

day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven, and in the thirty-eighth year of his Majesty's reign. Peter Russell, President, administering the government. By his Honour's command, Alex. Burns, Secretary."

As to the particular ancient burial-plot on the Sandhill north of York, however, it may perhaps be conjectured that prior to 1813 the Mississagas had transferred to other resting places the bulk of the relics which had been deposited there.

Off to the eastward of the sandy rise which we are ascending, was one of the early public nursery gardens of York, Mr. Frank's. Further to the North on the same side was another, Mr. Adams'. Mr. Adams was a tall, oval-faced, fair-complexioned Scotchman. An establishment of the same kind at York more primitive still, was that of Mr. Bond, of whom we shall have occasion to speak by and by.

Kearsny House, Mr. Proudfoot's, the grounds of which occupy the site of Frank's nursery garden, is a comparatively modern erection, dating from about 1845; an architectural object regarded with no kindly glance by the final holders of shares in the Bank of Upper Canada—an institution which in the infancy of the country had a mission and fulfilled it, but which grievously betrayed those of the second generation who, relying on its traditionary sterling repute, continued to trust it. With Kearsny House, too, is associated the recollection, not only of the president, so long identified with the Bank of Upper Canada, but of the financier, Mr. Cassells, who, as a kind of *deus ex machina*, engaged at an annual salary of ten thousand dollars, was expected to retrieve the fortunes of the institution, but in vain, although for a series of years after being pronounced moribund it continued to yield a handsome addition to the income of a number of persons.

Mr. Alexander Murray, subsequently of Yorkville, and a merchant of the olden time at York, occupied the residence which preceded Kearsny House, on the Frank property. One desires, in passing, to offer a tribute to the memory of a man of such genuine worth as was Mr. Murray, although the singular unobtrusiveness which characterized him when living seems almost to forbid the act.

This residue of the Sandhill rise that is still to be discerned westward of Yonge Street has its winsome name, Clover Hill, from the designation borne by the home of Captain Elmsley, son of the