

It appears, however, from Dunlop, that materials for pigeon-pie were sometimes very abundant at York: "About two summers ago," he writes, in 1832, "a stream of wild pigeons took it into their heads to fly over York; and for three or four days the town resounded with one continued roll of firing, as if a skirmish were going on in the streets. Every gun, pistol, musket, blunderbuss and firearm, of whatever description, was put in requisition. The constables and police magistrates were on the alert, and offenders without number were pulled up; among them were honourable members of the Executive and Legislative Councils, Crown lawyers, respectable, staid citizens, and, last of all, the Sheriff of the county; till at last it was found that pigeons, flying within easy shot, were a temptation too strong for human virtue to withstand, and so the contest was given up." Apropos of delicacies at York: Captain Hamilton, writing as "the author of Cyril Thornton," in his "Men and Manners in America," expressed his surprise that excellent ice-creams could be procured there in 1832. "In passing through the streets I was rather surprised," he says, "to observe an *affiche* intimating that ice-creams were to be had within. The weather being hot, I entered, and found the master of the establishment to be an Italian. I never ate better ice at Grange's" (some fashionable resort in London, probably). This Italian was Franco Rossi, 217 King Street West. He and the signora are well remembered.

I add here an observation on certain alleged sporting propensities at York, made at this period by Lieutenant Coke, in his "Subaltern's Furlough." It is a good example of the senseless generalization which tourists will occasionally make, from a solitary, or at all events, a rarely occurring incident which they may have chanced to witness. "There are no places of amusement (at York)," the Lieutenant writes, "and the chief diversion of the young men appeared to consist in shooting mosquito hawks, which hovered plentifully about the streets and upon the margin of the bay of an evening. Upon these occasions the sportsmen make their appearance, equipped in shooting-jackets and accompanied by their dogs, as if prepared for a 12th of August on the moors of Scotland." The harmless, nay beneficent, night-hawks, ancestors of the numerous birds of that species still to be heard in the skies over the same city, swooping down on cockchafers and beetles, could scarcely have been the quarry which Lieutenant Coke's young men were really in quest of. The woodcock, were to be found in most places everywhere round York at the proper season, especially in the evening. As to woodcock at York, I subjoin what Major T. W. Magrath says in his clever "Authentic Letters from Upper Canada," Dublin, 1833: "It