

breakfast and tea,' to which he adds, 'no supper.' One would think, under the circumstances, this privation would have been a cause for thankfulness.

The same writer speaks of a journey to Montreal the following year: 'From York to Montreal, we had three several alterations of steamboats and coaches, the steamboat we now entered was moored by a ledge of ice, of a thickness so great, as to conceal entirely the vessel, till we approached close upon it; we embarked by steps excavated in the ice, for the convenience of the passengers.'

The following advertisement may not prove uninteresting as an evidence of the competition then existing between the coach and steamboat, and is pretty conclusive that at that date the latter was not considered very much superior or more expeditious.

**'NEW LINE OF STAGES AND STEAM-BOATS FROM YORK TO PRESCOTT.'**

'The public are respectfully informed that a line of stages will run regularly between YORK and the CARRYING PLACE,<sup>†</sup> twice a week, the remainder of the season, leaving YORK every MONDAY and THURSDAY morning at 4 o'clock; passing through the beautiful townships of Pickering, Whitby, Darlington and Clark, and the pleasant villages of Port Hope, Cobourg and Colborne, and arriving at the CARRYING PLACE the same evening. Will leave the CARRYING PLACE every TUESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 4 o'clock, and arrive at York the same evening.

'The above arrangements are made in connection with the steamboat *Sir James Kempt*, so that passengers travelling this route will find a pleasant and speedy conveyance between York and Prescott, the road being very much repaired, and the line fitted up with good horses, new carriages, and careful drivers. Fare through from York to Prescott, £2 10s., the same as the lake

boats. Intermediate distances, fare as usual. All baggage at the risk of the owner. N.B.—Extras furnished at York, Cobourg, or the Carrying Place, on reasonable terms.\*

**'WILLIAM WELLER.'**

**'York, June 9th, 1830.'**

I remember travelling from Hamilton to Niagara, in November, 1846. We left the hotel at 6 p.m. Our stage, for such it was called, was a lumber waggon, with a rude canvas cover to protect us from the rain, under which were four seats, and I have a distinct recollection that long before we got to our journey's end, we discovered that they were not very comfortable. There were seven passengers and the driver. The luggage was corded on behind in some fashion, and under the seats were crowded parcels, so that when we got in we found it difficult to move or to get out. One of our passengers, a woman with a young child, did not contribute to our enjoyment, or make the ride any more pleasant, for the latter poor unfortunate screamed nearly the whole night through. Occasionally it would settle down into a low whine, when a sudden lurch of the waggon, or a severe jolt would set it off again with full force. It was very dark, and continued so all night, with dashes of rain. The roads were very bad, and two or three times we had to get out and walk, a thing we did not relish, as it was almost impossible for us to pick our way, and the only thing for it was to push on as well as we could through the mud and darkness. We reached Niagara just as the sun was rising. Our appearance can readily be imagined.

'In 1825, William L. Mackenzie described the road between York and Kingston, as among the worst that human foot ever trod, and down to the latest day before the railroad era, the travellers in the Canadian stage coach were lucky if, when a hill had to be ascended, or a bad spot passed, they had not to alight and trudge ankle deep

<sup>†</sup> The Carrying Place is at the head of the Bay of Quinte.

\* *Christian Guardian*, 1830.