

NOTES ABOUT KINGSTON.

The first European to visit this locality was M. De Courcelles, who, some two centuries ago, held the proud position of Governor of Canada. In 1672, it is said, this bold representative of France came up from Montreal and met his Indian allies in a grand council of negotiations among the identical limestones upon which the beautiful city of Kingston now stands. It is not surprising, to a stranger, to learn that M. de Courcelles was deeply impressed by the remarkable beauty of the scene which, on every hand, met his gaze. Standing upon the low shore with his back towards the north, he gazed out upon a magnificent bay which is capable of harboring the largest ships that can navigate the inland waters. Off to his left rose the gentle elevation now known as Point Frederick. Just beyond this Point is the beginning of the world-renowned Thousand Islands in the mighty river up which he had just ascended; while away off to his right stretched the blue waters of a great lake, the existence of which he perhaps then learned for the first time.

Struck with the strategic importance of the place, the crafty Governor immediately gained permission from the Indians to erect a wooden fort and trading post.

Later on came those undaunted pioneers of western civilization, Count de Frontenac, La Salle, and Father Hennepin, each of whom found it advantageous to make this place their headquarters. Frontenac completed the fort, gave his name to the place and set manfully to work towards developing the country. His successor, La Salle, in due time rebuilt and enlarged this fort, after which, accompanied by his friend Hennepin, he traversed Lake Ontario, gazed upon the great Falls, explored Lake Erie, and, continuing on, finally discovered that "Father of Waters" the Mississippi.

And this was two hundred years ago. Savages were then owners of the soil and roamed at will over their boundless domains. Long before even De Courcelles had set foot upon its shore, this very spot had been selected by the three old warriors as a chief place of rendezvous. And the ground now covered by these blocks of handsome warehouses, these delightful residences with their beautiful gardens, was formerly the site of an Indian village. These very streets, over which wealth and fashion now serenely expand themselves, in all probability, follow the course of the old trails which lead around among the wigwags of the dusky aboriginals. And, just as the happy and contented women now recline in any easy chair, outside his front door while he reads the news, so did the stern and silent warriors of old stretch themselves upon the same green sward and dream of the happy hunting ground, while the arrows, dropping their poposes up against the trees, went off among the neighbours to gossip about "who can tell what?" But De Courcelles "came and saw, and conquered."

No prisons, or asylums, or fortifications met his gaze; no, no.

The savages knew naught about such adjuncts of civilization. It is well that they did not, for it begins to dawn upon me, that, if they had undertaken to build a lunatic asylum which could have been anything like adequate to their wants, they would have had to have a building large enough to hold every mother's son and daughter of all the tribes, chiefs included. Therefore, to speak more correctly, it would perhaps be better to say that De Courcelles found the whole country one vast lunatic asylum.

From 1672 to 1784, this place continued to be known as Fort Frontenac. But, at the close of the American Revolutionary War, a large number of United Empire Loyalists took up their abode in the neighbourhood, and, in honor of His Majesty George III., the name was changed to Kingston.

Throughout the two hundred years of its existence, Kingston may be said to have had a wonderfully "up and down" career.

In consequence of its advantageous and commanding position, the British Government saw fit, from time to time, to expend vast sums of money in building fortifications and otherwise strengthening the place. These military works took years to construct, and when completed, made Kingston well nigh impregnable.

In fortification strength, it may be said it is even now second only to Quebec.

Occasionally, however, the Home Government would "take a notion" as it were, and suddenly withdraw its patronage, remove all the troops, etc., and then the place would become like what Goldsmith describes as the "deserted village."

During these times of trial, the old place beheld the birth and rise of the Canadian Government, and new rays of hope burst through the clouds which had settled over its horizon. But this young sprig, as if anxious to follow the example of its illustrious parent, actually became more vacillating in its conduct towards this ancient municipality. For years and years it kept throwing out hints as to what it intended to do, and finally went so far in 1841, as to make Kingston the capital of the United Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada. The first session of the United Legislature, under the administration of Lord Sydenham, was held here, and once more, everything looked lovely. The honor was of short duration, however, for in 1845, the seat of Government was removed to Montreal. There was then much wailing and gnashing of teeth, and the hopes of the people again went away down below zero.

Then again, as if repenting of its cruelty, the Government would launch out handsome ap-

propriations for the erection of various public institutions, and the result is that there has been more public money spent in and about Kingston than any other city in the Dominion, Quebec excepted.

