

most particulars our passage lacked the importance and grandeur that our vivid imaginations had pictured for it. In only one particular, in truth, did it bear any close resemblance to the historical original. It was when the account of John Smith against the Prince Edward County Exploration Company was settled as we stood on the shore of the Bay of Quinte. The trucks and batteaux had disappeared, but the cost of transportation remained the same.

A swim in the waters of the Bay and breakfast on the beach were our preparation towards commencing our exploration of the region of land and water before us. The end of the portage road lies about the middle of the half-circular stretch of land that surrounds the upper end of the bay. A muddy shore, in places low and marshy, an expanse of water too, wide in extent and stagnating with decaying sawdust, from the mill below, made this portion of the bay the reverse of attractive. It is not until Belleville is reached and passed that the surroundings lose their signs of common artificiality and commercial defilement. At this point the scenery proper of the bay begins. Here the rocky shore with its dark covering of thick low bush begins on either side, its zigzag course and the clear cut rock and clean sandy shore making that sharp and decided connection with the bright blue waters which constitutes harmony in nature's art.

The first spot that claimed our notice as we began our journey in the direction of the lighthouse and spires of Belleville, was the Gilmour lumber mill at Trenton. A Canadian sawmill is a Canadian wonder, and one enterprise at least in which Canada leads the world. A variety of mechanical contrivances in the construction of this particular mill, marks it as the most complete and perfect in the country. It is a model of mechanical engineering skill which in its working is simply a marvel. We watched the logs as they moved side by side up the parallel runs and dashed through the rows of circular saws, traced the movement and working of the heavy machinery, inspected the monstrous engine and boiler rooms, and in short spent a morning of interesting sight-seeing, in spite of repeated verbal and placarded notices of the unlawfulness of our presence.

Leaving Trenton and following our course up the northern shore we passed the Sidney burying ground, one of the oldest in the district. It is prettily situated, stretching down to the water side, with the door of its vault fronting on the beach. It is the resting-place of many of the oldest settlers. "Gone," as a writer has said, "with the primeval forests that covered the slopes of the Bay of Quinte. Gone with the hopes and aspirations, and prospects and realizations, that crowned their trying and eventful lives. Gone, so that their ashes can no longer be gathered, like the old batteaux that transported them hither. Gone, like the old log houses whose very foundations have been ploughed up. Gone, like their rude implements of agriculture. Gone, by the slow and wearisome steps of time which mark the pioneer's life."

No small amount of history cotemporary with the time of their establishment, is to be traced in the names of places and districts along our route. In the "Earl of Moira" and "Marquis of Hastings," we find the origin of the river and county respectively. After General Picton, of Peninsular and Waterloo fame, and cotemporary with his lamented death, the town Picton was named. Belleville was so called in honor of the wife of Lieutenant Governor Gore. And so it is with almost every prominent name along the bay and in the county.

Arrived at Belleville, we left there the charms of nature for the baser and more material of civilized life, and varied our excursion with a taste, by no means stinted, of the hospitality of Ontario's oldest town. Variety proved itself still possessed of its time-honored spice, and it was with a keen relish for its beauties that we again launched our little craft and dropped slowly down the bay, as a bright afternoon was drawing to its close. We spent a couple of hours towards dusk, fishing from the deck of a schooner, wrecked in the narrows below Belleville. Held fast by an immense boulder

jutting through her bottom, she is a point of attraction and interest to the Quinte black bass and their enthusiastic admirers.

Leaving the schooner, we ran for Point Mississauga, near at hand, where our intention was to camp for the night. The Mississauga Indians, hence the name, were a tribe of the Ojibways and originally held the greater part of the Province. At the time of its settlement, the Indians were granted numerous reserves in and about the Bay of Quinte and elsewhere. Of these 1200 acres on Mississauga Point was one. The point is now a pleasant resort (in the day time) for Belleville citizens. It belongs exclusively to the mosquitoes in the night time—mosquitoes that for size, number and ferocity, beat the mosquito world, as it has been our lot to know it. The Indians have left. The excursionists also had left when, in the early evening we reached it. When again we go to Point Mississauga, we too will leave early. Whether the Indians left when the mosquitoes came or because they were there, or whether the mosquitoes came when the Indians left, history does not say. Just which was effect and which was cause we do not know. But we are inclined to thinking that one of the former two states the case. It was about midnight when, called to the rescue by the advance corps, whom we had slightly out-manouvered, the main body of the mosquito horde, cavalry and infantry, militia and marine, charged in upon us. It was no battle but a merciless rout. Out numbered and out generalled on every point, we were ignominiously defeated and driven from the ground. Luckily for us a mere assertion of their right to the domain on the borders of which we had infringed was apparently all that they battled for, because content with a pursuit into the middle of the stream, they abandoned it and returned to the care of their killed and wounded. One smiles as he thinks of the crafty foresight of the British Government in palming off these 1200 acres of rocks and mosquitoes on the poor unsuspecting Red Man.

But with all its drawbacks we cannot help, as we gain the middle of the stream, resting on our oars and glancing back on the point we have left. It looks wondrous pretty as the moon, having risen clear above the bank and hills in the background, lights it up. The trees on either side of the clearing on the point, throw their dark shade far out over the water, yet no shadows darken the open spot flanked by the woody patches, and it throws no shadow on the glittering water that runs between ourselves and it. In our experience it is a spot to be admired yet shunned. It is enchanted yet cursed.

Ensnared one in either end of our boat, half asleep, we drift quietly for a time, when suddenly the "beat," "beat," of a steamer startles us. Down the bay we see it coming, green and red lights visible. She is on us in an instant, and proves to be a tug with a string of saw logs in tow. This is an opportunity too good to be missed. We drop quietly past her, close to her side, grapple the logs, swing ourselves slowly down to the end of the last one. and make fast to it.

W. H. IRVING.

(Concluded in our next.)

## University and College News.

### THE LITERARY SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

Perhaps the most exciting, and certainly the most protracted, contest for offices in the Literary and Scientific Society, took place on the evening of Friday, the 26th, and on the morning of Saturday the 27th of March, 1886. After the reading of the report of the Essay Committee, which awarded the prize to Mr. J. O. Miller, for his essay on "Adonais," polling began, and lasted without interruption until 6 a.m. on Saturday. The counting of the ballots was not finished till 4 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, when the following results were made known:—