

all fallen their heads into the lake. Here, if any prospect should warrant the expense, an experiment might be made, by piling the sides of the entrance to stop the further progress of the breach. If that should succeed, there is so large a surface of water yet within the eastern bay, that a flux and reflux caused by the varying levels of the lake, might produce a good navigable channel; and the use of a dredging machine to cleanse the marsh, increase the surface, and deepen the water, would thus make a good harbour for local or private purpose; but I trust the experiment, without well weighing the consequence, will not be tried to make two outlets to the harbour of York.

To sum up my opinions, the channel should be contracted, the destroying cancer of the port (the Don) eradicated; and the dredging machine freely used. This done, the channel will deepen of itself, the existence of the port be indefinitely prolonged, the waters of the bay be more limpid, and the bay itself, washed by every wind, encircled by a clear and healthful beach, so to remain as long as human industry and intelligence lined its shores.

Otherwise, in a very few years, the east end of the town will be totally faced by a marsh; vessels that can enter the channel, will not find sufficient water at the wharves, and the wharves bridged out to any practicable distance will not find sufficient water for the vessels.

And now, in calling the attention of the country to the perishable condition of York harbour, I put it to the country,—whether the preservation of one of the four great portals to the commerce of Upper Canada on Lake Ontario, can be looked upon in any other light than public duty? Its local interest is so merged in the public good, that it cannot suffer without inflicting a public injury. Thousands may preserve, but millions will not construct such another port!

If after maturely weighing my opinions, they are found to be correct; if I have shewn the ruin of the port, to be not far distant in the vista of futurity; the Province cannot look with apathy on the scene,—the inhabitants of York will scarcely line the banks of its beautiful bason, reap the golden fruits of its commerce—be sensible of its decay, and insensible to the claims of posterity; there is nothing British in the thought!