

painter and not my memory at fault—and above this was the legend “Spruce Beer sold here.” I never drank any of the beer, never knew any one who had tasted it, and have no reason to suppose that the sales were large. Behind Mrs. White’s, a garden, always or usually filled in the proper season with cabbages, ran back to the rocky hillside. There was a house standing to the northward of the church, in which the late Sir S. L. Tilley lived, which has since been occupied by the Reverend Charles Lee, John M. Taylor and the Reverend Dr. Macrae, and is now the residence of William G. Lee. There must have been a house or so on Winter street near the church, but upon this point I cannot make any certain statement. As some evidence of the paucity of inhabitants and of passers by in the locality, the following incident may be mentioned: When I was about eleven or twelve years of age, a goat insisted upon disputing my right of way along the street at Mrs. White’s, and, although I was enabled to render it powerless by holding it by the horns, whenever I let it go it lowered its head to butt me. This compelled me to hold it for a very long time, as it seemed to me, perhaps twenty minutes, till someone, hearing my cries, came to my rescue.

Winter street was for some years largely used as a dumping ground for saw-dust, and on that account was known as the saw-dust road until as late as 1860. This material, although helpful to the production of fleas in summer, must have beneficially absorbed some of the moisture which in wet seasons flowed over the thoroughfare from several overcharged marshy places and rivulets.

The large space bounded by the City Road, Stanley, Winter and Wall streets was nearly vacant. Upon or close to the site of the engine house on the City Road, Matthew Thomson lived and manufactured pottery, and Mrs. Campbell, who died within the last twenty years