

tion of the Legislature and the Courts of Justice. The Library, and all the papers and records belonging to both, were consumed; at the same time the Church was robbed, and the Town Library totally pillaged." The historian evidently recognises in the destruction of the Public Buildings at Washington by a British force, a few months later, no unfair set-off to that and other outrages committed by the American invaders. It is the same miserable tale of barbarity which is everywhere the inevitable accompaniment of war.

But there is a more primitive scene of Canadian legislature even than that eastern site, where "first loomed up before the minds of our early law-makers the ecclesiastical question, the educational question, the constitutional question," and all else that has gone to the making of modern Canada. The scene is Newark, at the mouth of the Niagara river. The reader, with the help of our historian, may picture to himself "the group of seven Crown-appointed Councillors and five representatives of the Commons, assembled there, with the first Speaker, McDonell, of Glengarry; all plain, unassuming, prosaic men, listening at their first session to the opening speech of their frank and honoured Governor. We see them adjourning to the open air from their straightened chamber at Navy Hall, and conducting the business of the young Province under the shade of a spreading tree: introducing the English Code and Trial by Jury, decreeing roads, and prohibiting the spread of slavery; while a boulder of the drift, lifting itself up through the natural turf, serves as a desk for the recording clerk." A noble French traveller, the Duke de Liancourt, witnessed the scene, and tells how, amid such primitive surroundings, a becoming ceremonial was observed. Two members of the Legislative Council gave notice to the Commoners, through their Speaker, that His Excellency desired their presence; and five members, —the remaining eleven being detained by

harvest duties on their farms,—appeared at the bar, and listened to a speech modelled by the Governor after that of his Royal master. The day may yet come when this primitive scene shall be fitly produced, in some grand fresco of native Canadian art, as the most suitable decoration of its Legislative Halls.

The domestic life of the first Governor of Upper Canada, his amenities and hospitalities, his cares and troubles, are all parts of the early history of the Province. To the west of Brock street, named after the victorious general who fell on Queenston Heights in 1812, an open site still marks the first cemetery of Toronto, the old military burying ground, where, as our historian says, "hearts finally at rest in its mould, fluttered in their last beats, far away, at times, to old scenes beloved in vain; to villages, hedgerows, lanes, fields, in green England and Ireland, in rugged Scotland and Wales;" and here, in 1794, General Simcoe laid to rest, in the same sacred clearing, his little daughter Katharine. No mound or memorial stone survives to mark the spot; but far away, in the Governor's own native Devonshire, a tablet perpetuates the memory of the frail floweret who "died and was buried at York Town, in the Province of Upper Canada, A.D. 1794."

It is with strange feelings that those of a younger generation thus recall the long forgotten griefs of that olden time. Besides little Kate, there was an elder daughter, and also a son, Francis, then about five years old, after whom the Governor's chateau overlooking the Don received the name which suggests to the historical student reminiscences of an older "Castel-franc" near Rochelle, famous in the struggle of the Huguenots. When, in 1812, the cry of war rang along the Canadian frontier, and the torch of the invader made havoc of the little Town of York, Frank Simcoe was playing a soldier's part far away on a "blood-red field of Spain." Seventeen years had