

**The Hundred Gates.**

BY MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.

Of old within the valley of the Nile  
A city stood, and still its records stand,  
With massive walls encircling mile on mile,  
And gates at every hand.

An hundred gates there were; to south and north,  
To east and west, their hinges swinging wide,  
Let those within, if so they would, go forth  
To all the world outside.

This to the desert led, where camel's feet  
Toiled through the sand yet left no dint of hoof;  
That to the mountain, which from tempest  
and heat  
Kept its high head aloof;

This to the river's lotus-bordered shore;  
That to the tombs cut in th' enduring  
rocks;  
Another to the plain, where lowly, poor,  
The shepherds kept their flocks.

Thence went the beggar crouching for his  
alms;  
Hence came a stranger seeking an abode;  
There was a street, shady with dates and  
palms,  
Here an unsheltered road.

As Thebes of old, so has the human soul  
Her hundred gates; lo, how in going  
forth  
She has all clime, all range, from pole to  
pole,  
East, west, and south and north.

Aye, and it needs strong guard at every  
gate;  
Outside are roving, warring hosts of sin,  
Armed to the teeth, who ever watch and  
wait  
To steal unhindered in.

There to lay waste the temple and the  
shrine,  
To fire with torch, to rob, to smite with  
sword,  
To ruin and make desolate this divine  
Fair city of the Lord.

Then, O my soul, knowing the fate that  
waits  
One careless hour, a faithful vigil keep!  
Set sentinels at all thy hundred gates,  
Nor let them faint nor sleep!

**Toronto Fifty Years Ago and Earlier.**

BY AN OLD TORONTO BOY.

In 1792, or thereabouts, York, the germ of our present city, was laid out by the enterprising first governor (Col. Simcoe) of Upper Canada, now called Ontario, on the margin of the spacious Toronto Bay, which term, 62 years after, was adopted as the name of the pretentious city which had spread out its formidable proportions around its northern shores. *Toronto* is a sonorous Indian word, which, now all are used to it, is more befitting our widely-extended and growing provincial metropolis, than the four-lettered, unmusical little word *York*, which preceded it. I can remember feeling a great repugnance to the *new* name, adopted in 1834 (albeit Dr. Scadding will tell you it was the *old* name revived), because of all the pleasing, early recollections associated with the name of *York*. Several years after, I can remember feeling the same repugnance to the change of the name of our Dominion capital. I had known and loved the place as *Bytown*, and could hardly be reconciled to *Ottawa*. But now the novelty of the events have passed away, I cannot but feel that the changes have been improvements in both cases.

The area of the town plot embraced in the first survey was within the streets which we now know as Queen street (the "Lot street" of old) on the north, Parliament street on the east (unless we include the forest land be-

tween that and the river Don, and then known as the "Park"); the shore of the Bay to the south, and (perhaps I may concede) Church street on the west. I know I have said in former communications that Jarvis street was the western boundary of the Old Town. That was the conventional line between the "Old and New Towns" when we came to York in 1814. It was the boundary line observed between the "Old and New Town boys" to regulate their international negotiations and conflicts. I knew a boy who lived on the east side of Jarvis street, who was taken prisoner in the ranks of the "New Town boys," during a battle which took place between the two juvenile armies, being tried as a traitor, kept in durance during a whole night, scourged in the morning, and discharged on his parole, having been sworn on a Roman Catholic prayer-book to fight against his fellow-subjects no more while he continued to reside in the Old Town. Fortunately for him the family moved beyond the boundaries a day or two after. But I now conclude that the original town plot must have gone as far as Church street, otherwise it would have been left without church site and market square. The western blocks were broader than the eastern. Duke street has to jog northwards to get into Adelaide street, and Duchess street in order to coincide with Richmond street.

Everybody can see that the first inhabited part of Toronto was situated upon the lowest level of a city naturally flat and low-lying enough. Its south-east corner was thrust quite into the Marsh, or delta of the Don, and intersected diagonally by a sedgy, sluggish creek, which crossed Yonge street at the spot now known as the "Green Bush Tavern," passing through the Magill, Jarvis, and other farms, or park lots, widening into a great swamp where Moss Park lately flourished, bearing still south-easterly, and entering the estuary just north of the Don Station. Besides, a good part of the Bay bottom was muddy, producing flags and bullrushes in abundance, breeding miasma and generating the ague and chill-fever, to which the early inhabitants were painfully subject; and forming the habitat of wild fowl and amphibious animals. The frogs and water-toads of all species and sizes were legion. These entertained the inhabitants with an almost ceaseless serenade. The fancy of some could not only discover the tune, but the words of their song. A drunken old saddler and a companion of his, in their nocturnal wandering, used to imagine the frogs to say, "Old Goff, Old Goff; drunk as usual, drunk as usual!" A foreign military corps, enrolled for service during the war, commanded by the Baron de Matervilles, regarded the frogs as a great delicacy, slaughtering hundreds of them; and it used to be waggishly represented that the chorus of the frogs, rightly interpreted, amounted to this: "The Matervilles are coming! Run and hide! run and hide!"

