

always noticeable for the romantic character of its situation ; on the crest of a precipitous bank overlooking deep winding ravines. Set down here while yet the forest was but little encroached on, access to it was of course for a long time, difficult and laborious.

The memorable fancy-ball given here at a comparatively late period, but during the Sheriff's lifetime, recurs as we go by. On that occasion, in the dusk of evening, and again probably in the gray dawn of morning, an irregular procession thronged the highway of Yonge Street and toiled up and down the steep approaches to Rosedale-house—a procession consisting of the simulated shapes and forms that usually revisit the glimpses of the moon at masquerades,—knights, crusaders, Plantagenet, Tudor and Stuart princes, queens and heroines ; all mixed up with an incongruous ancient and modern canaille, a Tom of Bedlam, a Nicholas Bottom “with amiable cheeks and fair large ears,” an Ariel, a Paul Pry, a Pickwick, &c., &c., not pacing on with some veri-similitude on foot or respectably mounted on horse, ass, or mule, but borne along most prosaically on wheels or in sleighs.

This pageant, though only a momentary social relaxation, a transient but still not unutilitarian freak of fashion, accomplished well and cleverly in the midst of a scene literally a savage wild only a few years previously, may be noted as one of the many outcomes of precocity characterizing society in the colonies of England.

In a burlesque drama to be seen in the columns of a contemporary paper (the *Colonist*, of 1839) we have an allusion to this memorable entertainment. The news is supposed to have just arrived of the union of the Canadas, to the dismay, as it is pretended, of the official party, among whom there will henceforth be no more cakes and ale. A messenger, Thomas, speaks :

List, oh, list—the Queen hath sent

A message to her Lords and trusty Commons—

ALL—What message sent she ?

THOMAS.—Oh the dreadful news !

That both the Canadas in one be joined.—(*faints.*)

Sheriff William then speaks :

Farewell ye masquerades, ye sparkling routs :

Now routed out, no more shall routs be ours ;

No gilded chariots now shall roll along ;

No sleighs that sweep across our icy path,—

Sleighs ! no : this news that slays our warmest hopes,

Ends pageantry, and pride and masquerades,