

Frontenac, a soldier as well as statesman, arranged his forces, before seeking a landing place, so as to ensure the safety of his enterprise. The canoes were divided up into squadrons, and four of such bodies composed the vanguard. Then came the two bateaux, painted fancifully in red and blue, with their cannon and military crew. They were followed by Count Frontenac himself, heading the canoes of his guards, staff and volunteer supporters. On his right was the squadron for Three Rivers, on his left that composed of his Huron and Algonquin allies. Two remaining squadrons formed the rear line. What a subject for a historic picture by a Canadian artist! The wooded and rocky points on the right, the cedar-covered Island on the left, the glistening Bay in front, the stretch of river, and island and shore in the rear; the broad bosom of the mighty waters below, and the costumes of soldiers, and courriers du bois, and Indian warriors, make up a grand whole which will ever live in Canadian memory, and ought to be perpetuated by canvas and poem. Add to this the advancing canoe, swiftly impelled by sinewy Iroquois paddlers, which brought down steam Abbe D'Urfe, and accompanying canoes filled with Iroquois Chiefs, who sought to bid the comers welcome—for the Five Nations had agreed to meet the French Governor here—and noted the whole flotilla. Greetings exchanged, round the Point and seek the shores of Cataragui Bay, making the history of a nation meanwhile, and you have a scene as worthy of preservation as the Landing of Columbus or the Discovery of the Pacific. Just call it up in your imagination boys and girls, and let that live in your memories, until I tell you in next month's "Rockwood Review," had Fron-

tenac took possession of the site of Kingston.

OUR TRIP TO THE A. C. A. MEET- OF '93.

I will endeavor to pen an account of a very interesting trip, four of us fellows took in a skiff called the "Thistle," and in very bad weather, so much so that hardly any one else in Kingston attempted it. We all resided some distance west of the city, and having the good fortune to each secure an oilcloth sou'wester, we bid defiance to the weather. Our boat was a well made skiff, carrying two sails of the batwing style, and of no mean dimensions, when I say our main sail contained no less than one hundred and twenty-five superficial feet. What prompted us to make the trip was the fact of the American Canoe Association holding its annual meet at Long Island Park, some four miles below Kingston. We made a scudding run of about two miles, calling into Sherman's Boat House, to ascertain if the main object of the trip would take place, i. e., The Skiff Race, which were billed for that day, also our Captain being one of a crew of a contesting boat. We got to say the least very dubious encouragement of this coming off, owing to the state of the weather. However, nothing daunted, we again set sail and went away on our easterly course, the wind, if anything, growing fresher. Down we swept like a racehorse past the good old city of Kingston, apparently the only boat of our dimensions on the water, steering our course well to the south of the peninsula, with its Martillo Tower and Military College, our reason being the approach of the fine new R. O. Navigation Co.'s steamer Columbian, filled

[TO BE CONTINUED.]