After all the trying ordeal which it has gone through, it is pleasing to observe that the old place is to-day basking in the sunshine of a natural prosperity.

There are numerous points of interest about the city, all of which are well worth a visit. Among these may be mentioned Fort Henry, Fort Frederick, Military College, Tete de Pont Barracks (which occupy the site of old Fort Frontenac), the Penitentiary, Rockwood Asylum, etc.

A number of pleasant drives lead off in various directions, and several neat little steamers are constantly flitting about the bay, and make frequent trips to points among the Thousand Islands. Fishing for bass is a favorite pastime, and the harbor being so easy of access, much boating is indulged in. Occasionally a band plays on one of the wharves, and on some evenings it is not unusual to see at least a hundred little boats gliding about, as the music floats away on the summer air. And a westerner, like myself, cannot help remarking the graceful manner in which numbers of the fair sex manoeuvre little crafts over the calm surface of the water.

Perhaps a word or two descriptive of some of the places of interest which I have visited, during my short sojourn here, might not be uninteresting on a future occasion, but I am off now to join a fishing excursion down the river. If we have good luck and catch many, will telegraph. Meantime, adieu.

QUEB. HAWTHORNE.

Kingston, August, 1877.

EPHEMERIDES.

Two ladies, sisters, had been for several days in attendance upon their brother, who was ill of a common sore throat—severe and protracted, but not considered as attended with any danger. At the same time, one of them had borrowed a watch from a female friend, in consequence of her own being under repair. The watch was one to which particular value was attached, on account of family associations; and some anxiety was expressed that it might not meet with any injury. The sisters were sleeping together, in a room communicating with that of their brother, when the elder of them awoke in a state of great agitation; and having aroused the other, told her that she had had a frightful dream. "I dreamt," she said, "that Mary's watch stopped, and that, when I told you of the circumstance, you replied, 'Much worse than that has happened, for James' breath has stopped also.'"—naming their brother who was ill. To quiet her agitation, the younger sister immediately got up and found the brother sleeping quietly; and the watch which had been carefully put in a drawer, going correctly. The following night the very same dream occurred, followed by similar agitation, which was again composed in the same manner; the brother being again found in a quiet sleep, and the watch going well. On the following morning, soon after the family breakfasted, one of the sisters was sitting by her brother, while another was writing a note in the adjoining room. When her note was ready for being sealed, she was proceeding to take out for this purpose the watch alluded to, which had been put by in her writing desk, when she was astonished to find it had stopped; and at the same instant she heard a scream of intense distress from her sister in the next room. Their brother who had still been considered as going on favorably, had been seized with a sudden fit of suffocation, and had just breathed his last.

Singular as this story may appear, and it is vouched for, there is another strange which very lately came to my knowledge. The mother of a friend of mine possessed a little twenty-four hour clock to which she was much attached, carrying it to her sitting-room during the day, and placing it over against her couch at night. This estimable lady was removed from the bosom of her loving family by a rapid and terrible malady. On the last fatal evening, the little clock, which was half an hour slow, but perfectly wound up, began to tick loudly at ten o'clock, a thing which it had never done before. When the ten strokes were sounded, it stopped short, and simultaneously, at half-past ten, the mistress of the house passed away. It is needless to add that the clock shall never be wound again, but shall go on silently pointing to the tenth memorable hour of the night forever.

There are now lying at the port of Quebec, the *Bellerophon*, flagship of Admiral Key, with tender and two other of H. M. ships of war. Their arrival was hailed with the regulation salutes, and the officers have been received by the authorities of the Province and the ancient capital with all due honors. Of course the people of Quebec are in a great state of excitement over the event. It has been suggested that the occasion might be improved by the steamboat and railway companies to devise excursion trips which would afford the people of Montreal the opportunity of going down to view these vessels. There is no doubt that hundreds would avail themselves of the occasion, for since the removal of the troops from Canada there is a keen patriotic curiosity to catch a sight of H. M.'s uniform on land or sea.

