

turning Gibraltar Point the captain pointed out the spot on which Fort Rouille stood and where the monument which has been lately erected through the instrumentality of the Rev. Dr. Scadding and the York Pioneers now stands.

As we sailed down the beautiful bay in front of the city we noticed several sailing vessels, a few steamers and a *horseboat*, the only island ferry. In a little time we were at Brown's Wharf, Church Street, where the St. George discharged her living cargo.

Thus the perilous voyage of months was o'er,  
We thanked the Lord and stepped on shore,  
With a warm Irish heart as light as a cork  
The emigrant boy landed in York.

August 9th, 1835.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE LANDING IN TORONTO, LATE YORK.

AS the little band of emigrants, including the writer, wandered up the wharf, following the carter who was removing our baggage from the steamer to the hotel. He, (like the light-hearted Irishman as he was,) commenced to sing a familiar old ballad, "Enniskillen Dragoon," which was composed in our native town. We involuntarily joined in the refrain and were more charmed with that old ditty than if we had been received by a military band and a salvo of artillery.

The first act of my master was to hire a conveyance and to proceed to West York, about ten miles from the city, where the family of W. had purchased a farm and located, and where he anticipated a delightful meeting with his fair enamoreta.

During his absence we had a good stroll through the town and were favorably impressed with the regularity of its streets and their royal names, also of the beautiful bay and island in front, and the friendly inhabitants whom we found to be chiefly from the British Isles and many from "the old sod."

The principle business part was around the old four walled market square and from thence along King to Yonge Streets and outside of this area you were in the suburbs. The houses were chiefly built of wood, brick houses being few and far between.

Only a few of the streets were macadamized, so that after a heavy shower of rain the virgin soil became a sticky clay, and hence the name

### "MUDDY YORK,"

which the writer had a little experience of when he sunk knee-deep, leaving his old country shoe about two feet below the surface. He also saw an ox-team stuck in a hole on the corner of King and Yonge Streets which had to be hoisted out