

noted Americans held forth in St. Lawrence hall and lectures by such local men as Daniel Wilson, Beaven, McCaul, and Croft draw audiences. Visits by Wilson and Kennedy delighted the Scotch, and Gough drew crowds to the Adelaide-st. Methodist church. A circus on the Esplanade, with a Shakespearean clown, excited the whole city. A halloon ascension from the field adjoining the Queen's hotel was an interlude one summer day, and the sojourn of a grizzly bear was a winter feature. Those were the days when there was not a butcher-shop in the city and housewives made a morning visit to the St. Lawrence market; when the building of a crystal palace was a hoast next to the rising of the walls of the Rossin house, which was confidently asserted to equal New York's famous hostelry the St. Nicholas, when torchlight processions with spouting roman candles was the favorite method of celebrating a party victory; when those expecting letters from the east watched for the smoke of the Montreal steamer, while the Rochester steamer furnished communication with New York, and in winter when unable to reach the Queen's wharf landed passengers and freight on the ice; when every house in the old Fort was tenanted and a guard was maintained at the Governor-general's gates; when distinguished visitors, accorded a civic reception, were driven in open carriages up college avenue and back by Church-street or treated to a sail down the bay. It was the day of small things and there was a laudable local pride in displaying the best they had; it was the day when fugitive slaves dropped in by the underground route and on the arms of those who sawed and split wood alongside the curb on King and Yonge streets were to be seen the marks brand-