

inevitably have desired to see placed there at the moment of their party's triumph, when such a conspicuous trophy was suggested. Wiser men may have counselled phrases more modest, which the stubborn extremists would not away with; and thus, between the two, it may have happened that no inscription at all was carved. Better, perhaps, this—than that at an after-period an erasure should be demanded, and procured, on the plea of untruth, as has actually come to pass in the case of the Monument in London, since the days when Pope wrote.

Here I close my memoirs of the two eminent men, whose respective careers I have desired to recall to your recollection.

Whenever next we cross and re-cross the route of our now classic and even ancient Yonge Street, as we travel to Orillia or Gravenhurst, by the Northern Railway of Canada; or whenever, borne swiftly along on the track of the Great Western, we look down from the cars upon the thriving town and picturesque valley of Dundas, it will, in both cases, invest the scene with fitting associations, and add interest to the journey, if we recall to our minds, as we proceed on our way, the fates and fortunes of the two personages from whom the localities on which we gaze derive their names—the frank, genial-looking, many-sided Devonshire man, Sir George Yonge, Secretary at War in 1782; and the cool, shrewd-featured, able and dextrous Scot, Henry Dundas, Viscount Melville, First Lord of the Admiralty in 1805.