The town had been previously but a small place, but we found that its buildings had been reduced in number, or at least dilapidated by being shamefully burnt after the battle of York by the American victors. Sundry standing chimneys and unfenced apple orchards showed the havoc that had been made. A tolerable number of houses were scattered along King street eastwards from Jarvis street, on both sides, but some of them ridiculously

small, not more than one storey high. The lowest house that could be called a house, when we came to town, was that of Major Small at the south-east corner of King and Berkeley. The famous "Old Yellow House" stood on the other side of the road, a few rods east of Ontario street; Duke street had very few houses, Duchess street had fewer still. The market block was not built on at all when we came to town, but was covered with pine bushes, among which I have played "hide-and-go seek" in childhood. I well remember the first temporary wooden shed, called a market-house, and the interest it excited. There was open space enough for the pillory, in which I have seen poor culprits fastened by the head and hands—a melancholy spectacle. On the same spot, I can remember seeing a coloured man whipped for theft by an employé of the sheriff. Though boys are said to be hard-hearted, I never could gloat over such things; and fortunately those hardening punishments soon fell into disuse.

The jail was a huge log building, nearly square, with a quartered roof, very low, within a picket fence on the south side of King street, nearly opposite the present Methodist Publishing House. With childlike curiosity, accompanied by some other playmates, I hovered near the crowd, and, by standing on a stump, witnessed the execution of poor Dexter, who had used a gun in defending himself against some who came to beat him, and taken the life of a neighbour, for which he was condemned as a murderer. Human life was still held cheaply in the eyes of British law, albeit it began to be considered a mistake. Dexter must have been executed about 1816. Several were condemned to death for horse-stealing and arson for several years after that; but public sentiment being against the death-penalty for anything short of murder, the condemned persons were reprieved from time to time, till finally, as there was not then, or for long after, any penitentiary, they were banished the country, and got off altogether by repairing to the United States. This was the issue with the noted Bill Stoutenborough, the adroit horse-thief. Report said he sent the Governor a letter of thanks for his discharge, and told him that he had stolen a horse when he crossed the lines, in memory of His Excellency! He and his misled handsome younger brother, Tobias, are said to have paid the penalty of a course of outlawry with their lives after some years. Those young men, while doing militia duty during the war, were billeted on our family with some others, and occupied an unfinished upper room, the spaces between the weather-boarding and plaster of which, we afterwards discovered, they had used for secreting their nocturnal plunder of the adjacent fruit gardens. Heavily-laden currant bushes were brought away bodily. Such were their elementary training for the higher lessons of villainy which they afterwards mastered.

I have spoken of the jail. For ten years of our earliest time the town owned no court-house, the first erected having been burned with other Government buildings huddled together at the foot of what we now call Parliament street, and on this ill-fated spot more substantial buildings (the first were of wood) were afterwards burned. Besides sundry large rooms in hotels where

the smaller courts were held, the general courts, whatever their names, for a good many years were held in a large shed of a house belonging to Mr. Colin Drummond, situated on the rear part of a lot which cornered on Yonge and Richmond streets. There such legal dignitaries as Chief Justice Scott ("the Old Chief" as he used to be called) and Judges Boneton, Powell, and others exercised their juridical functions. There John Beverley Robinson, afterwards Attorney-General and Chief Justice, exercised and developed his smooth forensic eloquence. The noted Selkirk trial (about 1819), relating to Red River troubles, was conducted in the mean old house I have mentioned. The opening of the new court-house (along with the jail also), within the block surrounded by Adelaide, Church, King, and Toronto streets, about 1826-27, opened freer play to the rising legal lights. There I heard some of Robert Baldwin's earlier efforts, and there I had the good fortune to hear some of Attorney-General Robinson's calm and lucid statements. I could not help remarking, about the date I last mentioned, what a resemblance there was in the softness of their voices and the continuous flow of words between that gentleman and the Methodist preacher stationed in the town about that time: I refer to the noted William Ryerson. The first was more correct and polished, but the second was more impassioned and imaginative. Surely "this Canada of ours" gave birth to some remarkable men, even in its early history.

It would take pages on pages to chronicle the changing topography of the town from 1814, when I first knew it, till 1834, when it was incorporated a city (a date when I was labouring abroad in other parts of the Province), giving reminiscences and legends of this, that, and the other place; but this will not be allowed. Here, therefore, I check my pen, and await my Editor's orders.—J. C.

At the late District Meeting at Burlington the following resolution was unanimously carried:—"We believe the liquor traffic to be the cause of a large proportion of the crime in our land, and fraught with untold misery to the bodies and souls of multitudes of our people; that it possesses almost unlimited power to impair every interest of the home, the Church, and the State; that it is one of the greatest hindrances to the accomplishment of the Divine mission of the Church in the world; that it is the duty of the State to prohibit this traffic and not protect it; that prohibition is not an interference with the true liberty of the citizen; that the last session of the Dominion Parliament accepted the principle of prohibition, and declared its willingness to give prohibitory laws when the country was prepared to adopt and enforce them. Be it therefore resolved, that we believe the country is ready for prohibition, and that this District Meeting, composed of ministers and laymen, representing a membership of upwards of 4,000, recommend the Conference to make arrangements for concerted action with all other Churches and temperance organizations in their efforts to circulate petitions to be presented to the Senate and House of Commons of Canada at their next session, praying for the enactment of such prohibitory laws."