

gave me some sort of interest in the contest. The thing altogether not so horrid as I expected.—Turner's face was a good deal de-humanised, but Randall (the conqueror) had hardly a scratch. The battle lasted two hours and twenty-two minutes; a beautiful sunshine broke out at this part of the day; and had there been a proportionate mixture of women in the immense ring formed around, it would have been a very brilliant spectacle. The pigeons let off at different periods of the fight, with dispatches, very picturesque; at the close, as many as half a dozen took wing. It seems they are always sure messengers, unless they happen to meet with a hawk."

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

"A good thing of Madame De Staël's about the Duke of Wellington, that "there never was so great a man, made out of such small materials."

DOCTOR.—Some of these are very fair, but the book is not all made up of such light material.

MAJOR.—By no means; the light ana serve only to give piquancy to the rest of the work, which I recommend to your notice.

DOCTOR.—It was my intention to read it, when I found out from you how far it was worth my while. Here is a letter of invitation which I have just received. Will you hear it?

MAJOR.—By all means.

DEAR ANGLO,

Old Winter's days for '53 are numbered, and our glorious Spring is striving right heartily to push the frosty old chap on one side to have her watch on deck, and to steer us into bright summer days, so full of enjoyment. Our sketch of the yacht sailing is, perhaps, premature, but ere long we hope to see—

"Studious of fame our gallant Commodore,
Hoist his red pendant and forsake the shore."

And a Commodore of the right sort leads the Toronto Yacht Club for '53, in a new boat,—built by Mr. Hayes—which is a credit to the city. As our worthy Commodore has not officially notified his rig to the Secretary, I have taken the liberty (in my sketch) to rig him, knowing that his usual good humour will excuse the liberty. Our club, Mr. Anglo-American, consists of a Commodore, Vice-Commodore, Captain, and, though last not least, a Secretary and Treasurer. These constitute the officers, the members are *ad libitum*, and judging from the members who have joined up to the present time, I think we will have a right jolly club, and well supported—the present title of the club, I am sorry to say, does not include the term 'Royal,' but a petition has been sent through the Governor and Sir J. Graham to the Queen, beseeching her to honor us by Royalizing our club, so don't be surprised, Mr. Anglo, to see gentlemen walking in our streets in blue jackets and brass (not bone) buttons with a crown, and T.R.Y.C. below. It is to be hoped that our sketch, and slight description may induce those boating men who, from ignorance of the formation of

the new club, have not already joined, to become members. For their information I may say, that the members are elected by ballot at the monthly meetings—first Monday in the month. It is not necessary to be a boat owner to become a member, and those who are fond of a sail and do not belong to any boat, will find that it is understood by the boat owners, when not full (I beg you clearly to understand I do not allude to any of the dinner arrangements) to take out members to sail, in preference to others. Lucky is the man, dear Anglo, who gets a sail in some of the boats—you who are fond of the tit bits, will find some capital eating. I know you are Goth enough not to touch punch, but there is always plenty of water to be had. Don't let the public imagine that all the yachts carry professional cooks, but this I say, some of the boats, and owners, too, are to be remembered for hospitality and, as Paddy would say, "the hight av good aitin' and drinking." I must not say much more about these matters, else the club boats will not be sufficient to carry the members. You, my gastronomic friend, must come to our next monthly meeting, and see how much harmony prevails in Toronto in yachting matters. For the information of yourself I mention that I don't think there is any rule against smoking. As you will perceive, by my statement of the number of yachts and boats, we are not to be despised. We have petitioned the Corporation to allow us a bay or dock to moor our summer hauser in, when the Esplanade is built, and we have every hope that they will accede to our prayer. Between ourselves, I can tell you that—in the event of such people being required—there are some in our club who know the starboard from the larboard tack, and in the event of *anybody* coming to take Canada away from us, we could puzzle them sadly with our little yachts and duck-guns off the bar;—and talking of war, I will conclude by hoping,—

"As on the land the Royal oak doth reign,
Pride of the forest—monarch of the plain;
So on the ocean, Britain's Queen may keep,
Supreme dominion—Ruler of the deep!"

I am, dear Anglo, in faith yours,

LANYARD.

MAJOR.—I hope the club will succeed. There could scarcely be a finer basin than Toronto harbor: and when tired of confinement a stretch into the lake is always before them. By the bye, speaking of the Harbour reminds me that you promised to get up a short account of the Harbour to accompany our engraving.

DOCTOR.—Here it is. [*Doctor reads.*]

Toronto Harbour is nearly circular. On the south it is bounded by a long narrow strip of sand, formed by the action of the waves of Lake Ontario, aided by the current from the river Don. The Peninsula is about six or seven miles long, curving on itself opposite the