Who shall say that our French Canadian friends have not a keen eye to the main chance

and a longing instinct for money? The other day, at the rooms of the Cartier Club, in this city, there was held a meeting of about two hundred persons who pretend to have claims to the estate of a certain Renand, formerly of Mascouche, in this Province, and later of the United States, where he accumulated a large fortune and died intestate. The object of the meeting was to subscribe the funds necessary towards discovering the title of the Renand family in Canada to the millions of their departed namesake. All the clergy of the name of Renand were made honorary Presidents to begin with. Then a President was elected with a dozen of Vice-Presidents, residents of as many different parishes, and a Secretary and Treasurer were chosen. I shall watch this movement and doubtless will be able to glean a great deal of curious information on the subject of hunting up inheritances.

I have been shown a neat little volume published by Dawson of Quebec, which contains many of the popular sayings of Old Boria. The authors use the pen-names of Fieldar and Aitiaiche, but these are known to stand, the former for the Count de Premio-Real, and the latter for Miss Annie Howells, daughter of the distinguished American Vice-Consul at the ancient capital, and sister of Howells, the popular writer and editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. I may add, as a point of special interest, that Miss Howells has lately become the wife of Mr. Fréchette, a member of the civil service at Ottawa, and brother of the poet member for Lévis. I am rather fond of proverbs and saws, and have therefore read the present volume with relish. Of course all the sayings which it contains are not exclusively Spanish, but many of them are new and the selection, as a whole, is judiciously made. I shall cite three or four:—

"Jealousy is only suspicion. Beware how you mingle appearances and realities."

"Some men are wise enough to pretend that they are fools."

"He who has made one basket can make a hundred."

"A cat in mittens will catch few mice."

Mme. Annie Howells-Fréchette has already made her mark in magazine literature, and I trust she will contribute her share to the development of Canadian letters. The Count de Premio-Real, whose portrait and biography lately appeared in the NEWS, is a gentleman of fine culture and literary taste.

It was a gracious and wise act on the part of Mr. Brydges to grant the press of all parts of the Dominion full facilities to travel over the Intercolonial Railway. Representatives of nearly every paper took advantage of the compliment, and the result has been that the Intercolonial has become known far and wide. The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS did what no other journal could do, in publishing a large number of pictorial views along the route, and it will continue the series from time to time. The Canada Press Association went over the line, and numerous were the letters written by correspondents. I noticed with pleasure that the pamphlet of our friend Hamilton, of the *Gazette* of this city, published last year, proved a mine of information to those writers, from which they freely drew.

A. STEPHENSON.

HEARTH AND HOME.

FILIAL LOVE.—Innocent faults are always pardoned by a kind parent. You may not know, girls, just what is right, just what is wrong; yet—you cannot be blamed for making little mistakes; but you will never do anything very wrong if from the first you have no secrets from your mother.

SORROW.—There are many fruits that never turn sweet until the frost has lain upon them; there are many nuts that never fall from the boughs of the forest trees till the frost has opened and ripened them; and there are many elements of life that never grow sweet and beautiful until sorrow touches them.

FASTING.—Fasting is at times the best medicine, the means of removing incipient disease, and restoring to the body its usual healthful sensations. Howard and Franklin often fasted one day in the week; and Bonaparte, when his system was unstrung, omitted his wonted meal, and took exercise on horseback, as his only remedies.

SELF-TRUST.—Self-trust is the first secret of success—the belief that, if you are here, the authorities of the universe have put you here, and for a cause, or with some task strictly appointed you in your constitution; and so long as you work at that you are well and successful. It by no means consists in rushing prematurely to a showy feat that shall catch the eye and satisfy spectators. It is enough if you work in the right direction.

HAPPY FAMILY.—Happiness between husband and wife can only be secured by that constant tenderness and care of the parties for each other which are based upon warm and demonstrative love. The heart demands that the man shall not sit reticent, self-absorbed, and silent in the midst of his family. The woman who forgets to provide for her husband's tastes and wishes renders her home undesirable for him. In a word, ever-present and ever-demonstrative gentleness must reign, or else the heart starves.

COMFORT OF CHILDREN.—As his nephew and his motherless daughters grew up, they gave an object to his seclusion, and a relief to his re-

flections. He found a pure and unfailing delight in watching the growth of their young minds, and guiding their differing dispositions; and, as time at length enabled them to return his affection, and appreciate his cares, he became once more sensible that he had a home.

THE WIFE-BEATER.—Of all the contemptible creatures in the world, the man who beats his wife is certainly the most contemptible. The bully at home is always a coward abroad. He always revenges himself upon his wife and children for the contumely that his lack of courage submits him to in the street. Such men are not to be brought to a complete sense of their baseness by any process of reasoning. Kindness has no effect upon them. Generosity only fills them with contempt for the generous; and they are certain to hate manliness they cannot imitate. The mode of treating them effectually is to punish them severely.

