

at a very advanced age, and one of whose sons had been murdered at its door,* occupied a house which I think is still standing, 150 or 200 feet to the eastward. There were also houses between these buildings, occupied by families named Bolton and, I think, Ward. The area between Mrs. Campbell's eastern boundary extended northerly to Winter street, and Stanley street was used as a brick yard where H. B. Crosby, the proprietor, conducted an extensive business. As may well be imagined the manufacture of pots and bricks presented great attractions to youth. The only day in my life that I ever played truant was passed at Matthew Thomson's pottery, and I killed a good deal of time in the brick yard, without shoes or stockings, trampling clay with very dirty and ragged little boys, indulging in my first musings on social inequalities.

To give an idea of the ordinary quietude of the valley, I may mention that on one occasion, a calm summer day, probably in 1852 or 53, when close to the triangular plot at the foot of Jeffrey's Hill, I distinctly heard the singing of a canary which was in a cage in one of the open windows in the front of my father's house. In the same connection, I recall another incident of about the same period. A party of children, of whom I was one, having procured an old iron pot suspended it bell-fashion on top of the cliff before mentioned, and struck it firmly and repeatedly with a stone. It gave forth a sound not unlike that of the old gong which once hung on the square at the head of King street, and some one hearing it promptly caused a general alarm to be sounded, greatly to the delight of my companions and myself.

I believe that it was a year or two after my father

*David Campbell was struck on the head and stabbed to death, while walking on the road in front of the house, at 10 o'clock on the night of Sunday, July 25, 1847. He was dead when found. His assailants were never identified, though a reward of £100 was offered for their discovery.

EDITOR.