

crossing the concession road and advancing on our way northward, we used to see on the left, was popularly known as "The Potter's Field"—"a place to bury strangers in." Its official style was "The York General or Strangers' Burying Ground." In practice it was the Bunhill Fields of York—the receptacle of the remains of those whose friends declined the use of the St. James's churchyard and other early burial-plots.

Walton's Directory for 1833, gives the following information, which we transfer hither, as well for the slight degree of quaintness which the narrative has acquired, as also on account of the familiar names which it contains. "This institution," Walton says, "owes its origin to Mr. Carfrae, junior. It comprises six acres of ground, and has a neat sexton's house built close by the gate. The name of the sexton is John Wolstencroft, who keeps a registry of every person buried therein. Persons of all creeds and persons of no creed, are allowed burial in this cemetery: fees to the sexton, 5s. It was instituted in the fall of 1825, and incorporated by Act of Parliament, 30th January, 1826. It is managed by five trustees, who are chosen for life; and in case of the death of any of them, a public meeting of the inhabitants is called, when they elect a successor or successors in their place. The present trustees (1833) are Thomas Carfrae, jun., Thomas D. Morrison, Peter Paterson, John Ewart, Thomas Helliwell."

(Mr. Carfrae was for some years the collector of Customs of the Port of York. The other trustees named were respectively the medical man, iron-merchant, builder, and brewer, so well known in the neighbourhood.)

A remote sequestered piece of ground in 1825, the Potter's Field in 1845 was more or less surrounded by buildings, and regarded as an impediment in the way of public improvement. Interments were accordingly prohibited. To some extent it has been cleared of human remains, and in due time will be built over. Its successor and representative is the Toronto Necropolis, the trustees of which are empowered, after the lapse of twenty-one years, to sell the old burying-ground.

Proceeding on, we were immediately opposite the Red Lion Tavern, anciently Tiers', subsequently Price's, on the east side; a large and very notable halting-place for loaded teams after the tremendous struggle involved in the traverse of the Blue Hill ravine, of which presently.