A GOOD DAUGHTER.—There are other ministers of love more conspicuous than a good daughter, but none in which a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells, and none to which the heart's warm requitals more joyfully respond. She is the steady light of her father's house. Her idea is indissolubly connected with that of his happy fireside. She is his morning sun and evening star. The grace, vivacity, and tenderness of her sex have their place in the mighty sway which she holds over his spirit. The lessons of recorded wisdom which he reads with her eyes come to his mind with a new charm, as blended with the beloved melody of her voice. He scarcely knows weariness which her song does not make him forget, or gloom which is proof against the young brightness of her smile. She is the pride and ornament of his hospitality and the gentle nurse of his sickness, and the constant agent of those nameless, numberless acts of kindness which one chiefly cares to have rendered because they are unpretending but expressive proofs of love.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

BOUTICAULT has made nearly \$300,000 out of "The Shaughraun"—often playing it for \$6,500 a week.

ACTRESSES have their pictures taken when they are young, and when they are old their photographs do not depart from them.

A CERTAIN composer of comic songs, M. Edmund Libellier, has been appointed to elevate the tone of the Turkish military music.

MAGGIE MITCHELL has \$200,000 worth of property at Long Branch, where she resides. She lives one mile back of the sea, and has two children, and she is forty-one years old.

The Duke of Edinburgh's birthday (Aug. 6th) was celebrated with all honours on board the *Sultan*, which is commanded by his Royal Highness. The united bands of the fleet gave a grand concert, and the Duke played a violin solo.

JOHN BROTHAM, the veteran actor, will retire from the American stage this year, and after a brief tour in Great Britain will return to America to make a book that will cover his reminiscences of stage experience.

ADELINA PATTI has paid a forfeit of 100,000 francs to the manager of the Italian Theatre in Paris for the breach of an engagement, and has telegraphed to Strakosch, accepting his proposals for the United States—namely, 10,000 francs, or about \$25,000 for each of fifty-one nights.

THERE are over sixty travelling combinations this year, of which forty will go to the Sheriff. The rates demanded by actors of even mediocre talent at "enormous"—forty, fifty, and sixty per cent. gross. Our manager cannot pay it, another will try. So the managers and lessees have come to be more janitors of their own buildings.

MR. and MRS. FLORENCE have a play by Merritt entitled "Paul Rough and Ready," which they will produce in all probability during their season at the Eagle Theatre. In this drama Mr. Florence will sustain the congenial role of a Lancashire lad, and Mrs. Florence will create a new character—one suggested by her talented husband, and "written in" by Mr. Julian Maguire, one of the authors of "Conscience."

WE regret to record the death of Mrs. G. March (Virginia Gabriel) the composer, who was flung out of her carriage while the horse was running away. She was pitched on her head and fractured her skull. Mrs. March died at St. George's Hospital, whither she was taken from the neighbourhood of Grosvenor House, where the accident happened.

THERE are rumors that Anna Dickinson is at present engaged upon the composition of a Quaker play, and we sincerely hope that they have some foundation in fact. A Quaker play written in the right spirit, would be a most attractive novelty, and we know of no person better fitted for the task of writing one than Anna Dickinson, who is herself a member of the Society of Friends.

THE competition in singing and operatic execution produced highly satisfactory results. For the first time for many a long day, a splendid first-class tenor has been developed among the ranks of the pupils, and was instantly pounced upon by M. Halanzier, who secured him for the Grand Opéra. The name of this lucky individual in Seller. Three years ago he was employed in a wine-shop in the Rue Drouot. He was overheard by a competent judge as he was singing to himself one day while rinsing out the bottles. He possesses a splendid tenor voice of great compass, immense power, and great sweetness and purity of tone. Add to that, a high C in full perfection, and it will then be seen that the French stage has gained a treasure. The ladies' class in singing has furnished a scarcely less remarkable prima donna, in the person of Mlle. Richard, who was unanimously awarded the first prize, and whose voice is a rich, velvet-toned mezzo-soprano. Then, the Opéra-Comique will gain a charming young artist in the person of Mlle. Mendès, and, probably, also a fine tenor in Mr. Talazac, who shared the honors with M. Seller, but who does not possess so phenomenal an organ.

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