

crew—yatching being a favourite amusement and source of recreation to the inhabitants, after the toils of the day and the confinement of their occupations. A considerable number of steamers, both British and American—arriving and departing almost hourly—and numerous sailing vessels, laden with the produce of the “back country,” or freighted with valuable imports from other lands, impart animation and bustle to the scene, which truly indicate the commercial activity of a thriving population; while the wharves which skirt the Bay, with their large warehouses and busy throng of stevedores, porters, carts, and cabs, confirm this impression.

Notwithstanding the disadvantage of its low situation, the effect produced on the mind when entering the Bay, and viewing the city from the deck of the steamer, is very pleasing and striking. Its spires and domes lighted up with the parting rays of the evening sun, the dark woods at the back, and the numerous handsome villas which flank the Bay, especially at its entrance, combine in creating an effective *coup d'œil*. A most prominent object, at the eastern end, is the Gaol, by no means a picturesque or prepossessing one, but still it may be taken as an indication of the general substantial and appropriate character of the buildings, being a solid symmetrical mass of grey limestone sufficiently significant of its purposes; not, however, in the same sense as the traveller, who said he knew that he was in a civilized country whenever he saw a gibbet. The Light House on the point of the Peninsula, the Lunatic Asylum, Government Wharf, the Parliament Buildings, the spires of St. George's, Knox's, and St. Andrew's Churches; St. Lawrence Buildings, the City Hall and Trinity Church, all attract the eye. The sites of the Anglican and Roman Cathedrals and the direction of the main streets, may also be made out. It is not our purpose to enter into a topographical description, and we therefore pass to other topics.

The “Queen City of the West” holds out no charms for the disciple of Monkbarns, and yet she has seen changes and vicissitudes in her time. All traces of these events it is true, are rapidly becoming extinct, recent as they have been; the few which still remain are not of sufficient interest to require any very extended

notice. And it is well that it should be so. The absence of such evidences, to the curious investigator of a future age, will establish more fully the wonderful brevity of our transition state. But we may permit ourselves the indulgence of some reminiscences of the days that are past. Few who now stroll along the well boarded sidewalks of King Street, reflect upon the inconvenience attending this recreation to their grand-sires and grand-dames, who were compelled to tuck up their garments and pick their way from tuft to tuft, from stone to stone, and even to content themselves with an occasional dip in the puddle; but,

“Nothing is a misery

Unless our weakness apprehend it so,”

and spite of these little contrepieds, they would briskly do their shopping or call to enquire for Mrs. So-and-so and the darling little infant. It was no unusual sight to behold the heavy lumber waggon (Broughams were not then known,) sticking fast, up to the axle in the very middle of the Street, opposite to what is now McConkey's refectory, the gallant beaux constrained to soil their high-lows (Wellingtons enjoyed but a mythical existence in those primitive days) in the work of extrication. The party-going portion of the citizens were content either to “trudge it” or to be shaken down among the straw in a cart drawn by two sturdy oxen. The fashionable cry then was, “Mrs. McTavish's cart is here,” and the “gee up Buck, ha! way Bright” resounded as clearly among the pines and elms as the glib “all right” of your modern footman along the gaslit street. We have been assured by those who participated in the enjoyment of the festivities of the times, that the social pleasures were much enhanced by these, to one and to all, trifling *désagrémens*; that while the amenities of life and conventional rules of society were strictly observed and respected, the simplicity of mode and frank hospitality rendered the gaieties of Little York as agreeably desirable as the more polished and fashionable reunions of the City of Toronto in 1852. Not that the latter virtue is less characteristic of modern society, but perhaps it was then better appreciated. The “even tenor of their way” received on one occasion a severe and alarming check.

The morning of the 27th of April, 1812, dawned with all the genial brightness of