that among the enemy was a relative (the Colonel's grandfather), and towards the close of the fight they actually met and shook hands.

ST. MARK'S R.C. CHURCH.

I give a view of the splendid edifice which is to replace the present antiquated building. It will occupy the old site—a very fine position,

considerably elevated above the road-way. The Roman Catholics of Prescott have long wanted better church accommodation, the present building being small and poorly fitted up. The coming church will be alike creditable to the congregation and the town. The interior will be 150 feet by 75; the basement will be 75 feet by 75; the tower will be 115 feet in height and 14 feet square at the top. The church will seat nearly 2,000, and cost between fifty and sixty thousand dollars. The design is by Mr. Johnston, of Ogdensburg.

THE EXCELSIOR FIRE COMPANY.

The equipment for fire service comprises a Chatham steamer and a hand engine, with three hose-reels carrying two thousand feet of hose. The steamer is an elegant affair. The firemen are young business men, forming the Excelsior Fire Company, a volunteer body numbering some thirty members, governed by an excellent constitution and code of by-laws. Mr. Freeman I. Daniels is Captain; J. Hibbard, 1st Lieutenant; J. Fairbairn, 2nd do.; J. H. McLary, 1st Engineer; J. Buckham, Asst. do.; Fire Warden and Treasurer; J. A. Mundle, Secretary. While in Prescott I saw the Company out for practice, and was most favourably impressed. The steamer threw two excellent streams within eight minutes from leaving the engine-house—the fire being lit as she left. The firemen seemed well up to their duties and ready to brave all dangers. The only want of the Department seems to be a hook and ladder wagon.

The establishment of this Company has naturally inspired the people with a degree of confidence to which previously they were strangers. The members are, with scarcely an exception, men who are real estate owners, and who, consequently, keenly appreciate the importance of maintaining the efficiency of the organization at as high a standard as possible. The insurance companies have not disregarded this fact, and to-day the rates are lower than they ever were before. I was pleased to learn that the members of the Corporation have shown a disposition to assist the Company as liberally as the means at their disposal will allow.

WATER STREET.

as its name implies, runs by the water side. It is the oldest street in the town and at one time was the business centre. The principal buildings are of stone, of the ancient ware-house stamp, suggestive of St. Paul street, Montreal. In the hey day of the forwarding business many were the fortunes made in these stores.

The change from "Durham boats" to steam-boats and the substitution of Kingston for Prescott as the transshipping point operated disastrously upon the business done in Water street, and to-day the "five" establishments to be found therein are few and far between. Among these I may mention

MR. NELSON WILLARD'S HARDWARE STORE, which is one of the few old "label marks"—having been established in 1820. In 1860 Mr. Willard, sr., gave up the business to his son, who has proved a worthy successor. The store is one of the neatest, brightest, and best-stocked establishments of the kind I have seen for many a day. Mr. Willard is exceedingly enterprising; he keeps a large and well-assorted stock of standard goods and is ever on the look-out for novelties. He carries full lines of general hardware, house furnishings, carriage wood work and agricultural implements. Having plenty of warehouse room he deals largely in plaster, lime, paints, oils, glass, &c. An important branch of his business is the seed department which he has made a speciality. He is a clever advertiser, knowing how to catch the eye of the public and recognizing the necessity of being fully prepared to carry out what his advertisement indicates. His store is one of the busiest if not the busiest in the town. Immediately opposite is the Parkis Block, Custom House, &c., shown in a previous issue.

MR. J. CAIRNS.

master carpenter and joiner, has had a hand in the erection of almost every building in Prescott worth speaking of. Mr. Cairns is a thoroughly practical workman and is to be seen, hard at it, in the midst of his employees, evidently determined that no make-shift work shall disgrace his reputation, besides being a good stump speaker, ready, upon the slightest provocation, to overwhelm an audience with smooth-flowing oratory. During my stay in Prescott I heard Mr. Cairns speak upon a great variety of topics and upon every occasion he acquitted himself in a masterly style. I shall be mistaken if he doesn't prove a tower of strength to his party in the coming campaign.

MR. EDWARD SMITH.

is a general produce dealer, trading largely in butter, hops and pressed hay. He enjoys the reputation of being one of the most active men in Prescott. He goes in boldly and yet is so shrewd that his ventures have invariably proved successful. He has a branch establishment, carried on by his brother, at Edwardsburg.

REV. GEORGE BLAIR, M.A.,

is Inspector of Public Schools for the County of Grenville and Town of Prescott. There are about ninety rural and village schools in the county. Until 1871, when the present School Act for Ontario was passed, the majority were miserable log cabins. Under the operations of this Act these have been replaced by comfortable and commodious brick or stone buildings, and the system of inspection then introduced has greatly improved the status of the schools.

