

society is on an easy footing, and a Mechanic's Institute has been formed, which must tend still further to add to the many advantages offered to the intending settler.

The scenery about is pretty and romantic, the land in the vicinity (*vide* Smith's Canada,) "particularly on the west side of the town, being composed of a succession of little hills or knolls, rising one above another to a considerable height; the highest called 'Fort Orton,' commands a fine view over both land and lake." The formation of the ground, however, renders the situation of many of the residences more picturesque than convenient, the proportion of level ground being small. On the left of the plate may be distinguished the commencement of some rather high table land, prettily wooded, a favorite resort for the inhabitants in the pic-nic season. The well laid out nursery grounds, called the "Hamilton Gardens," about two miles from the town form also another attraction to the citizens. The Toronto and Kingston stages pass through the town, and during the navigation season, steamboats call daily on their respective routes to Toronto, Kingston, and Rochester. The town is incorporated and contains about 2500 inhabitants according to the last census. As an instance of the rapid rise in the value of property, we quote from Smith's Canada the following:—"To the east of the town is a block of land, containing about 250 acres, which was formerly held in lease from the Crown, by one of the first settlers; on the expiration of the lease, five pounds per acre was the price set upon the land, this he refused to pay, thinking it too much, and the lot eventually became the property of the University; part of it is now laid out in town lots, and is worth probably not less than a hundred pounds per acre." In the town itself, building lots fetch readily four times that amount, even in no very eligible localities. Good roads lead in every direction from Port Hope, and afford great facilities to the farmers to bring their produce to market, and very large quantities of lumber, butter, wheat and flour are annually exported to the United States.

The Township of Hope is well settled, and contains some good farms; the soil is generally a sandy loam, and there is considerable pine mixed with the hardwood. In 1842, the

township including Port Hope only contained 4432 inhabitants. In 1852, the township alone numbered over 5000.

The shipping, properly belonging to and owned at Port Hope, is as yet but inconsiderable, but the enterprising citizens have repeatedly avowed their intention, as soon as the new harbour is completed, to increase this branch of business, and place this thriving little town on an equality with any other of similar importance on the lake.

## THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY.

### No. VI.

#### WHAT BECAME OF THE QUAKER'S WARD.

At our last confabulation, gentle reader, we informed you that the fair precisian, Bathsheba Buddicombe, had fallen into the snares of that incorrigible poacher, Cupid, and it now devolves upon us to put you in possession of the full facts of the case.

The person who had smitten Bathsheba with the disorder, for which, as Dr. Scougall used often to say, there was no legitimate cure but a plain gold ring, was the last man in creation you would have evened to a douce, sober, Quakeress.

Walter (or as he was more commonly called Wattie,) Ogilvie was a rattling, thoughtless chap, with more wit than siller, who was Laird of a small property in the neighbourhood of Kilmarnock. Once upon a time it had been one of the best estates in that part of the United Kingdom, but gradually it had dwindled down to a sapless skeleton, in consequence of the improvidence of his ancestors. They were a drunken, roistering, feckless race, that had sold acre after acre, as the wine-cask and beef-barrel got empty, being too proud to sully the purity of their ancient blood with the ignoble mud of commerce or trade.

Though neither a sot nor a spendthrift, in the grosser acceptance of the term, Wattie was nearly as improvident as his predecessors. He had never been brought up to follow a regular calling;—he was on the wrong side of the political blanket to get a commission in the army, or a post in the Excise;—and though his acquaintance with the heritors of Dleepdaily might have secured him a hoist into the Kirk, (the *Veto* not being then in