

lakes, and the myriad islands amid which his route lay, without deriving some inspiration from the scene. From Niagara he sailed, in one of the little lake craft of those primitive times, down Lake Ontario to the St. Lawrence with its Thousand Isles, and has left us his impressions of a tranquil evening scene, in which he seems to have gazed from the deck of his schooner on Toronto and the heights beyond. Perhaps it is as well that the daguerreotype he was to perpetuate for us received no ~~more~~ details than could be caught in the distant glow of one of Ontario's lovely sunsets. Writing to Lady Charlotte Rawdon, he says:

"I dreamt not then that, ere the rolling year
Had filled its circle, I should wander here
In musing awe; should tread this wondrous world,
See all its store of inland waters hurl'd
In one vast volume down Niagara's steep;
Or calm behold them, in transparent sleep,
Where the blue hills of old Toronto shed
Their evening shadows o'er Ontario's bed;
Should trace the grand Cataract, and glide
Down the white rapids of his lordly tide,
Through massy woods, 'mid islets flowering fair,
And blooming glades, where the first sinful pair
For consolation might have weeping trod,
When banished from the garden of their God."

The "Canadian Boat Song," which was a product of the same voyage, has become, alike in words and air, a national anthem for the Dominion. It could scarcely be heard by any Canadian wanderer, when far away among strangers, without a thrill as tender and acute as ever the "Ranz des Vaches" awoke on the ear of the exiled Switzer, or "Lochaber No More," on that of the Highlander languishing for his native glen.

The History of Toronto is necessarily to a large extent that of the early settlement, the social life, and the political organization of Canada in its youthful provincial days. Dr. Scadding recalls times to which the late Bishop of Toronto used to revert with characteristic humour, when, on his first settlement in the country, its settlers were scarcely month behind the New York news; and

only one English mail was made up in the course of the year, to which—as in purposed irony—was given the name of the Annual Express! It is curious to think that it is scarcely beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant of Toronto since a state of things, thus existed in our midst such as may now be found at one or two of the remotest trading posts of the Hudson Bay, within the Arctic Circle. We were told lately of a factor in one of those remote forts lying towards the North Pole, who carefully lays aside his annual supply of newspapers brought by the one ship of the season, and starting with the *Times* of that date, as to day of month, if not of year, he enjoys his daily paper as regularly as if he were within sound of Bow Bells, with the scarcely appreciable difference of being only a year behind the outer world.

By that inexplicable law which seems to regulate the growth of cities, Toronto has its plebeian east-end, with the lingering flavour and halo of old historical associations; "the expected Westminster of the new capital," as its historian, with gentle irony, designates it. "At St. Petersburg," says Dr. Scadding, "the original log-hut of Peter the Great is preserved to the present day, in a casing of stone, with a kind of religious reverence;" and so, if the material relics of our founders and forefathers scarcely admit of being invested with a like literal permanence, he claims that at least their associations shall be perpetuated. Overlooking the harbour of the modern Toronto, far down in the east there stands at the present day a large structure of grey cut stone. It is the deserted prison of a later date; but it occupies the historic site of the first House of Parliament of Upper Canada—a humble but commodious structure of wood, built before the close of the eighteenth century, and destroyed by the incendiary hand of the invader in 1813. "They consisted," says a contemporary record, "of two elegant halls, with convenient offices for the accommoda-