THE GRENVILLE BREWERY.

is snugly situated on the river bank about a mile from the western limit of the town. One has no idea of the extent of the establishment until an exploration has been made, for the buildings are so placed as to hide one another in great part. Originally built for a distillery, the premises were converted into a brewery in 1869, the proprietors, J. McCarthy & Co., setting out with the determination to brew a good article and offer it at as low a price as possible. This simple rule they have adhered to from the first, and the result is a large and constantly increasing demand. Besides a considerable local trade, the Grenville ale and porter is largely drunk in and about Brockville, Kingston, Peterboro', Ottawa, and throughout the middle northern section of Canada. The Ottawa agency alone disposes of a car load per week. The capacity of the brewery is seven thousand barrels per annum. The cellars, which will contain two thousand barrels, are simply magnificent. They are entirely underground, and have a natural rock floor over which passes a constant flow of water from an ice cold spring situated at the highest corner. With the aid of this splendid storage the Grenville Brewery can turn out ale and porter in prime condition during the hottest months of the year. The uniform excellence of the brewings has no doubt largely contributed to the fame which the establishment enjoys.

Mr. McCarthy has a farm of 200 acres which he mainly devotes to barley, raising from 800 to 1,000 bushels. He is one of those who regard the cattle trade as destined to become one of the most important interests in the Dominion. At the time of my visit he had nearly sixty head fattening for market.

Up to last autumn the firm consisted of Messrs. John McCarthy and James Quinn. At that date the partnership was dissolved by mutual consent, Mr. Quinn retiring. Mr. McCarthy now carries on the business alone.

AT BEAUTY'S SHRINE.

From brewing to beauty is a rather sudden jump, but both begin with the same letter, and tribute to the fair sex is always in order. Among the several surprises which were in store for me as a stranger in Prescott, not one gave me more pleasure than the intimation from an old gallant that the ladies were renowned for their beauty, amiability and vivacity. To ascertain the worth of this statement (which my duty of course required) entailed a task which proved exceedingly enjoyable and in a very short time I was convinced that Prescott is an extremely dangerous place for those bent upon bachelordom. Any fine afternoon you will see on King street and the other favourite promenades levies of charming girls whose qualities of mind are not one whit inferior to their personal attractions. There is a piquancy and freshness about your representative Prescott young lady which is very "taking." You will invariably find her a lively conversationalist, quick at repartee, posted in current events and well acquainted with the literature of the day. I am not a marrying man; if I were, I should certainly "look to Prescott."

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

The reading matter connected with this sacred edifice appeared in our previous page on Prescott.

FOOT NOTES.

He was an old physician, and he was declaiming the other day against the propensity which people display for eating unripe fruit and vegetables. Said he, "There is not a fruit or vegetable growing in our gardens that is not best when arrived at maturity, and most of them are positively injurious unless fully ripe." "I know one thing that ain't so good when it's ripe as 'tis when green," interrupted a little boy, in a very confidential but modest manner. "What's that?" sharply said the physician, vexed at having his principle disputed by a mere boy. "A cucumber," replied the lad.

A "slashing writer" on the *Washington Union*, who does not glorify the "old times," thus chaffs over what the "Father of his Country" did not know: "We don't like to be irreverent, but would like to ask, what did our forefathers know? What, for instance, did George Washington know? He never saw a fast mail-train; he never held his ear to a telephone; he never sat for his picture in a photographic gallery; he never received a telegraphic dispatch; he never sighted a Krupp gun; he never listened to the 'fizz' of an electric pen; he never saw a pretty girl run a sewing machine; he never saw a self-propelling engine go down the street to a fire; he never heard of evolution, and he never took laughing-gas."

WHEN Peacock was a young man, he used to dine once a fortnight with Jeremy Bentham. The two were invariably *vis-à-vis*, and Bentham's flow of talk was inexhaustible. One day, Peacock, after much urgent entreaty, took a friend. Bentham received them gravely; he made no protest, but dinner was served in solemn silence. Solemn silence was maintained on Bentham's part until the guests departed. Curious to ascertain what Bentham meant, Peacock wrote for an explanation. The great lawyer explained that he made a point of never having more than one person at his table at a time, since a third person was a legal impediment to free speech, and it was a principle of his life never to "commit himself before a witness."

