

an early spring on the inhabitants of the Town and revealed to their wondering gaze, the unwelcome sight of a hostile fleet ranged in battle order at the entrance of the Bay. War having been declared by America against England, such a casualty was not altogether unexpected by the authorities. But sanguine ever, all hearts were filled with hope that their quiet nook would escape the disturbance consequent upon aggression, and the ordinary pursuits of life were until that morning uninterruptedly maintained. On the previous day a brilliant entertainment had been given at the Garrison, and arrangements were made to continue the festivities at the house of one the principal of Matrons that night. The hour of assembling was much earlier than that now sanctioned by the arbitrary rules of fashion. The ladies had all arrived and the gentlemen were momentarily expected, among the latter there were of course included several gallant sons of Mars. Hour after hour passed away and the favored guests came not. At length one, more thoughtfully considerate than the others, rode in haste to the door and left a polite message excusing his absence. This was shortly followed by a missive from the Lady's "remaining portion" stating that the alarm of attack would possibly prevent his return that night. The panic created by this intelligence may readily be conceived—each fair and trembling belle hastened back to the protection of the parental roof. The amiable Hostess taking what precautions she could devise for the security of her house, patiently but anxiously awaited the return of her husband, who, at a late hour, came for a brief space to provide himself with the necessary munitions of war and counselled her to seek refuge from the danger she would encounter in his house, which was in a position much exposed to the enemy's fire. Hastily collecting those valuables which could be easily removed, she then repaired to the house of the Honble. J. McGill, at present inhabited by Mr. McCutcheon, which was considered to be a place of security, and had already become the hospitium of others similarly circumstanced. News of the progress of the battle was conveyed to them from time to time—at length an appeal was made for them to take a more active part in the business of the day. The men who had been engaged from an early hour were greatly exhausted from want of food. Every fair hand

was instantly at work to prepare a repast for the famishing soldier. While thus honourably employed, a terrific sound appals the heart with terror and dismay—the magazine has exploded! They feel that the fate of the brave is sealed—the issue of the contest decided. And now apprehension as to what would be the conduct of the victors absorbs for a time every other feeling. This being found to be a groundless source of anxiety, and the enemy shortly afterwards abandoning their vantage ground, matters soon resumed their wonted aspect.

Since the peace of 1814, Toronto has steadily increased in wealth and population. A just idea of this progress may be formed by the following facts.

At the period just alluded to there were about 900 souls living in Little York, to which some writers are wondrously fond of prefixing "muddy." In twenty years the population had reached 4,000. Ten years more swelled this number to 15,336. The census of the present year gives 30,763!

The first house on King Street was erected on a lot *given* to an enterprising settler, on the condition that he would build a house upon it. Not many days ago, a lot of land, about one-fourth of an acre in extent, and situated beyond the toll-gate on Yonge Street, two miles and a half from the city, was sold at auction for £900! The annual rental of a house in the business part of King Street is £300!

Where Bay Street *now is*, was part of an orchard or small "clearing." When the proposition to purchase this, *by the foot*, was first made, the idea was scouted as most ridiculous—inches have since become the subject of litigation! The assessed value of the property within the liberties of the Corporation, is estimated at £3,116,400!

The earliest settlers were content to receive their flour from the Commissariat stores, as the only source of supply. To-day the value of the dutiable and free goods imported is £694,597! The exports to the United States, and the various ports of our inland seas and rivers, amount to £409,206.

Such, reader, is the history which figures tell,—who, then, shall gainsay the reasonableness of our pride?

It is certainly a source of regret that with all this magic advancement in the substantialities of condition and importance, so very little,