A SIGNIFYANT REPLY.—A fine example of courteous rebuke was the answer of a distinguished English navy officer to a hasty friend,

The late Commodore Hollins was once sailing with an American commodore who used often to insult his inferior officers, and apologize to them afterward. After such an insult had been offered to him, Hollins was called to the cabin of the commodore, who said:

"I am a man of very passionate nature and have treated you as I should not have done, and now I wish to apologize."

Hollins replied: "I, too, am a passionate man, but I notice, commodore, that I never get into a passion with my superior officers, always with those beneath me."

THERE is something comically spasmodic about the publication of the *Nicolaeff Vestnik*, one of the leading papers of South Russia. It has no stated period of issue, although started fourteen years ago as a daily. Sometimes it is published every day in the week, including Sunday, at other times only once or twice; and occasionally a week passes by without its *Nicolaeff Vestnik*. The hour of issue is equally vague. It has been known to "come out" at six o'clock in the morning, and the day is still remembered when it was issued as early as five; but as a rule it ranges between two o'clock in the afternoon and ten at night. The editor was asked the other day why he did not adopt a regular system of publication. "It's too much trouble," he answered—"so horribly monotonous. Besides, we're always short of something—advertisements, 'copy,' paper, printers, or cash—and when all these work harmoniously together, it always happens that we're short of readers."—*Mayfair*.

SOME curious anecdotes have been revived *a propos* of the talent a certain actress has shown for shrieking. Among other things, it is related that Emilie Guyon, of the Comedie-Francaise, and Mme. Marie Laurent had a harrowing mother's scene at the Porte-Saint-Martin, in *Le Fils de la Vierge*, where shriek was pitted against shriek, and Mme. Guyon's final yell, "My child, my child—give me back my child!" used fairly to curdle the blood of every one within hearing. She had been invited to spend a few days with M. Legouve at Seine Port, but, when she arrived at Cesson in the evening, she found no one in waiting, as they did not expect her till next day. She set out to walk along the lonely road, and at a particularly gloomy spot was seized by two men. For a moment she was too much startled to do anything, but her senses returned promptly, and she threw her whole energy and the full force of her wonderful lungs into one shriek. She did not cry, "Help!" but, as she said, "let off" her usual cry, "My child, my child—give me back my child!" The highwaymen dropped her, struck their fingers in their ears, and fled, their hair on end. Such a shriek they had never heard before, and, from the fact that there was no "child" anywhere in sight, they made sure that they had captured a raving maniac.

A GENTLEMAN named Romanes has been anxious to find out whether dogs are believers in ghosts and spiritualism, and has been making experiments accordingly, with result for knowledge of which the world is indebted to the *New York Times*. Mr. Romanes began his researches into these mysteries with a bone; and this, the critic says of him, "is alone sufficient to show the heartless and irreverent character of the man. If there is anything which a dog holds peculiarly sacred, it is a bone. A terrier will submit to be deluded by false representation that there are eligible rats in the coal-scuttle, or that the piano is full of rats, but he feels that bones are too sacred to be made the subject of jest." Mr. Romanes, however, took the bone, and tied round it a thin silken thread, and, just as the little Scotch terrier with which his investigations were conducted was in the act of seizing it, his master slowly drew it away. The poor dog regarded the moving bone with an amazement which found expression in erect ears and a tail gradually thrust between his hind-legs, and, becoming convinced, as Mr. Romanes supposes, that it was but the ghost of a bone, incontinently fled, howling dismally. On the whole, the *New York Times* considers that the dog behaved much more sensibly than many men would have done under a similar belief. "In all probability," the journal says, "had Mr. Romanes ever seen a piece of roast beef in the act of cruising unassisted around the table, he would instantly have asked it preposterous questions, and would subsequently have let his hair grow long, and have become a confirmed spiritualist. His intelligent dog did none of these things, but, as soon as he decided that he had seen a spiritual bone, he refused to have anything more to do with it, and continued to wear his hair of the usual length, and to cling to that faith in which he was educated." Mr. Romanes was not yet satisfied however. He took a pipe, got some soap and water, and began to blow bubbles along the floor. It took some time to convince the terrier that these airy nothings were not a new kind of particularly dangerous rat, but presently he put his paw on one, and it of course collapsed. He tried a second, and it likewise vanished; and then, recollections of the ghostly bone overwhelming him again, he fled. Still Mr. Romanes was not satisfied. He proceeded to "make faces" at his victim, and the grimaces he made were so hideously ugly that we are told the dog mistook him for the worst ghost he had ever seen, whereupon he crept under the sofa and tried to die. "Lovers of dogs will sympathise with the poor little terrier, and, if Mr. Romanes continues his investigations, will hardly regret to hear that he has had to deal with a larger dog, which pursues a more spirited policy with regard to ghosts."